A copy of the none volumes of writing by Captain Leland Hathaway after the War between the States. He was a Native of Montgomery County, Kentucky. Later was a prominent lawyer of Winchester, Ky. The original writings belong to Mrs. Allice Apperson Young of Mount Sterling, Ky., a niece.

Papers copied by Mrs. John M. Prewitt of Mount Sterling, Ky., 1957.

With the permission of Mrs. Young.

Fifteen young men of the best blood in all of the beautiful Blue Grass land and ranging in age from 20 to 26 years old rode out from "Deer Park" and set their faces towards Virginia by the way of Pound Gap.
To make my daughter underatand the difficulties attending this Movement it is necessary to know that in pursuance of the Federal plan of repression, there was a Home Guard at Mount Sterling, one at Sharpsburg, respectively 5 and 7 miles South and north of our home.
Horses and arms had been gathered and 15 men marched away South without hindrance or even protest. When we think of the necessity of absolute secrecy for more than a week and that many had to be trusted, and among those most trusted and relied on there were more than a score of slaves the wonder grows to astonishment, and astonishment is almost transformed into reverence for the truth and fidelity of these humble friends who held our fate in their hands.
The probable consequences of betrayal almost appal us even as we think off to the dungeons before this time who dragged out the 4 years of war in hopeless confinement. There was no exchange for the mere political prisoner and his only avenue of excape was to swallow anything in the shape of political dope that the bigoted and fanatical Gatrap chose to force down his throat and to submit to such terms of restriction or banishment as pleased these arbitary and petty despots. Not leaving out ot the count the suspicion and expionage which gollowed all who were willing to purchase peace at such a price. It was this peril impending that we made outselves ready, we knew that a shisper from a servant to the wrong man, black or white would bring this swarm of spies upon us, but we had faith in their affection and their loyalty and our expectations were fully met. All honor to the kindly, gentle and faithful friends of our child hood and may God in his Infinite Wisdom and kindness guide them in a better way than they are now being led by their so called friends.

While I had perfect faith in the intentions of those necessarily acquainted with our secret, I knew that accident might give away our intentions. So, we kept a close watch on the Home Guards and I had instructed the boys all of them, as they came in, that I did not want anybody with me who would not decide not to be made a prisoner.

I knew well the metal of the stay at home Bluecoats in arms and felt assured that a few dead men in their ranks would abate their ardor and worn them to let their neighbors alone. We were well armed with pistols; were young, stour and consequently confident. But all went well and our friends that evening did not pay us a visit and we rode out of the old "Deer Park" gate about ten o'clock at night; moved to the left of Mount Sterling through the byways and struck the State road about 2 miled south of town.

As we learned later a courier was sent to notify the Home Guards, soon after we were on the road and that we were followed to what is now Frenchburh by a detachment consisting of about 30 men, but heard nothing of them at the time.

We were joined at Jeffersonmille familarly known as Ticktown, by 5 other men who had been informed by trust messenger of our movements; we reached the home of Morrison McCormick on Beaver Creek, now the site of Frenchburg Menefee County about sun up and stopped to feed our horses and get breakfast for ourselves. We found willing hands here and soon were reddy to move again among those who jioned us at Jeffersonville was our guide Jacob Stull, an old woodsman and hunter who Knew the mountains of Eastern Kentucky well.

Our march was steady and uneventful until we passed through Hazel Green in Wolfe County. We had been told by friends of different companies of Home Guards along our proposed route and had kept a regular advance on the look out all the time. We had reason to believe that

our march was observed. Parties of two or three would appear on the mountain and suddenly disappear and we were warned by other suspicious circumatances that we were closely watched. My party consisted of 20 white men and Richard all well armed with a pair of first class pistols each, and four of the members had good shot guns loaded with buckshott. But two of the twenty had been mustered into services, there had been no regular organization, and one of those felt that his age and experience entitled him to command.

He was a Mississippian whom chance had dropped into Kentucky after the first Bull Run. Claimed to be a Major of infantry and gave himself airs and in every way made much of himself as a soldier. This was not pleasant to the boys who plainly said that they looked to me as their leader and resented the assumption of the stranger. I had overlooked his presuming in various ways until we neared Hazel Green when all began to feel that we were approaching danger. I here gaze orders for a somewhat different order of match and for a mane constant outlook on the part of our videttes, at this, the pseudo-major was disposed to be merry and intimated that it was the result of our canteen.

I quietly but peremptorily repeated my orders by which he was included and upon his showing a disinclination to obey, I directed that he be placed in the rear under arrest, his arms be taken from him and said to him unless he made amends and promising strict obedience he would be left in Hazel Green with orders to shoot him, if he attempted to interrupt us further. This brought him to his senses and he gave no further trouble in that way.

We had no trouble in finding our friend here, J. G. Trimble, who had been notified and was on the look out for us. He told us of a company of Home Grards commanded by William Hurst, on our side of the river and of another company to our left, either of which might strike us at any time.

Several of our boys who were not used to horse back riding were very tired and pleaded hard to stay all night in town and rest. I at once decided that this would not do and after a generous supper which Mrs. Trimble had prepared for us and with directions from our friend, we moved out on the road which led up the fork of the river. Hoping by traveling until late in the night and starting before daylight in the morning to evade the two companies, we went into camp about midnight at the house of Mr. James Rose. We put out pickets and slept until near morning. I aroused my men and had breakfast, we were about to start when Richard said: "Dem men is comin'", pointing towards the road. About 200 yards away deployed and advancing steadily with well kept guns we saw the enemy. The boys were excited, of course, but most of them seemed to remember that we were not to be taken and with this resolve, fourteen of us made ready to fight.

I made my dispositions promptly and never was an officer more gallantly seconded. We soon discovered that 6 of our 20 had left, dodging behind the house and into the bushes. When I learned this, I gave orders in a voice to reach those who were left to shoot the next man who ran. This came too late to be of use to us for I am sure that not one of the 14 who remained had a thought either of running or surrendering.

I saw something of war after this, saw the nerve, the courage and the fortitude of men tried to the quick, but I saw at no time nad no where a higher exhibition of cool staying grit, of dogged, yet intelligent determination than those 13 boys gave on that bright October morning. Outnumbered more than 5 to one with some arms enferior to tne enemy they stoped to their posts with stern resolve

to do what they could.

I had sheltered them as well as I could and commanded that no man should fire until I gave the word. Old soldiers will tell you that this waiting requires the highest qualities of the fighter and gives the sternest test of pluck and staying quality.

The Home Guards, not less than 75 strong, well armed and showing some discipiline and evidently being led by an officer of courage and intelligence, advanced with discretion somewhat slowly, but with perfect order and fair allignment as they fired as they came. Two of my men were wounded but true to orders, the fire was not returned. When within 100 yards of us, it was very easily told that the officer named was the master spirit and it occurred to me that this company was there and under arms, not to be killed, not even to fight, but to plunder who might fall into their hands.

I felt it like an inspiration that if the man who was directing this attack could be killed, the organization might crumble. I said this to my guide, Jake Stull and directed him and Jack Davis, both of whom I had learned were crack shots, to direct their attention exclusively to the Captain. I proposed to also, direct my attentions to him.

The three had good positions and when the blue coats were not over 50 yards from us I called "attention", "Ready", "fire". The 14 shots were as one, the pistols all, 28 in number with 6 balls each, fired in such rapid succession that the mountain guard seemed to be bewildered. Ten rounds had been fired when the Captain threw up his hands and what with his being disabled and the rapid and close fire from our line, this overwhelming force came together near their wounded officers, gave way and very quickly retreated taking their captain with them.

I yelled at the top of my voice "Charge them" and the boys wild with excitement and the wpirit of victory shouted in answer. But, the order to charge was only to give the retreating enemy a parting

scare and a motion of my hand brought our brave fellows to my side. Asking Stull, if we could get out of there, without traveling the main road for a few miles, he said that he could lead us up a branch which came in there, and over the mountains; striking the road by a safe route several miles further on.

I found Stull and another were slightly wounded. This gave me my first experience as a surgeon. I quickly bound the wounded limbs with cotton cloth, bathed them with cold water and rode out followed by my brave boys 13 tried and true. I had resolved not to be captured and my spirit had been nobly reflected by these plucky young fellows.

I had deliberately decided that I could not afford to be made a prisoner. Besides my own valuables consisted of $500 in gold and a handsome outfit; I had been entrusted with many horses and other costly belongings of those who had gone out before, including not less than $60,000 worth of bills and notes, which belonged to my neighbor and kinsman, Col. Thomas Johnson, who had hurried away some weeks before by threats of arrest and imprisonment. Then I had hundreds of letters from our friends all over Kentucky for their kindred who had enlisted in the Confederate Army.

Such was the fury and unreason of the federal authorities at that time that any communication with the South would subject the correspondent to bitter persecution. So my capture might, besides taking from me all hope of being a soldier would have given to our captors the material for persecution and outrage. I felt then and I have always felt since that I could not afford to let anybody make me a prisoner and particularly was it beyond my endurance to suffer the Home Guard to take me a prisoner, and particularly was it beyond my endurance to suffer the Home Guard to take me a prisoner.

So on that bright October day all our side knew the fight was to the death if necessary and I have always held these 13 brave spirits as heroes, good material for Martyrdom.

Our march was not again interupted though we observed the greatest caution until we reached General Marshall's camp in Floyd County.

This was an exceptionally severe winter on raw troops and much sickness resulted from the necessary exposure and want of shelter and proper food. Seasoning though, gradually made veterans of all and every thing was born without complaint. The current history of the time gives the military movements of the winter which culminated in in the Battle of Middlecreek in Floyd County, which resulted in the withdrawal of the Confederates from Eastern Kentucky and the establishment of General Marshall's headquarters in Russell County, Virginia, where he remained until May, 1862 watching the Saltworks at Saltville in Washington County, Va.

Having lost my place by my accident, I fell into line in my old company as Lieutenant, Bob Stoner being the Captain. While with them the Battle of Prindeton, Mercer County, Va., was fought by Generals Crooks & Marshall and their respective forces. This occurred on the 12th of May, 1862 and resulted in a decided victory for the Confederate arms. The remainder of the spring and summer has passed in the tedious routine of the camp and picket duty.

In August of that year Bob Stoner and I resigned our commissions and whet into Kentucky on a recuiting expedition. I had great trouble with my broken ankle and did service with difficulty and at the solicitation of friends I concluded to lay off a while and rest.

I went to Indiana and staid about two weeks when I bacame so dissatisfied with my position and surroundings and so restless at

this being an inactive spectator of great events that I returned to Kentucky and became again a soldier and an active participant in the stirring and eventful history which was being enacted around me.

I found Kirby Smith and Marshall in Kentucky and Bragg immediately followed. The story of this campaign with its promises and its failures will be found in any record of these times.

We again left our homes, not less than 30,000 Kentucky boys to cast our lot with our brethern of the South. During the month of October, 1862, all armed Condederates passed the boundary line of Kentucky and the farewell was for how long?? This was a question which all asked and no one could answer. Hope said, not for long, but hope was then as it is ever proves delusive to most of us; it was for three long and eventful years. Scouting parties came back, but most of us did not see our homes until the summer of 1865.

Speaking of returning to Kentucky reminds me of incidents which in proper order would have been related before. During the first year of the war, it was not uncommon for one or more of the Kentucky boys who were with Ben. Marshall in Virginia to come through the lines into Central Kentucky. To do this he must evade Home Guards, travel by private paths often swin swollen streams and be sure to be invisible to any member of the dominaint faction while here. Sleepless vigilance only could accomplish the task, for task it was. A mistake or a misplaced condfidence brought death or capture.

Every town was guarded and every road was picketed. These trips were made for a purpose always; information for the army or supplies for the soldier were among the motives which prompted these hazardous and seemingly reckless trips. But youth, strength and grit, to say nothing of patriotism proved equal to any demand made on the Kentucky soldier and they were many and peculiar.

First, he left his home and left his state to cast his fortune with his Southern brethren. Kentucky did not secede and every interest said to him, stay at home, but love of right and devotion to principle were stronger than motives of gain or ease. There never was a time during the long and weary conflict that he could not have been allowed to enjoy the comforts of home by a sacrifice of principle and of manhood; the choice was promptly made and the stand boldly taken.

But to return - during the winter of 1861-62, Peter Everett, afterward celebrated as a partisan leader of dash and daring and I came through the lines making, perhaps one of the most hazardous of all these risky excursion; the roads were simply execrable; rain snow, sleet and freeze alternated in the work of making the road and streams nearly impassable and the weather well nigh unendurable, but through it all we came, more than a hundred miles over paths and by-ways dodging the Federal troops here and the more dreaded Home Guards there; swimming mountain torrents and ploughing through mountain mud and always cold and most of the time hungry, sleeping a little in a barn or a haystach diring the day time and traveling at night, we passed around and near Mount Sterling and on to or near Sharpsburg.

There was a considerable Yankee force at both places and our mission was to ascertain the military status of Central Kentucky. This was easily done as our friends were always on the alert and co-operated with us heartily and intelligently. We were informed, as we reached the Slate Creek that the vigilance of the federals had been much increased and that they were relentless to those who were informed, as we reached the Slate Creek that the less to those who were captured and to those whom have them shelter. So we were very loth to put any one in jeopardy and went into no house except on earnest entreaty.

We collected such information as we desired and in every was obeyed our orders and afterward a not unnatural desire to see some of our friends socially came over us. By that telegraphy which existed among our people it was easy to pass the word that we would be at a certain place at a certain time. So the rendezvous was fixed for the hospital home of that tried and true gentleman Oliver Saunders near Sharpsburg and the time 11 o'clock on a given night.

We passed around the town in sight of the federal troops and the Home Guards and rode into the barnyard by a cross cut in the rear of the house. Our signal was answered and we were soon greeting and being greeted by several of our young lady friends, prominent among whom was our charming hostess Miss Ellen Saunders. Our wraps and pistols were laid conveniently near us and we gave ourselves over to the enjoyment of the occasion, thinking little of the enemy within less than a half mile from us. It was a wild, blustering night and the weather favored us. After the great log fire had warmed us thoroughly and we had taken the generous toddy prepared by our friend Mr Saunders; supper was announced and all filed into the hospitable dining room, where a smoking hot feast sat before us.

"Aunt Mary" the old cook with the pribilege of age and long acquaintance gave us a hearty "how de do" and said with emphasis, " I cooked all dat wid my own hands and I want you to eat a mighty good supper, cause I spect you been hungry a long time!! " We did the whole spread, the family and visitors joining us in this pleasing exercise.

Another hour was spent in bright and pleasant talk, when in the "wee small hours" we took our leave of these kind friends and went our way into the freezing night feeling that life still had its recompenses.

Thus soldiers lived, enjoyed and endured taking the "bitter with the sweet", careless of the present and scarcely with a thought for tomorros; content if today's duty be well done and happy if the night brings either rest or a frolic; ready for fight or fun and relishing either or both with just about the same zest.

We took supper with my father at "Deer Park?" on the next night and the delight of all was touching to me. I had seen father onee before at a rendezvous two nights previous. He was the Only one of the white family at home, but the older negroes crowed around me with jealous care, every one trying to do more than the other. "Martha" had done her best and we had a supper fit for a Lucullus. Birds, sausage, which she knew to be my weakness and everything in the way of good fare to provoke the appetite.

Father was much pleased to have us, but his pleasure was mixed with apprehension of danger, because he knew of the constant viglance of the enemy and also that there was a rumor in their ranks that there were rebels in the county or in Bath. The belief was that there was quite a number somewhere near the Hamilton place. We took our time, however and made our report to the General who expressed himself much pleased at our success.

In addition to our duty, we delivered letters and messages from mothers, father, sister, sives and sweethearts and made the camp glad for days. Such were the pilgrimages to the Blue Grass region with its good cheer, its loves, its hopes and its fears.

But, there is an other incident connected with this time which was fixed in our memories by the tragic element with which it was imbued. Each town had its little eespot called Provost Marshall clothed with authority to arrest and examine, to seize and search

persons and houses. Imagination can scarcely reach the extent of the outrages committed by these scoundrels or the persecution put by them on their neighbors and even their kindred. It is not easy now to conceive that our guardian friends should forget the past and cruelly use the present. It was so however. Traitor and rebel scoundrel were names thought not too bad to be put upon men hitherto without reproach, and the petty blackguards did not hesitate to be offensive in word and act to Kentucky's best gentlewomen. This went from bad to worse until the winter of 1861-62 was nearly past when Mrs. Rogers, wife of William S. Rogers of "New Forrest", Bourbon County, Kentucky was returning from a visit to her sons in Virginia.

She was making her way home by the usual route and on horseback when she was intercepted near Sharpsburh and arrested and taken into town. Here she was searched and insulted and subjected to many indignities by the Probost Marshall, one Martin Gossett, a shilom farmer and son of a hard shelled Baptist minister of the Sharpsburg meighborhood. This outrage raised a furore and every Sourhern sympathizer was aroused and alarmed. The Union men bore themselves haughtily and would not talk of compromise or favor without complete abnegation on the part of the "rebels".

So it was for weeks, a perfect reign of terror existed and no quarters ot traitors was the watch cry of the other side. But in less than a month from the date of the seizure and search of Mrs. Rogers, these doughty heroes met each other with trembling speedh of Mrs Rogers, these doughty heroes met each other with trembling speech and asked in subdued whispers of Martin Gossett's death. How was he killed and when and who did it; then what shall we do and who is safe.

For true it was that this champion of the Union cause, this

persecution of his neighbors, this insulter of women was shot to death in his own door by an unknown hand and without a clue to the identity and the where about of his slayer. Well might these insolent Carpet Knights tremble and with white lips and faltering tongue askwherein lies safety. Ah! they have been taugh a lesson by a little bolld letting. They have learned that there are two sides to this question. Might it not be well to look on the other side little.

They were weift to propose terms. Southern symapthizers were masters of the situation; the Union men asking an interchange of favor and our side were treated with much more consideration. Arrest and insult were the exception now, instead of the rule in Bath and Montgomery Counties and when arrests were made, Union men were the first to ask for release and clemency.

But to return to my military life, after leaving Ken tucky again in the fall of 1862. I decided to go to Tennessee and join General John H. Morgan. I was still quite lame though on horseback I made a good soldier and was able to perform every duty. To that end I united myself with Captain William Tipton's Company. This troop was composed slmost wholly of my guardian neighbors, many of them having gone to school with me. We left camp in R Tussell County, Virginia during the last week in November and after a march of about a week reached the camp of Col. Roy S. Cluke on Stone River in Tennessee. He was also A Mt. Sterling man and his command were chiefly from Clark, Fayette & Woodford Counties. Tipton's company was at once by the order of Gen. Morgan incoporated in Cluke's Regiment and for the time I remained as a menber of the company. Col. Cluke offered me a position for which I thanked him but declined.

I soon saw that soldiering with Morgan meant something different from what I had been accustomed to with Gen. Marshall. One meant life, quick and ever stirring and scout and foray, dash and daring while the other had been the slow yet determined waiting for the enemy and a good strong blow when he came. But, now there was no waiting for the enemy and a good strong blow when he came. But, now there was no waiting it was always going to look for a fight. The routine of Gen. Marshall's quiet camp life had weaned me and I had pictured to myself this new life as the ideal one for the soldier but too much of anything, ewen excitement and danger may prove a little wearying though it could certainly never grow monotonous. The spirit of the chief pervaede every camp and all were looking forward to some new and brilliant maneuver. Basil W. Duke who had been a classmate in the Las School, was now a Colonel a and was camped near us.

I was anxious to meet hime and other friends. By the way, I had met George Didlake of Lexington here, he being a member of the reigment. We were classmates at the N. M. I. and graduated together in 1854. Very soon after arriving I went to the Headquarters of General Morgan at Black's Shoals near Murfreesboro. Here I met Duke and other acquaintances. After I had been in the room a short time listenmng to the talk of raids and guns and ammunition& scouts and other matters connected with wide awake war, a sprucely dressed young man came in and after saluting the offieers assembled and when General Morgan had scanned the company there, he told the young man to go on with his report saying "we are all friends here". General Duke's introduction having no doubt satisfied the dhief that I could be trusted. The lieutenant for such he probed to be began and related a most remarkavle story showing such familiarity with the numbers, positions and movements of the enemy as to startle

me. He could not have learned all this without having spent days in their camps and being in the most intimate and confidential terms with the federal officers, particularly with the Commander-in-Chief and perhaps the chiefs of both the Commissary and Quartermaster's Department.

I felt that I was in the presence of one of that dreaded yet very necessary adjuncts of every army, a shrewd and daring spy. After he had told his tale or rather made his report, the General listening all of the time with most respectful bearing, he turned to the narrator and in tones almost caressing he gently asked, "you saw and heard all of this yourself, of course" -"Oh, no," promptly replied the soldier. "Ah! then, how do you know about it"? Well, Mr.-- who is a very true and reliable Southern man told me this". He is well known to you, of course"? "Well, no I do not know him". "Then how do you know he is true and reliable". "Why, ----all the people down that way say he is all right". An ominous "Hemph, Humph" came from the General's throat, yet he proceeded very quietly and with much gentleness with the cross examination. The young fellow soon began to stammer and to hesitate and the old adage "that who hesitates is lost", was not belied in this instance.

It was soon apparent that he had spent several days with very agreeable people and had picked up the reports of the enemy which were current in the neighborhood. Then the well modulated yet not to be mistaken voice of the chief said, "Sir, you sought the service. I reluctantly permitted you to undertake it, you have utterly failed so far, as you must see. I will however, give you another

opportunity", turning to an orderly, he said, "Tell the quartermaster to furnish Mr.----, with a No. 1 horse and such as requires. Then to the young man, "I shall expect to hear from you again on or before the day of the month. Good Morning, Sir".

This was something like the wars and the incidents that I had read about, and I realized that I was in the presence of a great soldier for the first time in my life.

Tablet 3. First two pages missing.

Its dashing Captain held a place second to none in the confidence and esteem of his General. If one of the "Scouts" gave information, Morgan did not hesitate to form his plans relying in every detail on the report.

So his marvelous feats of arms, his surprises, his well nigh ubiquitous presence which vewildered the enemy were only the results of exact calculations made from data furnished by his own soldiers which date he knew to be absolutely accurate. This statement perhaps will only apply to the first 2½ years of the War. His organization was never so perfect nor was his relations to his command ever the same after 1863-4.

Most of his division were in prison and his force was made up of portions of other commands, thrown together making not a homogeneous body and there seemed never to be the "Exprit de Corps" among the men or the ties between them and their officers which had characterized the splendid army of young men who followed the great cavalry leader during the first two years of his glittering career. Only such men made such a career possible.

It is true that he had a remnant of his old division after his

escape from prison, but they were the fragments of broken companies, put together often under officers not of their choice and there were mixed with others, whose mode of warfare had been entirely different and who were thoroughly incompetent and uncongenial.

The volunteer, particularly the Kentucky volunteer never forgets that he is a volunteer and of all things, he demands a voice in the selection of those who are to command him. Then, too, Gen. Morgan was much hampered by the War department and by those who were put over him. He was essentially a partisan and could not be confined within the limits of iron clad orders and routine marches., counter-marches. After 1863, he was curbed and circumscribed and his influences impaired if not destroyed.

I return to camp, much impressed by what I had seen and heard and felt that now I was to see something of real war. We had been with Cluke but a few days when we joined the remainder of the command and moved toward Hartsville.

Gen. Morgan had learned that a camp had been established there and he determined to attack and capture the force. On the 6th. of December, 1862, he moved from Black's Shop 7 miles from Murfreesboro, marched all night, swam the Cumberland River and struck the enemy at daylight. They were completely surprised and after a running fight which last about an hour, they surrendered and we recrossed the river with 2100 prisoners. We had engaged in the fight less than 1100 men. The other part of the command did not get up on time. The weather was extremly cold and after the plunge in the river, our clothes froze on us. We were not allowed to make fires and had to get warm and dry by exercise.

I went out on this fight with Tipton's Company. The boys were a little anxious before appreciated their worth.

The captured camp was very rich in everything, which a soldier covets, flour, meat, sugar, coffee, blankets, etc. Richard went with me on the march and gathered a good supply. He loaded a captured horse with a sack of coffee, one of sugar, a large supply of very superior blankets and other necessaries. I was with the rear guard and Richard preceded me to comp, when I got in, he had a large camp kettle (also captured) full of boiling hot coffee and other adjuncts of a soldier's fare. He had kept the kettle of coffee on the fire and hot waiting for me almost 24 hours; only doling out an occasional cup to some chum our near friend of mine. Colonel Cluke had been favored with several pints with plenty of sugar. Richard had known him all of his life and was very fond of him.

This was one of the most brilliant s valry fights of the war and again illustrated the extent and exactness of Gen. Morgan's information. He knew the exact location of the enemy; his numbers; when his pickets were posted; and every detail of his attack was made and carried out as if he were moving pawns on a chess baord with both sides under his eyes. He never seemed to hesitate after his design took shape and he was rarely mistaken. Very soon after this fight and during the month of December, 1862, Gen. Morgan was married to Miss Mattie Ready of Murfreesboro. The wedding was a brilliant one and many of the officers of the army in full uniform were guests. President Jefferson Davis added to the interest, eclat of the occasion by his presence and while here he reviewed Dragg's army.

The day was one of those sunny and crisp occasions so common to the climate of Tennessee and Kentucky. Just cool enough to give spirit and tone to the soldier and bright and warm enough in the sunshine to bring out the women and children in crowds. It was an

imposing ceremony and as the great masses of armed men with the rumble of artillery and clatter of cavalry passed in stern array I realized that I had seen something of the "pomp and pride" and circumstances of glorious war.

This was the holiday show of a terrible reality, the flags were new and the winds seemed to caress them, while all the soldiers paraphennilia was bright and attractive. The women smiled on them and the men huzzahed for them. The drums beat, the bands played and all was heroic and grand. Here even Hotspor's messenger might have resolved to be a soldier.

I saw no more inspiring or attractive sight diring the war. I found among the Kentucky troops after the review my friends Samuel D. Everett, Charles Mynheir, Joe Robertson also my kinsman Albert Hathaway of Owensboro. I spent the remainder of the afternoor with them. Found their winter quarters much superior to ours. This was but a few days before the great Battle of Stone River between Bragg and Rosencrans.

Almost immediately after this visit I was appointed Adjutant of Buckner's Regiment, the 9th Kentucky mounted man. Bob Stomer, was Lieut. Colonel, Captain Matt Coleman's Company belonged to this regiment and I found many friends here.

Among the new friends I made in this command were Major Austin, Captain Thomas H. Hines and Lawrence Jones. The latter were both very ambitious and each tried to go farther than the other in dash and daring.

Just before Christmas of 1862, Gen. Morgan made a great raid into Kentucky extending as far as Lebanon, Springfield and other places on the L & N Railway. The object of the expedition was to cut the railroads behind Rosencrans and cripple his thus in the

matter of supplies and reinforcements.

Our success was all satisfactory as all the important bridges for 100 miles on that road were burned and the great trestle at Muldraugh's Hill met the same fate. It was a very hard trip on the command, the weather was cold the roads bad and the labor aside from the constant and hasty marches was very heavy. For a week there was scarcely an hours rest night or day.

Our regiment would be dispatched to destroy one bridge and capture its garrison, another regiment on separate duty and so all men constantly and hastily moved from place to place, and from one danger to another. The bridges and trestles were all guarded by strong detachments protected by stockades or earthwords and were takenonly after a stubbonn and sometimes a bloody fight. I was sent with a datachment to burn the bridge over Nolin Creek. To do this, I, of course understood first to capture the guards. I had men from several regiments and moved the in dark about one o'clock in the morning after a severe fight which lasted about half an hour, we took the stockade and set fire to the bridge, piling rails on it to secure a certain combustion.

In the great light of the burning structure, I recognized Creath Robinson, whom I had not seen since we were at school together at Prospect Hill in Montgomery County, Kentucky many years before.

He was the brother of our former citized Dr. Thos. H. Robinson of Winchester. Thus the fortunes of war threw men together as comrades after years of separation.

On this expedition the duel between George B. Eastin and Ales. Tribble on the one side and Col. Hallesy and one of his

Lieutenants on the other occurred. Both parties were scouting and met f ce to face in the road. Neither party thought of any thing except fight, and the deal was made. It was a fierce hand to hand struggle. Eastin kelled Hallesy, and Tribble captured his man after wounding him. These individual encounters were very common at that time and it was generally a fight to the end.

After destroying much of the federal supplies and severing completely Rosencrans' source of supplies, the command returned to Tennessee, just in time to hear at a distance the roar of the guns at Stone River in the battle of that name.

After Bragg's failure to crush his enemy, the army was put into winter quarters in and around Murfreesboro and our command was stationed on the front and right flank to picket and guard its camps from att ck or suprise.

The winter of 1862-3 was a very memorable one to our command. The Cavalry is always the eyes and ears of the army and to their sleepless vigilance and untiring labors, the infantry look for safety or rather to immunity from unexpected attack. Every other arm of the service at sometime goes into winter quarters and rests from the ravages of battle or campaign, but not so with the mounted men.

While they may establish a comp it is liable to be moved at any time to meet the exigences of maneuvers of the enemy and at all times, the picket line must be out and the scouts in the lookout. Then all foraging is done under their escort, they are called on for guard duty when arms, ammunition, or supplies of any kind can be called for to the transported.

Our Command was extended from Monticello in Wayne County, Ky., to Lebanon in Tennessee. The regiment was stationed near the little village of Liberty in DeKalb County, on Smith's Fork of the Cumberland River and near a spur of the Cumberland Mountains.

Col. Breckinridge was in command of a brigade which left Lt. Col. Bob Stoner in command of the regiment. This was very agreeable to me as Stoner and I were raised together and had been fast friends from childhood.

The winter from Christmas proved a very hard one on soldiers. There was scarcely a day which was not made miserable by the rain, snow and sleet. Often raining far into the night, then snowing, sleeting and freezing for the next several hours. The Camps were only open rail pens when we had any shelter and from these we were called almost every night. There was no 24 hours without its report of "The enemy advancing on the ? pike or the ? dirt road."

Pickets, here or there. Then there were orders for a scout of so many men or the regiment was called out, the bugles blowing "boots & saddles". Officers calling "fall in" and a hasty mustering onto the road.

If a scout, the adjutant must select an officer and order so many men from each company and if the shole regiment, he must order the call sounded and see to the mustering of the companies and report to the commanding officer when all are formed and ready for the march. So in any event I was the first out at every alarm.

There were frequently days and nights in which I did not take

off my clothes for sleep. Every day and night brought its skirmish somewhere and we had quite a number of men killed and wounded during this winter. We made full reprisal on the enemy and our regiment killed, wounded and captured over a thousand men while we were in DeKalb County. The bottoms of Smith's Fork were very rich and produced great quantities of corn and Yandee and Confederate foragers pushed each other in fierce contention back and forth over this stream like wrestlers struggling for a position.

Our Cavalry had little trouble when we met only that of the other side and our captures were frequent and extensive.

I was with a scouting party which took and marched into our camp 70 large wagons loaded with corn, with 4 mules each. We also made prisoners of a great part of the guard.

However, when everything seemed to be going our way, the federals would advance with infantry, cavalry and artillery and we then would be forded to retire. Fighting doggedly for every inch we would fall back across the Fork to Snow's Hill, a spur of the mountain where we always made a successful stand and the enemy after gleaning a few acres would return to Rosencrans' line. They never ventures to forage either up or down the Fork very far or on its very fertile tributaries.

If a wagon left the protection of the infantry and artillery, it was ours. The service was full of danger and exhaustion watching, fighting and labor, but it was full as well of excitement and stirring incidents.

Among the Federal Cavalry which constituted Rosencrans picket line was the regiment of Tennessee, commanded by Col. Stokes' nativon of DeKalb and adgoining counties and officered by men who

were familiar with the country in which we were operating. Col. Stokes' home was but a few miles from Liberty. Conspicuous in this regiment for vigilance and daring was the company of Capt. Blackburn, a native of Liberty, whose First Lieut. was William Hathaway, whose home was very near the foot of Snow's Hill and about two miles from the village.

Hathaway was made comspicuous by his white horse and his dare-devil audacity. It was no uncommon thing for him to dash into our guard in advance of his command and it was a matter of much wonder to us that he was not killed or captured. He did not meet with either fate, but outlived the war. I learned he was killed in a personal difficulty in Liberty after the war was over.

One incident will serve to give an idea of his methods. We were being driven back to the foot of the mountain; the rear guard under Capt. Smith of Kentucky making a stand wherever possible and only retiring on the approach of infantry. Major Austin who was in command of our regiment, which was in the rear. And I were above the road on a hillside watching the fierce and plucky give and take fighting when Smith gave way before the pressure of infantry and artillery and with the whole guard fell back hurriedly to the next line, which was formed about 300 yards further on.

Smith gallantly taking position in the rear. There was no time lost and all made for the support at full speed. Just as the break was made, Hathaway drew out from the front of the federal troops and dashed after Smith, overtook him and they exchanged shots as they ran. Neither was hurt. Smith joined our lines and Hathaway galloped back under fire from hundreds of guns unhurt as far as we could tell.

Major Austin laughed at Smith afterward and asked him why he did not stop and kill Hathaqay. Smith said "Why, Major, my horse ran off with me. I could not control him". Of course, Austin knew that Smith's courage was above question or he would not have chaffed him in this way.

In February, 1863, Col. Cluke made a "raid" into Kentucky. Our Col. Stoner with a small detachment from our regiment was part of the expedition. They went into Montgomery and Bath Counties and after much hard and rough marching and fighting, returned to Tennessee.

I was very anzious to go with them, but Mafor Austin objected and I remained on duty with him. He was left in command of the regiment while Stoner was absent and I learned to know him better as our association became closer and I became very fond of him and he gave me every evidence of confidence and esteem.

The regiment, one morning was ordered out to meet the enemy who were reported advancing from the west in force. A severe fight was expected as the force was given as infantry, cavalry and artillery. Major Austin had been quite sick for several days and the command of the reigment devolved on Capt. Thomas H. Hines. After the column was formed, an orderly came to us with the Major's favorite canteen full of Robinson County Whiskey. (By the way, Robinson County spirits were to Tennessee what Bourbon is to Kentucky) saying the Major wanted us to take it. We declined when the Major insisted, saying he had a presentiment that Hines or I would be hurt in the coming fight.

I then took the canteen and tied it to my saddle and thought no more of it, until Dr. Jones sent to me for it, saying that Capt. Riggin of Owingsville, Ky., was sinking fast. I had seen him shot and he had walded off the field and I did not think that he was

and he had walked off the field and I did not think that he was badly hurt. This was the snarp and bloody battle of Milton. Our advance was through the cedars and over the boulders which lay over the land, many of them 3 or 4 feet high.

I went in by permission whth the skirmish line, which was commande by Captain Riggin. The fight was face to face and almost hand to hand. The Yankee skirmishers would fire from behing the boulders and only fall back as we pressed them close. One, a Lieutanant met me and after shooting from his rack instead of retreating, he stood on it and deliberately emptied his pistol at me. We were not more than 30 feet apart, after exhausting both his gun and pistol, he stubbornly turned, but had gone only a few steps, when he fell dead. He was shot in several places, by gun and pistol bullet.

On this day, the enemy shelled our skirmish line bigorously and a shell bursted near me, killed a horse and a fragment struck me in the hip, give me quite a shook, but not disabling me at the time. It was afterward troublesome and has been a reminder ever since of the cruelty of war. Major Austin's augury was fulfilled though I did not need or use any of his whiskey.

While we were in this out post, an incident occurred which may be dexignated as the romance of war. I met an orderly who seemed to be in haste and eagerly looking for me.

He said Major Austin wanted to see me at his headquarters. I went immediately and met the Major outside of his shed seemingly quite perturbed. He, at once said "The scouts have brought a woman into camp and she is in ther," indicating his quarters by a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder. Perhaps it is well here to say that our Mafor was an old Ranger as brave anybody but a bachelor of 40 odd and sholy unused to sharpshooting from woman's

eyes. He was confronted with a force which he could not dislodge and did not dare to flank and leave in his rear.

He nerbously blurted out "I believe she is a Yankee spy and cool; why she smiles and talks as quietly as if she were in her Mother's parlor and her captors were so many beaus". "Oh! dear Major, I said: Can't you tell a Yankee spy from one of our own dear girls. But you have not said that she was a girl". "Yes, she is a girl, and a pretty one, too. That's the h--l of it, if she were old and ugly, I could dispose of her, but d--n it, I don't know anything about women. I forgot that when she heard some one speak of Hathaway, she turned quickly and asked, if there were a Hathaway in our camp. When assured in the affirmative, she then asked, if he were a Kentuckian, raised on the Turnpike from Mt. Sterling to Maysville and other particulars."

"So, I sent for you and I want you to see who and ask what she is and what the devil she is riding over the country this way for". On this revelation I walked into the Major's rail pen and saw a girlish figure, full of grace, a strikingly handsome face lighted by a pair of gray eyes, which could laugh and grow xerious in look as the occasion gave them cause. She was talking in an even and musical voice to the lieutenant, who had " captured" her, as I entered, she turned to me and her whole face was illumnined with a smile of recognition as she walked toward me, cordially extending her hand in greeting.

She said earnestly "I haven't seen you for ten years, but I would have know Lee Hathaway anywhere." I took her proffered hand and as she smiled at me, I recognized my former neighbor and playmate, Mary Ryan, formerly of Bath County, Kentucky, now of Woodberry, Tenn., After a hearty and heartfelt greeting, she hastily told me that she was in the secret service of the Confederacy and was returning from a ride across the border loade

quinine and morphine. When I asked her how she carried them, she said that was her secret, but I learned that the medicines were concealed in her clothing from her hat to her boots, inclusive as well as in her saddle and bridle.

She had been in this service until danger had become familiar to her and she had learned to keep her he d under any circumstance. We gabe her to eat of the best we had and she enjoyed it like a comrade in arms. Her appetite had been taught not to be dainty. Her spirits were untiring and she flashed and sparkled as only a bright woman can when she knows that she is appreciated. Even the old Major in a clumsy way, softened and warmed in the light of her genial and gentle humor and he took leave of her in a bluff and hearty way which said plainly, "my blessing follow you". I rode with her several miles on her way toward Bragg's quarters and bidding her goodbye and Godspeed, I returned to my regiminet, much impressed with the changes and bicissitudes attendant on war's necessities.

Here too, occurred a mischance which gave me a scare which was not lost on me. On one of the numerous occasions when the regiment was resisting the advance of Rosencrans' forage p rty in large force; I was riding a very handsome sorrel horse which I had mot ridden before, except in camp. Richard protested vigorously against the experiment. He said "you don't know dat hoss and de first thing you know he will throw you or run off and fall down with you". "You better ride ye mar wh you use to. She fetch you safe and sound if you give her a chance". We were driven slowly by the Yankee infantry and artillery. Our tactics as usual were to form a line with part of the near guard, hold

this position as long as practicable, while the remainder of the guard formed in the rear and when the line next to the enemy was broken, it fell back as well as possible, behind the next position, when such break was made, the Yankee cavalry would dash at us until checked by our support.

I was with the rear guard on this day, the break came and I started with others when my horse fell and I with him, of course. My comrades saw me and immediately Lieut. Bob B--? and two or three others wheeled and charged the federal advance with such audacity and so fiercely firing as they went that they were checked for the moment. My horse recovered himself and I mounted and we rode out together just in time to escape capture as the Yankee pursued us closely to the reserve line.

So it was, that every day, some deed of daring was performed and some one was saved from death or capture. Such things were so common and so reciprocal that only time and occasion was made to say "Boys, I owe you. I will give it back in kind, if it comes my way", and all had faith that the other fellow would do as he said.

The severe labor of march and battle of scout and picket duty and the tedious routine of camp life were interlined here and there by sport & games, a frolic and the spirits of the young heroes who were fighting the battles of their country as they saw the right never flagged, hand were always equal to the occision, be it what it may. Fighting, watching, scouting and dancing, flirting or what not. They were equally at home and equal eager and bouyany.

During the early spring of 1863, a passion for horse racing took possession of our boys. Perfectly naturally one will say,

all being Kentuckians reared in the saddle. I rode a handsome bay mare, about 15 hands, 1 inch high thorough bred and showing her blood from her shapely head to her rounded hoof tips. Always ready to run, she had proved that no Yankee horse could carry his rider out of my reach in a fair race and when it became necessary to reverse the movement, she had always taken me safely away from pursuit.

We had beaten every aspirant for racing honors in our regiment and I had won all of the spare cash of Hohnson's and Smith's boys who were camped near us. Will Peters of Bath County took charge of her in all of her races so far and Pres West of Georgetown, Ky. was our rider. About this time, we captured a lot of Yankee horses and among them was a sorrel gelding, objectionable in form and ugly of temper.

But there were so many of our men dismounted thatit fell to the lot of Henry L. Stone (now of Louisville) to take this brute with a promise that he have first choice out of the next capture. All this had passed out of my mind and we had not made a race for weeks and I believed there were no more horses for our "Mary" to conquer. When on a bright April morning, Will Peters approached me and snked if I wanted to run my mare for &500 to $1000.

I thought it a little strange that he should thus formally ask my consent, as he had for months been direction the sport and fixing the bets. I and others inly contributing to the amount needed and taking our part of stakes. I, of course, thought he had found another victim for the mare and answered, of course, I was in and asked him, what my part of the pot would be. At this he nesitated and halted in his speech and finally stammeered out in an embarassed way "Oh, we want to make the race against your mare and will bet $500 to $1000that we canbeat her a half

mile which by the way, was the mare's favorite distance.

I replied: "You have? now Will, tell me all about it for, I wouldn't bet you one cent on the mare at any distance, I know you have a job set up on me and I don't purpose to bite".

He said "you remember that ugly sorrel horse given to Henry Stone sometime ago, he can beat your mare and give her ten feet in a half mile. He then admitted that he had tried then more than once and knew just how much the horse had over the mare. This horse was kept for the turf and he was not beaten while I knew him.

Another phase of our army life during this momentous winter was the scouting reconnaissances and other acts of vigilance made necessary by our proximity to the enemy and cavalry.

Though as adjutant, I did not belong either in scout or other movement for a lookout, I often went to relieve the monotony of camp and to be with the boys. On one occasion Lieut. Ed Taylor or Jones Company was ordered out on the Lebanon Road to feel for and discover and advance which was reported by our scouts. He took about 50 men and moved briskly through Alexandria and towards Lebanon. I was riding with him next behind the midetts which he had thrown out in advance.

As we passed through Alexandria, our firends there, seemed much excited and told us there was certainly a regiment of Yankees not far beyound. Very soon after passing through the village, the advance was fired on and fell back hasitly.

We then formed to charge and as the enemy came over the hill chasing the last videttes, our column dashed at them and they broke and we were soon in hot pursuit. The Uankees formed again and checked us momentarily; several stands were made by the federals under command of an officer who was stubborn and loathe to run.

The break came and all went towards Levanon, we following.

Several soldiers were overtaken and captured, but the officer had taken up the matter of escape in earnest and his good horse was doing his best. I soon passed Taylor and all the scouts made a play for the Yankee officer. I have never called on my game little mare in vain and she did not fail me now. He had about 200 yards the start and was running for life or at least for liberty. His horse was plainly no every day scrub, and he carried his master gallantly and well. I settled myself in the saddle steadied the mare and spoke to her at intervals, to encourage her and to let her know what I expected. The Yankee too, rode like a Kentuckian an this horse gave his best endeavor. I felt that I was closing the gap, but might I not pull away from my support and catch my mare if at all too far from base.

I had narrowed the distance to less than 150 yards and both horses were running level and true, but I found my game mare was not fast enough to cut him off, before he reached his support. I called to him to halt as we were using a long hill and he made a fatal mistake; pisto. in hand, of course, he turned in his saddle and fired at me, making his bullet sing unpleasantly near to my head. But his moving veered his seat, changed his balance and his horse lost his stride and horse and rider never got on terms again. We, that is my plucky bay mare and I losing not an inch riding in accord and together at every jump, soon ran upon the discomfited soldier and with pistol squarely on him demanded a halt and a surrender.

He threw up his hand and pulled his horse in and was my prisoner. He proved to be a Major of a Western regiment and a very handsome bright fellow about my age. Taylor and several men soon came up and we pressed our pursuit until we had captured a score

or more prisoners, one of whom, a big square German slightly wounded, the Lieutenant had taken up behind him.

I had sent my Major to the rear by one of the boys, we drove the enemy for more than a mile further when we learned that we had our good fortune too far.

We struck the regiment in force and were compelled to retire. This we did well and in as good order as possible; forming, firing, and retiring alternately when Taylor found that his big German was in his way. He ordered him to get off which the prisoner refused to do and finally Taylor had to resort to hard measures. He got rid of his prisoner, just in time, for we were fiercely pressed and had to depend on our horses to get out.

Taylor was one of the last to retire and after a severe skirmish, -the enemy left us to take care of our prisoners of which we had quite a number.

In Feburary, 1863, Col. Cluke made a raid into Kentucky. Col. Stoner went with him.. The trip was a very hard one and occupied about 3 weeks. They returned with news from home and we gave them a hearty welcome, thus the winter wore away and my acquaintance with Breckinridge's rigiment was fast ripening into friendships which I valued among the dear things of my life.

In the spring or early summer of 1863 I was a little surprised by a summons to visit Gen. Morgan and Col. Duke at the quarters of the latter at Sparta. I immediately obeyed the polite invitation which I knew meant an order somewhat disturbed in mind as I had a presentiment that some change in my offical relations was contemplated by the two officers.

I reported promptly and the General was very kind and genial in his greeting and Duke was hid old self, which means that he named me as his friend and school mate. I was not kept long in

in suspense. After the usual courtesies of my reception, General Morgan in his blandest manner said "my brother R. C. Morgan has come to us from the army of Northern Virginia and he wishes to enter the cavalry branch of the service. He has a commission as Colonel from the War Department and the secretary asks me to give his a position in keeping with his rank."

"I have made arrangements to organize a regiment of which I will give him command; he knows nothing of our arm of the soldier. I have been looking for a competent man to take the first place on his staff and aid him in organizing and drilling his troops. Col. Duke has named you as the man for whom we are looking and has spoken of you in so complimentary a way that a repitition of what he has said might embarass you. So I will not repeat it". I answered "that Col. Duke's memory of our school days perhaps made a partial friend". "Anyway, said the General, "we have decided to ask you to accept the adjutancy of the regiment to be formed and as a personal favor to me and Duke, presuming on his friendship for you, to insist that you do not disappoint us."

I could not but be pleased, not to say much flattered at this mark of the great Cavalry man's confidence howbeit, it came through my guardian classmate. I was very loth to leave my present association. I had many friends there and Lt. Col. Stoner and I were intimate with the growth of our lines. Mafor Austine too, under his bluff Texas manner had a heart true and kind and had given me many evidences of confidence and esteem.

It was a service thoroughly congenial to me and the regiment was of that material with which deeds could be done. Officers and men had come to know me and I know them and there seemed to be perfect trust.

If I were in danger, no fear that I would be deserted and I

could Confidently ask a share of the bed or ration of every member of the regiment. All this and more passed through my mind quicker than I write it and human nature tugged hard at my heart and entered the lists full armed against my judgment.

Of course, I wanted to stay with my friends. I wanted to fight by their sides and share the peril and hardship of war as their comrade, and if the chances of battle should leave me on the field, I wanted to know that these friends would have the chance to aid me if woulded, or bury me, if dead. All this I felt rather than thought. But, I knew too, that the request of a military superior is equivalent to a command and so I was "between the D--l and the deep blue sea" uncertain for a time what to say.

I thanked the General for the compliment paid me and for the very kind and flattering offer and was about to proceed when with a manner, peculiar to himself, he put me at my ease by talking up the thread of the talk. He said, as if reading my thoughts: "We know how you are attached to your regiment and how they esteem you. That we may have trouble in reconeiling them to your loss. So, think of it and we will see your field officers on the subject and meanwhile, you can decide, but we hope that you will think so well of it as to accept the place".

I went back to the camp on a little disturbed at the prospect of leaving my comrades and friends, for I was a good enough soldier to know that I t was my duty to go when requested, even if a choice had left upto me and every soldier will know that <u>suggestions</u> or requests from our superiors never took so definite a step until the matter had been determined by the powers that be. There is no association closer than a camp and the battle field. No tie more dear than that formed amid the hardship and soldier's danger to

nis life. The men I was too leave ahd stood by me when danger and death walked to together on the stricken field. They had shared with me the scant ration and the meager blanket, had nourned the head comrade and rejoiced at the herald of brighter as wentent comrade like to do our whole duty together.

Now, I was to form new associations and try new men. No matter, how staunch and true they might prove, they cannot be to me what Stoner, Austin, Coleman and Owings are, not to mention scores of fellows, good, brave and true. It was a sad day for me and was not made easier by my friends. They were quite demonstrative in their kindness and many a soldier, who never thought of questioning or doubting when command came to him said "I wouldnot go".

I believe they all gave me up with regret, and their good opinion and <u>well done</u> are worth more to me now than a goodly heritage, "aye, are they not a gookly heritage"? I here bequeath it to my daughter along with what earthly goods I may have for her, hoping that she may feel in it, something of the pride which it gave her father.

Soldiers are not as a rule gushing and there were no exceptions to the rule, but as they took leave of me, in their own way, I knew that they meant to say to me, that I had done my duty.

The change was soon made and I was quickly campedon Cley? River in Clay County, Tennessee and the work of forming and organizing the new regiment gegan. First the "Scouts". Tom Quirk, Captain was ordered to report to Col. Morgan; then Company a of Duke's old regiment, commanded by Capt. Jacob Castle was added and next Hamilton's battalion was made partof our command.

There last were a mixed lot, some good officers and men and some very poor material. Six drill masters were sent to me. William Jones of Lexington, Ky., and Dudley Logan Of Bourbon

County being of the number. We worked hard on the almost raw material, and soon had the regiment in something like "Fighting trim". We had frequent opportunities to try them as the Yankees were quite active here as they had been further South. The new troops stood fire fairly well; some developed in good soldiers.

I especially like to mention Capt. Norris and Lieut. Pace, who proved exceptionally good men. This drilling and preparation went on through the spring and early summer of 1863. This regiment was known as the 14th Ky. Mounted Men, taking its place as part of the cordon of pickets which stood between the federal army and that of the Confederacy.

Our work was very arduous as only the river divided us from the Yankee pickets and we frequently met them when only out for a casual Scout, for a square meal or a social visit. For human naturewas all the same in the army as elsewhere and when the boys learned that there were pretty girls and something good to eat all around them; they would take the chances of a fight or a horse race any time to see one and enjoy the other.

I was no more proof against the allurements of these true fascinations than the other boys and took my chances with them in foray and frolic. It gave excitement, even if it brought danger and if it brought me closer to the men and gave a growth of confidence and kindly feeling which months of camp life could not do.

Our escapades were so frequent and so often full of peril and escape that ecquaintance and mutual confidence ripened fast and I was often complimented by having a scout ask that I be allowed to accumpany it.

Among the good people near our camp was the family of Esq.

Williams and two pretty daughters added to the attractions of the house. They kindly proposed to bring in some of the neighbor girls and have an impromptu dance. Everything was done so quickly that we thought there was but little prospect of interruption by our friends, the enemy. But man proposes and Brother Barnes says you know that the "Dee-ldisposes, that is when any evil comes to us. Any way an unkind fate had us in keeping for partof the night at least.

We had made all ready, about a dozen couples. Bright and dashing young cavalrymen and as many pretty country girls. Had danced a gay colillion and everytingg gave promise of a charming night's enjoyment, when the music of the fiddles and the sound of feet were rudely out by the well known crack of a carbine and the six who had taken the first watch were fighting against hopeless odds to give us time. Quick as speed one came to warn us. We were ready as we always were at sound of danger, our pistols had not been taken off; our horses were held at the back door and as suddenly as a bolt of Jove, 18 well armed and thouroughly aroused men dashed into the face of about 50 Yankees.

The onslaught was so fierce and so audacious and so unexpected that the enemy wavered and then broke and in a few moments the retreat was a rout and every fellow was trying to save himself. Of their number, 4 or 5 were killed out right; 10 to 15 wounded, and about 21 prisoners taken. The fight was scarcely ended; our wounded and other prisoners rounded up, when we were reinforced by the whole regiment. They had heard the firing 3 miles away, and had turned out promptly and come to our rescue as they believed.

The prisoners were turned over to a suitable guard and our party of 18 not to be beaten, returned to the Williams house, pulle the fiddlers together and soon the bloody scenes of the

preceeding half hour were forgotten under the influence of bright eyes, brighter smiles and the crack of the carbine and pistol was drowned in the laughter of maines' lips and woman's witchery made the soldier lose for a time the thought of battle and of blood. A good substantial supper came as a matter of course, and it was near the morning with its bright light before, we turned towards camp and its duties.

Thus the soldier of the South fought and frolicked and every heart was the braver, every will was stauncher and every arm was stouter after our country women had given us thus another proof of our worth to them. I will add here that no prisoners were sent to the rear and the Man kees under a flag of truce buried their dead on the day after the frolic and the fight.

My daughter must not think that these mixed scenes, there varied experiences made the soldier callous or even careless. He realized that this was war and he was only taking it as it presented itself.

What I have told immediately above, was only one of the many aimilar escapades which came to the lot of our command and excited no surprise. It was scarcely a day's wonder for so quick ded something else tread on its heels that it was crowded into the past. The warm and beautiful days of June came on us while we were on the Obey River, a very pretty stream and we all enjoyed a swim in its bright waters. So passed the time until the month of roses had nearly gone.

Book No. Four, first four pages missing.

It fell on me to send him to the rear and to take charge of the regiment until Capt. Norris, the Senoir officer laft came up.

I led the rigiment into the streets, dismounted and drove the Yankees out of the houses and had complete possesion of the town and a squad of prisoners before Norris or Lieut. Col. Hoffman, who had been ordered forward to reenforce came up. Quickly we were moved toward ?(torn) and a short while before day light in the morning of the 4th we halted. and John ? (torn) brigade passed. This was the day of the disastrous battle of Breen River Bridge was fought in which Colonel Chenault, Major Tom Brent and about 60 other good men were killed. Our regiment was not in the fight. We again took our position in the advance and after an all night march, we bivounced about 4 miles from Lebanon.

We had been in camp but a few minutes when Tom Morgan, brother to the General came to us and the talk became general. All felt depressed at the result of the day's fighting. But soldiers soon shake off any evidence of and burden and Tom was called on for a song. All hoping that this would cheer us up a bit: He had a beautiful clear voice (tenor), this boy of 18 summers, for he looked and acted as if he had never seen a winter, and with all the pathes of his noble soul/ and with all the tenderness of his marvelous voice, he sang "We Sat By The River, You and I". Every verse through.

So plaintive and sweet were the notes that it would have been a fitting requiem for the dead, had the dead been as bright and as pure and his young spirit.

He was killed the next day, while closing his devoir like a knight who had just won his spurs. I have always believed that this event cast its shadow, on the morning camp scene and that he felt that he was singing his own death chant. Both the music and

the words of this beautiful song have been with me ever since and I never hear it, but I sit again under the bended sky near the little city of Lebanon and listen to the melody of Tom Morgan's voice. Though it saddens me sometimes, it is a sweet sadness, a precious memory with which I do not want to part.

I was ordered out must before the break of day to capture a picket which we had discovered to be near our camp. I took 10 men, passed around the post and came on them from the rear. The reserves were all asleep and were much surprised and chagrined by the rude awakening. This left nothing between us and Lebanon on this road.

I only propose to speak of the fight of this day as far as my personal experience and relation to it goes, leaving this as I will all other matters connected with the war to history. The force holding this place was commanded by Col. Charles L. Hanson, whose relation to or rather connection with me is well known to my daughter. Even before the war, I had known him well, having been in school with him at Prospect Hill Academy, Montgomery County, Kentucky, when I was a boy and he a very young man.

He made a stubborn defense from his position in the big brick depot near the center of town. The day was very hot and we suffered from thirst and heat. One Capt. Franks from Mississippi had been placed in command of the advance and he suggested to General Morgan that a charge would capture a battery of guns which he had located near the depot.

The General having confidence in the Captain said to him, that to use his descretion but to be careful. To our sorrow, this Captain Franks who was normally a good and gallant soldier was not himself this morning. Liquor had the best of him and he

was blind and deaf to danger and toreason.

Several officers, myself among the number presumed to say to him that his supposed battery was only some dismounted guns which were not effective and a charge there was to ride into the face of every gun in that building and that, at point blank range.

He was not convinced and offensively said "Those who did not fancy the job could stay behind and in column of companiew, the charge was ordered. "Right into the jaws of death, onward we thundered" and when within about 75 yards of that brick wall, there blazed into our faces the concentrated wrath of over 200 guns. Each one backed by the stalwart shoulder and directed by the bright eye and the plucky spirit of a Kentuckian.

The result was not doubtful: over 50 men out of a little over 150 men fell from their horses dead or wounded, many others seeing that the field was deeply ploughed with ruts, jumped off and crouchéd in these holes rather than risk a run and a shot in the back. I was near Franks (who was among the wounded) when he fell. He called to me to take command and take the poor remnant out and in spite of his cry "I am Killed ". I was vindictive and made him an impatient answer. I felt so indignat to know that all this death and suffering were the result of his blunder and that this blunder was the result of a selfish and unmanly indulgence, the weak and sensual gratification of an unsoldierly appetite.

More than a half hundred good men blindly driven to their fate and sacrificed by one mement's weakness. Was not my bitterness even my vindictive pleasure at his discomfortune excusable while those who were really stricken and those who wought safety By hidding in the ravines. It appeared to me that there were not a dozen left. Old Capt. Gardner and Dick Wosham of the Scouts with whom I had fought and ftolicked for more than a year, killed one on

either side of me.

I reported at once to General Morgan who asked me "where is your guard", I answered "this is what is left of us" and in brief told of the disaster which had come to us. Others soon came in and we rallied about 40to 50 men, the others either killed or wounded or having voluntarily aban oned their horses for safety.

After the day was over we gathered about 110 men, which were all that were then left of the advance of the 175 with which we set out.

I found on examination that I had 7 bullet holes through my clothes, the top of my hat shot entirely away and I was unhurt, if I except a slight cut on the left side and a similar one on the left knee, both of which bled freely but gave me very little trouble. I have seen accounts of this fight in which the whole loss was put below the number which were taken from our guard, but such accounts are incorrect.

Col. Hanson surrendered about 3 o' clock P. M., after a heroic resistance and when his ammunition and his men were both exhausted.

I was then immediately pushed through the town, with the advance on the Springfield road. J. L. Wheeler was there, and met his brother-in-law Col. Hanson and exchanged courtesies with him. Strange resolving of the elements of human nature and governments. Neighbor parted from neighbor and one brother wore the blue and another wore the gray and each fighting dying for the right as he saw it. No man ever doubted the honesty of Charley Hanson any more than he questioned his courage, both were above and beyond discussion. He was paroled in Lebanon and the remained of the prisoners were marched nine miles to Springfield.

I was in the advance and of course, knew nothing personally of the incidents of the march, but I have since heard much from

both sides, the Federals and Confederates. It was necessary to push the Federals as we pressed by the Yankee regiments and the weather being very hot, they suffered intensely from thirst and fatigue.

A cloud burst fell on all of us and gave some relief. The negro servants with our command, if allowed were frequently insolent to prisoners and Captain H. S. Parrish told me that General Morgan's man "Old Box"made very merry at his expense. Calling to him, at intervals "Yank, don't you want to ride" until he was reprimanded by one of our officers.

The march of 9 miles exhausted the federal prisoners very much nad many of them had to be assisted. We were promptly moved through Nelson, Hardin, and Meade Counties to Brandenburgh and here on the Ohio River crossed into Indiana.

Two steamboats having been captured for the purpose. We were joined at this point by Capt. T. H. Hines, who was placed in command fell on me. Here began that sleepless vigilance and untiring nerve which made this wonderful march through hostile states possible.

But few incidents which were peculiarly personal to me, touched us on this hurried trip. About 1000 home guards had made a breastworks of rails at Cerydon, Indiana and here we had our first fight on Northern soil.

They stood well and hold their position until we charged up to and over the rude but effective fortification. We h d several men killed and wounded here. I do (rest of page torn).

In company with perhaps two others was the first to go over the works. These mistakes will happen and no doubt this report was made to headquarters. I care nothing for it now.

While in Indiana, we having stopped to feed our horses from a wheat field on the roadside, I had dropped on the grass in a farm yard and was asleep. I was aroused by a soldier who said a lady wanted to speak to me.

She made com laint that our boys were annoying her about her house. When, I asked her how? She said they would go into her kitchen and worry the household for something to eat. I answered that, we were driven by our situation to live off of the country, but the soldiers were not permitted to be offensive or unnecassarily troublesome. If she desired it, I would put a guard at the door: She spoke with much spirit saying "No, I will not have it said that my father's house had to be protec ed by a Rebel guard". Lucky, certainly, but perhaps a little indiscreet. I could only reply "that is all that I can do." and was asleep again in a moment.

I was again arroused, the complaint was made. I gabe the same offer and she rejected it as she had done Before. So the matter passed and I suppose the Hungry soldiers helped themselves as usual to such as the found to eat. This girl was the stuff that heroines and martyrs are made. She stood her guns and to the last, cool and plucky, as a veteran and declined what she considered a humiliating offer of protection as haughty as a duchess in her castle.

I saluted her fidelity then and I lift my and bow my old gray hear to her now, as a patriot and heroine. She had stood too, when all along the line of our march, the great bulk of the people and deserted their homes and were fleeing from "Morgan" and Morgan's "Terrible Men" (<u>See a late story</u>).

I witnessed another act of heroism and death less grit, how-

beit, it was somewhat foolhardy and resulted as it only could have ended.

An elderly man, a Methodist preacher, we learned being with a party of Home Guards, would not surrender, had kept firing after his comrades had quit the fight. After demanding more than once that the old man surrender; having had his shot in our faces, one of our boys at very near range gave him an Enfield rifle ball fair in the forehead which tore the skull frightfully and drove the brain our and onto the ground.

The preacher was a prominent man in his church and neighborhood and his tragic death was a sensation. Although his life was forfeited by all the rules of warfare, there was a demand for retribution and after we were close in prison, a search was made for the man who fired the fatalshot. They had learned that the offender was an officer, this having been remarked by the comrades of the deceased and we were placed in line and the Indiana militia, about 20 strong passed up and down, back and forht, trying to identify the party on whom they proposed to visit their wrath.

I knew the man, they were seeking as I was at his side when he fired the fatal shot. Then, too, he was an old friend as well as a sometime comrade. Every man of the scores thus exposed felt that his fate depended on the caprice of any one of these Hoosier Homeguards.

If a man has not been through it, he does not know how it feels to the of a number, from whom one is to be drawn, to be shot, for we were sure that would be the fate of the man selected It is not an easy matter to look unconcerned through such an ordeal. While every man bore himself like a soldier and underwnet the scrutiny with nerve and grit, all felt relieved when the search was ended and we were dismissed to our quarters.

I saw the man for whom they were looking, all of the time being very near him and nothing in his bearing would have given him away. He told me afterward though, that every moment he spent in that line was an agony and that he believed he could not go through it again. Such episodes were the variety which gave proverbial spice to prison life.

The excitement in this instance was a little too tense to be pleasant. I set it down to the credit of our Indiana friends that they did not identify and shoot somebody and how.

I have often talked with the officer who did the shooting and he saww the old man of the sea. Not that he had done anything for which his conscience chided him as the killing was in fair stand up fight and "the d--. thke the hindmost", but his trouble was the physical fear that in some way, his offense would find him out.

It was an open secret with the advance guard that he was the man and his security depended in large measure on the fidelity of his comrades and this did not fail him and he is now safe from Yankee vengeance and his name is Captain James Mitchell of Montgomery County, Kentucky.

Here's looking toward you. Comrade tried and true, friend who never failed me in sunshine or in shadow. May your last days, be your brightest and happiest ones. "So may it be".

Another little Hoosier girl shot a bright thread across the roof of our story, right along here. At Versqilles in Ripley County, we had haulted for a hasty refreshing of men and horses. The lookout for horses, which was active and constant was not relaxed here. Soon after we were dismounted, there came to me one of our boys leading a very pretty pony, both followed by a rather good looking girl about 16 years, modest and evidently

much afraid, if not decidedly frightened. However, her love for her pet gave her courage and she spoke up bravely for herself and for him, and when her tongue forgot its fright and her heart called to the work, she spoke fluently and well. She had raised the pony by handand they had grown up together. He was more than her little horse, he was her companion and friend and as she talked, her love made her eloquent and her voice was pathos itself. The tears which would come in spite of her brave fight to be calm, were more persuasive than words. She would between appeals to me, call to her pet and give him tender names and the look he gave her, said so sadly "do not let them part us. I have been faithful and and true to you, be ye so to me".

I soon persuade the soldier who was a gallant Kentucky boy to look further and he turned the little horse over to his little mistress. I fancied that two hearts albeir, one beat in the brown of a Horse thanked him fervently as I know the sweet voice and bright eyes of the Hoosier maiden did. She broke down when it was over and cried her gratitude out fearly for the favor shown her. Maybe that handsome boy in gray did not have a supper served to him by fair hands that evening, the while that a pretty face played its accompaniment of alternate smiles and tears.

The luscious ham and biscuits, the coffee hot and toothsome and all given freely for a little act of kindness. To have seen those two sitting there over that dainty and appetizing feast; one busy ith eating, the other busy with kindly serving; both taking frequent times off to smile kindly and without appearance of fear or misgiving, one would have had no thought of the bitter war which was keeping them, two young Souls apart. "A touch of nature makes the world akin" was and is true.

That young fellow was not willing to leave any chance of trouble behind. So I sent to General Morgan and had written protection given to the girl and her pretty pony. Our boy often spoke of the Hoosier girl and insisted that her bright eyes and sweet voice were more to his memory than the supper and whatever that might have been to the material man at the time.

Perhaps it is fair that I shall say that I shared in the generous fare of that memorable evening and the whole incident with all its details lingers in my memory as one of the ;leasant episodes of the relentless realities of war. One of the little glints of sun shine that fleck the black canopy of battle and of blood, of hate and of cruelty.

I did not want to shoot at another Hoosier until a sleepless night march, had a little rasped my temper and a day of sultry sun and choking dust had given something of acidity to my sensations.

I have written heretofore by request an account of this 21 days and nights march and battle and it is only my intention to speak here of those little indidents which made themselves personal to me, leaving my daughter to read the story of this remarkable raid at other hands and from the manuscript that I shall leave with this. We had many very startling and memorable occurences and happenings, sharp skirmishes and narrow escapes. At one point after we crossed into Ohio, the home guards, several hindred strong had taken a very strong position on as eminence which commanded our roadway. They were shelling the advance with a quick and accurate fire. They had to be dislodged and this could only be done by a charge.

The advance guard was ordered to make the assult. We made quick work of it and soon the enemy was scattered and the way clear. Generals Morgan and Duke came up just as we went with the rebel yell over the works of the Yankee troops. They were very complimentary to us and asked who led the dash. Several spoke at once "Adjutant Hathaway was the first man over the log traps", Gen. Duke took me by the hand and said, swinging his hat "Hurrah for old Transylvania" General Morgan with the smile only given with his intense approval said WWell done Mr. Adjutant, I salute you as "Captain Hathaway"! Promoted me on the field for such reckless gallantry as could carry such a position and lifting his broad felt hat and with a sweep of his lithe body, he left me threlled through and through. I could not tell by which most, his matcheless smile and bow or his gracious and welcome words.

It is such officers that develop heroes and make heroism a reality.

At Georgetown, the County Seat of Brown County there occurred one of those incidents which give to soldier life that proverbial seasoning which attends variety.

Our advance guard was sent to this place in a special mission as it was off the line of our March and it was neccessary that our movements be quick and decisive. Word had come to Gen. Morgan t at large sum of Government money had been sent our of Kentucky to Georgetown and deposited in the bank there. We took possession of the gank at once, a guard was placed at the doors and windosw and a search was instituted for the cashier who had disappeared. He was found at his home and upon preemptory order of the officer in charge, he made a statement and exhibited his books which satis-

fied us that the information as to the U. S. money being there was a mistake or a decoy.

The house was closed, the officers released and the guards retained at their posts, while we fed our horses and found something to eat for the men. The Cashier insisted that he be allowed to supply a number of us, which invitation was accepted and we enjoyed his good dinner after our long and weary march and fast.

When our hunger was nearly satisfied, but while we were at table, a messenger announced that the guard at the bank wanted me. I went at once and found the guard excited and quite a scene ensued. Standing in front of the door was Dr. Goode, a German who had been medical director for the division but who had lately been given another position on the General Staff. He was demanding admittance to the bank by his authority as an officer. He war stoutly resisted and the young soldier true to his duty said to him as I came in hearing "If you attempt to pass me, I will shoot you.

When Goode saw me, he again made the demand with the announcement that he was my superior in rank. I said to thim promptly, that if he gave further troulbe that I would have him sent under guard to Gen. Morgan. After not a little bluster he left and we soon after marched out of the town andfound the command taking our place at the head of the column. This man Goode proved to be a bad one. He was afterward one of a party which robbed a bank in Mount Sterling. Very bright and ahndsome, he was a striking figure anywhere, but a mere adventurer. I learned from some source that he wnet abroad after the War closed with quite a sum of money.

We had in the advance guard a young Irishman, Tom Murphy,

brave and true, with the characteristic with wit and humor of his race. He was daring to a remarkable degree. After a skirmish with home guards, one evening, some one said,"Tom Murphy is killed", I asked where and the soldier directed us to the place where he lay. I went to him and took his head in my arms and when he opened his eyes, he recognized me. He had an ugly wound in the neck and was bleeding fast. I soon bound a handkerchief around the wound staunched the bolld for a time, and gave him water from my canteen. Sent for one of the boys who I thought had some liquor. We soon gave him a big drink of this, when he revived and wanted to talk.

I tried to stop him, believing it was bad for him, but he seemed very anzious to speak. I said, go ahead, Tom, for, I thought his days were numbered. He spoke feebly, but clearly and said to me, "Well, adjutant I thinkthey have got old Tom this time. If they have he is even with them, I have tried to do my duty and make a good soldier and I want you to tell my old mother that I have done my best and that I have died like a man. Good bye, boys, you can't stay with, me, I know, but I want you all to remember Old Tom sometimes and believe that he would like to stay with you till this thing is fought out, but I can't talk any more, Goodbye", and he closed his eyes. I laid him gently on the ground and called to the boys around and we carried him to a farm house near by. Exchanged pressure of hand with him and left him to die, asking the owners of the place to care for him.

Remember, we were being opposed in front by thousands of men, folunteers, and pressed behind by 40.000 regular soldiers. This

was the best we could do for our dead or wounded and not always could we give this attention.

Imagine my surprise, when over a year after, on the streets in Richmond, Virginia, I turned to answer a hearty lap on the shoulder and a "How de do, adjutant", I stood face with "Old Tom Murphy" inthe flesh and looking sturdy, game and jolly as ever in his life. He soon told me that his wound proved only to be a very ugly flesh wound and that he recovered quickly and was sent in exchange.

Thus the kaleidoscope of war turns its colors, making unexpected and startlyin combination.

But I can not linger over this wonderful march, full as it was of thrilling and wonder giving episodes. One other was the last halt and final consultation of officers at Chester, Ohio the evening of the 18th of July, 1863. The difficulties in the way of our progress had sensibly increased during the past two days and nights. The roads were obstructed by fallen timber which had to be chopped and removed and the home guards had thickened until we were in a continued and almost perpetual skirmish and they were much emboldened by their own numbers and position. They could take refuger behind trees and fences, fire at us and retire before we could reach them. The advance guard suffered severely and the whole command was necessarily much worried and not a little hurt by this repeated stinging and buzzing of this horde of militia pressed in the rear by Hobson and Shackelford. Our situation was becoming critical. Generals Morgan and Duke and several line officers of regiments were present at the consultation.

It was ebident that the plot was thickening and even the elements seemed to be conspiring with our enemies to frustrate our plans. Scouts brought information that the river was rising and was past fordging at nearly every available point. Buffington Island, the prospective crossing was fast getting beyond the possibility of crossing.

Every detail had been looked to, the line of march, the expected resistance had been calculated and all save that which no human foresight could reach had been carefully and accurately provided for, but no finite ken could see the coming floods which flushed the tributaries of the Ohio.

The crossing at Buffington on the morning of the 17th July was not boot top deepin places and very narrow on the morning of the 18th, a torrent was sweeping past, I learned too, from an old woman who had lived near the ford since her childhood, that this had only occurred twice before in 60 years.

After the conference was over, we pushed on to the Buffington ford, the advance arriving about sundown on the 18th to ford was not practicable and we immediately began to prepare two old flat bottom boats for crossing. Work went on all night in relays; the men literally falling asleep at the boat side. I will not give any details of the subsequent events except such as connect themselves with me as contemporary history gives the record.

When the morning of the 19th came, we learned that Judah had come up the river with his division and Hobson and Shackelford were on our rear with two divisions of cavalry and a legion of militia. We faced fromt and rear and kept up the unequal fight for several hours. We were at bay and had the spirit of deathless resistance fully aroused. We were not used to being

pressed or penned like a rat in a trap and were ready to take any chances however desperate or dangerous, if it only promised release from the toils around us.

But 50,000 men well armed and fully supplied with ammunition, many of them fresh, too, are more than a match for less than 2000 worn and weary and without supplies, however hectic they may be. The federal officers contracted their lines slowly and advanced warily for there was not a commander there, who had not felt Morgan's blows and they all knww that the wounded lion when hemmed in is dangerous and always dies game.

So the fierce give and take went on till about 3 O'clock P. Mp, General Morgan pressed our brigade commanded by Col. A. R. Hohnson on to Judah, and the 1st brigade under Duke onto Hobson, thus parting the two who didn't care yet to come to close quarters with us and General Morgan with about 600 men passed up a deep ravine between the two Northers Commanders and escaped going up the rivers.

This ruse was soon discovered and its desigh suspected and the federals then with overwhelming force advanced and made our surrender inevitable. We were worn out with 21 days and nights marching and fighting, had held 50,000 troops, arms length from daylight till 4 P.M. and out of ammunition, all felt that for the first time the flah which had never over defeat must be lowered and the proud heads of the Morgan's Cavalry be bowed before their captors.

Then Colonels Ward and Morgan ordered me to go forward to the enemy lines and surrender the two reigments commanded by them or rather the poor remnants of these gallant organizations. Hewed and hacked as we had been for three long weeks, we presented a melancholy contrast to our a pearance as we gathered in tthe

pure sunshine on the banks of the Cumberland, when this ill starred expedition set out.

Then we were buoyant with the breath of conquest in our breasts, none worn or wasted in numbers and persons. We could only bravely endure and heroically suffer what might come. Always proud, almost defiant, there was no lowering of the crest or begging of the question, even in disaster and imprisonment, the brave boys gave to our captors a Roland for every Oliver, pride for pride and when need came, scorn for scorn, defiance for insult were ready currency.

To make the Yankee lines, I had to go through a heavy undergrowth, only traversed by an occasional path. One of these I followed, being startled by frequent firing from the front and having balls sing unpleasantly near me. I give the enemy credit, however for suspending their fire as soon as they saw my inprovised flay which by the way, was a piece of cotton which one of the boys had taken from some store to have shirts made of, he said.

I rode forward as rapidly as the nature of the ground and timber would allow and soon reached a Michigan regiment commanded by a Major-----. He received my courteously and I made my report, surrendering what was left of of Wards & Morgan's regiments. He was at once struck by my mare as I saw from his intent gaze and began asking questions about her.

She was my pet and my pride and of course, I did not stint my praise of her merits. I did not realize that the capture meant a parting from my spirited, speechless yet gifted friend. When this came over me, I wished that I had defied danger, disobeyed orders and made a dash for escapt by swimming the

swollen river. I could have done it, I am sure.

When my good bay mare and I had ridden out from Deer Park on that October night 1861 and in battle or on march in charge or retreat, she had been true to me as a friend to friend. On this long, weary way through four states and for three eventful weeks, she had never failed me and no call had I ever made on her to which she had not promptly and satisfactorily responded.

While all others or nearly all were taking fresh horses, she never faltered, never seemed to tire and when I rode her into the presence of the Federal Major, his eye gave her tribute and his tongue was ready with compliments.

She was truly a thing of beauty. Standing 15 hands and 1 inch high, a model for an artist' brush and a picture for a turfman's stud; her proud head thrown aloft, her eye a blaze and her blood like nostril distended, thrilled with the excitement of battle and of blood, she was the incarnation of the war horse, which passeth in the valley and snuffey the fight from afar. So this beautiful and faithful friend was to be taken from me and she was to lose her master who loved her and who had for two years, shoared his crust and his corn with her. I was tempted then and there to make a break for the Virginia shore and liberty.

She was born and bread on the charmed sod of my home at "Deer Park" and when the call of my Southern brethten took me to the field, she was chosen out of two score good studs to carry me, no better horse carried a rider from the blue-grass of Kentucky than my "Mary" (as she had been christened when a colt). Now we were to part and she was to go into a

stranger's keeping. The officer promised to care for her and send her back to his home in Michigan and this was the best that I could do for my tried and faithful mare. As I walked away, I think her eyes followed me in mournful farewell and I know my voice would have trembled, if I had attempted a spoken Good-bye. My daughter must here remember that a soldier's horse is to him more than a dumb brute, it is almost companion and is altogether friend. I never heard of Mary again.

After the surrender, we were camped in a wheat field and a heavy guard placed around us for the night of the 19th. However, before this was done, we were placed inline and searched with many a coarse jibe and much rude jostling from our guards. Some of us were allosed the luxury of a bath in the Ohio, but swollen as it was and muddy, this was more to our refreshing than to cleansing. However, we were grateful for the spirit which showed this little bit of grace. Then, too a bright, trim dressed Lieut. hearing my name, said he was a Riggs and he had heard that they were related to the Hathaways of Kentucky.

I said to him, we have kinfolks of that name, I have been told by my father. He was quite courteous and kindly offered to get for me a bottle of Kentucky whiskey from the boat which lay near by. I thanked him and accepted his offer which he made good in a few minutes. Several of my comrades joined me in drinking to the young officer and hoping that we might be in the way to return the compliment in kind. To this, he did not seem to give a hearty assent, but prettily hoped to meet us in the future under more favorable suspices. After establishing the lines around us in the whearfield, the federals

gave us supper.

We, then spread out the shocks of wheat and went to sleep sometime before sundown. They waked us the next morning after sun rise and I was surprised to see that we had had a heavy rain during the night, of which I knew nothing others said the same. After a score of busy days and sleepless nights, the worn bodies and weary brains gave way, nature asserted herself and the soldiers slept.

On the morning of the 20th of July, we were placed on board of boats and taken to Cincinnati. Here we were the objects of much curiosity and not a little petty spite and cowardly insult.

Great crowds thronged the whaff, and as we were marched off, through the streets, we were greeted with curses and pelted with questionable missiles until the guard growing indignant, threatened to turn us loose on our persecutors. We were marched to the 9th Street Station House and turned in among thugs, thieves and that ilk. The papers of the city were especially peppery in their comments.

One said "Col. Morgan has the outward seeming of agentlemam" and "General Duke looks like a Spanish bandit on a small scale" and "Thief", "Assasin","Robber" and "Cutthroat" were the milder formed of expression, when the command was talked about.

We had friends too, among the lot, who under the pretence of hunting out kinsmen, brought us substantial aid. We were allowed to buy anything in the way of fooed and clothing and the money thus furtively given filled many a empty stomach and covered many a ragged back.

Even Cincinnati was not all evil. On the morning of the 23rd July, we were ordered to Johnson's Island which point we reached that evening. We found the quarters at this summer

resort, roomy, but somewhat plain not to say rough. This island is situated in Sandusky Bay and apart from its prison garb was then as it is now, a pretty and attractive spot.

We could not realize that we were to be prisoners for more than a few weeks and so we did not attempt to prepare for either comfort or convenience. We were full of plans and promises and I fear of threats to about what we would do when we were exchanged.

However, we formed masses for the time and looked around us for temporary supplies and positions. Here we had our first introduction to life in military prison and our first experience of its heroes. For no other word is up to its height of infamous cruelty or its depth of damnable roguery and oppression.

As an introduction to what may follow about prisons, I want to say here that prison guards were generally make up of raw recruits who were thirsting to "flash a maiden sword or of scoundrels who were too cowardly or too corrupt to be trusted at the front and woe, woe was me or any other man who fell into their grasp.

It is but right, however, that I say that when we had veterans, men who had fought us for guards, we were kindly treated as a rule.

While at Johnson's Island, I noticed in a corner of the enclosure, a solitary room and a solitary prisoner. On enquiry, I learned that he was Tom Campbell of Carlisle, Nicholas County, Kentucky, condemned to be shot as a spy. He and I had been classmates at the Western Military Institute and were somewhat intimate.

I applied for permission to speak to him, but was refused

Peremptorily, I may say angrily. I will never forget, how alarmed and alone he looked, isolated from all other prisoners, chanied to a 56 and left to brood over his terrible fate, Young, brave and ambitious, here he was, hust in and doomed to die a dog's death, only because he served his sountry and had not thought of self.

If I ever prayed for aught fervently, it was that God might be good to the young knight, who had won his spurs and his winding sheet in the same joust. After long and racking suspense, the punishment commuted to life imprisonment and finally upon the return of reason to the powers that be, he was sent home, a mental and physical wreck to dragout a few miserable years in poverty and suffering. Better a thousand fold had he died when he could have looked death in the face like a soldier as he was and had for his epitaph "He died for his country".

We were only allowed to remain at this place for a few days, when we were called out and embarked for removal. We, of course, believed we were ordered to be immediately, exchanged and rumors to this effect were very current among us. The federals encouraged this belief to the end that no attempt to escape might be made. We knew nothing of our destination until we were ordered to leave the cars. We soon learned that we were in Allegheny City, Penn., and were to be confined in the Western Pentinentiary of that state.

Our dream of liberty was over and we were f ce to face with what proved to be a long and weary confinement. Then too, it came to our ears that Gen. Morgan and other of his officers were allready in the cells of a penal prison in Columbus, Ohio and that this unprecedented course of the Northern government was excused to its adherents on the pretext that Col. Straight and his officers were held outside the pale

of prisoners and that we were to stand as hostages for them.

History when fairly written will show to every honest reader that there was no reason for this cruel measure, and nothing in the canons of civilized warfare which even excused not to say justified such conduct.

It was an actof petty spite and the miserable attempt of a vindictive and mean spirited scoundrel to himiliate a body of gentlemen soldiers and soldierly gentlemen whom the fortunes of war had placed in his power.

The bloody and brutal Stanton could not forego the grim satisfaction snich this opportunity gave him. But his villainous are was too snort ahd his blow did not reach, for 118 men who marched through the iron gates which frowned at the entrance to this prison, I believe there was not one who did not move with prouder step, with head more definatly erect at the thought of suffering for his cause and his country.

During our eight months dreary stay in these walls of stone, not one who did not stand bravely and even cheerfully to his duty. When we were inside the great iron doors or gates which formed the entrance and hung frowning behind us, we looked down a long corridor or hallway three stories high and straddled each side by rows of small iron doors marking the cells, a row for each side of each floor.

Everything had evidently been arranged for our reception and without delay we were filed right and left, two and two alphabetically into the cells on either side of the corrider. Doctor William Has of Covington and I fell together. We were hurried uncermoniously and iron doors were clanged behind us

and as we stopped just over the threshold, the ominous click of the old "Dungeon Keeps" of English castles and every kind of tale of mystery and or horror passed through my mind. I looked around at the stone walls the size of the cells were 7 by 14 feet and the walls, floor and ceiling seemed to be contracting until they almost literally pressed my lungs.

Book Five.

I had a sense of oppression or suffocation and breathing was a task for minutes. Many other told me afterward that this sensation of having the life squeezed out everpowered them for minutes. Gradually this feeling with me gave way to one of intense indignation, and my temper being up my reflections were not amiable nor were my expressions orthodox.

The feeling of being insulted and ourtaged stayed with me to the end, and even now, though my head is gray and my blood is cooled with the frosts of 58 years, I cannot recur to this wanton and cruel violation of all the usages of civilized warfare with that equanimity which should characterize one who is at peace with the world.

I do not now want to commit any overt act of revenge, but I do want to remember the cowardly and mean spirited attempt to put shame on me and my comrades.

On investigation we found our dungeon to be altoghether of stone except the iron doors about 7 by 14 feet and 8 feet high; bare of bed furniture or other comfort.

After this survey and after the sensation wore off, each looked at the other. This was seemingly simultaneously. We had not to that time realized that no word had been spoken.

The silence held perhaps for minutes, when catching my eye, Hays broke the spell or rather his sense of outrage tore out with "D--n their eyes". His voice seemed the echo of itself, sounded far away and hollow.

After easing our minds with a few choice quotations from the vocabulary of the wicked, we sat down on the stone floor and reviewed and discussed the situation.

This talk had lasted a very short time when the creaking of blots was heard the fastening clicked from its socket, the door opened and one of the turkeys asked if my Hays were there.

Hays was taken out, the fetters again dropped or crept into place and the wall was sealed again. I was left alone with the phantom of solitary inprisonment, Have you read of the Prisoner of Chillon, my daughter? Can you imagination aid you to a partial realization of my sensation for a moment. I am glad to way that it was only momentary, because minutes of such intensity of loneliness would have been too much for my sanity I fear.

God grant, my darling, that the sense, vivid, crushing and bewildering; of being utterly alone and entirely helpless and lost may never reach you or yours. My life had been so free, no check or bit to my will or my wish always, to go or to come as I chose, with all the country boy's love of <u>room</u> and liberty, having grown in the open and made comrades of sunshine and water and air, knowing no limit to motion but the Heavens, full of life and joy and love for the world and its beauties, for family and friends; given to gay life and the companionship of neighbors and comrades, to be thus shut up and bound by a dungeon walls without light or air, utterly

alone, no himan face to see, no human voice to hear, I suffered for a passing moment the horrors of the lost.

Then, I had always been able by "taking arms against a sea of troubles by opposing end them" to take care of myself and others by the strong hand if necessary. "To give cuff for cuff and the best man win", as Cronan said to the devil; but here I was caged like a rat in a trap and not even the satisfaction of getting a snap now and then.

Helpless and for the moment hopeless, but young blood runs quick and young hearts soon get back the full beat. In a few moments I rallied and bugan again to lock the ground over and think what was to be done next.

While this committee of ways and means was in session, I heard a sound at the door and looking in that direction, I saw a portion of it about 8 inches by 10 move; this slip turned on hinges automatically it seemed to me, formed itself into a small shelf on the side next to me and a chunk of bread and a tim pan of what proved to be "ye coffee" were unceremoniously shoved into it. A gruff voice said "there is your supper" and the owner of the voice disappeared. I was hungry, of course being a soldier and my appetite was neither fastidious or choice and I ate my rations with relish.

As night dame on, the gruesome shadows thickened and I was soom left alone in utter darkness. What my sensations were as the little daylight died out and the world was lost to me, leaving me as f r as sight or wound gave evidence the only creature in the world, I will not attempt to give.

I did not long indulge either in the misery of reflection or the luxury of wrath and with the stone floor for my bed and my boots for a pillow , I sleptuntil my guard of the night

before, in the same quiet manner announced that my morning meal was served. There it was on the same little shelf, a repitition of my supper with alittle meat added.

I will take occasion to say here, that the bread was good and a gull ration; the meat was less worthy of commenation while the slops that masqueraded under the name of "coffee" was as villinous a compound as ever insulted the palate of a gentleman.

Then dinner came much in the same way, stealthy and silent of approach, only braed was cold and was accompanied by a liquid abomination which palled on the appetite and outraged all tastes and attempted to steal into decent company under the name of soup . Shameless and shameful profanation of a good old name and a dneeky substitute for an ever welcome dish. Its ingredients were unknown to the culinary vocabulary and its composition was a dark and fearful secret within these walls.

Upon and after careful analysis, our most astute chemists gave as its basis river water and as its chiefmaterial dish rags and dirt with a sprinkling of every thing that the 1000 or more prisoners had failed to eat the day before. Thus much for our prison fare which with very tedious monotony made its ~~xxxxxxxx~~ rounds every day for 8 long weary months, just the same was served to us which was given to the convicts.

After 3 or 4 days spent thus by myself, I was told one morning by a kind hearted turnkey that I would probably have company very soon and during that day I was removed into a large double cell in which I found Capt. W.E.Curry of Winchester, Ky., Lieut. A.J . Church of Franklin County, Ky., H. D. Brown of Lancaster, Ky., and Dr. Wm. Hays of Covington, Kentucky.

I learned then for the first time of Hays' whereabouts and that he had been transferred to that cell to be with and to minister to Capt. Curry who was quite sick. It does not require that I say that I was much pleased with the change. It was going going fwom death in life to pleasant companionship with congenial comrades from dreary solitude to bright though necessarily quiet association eith friends.

This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted with me surely as long as my comrades of that day lived. I have reason to believe that the attachment and pleasant memories of time of trial were mutual.

A brief reference to the personality of these 4 men may not be out of place here and now. First in point of age and rank came Capt. Curry; stout, wquare and stocky, his sturdy frame showed his reobust Dutch blood, rugged though kindly face, eyes stern and menacing in wrath, and full of sparkle and laugh when his vigorous vein of humor controlled. A good friend, dangerous, if not treacherous enemy; his creed simple and popular, if not orthodox- "Do as you are done by" and "love your friends and hate your enemies" and"T those who despitefully use you, give it to them again, under the belt, if necessary and with interest at great and usurious rates". He outlived the war and I felt that he was my friend through all.

Then comes, Church, small or rather low in stature, somewhat inclined to flesh with shining bald head, by no means a heroic fighre as to physique a little stooped, so that he did make the most of his 5 feet 5 inches. About 35 years old, a confirmed bachelor and rather proud of it; somewhat cynical, with a sharp tongue and a ready jibe. Ugly temper when aroused

but with tears and sympathy nearly on the surface, one of those natures badly tousled and warped by too early play at football on his own hook with the world.

He had begun in humble station with poverty as a heritage and had built and hold his own. Soured by sissing success, he had fallen into a humor or habit of skepticism as to everything rather than being an unbeliever as to anything; for when driven to a position Gld and his belongings were as real to Jack as to the others of us.

He would snarl and then do his part and yours and in the same round, he would swear that he would have nothing to do with what was in hand and to save your neck, you could not get to touch the work or what it may be because he monopolized the labor and the trouble. He would raise a row, if his belongings were disturbed or his rights invaded and would nurse a comrade night and day as gently as a mother. We all learned to abuse him and to love him, to take his bad and his good together always certain that in time of need, there was no more bad and the good was so good that his weary and suffering comrades looked to him for kindly care and gentle nursing. Dear, dear Hack, as it was said of another Jack by our friend Shakespeare "we can say of this" we could have better spared a better man".

Then comes Lieut. Hays, handsome, dashing, chivalrous Bill Hays. The ideal cavalier, the sabreur of the divisions of Sabreurs. Leader of the song, the frolic or the fight and equally at home in all. Chosen by his general to take the advance in the charge and to cover the retreat. Insuisant, almost insolent in the careless gayety of his splendid courage. Danger, blood and battle were his familars and the roar and flash of guns were fit accompaniments to the music of his laughing voice.

I do not overdraw the picture for in every truth, he seemed to revel in the storm of battle and like the war horse, he suffered it and with pleasure from afar. Nature must have been in lavish mood when she made Bill Hays. Standing over 6 feet in his socks, a figure and a bearing which could have been fit for sculpture, bright, handsom and winning, he was all in all, such as comes but seldom in our ranks.

M. D. Brown is the last of the quartette. Tall, angular, lithe and rather graceful in form, quiet and thoughtful, but given to a quaint humor which often came as a surprise. Very manly and true, he was much respected and liked by all. Poor fellow, he went wrong in the head, before he had been in prison two months.

Whatever, the cause, his mania took the form of religious awakening. He imagined himself already damned and his moanings over lost opportunities were pitiful. He was without God and without hope, as he insisted, literally we had to nurse and watch him constantly for weeks, day and night. This put two charges on the three of us as Curry was still quite and invalid. Brown was at length taken to the asylum at Washington, D. C. He came back to us after months, just the ghost of his old self, but a wreck physically and mentally.

I do not care to ascribe this unfortunate man's condition to his imprisonment, but less things have unhinged stronger minds and unstrung more robust characters.

Strange and melancholy fatality. I am the only one of the 5 men sho composed the group in the Malvin Penitentiary of Penn., known as the "Happy Family" who is living now. After nearly 30 years I return to those 4 comrades, give them a soldier's greeting and a prayer that "their tents are spread of famous enteral

camping ground".

After Brown's removal to Washington, the four remained together until Gen. Morgan made his escape from the Ohio Penitentiary, where he and others of his officers were confined as we were under the pretense of being held as hostage for Straight and his officers.

After we had rested a few days the old restless spirit asserted itself and plans for escape were busy in our busy brains But as a preface to this it is well to state what occured between the Warden, Captain John Birmingham and some of our number. Struck with the imposing appearance and solidity of the buildings, some one said in the hearing of the warden "This looks like a safe place for us, the enemy will have trouble dislodging us", to which the Captain replied "Yes, boys, they can't get at you easy, I think we can hold them off for a good long seige and I will tell you another thing, you can't get out after the enemy either. When you leave here, you will have to come through these doors and that only by my leave."

We thought all of us, this may be, but we doubt it. We all felt anyway that there was too much grit and too much energy, perserverance and ingenuity to be cooped within four walls for long."

But the old warden's words were true words as the sequel proved. There were very few of those daring spirits that did not make the attempt, but escape was not for us. Our cells were of stone and the watch was constant and vigilant. Our party conceived the plan to have the guard come to our cell at night as he would do if called, Curry being sick, overpower him, bind and leave him, while we with a rope already prepared went over the outer wall, by talking with one of the turnkeys

in a casual way about the construction of the wall, I learned that the top or coping was rounded in and smoothed so a hook at the end of our rope would not catch; thus our plans failed.

This was the first and it gave us a great disappointment. We were all ready. Had crackers and dried beef ready in small compass and money in the purse for a long run. We then decided to scale the roof and go down from the front of the prison or the tower using our rope as a ladder. One of our number communicated our design to a comrade who in bad faith stole our rope and with another man made the effort as we had intended, was discovered, shot at, caught and put in the dungeon under ground for punishment.

A seek's stay there subdued them for the time at least and then they came out, pale, broken and sick, we didn't have the heart to give them the cursing that we had put by for them.

Our relations afterward were much strainded and I left them to themselves. They had violated the unwritten creed of the soldier "Spoil the Egyptian; Everything is fair in war, as against the enemy; but always play fair with your comrades". This gave these fellows, both of whom are now dead, a terrible lesson, they lost caste and never recovered their standing in the corps. They had abused confidence and there was no one to trust them again.

Very bitterly they repented, I am sure, often spoke their regrets to me and others. I hope I forgave them, but I kept my ropes from their sight and my counsel to myself. Our daily life was a dreary routine. Allowed to go into the yard for a few hours every day and shut us in our cells every night.

This yard was enclosed by a stonewall 30 feet high, so there

were only glimpses we had of the sky was above us. No landscape of trees, grass and flowers, no singing of birds or murmuring of waters. The only sound which came to our ears was the monotonous thump of the prisoners as he wove his life and his heart into the dull warp of his work as he wore himself away in the horror of solitary confinement.

Here I want to enter my protest against this refinement of cruelty. This cold incissive and soul destroying abuse of power in the name of justice. If a man commite crime heinous and without excuse, hang him or mercifully apply to him the old Law "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, or if need by a life for a life". But in God's dear name, by the spell of that infinite one who come to temper justice with mercy, do not confine a sentient being, no not a cur of the slums, to a living death whose every moment is an agony and whose every thought is despair.

The warden showed me an old broken man on shose face was written, "forsaken even by God" and in whose bent form one read of years of bitter and hopeless suffering. He went to that prison a young man of 25 or 26, of good family well educated, trained in manners and morals as a gentleman. Married the sweetheart of his young manhood, turned to business and thrift. When to right a wrong done his young wife, to avenge what he considered an insult to her whom he had vosed it the alter to love, cherish and protect, in a quarrel, he shot the wrong door. Wealth and social position were put into the scales against him and justice through a Pennsylvania jury said you can not protect your wife's honor, you cannot revenge her wrongs.

This yawning jaws of this death in life received him and

he never more was to see the sunshine or pillow the beautiful head which had chosen him out of all the world for its resting place. He had dragged out 27 years of this life sentence, never having gone over the door stone of the cell in which he was first placed.

Aside from the confinement and the irksomeness of forced idleness, we suffered but little, until Gen. Morgan's escape. This occurred in October, 1863, then the grip was tightened and every thing was changed. Church and I were removed to a cell on the second floor and the doors were closed to all outgoing or exercise. Orders were issued curtailing our correspondence and cutting off communications with all around us.

Up to this time we had been allowed to write with some freedom to our friends; our letters being left unsealed and subject to inspection by the provost marshal. Now we were confined to a one paged letter, once a week and that to be devoted only to matters of personal interest to the writer. I happened to know that two of three of the fellows who had sweethearts in Kentucky, imagine communication with the girls under these circumstances.

The whole regimen of prisondiscipline was changed and vigorous confinement followed comparative freedom, for cruel isolation took the place of rather pleasant association. It was every fellow to his own little 7 by 14 and not favors shown or asked. Clothes, provisions and money were confiscated and only by the sheerest and most persistant and persevering manipulation of men and means was our condition made bearable.

This prison howbeit it was of stone and iron and had cisterns at the gate proved no exception to the uses of such

goals. The "soldier with his gun upon his shoulder and his bayonet at his side and the turnkey be ever" so stern of bearing and uncorruptible in theory, both fell victims to the seduction appeals of these Southern"outlaws" and soon the proverbial "Note in the wall" gave entrance to money, good clothes, good things to eat and the sdandal mongers did say that occasionally some of the profaner sort added to this good cheer a little of the cup which does both cheer and inebriatel

There fell to our let as lodkup, a Dutchean of ample proportions, whose breadth of hams permitted the introduction of a vast neft of ballast. Among other things which he has been known to hoist our of his generous pockets came, a boiled ham, a pound of butter, a jar of sweets and other smaller articles to say nothing of the well filled and close mouthed pot of coffee which came regularly every morning.

This full blown Teuton honored the name of Henry Schreiber. I desire to say for him here that I am convinced that his favors to us, were done out of the kindness of his nature and so far as I know or heard at the time, he took no moneyed consideration for what he did for us. Further, that he was true to us and used our money with scrupulous fidelity and honesty and where his duty came in, he was just as inflexible in its performance. He said always that he would do anything for us which did not put in jeopardy our safe keeping.

I do not know as to the others of the turnkeys, but report did not give all of them such compliment. My room mate Church always ready of resources "rigged a purchase" as he called it, that is he constructed a framework which he could fit over the gas jet, on this he could put the foffee pot or a tin plate.

He, what with eggs, butter, meats and other things brought by Schreiber bould soon prepare rather an appetizing meal somewhat satisfying. We moved alone the groove for some weeks when down went the screw again and we of course were under the press.

It went to the ears of the commanding officer, Gen. Brooks that we were receiving comforts from the outside and the poor turnkeys were suspected. The doughty general too had an eye on the warden, Capt. Hohn Birminham (who by the way was a Democrat), upon investigation and search there were found in number of cells articles which were contraband under the articles of war as interpreted by our General B., when dealing with rebel prisoners.

Everything except our meager beds of straw and more meager supply of the most certainly need clothing was taken from us, we were heartily d-d for our impudence in daring to go for or to get any of the little comforts of life and as to the poor scared under-keepers nothing less than hanging, drawing and quartering was bad enough for and traitor who would be base enought to allow these villains, these outlawed scoundrels to so mush as cool their tongues with anything better than penitentiary hydrant water to say nothing of permitting them to heat their brains with the sacred old "Monomghehely Rye". There was a veritable reign of terror and our mighty brigadier rose in his U. S. stirrups and swore a mighty oath that he would have the official head of the good warden on his charger, before another moon grew dold, if he did not have the brave old man's head in the very flesh rolling in the federal guillotine at an early day.

This tempest in the teapot lasted the usual 9 days and then the wonder was chased on by another or others, for these were

unevertful days and the persecution of 6 scor young men, howbeit, they were "rebels" and "traitors" was scarcely up to fighting weight of even a Yankee Brigadier.

Our boys were quiet and cool, bided their time and though this lynz eyed espionage was not held over us for very long, the cruel deprivation put upon us by the brief authority of a petty despot was not relieved. We were supposed to be confined literally to prison fare as we were confined in person to our cells. This regimen was entirely without reason and grew out of the sheerest cussedness. Our friends were able and willing to contribute to our wants and under proper discipiline such contributions could have been made with out risk to our gaolers. Stantion was malignant, cold and cruel and the commandants of prisons were often minature Stantons or merely the reflection of both his brutality and his stubborn will.

I do not intend to be drawn into a discussion of the comparative merits or demerits of the Northern and Southern prisons. Merciful Heavens drawn thy veil over and around both and shut out our retrospective vision from their horrors. But while federal prisoners were atarved and denied medicines by our people, our prison keepers had some excuse at least for this apparent neglect and cruelty.

Our own brave Legions were fighting great odds on this same poor ration which was given to the prisoner and the Northern government with sharp edged crualty had made medicines contraband of war. We had neither food, chothing or drugs for our own people but what we had was by order of the War Department shared with our captives.

Further in prisons both North and South, the bully and the brute

dominated the gentleman and the weakling, the strong hand held the grip and the tired and the weak went to the wall.

Robbery was rampant at Andersonville and other prisons in the South. Courts with proper and strong constabulary were formed and vigilantes were a necessary adjunct to all these camps. The theives and thugs of the city slums had crowded the federal ranks and those were readily made prisoners. Thousands of them were necessarily crosded together. They murdered for a coat or a crust as need or caprice ruled and left many a poor fellow without clothing or food to freeze or starve.

The courts and the detectives checked this deviltry slightly, but could not root it out. On the other hand, the North was full of grain and meat, and no stint of all kinds of medicine. None came in the way of proper treatment of prisoners. The story of Camps Martin, Douglas and others receptacles of wretchedness and suffering furnishes an indictment against our saintly brethern of the North which will be tried both by the court of public opinion of this world as the history of the late war with all these dark pages is given to civilized nations and by the great Court above.

Then on Cross Examination, it will be asked why Stanton stopped the exchange of prisoners, when he knew that the shambles were crowded and thousands were suffering and dying. Why were not the Southern soldiers fed from the plenty which was bursting the granaries and the great shops of the North.

Civilization will stand aghast when this Cross Examination reveals the fact that the nations of this earth were denied the right or the privilege of contributing to the empty and utterly exhausted pharmicopia of the South. Yes, the Cailgula of the

Yankee Cabinet actually declared all healing drugs contraband of war. The pitiless and heartless cruelties of other tyrants stopped before they readhed this limit.

It was left to the Christian Civilization of the 19th century and to a notorious if not distinguished representative of that party and that people who have claimed a monopoly of the virtues of the age to shut off the sufferer from relief and the afflicted from healing.

God in his infinite Mercy may even hear excuses for this, for his mercy is far reaching, but finite charity cannot compass it. Then the Great Jury will hear that the North first and last captured and held 220,000 of our troops of whom 26,000 died in Northern prisons. We took and had 260,000 and of this number only 22,000 died. Yet they dare to taunt uswith Andersonville and Belle Isle. These figures are startling when we know that they had plenty of everything and we were on half rations without medicines.

I have not written the above, if I know myself with any intent to engender or to keep alive the bitter fires of sectionalism, but I feel that I would not be true to my daughter, to my people nor to myself, if I did not try to show to her the right and to put my people right in her eyes.

Too much has gone unanswered, after this general notice of prisons and prison life I expect as I go on to give some of the incidents connecyed with my confinement, illustrating the not altogether saintlike conduct of our pretentious brethern.

It was no uncommon thing for a cell to go without food for 24 hours. If any unusual noise was heard, the guard located it as his hearing of hia malice suggested. Just as apt to get the wrong as the right one. He was authorized to mark the cell thus designated for punishment, and the result was no rations

for the next day and night. Such little petty persecution were put on us daily and to insult and outrage of confusing us with common felons was emphasized by the little hounds who played ? Blanche and Sweetheart to the Cur in the war department.

The close confinement without occupation told on the delicate men and much sickness and prostration was the result. Two men in a cell 7 by 14 feet with only one opening 6 by 15 inches to admit either air or light, with coarse and insufficient food no employment for the mind or body, cannot long retain their vigor either of brain, mental and physical. Low spirits and nostalgia wrought fearfully on their victims and several who went into this inferne, bright, buoyant and brave young men left it as wrecks in mind and makeup entirely. Nothing but a stout heart and a sturdy manhodd could hold its own there.

He who kept a stiff upper lip and a vigorous d-d you for Stanton and his tribe through this terrible 8 months was pretty safe against what might come after in any guisc.

While Church and I were together on the second tier, my sister Mrs. Adair and her husband came to see me, bringing with them my half sister Katie. She was a pretty bright little darling 15 years lod, I was to her more than brother I had nursed her in sickness and played with her in health; petted or spoiled and trained her till the war parted us.

She came to Pittsburg with her sister with her little heart full of galdness and her little head full of sweet things to say to brother, to say nothing of the 1000 kisses which she brought to me on her dear little mouth.

They came confidently not having heard of the stern order of exclusion which had been recently issued. The turnkey told me of their visit and said, of course they were not admitted.

I eased my mind with a few robust expressions which were not altogether of blessing and put this by as one of the things to be remembered when again I came into my Kingdom and again sat on my throne; when I heard a sound of voices at the door; one my little sister's crying as if her dear heart would break. "I want to see brother", then the subdued tones of Mre. Adair telling her that she would disturb me if I heard her, but her childish love everbore prudence and she sobbed and sobbed kneeling at the door crying "Oh Sir, please let me see brother, I will be quiet and good, just let me see him a minute, I sill come right our when I kiss him. Oh Sir, let me kiss him once". "I am his baby sister, he called me his Baby and he wants to see me so bad", then she would callto me "Oh, brother, I want to kiss you so bad, I want to see you so bad". Nothing moved the gard and he insisted that she be taken away. The poor child exhusted by tears and sobs and entreaties was led away calling as she went "Oh, brother, I want to see you so bad and I want to kiss you". All the while I made no sign that I heard her as I knew the task of sister and others would be harder; it would work harm all around.

When one says "grin and bear it" he always means physical suffering and a man does this, but there are tugs at the heart strings which break the strong to pieces and shich hurt for a long while. This child had never called to me before when I could answer. She had never wanted me when I could not give her help and when I heard her pleadings and her tears, I felt utterly my weakness. I could have wept with and for her, had not indignation got the better of grief. I hope again that I do not hear anyone refice for this, but it lives very uppleasantly in my memory and if any body wants to d--m the Yankees, I could by

first to thank him.

These petty annoyances were put on us daily and what with the close and rigorous confinement, many good men broke down in health. Several gave way to the pressure within and left the service by taking the Oath of Allegiance to the U. S. Government.

I was made the repository of the love story of Allen A. Rankin of Clark County, Kentucky. His sweetheart was Miss Leonora Marritt of the same county. He was young and impulsive and his passion was of the robust and overpowering sort. He was in love all over and all through the 6 feet 3 of his great body as well as in every fibre of his great boy's heart and it was all reciprocated too, she told him in return for his vows that she would be true and waiting only made him dearer to her.

She was proud of her soldier lover and had already tears for all his suffering. He had been raised by al old grandmother and was her idol. His going away will nigh broke her fond old heart and when she learned that he was a prisoner, she put all the influences at her command and worked to induce Allen to quit his post and go home.

Letters wore supplemented by personal appeals and the poor fellow heard his grandmother's call day and night. The sweetheart, though, true as women are ever true to right and duty wrote decisively but affectionately asking him lnly to be guided by the distate of duty and of right. She gave no invitation to weakness or indecision and bade him Godspeed in his soldier's career and assured him of her admiration and devotion to him and of her admiration of his manhood and courage.

If he had wavered in response to his grandmother's appeals the sweetheart won and he stood bravely by his flag to the end.

When the cruel war was over, the dear girl true to her vows, honored his fidelity and truth, enlisted with him for life or "until death do us part" and was to him as long as he lived a noble and loving wife as she had been true and a loyal sweetheart and for ten years has proved true to his memory as his widow. So the bright thread of romance weaves itself in and out through the warp and woof of the fierce realities of war.

So we went on. Men without money were starved and men with money were robbed. Boxes sent by loving friends were not delivered and the blue coated tyrants laughed both at our people's weakness and our suffering, while they cooly appropiated the food and clothing which kind hearts and willing hands entrusted to them.

In this I was more fortunate than most of my comrades. My father had made for me a very handsome officer's overcoat, Confederate gray of first class material; large cape and very long and perfectly finished. Thiswas entrusted to B. A. Graves?, a lawyer of Mt. Sterling, a native of New York and A Union man and withal a friend of our family, passing through Pittsburg he came over and delivered the coat into hands which passed it on to me. This coat I was fortunate enough to take with me South when I went in Exchange. Few were so lucky.

This is the 19th of July 1892, just 29 years after my capture and first experience as a prisoner. While the passage of years had somewhat softened the bitterness of that day, the sting has left its imprint and I revert to it as the turning point in the hitherto bright page which the war had written in my life's history. While the service and its labor and its dangers, it was made luminous with excitement and dash, daring and change made it the ideal life for an adventurous spirit.

Utter stagnation, cruel and unnecessary righor of confinement gollowed capture. But again to the story of our prison life. Little change was made in the monotonous and wearisome routime of day following day and no relief from the stifling confinement in our little 7 by 14 cells and the chafing sounds of the turnkey as he clicked the little shelf in the door and pushed the never changing loaf of bread and pan of rye grond towards us three times a day with harrowing and irritating regularity.

Just here and there a little twist more on the thumb screws or the wearing out of some poor weak fellow's temper, when quick and cruel punishment would follow his little feeble out break of passion, either the black hole with bread and water, mold, slime and darkness as his fare, and vermin for company or starving utterly for days.

We learned that the seeming consideration for Captain Curry during the first days of our stay here, was the work of our good old Warden, Captain Birmingham, whose powers were soon curtailed and the Satraps in blue and buttons took the reins, no more medicines from Hayes and no diet that a sick man could eat. No wonder that more than a third of the 118 who entered this Inferno came out broken men and old without years, NB wonder that Brown lost head and from manhood's stalwart strength and grace went in a few weeks to shrubken sinews and brain jangling [illegible] mory. But the perfect measure of their cursed and unexplained villainy was not full until after the old year 1863 had left us.

One might reasonably think that this blessed time when "peace on Earth, Good Will to men" was filling the air and

warming the heart of the Christian world, even a prisoner's guard would feel the hallowed influence of the season and soften toward s his victim. If this were the hope of those held in the Penn. Penitentiary, it was rudely and quickly dissipated.

The 31st of December, 1863, fitful rain during the day followed by snow when soon after night fall there came one of those sudden changes which almost chills the narrow in the bones, and the 1st of January, 1864 showed the mercury lower than it had ever been in the Allegheny City by the oldest inhabitant and the day has passed into the calendar of the weather wise as the "Codl New Year". To explain our condition or rather our danger I will sawy that our cells were heated by steam, which was conveyed through them in large iron pipes or cylinders. The intense could froze everything that was susceptable to cold. The water main and every conduit to and from it. We awoke in the morning of the 1st with that ugly numb beeling which comes only with exposure to intense cold for a long time. Our bed was a bag of straw which never thick had been broken and compressed to about 2 inches thickness , not too much bed clothing and all this on the stone floor of a stone lined cell. Church woke first and aroused me with the somewnat vigorous, if not quite orthodox query "What the H--l is the matter"and followed it with quick rubbing of the hands. The Exclamation "I am almost frozed" I found myself soon in about the same condition.

We felt the steam pipe, cold literally as ice and looking around we saw that the stone ceiling and walls were frosted and icy. It did not take us long to realize the situation and our dnager. We knew that it was intensely cold and we without semblance of means to warm. Dressing quickly ourselves with

everything we could put on, we set to work to try and learn what had happened, and what we were to expect. By reason of the steam pipes extending continuously from cell to cell, we could communicate with our neighbors on each side of us.

The facts came to us, of course. The earth and all thereon was frozen, thermometer 30 degrees below zero, water works, pipes and all bursted. No hope of steam for 48 hours. Further that Capt. Birmingham had applied to Gen. Brooks for permission to take us out of our cells and to build wood fires in the kitchen, the yard and other places. His request had been curtly refused. It soon came to us that our good warden was in a ripping rage and was stamping up and down the corridors, swearing with fluency and unction.

The old fellow was grand as he gave the doughty General "a piece of his mind". "Those men, General, said Birmingham, are prisoners of war and it is a shame to keep them cooped up there to freeze like so many pigs in a sty". "You will attend to your duties, Captain Birmingham, (said the blue coat) and leave me attend to mine." Then the brave old man rose in his righteous wrath and said: "Sir, I am doing my duty and only my duty. It is the duty of every good citizen to protest against wrong and to fight against cruelty, and I here and now say to you that it is both wrong and cruel to leave those young men to freeze as you know they will unless something is done to help them."

"I have always heard that only the coward is cruel to the helpless. You, sir, are a disgrace to your uniform and it should be stripped from your brutal carcass", then the General sure in his power and position answered "you are insolent sir, and I will see to it that you are removed, leave my office",

then replied our champion "Myself respect would prompt me to retire, sir, as to your threats, I despise them and defy you. If I be removed for thus doing my duty, I will leave my position without regret and before I leave you, I want to say, that if repairs are not made and the steam turned on within 12 hours, I will turn those boys out of the cells and give them fires if I hang for it".

Of course, we only heard of this interview afterward. In the meantime the convicts had been taken out and made comfortable with great wood fires. We wasted no time in useless talk, but went to work vigorously to keep from freezing literally. Church and I at once agreed on a plan of action, we piled all of ouf bedding and extra clothes in the middle of the floor, and marched around back and forth until we tired of the exertion, then we would lie down with everything we could collect on us for covering and would stay in bed until we could stand the cold no longer. Thus we alternated for 48 hours on keeping watch all the time, afraid to sleep and almost powerlessto keep awake until about 12 o'clock on the 3rd of Hanuary, we heard the welcome cracking noise of the steam pipes which always heralded the coming of the heat. We had thus tramped ourselves to exhaustion or congealed in bed for this terrible period of suffering and suspense. We had sworn in every key of the government and I am not sure that we had not even in our prayers reccommended the parties who were responsible to the wrath of the hereafter.

It was a tiie and an experience which we cannot forget and which only the sanctify ing influence of age and religion will ever induce us to forgive.

Very soon after this Dr. B. W. Taylor was released, sent

South on the pretext of being a surgeon. These were not held as prisoners of war. He had been the cell mate of Capt. J. L. Wheeler now so well known to my daughter as her uncle and the staid old man of the family, the embodiment of sterling worth and manly dignity. Filling his place without ostentation in the routine duties of life and philosophically binding to life's work and life's duties, accepting and meeting both with fidelity and courage, giving to the rising generation the benefit of all the elements which make a man a gentleman.

Then, he was a young soldier, with his heart in his country's cause, brave and true always then cheerful because hopeful. At his request and much to our gratification, Church and I were removed soon after Christman into the cell on the lower floor with him. I had known Wheeler but slightly before that time, this was the beginning of an acquaintance which I am pleased to believe ripened and expanded into a friendship which on my part certainly has grown with our gray hairs and now in 1892 when he is nearly 60 and I am past 58, it has never so far as I know had a single blight or even a check on its quiet and gentle existence, and if there be a Desting which shapes our ends" was not His benignant presence quietly guiding me on that morning when he gave me the hand grasp and the heart grasp of the brother toward her who has been to me more than wife and all of sweetheart and friend and little less than the peerless embodiment of that "Divinity" which Heaven bless us does lead with his gentle touch his erring creatures.

Withour being confidential or overtalkative, men confined as we were together, soon learn something of the surroundings of each other. And I had not been long in Wheeler's cell until, among other things I knew he was blessed with a sister. From

what he said I learned that she was young and from the picture I saw that she was beautiful with that beauty which comes perhaps less from mere physical prettiness than from the grades of mind and heart. Though she showed in every feature, in the poise of her rather proud little head, the piquant charm of her insouisant attitude, all the attractive loveliness of inherited beauty and breeding, there was something in her good grey eyes and kindly gentle and womanly face which was to me a twin attraction with her wealth of physical charm and I felt that I had found her.

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and that when we did meet, "Hers was to be that other life I longed to meet, without which life, my life was incomplete". This to me was not a mere presentiment, it was the hand of that Divinity who "Shapeth our ends".

I never go back to that time, fight through its fearful days and follow its sequences: home, courtship, marriage and a wife's blessed influences that I do not reverently turn with fervent prayer and humble thanksgiving to Him who leadeth us as well in prison gloom as in the "Green pastures, and by the pleasant streams". The picture found its way into my album without sensation to others. Wheeler had none and it was put with my family pictures for safe keeping for the time. So my vision of a sweetheart smiled at me every day as I looked at my other loved ones.

This was in the early part of 1864 and after the vicissitudes of a long imprisonment, exchange, release and another confinement, the war closed and I came home in the first days of August, 1865, I had carried with me the vision of a sweet kind

and womanly face and the feeling that I was to be blessed with its smile and welcomed with its recognition.

After giving to my people what was due them, I thought next of following my heart and putting to the test, the waking dreams of more than two years.

The Fair at Winchester coming on gave me a suitable and pleasant opportunity to make the visit. I was invited by Wheeler whom I had met on the grounds to go home with him, which I did with pleasure, not unmixed with what might have been apprehension, fear, awe or a comingling of all these.

Here I had actually been devoted as a lover for two years to a vision, to an intangible creature, it might be of a partial but exacting imagination and to satisfy the demands of this persistent and clinging fancy, to meet the portraiture of this ideal being, Miss Wheeler must needs be no ordinary girl. I had not made for myself a peerless beaury and a person or a Sapho in mind, but the picture which two years of brush and pencil of touching here and finshing there had put on the canvass a woman in whom all the graces of her sex met and mingled in such harmonious proportion that eye and brain and heart must see in the embodied personification on my day dreams the ideal creature of the air drawn picture of my fancy.
R. A. Spurr and Col. Cicero Coleman, two other comrades in arms were among the guests that evening at Mrs. Wheeler's. We were seated in the breezy front porch waiting for the young ladies to make their appearance. Miss Bettie B. Mason, a cousin of the Wheeler's was with them.

They came soon, introduction were exchanged. I had shaken

and given my answer to greetings before I realized that I was in the presence of the woman whom I had idealized for years; the woman who until then had been a vision, a dream, an air drawn picture of my imagination. Her photograph of course, had given a glimpse of her features, but even fancy flying high as maybe, did not tell me half of her subtle grace of person and manner nor half the charm which surrounded her like a hale. Her eye was kinder, her smile was brighter, her greeting was more warming. Whe was altogether more winsome than my visions and my dreams. Were I an artist, I could give her to canvass no; so vividly does She dwell in my memory. I would not do it however, for I would have to way with Claude Nellrath?, "Oh, how the canvass wrongs her, I shall never be a painter, I can paint no likeness but one, that is above all oil".

Then too, the vision of that evening is mine and mine alone and while memory holds her seat in my brain, the sweetheart of the prison and the camp, of more than two years of waiting and wearying is mine, only mine, and "tender grace of that day is always with me". That I would woo and win my ideal and that we hade walked along the highways and byways of life hand in hand for 26 years is a household story and that the glory and the sheen of that August evening, 1865 has lighted my pathway all along is something that I am desirous for my daughter to know. And as "Ben Hur" Wallace says: "Tl the wife of my youth who still lingers with me", I want here to give full meed of my heart's love and my brain's appreciation. There has been no day so bright in all our married life, that she did not make it brighter and there has been no night so dark, that she has not given some ray of light in the gloom. May God Almighty with boundless infinitude of love and grace bless her as I

love her and as she has bless me and she will have no more to ask. "Amen".

This digression came in here "es necessitatus". My darling made her first appearance here in the drama of my life and almost involuntarily, I bow to her as I have always done in my heart, whenever she comes in person or in vision. I made my most affectionate and reverential obeisance as I do now when she comes to greet me, to her now I say only "au revoir" as we must soon again in this life, never to part this side of the river.

Wheeler, Church and I now took up the burden of life truly as messmates. We had the good fortune to be still favored by our friend Schreiber and by griends at home, so our lot was much ameliorated. Boxes were sent to Schreiber's address and their contents brought to us by him in detail.

A ham todgy, a big cake tomorrow and so on till life was made endurable. Others did not fare so well and suffered much privation. I have never used tobacco in any form, but Wheeler and Church were great smokers and our cell was often dense with clouds and fumes of tobacco smoke. It made me quite sick for a day or two, but I soon became inured to it and nicotine lost its horrors for me.

The boys very generously offered to leave off or at least go slow, but I saw this would not do, so we adopted the heroic treatment and It worked like acharm.
We were worn and weary with confinement and suspense. Everything had grown stale and irksome and we longed for excitement of any kind. Among other things we beset Schreiber to bring us a bottle of whiskey. He finally told Wheeler and Church privately that he was afraid that I would get too much and raise a row. They assured him that I would be entirely

discreat and never pass the line of strict sobriety. Meanwhile he exacted no pledge for themselves and they gave none.

In due time the bottle came labelled "Old Mononghehalay Rny". Eager to taste the mystical beverage of the Pennsylvania epicuresm we west to work and quickly each had a good old Kentucky way; all took a long pull and I think a pull pretty much all together.

One satisfied me, for of all the villainous compounds that ever imposed on a credulous and unsuspecting people under the good old democratic name of whiskey, that old rye was by odds the vilest. It tastes like a concoction of stale tobacco, red pepper, alchol and river water sweetenen with the farewell like stale beer and sorghum mixed.

I quietly set my cup down and looked at Church and Wheelor, they after the first draught were a little eey, but appetite got the better of discretion and they both finished the drink.

When Schreiber returned that evening to get our daily order, he found them both asleep and I was up writing a letter. I pointed to them and he said; "vell, dem fellers dey say you be all right, dey say nothing about deyself". He laughed all over his big Dutch body and told me to "loo, out for de blue coats. I think none of us ever took the second drink of the abominable stuff.

Even the monotony of our prison life did not prevent the passing of time and on the 18th of March, 1864, the Provost Marshal Edward S. Wright ordered us to pack up and be ready for removal at once.

No de ay was made as all were ready to swap this "D--l" for the Blue Sea". The old ruse was adopted to prevent attemps at excape; it was given out that we were to be exchanged. I

think this deceived nobody, though all may have had a glommer of hope, of the 118 who went into the jaws of this hell, 7 had been discharged for various causes and one sent to the asylum for insane soldiers at Wahington, D. C.

110 brave and loyal men marched out together on the evening of the 18th of March, 1864 with health much broken, but undaunted incourage and devotion to the South and her cause.

Of this trip I have someting to say. It soon came out that our destination was Point Lookout, Maryland and we were only to have a change of prisons. But the open air, the going and that hope which always is springing in young hearts made the day of travel memorable.

The officer in charge, Captain Edward S. Wright was kind and considerate and said to us that we could have such things on the route as we had money to buy and was generous enough to say to some of our number that he would let us have money in case we were not supplied.

So we rode and plotted to escape and ate and drank all along the way. We arrived in Baltimore early in the morning of the 19th of March. It was quite cold and a sharp wind from the bay cutting very near to the not over clad fellows of the commend.

We were halted in the city on a much filled thoroughfare and double guards were placed around us. It was here that I first was what our women could do under difficulties. It was here that I first saw what our women could do under difficulties. In spite of the strength and vigilance of the Yankee line and over and through the preemptory order to exclude every body, to allow no communication with us, from the outside, we had not been in position I think a ½ of an hour, until the high born

and exclusive descendents of Lord Baltimore and the Carrolls broke over and through orders and guards lines and bayonets and oaths and threats and everything; the cold, tired and hungry rebels were chessing coffee, tea or wine as a tipple and were full handed with baked, broiled and roasted meats and breads, delicacies of every kind.

The Yankees meanwhile protesting, threatening and pushing right and left. The pious appealing and the wicked swearing and with it all not greatly displeased for they knew it was harmless and would soon be remedied.

The first break was made in the plea of kinship as a graceful, rather handsome woman of 30 years or there about, made her way to me, cordially grasped my hand and said "My dear Cousin, how come you here" then in a low voice "What is your name and rank and home". I told her quick and clear and the footing was established. It only took a twist of the wrist and a $10.00 note was mine. She leaving it in my hand as she shook hands in parting Other received money in the same way. Food and clothing were supplied, to all who needed either or both.

Gradually the discipline of the guards prevailed and we were moved on to take boat to Point Lookout. To the dear women of Baltimore, we gave our grateful thanks and they have always since had a very warm place on the heartstone of my heart and to my good Cousin Mrs. Mary Williams, I turn with sentiments of the most profound and respectful, affectionate greeting.

May she and hers be prosperous and happy now and through all time is my prayer for them. "Amen".

Attention! Norward and we are off leaving behing Baltimore with its warm and true hospitality and its great hearted women.

We were soon embarked and steaming down Chesapeake Bay and but for the blue and the gray and the guns, one might think that we were a party of a lark, howbeit, he gray was somewhat worn and rusty for holiday costuming.

We were quite hail fellows with the boys in blue and not a few were the invitations "to take something" back and forth in all good fellowship. Our boys were all self respecting and did not presume too far on the kindness, but enjoyed the privilege given as gentlemen should, giving thanks for the courtesy, full sure all the time to take any fair chance to get away, if such chance offered.

Without warning we were landed at Point Lookout, Maryland which had been enclosed for prison purposes. Here our escort under Captain Wright left us and we turned over to the prison guard. We were startled and not a little indignant to see that they were negroes and that two of the most repulsive of the race.

The regiment had been recruited in the black belt where there had been little contant or intercourse between the races and the slaves had received but slight benefit from the association.

They were a heavy faced, thick lipped, flat nosed and altogether brutal lot, dressed in their smart blue clothes, their coarse features and ungainly forms would have struck us as ludicrous, had we not know that their position made them dangerous. With all its tragic meaning, we could not at once realize that this was not a masquerade and these black figures were not actors in some "Comedy of Errors". Such delusions if such we were soon and rudely dispelled.

Our dark and uncomely guard closed ranks, we were moved into an inclosure and tents being furnished, each ness or squad

of 5 men went to work to put them up. While thus engaged we heard a pistol shot very near us; looking up we saw Lieut. Lawrence Peyton of Ohio County falling. He was next to our tent and within 20 feet of us, we, at least, I at once started to him and before I reached him, he was unconscious and died almost instantly. His murder was a Lieut.--------, hastily turned after firing and left the grounda; as soon as we realized that one of our comrades had been assicinated some one could catch him and the call was taken up by all of our number, but he had the start and excaped.

If he had been caught then, I am sure that his life would have paid the forfeit of his wanton creuety, no matter what the consequences to us. The only excuse for the killing even as given by the Yankee soldier was that Peyton asked the Lieut. if he did not think it wrong to enlist negroes to fight against former masters, the Yankee without a work drew his pistol and fired the fatal shot. A more wanton, cruel and unprovoked murder was never committed.

Peyton, a prisoner was wholly in his power and if he felt himself aggrieved the military authorities in charge would have been his protection. But the Coward and the brute is always ready to strike the weak and the helpless. This occurance gave us a forecast of what was in store.

The combination of ignorance, brutality and devilish malignaty in the negro soldier with unrestrained license to insult, abuse, shoot and bayonet made our lives for weeks a very torment. It was not an uncommon thing for a burley black brute to kick a Confederate off the walk and to stick a bayonet into him, if the movement were not as quick as the scoundrel thought fit. Then

to, if a man chanced to sleep too near the wall of the tent and his head showed against the canvass, he was apt to be awakened by a blow with the butt of a gun, if he escaped the prick of a bayonet.

The day in which there were not one or more men killed by these miserable tools was considered misspent and the scoundrels felt that they had not made the most of their opportunities. This butchery was kept up until it passed the limits of endurance and at an informal meeting of officers, it was decided to take measures to mend it. A committee was appointed to wait on the federal authorities and inform them what to expect.

Col. Alexander of Louisiana was made chairman and spokesman and I was put on the Committee. We lost no time in meeting or waiting, when the Major who was in charge of prisoners rode into our camp that day, Col. Alexander and his Committee hailed him and promptly and vigorously gave him the situation and our "Ultimatum". Said our game old Colonel to the Yankee: "Major, I suppose it is known to you that one of our comrades Lieut. PeytOn was murdered in cold blood by a fellow who we learn has since been promoted, that negro brutes who guard us, wantonly insult our soldiers and beat and bayonet them without cause; that several of our number are now disabled by this treatment; that scores of private soldiers have been shot, numbers of whom have died and that cruelty and murder are rampant in this camp.

That the inhuman creatures whom you have armed and put to keep us are unrestrained either by their own inclination or by your authority. If all this is not known to you, it should be, for it and more is true", the brave Louisianian poured along like atorrent and said further "Now we have come to say plainly, but respectfully that this must all be changed, we do not come

as suppliants for favor, but as men and soldiers to demand our right as prisoners of war."

"If the outrages which I have enumerated are not stopped, we will attack the garrison. We know its strength and know that we can capture it and I will not answer for the fate of the trooops, particularly the negroes and their officers".

The Major answered; "But Colonel, you forget that we are well armed with artillery while you have nothing, and even if you overrun us with numbers, it will cost you fearfully in killed and wounded. You will be recaptured and then I will not answer for the consequences".

"Yes, said our splkesman, "We have considered all that and we have decided that it is as well to die in hot blood as cold blook; we do not care to detain you longer, Major. Good Morning", and we parted; we waiting anziously for results.

And be it said to the credit of the authorities that we soon felt the amelioration which comes from better treatment. The negroes were removed in a very short time and our condition was much improbed in the matter of surveillance and plicing.

We necessarily suffered a good deal from cold through March and April, subjected as we were to exposure to the sterms which swept the coast and the bay and sheltered only by not over satisfactory tents. Our only means of heating them being smal conical sheet-iron camp stoves with which we had for fuel, green cotton wood to be sawed by ourselves. Whew! How that buck and loose jointed broken tooth saw did try the muscles, the backs and the piety of our boys. The profanity was often more vigorous than

execution and the result was frequently no wood for the fire.

When we did get into proper liengths it burned or rather didnot burn like wet straw and the provost marshal told us that this was the best they could for us, when we knew that cost in abundance was at the next door and to be had the handling. But we pulled through March shivering and starving. April with its showers and its sunshine soon gave us new life and vigor and but for the gaunt spectre of continual hunger which stood at our doors and the constant reminder of restricted motion adn space our stay at Point Lookout would have been ideal for a summer outing.

Through May and June and part of July, we were allowed to bathe in the bay a limit being fixed by buoys anchored out about 600 yards from shore and a connon was planted on the beach and if a venturesome swimmer went too near the line, a shell was promptly thrown beyond him and the warning was quickly needed.

Then too, we were allowed to fish; and crabs and different kinds of fish caught. The coastline and the water of the bay for several hundred yards presented a lively scene on a bright sunny day as hundreds of hardly swimmers and dreamy anglers took advantage of these privileges.

After the negroes were removed, a portion of the veteran corps was put to guard us and they were kind and considerate always. It was while we were at this point that Forrest captured Fort Pillow and the charge was made against him for killing the negro soldiers after they offered to surrender.

The Federal Government demounced the affait as out of the pale of civilized warfare and ordered retaliatory measures.

So many Confederate officers were to be shot beginning with Forrest's men and when they were exhausted, the deficit

was to be made up out of Morgan's officers by casting lots. This came to our ears and created no little excitement among us.

This was kept over us for several days when we we e told that the draw would not be made. I do not care to admit in print that we were scared, but I will say that we were much relieved when we knew that we were safe from this danger.

We had a great deal of sickness among us while here. The exposure to the sharp March weather gave several cases of pneumonia and the heat following in June and July laid a mumber by the heels with malaria, and fevers. Much to our relief, several tents were spread in our camp and a prison hospital established of our mess, Cr. Hayes was made surgeon and Capt. Curry, hospital steward, all other positions were filled from our ranks. The surgeon of the post only exercising a general supervision over the whole. The surgeon Hays made out his requisition and the quarter master, commissary and druggist of the Point and just such things as he wanted were furnished. Our mess incidentally profited by this innovation.

If anything was left over it fell as perquisite to the steward Curry and he was faithful and prompt to take his own and share it with us. Wheeler and George Didlake were both quite sick here and felt the good of having the care of friends. I learned soon after the establishment of this beneficent institution that we were indevted for it to the kindly and fraternal spirit of Masonry.

The Doctor and Commandant were members of this grand old order and Hays, Curry, Stocker and others were their brethren in truth. How far reaching and all prevailing the philanthropy of an association which goes into the prisoner's cell and the

prince's palace alike, which opens Heavens' windows and lets in the light and warmth of Heaven's love on the sick soldiers cot though he be a captive and an alien, this is what it did for us.

Many a weary heart and racking body rose up to bless the Samiraitons of this good old society.

After the vicissitudes of prison life through the spring and early summer, an order was made to remove us to Fort Delaware. As soon as we learned of the proposed change, a number of us decided to make a break for liberty.

Our plan was to overpower the guards, to capture the transport and to run her to Cuba or one of the Bahama Islands. The organization was made, the men selected for the work and all made ready for the attempt. Hope ran high and we felt quite confident of success.

Imagine then our blank surprise and speechless astonishment when as we went aboard the ship, we were sternly ordered below and the hatches fastened over us. Indignation soon got the better of surprise and all the letters of the alphabet were not more than sufficient to our vocabulary of wrath.

We were sure that we had been betrayed, for this was needless and unheard of cruelty, unless the authorities suspected or believed that we were to make a fight for freedom. Here we were, several hundred souls crowded on a fervid July day into a space which would have been uncomfortably full with one fourth of our members and the air shut our from us, almost completely as if we were hermetically sealed in a box.

But who was the traitor? Nobody ever knew if there were one. It might have been one of those instances of mental telegraphy, clairovoyance, amind reading, on the part of the Yankee officers which we hear so much of now.

Anyway, we were foild of a good scheme to escape and the action of the Federals was wise even if it were cruel. The stifling air or want of air and the oppressive heat were too much for several of our boys and after a very vigorous protest on our part, a number of the collapsed were dragged on the deck more dead than alive, and toward the end of the trip we were allowed on top, a few at a time; one sqyad yp and another down, alternating until all had a breath of frest air. Whew and what a difference; it almost chokes me now as I inhale through the lapse of 26 years, the foulness and the heat of that ship's hold. Every ingredidation of that conglomeration of villianous smells and tasted is vivid now to nostril and to palate. OH! the horror of it. The black hole of Calcutta, the galleys of France or the British prison hulks of New York may have surpassed it in degree, but surely not in kind.

Like Clarence by his dream, I would not for the world of happy days go through another such night". Sickness and death followed this terrible ordeal as a sequence. Many a good man dated his bodily infirmaties from that inhuman caging of human beings. So we suffered and endured and lived our prisoner life. After about 48 hours of this ship travel, we were landed at Fort Delaware. The circumstances of our arrival at this to us, new prison are now indistinct in my memory. I recall that our comrades who had been confined at Columbus, Ohio in the penitentiary of that state, had reached this fort ahead of us and were the order for the time.

Here were Duke, Tucker, McCreary, Coleman and James Mitchell of Montgomery County. The officer in command here was Brig. Gen. Schoeff (pronounced Sheff) a german who had been for years before the war a resident of and a teacher in Lexington and was well acquainted with Duke, Col. Morgan especially as well as being proud

of being a Kentuckian.

He gave a number of the field officers very comfortable quarters in the fort proper and as we were confined in the pen apart from this building, we saw but little of them. The first thing to do was, of course to bet a position for our mess. We soon found that it would be impossible to get bunks all together so it became necessary for us to separate and liik out ever gellow for himself. The bunks were merely wide shelves, extending around the wall of the great barn like building, 3 tiers all around and on them we slept, like herrings stretched to dry, our heads to the wall and our feet to the middle of the room. About 150 men occupied each "division".

July, 1893

October 29, 1894

The last words in this narrative were written more than a year ago.

On the 7th of August, 1893, my wife died. To those who know what this simple statement means, will be enough, to others any words would be idle talk. I have not been equal to it and now my loss seems to cover me like a pall, when I attempt to write more of the story of my life.

True there is not even half of my self left and it is so hard to go on with living without her, not to speak of writing about what is past. She was so pleased with all that I wrote and was so cheery and hearty in her approbal and so gentle and kind in her criticisms that it gave me heart to write more. So the pages grew.

I did not read to her what I had said of her, but it was open and I am sure she was it, for she kissed me tnederly that day between smiles and tears and seemed so bright and happy with

such brightness and happiness as wife and mother show when love is requited and full need of appreciation is given.

I am glad now that it was written while she was living and that her dear eyes grew bright with the reading of it and her dear heart was happy in its assurance.

And I am going to try to finish what I have begun now that the pain is a little less sharp and living for other particularly our daughter is growing easier as time pushes us from the edge of her grave, and as the dear daughter is wearing more and more the charm and the sweet care taking of her Mother, I feel that it will not be so hard to write again of that life of which she was so great a part.

I closed the story of my connection with the "Confederate "war at our arrival at Fort Delaware. I chose a place and preempted it for Wheeler and me. After depositing our meagre belongings, we started out to reconnoitre. Prison life was not new tO us and we soon learned what there was to know.

We found a sutter who was ready to sell almost anything which a soldier prisoner wanted for money- Enough. But, to get enough was the rub.

We found that the prisoners in our division had their meals in a large mess hall and that hunger; long drawn out hunger; hunger never appeased for months had made some of the inmates careless about the ettiquette of the table, and to draw it mildly, there was no cermony observed when the doors were opened and to dally was at least to go hungry till the next meal.

In fact one might say without violating the canons of truth that it was "Every fellow for himself and the devil or what was considered as had them, an empty stomach take the hindmost. We were too old in the tricks of this trade to be

long victims of either boorish greed (if, in fact such thing existed here which I doubt) or of the rapacious hunger of the poor fellows who had not had a square meal for months, many for well over a year.

We organized or rather reorganized a mess, consisting of the old "Happy family" except Curry (who had been left at Point Lookout and afterward escaped) and to this number were added Captain Wells of North Carolina and Captain Fitzhugh of Maryland (he said) and Capt. Mitchell and Coleman of my country, W. J. Davis of South Carolina.

Capt. Fitzhugh proved to be a farring element in this combination. It had been our custom to enjoy what we had or could get in common. It was all brought and laid at the commisary's feet and we all took alike. When one had the money he used it and so through the mess.

By chance George Didlake saw the Captain's pocketbook well filled with green backs, several hundred dollars. Of course, we expected him to contribute to the mess fund and we waited patiently but it did not come. A suggestion was made to him as to the propriety of replenishing our depleted exchequer. No response. We were chafing at this failure to do this duty, meanwhile he was taking from us of what we were buying.

The crisis came unespectedly im this way. Didlake and I were passing the sutler's shop and saw Fitzhugh alone and eating quietly and with apparent relish a dish of icecream and cake. That evening I told the mess what we had seen and said Fitzhugh or I leaves the mess before breakfast. Happily for me a unanimous vote turned him out.

All prisons were alike in that they were all disagreeable, but some were worse than others, we had not the experience gained at Hohnson Island. The Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania

and Point Lookout, Maryland. All these had their horrors, but Fort Delaware combined the villainous meaness of the others and added some unique and original cussedness entirely its own.

Johnson's Island had its uncomfortably barracks, the penitentiary its close confinement and brutal disregard for comfort or even life. Point Lookout had for a time its loathsome negro guards and its want of proper shelter and fires.

This places was cramped for room, was open to the storms which tore through and overit and had no adequate means of warming the great barn like structure.

It was without water supply for drinking, juch for bathing purposes. The officer s were venal and at least part of them had large sized "itching palms" besides being cruel and often unreasonable and exacting. It was no common thing for them to turn us out in rain, sleet and snow ostensibly to have our quarters cleaned and whitewashed and in turning us back always after rigid search of bunks, baggage and bedding, rob us fo blankets or other thin s. No prisoner was allowed to have more than two of the common thin army blankets and without bed or other bedding, it is easy to see that our chances for comfortable sleeping was very slim.

But, above all we were afflicted with the "Hundred Day Men" for guards. These fellows were held in contempt by the Soldiers in blue and we both loathed and feared them. They were emergency recruits. Enlisted to guard prisoners while the regul rly recruited men were sent to the front.

How they did lord it over their victims. Every scoundrel of them seemed to be ambitious to make the most of his opportunities, and to kill a "rebel" as they viciously named us and many of them had this redord to take home to their admiring and expectant households. Every day brought us news

from the privates' camp which adjoined ours that some poor fellow had been shot by these cowardly brutes.

In our camp was an old Colonel from Charleston, S. C. He was over 70 years old and as punctilious as Bayard. Never presuming, never trespassing. He was quietly walking near the bay one evening, when this mania for butchery struck a young fellow who hadn't killed his man. He yelled at our old comrade, just what was never known. The Colonel being within bounds did not know the villain meant him and walked quietly along. When without fruther warning, the guard fired and the old man fell. A more cowardly coldblooded and inexcusable murder was never committed.

The young fellow reported that the Colonel was over the dead line and refused to obey orders and his word was taken of course, and his vigilance commended.

An incident out of the common occured here. A Federal officer notified us that the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge (father of Col. Wm. C. P.) was at the Fort and would call and see us. Nothing wa s said in answer and no one spoke of this proposed visit.

The Reverend gentleman came and was presented with much impressment by the officer. B-- salked inside our room (the Ky. Division) and bowing said "Good morning, gentlemen" in his blandest tones. Not a man spike, not a head acknowledged the salutation. After an awkward silence he turned and walked away. We had not planned or concerted any action, but indignation, a righteous indignation in each man made the snub, the act of the whole division as one man, complete. We knew how he had harried our people. How with Burbridge for a tool he had caused the best and the truest in our land to be imprisoned,

robbed and murdered. We knew of bright, plucky Walter Ferguspn's fate. We knew well, how this hoary scoundrel had in the livery of Heaven given his talents which were great and his energies which were greater to the service of Stanton and the Devil.

We instictively without intent or premeditation cooly cut him. If this was every discussed or even spoken of afterward, I now forget it.

Again Capt. B. A. Tracy, now of Winchester, Ky., then my fellow prisoner, honest, brave and true always, sometimes bluff, almost blunt in expressing himself, got into a heated dispute. I was that he was at a disadvantage by reason of the number of his opponents. I elbowed by way into the circle and stood at his side, saying that I was there to have part in the fight. One of the other side said to me what the H--l do you know about this fuss. "Nota-------thing, "I replied and I don(t want to know anything about it. But I know this is my friend and my comrade and I propose to see fair play. The matter was soon adjusted amicably and we were afterward much attached to our late antagonists.

And again there must be a break in this narrative, while I turn aside to tell of the death of the comrade and friend who figured in the above incident. Capt. B. A. Tracy was killed on the elevator in David S. Gay's warehouse in Winchester, Ky. on the evening of the day of 1894. The announcement shocked the community and bereaved his family and friends. He was a true friend, a faithful comrade and an honest man. A tear to his memory and peace to his ashes.

Now to take up the broken thread at Fort Delaware. One morning early, one of my fellow prisoners brought me a small stone with paper tied around it. Upon investigation I found that it was addressed to me and that it had been thrown from the privates' camp which lay alongside ours. The note gave

the sad account of the life of the private there. Hunger and dirt and vermin and every curse, incident to cruelty, rapacity had befallen them. But they were game and defiant, through it all and the note wound up with a statement of the death of a spy who had been detected in their camp a few days before. They had tried, condemned and executed him, all secretly of course. This fate befell two other spies while I was there.

To understand this it may be necessary for me to say that the federal authorities put men in every prison, either renegade Confederates of professional spies from their own ranks whose duty it was, to learn to report any attempts to escape or toher breach of prison discipline. They were of course, selected for their shrewdness and adaptedmess, and they often succeeded in securing the confidence of their open hearted home boys in gray O but wow! to Mr. Spy is suspected. His escape was made impossible and eath was sure to follow, swift and relentless.

This mode of communication was kept up between us and our boys over the fence and we in this way learned of their condition and did what we could to ameliorate it. Often a complaint to the officer commanding a post would bring relief. The subordinate officers and underlings being only frsponsible for such outrages. It was an open secret that commissaries and others stole and sold the supplies destined for us.

It was while here that Matt Coleman and I played a little game on the authorities which commended us to our comrades and did <u>not</u> commend us to the federal officers.

The sick man burning with fever, dreams of the spring where his boyhood quenched its thirst, the prisoner turns to his home and its surroundings when hingry and weary of waiting. There seems to him that the sun shown brighter, the shadows embraced

him more fondly and everything for the tavle or the cup bears a man appetizing savor. In the long weary days and the longer and wearier night, we would go over and over again the delights which had made home, "sweet home", to us and in the talk along with every thing else. "Liggett's Apple Brandy" came in for irs share of greeting. This liquor was made by the two Liggett Bros. on the banks of Hinkston Creek about 7 miles from my old home and was always celebrated over the Blue Grass country. And the more we talked of it, the more we honed for a taste of this old acquaintance and we decided to make a try forit.

So we set to work to send a letter by the "underground" route to Mat's good wife and my good father. We asked that a large box of Kentucky good things be sent to us and with the hams, cakes and others luxuries should be sandwiched several gallons of the liquor. And here I will digress to say that our boys had resoted to all kinds of strategy to get liquors and wines in prison. Had it put in fruit cans and every kind of receptacle, but the federals and caught on to our tricks and aould cut the cans and open every thing.

So we knew the old dodge of using ordinary means would not work. We asked our people to have long cans inside and put the brandy in the center a partition near each and so the body of the vessel would hold a quart, then fill the ends with fruit and solder the ends on, so that when the head should be cut with fruit and solder the ends on, so that when the head should be cut with the Yankees' little hatchets, the innocent jam would testify for us. This program was carried out, the box was a very large and will filled one came and we were notified we had given out our great expectation to several of our friends and they were prompt at the rendevous. Hams, pickles, bread, cakes and other

things were examined and "passed" the long cans were lifted out, one by one and the little hatchets fellsharply on each one, when true to its trust the fruit appeared, its testimony to our guilessness taken and the vessel "passed" to the faithful yet eager hands. Eight of these naughty masqueraders thus marched in review before the skeptical and ever vigilant officer and we were quietly exulting over our neat trick when lo, the little hatchet fell too hard or the heads were to close todether and the layer of preserves was too thin and its edge cut through fruit both heads and all and let out the imprisoned aroma of the Hinkston's far famed beverage.

The Lieutenant in charge looked up at me and I smiled conxcicusly, no doubt and he asked in stern official tones "What is that" I not wanting then to tell a lie, as I saw it would do no good, I answered " Lieutenant, it has been along time since I tasted any of it, but it smell very much to me like "Liggett's Apple Brandy". He said something else neither encouraging or complimentary and then asked "were are those vessels that have been passed". To this question candor, now compels me to say that I think he did not receive a truthful answer. For all spoke promptly and denied any knowledge of the where abouts of any of them. And these denials were effective. The officer realizing no doubt, that everything is fair in love and war did not push the inquest further, contenting himself with confiscating the 4 quarts which had not slipped through his fingers. We persuaded him to give us a drink out of the can which he had so unfortunately opened.

I told him not to be so foolish as to turn this good old brandy in to the medical department as his duty demanded, but to divide it with Gen. Scheoph and have a go at such a beverage

as never warmed his yankee gizzard.

I don't know whether he took my advuce or not, but rather suspect that he did, as he afterward more than once gave me a knowing glance, not to say a wink as who should say "We know a good thing when we see it". He was a good shodier, had won his spurs mid shot and shell. Knew a soldier's ways and needs and thought none the less of us for slaying him for this two gallons of Liggett's Best. In fact, I think it rather increased his respect and kindly feeling for us.

I return to the escaped contingent. This was so swiftly and promptly removed from the jurisdiction of the inspecting officer, where even Yankee vigilance would have been puzzled in a search, for it was safely hidden. After "the Hue and the Cry" were over it was brought for and we pledged Mrs. Coleman and my father, then to the warriors of the Confederacy.

Volume 7

To add to the horrors of the prison life, the smallpox broke out in the barracks and spread with frightful rapidity. Every day, it ~~XXXXX~~ claimed a new victim or more and with curious disregard for our safety, if not with calculating malignity, no suffered was removed from our quarters even if the case was well developed.

Several of our command had the scourge in its worse form and why we all were not so afflicted, I cannot tell for it was in our midst for weeks. Our boys bore themselves through it all heroically, ther was no sign of panic or scare and men seemed to reguard this as only another enemy which duty called on them to meet with courage and to bear with fortitude.

Fighting is only a test of the soldier's best qualities.

Patient and uncomplaining endurance under trial may and often does give evidence of the highest and grandest elements of heroism.

There was a brighter side to prison life. Youth and spirit would assert themselves and we formed glee clubs, debating societies and other divices to beguile the time. I was a participant in all the pastimes and often led the song and hoined heartily in the deabte or discussion.

Then too, we ggave not a little attention to exercises and various forms of atheletics and games, but their charm to the otherwise weary hours.

Meanshile the ever recurring rumor of an exchange of prisoners (which never came) would give us a start for an hour or a day.

During the summer of 1864, several officers were taken from Ft. Delaware to be placed in Charleston Harbor under fire of the batteries of both sides in retaliation, said the Yankees. It came about that an adjustment was reached and these officers were exchanged. The trouble arose again and there was to be another draft from our numbers to be made for the same purposes.

Thinking that this meant exchange, everybody wanted to go. The number wanted were taken and after terrible suffering, these poor fellows were returned to the Fort more dead than alive.

Next, there was a rumor that the t wo bovernments were to exchange the sick and the disabked which proved to be true in a limited sense. One boat load was sent from our prison. Among them Captains B. A. Tracy and Ralph Sheldon. Tracy went through allright, but Sheldon was reexamined at Fortress and rejected (Detected) and sent back. It was cruel and the boys would twit him a little about it. He was the same Ralph Sheldon

sho escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary with Gen. Morgan, was recaptured and recommitted to prison.

But his gad luck did not discourage me. I had it pretty straight that the condition of a prisoner's health, for the purposes of exchange, depended in a great measure upon his ability to have the surgeon to examine him through the proper medium.

I had been to the surgeon more than once to apply for a place on the list. Making the best show that I cculd and I had gone so far as to study critically the symptoms of Angina Pectoris giving the Doctor the benefit of my study and explaining minutely my condition.

After a cursory examination, he laughed at my sufferings and dismissed with the injunction to try something else. This I determined to do. So in a few days, I approached the man through whom I learned the negotiations passed and said to him darectly "I will give you $100.00 to put my name on the exchange list and have me sent with the next load of sick".

He affected great indignation and asked "What do you mean". "Just what I said", I replied. " will report you to the General," he said- "No, you won't . I know more of this matter than is safe for you. Who got Tracy's watch?" This shot seemed to stagger him and he looked around to see that we were not overheard. Satisfied himself on this score. "He became practical and business like and asked "Where is the money"? "Gently, gently, all in good time. You will get the money when I am safe on board the Exchange boat", I answere. "But what security have I that I will get it at all", he waid. "The word of a gentleman and a aoldier", was my reply and I added "this must be cone or I go to Gen. Schoeph. He is a Kentuckian and knows us well and our word will go with him, besides I have proof that you and the

doctor got Tracy's watch and Sheldon's money".

"Meet me here in an hour and I will answer you", he said. "No, I will give you ten minutes and this is more than you need", I answered. He turned and went into the Surgeon's office, which was only a few steps away and in a few minutes he told me "It will be allright and also thod me when the boat was to leave.

So I made preparation for leaving and waited impatiently for the boat. I told Wheeler what I had done and suggested to him to try it. He seemed to doubt the practicability of the enterprise and declined to make the effort.

My exchequer was a little short of the sum promised and I got the necessary amount from Richard A. Spurr of Fayette County, giving him an order on my father. Which Dick told me afterward was promptly honored. The sum thus supplied, I think was 20 or 25 dollars. For this he has my gratitude. He had my friendship before and always.

The very talk of exchange, even of the invalid or the cripple set the camp buzzing with excitement. For many of us had now endured the horrors of prison life more than a year and had tasted its bitter experience in all forms. All were weary and many almost despondent. But this rumor stirred every pulse and as all had applied for a place on one pretext or another. Hope for the time animated every one of us. The boat came promptly on time and at once we were drawn up in line for roll call.

First, the whole division were called then the officer announced "Those who are next called will step ten paces to the front, -there was suspense and expectation for a moment. The Sergeant called name after mane soon reaching mine. Everybody was surprised even those whom I had told of it. For they had little faith in the arrangement. Those who were not in on the secret wanted to know

how I had secured the place as I was known as one of the stountest and most cheerful of all the 130 men in our division.

But I said as little as possible about the matter and wentto gather my little belongings together as the officer told us we would go abroad that evening and it was nearly noon.

We were called a little after dark, one by one and we passed out the barrack gate and on to the boat, leaving behind comrades, tried and true who while they felt sad of course at their own fates, rejoiced with us in our deliverance. A splendid body of men were our fellow prisoners there and elsewhere and all ready at all times to give and felp another to live, to escape or in any way possible. All honor to the brave boys left behind at Fort Delaware, who with the weight of many months of horror behind them and uncertain and lingering imprisonment before them, could give to us their lucky comrades material aid and cheer us on our way with a hearty old time "Revel Yell", which echoed down the Delaware and followed us to Dixie.

But before I leave this scene forever, I want to relate an incident which illustrates the coolness, daring and resource of our number, when those who had been selected at roll call for exchange were put into line, Capt. Thomas Shanks of Lancaster, Ky. took his stand with us. He was not one of the fortunates, we knew, but nobody by look or word gave any intimation of surprise and when we were called by name and passed through the gate, he goldly walked out with us and on to the boat and went the whole route unchallenged and reached Richmond with us.

We had quite a leasant trip. Much of the rigor of Prison discipline was relaxed and we came and went on the boat much as we liked. We were invalids you know and were treated by all with kindly consideration.

I found it necessary to my health to have a stimulant now

and then and was admitted to the saloon for the purpose of getting it. Even the real invalids brightened under the suspension, and the hope of being once more free. I enjoyed the trip fully, albeit, we might be subjected to an examination somewhere on the route and I was a little uneasy as I knew that would settle my hash.

I was in perfect health and in spite of every attempt to play sick man, I looked very rebust. But good luck presided and shaped the ends with success. So I held a stiff upper lip and a gold front and reached our lines safely. We were landed from the Yankee transport at ------- and were taken on foot through the lines, those most afflicted being hauled to our Exchange boat. The walk was over a mile and we plowed through mud inches deep. Just before we passed through the federal lines, I was hailed by some one off th the right. I was very nervous about any delay and this call disturbed me no little. However, I had started into this game to play it out so I stopped and inquired what was wanted and when I turned, I saw coming towards me, a negro in federal uniform. He seemed to be much excited and when he came near enough I recognized an old playmate , Sam Thomas. We were near the same age and had been chums from boyhood.

He was wild with delight and said that I was the first man from the old home he had seen in two years. He fell into the old familiar, yet respectful relation so well known to us and so hard to be understood by outsiders, called me affectionately "Massa Lelan"., held my hand, talked and laughed and cried all in the same breath; wanted to ask me numbers of questions all at once and in every way displayed the kindly, gentle and simple nature of the old time negro to his "people".

But the guards would not wait, ordered me to move on. I

said, Goodbye to him and he clung to my hand and walked with me meanwhile taking out his purse and said "Don't you want some money? I've got plenty of it". I declined at which I think he was really hurt. I passed through the lines, leaving him gazing after me and yelling "Goodbye Mass Lelan", Bod Bless You". In then said and now say "God Bless Old Sam and may he never want for a purse or a gollar to offer a friend or to use for himself".

Oh, the feeling of relief as we realized that we were again "at home". Soldiers and not prisoners, eers, not vessals, I think that I really drew the first full hearty breath since I left Ft. Delarare, when I felt that I was in truth among my own people once more and our fortifications were between me and the enemy.

We were welcomed by our boys with the old Rebel yett to which we responded in kind. A happier, jollier, dirties crowd of fellows is not ofter seen as we trudged through James River mud, boarded our Exchange boat. A crowd met us at the wharf, among them a goodly sprinkly of Kentuckians.

I remember of those who greeted us, Col. Simms of Paris, Judge Moore of Mount Sterling and Judge Elliott of Morgan Co., afterwards on the Appellate bench of our state. Most of the boys were taken to the convalescent camp in Richmond, but a few of us went to the Spottswood Hotel for the night. In fact I took quarters here for my stay in Richmond.

We were so broken and enervated by the burden of prison life than none of us were fitted for action or service. Hence the War Department gave most of us furloughs. Mine bears the sighature of Gen. Ewell and is written on the coarse brown paper, then the only kind within the control of the Confederacy, I brought it home and it is now in the old cheery box which was

made out of plank taken from my grandfather's old home and which I intend to leave with its contents to my daughter. This paper I commend to her keeping and I predict that if she lives to be an old woman, it will be dearer to her than any heraldic device and that we will be prouder of it than of letters for rank or title. It will tell her that her fater did his humble part in the grandest fight for the rights of man, which the annals of the world have thus far put on record.

This was my first visit to the Capital of our government and I spent most of the time sightseeing, howgeit, the sights were grim and suggestive. The pall of coming failure was over everything and it did not take a prophet's ken to tell that the beginning af the end was here.

Confederate money in floods, but worth one to the hindred in coin. I invited two friends to supper with me one night, we had turkey steak (the breast broiled), bread, Pltomac shad and coffee for the modest sum of Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars ($2.50) each.

So everything was, a drink of sorghum and whiskey sold for $10. and cloth enough for a suit of clothes could not be had for less than $1500., boots $400. a pair and everything else in proportion, Want and woe and riot, rank and foul stalked together along the streets. Women, refined and delicated of breeding, ready to perform the most menial services for a crust of bread.

The Jews and the other sharks were preying on every industry and robbing the helpless poor right and left. Some of the officers of the govermnent, "the bomb proff brigade" were winking at theft and were rioting in the plenty which their positions gave, while the people were starving and the soldiers were fighting and marching on a pittance of musty meal and rancid bacon.

Amid it all the soldier was staundh and true, and the President was only more devoted to duty and more determined in steadfast purpose to fight to the last ditch literally.

It was the most pathetic and at the same time the grandest display of grim and dauntless pluck, of heroic sacrifice that the world has ever looked upon. Tald of the three hundred at Thermopolae, of Bayard at Roncavelles pass, of the charge of the 600 at Balaklava. Death came to them in glory and sheen of quick and cheering combat. But the soldiers of the Confederacy walked in the shadow of certain failure for months and fought and starved and bled and died for a cause, which they knew was lost.

There was not a man of ordinary intelligence in amy of our armies who did not know in the fall of 1864 that the struggle was nopless and that we were dying that we might be true. Oh! the ity of it, As I saw the suffering as the gaunt spectre of hunger and cold stalked among our women and children and want and woe wrapped our soldiers around as with a pall, I felt that the sadrifice was martyrdom.

It was a fierce struggle with the citizen (and this meant only the women and children and men disabled by age or disease) to get the barest necessities of life. Everything which could be reached by the Commissary Dept. was taken for the armies and often those who had known nothing but luxury and ease went hungry and cold. Woman reared in affluence worked at anything they found to do; their waring apparel was made with their own hands the cotton for the dress, grown, spun and woven and cut and fashioned into the garments for all. Straw of rice or wheat was plaited into hats and the cast off boots and shoes of the soldier were cut and pieced and wrought into the wear for feet accustomed to dainty covering and stockins were knit from the thread spun at home. The pride and glory of it all.

There was not a murmur, everything for the dear South , everything for the home defense and nothing for self was the war cry of our devoted Mothers and sisters. The martyred heroines who go to the stake should wear no bright crowns.
And so the last daysof the confederacy went by, the thin line at Petersburh lay between Grant's lusty and well fed hosts and the vitals of the new Government.

On Sunday morning, 2nd April, 1865, the President was in his usual seat in St. Paul's Church. The Rev. Mr. Minnegerode in the pulpit. The choir had rendered "Jesus, lover of My Soul" to the air of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly", when a messenger came quickly along the aisle touched Mr. Davis and whispered hurriedly to him and they left the house together.

Many followed. I among the number, White and terror strickenfaces met one at every step and trembling lips told the story. Grant had broken through Lee's lines and General Lee is withdrawing from Petersburg. All knew what this meant, the abandonment of Richmond. The utter demoralization of that day cannot be told.

The scoundrels who had been restrained by authority turned themselves loose. Stores, offices and every place that contained anything of value were looted. Confederate records and supplies which could not be move were fired. Drunkeness ran riot over the city and no house or person was safe. Soon the remanant of the "grand army" began its march through the Capital city.

The President and the cabinet prepared to leave and nothing except the habit of four years of discipline and restraint prevented a general stampede. As it was there was a rush and hustle to get away.

The speculator who had gnawed the worn skeleton of peoples

necessities and had piled up his ill gotten gains at the expense, both of his patroitism and his country's needs slbowed and crowded the officials and the citizens who were trying to save the property and the archives of the government.

Amid all this confusion and tumult, the president and his advisers were cool and determined, never giving away to excitement or panic and the soldiers, guant, hungry and illclad, but heroic and grand as ever, marched through the streets in perfect discipline, grim and determined. Without hope perhaps of success, but as well without anyshadow of yielding or giving up the fight. They followed "Marse Robert" on this gloomy and hopeless retreat and as perfect faith, as when his legions swept in victory over the fields of Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Next to their God, they looked to their General and many a poor fellow in those thin and ragged ranks would have denied the one before he would have questioned the command of the other.

It was a proud sight that day to see this battered remnant of the immortal "Army of North Virginia" as it filed through the streets of Richmond on its first hopeless retreat. No man saw them except with uncovered head and reverential greeting and everygood woman in the city paid tribute of tears and God bless you to the heroes of a hundred battles.

The soldiers were apparently the most unmoved of all, who were there that day, The President and Staff and Cabinet mobed, too. The last of the rear guard was withdrawnand the city was left to the Yankees, the Shylocks the negroes and the devil.

Among the last of the soldiers who left the city were my friend Capt. G. M. Coleman and I. He was an invalid and I had difficulty in getting him away. His Physician and many of his

friends advised him to stay, telling hi , he simply took his life in his hands, if he tried to go. He gave to all the same answer "I will go, if I die before I get out of the limits of the city. I will not be a prisoner again". He said to me "I depend on you to take me with you". I told him that I would not leave him and he....(missing).

So we carried him to the de ot and with the aid of a young officer in the Quartermaster's Department, we got abroard and went with the last of the Confederacy To Danville, Virginia. From there to Liverty in the Western part of this state. Finding that we were liable to be captured again, Winder, Monroe, Jack Messick and I with several others whose names I do not now remember being cut off from our command, started afoot to join General Lee.

We did not reach his lines. The surrender came before we joined jim. This was learned from soldiers who were going home after the sad day was past. With tears and broken voices, they told us of the surrender and of their parole.

It then became necessary for us to change our course and we headed for Gen Hohnson in South Carolina. We reached Danville, Virginia, where we found Gen. John C. Breckinridge, then Secretary of War of the fast waning Confederacy.

We were worn out with our tramp of 150 miles. My boots had lost their soles and I had walked barefooted for the last 50 miles. My feet were worn and bleeding and all together we were in rather a sad plight. We walked into the General's office. Monroe, Messick and I.

General B. arose to meet us and with that inimitable grace and charm which never left him, he greeted us. Calling me and

Winder by name. I am almost sure that he only seen me as a law student in Lexington in 1858 and 9, perhaps he had been in our classroom and I in his office, but of this I am not sure enough to speak positively. His memory of faces and names was phenomenal always. He asked us cordially what he could do for us and where we wanted to go.

We told him our story briefly and that we wanted to go to Gen. Hohnson. He called an orderly, and gave him verbal orders to have our requistions met and I soon had a pair of red leather Confederate shoes and we all had saddles and bridles and a written order from the War Secretary to take such horses as we could find. We thanked the general and retired. This was the last time I saw him until he came home from Europe about 1857.

We were soon out in quest for horses. The first in sight were hitched to an oldfashioned carriage. A pair of not bad looking baysm, oldish and somewhat bony of outline, but sturdy and serviceable in bearing. An old time "befo de wa' negro" sat in the friver's seat dressed in old time coachman's clothes, much worn and patched tis true, but looking like its wearer, every stitch, the aristocrat.

No dignity could have been more imposing and no authority more absolute than that which was given out from every feature of this old gentleman, for gentleman he was all over and all through. So much bearing, not to say deportment embarrassed us not a little, but we were literally worn out and "needs must (you know) (when hinger or fatigue) or the devil drives". So we went to work at the old man boldly, but respectfully and I said "we have an order to take horses for our use and will have to begin with yours, old man". He seemed much astonished at our

presumption and answered "wy dem hosses wont do you no good, deys blind, Sir". We proceeded to unharness them while the coachman talked "Den is Ole Missy's hosses. Dey aint hobody tek dem since the war come". I go ax her mus you tek em." We heard without heeding the earnest plea of the old fellow, but before we had saddled the horses, a swet faced low voiced o old lady was near us.

She had scarcely spiken, when every hat was off and every head was bowed in respectfuly almost reverential acknowledgement of her presence. I told her our story, She said "My horses, such as they are and every thing I have has been and is at the service of any true and loyal soldier of the South, much more to the gallant boys from Kentucky. You have left and sacrificed everything for our cause. I only wish my horses were better. They have only been left to me bacause they are blind. But they will carry you and rest you, you poor tired foot sore boys." She wanted to take us in and feed us, but we thanked her and went our way, better for the "God Bless You" which followed us from this good old high stepping, proud, exclusive aristocrat, for such she showed in her worn yet dainty dressing and her manner and speech.

We mounted two on each horse, Captain Shanks of Mississippi having joined us here. The hind riders each carrying a saddle, bridly and blanket ready to mount the first horse which came in our way. It was not long before we had exchanged our blind steeds for better ones, all four of us being mounted and making for Johnson's lines.

On the 3rd day out from Danville rumors were going about that Johnson was surrounded and negotiations were going on for

his surrender. Several times we came in sight of Federal troops and only saved ourselves from capture by dodging into the bushes or making a detour throughthe country.

The news of the surrender of Johnson's army came to us. The Yankees were all around us, so we were at a loss where to turn or what to do. During one of our councils Winder Monroe told us that his grandfather Judge Thomas Monroe and family were at Abbeville, S. C. and suggested that we head for that place. This was definite at least and we agreed to ge, after much dodging, many windings, swimming of rivers and hinger and fatigue we reached Judge Monroe's on the 28th of April.

It was on this memorable acramble that I registered a vow never to refuse anybody something to eat, when asked for it and I had it. We passed through part of the co ntry where little damage had been done by the armiess and strange to say, we were often denied a modest request for food for ourselves and horses.

We traveled all one day and met refusal everywhere and not until late at night did we find a hospitable host, We learned here that the people were loyal to the Union and knew that the Yankee troops were all around us. So I want my daughter always to devide with the hungry.

We found the venerable Judge and his family as we expected very hospitable and much pleased to see Winder. Col. Leavy of New Orleans, a son-in- law of Judge Monroe's was here furloughed by reason of wound. We soon told him what we had been trying to do and of our discomforture. We also talked with the Judge and asked his advice.

I may say here that this old man had been Judge of the U.S. Court for the District of Kentucky and was expatriated because

of his sympathy for the South. He had drifted to the little town of Abbeville, S. C. and had managed to live there by exercising the most exacting economy. They were living on the barest necessities. Not to burden them, we drew the rations of musty meal and rancid meat (very little of either) to which as soldiers we were entitled and this proved a very welcome addition to their scant larder.

On the second day after our arrival Col. Leavy said Mrs. Davis(sife of the President) and her family were in town and that she seemed to need assistance and he thought if we would tender our services, she would gladly accept such aid as we could render her. After consultation with Winder and Jack, I went to see her and found her much disturbed and at a loss what to do.

She ahd her four children Jeff, Will, Maggie and Varina and three servants, all the luggage and belongings of the family were incharge of Col. Burton Harrison, the private secretary of the President. Harrison was young, inexperienced and besides was sick and utterly demoralized. A more forlorn and hopelessly creature in man's estate, I had never seen.

Mrs. Davis promptly told me that she wanted to move at once, if practicable and with all reasonable dispatch Southward and with the view of reaching the Florida coast. She said, she had been insisting on this for several days, but nobody seemed to have authority or the disposition to give her transportation.

I said to her, "it is now evening (about 3 o'clock), can you be ready to move at sunrise tomorrow"? "I am ready now," she answered, "what do you desire to take", I said. She showed me the immense and discourabing mass of everything and every kind of household goods and other paraphernalia pertaining to

he and her family in their personal and official capacities.

I said it is impracticable to attempt to move this mass of stuff. She then consented to seledt, but when the selection was made, but little was left. I insisted on taking only clothing, but she was so decided, that I went to work with Winder and Jack. There was a quartermaster's camp near town.

He want to him and though he said it was all irregularm he filled two ambulances with tow mules to each and two first class WS waggons with 4 mules to each; four bright true soldiers at once volunteered to drive.

By daylight on the morning of the 2nd of May, we were putting in the loads and promptly about sun rise, we were on the road. With Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell and the children in one ambulance and the servants and clothing in the other. The wagons carried what of the otehr baggage they could. I have heretofore writte n for the Clark County Democrat, a somewhat detailed account of our journey, which is now in my old scrap book and which will go with this to my daughter. As I thus remembered the incidents of said trabel and of our capture better than I do now after more than 30 years h ve gone, I commend it to her perusal.

There were a few little happenings personal to myself, however which I did not think best to put in that story which I will try and give here.

I saw that our gait was too slow for our purpose, which was to keep ahead of and to slude the Federal cavalry which I knew would be on our track. I said this more than once to Mrs. Davis and to Col. Harrison, but without effect. I suggested that we store all of the baggage except clothing somewhere and with the ambulances 4 mules to each travel night and day, until we were

out of dnager of capture. I knew our rate of progress was not up to ordinary speed of cavalry travel and it seemed very obvious that troops in pursuit would amke forded marches. We could nave more than doubled our pace. But the women and Harrison insisted that we would not be followed. It is just to Monroe and Messick to say, that they fully agreed with me and did not entirely conceal their contempt for the private secretary, who was the cause as we believed of this sawdling in the face of danger.

He had never been a soldier and knew nothing of a soldier's duties or methods. The "Carpet Knights" were responsible for many a good sound oath from the veteran and responsible too, for the miscarriage of many a good plan. He reminded me of Hotspur's Lord: "Neat, trimly dressed, fresh as a bridegroom, etc.", but he was very like the old man of the sea to us.

Finding we could do no good by urging a change, we like true soldiers made the best of it and enjoyed the march and the camp fire as we would. We were joined at Washington, Georgia by a Col. Moody of Mississippi, a splendid specimen of manhood, in every way as far as we came to know him. 6ft. 4in. high, perfectly proportioned, about 35 years of age. Smart, bright and cultured, he added his protest with ours, to our mode of travel. All without avail. The private secretary was in the saddle.

The four children were very sweet and bright and added much to our engoyment. "The Daughter of the Confederacy", noe known to all the SouthAs Miss Varina Davis was rather a chubby, roly-poly baby girl and was known to us then by the mother's pet name "Pie Cake". She was rather a heady little miss and insisted on having her own way, but always in a seweet, happy,

laughing spirit which disarmed opposition and made everybody her friend and champion.

One of her favorite pastimes was to be carried on horse back. in front of one of our outriders. Monroe, Messick and Moody and myself among the number and it was a sight worth seeing to watch Moody swing the little one onto his shoulder and sing as he rode: "Rodk a Bye Baby" in his great roaring bass voice and soon all the party, men, women and children would join in the old lullaby.

Each like the hero of Bayard Taylor's poem "Annie Laurie" or rather "when the wind blows, the cradle will rock", and every heart went toward the old home in Kentucky and to some gentle mother or good old father, whose dear familiar voice had crooned low and soft to the tired child on the knee. There domes a time in every man's life, when memory plays with his heart, like the breeze with the thistle down. I pity the poor sould, whose voice does not break and whose eye does not grow moist at the sound of the mursery songs of the old farmhouse.

Moody was a soldier and a good one. He had stood where shot and shell sounded and rained like the hail of Hades around him. Where men fell in heaps at his guns. He had seen four years of this in the stern adnrelentless trade of the artillery service, but never knew him to finish the quaint old lullaby with out a lump in his throat and a tear in his eye and just as often the chorus broke down with him and for the same cause.

But there was always some other reason given or hinted at for the collapse of voices. For men don't like to own up to sentiment. I learned that Moody had left a wife and baby at home. And here comes to me, one of those little by plays in the great drama of life which l nger in menory and which we love to tell.

OUrs was an ideal jaunt, just an easy going and sauntering jog through a lovely country in the sweet spring time. The grape, the scuppernong, the magnolia were in bloom, the great forests of stately long leaved pine stretched above and around us and our nights were the most delightful camping parties.

With plenty to eat, good cooks, willing and competent servants to do our bidding, there was added to our bill of fare an article as exquisite in flavor and as rich in aroma as it was rare. Among other things brought from Richmond by "Mrs. President", was a cask of brandy make in sunny France and sent to Mr. Davis by the Emperor Louis Napoleon. There was no doubt as to its pedigree. We paid it an uncertain or tardy compliment, but used it with liberal and generous appreciation.

One night after all had left the camp fire, except Moody and me, we stirred a night cap and while it passed from lip to lip, the Colonel broke in, afterr we were through, in his quick vigorous way said: "Hathaway, You are not married?" No, I answered, "Why"?

Moody said, Well the women and the children, of course, am always thinking about my wife, and little episode in our early married life, came into my mind just then, which I think may interest you and may some day be worth the hearing now. I think you are the kind of a man who ought to marry.

I have watched you since I have been with you and I believe you would make a good, loyal, brave husband who would make a good wooman happy and I think you will most likely marry, Of course, no relation in life brings everything we wish for nor everything which we expect.

Husband and wife will differ, just as other people do, but the lesson to learn is, for the man to be decentin his manner of differing. Above all things never attempt to bully your wife. I tried this and down I went. I had what we call a terrible temper, an ungovernable temper. This means just an ungoverned temper. The ungovernable is only an excuse for cussedness. There is no temper that can not be governed. Controlled, if the owner will try it.

We had as neighbors another young married couple. The wife was a schoolmate and dear friend of my wife and the husband and I had been on good terms though not intimate, He crossed me, was guilty of what I thought was a mean action, I let him know my opinion, we quarreled and I turned my back on him and his forever as I thought. My wife, however, did not cut his wife as I thought she ought to do. I asked her to do so; she, very sweetly, but as decidedly declined my request. I insisted, she, just as firmly said "No, she is my friend, we have been friends all of our lives, she loves me and I love her. We have not too many friends and I do not think I ought to give her up because you ahd her husband have fallen out. I think it would grieve her, too, and I must refuse to comply with your request". I said, "It is not a request, it is a command, Madam, in the fiercest Sir Lucius O. Trigger voice and manner and then stamped out of the house like a bully and a ruffian as I was.

She only smiled softly and as I remembered afterward, moistly about the eyes and when I sent home for supper, I expected to hear her either plead further for her friend and friendship or say that she had decided to come to my views. But neither did she. She was as gentle and loving a wife as any man could wish; the supper

was prepared especially with little celicacies she knew were to my taste. But not a word did she say about the issue betseen us. I was determined as I thought this was the time to settle the question, of who was boss in the house. Things went on as usual for several days and the crisis came; before I went out after dinner as I had long lingered than ususâ. She quietly put on her little hat and preened herself before the glass, a sure sign that a woman in about to make a call or visit.

I asked where are you going, just over to see Lizzie a little while. "You are going there anymore, I said decidedly and as I thought very calmly. "Oh, I am, she said in her most musical tones. "I am going now". I looked at her. She smiled up at me, but if I had known what I know now, in fact, if I hadn't been a d--d fook, I would have stopped then.

I remembered afterward that there came to her eyes a peculiar expression. One which I had not seen Before this, but which I have learned since. It came after when I needed her to stand by me in trouble or care or danger and it was there when she decided that I must go to the war and as she had bade me good bye and told me to do my whole duts. She was never more gentle, but her eyes gave me wild yet firm and decided tone to her features, her mouth contracted its always pretty lines and the whole face wqs transformed. Not heeding this storm warning, I blundered on and stalking up to her, stood as I though in as very comanding and impressive attitude and looked down at her.

She was a little slip of a girl, fair and graceful coming scarcely to my brest pin, with the top of her pretty head. My stern bearing and six ft. 4 didn't seem to impress her as I expected. Whe stepped sguare in front of me and looked square in

the eyes with the peculiar expression named blended with a smile on her pretty lips, which tempted and almost disalarmed me, but I was mad, she had disregarded my wishes and I thought this was the best time to have it out, and I lost my head and as I looked down at her, I thundered "Madam, I'll be d-d if you shall go". Moving a little closer to me and turning her face up to mine and looking me square in the eyes, she answered with a voice as sweet as music, and as clear as a bell, with the ring of cold steel all through it, "Sir, I'll be d--d if I don't go". I didnt tell you before she was a true blue Presbyterian, too. " What did you do then, Moody", I asked. DO. What could I do? I turned without a word and walked away feeling like kicking myself all over town, I went to my office, after a restless evening, spent in repenting and resolving, I went home feeling like a whipped our, intending to aplolgize and promise a and all that, but my wise little wife knew so much better than that way.

She met me tricked out in my favorite collar, bibbons and all. Men like furbelows, you know. Without a sign of trouble or danger or any reminder on her face or in her manner, and turnedt the talk into channel whichsuited my fancy and fed my vanity and never by work or look made any reference to my brutal outbreak and in every way, except speech indicated that any such inference would not be pleasant to her, I know, if I had asked her than to renounce her friend, she would have done it and more even to renouncing the world.

But I didn't want her to do this anymore. Further, I lnoked into the matter with my neighbor, I learned that I had been hasty and that he had mistaken me and my motives, I told him so and we were real friends afterward. I wurprised my little darling soon,

by suggesting that we invite our neighbors to supper and thus ended my first and last attempt to bully a woman, they will follow where we lead, but you can't drive a true good woman worth a cent.

We finished the slumber cup to the good women of the land and laid our selves to sleep by the music of the swaying pines. One who has not heard the mournful monotone which sighs through the long leaved pines of the Wouthern belt of Georgia can not tell you the sadness and hoplessness which comes in its voice.

I have heard of the sigh of despair, of the wail of the lost soul. But the voice of the ever moaning trees is blended spirit of the twain.

Our travel was relieved of monotony by constant rumors of threatened attack, by stragglers from hoth armies. It was reported that ours was the Treasury train from Richmond and marauders were on our trail. We prepared for them at night, but no attack was made.

I have spoken of Moody at length because he added so much to our pleasure and was so helpful in every way. We were also joined at ~~[illegible]~~ Washington, Ga., by Mafor Victor Morin, a soldier and an old fashioned Creole gentleman from Louisiana. He was quiet and rather reticint, but very intelligent and well informed. In fact quite a scholar. He was wise too, in suggestion and action and all came to rely in his counsel and profit by his advice.

Volume Eight

One evening about 7 o'clock, we noticed a squad of about 50 men evidently bent on an interview. They were armed and in every way looked dangerous.

Soon one of the number approached our camp and hailed. He was answered with the soldier's "Who goes there", to which he answered, "friend" without the countersigh. "Advance, friend, we will give y

you the countersign". He came and said that he and his comrades had been informed that we were running off with the Confederate Treasury, that they were paroled soldiers from Lee's Army and they had determined to share in the spoil.

We frankly told him, I being the spokesman, who and what we were. Mrs. Davis with her children came out and talked to him. His comrades were called in and instead of robbing us, they tendered their services to their "First Lady of the Land".

This was our last scare on the night of the 8th of May about midnight, we were aroused by the tramp of horses, this proved to come from the President and his party, consisting of Colonels Lubboek, William Preston Johnston of his staff and John H. Ragan, Post master General and Captain Campbell of Kentucky and ten men, the President's military escort. Also, John Taylor Wood and one or two others, whom I do not now remember.

I must not forget his faithful servant, James Jones, who never forsook hom. Honor to whom honor is due.

Mrs. Davis was much surprised and evidently alarmed as she thought her husband was far on his way to the West. He explained, that he had heard of the marauding parties and was uneasy for the safety of his family; that he had turned out of his way, retraced his steps to learn the facts of her situation. Fatal DELAY, on the morning of the 10th of May, 1865 about one mile from Irwinton, Irwin County, Georgia, the whole party was captured. It is always easy and cheap to say "I told you so" and there is a class of prophets who make a habit of crying wolf all of the time, and if he should come, the credit of the soothsayer is saved and if he does not come at all, nothing is lost.

But in this case, allmy experience as a soldier and all my reason as a man were so plainly and clearly on our side, that when the blow fell I was not surprised.

It was what I had expected earlèer. Here, we had been crawling along for ten days with two great army wagons and the two ambulances and for two days with the President's party added, leaving a trail like an army corps; going not more than 20 or 21 miles in 24 hours/ What else could we have looked for than capture. I had reasoned, had warned, almost quarreled, all to no purpose. The private secretary Harrison said, there is no danger and that want with Mrs. President.

As a sample of our set-to, I said "Mrs. Davis, don't you know that the Yankees know that you are traveling this course and that you are burdened with all this stuff", "not necessarily so", said Harrison. "You certainly underrate your enemy then, which is always dangerous. If a regiment of Morgan's old command were in the neighborhood of such a train as this it would know to a dot, everything else about it. Just what route taken. Numbers rate of travel and all about it," said I. "They camnot overtake us," he said. I responded "They will travel as far in 24 hours as we are doing dn 3 days and nights, if they have a leader worthy of the name."

All to no purpose. I told them that we with Morgan had more than once ttaveled nearly a hundred miles in 24 hours, when after big game. I could not change the program and I could not cut loose from them, situated as were Mrs. Davis and her children, so I staid and the catastrophy came.

About daylight on the morning of the 10th of May, 1865, we were sleeping in camp near the roadside. The Prsident and family in tents, all others under the great long leaved pines.

Here I want to say that we had been traveling for sometime through the great pine belt of Southern Georgia. Grand trees often 50 to 75 feet to a limb and straight as a shaft.. The leaves or shingles as they are called grow in great tufts or bunches and are from 10 to 15 inches long. Taken from the limbs and piled together they make a delightful couch. Such a bed we had prepared for Mrs. Davis and the children every night and on such they were sleeping on the fateful morning.

Almost without warning, soldiers dashed into camp and we were aroused by yells and cries all around. Although most of the soldiers were something like the Confederates' uniform, it did not deceive the soldier element of our party. The equipment and the tactics were all different from ours. I need not say after the first sensation of surprise passed and this momentary, all thought of the President and if he had escaped.

I was lying just across the unfenced sandy road from his tent and as soon as I got to my feet, I saw him not more than 50 feet away confronted by a Yankee trooper.. This, of counse, settled the question of his capture.

Surrounded as we were by the two regiments and with a hostile gun at his breast, there was small chance of his getting away. However, an incident occurred here just then.

Two federal regiments approached our camp form opposite directions, one having gone around our camp, neither knowing of the presence of the other and in the dawn of the morning, each mistaking the other for an enemy they fired into each other and killed and wounded several men on both sides. In this muddle, Col. John Taylor Wood and one or two others escaped.

After the fighting, the lines were soon drawn around us and there were found as prisoners: The President and his family, Col. Lubbock of Texas, Hon. John H. Reagan of the same state, Post-master General of the Confederacy, and about a dozen others.

I have not heretofore given anything of the personality of Mr. Davis. We was then a spare, trim built military looking man , 57 years old.. Very erect without being stiff, graceful and easy in manner, pleasant and gracious in address. Dignified and rather quiet, but very approachable and agreeable in his intercourse with all he met.

The short full beard seen in his pictures he wore then. All in all he wasmuch in appearance such a man as has been made familiar to all of us by many picutres taken of him before and since.

He was gentle and carressing as a lover towards his wife and sweet and playful with his children. Often using the vernacular and even the little slang of the playground. One day handling some dainty morsel to his little son Billy, he said "How does that fit in your Bill" and the child answered with ready wit and a sparkling smile "Why, Father, it's your Bill". The father joined heartily in the laugh at his expense.

In thought of his situation, his condition now, - once and but reciently the Chief Magistrate of millions of devoted people. the head of a newborn and lusty young government, with armies and navies at his call. This proud and defiant cheiftain of a proud and defiant people. The peer of sovereigns and associate of princes. Now a captive with a price set on his head.

I looked at him in this the hour of his misfortune and studied his face and his bearing, in fact the whole man. I want to give my testimony now and always as to his heroic bearing.

Nothing but a sense of justice of his cause, the righteousness of his course and of dutys well and loyally performed together with a great soul and a dauntless spirit could have enabled him to this test of manhood.. There he stood, a prisoner surrounded by his enemies. Enemies who had been taught and who believed that the South was guilty of treason and he was the arch traitor of the land. Enemies who held that death sould be dealt with to the least of the tribe and that no punishment was equal to Mr. Davis' Crime. Enemies, some of whom were little enough and brutal enough to taunt him and threaten him to his face. Enemies who knew that a price of $100,000 was fixed for his capture, dead or alive. This he might have borne, other men have perhaps done so. But there were his faithful wife and his tenderly nurtured babies, the eldest about 12 years and the youngest about 2 years. A prattling infant, their tears, their sobs and their fears were to be borne, too.

Stoicism has ustained men on trial, but he was not a stoic. He was a great hearted man, a patriot without spot or blemish and a devoted husband and father. No matter what had come to him before adn there had been juch, and no matter what come to him after and ther was more, much more. Still looking back on his life, I am very sure that this was its supreme moment.

The hour into which was concentrated and compressed more of agony, more of endurance, more of triumph than any of his existence. A people's hopes in him hone down, a wife's happiness wrecked, children to be left fatherless, all, all and more bestrode his memory and his thought at this moment. I looked and reflected. Can human heroism, can man, however sustained carry this burden, will it crush him. Will the insolent and mocking soldoery witness his humiliation?

I had not long to wait. Somewhat paler, his face perhaps; may be his features were sterner and his form more erect for an instant, if so it passed as it came like a shadow. Then he was the dignigied gentleman the knightly soldier and the dauntless dhieftain to the end. He played no part, indulged in no heroics, but was just manly, dignified and true to himself and his people.

He knew he was right, he knew that he had done his duty as he saw it and the past held no regrets, and ds the future held no terrors for him. Truly like Bayard, he was "Without fear and without reproach".

Many false and silly stories went the rounds in the Northern papers about him. About the circumstances of his capture, his behavior and even his dress. One paper, the N.Y. Herald put out a cartoon representing him in woman's clothing; an immense hoop skirt and dress to match, and this was given to willing eyes as were written accounts given to willing ears. The Papers of that period contained nothing of the truth concerning him except that he was captured.

I remember well the puppy, who was a correspondent of the New York Herald sent out most of these lying statements. He attempted to interview Mr. Davis, who after politely declining to talk for publication, turned his back on the insolent scoundrel. The hoop skirt story was one way of taking venge for the snub.

Mrs. Davis was then a rather heavy, dark woman, about 40 years old. Not at all handsome or pretty, but very bright and entertaining. She was the daughter of Captiin Howell of the old U. S. Navy, being the second wife of the President.

He first married Miss Knox Taylor, a daughter of the old "Rough and Ready" Zachary Taylor.. There were 4 children with us

Maggie aged 12, Jeff 10, Billy 5 and Varina (now known as Miss Winnie) about 2 years old. Jeff and Willie, both dïed several years ago. Maggie married a Mr. Hayes, and Varina is living with her Mother in New York City.

To return. I did not include in thelist of prisoners, Burton Harrison, private secretary or Miss Margaret Howell, who was a younger sister of Mrs. Davis's and a member of the President's household. There were two servants, one an Irish girl and the other a yellow woman, these were faithful to the end, and were much grieved for the President and the family.

After the round up was made and an inventory taken, we had breakfast together, at which, by invitation, a few of the federal officers joined us.

A young Lieut. acting adjutant, I think, took occasion to be insolent and annoying to me and others. All I could do was to "give him a piece of my mind" which I did with a bit of soldier trimmings. As a rule, however, we were treated courteously by the officers and men.

Leiut. Col. Pritchard forgot his duty and his relations to the prisoner and was ugly to Mr. Davis on one occasion, who was dignified, yet sharp in reply. P. M. Gen. Reagan rose to the occasion and turned the edge of his Texas tongue on the offender in a way not to be forgotten. It might be aaid he "volleyed and thundered" the guard threatened to shool Reagan, but this did not silence the indignant man. Pritchard did not offend in this way again.

The prisoners were placed under heavy guard and our melancholy march for Macon, Georgia began. The President and family including the servants in ambulances and the men on horseback.

Here a little personal incident. Mr. Davis had presented me

with a very handsome pistol, which Col. Colt of the Colt Arms Company had sent him.

He was pleased to say that it was intended as a testimonial of his appreciation of what I had dome for his family. Of course, I prised the pistol and appraciated the gift very highly.

It was really beautiful, intrinsically very valuable and coming as it did, from such a source and with such an assurance made the pistol doubly dear to me. The adjutnat, spoken of above fancied it too, and took it from me. Of course, I propested, but protest was in vain. I spoke to the Colonel commanding. He gave me comfort. In fact I was given to understand, that if I escaped with a whole neck, I would be lucky, that perhaps in the retreat to which I was likely to go, I would not need pistols. Still I insisted that I would like to take the chances on the next situation, if I could get by the adjutant and his fellow thieves. No good and I never saw my pistol again. I heard of it once in Detroit, Michigan in an exhibit of trophies "Captured from Jeff Davis" and from the description I know it was my pistol.

On the second morming after our capture, we were much chocked and grieved at the sight of a large streamer bearing the ominous words $100,000 reward" for the capture of Jeff Davis. This was carried aloft on a falg staff and was born by one of a body of cavalry which came from the direction of Macon meeting us. There was a whispered donsultation among the officers, much mystery and many ugly glances toward the object of the proclamation.

He seemed the only one present, who entirely kept his head. His wife and children were much affected and of course, allarmed.

It was a brutal thing, to do, but excitement was running away with discretion, even with decency. Why this scarecrow should have been set up to further frighten and distress women and children cannot he answered now.

The reason for this great hullabulloo soon came to us. The authorities at Washington pretended to believe that Mr. Davis was responsible for the assissination of Lincoln. The masses believed this was true, hence the excitment among the soldiers and perhaps this may serve as an excuse for the cruel exhibition named above. It is not a reason, however, and I cannot forgige that brutality, since I saw its effects. Nothing less than the dungeon and the gibbet presented itself to the wife and children.

They were thorough frightened and it was difficult for the president to quiet them.. He seemed to have no thought for himself, but devoted his efforts to soothing and reassuring his family. After the excitement attending this display, we moved on, the heavy guard was kept around the prisoners night and day. We usually made short stages camping at might under the treat pine tees.

I was young and buyont, we had plenty to eat and a drop occasionally to drink, so to me the time went by pleasantly enough. One beautiful night while we were sitting around the camp fire preparing for supper, an orderly said to me, that I was wnated outside of the guard lines.

I took the chances and followed him. We passed the guards without question. The messenger conducted me to the camp of an office a short distance away. A rather tall blonde man about my age arose and met me, introducing himself as Captain Hataqway of the 8th Michigan. Said pleasantly that he had heard my name and

wanted to meet me and learn my native ancestry, etc., so invited me to join him in a drink and to eat supper with him, both of which I ded. He was of the New England branch of the family, and perhaps we were distantly related.

He offered to allow me to ride with him or at will, if I would give him my parole not to try to escape. This I declined to do, for I intended to take any reasonable chance to get away.

I did not suddeed however and we were all taken to Macon, where General Wilson had his headquarters, surrounded by a considerable section of the federal Army. We went from here to Augusta, Georgia, where we found Clement C Clay, Senator from Alabama, in the old U. S. Congress, now a prominent offical in the falling Confederacy.

His wife was with him. She and Mrs. Davis were among the most brilliant coterie of women who led Washington society in the decade before the War, perhaps the most illustrious in statemanship and in social worth which the capital has seen. We also found at Augusta, Wice President Stevens, General Joseph Wheeler and one of his staff. Here we were transferred from the R/ R/ to the river.

A good boat carried us to Savannah, thence we went to Hilton Head off the city, where we were transferred to the U. S. Steamer "Silliam P. Clyde".

The inventory of prisoners borne by this good ship showed historic names, names which had filled the world for four years itsmost eventful years.

Davis and Stevens, President and Vice President of a great people, chiefs of a lusty young nation and its postmaster General John H. Reagan of Texas, and others known to fame and worthy of her acquaintance.

Nothing out of the ordinary occurred on our trip, except almost universal sea sickness. I was one of the lucky ones adn was exempt from the malady. We were all stuuck with the difference in the behavior or conduct of our two chief officers. Mr. Stevens kept much to himself and stadd in his room nearly all of the time. While Mr. Davis was almost constantly on the deck mingling with everybody. Lending of his wonderful gifts to the entertainment of others. Stephens pleaded his physical condition to excuse his seclusion, but at the same time Mr. Davis was a great sufferer and almost a physical wreck.

We were much attracted by grim old Reagan and the ever polished and gifted Clay, while Mesdames Davis and Clay added the charm of woman's gentle attentions and woman's wonanly ways to brighten the gollmy voyage.

The Yankees were kind and obliging and except that they hold on to their guns and kept us at a respectful distance, we might all have been taking for a party of pleasure seekers.

The Captain brewed a bowl of punch in his cabin and was kind enough to invite me to goin him. Did I? I will let you guess.

On the 20th day of May, we anchored in Hampton Roads. Surfounded by a Gordon of War Ships frowning with guns. Soon Officers were going to and fro. Much whispering and consultation was in order and the stearn and angry glances of the bomb proof heroes soon reminded us that we were prisoners.

I thought that I was such "a little one" that I would surely be released here. So thought Momroe, Messick, Moody and Morin and Howell. But not so, just the fact that we had associated with the President made us "persona non grata", to the viglant "post bellum" warriors and they seemed to feek that they might atone for any shortcomings in the past when danger might have been an unpleasant ingredient, by extraordinary ferocity towards us now.

After several days waiting, our turn came and Monroe, Messick, Howell, Moody, Marin and I were taken to another vessel which soon moved out going North. Nothing was told us of our destination and we had no idea where we were going until the casemates of Fort McHenby were frowning on us.

We were hustled ashore without ceremony and were hurriedly marched past the fortress across the grounds and to an old brick building, dingy, dirty and in every way forbidding. She had once been a government stable, but had been converted into a military prison, reserved as we learned afterward mostly for deserters and bounty jumpers.

Inside the heavy brick walls, a heavy double oak floor had been laid, then a row of cells had been made down and up the middle of the building. These were of two inch oak doubled. Each cell was about 10 feet by 6 feet and not more than 7 feet high. They were closed by a door of similar material and were absolutely without ventillation or light except a little opening in the door not exceeding 4 in. by 8 in. So the cells were as dark as night except for an hour about noon when by getting right up to the opening, the eye became accustomed to the darkness could discern very little.

Into one of these dungeons each of our party was put. So we were for the time subjected to solitary confinement. For what or for how long, we had no information adn of course, could only guess. In addition to the strength of our prison, sentinels walked day and night, their mononous beat on every side of our cells.

We soon got our bearings and began to reconnoiter. We were placed in contiguous rooms and could talk back and forth and we sooned also learned that there were a number of bounty jumpers and deserters near us.

They or at least one of them seemed a reckless dare-devil. He told me, that he had taken the "President's Shilling" so many times that I am almost afraid to give the number, something over a dozen, I think. So oftern, that he really sometimes forgets his name, of course he enlisted each time under a different name. He had received a lot of money each time, as bounty, but they had gotten on to him, he said, at last and he felt that he stood a good chance of being shot. He kept a "stiff upper lip" and talked and jested and sang, often breaking out with "Farewell, My Mary Ann, You must do the best you can, I will never jump the bounty and more".

I did not see him but the soldiers said he was a handsome devil, dashing and debonnaire, bright, educated and accomplished with manners like a Chesterfield. There was no resisting his spirit and we were all the better for this plucky, rake-belly, contagious rapacallion, I cannot find it in my heart to call him by any worse name.

We were told afterward that he was shot by order of courtmartial and we have all felt that we "would have better spared a better man. About all we can say about our prison

life here is to quote Moses in his narrative of the creation "The Morning and the evening were the first day", of each succeeding day, the same can be said and but little more. Added to the horrors of the dungeon life we had the tropical heat of June and July absolutely without ventillation. It was slow death and in two months we were all ghosts of the bronzed and stalwart young men who sent into this tophet. White and worn as long time invalide.

To further multiply the sufferings of the situation, we were given not more than ½ ration. Items-Bread, not to exceed ¼ loaf per day, often less, 3 times a week a villianous concoc-tioncalled bean soup, weak and tasteless, but in hunger, we swallowed it as we would have swallowed anything else that provided and nourishment. 4 times a week a piece of the ribs of pickled beef (familiarly known to soldiers as "Salt Hoss"), about the sixe of three fingers of an average hand and mostly bone. Oh! How hungry it did make us. This wnet on for 6o days.

Then as if our woes were not enough, the cells were infested with vermin.

I do not like to write or speak uppleasant things but to give a full and accurate account of these times and my part in them, it is necessary to talk plainly. Just here I had a lesson in natural history. I remarked about the absence of "Graybacks" and one of the soldiers said the bed bugs had whipped them all away.. I suppose it was true because the little terror or the bedroom had possession.

I failed to say that when we went into this prison we were stripped to the buff and searched by rather rude hands and all

of our belongings (which were found) saving our limited wardrobes were taken from us by the provost marshal.

I had a smallpurse and a small album, both of which I brought home and whch are now among my relics. The album is but little changed containg now the same pictures as then. After a few days of the solitude I began to investigate. I learned that our squad was in charge of a sergeant who had been much service [illegible] and as far as his orders, which were very positive and very drastic, would allow him, he seemed willing to favor us. I cultivated him as delicately yet assiduously as possible.

He became gradually more and more gentle until he would talk quite freely, when not in sight of anyother soldier. This occurred when he took us once a day out of our cells for a walk and to allow us a limited bath.

He knew nothing of why we were being detained or why we were subjected to such rigorous treatment. I told him all I [illegible] knew of our capture and imprisenment and he became much interested in our case.

I learned from him just how far reaching and stringent were his orders. That for some reason not given to him, we were subjected to solitary and close confinement and further that we would not be allowed to communicate with anybldy outside, not excepting the commandant of the post.

This he told me after weeks of enquiry and after he had become solicitous of our safety. It was evident that he was uneasy about our fate and that he had heard or had learned in someway, something that he was holding back.

He came in time to talk to me quite freely and though he always maintained his dignity and did his duty as a federal soldier, he was kind of heart and just of judgement and he said frankly that he could see no reason for holding us in this way and that he would do anything consistent with his duty as a soldier to help us out, that he ahd served 4 years, had been a true good man and that he knew what was due a prisoner.

So the acquaintance grew and asge saw more of us, he seemed to be drawn nearer and his sympathy increased.

When we had been in this place about two months, that is about the first of July, I thought the time was ripe and I asked the sergeant to mail a letter for me, saying to him in explanation that df my father knew of my whereabouts and my condition that I was sure that we could and would be released. I had no apprehennion of charges against us, except as to our connection with the President and from this I could see no danger.

I urged the matter and as an inducement I told him that I would give him a $20 gold piece, if he would comply with my request. He spoke promptly and said he would not take money at all and he only hesitated between what might be his duty and his sense of humanity.

In a short time, a day or two he said to me "I don't believe it is wrong. I can't see any harm in it and I will mail your letter. Have it ready fy a certain time naming a day, the 4th of July and I will take it over to Baltimore. I had prescribed what I wanted done in the premises. Monroe had an uncle living in Baltimore, the letter was to be taken to him with the request to enclose and mail it to Dr. R. M. Adair, Lallula, Illinois. The uncle to write a line in receipt. Monroe knew his handwriting which was peculiar. When the day come round, the sergeant was on hand and the letter or note was ready.

We waited with much anxiety for his return. He was on time as usual that evening and to our great joy, he had the "receipt" for the letter. Monroe examined the writing and pronounced it genuine. My recollection, now of what was written by the uncle, is that there were only the words "All right done". I felt a great relief and had faith that our day was near at hand.

This note was written as follows: I had suddeeded in holding on to a fragment of a small testament which was given me by the sergeant after we were confined. This fragment had one fly or white leaf, I had also a scrap of pencil about ½ inch long which had excaped the vigilance of the searchers when we arrived. With this material, I prepared the most important paper of my life. The writing which meant to us as we believed release from the horrors of a dungeon and the slow torture of starvation, inch by inch.

It was written two, by the uncertain light, which came through a small opening which at the best was not more than a poor twilight. About this time came another incident, which some what ameliorated our condition. I was standing looking through the little hole named. My attention was drawn to the sentinel who walked his beat near. He was a youtn and I was struck by his face. It might be an accidental resemblance.

Acting on this belidf, I called "Brown". He turned his head and I was that I was right. I called again and after looking all around, he walked up to the door. I said "don't you know me and he shook his head. I put my face in the opening and said look again.

He did so and with a startled face said, Yes, it is Mr. Hathaway. We could only talk a moment, but he soon came back and told me he had gone to Indiana and found the - feginent from the

state late in war.

He seemed glad to see me and readily promised to bring me something to eat when he came on his nest relief. I gave him a $20. gold piece to use for our benefit.

Oh, how long that 4 hours seemed. But it went and he came and with him a loaf of bread, a full poundloaf, a pound of cheese and a great big red onion and some salt. This was about 9 o'clock at night. I tried to have it divided with the other boys. He said, no. I will bring them something or have it brought, but I can't take time to divide what you have now.

Then I tried not to eat all of the ration, but, I couldn't help it. I could not quit. Oh, I was so so hungry, had been getting hungry for two mumths. I was slowly starving and I knew it. I had heard and read of people killing themselves eating when in this condition. I had heard and read of people killing themselves eating when in this condition. I ate all of it, bread, cheese , onion and all. I remember that I wondered whether it would kill me.

But, I did not wonder long, I went to sleep and slept like a baby bill I was saked the next morning by the sergeant. This I had not done for weeks. My sleep had been disturbed and fitful, broken by dreams of alternate feasting and of starving. Never an hour of good sleep.

In good time the other boys all get a similiar feast and all told me that their experience was much like mine. All ate the whole supply too, without stopping. Monroe told me afterward that he did his best to stop, that he laid aside a part of his bread and cheese, but his appetite got the best of him and he ate the whole batch.

My young friend used the money that I had given him for our benifit and got other soldiers to supply us, so the famine was

broken for the time.

To return to the more substantial prospect of relief. In about a week after the message stabted from Baltimore, my friend the sergeant, with much apparent grarification and no little flutter in his manner announced that Messick and I were wanted at the fort and he confided to me that he was sur that deliverance was at hand. He sabd there was an old man with the party whoseemed to look through him, when he sáid, he had charge of the prisoners and that the old man devoured him with questions about Hathaway, That he talked and cried, and talked and lqughed and was smiling and pleased when my name was mentioned.

We were soon taken to the Commandant's office, where sure enough was my good old father and with him, Messick's father and a youngish man who was introduced as Mr Embry of Richmond, Ky.

The papers were raady and were soon signed and we were onour way to Baltimore. I neglected to say that in my letter, I had told Dr. Adair to notify By wire Rev. Granville Moody of Piqua, Ohio, who was a brother of our fellow prisoner Capt. Moody, and was also a prominent Methodist preacher,also to wire Mr. Messick of Danville, Ky. and Monroe's kin folks at Lexington and Frankfort.

The Rev. Moody got to the fort 24 hours in advance of our party and had his brother released and took him over to the city, a day in advance of us. However, he said as he went out that he would not leave Baltimore until we joined him. True to his word, he was there at the best hotel waiting for us.

We were soon in his room where he had an assortment of Liquors, ice, sugar and everything necessary tomake and old fashioned "sweetened dram". Moody had been there several times before, and

was in a gushing mood, he shook hands all around, the hugged Messick and me. Shed a great big tear, asked for Monroe, Marin and Howell. We learned that his Methodist brother urged him to go hime, but he had flatly refused. He had plenty of money and insisted in doing the honors of the occasion. Very soon a servant announced supper, addressing Moody all the time as the host of the occasion.

Oh! that supper. After months of slow yet sure starving, to know that this was our very own, to take or to leave as we choose. To Leave, No thank you, we tried to restrain ourselves to at least ovserve the proprieties of the dining room, but it was very hard not to fall on and devour everything like ravenous wolves. It was hard, very hard to persuade ourselves that we could eat our fill, that it would not be taken from us before we ate our fill and our appetite was staisfied.

Satisfied? Would we, could we ever be satisfied, would we not want to go on eating forever.

It was truly a feast. Fish, such as the Potomac and the bay furnished, fresh and dainty, flesh and fowl, everything that could tempt even an epicure, what was it then to appetites whetted by months of repression and want. But we did get through, did get enough. Midnight had passed when we left the table, so after a bath, we went to bed and to sleep.

When I woke, the sunn was high and father was waiting for me. He had been out ahd had bought me an outfit from head to heels. I dressed at once, made abundle of my old soldier clothes, not without a feeling of sadness as if I were bidding goodbye for the last time to some friend, tried and true.

My father and I lingered in Baltimore until the evening and left for home. The Messicks and Embry with us. Moody having left about noon for his hime in Mississippi.

However, we, that is Moody and I both were assured by Mr. Embry that everything was fixed for the rleaase of Monroe, Morin and Howell and that they would be at liberty on a day named. Being satisfied that this statement was true, we agreed to go home. True to all promises, the boys were released promptly.

True manhood anywhere under any conditions should be honored and I here and now want to testify to this characteristic in the sergeant of whom I have heretofore spoken. While he did his duty as a soldier, he did not lose his sympathy as a man and with a gentleness and courtesy which were God given, he softened and ameliorated the harsh and grinding cruelty of our imprisenment at Fort Mc Henry. With fineness and fidelity he kept his watch but like a true gentlemen, he was as kind and obliging as he was loyal and true. The name of the grand specimen of God's handiwork was John W. M. Riley, his home Moorefield, Switzerland County, Indiana.

The last named facts I have learned since the war closed in fact, within the last few years.

I have heretofore mentioned that when we arrieved at Ft. McHenry, we were searched and everything of value (found) was taken from us. Among my belongings was a star and crescent of silver set in a circle of black. This went with the other things in to the hands of the provost marshal, when I was released the trinket was missing. I had a passage of words with the officer to no purpose. So I told my friend the Sergeant [illegible] if he could get it, he might have it. This was 1865.

In 1893 I received a letter from a stranger as I first thought asking, if I were the Hathaway, who was confined at Ft. McHenry in 1865. If so, he wanted to hear from me. I answered and he informed me of his identity with the Sergeant and gave his name as John M. W. Riley and informed me that he had the star and crescent, that he had forgotten it and the result was the return to me of the trinket, My daughter has seen these letters and is familiar with the facts and circumstances connected with the correspondence. The letters and the trinket are both hers. I need not tell her that I appreciate this act of chivalry and feel very kindly towards its author.

Just here, I want to give something of the history of hte little letter which brought such remarkable results. It was mailed in Baltimore by the good Serbeant Riley. Swift and true it wnet on its mission of relief. Reached Dr. Adair promptly, he as promptly started for "Deer Park" after wiring Rev. Moody, Mr. Messick and Monroe's folks. How help was sent swiftly radiating from this poor soiled little fly leaf from the fragment of a Testament. My dar old father called in counsel friends in Mount Sterling, procured the services of James Embry of Richmond, Ky., who met him in Lexington. Hastened to Washington, meeting Mr Messick on the road.

Prompt and speedy as was their action, Moody had beaten them by 24 hours, but he had only to go in answer to the telegram.. Embry had been suggested as a proper man, because his mother was a Howard and an old friend of my father. Embry's father was an intimate friend of Senator Fowler of Tenn., who was a Confederate friend of the then President Andrew Johnson.

They arrieved in Washington on the day before Mrs. Surratt was hung. The city was made with excitement, every body was

damning the rebels, that is, all the extremists were. The President was drunk and the devil was to pay generally.

Imagine an old fashioned country farmer who had seldom left the border of his state, whose life had been one of plenty and ease. Quiet and free from excitement, in all of this hullaba-loo. We wonder that he did not lose his head. But he didn't and Embry said, he was the collest and the most determined of them all. He was always brave as courage itself, gentle as a woman, and his great love made him heroic and aggressive.

He took no time to rest, but drove them all to the lone object of his visit, our release. Senator Fowler said, it was best for Father to see Johnson and present his case. This he did as soon as the accidental president could be seen.

With all his faults, Andrew Johnson never forgot his position of his antecedents. He was one of the people and always was of access by the masses. After Father had told his story, Johnson said, "What is your son doing in Fort McHenry"? My Father said "I do not know, that is what I have been trying to learn and I have come to you for help." Johnson-" Are there any charges against him?" "At the War Department". Father! "I can hear of none". Johnson to a secretary "Wrtie to Stanton, Ask him if there is a charge against this old man's son, if not order him released". To Father - "Take this to the Secretary of War". This was done and Stanton with an oath said "i am attent to this office " and dismissed my old father without further ceremony.

By this time the old man's blood was up and he was ready to face and if necessary to fight "the world, the flesh and the devil" to say nothing of a drunken president or a brute of a war secretary.

After this rebuff, Father said to Stanton "I will see the president again", he immediately returnad to the Executive office and without waiting to be addressed, he told Johnson what had occurred with Stantpn.

Johnson turning with blazing eyes to q secretary said as if in soliloquy, "By God, I will soon learn who is President" and then to the clerk "Write to Stanton, order him to see at once if there are charges against young Hathaway or any of the others of these fellows (naming them). If not they shall be released at once and he is directed to prepare the proper order". This he signed in person and it was handed to my father and with is he returned to Stanton.

Towering in his rage, he had the examination made, no charges were found and the order for the release of myself, Messick (on parole was made out and delivered to the parties, very soon, they lost no time in moving down to Ft. McHenry and we were released as I have said before.

/So this last episode of the war and its times fade into the past and now as I write August 12, 1897, I am an old man of 63 years, seated in my office and as I think and sit, memory drifts back to the stirring scenes of that long gone day.

I learned that Capt, Moody went th his home in Mississippi, that some time afterward, he was shot dead thpough a window while sitting in his office. He lift a wife and one child, both of whom soon followed him to the grave. Jeff Howell was drowned some years ago on the coast of California while on duty as a U.S. Marine, Messick is in Louisiana, married and doing well, I hear. Monroe married and is nowliving in New Orleans. NOTE: I learned a few years ago that Morin returned to his home in Louisiana, lived several years on his plantation, died, leaving a son, July 1908.

The Sergeant I suppose is still in Indiana. His letters I will leave with this paper, and now a little incident recalled right here. While in Richmond, Virginia in 1896 attending the Annual Reunion of the W. C. V. I was at the house of Mr. A. T. Harris, whose wife is Julia born Hathaway, daughter of Uncle Allen Hathaway, late of Owensboro, Kentucky.

Among the callers was Col. Embry of Washington, D. C., in the course of conversation, we learned mutually that we were both Kentuckians. It dawned on me that he was the James Embry, who was with my father 31 years before at Fort McHenry. I naturally felt kindly towards him and mildly suggested the identity and pleasantly alluded to our meeting there.

He was pleased to forget the entire story and ignore his connection with it, then I was not a little put out and had we not been in the presence of Ladies, I think, I might have been a little rough and used some robust language. This from him, too, when my father paid him severalhindred dollars for his services and the expenses of the trip. He was also paid by Mrs. Messick and the Monroes. I said nothing more to him, of course, but when he was leaving, he kindly remembered that he did my father some alight favor about that time in connection with it. We were still with the ladies and I could not do justice to the situation. My inning my come yet, then I may get even.

Again as I sit in my quiet office, off goes my memory and I get home after three years absence. Delighted? Yes, but after the first transport was over, I saw and felt the changes. I had left my father a stalwart, hale and well preserved man of 60 years. I found him, it is true only 64, but his form was bent and his hair was whitened.

I had a splendid young athlete 20 years old for a brother. His laugh was music and his greeting was always as welcome as sunshine and as bright. He was dead. A victim of prison cruelty.

My sisters, I had kissed goodbye as children, they were both young ladies. Then the goodly estate, which hadcompassed us round and kept us in kickness and in health from childHood, was much shrunken, in fact almost gone. Security debt had sapped its strength and it was but a remanant of what it had been. Then too, the negroes. The poor deluded victims of a hope and an anbition, never to be realized were gone, except tow. faithful to the end. These two stood at their posts, out of about 25, these two only were left, Martha and Perry. I wish I coudd write their names in Letters of light and beauty.

My playmates in childhood, my companions, my faithful if humble friends, loyal and true as a dog or a child and like a child as easily led astray. They were all gone. Some of them died very soon froom exposure and disease.

Several of them drifted back from time to time to ask help and other favors. They are scattered, I do not know where, but my heart goes out to them, where ever they may be and may God in his infinite power "temper the rude winds of life to these poor shorn lambs".

On somebody falls the burden of tearing these helpless, trusting innocents from the homes that sheltered them; from the only homes they had ever known. old age. From masters and mistresses who had reared and trained them, who were the only friends they had. Setting their feet in strange paths andmaking their beds is alien places.

Fanatics and fanaticism made it possible. Politics and politicians made it practicable. I do not intend to indulge in moralizaig or to discuss the question of slavery, but I will here put myself on record in protest against the work of fanatics and

fanaticism, whether it be in robbing a section of millions of value, in the name of freedon or of prescribing a man's meat and drink in the name of religion or morality.

I owe it to myself and to gratitude and affection to give to Perry a place in this personal narrative. Fidelity, truth, loyality or courage appeal to all that is best in our nature. But when these attributes unite in the same character, tt is sublime. No matter though the possessor be a negro and a slave. True manhood honors him and every sentiment of affection and gratitude goes our to him. Such a Man was Perry, who held to his old master to the end. Freedon with tts illusory promises backoned him, appeals were made to him in every form. Offers of place and preferment sought him. To them all, he made one answer "I intend to stay with my master". He was visited by Yankee officers who ordered him to go with them, he refused.

One of them attempted to force him and Perry raised his hoe add said "I'll split yo head wide open of yo don le me be". The officer then tried persuasion. Perry answered "sy I can't go, I got to work dis corn and te' to everything:. Officer: "Let the damned old rebel work his own corn". Perry -"My mas hoe corn, my he never did hoe corn". So they left him.

He was drafted, or at least they said he was. Sent a squad of soldiers after him, took him away, but not till father said to him that r3sistance was useless. Promising to have him released as soon as possible. The poor, faithful loving hero left his home.

The home where he had been born and raised. The home of his love and his hopes, left at the point of bayonets, crying like his dear heart would nreak. The last words, my father heard were "Good by, Old Mas' come and get me, cause I ain't goin to stay" and the last

thing the Master saw through his own tears was a soldier punching the poor fellow with his bayonet.

And he did not stay. In a fee days, my father was in Mt. Sterling and learned that Peryy had left his camp, in plain English he had deserted. Soldiers searched for him all over the country, but he was not found.

Promptly measures were taken to have h m released and with a liberal use of money as I learned, the matter was arranged and he was no longer a soldier. Whether these is any record of it, I do not know. It might have been effected by merely substituting another in his stead under his name.

It came out afterward that when fe left camp, he came directly home and he was concealed in a big closet in the old home for weeks. His sister, the ever faithful Martha was ostensibly the only one who knew of his whereabouts. There was no one about the house except my father.

Did he know of the hiding place of his faithful slave and loyal friend? I never asked him and he never told me. But, had he known neither the rack nor the fire would have coerced him to reveal it. The neighbors of all shades of politics, even the most radical were in sympathy with both master and servant.

Models, both of a class, the idel master and the ideal slave in real life. Friends, comrades and supporters. Both true and loyal to death, and all said, how beautiful was the association, how tender and touching the relation. Neither was give to much speech and neither ever exploited himself for what he had done for the other.

But they were much together and never happier than when duty called them to united action. It is needless to say that Perry wanted for nothing which his master had or could procure. He was faithful to the end, and in my father's last illness,which lasted about ten days; day and night Perry was at his bedside and seemed jealous of the attention and care of anyone outside of the family.

Heartbroken when death came, he had his place with his people in the long train which followed the remains of the good old master to the grave. Perry did not long survive his old frend very long. He seemed to break down suddenly and was taken off with quick consumption.

My father had told me to see that the faithful fellow should want for nothing. I made this my care and tried to do for him what I thought his master would have done. I answered freely and promptly all of his calls and had him decently buried. Peace to his ashes and in that better world, I believe that these old friends will meet again.

How i came home, met, wooed and married the dear mother of a dear daughter, how we walked together for morethan 27 years as husband wife truly, how she died and left our home so dark are all in my daughter's memory.

But what that daughter has been to me, what she was to her sainted mother she can not know for mere words cannot tell the story. She has been from infancy, the light of our lives, the sunshine and summer brightness of our home. To her Mother, whe was dutiful, loving, considerate and tender always and to her father she was and is more. Baby, playmate, comrade, friend and counseler by turns and in proper sequence. She had been a joy, constant and increasing. She has never given father or mother a heartache, except when she was sick.

This tribute is due to her and stands in the almost verbatim language of her sainted mother. It is a voice from the spirit land and is worth the

wealth of the world's, without my poor indorsemeah.

This it has in full and perfect measure. However, I am proud and happy to say so.

How like a fascination this subject. How we battered hulks, do delight to said under the gay and gluttering canvass of young manhood's dreams.

How the old man will play truant with the present and wander back to the days of his buoyant hopes and his stalwart strength, to the time when the boy blunders into manhood. When ambition awoke andwhen "love's young dream" wove its beautiful woof among the warp of life's duties and its hopes.

When war was over, and the worn and weary soldier with what of force ahd vame which the contact with danger and suffering brought to him, came home to family and griends, when the heart was warm and the pulse beat high, when the sweetheart was found and the courting began. To this time and these scenes will go the memory and thewe will gondly linger.

Written by Leland Hathaway of "Deer Park", Montgomery County, Kentucky.

The original 9 volems of writing (on tablets) are owned byMrs Alic Apperson Young of Mount Sterling, A niece.

Copied by Mrs. John M. Prewitt, Mount Sterling, Kentucky. 1957.

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