THE WILD RIDERS

OF THE

FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

A HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT,

IN THE GREAT WAR OF THE REBELLION

1861-1865,

TELLING OF ITS ORIGIN AND ORGANIZATION; A DESCRIPTION OF THE MATERIAL OF WHICH IT WAS COMPOSED; ITS RAPID AND SEVERE MARCHES, HARD SERVICE, AND FIERCE CONFLICTS ON MANY A BLOODY FIELD.

PATHETIC SCENES, AMUSING INCIDENTS, AND THRILLING EPISODES.

A REGIMENTAL ROSTER.

PRISON LIFE, ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES.

BY

SERGEANT E. TARRANT,

A HEADQUARTER CLERK.

PUBLISHED BY

A COMMITTEE OF THE REGIMENT.

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PREFACE.

As age stealthily creeps upon the soldier, he becomes garrulous, and delights in taking his grandchildren upon his knees, and telling them how he fought and suffered for his country in his younger days. To revivify the memories of those who participated in the thrilling scenes described in this work, and to hand down their gallant deeds to posterity, are some of the objects of the following narrative.

During the war, the Rev. W. H. Honnell, the chaplain of the regiment, wrote many articles of our marches and fights, and had them published, principally in the Louisville Journal. It was generally understood that, at the close of the war, he would have this material arranged in book form and publish a history of the regiment. Soon after the war closed, however, he left the State, and became lost to those still remaining in the localities where the regiment was raised, and the idea of having a history written, was, for the time, dropped.

A few words in regard to how I became connected with this work. In 1891, there was considerable talk among some of the members of having a reunion of the First Kentucky Cavalry at some suitable point. While in Hustonville, Ky., I happened to tell

Dr. Hawkins Brown the desire for a reunion of the members, and inquired if he was willing to contribute to the expenses. He replied in the affirmative, but said that he would contribute far more liberally to have a history of the regiment gotten up and published in book form. On my return to Liberty, Ky., I repeated my conversation with Dr. Brown to Col. Adams and some others, but the subject was dropped for some months. Sometime afterward, a number of the members chanced to be together in Liberty, among whom were Col. Silas Adams, Sergeant W. T. Humphrey, John A. Lawhorn, John W. Wilkinson, J. O. Staton and some others, and a kind of impulse came upon them all that a history of the regiment must, by all means, be published, and they applied to me to write and compile the work. In vain I pleaded the want of a plethoric pocket book, and that an abler and more brilliant pen should undertake the difficult task of tracing the regiment in all of its meanderings, and detailing its many unique exploits, in three and a half years' hard service in the war. They insisted that I was the proper one; that I had more to do with the records in war times than any other in the command, and that I should be backed in personal expenses, and the publication of the book.

A meeting of the regiment was called, through the neighboring newspapers, and a good number met in the courthouse, at Liberty, in December, 1891. Col. Adams addressed the assembly and explained the object of the meeting, and on motion, Sergeant W. T. Humphrey, Sergeant R. T. Pierce, and Dr. I. C. Dye were appointed a Committee on the History, and W. T. Humphrey was appointed Financial Secretary. At a later meeting, Dr. H. Brown was present and presided, and contributed liberally to defray expenses; others also subscribed to the fund.

I was formally selected and commenced my work. I traveled over about five counties, and procured several valuable war diaries, took notes and collected some other material. In June, through the Financial Secretary, W. T. Humphrey, I received from the War Department, eighteen large volumes of the Official Records of the

Rebellion, and I worked no longer in the dark. The reader has the result of my researches and labor.

I do not claim that my work is free from errors. They are found more or less in all histories. If I had at least a year's longer time in reviewing and correcting both the composition and material, there might have been less of them; but there has been somewhat an impatient demand for my book to appear, and I have responded. I do not offer it as a work of standard literature; therefore I have labored but little to avoid the poisoned arrows of the critic. My chief object has been to tell about the First Kentucky Cavalry—what they did, and how; giving as high coloring as allowable to their virtues, and charitably smoothing over as much as possible their short comings, so that I did not interfere with the truth of history.

I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness and tender my thanks to the following persons for aid in the way of information, diaries, sketches, notes, incidents and other ways: Mrs. Nancy Sims, Cornishville, Ky.; Mrs. Louisa Jackman, Harrodsburgh; General W. J. Landram, Lancaster; Chaplain W. H. Honnell, Bellefonte, Kansas; Captain J. Brent Fishback, Winfield, Kansas; Maj. Geo. W. Drye, Powar's Store; Captain Sam. M. Boone, Somerset; Captain John Smith, Louisville; Captain N. D. Burrus, Baldwin; Captain Phil. Roberts, Madison County; Captain Boston Dillion, Lancaster; Captain F. W. Dillion, Crab Orchard; Captain Irvine Burton, Marion, Kansas; also to Lieutenant J. E. Chilton, Louisville; Lieutenant Thos. J. Graves, Mackville; Lieutenant Vincent Peyton, Ellisburg; Lieutenant Warren Lamme, Hustonville; Lieutenant Abraham Grubb, Oakland City, Ind.; to Captain J. E. Huffman, Hustonville, (for Lieut. R. E. Huffman's letter on Stoneman Raid); Dr. H. Brown, Hustonville; Lieutenant Granville Vaught, Indiana; J. F. Early, Wilbur, Neb.; E. Dresser, Kansas. Also to the following privates and non-commissioned officers: John A. Gillespie, Jenkinsville; Cornelius Vanoy, Stanford; H. C. Gillespie, Mackville; J. E. King, Humphrey; A. J. Rigney, Mayfield; A. C.

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EASTHAM TARRANT.

LIBERTY, KY.

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COL. SILAS ADAMS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY — KENTUCKY — EARLY SETTLEMENT — BRIBES AND TEMPTATIONS—POLITICS—TRANSITIONS—ATTITUDE IN REGARD TO THE UNION—PACIFICATION—SLAVERY—GREAT MEN'S VIEWS—ELECTION OF 1860—THE IMPENDING STORM —POSITION AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR—ORIGIN OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY REGIMENT.

Before commencing a history of the First Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, a brief account of Kentucky's politics and its attitude in regard to the Union will be given from its first settlement to the beginning of the War of Secession. During that time its politics went through several transitions. Its first permanent settlement began at the time of the colonial conflicts with the mother country. The pioneers had to contend with wily and hostile savages. Their loved ones were at their mercy. Appeals for aid were a long time fruitless. Virginia and her sister colonies had at the time all they could do to defend themselves and prosecute the war for independence. To add to the perplexities and difficulties of the pioneer settler's situation, there were several conflicting claims to the Territory, but Virginia established the most weighty, if not the best claim.

Left alone in their almost helpless condition to take care of themselves, it is not strange that some of Kentucky's leading citizens should listen to the voice of the foreign intriguer. Magnificent bribes were held out—the free navigation of the Mississippi river, and beneficial alliances with western territories then belonging to foreign powers. These tempting offers were calculated to make the most patriotic waver in their allegiance. These hardy pioneers, too, were separated from the other colonies by hundreds of miles of trackless wilderness. After the new Federal Government was

formed it was too weak for some time to give material aid. Every attempt for some years to gain admission as a State was repulsed. Even with all these drawbacks, Kentucky at last emerged unsullied. Attachment to the kindred race, invincible affection for the legal government, and the voice of patriotism prevailed. She became a bright star in the new republic.

On the adoption of the Federal Constitution many alarmists doubted the stability of the government; many opposed those provisions of that instrument which made it the supreme law of the land, fearing if put into practical operation it would have monarchial tendencies.

Kentucky soon after becoming a State, like other opponents of the Federal Constitution, became frightened at the Alien and Sedition Laws passed under John Adams' administration, and, through John Breckinridge, representative from Fayette county, presented to the State legislature the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which were almost unanimously adopted. These resolutions advocated the most extreme nullification doctrine. Some seven other State legislatures vehemently repudiated them. Little did the advocates of these measures dream of the bitter fruits they would bear sixty-three years afterward.

But in a few years it will be seen there was a change in Kentucky's politics. The second war with England was brought about and successfully terminated for the United States. The doubting Thomases had a little more confidence in the strength of our national Union. Our great Republic grew in wealth and population in spite of the croakers. In the course of time a new disturbing element made its appearance in our national politics.

The discovery and settlement of America was at the dawn of a new era in the Old World. Learning had revived; the Reformation soon commenced, but one relic of those past ages was handed down to us and fastened upon our colonies, which was destined in after years to shake our Union to its very foundation—that of slavery.

Slavery had existed in all ages, and among almost all countries, in various forms and degrees; but the slaves of former times were chiefly war captives. The slavery fastened

on our colonies was of the most objectionable kind—that of commerce or traffic. It might have died in an incipient stage, but in the first year of William and Mary's reign, an act was passed making the slave trade free and open to all subjects of the English crown. Though hunting and stealing human beings for traffic had already been practiced to some extent in Africa, yet this nefarious practice was much aggravated by the new demand of European and American colonies caused by this act.

Slavery soon vanished in the Northern States. It is not the Author's purpose to tell why it vanished; it may have been that climate had something to do with it; it may have been that slavery was unprofitable in the North; it may have been that the peculiar habits and disposition of the people of the North, inherited from their Puritan ancestors, was potent in extinguishing it.

But slavery flourished and grew in the warm and genial land of the South. It may have been the inherited and cultivated habits of the cavalier, or the invention of the cotton gin, which caused that staple to be enthroned so many years as king, which made her people adhere so tenaciously to this exotic production. But the most eminent fathers of our Union were opposed to slavery in principle. Washington, Hamilton, Franklin and John Adams, on the Federal side, and Patrick Henry and James Madison, on the Republican or Democratic side, all repudiated the principles of slavery; and Thomas Jefferson was the most opposed to slavery of all. Washington, in his will, provided for the emancipation of his 500 slaves, and said to Jefferson that it was among his "first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery would be abolished by law."

According to the best authority accessible at this time when the Constitution was formed at Philadelphia, in 1787, most of the members of the convention were opposed to it, and it would have been expunged from the land, if Georgia and South Carolina had not insisted on its recognition as a condition of their joining the Union. In order to avoid perpetuating it in the organic law, the words "slave" and "slavery" were excluded from it.

Later on, the greatest statesmen in our country, with the

possible exception of John C. Calhoun, were opposed to the institution sentimentally: Clay, Webster, all were opposd to it. Lawrence, of South Carolina, though a large slaveholder, believed it an element of weakness in his own State. Many of the leading men in later years were pro-slavery for the sake of the Union, and some for party strength.

But to return to Kentucky. As Kentucky grew in wealth, population and intelligence, under the leadership of her great Henry Clay, she changed from State sovereignty nullification proclivities to a Union-loving, law-abiding member of the Union. The slavery question never made a serious disturbance in our national councils until the admission of Missouri in 1820. The whole country was then agitated, a dissolution of the Union threatened, and serious consequences might have ensued, if the State, through her favorite son, Mr. Clay, had not assumed the role of a pacificator, and effected a compromise, which averted the danger. Again, when trouble came up over the Tariff Bill of 1832, Mr. Clay warded off the danger by a compromise satisfactory to both parties. Upon the admission of California in 1850, a dissolution of the Union seemed imminent, but the Omnibus Bill of the great Commoner poured oil upon the troubled waters and the Union was saved for the time.

The people of Kentucky indorsed Mr. Clay in all of his Union measures, as shown by their votes for him, and those of his own household of faith, whenever they had a chance at the polls.

As a sample of the Union sentiments of Kentucky's patriotic son, the Author makes the following brief extracts: "Kentucky views disunion, itself, as one of the greatest of evils, and a remedy for nothing." On another occasion, in reply to John C. Calhoun: "I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole country—a subordinate one to my own State."

When the somber cloud appeared in the political atmosphere after the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860, the great mass of the people of Kentucky were sad, and stood aghast at the impending storm. It was not on account of timidity, or want of courage, as charged by the extremists of both sections. The descendants of the Shelbys, Boones, Estills, Logans, and others of the kind, still peopled the land, and the

blood of their ancestors still coursed in their veins. The record of Kentucky's troops at Frenchtown, the river Raisin, Tippecanoe and Thames in the Northwest, and at New Orleans in the South, in the War of 1812, and still later, on the bloody fields of Mexico, disproved the charge.

The principal cause why the people of Kentucky hesitated, they did not wish to imbrue their hands in fraternal blood. Many Kentuckians had peopled the younger Northwestern States, and the people generally had intimate social and commercial relations with the South. Encumbered with the same institutions as the cotton States, the people were convinced that if the secession, or disunion prevailed, that no matter which side the State took, slavery was practically destroyed within its boundaries.

When the threatening clouds hovered over the land, though the State government was principally in the hands of the Southern sympathizers, yet the great mass of the people stood, as they had stood, for the past forty years, for the Union, for pacification, and for compromise.

It will not be denied that there were several different phases of Unionism. There were many, no doubt, who espoused the Union cause for the better protection of their slave property. Policy has much influence with the best of men. There were others who were for the Union, provided that all institutions remained intact. But the great mass of Union-loving people were for the preservation of the Union paramount to all other questions, and willing to let the slavery problem solve itself. The Author is happy to state that many slave owners belonged to the last-named class; and on the other side, he was acquainted with many of the most violent Secessionists, whose families, as Pasron Brownlow once remarked, "never owned as much as a nigger's toe nail."

The Union strength of Kentucky was shown in the presidential election in 1860, which gave the candidates representing loyal sentiments 40,000 more votes than were given to her talented son, John C. Breckenridge, who, in all probability, would have carried the State by a large majority, if it had not been that he represented the Secession wing of the Democratic party. Again, at a special election for members of

Congress, in obedience to the call of the President for an extra session, July 1, 1861, when not a single United States soldier trod the State's soil, the vote stood 92,365 for the Union, and 36,995 for Secession. It would be too tedious to analyze all the votes taken in those days on the subject. Enough is given to show that in taking up arms to defend the general government, the Union men of Kentucky neither violated national sovereignty, nor the Secessionists favorite dogma, State Sovereignty.

The Kentucky legislature assembled January 17, 1861, and adjourned, May 24th. The Senate resolved,

"That Kentucky will not sever connection with the National Government nor take up arms for either belligerent party; but arm herself for the preservation of peace within her borders; and tender their services as moderators to effect a just and honorable peace."

The above resolution passed the Senate, but it was not stern enough loyalty to suit the House of Representatives: it failed in that body.

For the Neutrality Doctrine, which was earnestly insisted on by Governor Magoffin after the State failed to secede, and partially adopted by the legislature, Kentucky was severely censured, and sometimes vilified by extremists of both sections. Mr. Horace Greeley, in his history, though generally moderate and fair in most things, criticised without mercy the vacillating policy, as he termed it, of the State. But Mr. Greeley himself was, for a while, in favor of letting the erring Southern brethren go. The greatest minds in the country were astounded at the magnitude of the threatened convulsion, and were puzzled to know the best policy to adopt to to save our great Republic. It is not the purpose of the Author to defend the neutral position of the State, which was for a time partially attempted to be adhered to by the State, and somewhat advocated by the conservative men of both parties.

Education in its broad sense has much to do with man's conscience and beliefs. The patriotic conservative men of the North, while willing to let slavery alone for the sake of union and harmony, were educated to believe slavery was wrong, and had prejudices against it; but Kentucky being a

slave state, its people were educated to believe slavery a divine institution; yet standing on the middle ground between extremists of both sections, they were also educated by its greatest Statesmen in a love for the Union, and for pacification; therefore, they thought it best to stay the angry tide for a while, to pause, and try the usual antidote of compromise.

Historians of both sides have, to some extent, erroneously construed the intentions of the neutral position of the State. Some may have understood it to have been intended as permanent, but the true Union men who advocated neutrality understood it to be only for a temporary purpose. It was to stop hostilities until all means had failed to effect a compromise. If nothing could ward off the fratricidal strife, then they deemed it a duty to array themselves on the side of the National Government and fight for the Union our forefathers had formed. All men of sagacity knew that neutrality could not be maintained amid the fierce conflict of arms. But all efforts and measures for conciliation failed; and the true, loyal men of the State were eager to offer their bodies as living sacrifices to that Union which they so much loved. The spirit which animated this class may be better voiced by the speech of General Lovell H. Rousseau in the Kentucky Senate, May 22, 1861.

"When Kentucky goes down, it will be in blood. Let that be understood. She will not go down as other States have gone. Let the responsibility rest on you where it belongs. It is all your work, and whatever happens will be your work. We have more right to defend our government than you have to overturn it. Many of us are sworn to support it. Let our good Union men at the South stand their ground. I know that many patriotic hearts in the seceded States still beat warmly for the old Union—the old flag. The time will come when we all will be together again. The politicians are having their day; the people will yet have theirs. I have an abiding confidence in the right, and I know this Secession movement is all wrong. There is, in fact, not a single substantial reason for it. If there is, I should be glad to hear it. Our government has never oppressed us as much as a feather's weight. The direst oppression alone could justify what has brought all our present suffering upon us. May God, in his mercy, save our glorious Republic."

It is claimed by Confederate historians—and this is one of their excuses for their army invading Kentucky—that the government violated Kentucky's neutrality by empowering General Wm. Nelson to recruit and organize troops at Camp Dick Robinson. This class of writers always conceals the fact, that, before any Union troops were organized on Kentucky soil, General Felix K. Zollicoffer, of the Confederate army, had already seized Cumberland Cap immediately on the State line, and held it with a formidable force, as a menace to the State. The days of neutrality had passed, its objects had failed, and the conflict had begun. The people of the State had in decisive tones given their voices to remain in the Union. The life of the government was at stake. The organic law of the United States, which all colonies and after territories had to agree to before becoming members of the Union, made that instrument the supreme law of the land. The President had been put in office by the legal votes of the people. A great rebellion had sprung up, and it was the duty of every loyal citizen to assist in defending the life of his government. It was this cause which inspired the recruiting and organizing of the four Kentucky regiments, one battery, and two loyal East Tennessee regiments at Camp Dick Robinson, in Garrard county.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY, BETTER KNOWN UNTIL THE CLOSING YEARS OF THE WAR AS WOLFORD'S CAVALRY—THE THIRD, FOURTH AND SEVENTH INFANTRY, AND HEWITT'S BATTERY—GEN. WILLIAM NELSON—W. J. LANDRAM, FRANK WOLFORD, CAPT. S. S. FRY, JUDGE BRAMLETTE, HON. T. T. GARRARD AND OTHERS—ENLISTMENT AND ORGANIZATION OF COMPANIES A, B AND C—RENDEZVOUS TO MARCH TO CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

War being inevitable, and hostilities already having commenced, the loyal men of Kentucky were eager to show their devotion to the cause which they espoused. Lieut. William Nelson, of the Navy, himself a Kentuckian, had been com-

missioned as Brigadier General, and had been given authority to organize troops for the national defense in Kentucky. He arrived at Lancaster, in Garrard county, July 15, 1861. He immediately made the following appointments: Wm. J. Landram, Colonel, and Frank Wolford, Lieut. Colonel of the ——Cavalry Regiment; Judge Thomas E. Bramlette, Captain S. S. Fry, and the Hon. T. T. Garrard, Colonels of Infantry regiments. All of these officers, except Judge Bramlette, had served in the Mexican War, and were selected on account of their military experience, as well as their known adherence to the cause of the Union. Commissions similar to the following were issued by Gen. Nelson to the officers named:

To Wm. J. Landram, of Lancaster, Ky.:

By virtue of authority vested in me by the War Department, you are hereby appointed to be Colonel of the regiment of Cavalry authorized for the Tennessee expedition. This appointment will continue in force until further notice.

W. Nelson.

Lancaster, Ky., July 15, 1861.

Lieut. Colonel Wolford was notified of his appointment, and the two jointly commenced the work of recruiting for the First Kentucky Cavalry—Wolford speaking in Casey and other counties near his residence, while Landram spoke in Garrard and adjoining counties. They jointly addressed the people at Buckeye, in Garrard county.

By order of Gen. Nelson, the troops were to go into camp at Camp Dick Robinson, on the first Tuesday after the election in August, 1861. This day was selected in order to give the enlisted soldiers an opportunity to cast their votes at the election.

The true Union men of Kentucky, composing the regiments soon to be organized at Camp Dick Robinson, did not wait to see whether coercion would be popular or unpopular, either North or South, East or West, but responded to the first call of their country, only waiting an opportunity to enroll their names in the grand army which was destined to crush the most gigantic rebellion known in modern times.

Only two days after receiving his appointment, Col. Wol-

ford, accompanied by Mr. Geo. W. Sweeney, went to Mt. Olive, in the eastern part of Casey county, and addressed a large number of citizens. This was July 17, 1861. Several men enlisted on that day, and their names were enrolled by Mr. Sweeney. This meeting may be considered the first starting of the regiment. Several other meetings took place in the Southeastern part of the county and in the Green River Valley, and the assemblages were addressed by Col. Frank Wolford, his younger brother, F. M. Wolford, and Silas Adams, a young law student of Fishing Creek. On July 27th, a meeting was held at Liberty, when the company was completed and organized by electing Geo. W. Sweeney, Captain; Silas Adams, 1st Lieutenant; and F. M. Wolford, 2d Lieutenant. Jarrard W. Jenkins was elected 3d Lieutenant, but on arriving at Camp, it being found that only two Lieutenants were allowed to a Company under revised rules of organization of the army, Mr. Jenkins received a recruiting commission, and afterward became Captain of Company F. The non-commissioned officers were appointed. This Company was designated A.

About July 18th, William Rains, a Mexican war veteran, and Geo. W. Drye, a youth seventeen years of age, commenced enlisting a Company on the Rolling Fork Creek, in the western part of Casey county, and its rolls were completed on the same day as Company A, July 27th, and organized by its officers being appointed. Wm. Rains was made Captain; Geo. W. Drye, 1st Lieutenant; and Stephen H. Coppage, 2d Lieutenant. The report of the Company was received only a few hours later than that of A, and was given the name of B.

On the same day of the organization of Companies A and B, July 27, 1861, Judge Thomas E. Bramlette, then enlisting men for his own regiment, the Third Kentucky Infantry, delivered a patriotic address near the home of his youth in Albany, the county seat of Clinton county, which town is near the Tennessee line. A multitude of Clinton county loyalists were present, and also a number from across the State line, in Fentress and Overton counties, Tennessee. Many of these did not wish to enter the Infantry service, and enrolled as Cavalry. A full Company was completed on that day, and

organized by electing John A. Brents, Captain; John A. Morrison, 1st Lieutenant; and Jonathan P. Miller, 2d Lieutenant. The non-commissioned officers were also elected by the company.

It was made known that the members of the regiment were to furnish their own horses and horse equipments, and after organization the men were dismissed for about ten days to arrange their business affairs and furnish themselves with horses. Those unable to furnish themselves, their Captains endorsed their obligations with the permission to retain a certain portion of the men's pay until the obligations of each were liquidated.

The men of Company A, after casting their votes, rendezvoused principally at Liberty, late Monday evening, August 5th; those of Company B, at appropriate points on the Rolling Fork Creek. Company C being raised on the border of the new Confederacy where there was much bitter blood, for prudential reasons did not remain until the election, but arranged their affairs in a very few days, and having about one hundred miles to march, by easy stages reached Camp Dick Robinson nearly as soon as the other two companies. The other companies will be mentioned in another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

RECEPTION AT LIBERTY—THE MARCH TO CAMP DICK ROBINSON—GREETINGS ON THE ROUTE—ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION—FASTING—MURMURS—BETTER FARE—GUARD LINES—VANISHING DELUSIONS—ARRIVAL OF COMPANY C—MATERIAL OF THE REGIMENT—LANDRAM TURNS THE COMMAND OVER TO WOLFORD—TRANSITION FROM CITIZEN TO SOLDIER—THE FIRST ALARM—LUDICROUS STORIES—THE REV. W. H. HONNELL—THE DEDICATION SERMON—EXCITING INCIDENT OF THE HUMBLE BEES—THE FIRST KENTUCKY CHAPLAIN.

On our arrival at Liberty we were enthusiastically received and hospitably entertained by the citizens of that town. Our future Commander, Franklin L. Wolford, dropping all superfluous syllables and initials from his name, and after-

ward known as Col. Frank Wolford, at that time being a widower and living with his aged mother and unmarried sister, did more than his share in providing food and lodgings for the "soldier boys."

Early Friday morning, August 6, 1861, we mounted our war steeds, and with Colonel Wolford and Captain Sweeney in the lead, with "martial pomp," we took up our line of march for Camp Dick Robinson, some forty miles distant. At Middlesburg we were joined by a few of our company who lived in that section, and a large number of men, women and children gathered at the road side to see us pass, and to bid farewell to their sons, brothers, lovers and acquaintances who were "off for the wars."

On arriving at Hustonville, seventeen miles on the route traveled from the starting point, we were joined by Captain Rains with Company B, which swelled our numbers to an imposing body. At several points we were greeted by crowds of all ages, sexes, previous and subsequent conditions of society, out of mere curiosity, or to give us cheer upon our way. Before entering Danville, our officers after some trouble, got us into "column of fours" and we made a grand show to the people as we passed through that town.

It was about sundown when we reached Camp Dick Robinson, and the men and horses were weary and hungry. On approaching the place an official met us and piloted us inside the lines where we were halted, and a mountain howitzer boomed in honor of our accession to the loyal host gathering there. We then marched out of the inclosure, unsaddled our horses, deposited our saddles in out-houses, turned our horses loose in an adjoining pasture and re-entered the camp lines, where we found a few tents standing. The companies of Captain Augustine Dunn of the Third Kentucky Infantry, and Captain Wellington Harlan of the Fourth Kentucky, and, perhaps, a few men of other companies, were already in camp.

Both men and horses were not used to fasting and hard marching, and the government was either not looking for so many that evening, or was very neglectful in making provision for us. The Author was now amid the scenes of his school-boy days, and met with better fortune than most of

his comrades: for he met with a relative in Dun's company who gave him the remnants of his own supper, consisting of a small piece of "hoe-cake," corn bread, and the dregs of a pint cup of coffee, upon which he feasted like a king, and he soon met with another relative in Harlan's company, who offered him room in his tent for the night. Other members of our Cavalry companies met with like hospitality from the scanty means of the Infantry companies; but provisions and cooking utensils being limited, many went supperless and dinnerless to repose, their bed-room being the broad expanse, their cover, nature's canopy, and their couches the famed blue grass, with the roots of trees for their pillows. But there was no suffering from cold, the weather being very warm.

The next morning the romance of soldiering began to vanish. The only idea of the soldier's life to the unsophisticated had been gathered from glowing accounts of the fertile pens of historians, and the more exciting works of fiction in which are mingled grand parades of pomp and show, and the marching in measured steps to martial strains of music. But stern realities stared the enlisted man in the face.

Camp Dick Robinson is in the most fertile and beautiful part of Garrard county: in fact, in one of the most lovely spots in Kentucky. To our cavalrymen, accustomed to roam over their native mountains as free as the air they breathed, here in this lovely region, surrounded by such enchanting scenery, with such inviting temptations to wander around at will, being confronted with guard lines, and not allowed to pass out without written permits or verbal orders from their superiors in rank, it was irksome and galling in the highest degree.

Our rations did not improve much the next day, and some of the tender-footed began to murmur; but several of the leading, loyal, wealthy citizens of the vicinity, visiting the camp, explained that the influx of so many, so soon after the election, was unexpected, and urged the croakers to be patient and they should not suffer. The bake-shops of the neighboring little city of Danville were brought into

use, a Commissary Department was established, and the men soon had plenty.

Company C soon joined us. There is some dispute in regard to the day this Company entered camp; some claiming that it was on the same day as the entrance of A and B, and others that it was one or two days later.

These three companies being organized on the same day, and being the beginning of the regiment, it might be of interest to give a brief description of the material of which they were composed, which, with some slight modifications, would answer for the whole regiment. The mass of this material was composed of the best men of their respective sections. There were some lawyers and other professionals and tradesmen among them, but the farmers predominated. It is not claimed that there were not some rough or lawless men among them, but this class can be found more or less among all such bodies of men, and in fact but few communities are free from them. It will not be claimed that every officer or private was of the right material to make first-class heroes or soldiers. Even in the civil walks of life, in every avocation and vocation, there are many who mistake their calling and undertake to perform parts in the great drama of life for which they are in no way fitted. But we do claim that we had as good material as ever fought under the Stars and Stripes. There were many beardless youths, and a large majority were young men. Some were middle-aged, while there were a few whose "sands of life" had nearly run out. Of course these were soon discharged on account of disability. There were fathers and sons in the same company. Among the privates of Company C was Colonel Avery, a wealthy old man about eighty years of age. Nothing but devoted loyalty could have induced such men to leave their families and the comfort of home to peril their lives to save their country.

Colonel W. J. Landram appeared at Camp Dick Robinson on the 6th day of August, and while he retained command of the men for a few days, he ultimately made up his mind to relinquish the command and turn it over to Colonel Wolford, preferring to command an Infantry regiment. He accordingly notified Colonel Wolford of his intentions, and

Wolford insisted on Landram's retaining the command. Landram had respect for Wolford and the men of the regiment, but finally concluded to adhere to his original intention, and when General Nelson arrived, he notified him of his decision. That officer also urged the Colonel to hold on to the command in very strong terms; but after remaining at the camp for some time, acting as Adjutant-General, he located a camp at Harrodsburg, and recruited the Nineteenth Kentucky Infantry, which afterwards did much valuable service, and won high honors in the Southwest.

The transition from the life and habits of a citizen to that of a soldier, though it could not be accomplished in a day, yet was comparatively rapid. We soon learned to habituate ourselves to rough camp life. We had the usual experience of false alarms gotten up to train the nerve of the soldier. The first one of the kind happened only a night or two after entering the camp. The night was dark and still, and the men, except those on duty, were wrapt in deep slumbers. We were suddenly aroused with the startling announcement that the enemy were approaching, and near at hand. As we tremblingly fell into line, we could distinctly hear the horrid thunder of the shod hoofs of what we took to be thousands of horses. Home guard muskets were put into our hands, ammunition issued, and we were ordered to load our guns. Ludicrous tales were afterward current in camp about how some put the cartridges in their guns with bullet end downwards, others missed their guns entirely, while some had a superfluity of loads rammed down. Many showed strong symptoms of the "buck ague," and were much relieved when it was found that no enemy was near, but only our own horses running loose in the pasture had become rested, and having gotten in a gala way, were dashing over the pasture in a body, having their amusement at our expense.

Four days after reaching Camp Dick Robinson, Saturday, August 10, 1861, the camp was set apart to the cause of the government by appropriate exercises. The Rev. W. H. Honnell, a young Presbyterian minister, came over from near Harrodsburg to preach the dedication sermon. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, but came to Ohio in childhood, and was a graduate of Miami University, at Oxford, in 1853,

where he was college mate with President Harrison. The great name of Dr. R. J. Breckinridge, the uncle of Vice-President John C. Breckinridge, had lured him to Danville, Ky., to finish his theological studies, and he graduated there in 1856. He was the first graduate who offered to go as a foreign missionary from that Seminary, and on his way arrived at New York. There a strange Providence interfered, and he left his destination to the vote of the Mission Board. Their vote was "not to China, but to Kansas." Thrown into the exciting scenes of the border war, he helped make Kansas a free State, and had returned from the Indian Nation to a quiet Kentucky pastorate, when the soldiers began to gather at Camp Dick Robinson. He was there on their first entrance, and has the honor of defying the Governor's neutrality proclamation, and preaching the first sermon in a military camp on Kentucky soil.

The dedication sermon was the most thrilling and picturesque ever produced in the State. It has already passed into history. The vast crowds of newly enlisted soldiers and citizens sat under the spreading branches of the walnut trees on the fallen blue grass. The preacher had them summoned to the place by the bugle, now calling for the first time to worship; "not in disobedience to the powers that be," as he explained, "but a false interpretation of State, and not national authority."

When all became still, from a large good's box improvised into a pulpit, he gave out his hymn and offered prayer, dedicating the grounds, himself and congregation, and people of the great loyal State, to God and their country. After another hymn came the sermon—clear, fervent and impassioned. It was nearing the close, when some ladies were seen to be knocking with their fans here and there an humble bee to the ground just in front of the stand. A soldier would rise upon his knees, and after a few motions, would jump to his feet and rush away, slamming his hat around his ears, having a dozen bees about his shoulders. Another and another would follow in a like manner, but the preacher held on with his sermon, growing more fervent with every sentence. He slacks his gestures as the bees gather around his face, but continues till he raises his hands for the benediction. As the

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REV. W. H. HONNELL.

vast audience rises, the few short words are said, and the bees in immense numbers bounce the mischievous soldiers, and the crowd moves away. Wolford, who stood at the side of the box, with Bramlette and other officers, in much glee, seizes the preacher's arm, and nominates the first and only Chaplain of the First Kentucky Cavalry.

He rode with them in nearly all of their battles and adventurous marches till their muster-out, about the close of the war, in all three and a half years.

CHAPTER IV.

COMPANIES D, E, F, H, I, J, K AND L JOIN THE REGIMENT—BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FORMATION OF EACH COMPANY AND ITS COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—THE FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY REGIMENT ORGANIZED—FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS—SHORT SKETCHES OF COL. FRANK WOLFORD, LIEUT.-COL. JOHN W. LETCHER, MAJORS F. M. HELVETI, JOHN A. BRENTS AND WM. A. COFFEY, ADJUTANT GEO. W. DRYE, QUARTERMASTER SILAS ADAMS, DRS. BRADY AND RIFFE, AND CHAPLAIN HONNELL, NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF AND OTHERS.

The following companies came to camp in quick succession and joined the regiment:

From the counties of Marion and Casey, Company D. Men enlisted by George Coppage and Samuel M. Boone. Commissioned officers—George Coppage, Captain; Richard H. Vandyke, 1st Lieutenant; Samuel M. Boone, 2d Lieutenant.

From the county of Madison, Company E. Men enlisted by Boston Dillion and Dr. W. A. Coffey. Commissioned officers—Boston Dillion, Captain; Franklin W. Dillion, 1st Lieutenant; Wm. P. Ballard, 2d Lieutenant.

From the county of Casey, Company F. Men enlisted by Jarrard W. Jenkins and others. Commissioned officers—Jarrard W. Jenkins, Captain; Geo. C. Jenkins, 1st Lieutenant; Robert C. Blain, 2d Lieutenant.

From the county of Garrard, Company G. Men enlisted

by T. K. Hackley and Irvine Burton. Commissioned officers —Thornton K. Hackley, Captain; Irvine Burton, 1st Lieutenant; Henry S. Robson, 2d Lieutenant. [This company entered camp, August 24, 1861.]

Lieutenant Abraham Grubb gives the following history of the origin and make-up of Company H:

"Eighteen hundred and sixty-one found us in the Home Guards, on the border, in old Wayne county, Kentucky, and as our neighbor boys were going South into Tennessee, and joining the Rebel Cavalry that were drilling there, our little company of guards was reported and 'spotted.' We very soon got word of their intentions and movements, and we did not wish to be captured and hurried off to prison. We therefore decided to go where we could do the most good. We soon reached the north side of the Cumberland river, at Camp Owens, on our way to Camp Dick Robinson where Captain Alexander had enlisted about twenty men. We remained there about two weeks, during which time we were joined by a number of others. We procured horses and marched for Camp Dick Robinson, where we found James Mullins, with a few men for our company. James G. Dick soon came with more men. We united our forces and organized Company H, with F. N. Alexander as Captain; James G. Dick, 1st Lieutenant; William M. Haley, 2d Lieutenant, and W. L. Hicks 1st, or Orderly Sergeant. Hicks was from Cleveland, East Tennessee."

Captain John Smith gives the following account of the origin and organization of Company I: "Company I was organized with about fifty men, at Mackville, Washington county, Ky., in July, 1861. General S. S. Fry had been in the neighborhood some time before, making speeches and urging the loyal men to organize. He stopped at Dr. John A. Brady's house, and obtained the names of all the known Union men in the vicinity. James Mays, Dr. Brady, Alexander Thompson, myself and others, began to enlist the men, securing about fifty or sixty names. We held meetings daily for a short time to drill and consult where we would go. On the day of organization, while in line taking down the names of the men, we were fired into by the crowd on the outside, and two of the men—Geo. W. Gibbs and Nathaniel Lawson

—were wounded. Our first intention was to go to Camp Joe Holt, across the Ohio river, at Louisville, but before we were ready to march, Camp Dick Robinson was established, and we went there and joined the First Kentucky Cavalry regiment. After arriving in camp an election was held, resulting in the election of the following officers: John Smith, Captain; James Mays, 1st Lieutenant; Alexander Thompson, 2d Lieutenant."

There is no account of the date this company entered camp, but circumstances indicate that it was August 16, 1861.

Company I was made up in Cumberland county. No account has been given of its origin and organization. The Adjutant General's Report shows that the enlistments commenced July 25, 1861, but that the bulk of the company enrolled on the 20th day of August, 1861. Its exact date of entrance into camp is unknown. Its officere were Michael H. Owsley, Captain; Jesse M. Carter, 1st Lieutenant; A. T. Keen, 2d Lieutenant.

Captain Nelson D. Burrus, from Madison county, organized Company K early in September, 1861, and entered Camp Dick Robinson about September 12th, with thirty men. The rest of the company was enlisted in camp. The other commissioned officers were Jno. F. N. Hill, 1st Lieutenant, and Stephen Sallee, 2d Lieutenant.

Company L was enlisted and organized at Somerset, Pulaski county, Ky., and left that place on the 11th day of September, 1861, arriving at Camp Dick Robinson at 4 p. m., on the 13th. The most of its enlistments bear the same date the company started for camp, September 11th. This company's commissioned officers were W. N. Owens, Captain; Robert M. Griffin, 1st Lieutenant; Benj. H. Milton, 2d Lieutenant.

About the time the regiment was made up in full, September 12, 1861, Captain John A. Brents, of Company C, was promoted to Major, and Lieutenant John A. Morrison to Captain, 2d Lieutenant Jonathan P. Miller to 1st Lieutenant, and Sergeant Wm. Perkins to 2d Lieutenant of that company.

Although the regiment was not mustered in for one month and a half, yet it was now fully organized with field and staff

officers, acting in their respective positions, and it is deemed that this is the most appropriate place to give a brief sketch of those destined to figure in the regiment's future operations.

Col. Frank Wolford, of Liberty, Casey county, was forty-four years of age when he entered the service. He belonged to a very intellectual family, but poor in this world's goods, consequently his early life was one of struggle and toil. He acquired a good practical education at home, his only aid being the tutorship of his father, who happened to be a well qualified teacher for his day, and also a surveyor. In day time, as opportunities would offer, he would go to the "knobs" near by and gather "pine knots" for light, and after the younger noisy members of the family retired at night, was his principal time for study.

His first occupation was school teaching; but when very young he commenced the study of law under the guidance of Hiram Thomas, a learned but eccentric Pennsylvanian, who was a frequent visitor at his father's house then on the Rolling Fork creek, in the northwest part of the county.

When the country became involved in war with Mexico, a sister republic, a company was made up in Casey county, of which he was made Captain, but was not received in the service on account of the quota called for being already filled; but so eager was he to serve his country that he enlisted in Capt. Wm. B. Daugherty's company, of Lincoln county, which belonged to McKee's regiment. Being free from all dissipated habits, and of a moral turn of mind, he generally officiated in the burial service of any deceased soldier as Chaplain, as there was none of that office in the regiment. In the bloody battle of Buena Vista, he went through much danger in remaining behind to assist in bringing from the field the mortally wounded Col. Wm. R. McKee.

On his return from Mexico, in 1847, he was elected to represent Casey and Russell counties in the legislature, which position he filled with distinction.

In 1852, he married Miss Dever, of Rolling Fork Creek. Tradition is handed down that he carried all of the logs on his shoulder to build his first house.

Col. Wolford was a man of much genius, and originality,

and soon acquired fame and popularity in Central Kentucky as an orator, and in his palmy days, was considered a power before a jury. If he had met with the opportunities of a thorough classical training in youth, it is impossible to conjecture what he might have been, but there was so much marked individuality about the man, that it would have been difficult to have confined him to beaten paths. Careless in financial matters, though strictly honest, free-hearted and charitable, devotedly attached to his family and aged mother, a scorner of mean things, but few men had as many redeemable qualities.

Lieut.-Colonel John W. Letcher, of Lancaster, Ky., was a man of education and intellect, belonging to one of Kentucky's most distinguished families, being a nephew of Governor Robert P. Letcher, who so long and ably represented his constituents in the National House of Representatives. He, too, served in the Mexican War, being a member of Capt. Johnson Price's company of Humphrey Marshall's Cavalry regiment. He was well versed in the Cavalry drill, and being of a social disposition, he soon became very popular with the men.

Major Francis M. Helveti was an educated Prussian, and it was reported that he had served in three branches of the military service in Europe before emigrating to the United States. He was a genial gentleman and a good officer, but he never served much with the regiment. He was captured by the enemy in December, 1861, and was afterward exchanged, and put on detached service. He returned to the regiment in April, 1864.

Major John A. Brents, of Albany, Clinton county, Ky., was a popular and fine business lawyer, and though of quiet habits, slow of speech, and somewhat awkward in delivery, yet he was a man of good judgment, brave in action and strict in ruling his men. He was a fine writer, being more expert with his pen than with his tongue.

Major Wm. A. Coffey, though a native of Casey county, for a number of years previous to the war, was a resident of Madison county. He, too, had served in the Mexican War, and was a man of large commanding form, with brilliant talents, brave, and every way qualified to fill his position

with much distinction; but camp life seemed irksome and confining to him, and he was not with us as much as some of the other officers. He resigned in October, 1863.

Surgeon John A. Brady, of Washington county, was an educated and accomplished physician, and a thoroughly cultivated gentleman. He was a devoted Union man, and assisted in enlisting the Washington county company. He was very popular with the men of the regiment.

Assist. Surgeon, Dr. J. Christopher Riffe, of Hustonville, Ky., also a fine physician, belonged to a talented and influential family, his father and grandfather both being leading men in Casey county, and frequently representing their constituents in both branches of the State legislature. Dr. Riffe would have distinguished himself as a commanding officer, for he was as brave as a lion, and always ready to lead a desperate charge on the enemy.

Adjutant George W. Drye was very young when he entered the service, being only seventeen years of age. He, too, was a worthy representative of a noted family; his father, the Hon. Geo. Drye, being a wealthy farmer of strong Union sentiments, and one of the most influential men of Casey county.

Adjutant Drye also had the advantage of a fine education. Among other institutions he was for some time a student of Georgetown College. He, too, proved himself fitted for other spheres besides that of Adjutant, for he was soon promoted to the Captaincy of his company, and finally to Major in the regiment.

Regimental Quartermaster, Lieut. Silas Adams, was also very young when he entered the service, being only twenty-one years old. His father, Mr. James M. Adams, living on Fishing Creek, near the Pulaski county line, in Casey county, though a plain and unassuming farmer, was a man of deep thought, and having an intense thirst for reading, was well versed in all the current topics of the day. He used all means within his power to give his gifted son a good education. The Lieutenant, after attending Bacon College, at Harrodsburg, and the State Normal School, at Lexington, taught school for a few terms, but at the breaking out of the war, had commenced the study of law.

He was splendid on the forum, and even in his schoolboy days was considered a power in debate. But there was not enough excitement in the dry details of the Quartermaster's office to suit him; consequently, he never distinguished himself in that line. But he soon distinguished himself as a daring leader and commander; was promoted in due succession, and at the close of the regiment's service in front, commanded a gallant brigade of Cavalry.

The Author has given a sketch of the Rev. W. H. Honnell, Chaplain of the regiment, in another chapter and it will not be repeated here. But few regiments were blessed with such Chaplains as "Captain" Honnell, of the First Kentucky Cavalry. It seemed to be his special delight to be at the front in thickest of danger, attending to the wounded, and seeing that they were cared for in a proper manner. He was equally ready in offering himself as an example to inspire the men to brave and noble deeds.

It will not be out of place to state here that before the full organization of the regiment and appointment of Staff officers, Serg. Thomas Wheritt, Company G, a resident of Lancaster, Ky., acted as Regimental Quartermaster and Adjutant for several weeks, but was afterward discharged from the company by order of Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, and detailed in the Quartermaster's Department on that General's Staff.

The following non-commissioned officers were appointed on the regimental Staff: Serg. Major Feland Bland, of Hustonville, Ky.; Quartermaster Sergeant [several acted in this capacity]; Commissary Sergeant, Clinton Hocker, of Hustonville; Hospital Steward, Benj. Owens, of Clinton county.

There was no regimental Commissary of Subsistence appointed in the regiment until June 3, 1863, when Sergeant Elijah Cox, of Company B, was appointed to that position.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. WM. NELSON — CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENERAL—HIS TEMPER AND BUSINESS HABITS—ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS—INTRODUCED TO ACTIVE SERVICE—TRIP TO NICHOLASVILLE—EXPEDITION TO LEXINGTON — TERRIBLE EXCITEMENT—COOLNESS OF THE BOYS, AND GEN. NELSON'S APPROBATION—VISIT OF ANDREW JOHNSON AND GEN. ROBERT ANDERSON—LOYAL MATRONS AND MAIDS AROUND CAMP DICK ROBINSON—DRILLING OF THE MEN—THE MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY—UNJUST CRITICISM—MILITARY MARTINETS —SERVICE OF THE REGIMENT IN SAVING THE STATE.

It is now necessary to return to nearly the time when the first three companies entered camp. A few days afterward, about the —— of August, Gen. Wm. Nelson arrived and assumed command of everything around Camp Dick Robinson. With the exception of the Mexican War veterans, but few, if any, had ever seen a live army general before. Only a few of the older men had ever seen an old-fasion militia General. Most of the members of the regiment had read about them in romances and histories, and looked upon them as a superior order of beings. On the General's first appearance in camp, we all looked with pride and admiration upon his imposing manly form, and for one so large, rather handsome features. But some of our delusions soon vanished. We soon found him to be only a human being like ourselves, with like passions, a strongly marked temper, and what we considered very overbearing ways.

The General went to business immediately. The camp, tents, and everything were arranged in regulation style. The laws of health were strictly observed; the grounds were daily cleaned, and the refuse and waste matter hauled to the adjacent fields; the guns were at stated times inspected; and everybody had something to do. We soon found that soldiering was "harder work than farming."

The General was all through the camp during the day personally supervising every detail. His usual manner was

to saunter around apparently wrapped in deep musing, and if he discovered anything going wrong, his keen eye would quickly lighten up, arbitrary orders were given, and if the occasion required it, bountiful epithets were bestowed upon the offender, in the use of which none was more expert than Gen. Nelson. He seemed to take pains in impressing it on the minds of those around him that he was Gen. Nelson; that he was commander at Camp Dick Robinson, and that his orders had to be respected and obeyed. But there was a very redeemable trait about the General. The officers of all grades were his inferiors as well as the privates. If an officer needed "cussing," he got it the same as the humblest private.

To illustrate his usual habits, it may not be amiss to relate a few anecdotes which occurred soon after he took command of our raw enlisted men.

Captain Sweeney, on one occasion, entered the General's office on urgent business; the Captain himself had been in official business much of his life, and was one used to authority. Gen. Nelson happened to be very busy writing some official document. The Captain, who was a very Chesterfield in politeness, addressed him:

"General, I have come to see you on ——"

"Take a seat, Captain."

"But, General, I haven't the time; I ——."

"Sit down, sir."

"But, General, my business is too urgent; I ——"

"Captain Sweeney, —— —— you, I command you to sit down!"

After finishing his writing, and giving the Captain a lecture on the impropriety of interrupting him when busy, he attended to the desired business. It is needless to add that the Captain did not seek the General's company afterward only on important business.

His imperious manners awakened a strong feeling of resentment both among officers and men, but at that time, fearful of the conseqnences, neither dared to openly show their feelings.

It had been instilled into the minds of the men that when a guard was on duty he was supreme in his line, and subject to no one's orders but the officers of the guard; that

even the commanding general was under his orders. This afforded some of the men opportunities to "get even" with the General. One night he approached John E. Sharpe's post [Co. A], and in order to test whether the guard was doing his duty, tried to pass his beat. Sharpe halted him, and with presented gun, ordered the General to "mark time." In vain he claimed that he was the Commanding General, but the night was too dark for him to offer satisfactory proof of his identity. When the Corporal of the Guard appeared, and relieved him from the prescribed exercise, he demanded the guard's name, it was supposed in order to have him promoted; but Sharpe, supposing it was for the purpose of having him court-martialed and shot, gave him the fictitous name of John Quackenbackum. That name adhered to him as long as he remained in the regiment. He afterward became a Lieutenant and did splendid service in the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry.

On another occasion he stopped on a guard's beat, contrary to orders, until the guard approached in the attitude of "charge bayonets," and ordered him away. Leaving the guard, he went to the entrance of the camp and stood immediately in the passway. Lieutenant Vandyke, who at the time was Officer of the Guard, approached him with much dignity, and ordered him away. To see his men thus alert on duty did not seem to anger him the least, but as he turned away a smile of amusement was playing upon his manly features.

Soon after entering camp we were introduced to active service. A detachment of picked men, armed with flintlock "horse" pistols, a relic of by-gone days, was sent under Lieut.-Colonel John W. Letcher to Nicholasville, on the north side of the Kentucky river, some fifteen miles distant, to guard arms through to camp. After returning from this expedition, companies A, B and C were armed with the Army Sharpe rifles with saber bayonets, one of the most effective arms in the service, and specially adapted to the dragoon or heavy Cavalry service. The other companies were afterward armed with the musket, a very inefficient arm, and particularly inconvenient for Cavalry. The men were compelled to retain these for a long time, much to their displeasure. Clothing was issued to the men, but only one or two garments

at a time. We first drew pants and shirts, and two months after entering the service overcoats were issued to us. It was after four months' hard service before we drew full suits and were armed with the navy pistol.

Soon after our raw cavalrymen were armed with the Sharpe rifle, they were placed in a situation which would have been trying to the mettle of even veteran soldiers. It is necessary to be understood, that in addition to the First Kentucky Cavalry, five Infantry regiments and one battery were organized and equipped at Camp Dick Robinson. Some of these forces had been armed from the guns the Cavalry had guarded through from Nicholasville. A large number of arms were due at Lexington for the Infantry regiments, still without guns. It must also be known that though the people had declared by a large majority in favor of the Union, that a Secession governor was still at the head of State affairs, and was hostile and threatening to the forces at Camp Dick Robinson. John C. Breckinridge, James B. Clay and other Southern sympathizers still remained at Lexington. The afterward famous raider, John H. Morgan, with his Secession State guard company, armed with Minnie rifles, had not yet left for the Confederacy. The authorities at Camp Dick Robinson were fearful that these arms would be captured before reaching their destination. It was necessary, therefore, that a force sufficiently strong should be sent to meet those arms and guard them safely through. Accordingly, a detachment of 200 men belonging to the Sharpe's rifle companies, A, B and C, under command of Lieut.-Col. John W. Letcher, with most of the line officers along, went there for that purpose. Col. Thos. E. Bramlette, of the Third Kentucky Infantry, also accompanied the detachment. Lexington was twenty-five miles distant, and we reached there early in the afternoon.

Before entering the city we were met by one of its loyal citizens, who went along our columns warning us that we might be hissed and hooted, but admonished us to keep cool and not to fire without orders, or without being attacked. As we entered the streets, all ages, sizes and conditions thronged the sidewalks, assailing us with such vociferations as "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" "Hurrah for Beauregard!"

"Hurrah for Wigfall!" "You Lincoln hirelings!" "You Lincoln dogs!" Mixed with these invectives there was an occasional "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!" but so weakly expressed as not to cheer us much.

By orders, our command went to two large livery stables, put our horses in the stalls ,and a sufficient number of loaves of "bakers' bread" was distributed among us to satisfy our vicious appetites for the time. We were then formed into two lines, with Bramlette and Letcher in the lead, with fixed bayonets, marched with rapid step to the depot, vilified on all sides by the excited Secession citizens. Arriving at the depot we were deployed in front of it in the form of a square, and the loading of the arms was commenced. Here again we were surrounded by the angry mob. A number of Lexington Union "Home Guards" ran a piece of artillery down to our succor and formed with us. Horns were sounded and bells were rung in different parts of the city. These, with the noise around us, made such a pandemonium as was calculated to make the hearts of the oldest soldiers quake, much less a small body of raw men as we were then. When the leading spirits of this raging multitude found that we were ordered not to fire without being attacked, they became heroes. They would approach within reach of guns, open their bosoms and dare us to shoot. Several men cocked their guns to shoot, but officers would approach, and in soft voices would command not to shoot without an absolute necessity.

The Author has been in many thrilling scenes since, but never has he seen men act with such cool bravery, with such subordination to their superior officers, as they did on that day. Not a man faltered. After becoming hardened as soldiers, all the officers in the regiment could not have prevented the men from mowing a lane through that insolent crowd, if assailed in the same manner. But our locks are becoming silvery now; the evening shades are coming on our lives; we are silently approaching

> "The undiscovered country from whose bourne
> No traveler returns."

It is pleasing to reflect now, after the lapse of so many years, that we hearkened to the voice of humanity instead of resentment and passion, and avoided the effusion of so much

blood which might have followed if we had fired into that dense throng.

It was dusk when all the wagons were loaded and started on the road to camp. The excitement had somewhat subsided when we returned to the livery stables, mounted our horses and started out; but still it was ticklish riding through the streets in the dark, with hostile parties on each side, but fortunately no serious casualty happened.

We soon learned that the news of our critical situation had been dispatched to Camp Dick Robinson; for we had not gone many miles before we met Capt. G. W. Sweeney with a detachment of fifty cavalrymen, coming to our aid, and on reaching Nicholasville, about midnight, we met a strong detachment of Col. Bramlette's regiment also, coming to our assistance. A rain also had set in after night, and not a dry thread upon us, after putting our horses into lots and stalls, hungry and weary, we stowed ourselves in barns and outhouses, and soon fell asleep to dream of the fascinating life of a soldier.

After reaching Camp Dick Robinson, Gen. Nelson came among us and complimented us highly on our reported behavior at Lexington. This mark of approbation, coming from the austere source it did, was fully appreciated by the young soldier boys.

Up to this time, mixed with arduous camp and other duties of the soldier, there was much to excite our interest and pleasure. Our camp and parade grounds were frequently enlivened with loyal visitors, among whom were men of distinction. Andrew Johnson made us a formal visit and delivered an address to a large collection of both citizens and soldiers. Before arriving, the First Kentucky mounted and marched several miles on the Nicholasville pike to meet and receive him. On his approach we were halted, opened column, and formed in line on each side of the pike facing inward with "present saber." As he passed slowly in the buggy, between the two lines, he saluted every soldier individually. Gen. Robert Anderson, commanding Department of the Cumberland, visited the camp, appeared before each regiment on parade, making a short speech, and on leaving was enthusiastically cheered by the men. On all fair days the loyal

matrons and maids of the wealthy blue grass region graced the camp with their beauty and fine appearance.

The First Kentucky Cavalry, both during the war and since, has often been twitted in newspaper articles and official reports for its want of military training and discipline. In justice to the regiment, it is necessary to explain why the men were not so well-drilled as some others. The explanation can be given in a few words: stern military necessity never allowed them the opportunity at the beginning. Two first-class drill masters belonged to the regiment—Major F. M. Helveti and Lieut.-Colonel John W. Letcher—mentioned in the order of their efficiency. For a short time after entering camp, the men went through their daily drills the same as other regiments. The men were apt to learn, advanced rapidly, and took much delight in the exercises, particularly rapid maneuvers. It is believed by those acquainted with the facts, if time had been allowed for the continuance of their exercises, it would have been one of the best drilled regiments in the service. But notwithstanding the want of time for sufficient training, the commands,—"Huddle up," "Scatter out," "Git up and git," "Form a line of fight," and so on, attributed to Col. Wolford by some in derision, and by others as a pleasant burlesque—are rather more fanciful than true. Though all of the commands of the Colonel may not have been given in exact accordance with standard military authority, yet the Author never heard such ridiculous ones given as the foregoing, unless it was done for mere fun.

The First Kentucky, better known throughout the United States until the last year of active operations as "Wolford's Cavalry," was the first Cavalry regiment organized on Kentucky soil; and at that time no other organization of that arm of the service was ever in course of formation in Central Kentucky. Heavy detachments of the Cavalry were daily detailed to guard two important bridges across the Dix and Kentucky rivers; arms, supplies, etc., had to be guarded through hostile sections; the movements of John C. Breckinridge and others getting out of the State, and John H. Morgan getting through with the choice Minnie rifles with which his company was armed, and the

attempts of the Union forces to intercept them; the sending to the distance of some sixty miles or more to watch the movements of Zollicoffer's forces; the expeditions to Clinton county, on the border, some 100 miles distant, to oppose the movements of the "Bull Pups"—all these things combined caused the training to be stopped in its mere infancy, and the regiment put to active hard service.

There were other reasons in aftertimes why the regiment did not have an exalted respect for too much "red tape." Col. Wolford, though he had experience in a previous war, had peculiar notions of his own. He cared but little for prescribed forms in maneuvering his men, so he got them in shape to suit himself. He believed a soldier's efficiency depended more on his fighting qualities than on ability to go through fancy maneuvers. He estimated a man not by his rank or position, but by his real worth. He respected merit though it might be found in the coarsest garb or humblest rank. Furthermore, about eight companies—enough to give type to the regiment—came from the outlying spurs and valleys of the Cumberland Mountains. The habitual freedom of their former lives rendered them more restive under too much restrictions than those reared in the more populous and wealthier sections of the State. Taking all these things into consideration, it is not strange that they should have a distaste against military martinets, and in return should receive the ill-will of that class.

While the officers and men were sometimes criticised and censured by certain newspaper correspondents and obscure Brigadiers, it is consoling to know that if full credit was not always given them for their invaluable services, no injustice was done them by such large-hearted commanders as Sherman, Thomas, Burnsides, Nelson, Shackelford, Sanders and others of that class; and they were proud to know that they sometimes received high commendation from some of these; and that they occupied a warm place in the hearts of the loyal people of those sections in which they operated.

It would be difficult to do full justice to that band of patriots composing the First Kentucky Cavalry, Third, Fourth and Seventh Kentucky Infantry, the First and Second East Tennessee Infantry and Hewitt's Battery, who as-

sembled at Camp Dick Robinson early in August, 1861. It was the darkest hour of the government's peril. But a short time before, the Union forces had met with disastrous defeat at Bull Run. The attitude of the Border States was not fully determined, though the people of Kentucky had spoken in unmistakable voice in favor of the Union, the State government, and most of the State Guard were in the hands of Secessionists. Leading men, belonging to distinguished families, were using every machination to press the State out of the Union, as other States had been done. With all the powers of eloquence they were trying to seduce the bone and sinew of the State into the ranks of the enemy. Without protection to the loyal sentiment, the mass of young men would soon have succumbed to the insidious snares set around them. Before the starting of Camp Dick Robinson, the enemy in considerable force had seized Cumberland Gap, a stronghold on the State line, menacing Central Kentucky. All along the Southern border the Union people were threatened and assailed. Early in September, Paducah, on the Ohio, and Columbus on the Mississippi river, fell into the hands of the Confederates. Bowling Green was soon occupied by Buckner.

If it had not been for those five devoted regiments at Camp Dick Robinson, the strong probability is, that the enemy would soon have held a formidable line along the Ohio river. Confronted with the solid South, with the vast grain and other supplies of the rich agricultural regions of Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee at its back, the fate of the Union would have been very doubtful. The saving of the State from falling into the hands of the Confederates was unquestionably mainly due to the forces at Camp Dick Robinson; and the First Kentucky Cavalry did more than its share in contributing to this. While the Infantry regiments and Artillery were training and equipping for effective service in the field, and stood as a reserve or menace to disloyalists, Wolford's men were scouting far and near in every threatened place, watching and contesting every movement of the foe, thereby maintaining and upholding the loyalty of Kentucky.

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SURGEON HAWKINS BROWN.

CHAPTER VI.

GEN. NELSON DEPARTS—HIS FAREWELL TO THE FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY—GEN. GEO. H. THOMAS IN COMMAND—MEASLES IN CAMP—EXPEDITION TO CLAY'S FERRY—ALTERCATION AT LEXINGTON—ZOLLICOFFER'S MOVEMENTS—GALLANT FIGHT OF THE HOME GUARDS AT BARBOURSVILLE—CAPTURE OF JAMES B. CLAY—WOLFORD SCOUTS TO LONDON — CAMP WILD CAT — SKIRMISHING — CASUALTIES—SCOUTING TO ALBANY—BULL PUPS AND CHAMPS FERGUSON—RETURN TO CAMP DICK ROBINSON—GEN. SHERMAN'S VISIT—ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST BRIGADE.

About the time the men and officers became accustomed to Gen. Nelson's ways, his mission ceased at Camp Dick Robinson, and he departed for other fields of operations. His mission at this stage of the war was to organize the loyal troops in different sections of the State. On leaving, the First Kentucky Cavalry was mounted, and escorted him two or three miles on his way. When he parted with us, the regiment was formed in two lines—one on each side of the Lexington pike—facing inwards. The General, in his buggy, drove slowly between the lines, stopping, at intervals, to address the men. The author only remembers his concluding words delivered in the kindest of tones: "Soldiers, I have great confidence in you on the field of battle." Then assuming his usual austere manner, he delivered his often-repeated command: "Men, keep your guns clean." This command, delivered on former occasions in his stern manner, generally aroused a feeling of resentment; at the time, coupled as it was with the high compliment, it only caused an outburst of amusement. It was the first time in all our intercourse with the General, that we discovered that he had a heart that beat in unison with his fellow beings. His former "cuss words" were forgiven and forgotten; and we returned to camp chastened and saddened.

Gen. Geo. H. Thomas arrived, and took command of the

forces, September 15, 1861. Though he was not as much seen as Gen. Nelson, his administration was agreeably felt.

About this time measles was introduced into camp, and many of the men, particularly those from the monntain region, were stricken with the disease. The so-called hospitals at that time, generally consisting of vacant or out-houses, were badly furnished, with no trained nurses, no delicacies, and no pleasant surroundings. It is not singular that few of the men sent to them with the measles ever recovered. Most of the Surgeons belonging to the Volunteer service at this time were ignorant of how to conduct them; and it was some time before this branch of the service was improved and systematized so as to make the hospital a safe and desirable place for those stricken with serious complaints.

Gen. Thomas finding the fatality connected with those taken down with the measles, soon commenced the practice of giving furloughs to those in easy access of home, or not in danger of the inroads of the enemy. The results soon showed the wisdom and humanity of this course; for having the comforts of home and the skillful nursing of their famlies and friends, most of these recovered.

Not long after the exciting times at Lexington, related in the last chapter, it was made known that Captain John H. Morgan and other celebrities were making their way to the Southern Confederacy with the fine Minnie rifles belonging to the State Guard company of Secession tendencies of that city. This was about the 20th of September. Col. Frank Wolford, with a detachment of some 300 men, were ordered to move to Clay's Ferry, on the Kentucky river, in Madison county, to endeavor to intercept them. The route was over the rugged hills and narrow valley of Sugar, Back, Paint Lick and Silver Creeks. The march was long and fatiguing. Nothing worthy of note happened until we were ascending a rough road up a small branch of Sugar Creek, when a woman at an humble house on the road side came to the yard fence, and in much distress, inquired of Col. Wolford to know whether her husband was along or not; that she was afraid he would get killed. The Colonel responded that he did not know whether her husband was along or not, but urged her not to be distressed, but gallantly offered, if her husband

should happen to be slain, that he would come back and marry her, as he was a widower at the time. This consoling proposition, though it may not have appeased the woman, somewhat abashed and silenced her, and the command proceeded on the way. It was after night when the command passed through the farm of Cassius M. Clay. His son, who, by some means had been informed of our approach, met our commander, and hospitably invited him to encamp with his men on his father's farm, but we reached Foxtown and bivouacked at that place. This was an insignificant village, but was of historic interest as being the scene of a sanguinary conflict in 1848, between Cassius M. Clay and Cyrus Turner, on the slavery question, which resulted in the severe wounding of Clay and the death of Turner.

The next morning the command moved to Clay's Ferry, where it remained until late in the evening, when most of the men under Col. Wolford returned to Camp Dick Robinson, marching nearly all night, and part of the next day.

While at Clay's Ferry, Capt. N. D. Burrus, Company K, being thoroughly acquainted with that part of the country, was sent with about twenty men to picket the Tate's Creek pike and the Silver Creek and Poosey Ridge road. About midnight he received orders to proceed with his men by way of the Tate's Creek pike, to Lexington, to meet another detachment of the regiment at that place. He arrived at 10 a. m., and went into camp. Another detachment under Lieut. Dillion had been sent to Frankfort for cannon for Hewitt's Battery.

Bramlette's regiment was at Lexington at this time, and some of his officers or men had an altercation with some Southern sympathizers, and a few shots were fired. The Cavalry were paraded and marched to the scene of the disturbance, but nothing serious resulted. The two detachments, after uniting, guarded Hewitt's guns through to Camp Dick Robinson, coming into camp dusty and much fatigued.

Neither the vigilance of Col. Bramlette's troops, at Lexington, nor the auxiliary movement of Col. Wolford, prevented Morgan and his men and other noted Southern sympathizers from escaping from the State.

The movements of the enemy on the State border soon

assumed a threatening aspect. Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, who had been for some time stationed at Cumberland Gap, some time in September, struck his tents and made a cautious advance in direction of the Union forces at Camp Dick Robinson. A Union Home Guard force of 150 men, under command of Dr. R. T. Tuggle, assembled at Barboursville, some thirty miles from Cumberland Gap, to intercept his movements, and defend the loyal people in that part of the State. On the approach of the enemy, the Home Guards, who seemed on all occasions to have had very valiant hearts but timid legs, mostly fled, leaving thirty-five of their number to fight the advance of Zollicoffer's army. These stood their ground, firing four or five rounds each, until in danger of being surrounded, when they fell back, and took to the mountains. Understanding the country, they retreated through woods and by-ways until out of danger, when they got in the road, and in a few days arrived at Camp Dick Robinson, where honors were profusely bestowed upon them. This was one of the most gallant fights, considering their isolated situation and the numbers against them, that took place during the war.

Lieutenant Silas Adams, with a strong detachment, about this time was sent on a scout in the direction of the approaching enemy to make what discoveries he could of their movements, and to intercept Southern sympathizers making their way out of the State. After scouting for some distance toward Cumberland Gap, he turned toward Big Hill, in Madison county, and went into camp. The Hon. James B. Clay, a violent Secessionist, and son of the Sage of Ashland, was at this time trying to make his way through to the enemy, and had reached Madison county on his way. When Capt. Boston Dillion joined the regiment with his company, he left a remnant of a Home Guard company, of which he was Captain, in Madison county, and his sixteen-year old son, Wm. R. Dillion, assumed command of it. Young Dillion had been apprised of Clay's presence in the county and his intentions, and had the good luck to come across him. Pretending to pilot him a safe road around danger, he led him into a squad of his own men, who demanded his surrender, and he complied. Dillion, with his prisoner, joined Adams'

detachment, and the party marched for Camp Dick Robinson. Being brought into camp, under guard, his manners were much more civil and subdued than a few weeks before, when we paid him a visit at Lexington. Capt. Dillion, with a small detachment, took him to Nicholasville and saw him put on the cars. He sued out a writ of habeas corpus, gave bond, remained at home until Bragg retreated from the State in 1862, when he left the State, and afterward went to Canada and died.

The news from the mountains, and the movements of Zollicoffer's forces now imperatively demanded attention. Col. Wolford, with a strong body of his regiment, was ordered as far as prudent on the Cumberland Gap road to watch and impede the movements of the enemy. Col. Wolford moved beyond Mount Vernon, across the Rock Castle river, and ascended a high and commanding position on Rock Castle hills, and went into camp. The rugged, wild, dreary scenery around him suggested an appropriate name, and he headed his first dispatch from that place to Gen. Thomas, "Camp Wild Cat," which name it ever afterwards retained. Partially fortifying his position, he scouted as far as London, the county seat of Laurel county. Near this place they came across a camp of 500 Union Home Guards under Col. Geo. P. Brown, a prominent loyal citizen of that section. The First Kentucky scouts acted in conjunction with the Home Guards, until the enemy came in sight in considerable force. The hearts of the valiant Home Guards pleaded strongly for them to stand their ground and fight, but their legs made the counter plea that they were responsible for the safety of their bodies, and as usual, overbalanced in weight of argument, and took them safely to the mountain recesses. The Cavalry scouts, finding the enemy too numerous for them to cope with successfully, fell back to a commanding eminence, and waiting until they came within range poured a volley into the head of the enemy's column, and still continued to retreat, stopping frequently at good positions to skirmish, until night came on, when the enemy ceased to advance. The First Kentucky scouts now returned to their position at Camp Wild Cat.

Holding his base at Camp Wild Cat, daily scouts were

sent out for some days, who frequently met and skirmished with the enemy. No casualty occurred at this time, only Wm. Bailey, of Company B, was wounded in the arm by his own men mistaking the squad he was with for the enemy, and firing upon them.

Col. T. T. Garrard, with his Seventh Kentucky Infantry, having relieved the First Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Wolford returned to Camp Dick Robinson, and Capt. John Smith, of Company I, was sent with a detachment detailed from different companies of the regiment, to scout and picket for Col. Garrard.

Capt. Smith's small detachment was continually out picketing and scouting on the different roads all over that part of the country, skirmishing with the enemy almost every day. These scouting parties frequently met with mishaps and some very critical adventures, among which may be mentioned the following: N. B. Brown, of Company B, had his horse shot from under him; but the most critical adventure happened to Serg. Jack Bibb, of Company B. While closely pursued by the enemy, the Sergeant turned in his saddle, and being an expert marksman, fired and killed a member of Colonel Ashby's Tennessee regiment, who chanced to be in advance. This checked the enemy, and the fallen man's riderless horse coming up, Bibb captured him and brought him safely out. On the day before the battle of Wild Cat, October 20, 1861, as Capt. Smith was on the scout, riding in front of his men with James Mariman, of his own company on his right, a party of the enemy fired on them from ambush, killing Mariman instantly, and badly wounding Capt. Smith in the right arm. The party of the enemy retreated precipitately. The detachment followed instructions to the letter. Their orders were to locate the enemy, and, if possible, to avoid an engagement. Capt. Smith was taken to a house in the vicinity for a few days, and when the regiment came up, the men joined their respective companies.

About the same time, or, perhaps, previous to the scouting to London, there was much scouting to Clinton county, nearly due south of Camp Dick Robinson, on the Tennessee border. There was a Rebel organization just across the State line, in Tennessee, known as the "Bull Pups," said to be con-

victs from the Nashville Penitentiary, pardoned on condition of enlisting in the Confederate service. There was also a band led by Champe Ferguson, who afterward became a noted guerrilla chieftain. These desperate bodies of men were making frequent raids and committing depredations on the families of Union soldiers and loyal citizens along the the border. Company C, under command of Capt. John A. Morrison, who understood that country and the situation of affairs there, was the principal one used to scout in that section. On one occasion Capt. J. Loton Barnes' company, from Hustonville, Capt. Ed. Goode's from Casey, and another one from the Rolling Fork, all belonging to the Home Guard organizations, went to Albany to succor the distressed Unionists. As Barnes had a good theoretical knowledge of military tactics, he was by common consent, made chief of the Home Guard. At the same time a strong detachment from different companies of the First Kentucky, under Lieut. Silas Adams, was sent to re-enforce Capt. Morrison. No serious conflicts with the enemy took place on these first expeditions. Several wild alarms were raised, which caused ludicrous panics among the Home Guards. At one time a body of Home Guards was stationed at a place called Slicky Ford; on the approach of Lieut. Anderson's detachment scouting in that direction, the Home Guards ,mistaking them for the enemy, started to stampede. The Lieutenant making the same mistake, charged them; but fortunately both parties found their error, and no serious damage was done.

Before leaving Clinton county, it was rumored that the Bull Pups were at Travisville, near the State line, in Tennessee. A scout under command of Capt. John A. Morrison went there to see about them. The Bull Pups were not found, but they met with a squad of men from Wayne county rendezvousing for the Confederate army, and had a sharp skirmish with them. A shot from James Ferguson, a brother of the notorious Champe Ferguson, killed James Saufley. Lieut. Adams' detachment returned to Camp Dick Robinson. Capt. Morrison's Company (C) was ordered to Waitsboro, on the Cumberland river, near Somerset, to watch a possible movement of the enemy in force in that direction; as it was reported that two Confederate regiments were hovering in

close proximity to the Wayne and Clinton county lines.

Company C formed a junction with Col. Wm. A. Hoskins' Twelfth Kentucky Infantry regiment, doing scouting duties, until it was ordered to join the rest of the regiment, which they met at Mt. Vernon, on its return from the battle of Camp Wild Cat.

Brig. Gen. Robert Anderson, finding his health, already delicate, unequal to the demands made upon his strength by the cares and responsibilities of his position under these trying circumstances, asked the War Department to relieve him from his command. His request was complied with, and on the 7th of October he was relieved by Brig. Gen. Sherman, then in command of a brigade at Lexington.

Gen. Sherman at once set to work with great energy to organize his department, and to prepare the troops for the task before them.

Preceding the next active service of the regiment, Gen. Sherman visited Camp Dick Robinson, and inspected the forces at that place. The First Kentucky Cavalry were mounted and formed in line, and Gen. Sherman, accompanied by Gen. Thomas, rode slowly along in front, being introduced as he passed to our company commanders, chatting jovially, and making pleasant inquiries of the men how they and their horses stood the service. We had not yet got it out of our heads that a General was not a superior being, and some of our replies were awkward and embarrassed.

Early in October, the Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-eighth regiments of Ohio Infantry, Thirty-third Indiana Infantry, and Batteries B and C, First Ohio Light Artillery, having arrived and reported for duty, were, with the Kentucky and Tennessee troops at Camp Dick Robinson, organized into a brigade, and designated the First Brigade, Army of the Cumberland.

CHAPTER VII.

ZOLLICOFFER ADVANCES ON CAMP WILD CAT—COL. GARRARD IN DANGER—GEN. SCHŒPF MARCHES TO HIS SUPPORT—WOLFORD'S SPEECH TO HIS MEN—ON TO WILD CAT—BEFORE THE BATTLE—A NIGHT ON PICKET—THE MORNING ALARM—THE UNION FORCES TAKE POSITION—THE ATTACK—GALLANT FIGHTING—THE ENEMY REPULSED—CASUALTIES—INCIDENTS—RETURN TO CAMP DICK ROBINSON—THE MUSTER-IN. NOTES.

On the 14th of October, 1861, reports were received at Camp Dick Robinson that the forces of the enemy under Gen. Zollicoffer were on the march to invade Central Kentucky, endangering the Federal position at Camp Wild Cat. The Fourteenth and Seventeenth Ohio, the Thirty-third Indiana, and Battery B, First Ohio Artillery, were ordered, under Brig. Gen. Albin Schœpf, United States Volunteers, to re-enforce the Seventh Kentucky Infantry, on out-post duty at that place.

One evening, just before starting to the scene of action, Col. Wolford called the men of the First Kentucky around him and addressed them in a serious, impressive manner. He told them that they would certainly meet the enemy in battle in a very few days, and urged them to do nothing that would discredit the section that gave them birth. He informed them that they had volunteered as soldiers of the United States Army to defend their country; that he wanted good soldiers—men that would stand the fire of the enemy; that our State was then being invaded by the foe, and he did not want a coward in his regiment; that if there were any cowards among them, to step out a few paces in front, and he would give them a free discharge, and they could go home No one stepped out.

Early in the afternoon of October 19th, the First Kentucky under Col. Wolford, started on the march for Camp Wild Cat, with Gen. Schœpf and Maj. Helveti in front of the column. The General, a Hungarian by birth, was a fine looking man,

rather youthful looking for the position, and clean shaven, with the exception of a long waxed moustache parted in the middle, which gave him, notwithstanding his pleasant manners, a fierce, warlike appearance. We marched until late in the evening, when we stopped, fed our horses, and got our suppers. We then mounted and resumed our journey to some distance beyond Crab Orchard, when we were halted, and bivouacked until broad daylight. A hard day's march on the 20th brought us to Rock Castle river, at the base of Wild Cat mountain, late in the afternoon.

We had just fed our horses and eaten our supper, when orders came to saddle up, mount, and ascend the mountain. Arriving on top of the mountain we hitched our horses and had just composed our wearied limbs for the purpose of repose, when a bareheaded, wild-eyed horseman came dashing up, and reported that he belonged to the outside picket post; that while he and his comrades were feeding their horses, the enemy came upon them by surprise, and that the rest were either killed, captured, or had scattered in the bushes, "and he alone was left to tell the tale." This left the main road open in the direction of the enemy, with the exception of a company of the Seventh Kentucky Infantry posted at the foot of the mountain. It was necessary that a mounted picket should be in front of the Infantry, and it so happened that the Author was the first one detailed to fill that pleasant position. Seventeen others of different companies were also detailed, and all put under command of Lieut. R. C. Blain, of Company F.

Col. Tho. T. Garrard, of the Seventh Kentucky Infantry, gave us orders and instructions. Our orders were to go 500 yards beyond the Infantry post, and within one hundred yards of the lower end of a bottom field. We also had orders to send two videttes one hundred yards to the front. The main road down the mountain had been blockaded with fallen timber, and we were compelled to go around this by a very narrow and steep pathway. In one place it was so steep that we had to dismount and lead our horses, letting them "slide" down. On reaching the designated position, we found ourselves in open moonlight, with a dense, dark woods

in our front. Lieut. Blain, whose valor at that time exceeded his knowledge of military affairs, instead of ordering two privates in front as videttes, selected himself and the Author, who was a Sergeant, and second in command, for this post of duty. As soon as we got in position, three guns from the enemy, a short distance in our front, were fired at our precious bodies. No one outranking us being present to give orders, we quietly withdrew to the main body, where we found that Corporal Speed left in charge, had formed the men in line, ready for action. The Lieutenant now ordered the men to dismount, hitch their horses to a fence on the left hand side of the road, ascend the mountain a short distance to the right, where we concealed ourselves behind some dwarf cedars, intending to give the enemy a few murderous volleys if they pressed upon our position. Here we could hear the enemy talking in low tones. It now occurred to the Author, who was older in years than the Lieutenant, though inferior in rank, that the chief duties of pickets were to watch the enemy and warn the force in their rear of danger, and not combat Zollicoffer's army; that other soldiers wanted their share of fun as well as the pickets; that if they charged and defeated us, they would get our horses and we could send no dispatches to headquarters, as we were ordered to do, if the enemy were in motion. A low, whispered council of war was held, and it was decided that our position was untenable; that we would fall back and form a junction with the Infantry company. We quietly mounted our horses and silently withdrew. As we came near the Infantry their gunlocks clicked so rapidly that we thought it best to notify them that we were friends, and not enemies. As we formed in line near the Infantry, we espied three of the enemy following us at a distance of one hundred yards or more; but before we leveled our guns to fire, they dodged behind trees on the roadside, and we saved our ammunition. We remained in line ready for action all night, but nothing further occurred. At daylight the next morning, the Infantry returned to the main body on the mountain, but we became careless and some of the men went where the enemy were stationed the night before. On their return they reported that the enemy had departed, but left signs of a large number there

the night before. As we had orders to remain only until morning, we now climbed the mountain, where we were ordered down on the river to feed our horses and get our breakfast. We had not more than finished our repást, when orders came to remount in haste, that the position of the Union forces was attacked. We ascended the mountain as quick as possible, and were ordered to hitch our horses in a sheltered place a little over the ridge from the approaching enemy. Each company commander now formed his men in line, and waited for orders.

Maj. Helveti, who on that day, it seems, acted as Aid for Gen. Schœpf, now came forward and informed the officers of the regiment, that it was the General's orders that the First Kentucky should move to a point on the left wing of the position to the support of the Thirty-third Indiana Infantry.

On approaching the point designated, we met several Indianians bearing one of their dead comrades to the rear. The Thirty-third Indiana was already in position on the left, with its right extending to the point of the ridge. Company A joined the Indianians' right, and the other companies fell into their proper places back on the right hand side of the ridge—the two regiments forming a line around the point of the ridge, resembling a horse-shoe. Although on our way up the mountain and to the position assigned to us, every one we met told us to hurry on, that they were fighting like h—ll, yet up to this time we could only hear a scattering shot now and then from the skirmishers below. Looking down a narrow valley below us, the whole bottom field, which our pickets had left only a short time before, seemed to be swarming with live Rebels, on the march to attack our position. The expressions of the men's faces were a study. With the exception of a few Mexican War veterans, it was their first battle. All their faces wore a serious expression. There was a shade of dread on all of their countenances, while some showed cool determination, others were excited and tremulous. The enemy soon formed their lines in the shape of a semi-circle around the lower part of the point of the mountain on which we stood awaiting their attack. We were ordered to hold this point at all hazards, as it was the key of the position.

As they advanced, their battle shout reverberated through the surrounding hills and valleys, which was responded to by our own men. Bushes, rocks and trees obstructed our view as we stood with loaded guns ready to fire, and watching for a glimpse of the enemy, our officers all the time ordering, "Don't fire yet; keep cool; wait till you see the shine of their eyes!" Soon some one exclaimed: "I see 'em!" and then we poured into them an irregular volley without orders, when the fray commenced in earnest. Soon the ringing voice of Adj. Dunham, of the Thirty-third Indiana, at a small parapet to our left was heard shouting, "Rally here Indianians!" The enemy had approached unseen to within thirty or forty yards of the parapet. The Indianians rushed to the threatened point and poured into the ranks of the advancing foe one of the most destructive volleys of the day, which caused the enemy to fall back to their main line. The enemy now formed in unbroken lines in semi-circular form around our entire position on the point, in superior numbers, and delivered volley after volley into our ranks. The firing of the enemy at this time was hot and heavy. After the tremor of the first discharge of guns was over, some of our men advanced without orders some thirty or forty feet beyond our selected line on the brow of the ridge, and were considerably exposed to a front fire from the enemy across the hollow, attacking the Seventh Kentucky and Seventeenth Ohio on a ridge to our left, and also to a cross-fire from those attacking our own position. Lieut. Silas Adams, of Company A, seeing their exposed situation, took the responsibility upon himself, to order them back to the main line. As they retreated up the hill to the main line, the rest of the men at this part of the field, not knowing the cause, began to show signs of wavering. At this time Adj. Dunham, whose eyes seemed to be ever on the alert, imagining himself to be Commander-in-Chief of the whole forces, appeared again on the scene, and in trumpet tones commanded, "—— —— you, stand your ground if there is a million of them!" Col. Wolford and Maj. Brents of the First Kentucky, and Col. Coburn, of the Thirty-third Indiana, also came forward, and order was immediately restored. The men got back to their work with new vigor, and the enemy was soon driven down

the mountain. Some newspaper correspondent at the time claimed that the Kentuckians fled in confusion; other correspondents told the truth. The Author has witnessed other affairs of the kind in after service, which were never noticed, and he considers it was only a slight wavering in the line. After diligent inquiry, he could learn of only two of the First Kentucky who left the field, and one Indianian, and he was a mere boy. There were several different reports how the slight confusion got up, but the Author gives the foregoing account from Lieut. Adams himself (afterward Col. Adams), as the best authenticated. While men of the First Kentucky were thus exposed, several casualties took place. Frank Decker, of Company H, was killed, and Isaac White, of the same company, was wounded in the knee. James E. Woods, of Company A, was so badly wounded that he was soon discharged, and Larkin Phelps, of the same company, was severely wounded above the knee, and also Serg. Geo. T. Wesley slightly; Andy Bottoms, of Company B, was also wounded.

The position of the First Kentucky Cavalry and the Thirty-third Indiana Infantry, seemed to be the principal point of attack. After the battle had continued for some time, a detachment of the Fourteenth Ohio Infantry re-enforced us, and our men cheered heartily, but the Confederates had become crestfallen, and failed to respond. Three times during the action they assailed our point, but each time with weakening force.

Several sharp conflicts took place between the Confederates and the Union force stationed on the main ridge to our right. This force consisted of the Seventh Kentucky and Seventeenth Ohio Infantry, and distant from our position about 600 yards, and across a deep hollow.

During the engagement the line officers present were at their posts, and nobly attending to their duties. At all times Col. Coburn and Adj. Dunham, of the Indianians, and Col. Wolford and Maj. Brents made themselves conspicuous, giving orders and encouraging the men. Col. Wolford, who had been at Buena Vista, and had received his baptism in fire, bestowed this high compliment on the men: "Boys, you have made a gallant fight."

Sometime in the afternoon the enemy ceased making demonstrations, and it was supposed that they were re-enforcing and preparing for a grand assault. Picks and spades were now sent to our point and distributed among the men, and we commenced digging in the hard, gravelly ground, and throwing up breastworks, so that by 10 o'clock at night our position was well fortified. Sentinels were placed upon the works, and the men lay down on their arms to take needed rest, and to await the anticipated conflict the next day. Numerous fires blazed in the enemy's camp just before daylight, as if they were preparing for breakfast, but this proved only a blind to cover their movements. Wheels had been heard running in the bottom below us in the night, supposed to be their trains bringing forward rations, and re-enforcing with artillery. But the enemy had had enough. After waiting for them some time in the morning, scouts were sent out, and it was found that the enemy had retreated.

We had been twenty-four hours without food or water, actively engaged most of the time fighting, watching and working, and it might be reasonably supposed that we were weary, hungry and thirsty.

The Union forces on the ground, and in supporting distance, according to Gen. Thomas's official report, were 5,000 men. The following extracts are from Gen. Thomas's report:

* * * I have just received another dispatch from Gen. Schœpf, in which he reports that his scouts had just returned and reported the enemy have fully retreated in the direction of London. Our loss is ascertained to be four killed and eighteen wounded. On examination of the battle-ground, I set the enemy's losses down as 30 killed and a large wounded list—the latter taken by them off the field (as I learn from an influential citizen in the vicinity), except three, who were brought into our camp and properly cared for; one since died. Our wounded are doing well. The three prisoners, all examined by me separately, gave the same statement relative to the strength of the enemy, viz: 7,000.

The enemy fought well, approaching within fifty yards of our muskets with shouts and cheers, which were promptly responded to by our men under the immediate command of Colonels Coburn and Wolford.

* * * * I have just learned from a citizen on the

route of the retreating enemy that they acknowledge a loss of 100 killed. * * * * * *

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

GEO. H. THOMAS,
Brigadier General, U. S. V.

Brig. Gen. W. T. SHERMAN,
Commanding Dep. of Cumberland.

After the battle, Captains Boston Dillion and F. N. Alexander, with their companies, were ordered to guard the "Winding Blade" road.

In addition to the casualties heretofore named, Travis Moore was killed in a skirmish near Wild Cat, October 18th.

The day after the battle, Col. Wolford, with his regiment, went on a scout on another road east of the battle-ground, to discover if a flank movement was being made in that direction. We saw but few people on the scout. We met one woman; she appeared to be in agony of terror for fear we would meet the enemy and a conflict would ensue. We approached a house of more pretensious than usual in that section, but the doors were shut, and it appeared to be lonesome and deserted. After much calling, an old negro man cautiously showed his face at a window, but was so terror-stricken that we could get but little information from him. But Zollicoffer was satisfied with the "Yankees" for the time; he had sadly retired, as it afterwards proved, "to pick his flint and try again."

The regiment had been in hard, active service for two and a half months, had never drawn full clothing, and only three companies had been passably armed for the Cavalry service, and had never been mustered into the service.

The regiment was now ordered back to Camp Dick Robinson, where, on the 28th of October, 1861, it was mustered into the United States service by Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, "for three years or during the war."

NOTES.

The reason the loss was so light in an engagement where powder was used so freely, may be accounted for in several ways: the rocks, trees, bushes and logs afforded good shelter, and the parties engaged had not as yet become expert in the use of fire-arms as they did after the war progressed for a time.

The Author has used much space in detailing this affair, for the fol-

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CAPT. J. BRENT FISHBACK.

lowing reasons: it was the first regular engagement in the State; it was an introduction to what would be in the future; it was important on account of being a victory for the Union cause, which was at that time shadowed with gloom on account of former reverses, and an exultant enemy.

The exact loss of the enemy is difficult to ascertain. At first it was much exaggerated. Some citizens reported twenty wagon loads of dead rebels hauled by their houses. The killed was estimated from 300 to 1,100 men. The official reports of the Confederates claimed from eleven to fifteen as killed on that day.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMPANIES E AND K WITH GEN. SCHŒPF—WOLFORD MOVES TO SOMERSET—THE ENEMY AGAIN—TO MONTICELLO AND BACK—BRAMLETTE EXASPERATED—MARCH TO COLUMBIA—THE ENEMY SURPRISED ON THE CUMBERLAND—BUELL IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO—GLOOMY CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY—STRENGTH OF THE ENEMY AND UNION FORCES—THE PAYMASTER—WOLFORD MOVES TO CAMP BILLY WILLIAMS—LETCHER TO BIG SANDY—WEBB'S CROSS ROADS—ARRIVAL OF GEN. THOMAS—WOLFORD ON THE SCOUT—THOMAS MOVES TO LOGAN'S CROSS ROADS—SCHŒPF RE-ENFORCES HIM—THE MORNING ALARM. A BATTLE IN VIEW.

After the battle of Wild Cat, Gen. Thomas moved his headquarters from Camp Dick Robinson to Crab Orchard, detaching Gen. Schœpf with three Infantry regiments to London, to watch the road from Cumberland Gap to Central Kentucky. After the muster-in of the regiment, two companies of the First Kentucky Cavalry—E, Capt. Boston Dillion, and K, Captain Nelson D. Burrus—were also detailed to accompany Gen. Schœpf, to scout and do picket duty for his forces.

In the meantime, Companies A, B, C, D, F, G, H, I, J and L were ordered to Somerset and went into camp at Sam Owens', between that place and the river, to watch the movements of the enemy South of the Cumberland. The Third

Kentucky Infantry, under Col. Thomas E. Bramlette, was also ordered to that place.

It was reported about this time that a force of the enemy was on the Tennessee border, near the Clinton county line. The effective men of the First Kentucky Cavalry and the Third Kentucky Infantry, started on the march to vanquish the Confederates in that section. Col. Bramlette, failing to get into the Wild Cat fight, embraced the opportunity with eagerness, as it not only promised a chance to try the mettle of his splendid regiment, but also to protect the home of his widowed mother and the families of the comrades of his early youth. The Cavalry reached Monticello, and the Infantry arrived within five miles of that place, when they received mandatory orders from Gen Thomas to return to the north side of the Cumberland. Col. Bramlette, though a man of high moral qualities and much dignity in his deportment, was like an enraged hyena when he arrived at Somerset. On having an interview with Gen. Thomas, his wrath was appeased by that mild-mannered man by informing the Colonel of his private advices in regard to the movements of the enemy, and the danger of the two regiments being "gobbled up" by Gen. Zollicoffer's entire force then marching in that direction.

It was about this time that Gen. W. T. Sherman was relieved at his own request of the command of the Army of the Cumberland, when the designation of that army was changed to that of the Department and Army of the Ohio. Brig. Gen. D. C. Buell, U. S. Volunteers, was assigned to its command, and entered upon his duties at Louisville, November 15, 1861.

At this time the condition of affairs in Kentucky became the subject of the most anxious solicitude to the government and throughout the country. One-third of the State was in possession of the Rebel forces, under whose protection a provisional government had been inaugurated at Russellville. It was supposed that nothing but extraordinary exertion and judicious management could rescue the State from the vortex toward which the excitement of revolution was rapidly carrying her. The presence of a large Rebel force rendered the occasion critical. The enemy was in possession of Bow-

ling Green with a force, according to the best information, of about 25,000 men, his advance guard extending to Mumfordsville. Including Hopkinsville and other points north of the Cumberland, his force probably amounted to 35,000 men. His force at other points, and railroad facilities, enabled him at short notice to concentrate at any desired place all the force in the Confederacy not required for defense elsewhere. He had a force of 2,500 men under Humphrey Marshall threatening the northwestern part of Kentucky, and a considerable force under Zollicoffer, endangering Central Kentucky.

Kentucky at this time was the point which offered to the enemy the best prospect of advantage. His intention to have possession of Louisville within a short period was constantly avowed. The disloyal element confidently expected it, and if the government force had not been speedily increased, the attempt, no doubt, would have been made.

According to Buell's report, the effective government force which he found in Kentucky was 23,000 men on the Cumberland Gap road and the Nashville road, and about 4,000 men on the Big Sandy, in the northeast part of the State. But there were forty or more regiments, or fractions of regiments, recruiting in different parts of the State, available only for local service. Nearly all of them were not mustered-in. Many of them were without arms, equipments, or proper organization. The Cavalry were all without suitable arms; some had pistols only, and some had muskets. There was not a carbine in the hands of troops. The Infantry also were badly armed. The troops were but little instructed, and some not at all. The supplies and equipments were in many cases deficient and defective. The first thing to be done was to organize, equip and arm this heterogeneous mass. It was a difficult and tedious task, and this was to be done, too, as it were, in the face of the enemy. Experienced officers could not be obtained. The force already was increased afterward from time to time, but, in the mean time, the enemy had also received considerable accession to his strength.

The ten companies under command of Col. Frank Wolford, with Bramlette's regiment, were ordered to Columbia, Ky., arriving there about November 20th. There we found

the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. D. R. Haggard, in course of formation, and also the Ninth Infantry, under Col. Grider.

Zollicoffer, after his repulse at Wild Cat, retired through Cumberland Gap, and commenced refilling and re-enforcing to make another move on the fertile region of Central Kentucky by way of Monticello and Somerset. On the 22d of November he was at Jamestown, Tenn., on the Cumberland mountains. From this place he ordered Col. Stanton's regiment, Col. Murray's and Lieut. Col. McClellan's Cavalry, to make a rapid and stealthy forward movement to capture the ferry-boats at four or five crossings of the Cumberland, and if practicable, any of the Union Cavalry found on the south side of the river. In a day or two, some of this force appeared before Col. Hoskins' camp, near the Cumberland river, south of Somerset; and on the 27th, Col. Hoskins reported the enemy in force at and near Monticello. Col. Hoskins took the precaution to have all the boats destroyed for several miles above and below him. On the same day, (the 27th) Gen. Buell ordered Gen. Thomas to send Gen. Schœpf with his brigade, one section of Artillery, and Dillion's and Burrus's companies of Wolford's Cavalry from Lebanon to Somerset to support Col. Hoskins. This force arrived at Somerset about the 1st of December.

Zollicoffer, after reconnoitering the banks up and down the river, finally fixed on Mill Springs as his base of operations on account of its strong natural position, and its mill facilities. Two regiments were crossed here on the 27th of November, and on the 29th, he arrived and took command in person.

On the 27th, Zollicoffer sent detachments of Cavalry to examine the crossings at Grider's Ferry, near Creelsboro, and also at Burkesville. When the Rebel detachment reached Grider's Ferry, intelligence came to Col. Bramlette, at Columbia, that the Rebels were preparing to cross at that place. When the news came, it was about midnight, and the night was dark and very cold. Grider's Ferry was eighteen miles distant. Eighty men of the First Kentucky Cavalry, under Capt. Sweeney, and 120 of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry under Maj. Owsley, were ordered to saddle and mount, and Col.

Bramlette assuming command, we were soon on the march to meet the enemy. No mishap occurred on the way, with the exception that the horse of Dick Peach, of Company A, stumbled, throwing him into a deep hole of water in a creek, which gave him an unpleasant immersion. On arriving at the ferry, about sunrise, it was discovered that the enemy had destroyed the ferry-boat, and were quietly cooking and eating their morning repast in the house and yard of the ferryman across the bottom, one-half mile distant. The First Kentucky with their long range Sharpe's rifles, and the Fifth Kentucky with their Enfield rifles, gave them two or three irregular volleys, which caused a lively stir among them—"hurrying to and fro," and mounting their steeds "in hot haste," they were soon climbing the bluffy hills bordering the river bottom out of range. Citizens afterward reported that three of their number were wounded, but it was not fully authenticated.

November 30, 1861, by Special Order No. 16, Department of Ohio, Gen. George H. Thomas was assigned to command the First Division, Army of the Ohio, and was ordered to concentrate the command at Lebanon, Ky.

Capt. M. H. Owsley, of Company J, First Kentucky Cavalry, had obtained the position of Major in the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, and had been acting in that capacity for some time. His resignation in the First Kentucky Cavalry took effect December 10, 1861. The following promotions took place in Company J, their commissions taking effect on that day: Jessee M. Carter, promoted from 1st Lieutenant to Captain; Anderson T. Keen, from 1st Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant.

While the regiment was at Columbia, the Paymaster came and paid off the men for four months' service. The Navy pistol was issued to them, and the boys were now pretty well armed as Cavalry. They also drew full suits of navy blue, which enhanced the looks of the men at least fifty per cent, as many of them had been used to the plain homespun garb of their mothers' and sisters' manufacture.

On the 6th of December, Gen. J. T. Boyle, with his command, was ordered to Columbia to take command of the forces there. About the 10th, Col. Wolford, with Companies

A, B, C and H, was ordered to Camp Billy Williams, near Neetsville, on Green River. On the 15th, six Companies, D, T, G, I, J and L, all under command of Lieut. Col. Letcher, were ordered to Piketon, Ky., to do Cavalry service for Gen. J. A. Garfield's forces then operating in northeastern Kentucky.

The four companies under Col. Wolford remained at Camp Billy Williams for some days, doing scouting duties, and at the same time hauling and penning up corn at Webb's Cross Roads, some six or eight miles distant. Lieut. Silas Adams, Regimental Quartermaster of the First Kentucky, had been ordered to collect a large amount of forage at that point. Finally, Wolford's command moved there to guard the forage.

While camped at Webb's Cross Roads, reports came that a detachment of one man of Haggard's Cavalry and a few men of the First Kentucky had become engaged with the enemy at Jamestown, Ky., killing one of the Rebels. A detachment of Wolford's men was sent there, but the enemy had prudently vanished.

In the meantime, Zollicoffer, with a force of from 9,000 to 10,000 men, had fortified his position at Beech Grove, on the north bank of Cumberland river, and was daily sending out predatory excursions of Cavalry, and sometimes Infantry. Schœpf's forces at Somerset were in continual conflict with them. On the 4th of December, Maj. Helveti, of the First Kentucky, and Capt. Prince, of the Engineers, while out on a reconnaisance, were both captured by the enemy. About this time, Gen. Schœpf became much exasperated at Capt. Boston Dillion, and censured the two companies of the First Kentucky operating under him very severely. From the General's own report it seems that he had ordered Capt. Dillion to go to Mill Springs and go into camp to prevent the enemy from crossing. Before reaching them, Dillion found that the enemy occupied the position in force, and there was an impossibility of obeying the order. He had ordered Col. Connell of the Seventeenth Ohio to the same point with his regiment, and Schœpf met him on the retreat, yet no censure was applied to his conduct. Everything proves that the General was unjust to Capt. Dillion. He caused his arrest,

preferred charges against him for disobedience of orders, and caused the Captain much trouble. He at last acknowledged that the two companies with him were poorly clad, and armed with only a musket, wholly unsuited to that arm of the service.

On December 31st, according to instructions from Department Headquarters, Gen. Thomas marched with parts of two brigades of his division to unite with the brigade stationed at Somerset, Ky., and attack the enemy in his intrenched camp at Mill Springs. Arriving at Webb's Cross Roads on the 13th of January, he only paused long enough to recruit the exhausted strength of his men and animals, when the march was resumed. The First Kentucky now scouted continually in front and on the various roads leading in direction of the enemy until the morning of the 19th of January, 1862.

On the 15th Col. Wolford scouted to Harrison, from there to the Wolf Creek road; then to Logan's Cross Roads; from there, four miles down the Mill Springs road; then back to camp near Simith Cain's. In all this scouting, no pickets or scouts of the enemy were seen, and no important news was gained of the enemy. But it seems that on the night of the 14th, that the enemy in force, some three regiments, went on a foraging expedition with the wagons to the McLennan Hill, one mile from the river, between Forbush and Wolf Creek. On the 15th, the river getting up, they were compelled to return by the way of the Robertsport road. This threw them within a few miles of our camp. Col. R. L. McCook, of the Ninth Ohio, had been informed of this movement by a loyal citizen by the name of Foster. He sent a note to Col. Wolford, about sundown, requesting him to send a secret scout on the road named, to see what discoveries could be made. It was supposed that the enemy were not aware of the close proximity of the Federal forces, and it was the desire of McCook to give them a complete surprise. For fear of alarming the enemy, only a few select men under charge of Serg. Geo. R. Murphy, of Company A, were sent dismounted through fields and woodlands to the point where they would necessarily pass. Serg. Murphy reached the road, but the enemy had flown. He went to their still burning fires, where they had

cooked a hasty supper, and moved on. He saw some citizens who informed him that the Rebels were applying the lash to their jaded teams, and appeared to be in a great hurry to get away from that vicinity. It was now too late to intercept them. A fine opportunity for giving them a complete drubbing was missed.

On the 17th of January, Gen. Thomas reached Logan's Cross Roads, about ten miles north of the intrenched camp of the enemy, on the banks of the Cumberland river, with a portion of the Second and Third Brigades, Kenney's Battery of Artillery, and Wolford's four companies of Cavalry. The Fourth and Tenth Kentucky Infantry, the Fourteenth Ohio Infantry, and the Eighteenth United States Infantry being still in the rear, detained by the almost impassable condition of the roads, Gen. Thomas determined to halt here, await their arrival, and communicate with Gen. Schœpf.

The Tenth Indiana, the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Kenney's Battery, took position on the main road leading to the enemy's camp. The Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota (part of Col. McCook's Brigade) camped three-fourths of a mile to the right of the Robertsport road. Strong pickets were thrown out in the direction of the enemy, beyond where the Somerset and Mill Springs roads come into the main road from camp to Mill Springs, and a picket of Cavalry some distance in advance of the Infantry.

Gen. Schœpf visited Gen. Thomas on the day of the latter's arrival, and after consultation, he directed the former to send him Standart's Battery, the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry and the First and Second East Tennessee regiments, to remain until after the arrival of the regiments in the rear.

Nothing of importance occurred until just before daylight on the morning of the 18th, when a few shots were fired, causing the "long roll" to be beaten by the Tenth Indiana drummers, and the camp was alarmed and went into line. On investigation it proved to be only a few of the enemy that had slipped around the Cavalry pickets and fired on the inside Infantry post. We returned to our quarters and were not again disturbed until the following morning.

NOTE.

While the regiment was stationed at Somerset, and afterward at Columbia, James Ferguson, of Company C, with six or seven of his chosen comrades from the State border, was continually on the scout both on the north and south side of the river, and in Wayne and Clinton counties, where they understood all about the people and country. Mixing with their loyal friends, and concealing themselves at certain places watching the movements of the enemy, they gained much information for the officers of the Union forces, and had many adventures and conflicts with the Rebels. Ferguson, if he had survived until the close of the war, might have won much distinction in his line, but his hostility to all the disloyal element was so great, that he soon became a terror to them, and he was assasinated by a Rebel citizen near Stanford, Ky., December 18, 1861.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS—THE ENEMY ADVANCES—ENCOUNTER WOLFORD'S PICKETS—STUBBORN RESISTANCE—THE TENTH INDIANA TO THEIR SUCCOR—HEROIC DEATH OF LIEUT. MILLER—FURIOUS FIGHTING—THE DEATH OF ZOLLICOFFER—AMMUNITION NEARLY EXHAUSTED—MCCOOK'S BRIGADE ON THE SCENE—FLANK MOVEMENT OF CARTER'S BRIGADE—THE SECOND MINNESOTA—GALLANT CHARGE OF THE NINTH OHIO—THE ENEMY FLEE IN CONSTERNATION—THE PURSUIT—SHELLING THEIR WORKS—CROSS THE CUMBERLAND AND SCATTER—HONNELL'S ACCOUNT OF ZOLLICOFFER'S DEATH—LOSSES—SCENES, INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES. NOTES.

On the night of the 18th of January, 1862, a strong advanced picket of Cavalry, under Serg. Geo. D. Thrasher, of Company C, was placed on the Mill Springs road. Danger was brewing, and it required select men for the post. Saturday night passed, and Sunday morning ushered in, gloomy and dark and rainy. About the same time as the affair of the morning before, the enemy appeared before the Cavalry pickets, and being challenged, neglected to halt, and were fired upon. The picket, not aware that the enemy was advancing in force, offered a determined opposition. As soon as the firing was heard in camp, Col. Wolford ordered Lieut.

Miller with his company to mount his men and re-enforce the picket. On reaching the pickets, his men were fired upon by a regiment of the enemy in ambush behind a fence. Here Russell Smith of Company C, was dangerously, and Isaac Cole of the same company, was mortally wounded. Cole died that evening. Lieut. Miller and his company then fell back two hundred yards. and dismounted his men. By this time the Tenth Indiana, under Lieut. Col. Kise, had moved up in line of battle, and Company C was ordered to form on the left of this regiment, together with the rest of the battallion of the First Kentucky under Col. Wolford. The line then moved forward some hundred yards or more. Company C being on the extreme left, was then thrown, in connection with some of the rest of the First Kentucky battallion, in a very exposed position, and remained so for some time. The battle was now furious. It was seen that the Federals would be flanked in that position, and the left was ordered to fall back and form its line behind a fence, thus forming a right angle with the regiment. At the time that the command was ordered to fall back, Lieut. Jonathan P. Miller received a mortal wound in the thigh, and crawled on his hands and knees to Serg. J. E. Chilton, of his company, and reported the serious nature of his wound to him, asking to be taken off the field. Serg. Chilton and a member of Company H, carried him to a ravine to shield him from the bullets of friends as well as foes. The enemy were now so near that they were compelled to abandon him, their line soon passing over his body. After the battle was over, his remains were found untouched, showing that he soon died from his wound.

Col. M. D. Manson, commanding the Second Brigade, after directing Lieut. Col. Kise to form the Tenth Indiana immediately, and ordering Col. S. S. Fry with the First Kentucky to his support, reported in person to Gen. Thomas of the advance of the enemy in force, and the disposition he had made to resist them. Gen. Thomas directed him to join his command and hold the enemy in check until he could order up the other troops, which were ordered to form immediately, and were marching to the field in ten minutes afterward. The battalion of the Michigan Engineers, and Company A,

Thirty-eighth Ohio (Capt. Greenwood), were ordered to remain as guard to the camp.

Gen. Thomas now rode forward himself to see the position of the enemy, in order to determine what disposition to make of the troops as they arrived on the field. On reaching this position held by the Fourth Kentucky, Tenth Indiana and Wolford's Cavalry, he found the enemy advancing through a cornfield, and evidently endeavoring to gain the left of the Fourth Kentucky regiment, which was now maintaining its position in a most determined manner. The General now directed one of his Aides to ride back to order up a section of Artillery and the Tennessee brigade, under Gen. Carter, to advance on the enemy's right, and also sent orders for Col. McCook with his two regiments (the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota), to the support of the Fourth Kentucky, Tenth Indiana, and Wolford's Cavalry.

A section of Kenney's Battery took position to the left of the Fourth Kentucky, and opened an effective fire on a regiment of Alabamians which were advancing on that regiment. Soon afterward, the Second Minnesota, Col. H. P. Van Cleve arrived, and reporting for instructions, was ordered to take the position of the Tenth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana, which regiments were nearly out of ammunition. The Ninth Ohio, under the immediate command of Maj. Kammerling, came in position on the right of the road at the same time. The enemy now opened a most determined and galling fire, which was returned by the Union troops in the same spirit. The reports of the musketry and rifles now commingled into one sound like the terrible roar of the winds of a mighty storm, interrupted only by the louder thunder of the Artillery. Owing to the dark foggy morning, and the thinness of the atmosphere, the smoke of the conflict hovered down over the contestants like a pall, as if to shroud the bloody carnage. For nearly half an hour this fierce storm raged in fury.

The Twelfth Kentucky (Col. Wm. A. Hoskins) and the Tennessee brigade now reached the field on the left of the Minnesota regiment, and opened fire on the right flank of the enemy, when they began to fall back. The Second Minnesota kept up a most heavy fire in front, and the Ninth Ohio

charged with fixed bayonets on the left, turned their flank, and drove them from the field in the utmost disorder and confusion.

The regiments formed, refilled their cartridge boxes, and the whole force was ordered to advance in pursuit of the flying enemy. A few miles from the battlefield, a small force of Cavalry was drawn up near the road, but a few shots from Standart's Battery dispersed them, and they were seen no more until the arrival of the Federals in front of their works.

On approaching their works, the division was deployed in line of battle, and steadily advanced along the summit of the hill at Moulden's. From this point their intrenchments were cannonaded by Standart's and Wetmore's batteries, until dark. Kenney's Battery was placed in position on the extreme left, to guard the ferry to keep them from crossing.

On the following morning, all the forces were put in position, and every preparation made to assault their works. On advancing, and meeting with no resistance, the Union forces entered their works and found that the enemy had retreated during the night, and had abandoned everything, twelve pieces of Artillery, a large amount of small arms, one hundred and fifty-six wagons, one thousand mules and horses, a large amount of commissary stores, camp and garrison equipage, etc.

The steam and ferryboats having been destroyed by the enemy, it was impossible to cross the river and pursue them; besides, their command was completely demoralized, and retreated with great haste in all directions, making their capture in any numbers quite doubtful if pursued.

The Fourteenth Ohio and Tenth Kentucky having joined the force soon after the repulse of the enemy, continued in pursuit, although they could not get up in time of the fight on account of having been sent on detached service on the seventeenth.

In time of the battle, while the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, First Kentucky Cavalry and others, were resisting the advance of the enemy, Col. Fry was slightly wounded and Gen. Zollicoffer fell from a shot said to be from his

pistol, which contributed, no doubt, to the discomfiture of the enemy.

Gen. Schœpf, with the Seventeenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-eighth Ohio, also joined Gen. Thomas on the evening of the 19th.

The First Kentucky, early in the action, by orders from Col. Wolford, dismounted and fought as Infantry, continuing the pursuit with the rest of the forces up to the intrenchments of the enemy. Conspicuous in the midst of danger, Col. Wolford was on hand, giving orders and encouraging his men. To enhance his martial appearance, he rode the frame-work of an ugly roan horse, wore an old red hat, home-spun brown jeans coat, and his face had been undefiled by water or razor for some time.

Col. Wolford, in his report to Gen. Thomas, gives credit to the following officers and their men for gallant conduct on the field of battle: Capt. Geo. W. Sweeney and Lieut. F. M. Wolford, Company A; Lieutenants Geo. W. Drye and Stephen H. Coppage, Company B; Lieut. Jonathan P. Miller in command of Company C, who fought well and fell at their head; Capt. F. N. Alexander, Company H, and also to Maj. Brents.

Our gallant Chaplain, Rev. W. H. Honnell, was in front in the midst of danger, caring for the wounded, and encouraging the men to deeds of valor. It was said that in the fury of the storm, he dismounted and assisted in removing the dead body of the Confederate General, Zollicoffer, from the road to prevent its being trampled over by the surging mass of combatants.

When the storm had passed and calmness was restored, the scene of the conflict was sad to behold. The ground was torn up, and for a large space around where the fiery blaze was fiercest, the underbrush was peeled white from the many deadly missiles. The fence along which the Union line was formed was riddled with bullets. The old field through which the Confederates advanced was strewn with the dead and dying. There were some forms and features of manly beauty among them, but the rough cast of features predominated. The dead lay in all positions. Some lay on their backs with features stark and limbs rigidly extended; some

were doubled up. There were delicate forms whose beardless faces showed tender years. Some had the horrid frowns of war still upon their features, others lay in calm repose as if they were dreaming of the loved ones at home. One fine-looking Confederate lay with features at rest, and the stump of a cigar on his bosom. It was a strange time to enjoy the luxury of a cigar. The wounded left on the field exhibited various dispositions as the Union soldiers went among them to remove them to places selected for treatment. Some talked pitifully, and were thankful for any kind word spoken or any favors shown them, while others were morose, stubborn and independent.

According to official reports the Union loss was as follows: Tenth Indiana, ten enlisted men killed; wounded, three commissioned officers and seventy-two men.

First Kentucky Cavalry: One commissioned officer and three men killed; wounded, nineteen men.

Fourth Kentucky Infantry: Killed, eight enlisted men; wounded, four commissioned officers and forty-eight men.

Second Minnesota: Killed, twelve men; wounded, two commissioned officers and thirty-one men.

Ninth Ohio: Killed, six men; wounded, four commissioned officers and twenty-four men.

Total: Killed, one commissioned officer and thirty-nine men; wounded, thirteen commissioned officers and 194 men.

As the First Kentucky had only four companies in the fight, its killed in proportion to the number engaged was greater than any other regiment except the Second Minnesota, and its wounded greater than any other except the Tenth Indiana.

Gen. Thomas makes the enemy's loss in killed 192, including Gen. Zollicoffer and Lieut. Bailie Peyton. Prisoners, eighty-nine, not wounded, and sixty-eight wounded; a total of killed, wounded and prisoners of 349.

The Confederate General, Crittenden, made his own loss at 125 killed, 309 wounded and ninety-nine missing, a total of 535. Though Crittenden makes his aggregate list of casualties heavier than Gen. Thomas made them, it is not presumed that he exaggerated his losses. It was reported, with good authority at the time, that many of the enemy in their

panic in getting away from the dreaded Yankees, drowned themselves in crossing the Cumberland river.

The following are the names of the killed of the First Kentucky Cavalry: Lieut. Jonathan P. Miller, Privates Isaac D. Cole and Michael P. Zachary, of Company C; Private George Duncan, of Company H.

Wounded as far as known at the time of writing this book: Privates, Thomas J. Peyton, badly; Wm. F. Beard, badly, and discharged; Joseph Anderson, badly, and discharged; James Haley, slightly, all of Company B.

Company C: Felix R. Smith, severely; Arthur Kennedy was knocked down by a spent ball, but recovered to his feet and remained in action until the fight was over.

Company H: Joe Sumpter.

The fate of Thos. J. Peyton, of Company B, was the saddest of all. Being shot in the neck, and having his spinal column injured, he survived for nearly thirty years, an insane paralytic, and cut off from all the enjoyments of life.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

As much has been written and said about the death of Gen. Zollicoffer, and who killed him, the Author deems it expedient to give Chaplain W. H. Honnell's version of the affair, and other incidents connected with the battle of Mill Springs:

ZOLLICOFFER'S DEATH.—In the battle of Mill Springs, there were other incidents of thrilling interest. The fall of Zollicoffer, the Rebel General, was one of these. The darkness of the morning was increased by the heavy rain and dense smoke of the battle, so that it became difficult to distinguish the battle line. We had fallen back in good order to the west fence of Logan's field, leaving the open grounds covered by our dead, now being more thickly dotted over by those of the advancing enemy. Wolford was riding up and down our front in almost the same danger from both sides. Gen. Thomas and Capt. Joseph Breckinridge sat on their horses twenty steps only to the rear, with the limbs, cut from the trees overhead, falling upon them, when I stepped to their side and shouted above the roar, "General, the men in your front are nearly out of ammunition." "Tell them to hold their line, that McCook is coming up on their right." As I had just given the order, I saw a commotion, and ran back to see what it meant, when I saw the dead Zollicoffer and Bailey Peyton lying by the road, slain by Col. S. S. Fry, and the men just around him; among whom were several of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and I noted a young soldier named George W. Cabbell, soon after killed, at the battle of Lebanon, Tennessee. Fry having the first shot, and giving the command to "shoot him," as he turned to escape, has the honor of being the "slayer of Gen. Zollicoffer." I called to others, who aided me in lift-

ing his now lifeless body from near the road, back toward the fence line, a little eastward.

As there were three wounds on his body, and only one of them of immediately deadly effect, and that by a large ball, the belief became general in our regiment that two of them were inflicted by men of the First Kentucky Cavalry, the other by Col. Fry, of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry.

As we buried the dead next day, I cut a white oak stick from the place as a souvenir of the fierce conflict at that point, for I noticed that it had five bullet marks and clots of blood upon it. I learned that when he approached Fry, he shouted, "Cease firing there, those are the Mississippians!" But I believe this was done through mistake, thinking Fry and the men around him belonged to his own command. Fry called back, "Who are you?" as his own horse fell under him, but not until after the Confederate chief had turned to flee.

By this time Col. McCook, with the Second Minnesota, and his own Ninth Ohio German regiment, with fixed bayonets (though shot in the leg himself), came past our line on their left, and with a wild shout, and one volley, started their whole army into a stampede. We had brought on the battle at morning dawn, and now remounted and helped to hurry the retreat. I assisted in the burial of the dead next day, and most of them were placed in a single deep grave, near where their leader had fallen the day before.

We shelled them in their intrenched fortifications that evening, and might have taken them as prisoners and fed them up in some Northern camp, but as I heard Gen. Thomas say that night—and it was verified afterwards—"they did our cause more good by their terror spread over Middle and East Tennessee, than all who had been taken in and held as prisoners of war."

Wolford tells one of his characteristic stories as occurring in our gathering up the prisoners. Among them was a Georgia Captain, who addressed him in a plaintive strain:

"Colonel, this is a dreadful business!"

"Yes," he replied, "and more dreadful to us than to you; for you count us as enemies, and we count you only as deluded fellow citizens, whom we are compelled to whip back to your allegiance to the best government on earth."

"All we want," retorted the Georgian, "is to be let alone."

"It looks that way," continued Wolford, "when you have come all the way from Georgia here, and are shooting down my men; many of whom are within hearing of their homes."

The conversation was dropped then.

Another characteristic anecdote of Wolford, while scouting in the mountain region, is told by the people of that section. Naturally, Cavalry, away from their base of operations, and under the necessity to forage the country for supplies for their horses, would gather in every chicken that crowed for Jeff Davis. The loyal mountaineers held a meeting and sent a delegation to complain to Wolford. After hearing them, the Colonel replied: "Those thieving troops must belong to some other regiment, for I

have ordered my men to be careful to steal nothing from you men; that you are loyal people in this section. Now, my men always mind me; so it must be men of some other regiment. To show you how well my men obey me, I will tell you a story of the Wild Cat battle. As the enemy came up I said to my men: 'Men, wait till they come close; then shoot them in the head.' After the terrible fight, the Chaplain went over to bury them, and we counted just sixty dead, and fifty-nine were shot in the head, and one in the neck. So you see how well my men mind me." The delegation was satisfied.

In the death of Lieut. Jonathan P. Miller, not only his company, but the regiment lost a man of sterling worth. He was a merchant of Albany, Ky., and was a young man of fine moral standing, free from all wild habits, and conscientious in all his acts and dealings; brave, and highly respected by the men and officers of the regiment. His men procured a coffin and buried him with a soldier's honors near the battle ground. Chaplain W. H. Honnell, bespattered with mud from the scene of the conflict, delivered an eloquent eulogy over his remains.

His father afterward removed his body to his home at Albany.

Privates Cole, Zachary and Duncan also fought bravely, and gave their lives to their country's cause.

The next morning after the battle, while the Author and one or two others were still examining the field they came across a dead Confederate and a wounded one in a cornfield off to themselves, where the carnage was not so great as at other places. Those collecting the wounded had failed to find him. Though shot in the center of the forehead, he was still sensible, and gave his name as McBride, from White county, Tennessee. He was reported to those caring for the wounded and was removed to a hospital tent. The Author saw him again the next day, but he was then delirious, and, of course, died. Twenty-two years afterward, in Dallas county, Texas, the Author happened to mention the circumstance to a fresh immigrant from that county, and found that McBride was a widow's son, and that his mother had never known for certain what had become of him.

In order to bemean the Union cause, it was charged by the Confederates that the body of Gen. Zollicoffer was terribly outraged on the battlefield, pulling out his hair, etc. The facts of the case are these, and no more: some of the privates, out of mere thoughtlessness, not thinking how bad it looked, tore his clothes in order to procure souvenirs of the noted general; but when it was fully made known to the officers who he was, his body was removed from the field, nicely laid out, and a guard placed over him. Nobody but the guard was even allowed to uncover his face for those who wished to see him. There was a ruffled place in his hair on one side of his head, which appeared as if a lock had been plucked out, but it did not disfigure his looks. So much for the charge of vandalism against a loyal, patriotic people, who, with the assistance of their fellow-patriots of the North, were defending their own firesides from a merciless invading foe, who had been for months stripping their defenceless families of their scanty means of support.

CHAPTER X.

GLORIOUS RESULTS OF THE GREAT VICTORY—WOLFORD MOVES TO CAMP RIGNEY—CONGRATULATORY ORDERS OF THE PRESIDENT—THE MOVEMENTS OF GEN. THOMAS—COMPANY C ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO CLINTON COUNTY—EXCITING CONFLICT WITH CHAMPE FERGUSON—ORDERED TO BARDSTOWN—INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE—THE AUTHOR OF CLEOPATRA—SICKNESS—BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH THE GRAYBACK—LIEUT. COL. LETCHER'S SERVICES ON THE BIG SANDY—THE REGIMENT UNITED—MARCH TO GLASGOW.

The battle of Logan's Cross Roads, erroneously called Mill Springs, was one of the most brilliant victories to the Union cause, and one of the most important in its results that happened during the war. It was its first great victory. It revived the drooping spirits of the loyalists throughout the United States, and spread consternation in the ranks of the heretofore audacious foe. It contradicted the extravagant assertions which the leaders of this great conspiracy had taken much pains to instill into the minds of their deluded and uninformed followers, that one valiant Southerner was equal to five live Yankees on the field of battle; for in this engagement a force of about 2,200 Unionists had gained a signal victory over, according to their own reports, 4,000 fighting men of the boasted chivalry of the Confederacy. It was the forerunner of a series of successful movements and brilliant victories of the Union armies which caused the enemy not only to abandon Kentucky in force, but also the largest portion and most fertile region of Tennessee.

The news of the victory was received with joy by loyal people of all sections. Honors were profusely bestowed on the participants. Flags were presented to each regiment engaged, among which was a beautiful blue silk banner presented to the First Kentucky by Mrs. Wilkins, of Louisville, Ky. By order of President Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, a congratulatory order was issued from the War Department, January 22, 1862, returning thanks to

officers and soldiers who won the victory, commending the spirited movements in the daring battle of Mill Springs, and that the people of the United States would rejoice to honor every officer and soldier who proved his courage in the face of the enemy.

After a short rest from the fatigues of the conflict and pursuit, Gen. Thomas moved his Infantry to Somerset to complete preparations for again striking the enemy. February 15th, it was ordered from Department Headquarters to Lebanon, Ky., preparatory to advancing on Bowling Green. Whilst en route, it was ordered to march to Louisville, and embark for the Cumberland River, the enemy having retreated from Bowling Green. Embarked at Louisville, February 26th, preparatory to operations against Nashville, if necessary.

Owing to absence of records, deficiencies of diaries and imperfections of memories, the exact dates of the movements and operations of Wolford's Cavalry about this time cannot be given; therefore, only approximations will be attempted.

A few days after our fiery baptism, about January 23d, the battalion under Col. Wolford was ordered to Camp Rigney, Casey county, to rest and recover exhausted strength of men and animals. Here Company C, with its men and officers, had a twenty day's leave of absence to visit their homes, some sixty miles distant, and report any movement of the enemy in that section, as they appeared to be always in an aggressive state in Clinton county.

At Camp Rigney, Companies A, B and H, had but little to do but enjoy themselves for a week or two, the camp being situated in an exceedingly loyal part of the country, and soldiers were welcomed around every fireside, and feasted on the best each house could afford. It was not even necessary to make the nocturnal raids on chicken-roosts for luxuries, and as forest timber was plentiful around the camp, there was no military exigency to "fall and trim up the laps of fence rails" for fuel.

But Company C did not meet with as good fortune as the three before-mentioned companies. They were not long permitted to enjoy the comforts of home and the society of their loved ones. The Author is indebted to Lieut. James E. Chilton for the following account of their tribulations:

* * * * After remaining a few days in Camp Rigney, the company had leave of absence for twenty days, and at once started for their homes in Clinton county, making Creelsboro, on the Cumberland, their place of separation, and also their point of rendezvous, when their time should expire. They left there in squads of four or five each, going to Albany, Ky., and other neighborhoods where the men lived.

Before their leave of absence expired, the men were notified that the notorious guerrilla, Champe Ferguson, was coming to his home, five miles east of Albany. A man was left to watch Ferguson's movements, and those men who could be reached, were notified to meet between Albany and Creelsboro, making the impression on the people, and Ferguson also, that we had left the country. This was done to give us an opportunity to get enough men together to enable us to offer Ferguson battle. We only succeeded in collecting thirteen men; and after consultation, we decided to go back to the neighborhood of Ferguson's home, and learn what we could, and wait for developments. We reached the place agreed upon just after nightfall, and very soon were notified that Ferguson was at home with thirty-seven men, one and a half miles distant. After deliberate consultation it was decided to make an attack with our thirteen men and a true, trusted citizen, and our colored watch, who had reported the arrival of "Champe," making fifteen in all. When within 400 yards of the place the men were dismounted, and on arriving within 150 yards, were divided into two squads, one under Lieut. Perkins, and the other under Lieut. Carr; the former stealing their way down a creek to cut off their retreat in direction of the Tennessee line, and the latter their retreat toward Albany.

Before our plans were fully carried out, Champe had been notified by his pickets of our approach, and was ordering his men out to fight. Lieut. Carr had reached his position, and one of Champe's men, who was approaching them, was ordered to halt, and the fight began. As soon as Carr's squad fired, the squad under Lieut. Perkins also opened fire, and the firing was continued until Ferguson's men had all escaped, either on foot or on their horses. We then took possession of the house, and after searching the premises for Ferguson and not finding him, we discovered that one of his men had been killed and left on the field, while the wounded had escaped. Private Logan Zachary, of Lieut. Carr's squad, received a flesh wound in the hip. We captured seventeen horses and some arms.

We returned to our place of rendezvous, and after a short stay, took up our line of march to Creelsboro, reaching there

before noon the next day. Our leave of absence having expired, we reported back to Camp Rigney.

Companies A, B, and H, uniting now with Companies E and K, which had for several months been doing duty at Somerset, were ordered to Lebanon, and from thence to Bardstown. As no thrilling incident occurred on the way, one or two episodes is here related to illustrate the sharpness of most of the men of the regiment, and the impossibility of frustratiug them in attaining an object when they set their heads on its performance.

The names of the principal actors are suppressed, for the reason that one has become a popular physician, another a pillar of the church in another State, and one brave boy soon afterward passed to the other shore.

One day—it was between Lebanon and Bardstown—Maj. J. A. Brents, a strictly moral man, and one always desirous of keeping good order among the men, happened to be in temporary command of the marching column. Chris. and Alec, two thirsty souls, had been following in the rear nearly all day, vainly endeavoring to get the means to satiate their keenly whetted appetites; the Major having forbidden the proprietors of the doggeries on the road from dealing the fiery fluid to his men, under threats of the severest penalties. Late in the evening, finding out there was a saloon ahead, Alec remained in the background, while Chris. being a fine-looking specimen of the biped species of animated nature, buttoned up his new Cavalry overcoat to hide the private's uniform underneath, with an officer's fine cap on his head, covered with oil-cloth to conceal the absent insignia of rank, he rode up, dismounted, and gave peremptory orders to the barkeeper not to let his men have any liquor under pain of having his liquor poured out. The proprietor meekly replied that the officer in front had given him similar orders. "O, well," said Chris., "if Maj. Brents has already given you these orders, it is all right." At that time Alec entered, apparently just recovering from a big spree, and in pleading tones addressed the pretended officer: "Colonel, please give me an order for some whisky, for I am almost dead." "Go to your command immediately," sternly replied Chris., "or I will have you

bucked and gagged. You are drunk now." Alec wilted and started in haste toward camp. Chris. now presented his canteen and ordered it to be filled, which was done without a word. It is needless to state, that after Alec got out of sight of the doggery, he waited for his companion to come up. This trick, with some variations, was often played by the thirsty ones.

That evening camp was pitched in a wealthy community. All applications of the men to purchase chickens from the surrounding farmers were fruitless. The men were no longer among the mountain spurs where the bulk of the regiment was raised, and where nearly everybody were loyal and welcomed the soldiers in every household. But many of the First Kentucky feasted on chicken that night. The next morning, feathers in profusion were strewn over the camp ground. Complaints were made to Col. Wolford. The Colonel, who detested thievery of all kinds, except in cases of actual necessity, called the men into line and told them of the outrage on the citizens, bemeaning the guilty with the most severe denunciations, threatening to have them "courtmartialed, and, perhaps shot," if they did so any more. At the close of his vilifications he calmed down, and proposed that if the guilty ones would step out of ranks and "own up," and pay for the chickens, they would be forgiven for that time. All hesitated until Dick ——, a frolicsome, freckled-faced youth, of some eighteen summers, stepped out, and was soon followed by others. That was the last heard of the stolen chickens.

On arriving at Bardstown, we found Gen. W. H. Lytle, the gifted and accomplished author of "Cleopatra," or "I Am Dying, Egypt Dying," in command of the post. The regiment was ordered into camp on the filthy grounds which just before had been occupied by the infantry of the Army of the Ohio.

In this camp we were also introduced to that species of the genus of a parasitic insect, popularly known among soldiers by the name of the "grayback," which were destined to adhere to us with the most unyielding tenacity throughout the war, and then were loth to leave us when peace was proclaimed. We had heard of them—had read of them in

romance and history — but were unaware of their many clinging virtues until brought in contact with them. They made their presence known on the march, around the camp-fire, and more especially when we folded our weary limbs for sleep or repose. They were lively companions, and feasted, gamboled and held mass-meetings on our devoted bodies at all times. They were purely democratic in principles [the Author does not mean in a partisan sense], as they believed in ruling by the masses. In their religious practices they were inclined to Quakerism; for they operated when the spirit moved them, and had no respect for titles or rank. They would feast and have their frolics on the Commanding General's body the same as on the humblest private. The only abhorrence they showed against anything was cleanliness. Every one could have partial immunity from them by frequent changes of clothing.

They soon caused us to lose our popularity around the firesides of many of the loyal citizens. The fastidious females seemed to have had a perfect horror of them, and objected to give us lodging sometimes for fear of having them introduced into their households. From the rapidity in which they multiplied, although they did not acquaint us with the social laws, they must have practiced Mormonism. Whenever they became so numerous that we would be in danger of being eaten up by them, we could have a short respite by scalding them to death in our camp kittles; or in cold weather we could hang our clothes on top of our tents and freeze them in one night.

While camped at Bardstown, there was considerable sickness in the regiment, and some died. It might have been caused by the particular condition of the weather at the time, or more probably by the decaying matter left on the grounds by the Infantry. The Post Surgeon, the ranking officer in that branch of the service, visited and inspected the men's quarters, and issued strict orders for the men to strip and bathe once a week. The most of us went to a retired woodland, built large fires, heated water and performed our ablutions by the fire. Richard Peach, however, a brave young soldier of Company A, stripped of his clothes and plunged into a creek, was taken with brain fever and only

lived a few days. This was about the last of February, or early in March, 1862. If the men had been properly situated, with suitable bathing apparatus, it might have been sensible to issue such orders; but quartered as they were at the time, in dilapidated tents, and exposed to the chilly winds then prevailing, the propriety of requiring them to bathe all over was at least questionable. With all the rapid scouting, severe marching and hard service of the First Kentucky, if its men had been exposed to strict military discipline and red tape all the time, it is probable that its mortality would have been much greater than it was.

While the command remained at Bardstown, there was a board of military examiners in session, and some of our officers were ordered before it to test their qualifications for the position they held. A few were examined, and most of them were mustered out. That the government was just in its action here, admits of some doubts. Calling men from all avocations of life, without previous knowledge of military affairs, and putting them to active service from the start, and then requiring them to go through rigid examinations on military tactics, and their various duties, and for being unable to stand the severe ordeal, was harsh at least. But fortunately for most of our officers, we were not permitted to remain idle long enough for the examination to be completed. The regiment was ordered to Glasgow, Ky.

It is now necessary to return to Lieut. Col. Letcher's detachment of six companies of the First Kentucky ordered to Northeastern Kentucky on the 15th of December, 1861, to do Cavalry service for Col. J. A. Garfield's brigade, then operating against the enemy in that section. The Author is indebted to Lieut. Warren Launne, and also to Lieut. Granville Vaught for an account of their movements while absent. Garfield's force consisted of the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio Infantry, the Fourteenth and Twenty-second Kentucky Infantry, and a battalion of the First Ohio Cavalry. Letcher's detachment marched by the way of Lexington, Winchester, Mt. Sterling and West Liberty to Paintsville, in Johnson county, arriving there on the 8th of January, 1862. No incident worthy of note happened on the march. On the 9th it was ordered to Prestonburg. That night the First Ohio

battalion had a skirmish on Jennie's Creek, in Johnson county. The next day, the 10th, the First Kentucky was ordered to the front, ten miles from Paintsville, where Garfield's forces were in a hot engagement with Humphrey Marshall's command. As they moved to the position they saw the men killed the night before still lying on the field. The First Kentucky did not reach the field in time to engage in the action, for the enemy retired as the men were formed into line.

Letcher was then ordered back two or three miles and went into camp. The next day the First Kentucky was ordered in pursuit of the retreating enemy and captured a number of prisoners, as they showed no fight. They were mostly Union men, and joined the Federal army on condition that they were not to be put on outpost duty in that section for fear of being captured by their late comrades on the opposite side. They were a motley body of men, dressed in variegated fashions, with "bee-gum" hats, homespun "pigeon-tail" coats, red sleeve jackets and hunting shirts. Their arms also belonged to the primitive style—being flint-lock muskets, old field rifles, etc.

Col. Garfield had our own men as well as the Confederates buried decently in coffins. He had the enemy's wounded also well taken care of, sending them to the hospital in Cincinnati. Capt. George Coppage, Company D, accompanied them on the boat.

Col. Letcher's detachment then had considerable scouting to do to Piketon, Pound Gap, West Liberty, and through the mountains generally, occasionally picking up a guerrilla, but had no serious engagements.

February 1st, was ordered back to West Liberty, where the command remained enjoying themselves in camp sports during a temporary cessation of hostilities in that section. In March were ordered to Owingsville, in Bath county, where some scouting was done, catching guerrillas and renegades aiming to join the enemy. During all this time Dr. Turner was with the command acting as Surgeon.

The detachment was then ordered directly to Bardstown, by way of Lexington, to join the rest of the regiment. The entire regiment was now united after a separation of about

three months, and proceeded to Glasgow, where they remained several weeks on duty.

CHAPTER XI.

OFF FOR DIXIE—LETCHER MOVES WITH THE TRAIN TO NASHVILLE—WOLFORD, WITH THE EFFECTIVE FIGHTING MEN, GOES ON AN EXCITING EXPEDITION—HOSPITABLE RECEPION IN CLINTON COUNTY — ADVANCE ON THE GUERRILLA'S STRONGHOLD—THE CHARGE INTO LIVINGSTON—CAPTURES —THE MIDNIGHT RIDE—ON TO COOKSVILLE—A THRILLING MEETING AND AN EXCITING CHASE—THE GUERRILLA CHIEFTAIN ESCAPES—DR. J. E. RIFFE, JOHN GROOM AND OTHERS —MARCH TO NASHVILLE—INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES ON THE WAY—RESPECT TO THE HERO OF NEW ORLEANS—THE REGIMENT UNITED.

While the First Kentucky Cavalry was guarding the left flank and rear of the Union forces, the main army was having many successes and several brilliant victories in the Mississippi Valley. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, was captured by the Union forces on the 6th of February. Gen. Grant marched immediately from Fort Henry to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, and laid siege to the stronghold on the 12th of February. On the 16th, after the Confederate Generals, Floyd and Pillow had escaped with an inconsiderable force, Gen. Buckner surrendered to Grant with the remainder of the Rebel force, consisting of from 12,000 to 15,000 men. Simultaneously with the siege of Fort Donelson, the enemy evacuated Bowling Green, Ky., on the 14th, and on the 15th that place was occupied by the Union troops. On the 23d the enemy evacuated Nashville, Tennessee, and on the 25th the Union troops took possession of the city.

Soon after, the regiment went into camp at Glasgow, news came that three men were killed by the enemy near Tompkinsville, Ky. Wolford, with a heavy detachment, scouted there, and as far as Celina, Tennessee, on the Cumberland River, but had no fighting to do, as the enemy retreated from the opposite side of the river, when Wolford's

men came in sight. Wolford, after finding out all he could about the enemy, returned to camp at Glasgow.

The regiment was soon ordered to Nashville, Tennessee. Wolford, with a strong detachment of select men and horses, and most of the line officers, went by way of Burkesville and Albany, Ky., and Livingston, Cooksville and Lebanon, Tennessee. This expedition was for the most of the way through a section where the bitter blood between the loyalists and Secessionists was continually kept at boiling heat, and its object in addition to making discoveries of the enemy's movements, was to chastise the murderous guerrilla bands who at all times were depredating on the Union people and the families of Federal soldiers. Wolford will be left now to make his eventful scout, and a return will be made to rest of the regiment.

The regimental wagon train, some of the line officers, the unservicable men and horses generally, under command of Lieut. Col. John W. Letcher, marched by way of Bowling Green and Franklin, Ky., to Nashville, Tennessee, arriving there about the 20th of April, and encamped on the beautiful commons in the outer suburbs of the city.

All nature had put on her fancy spring robes, and the surrounding country looked lovely and enchanting. Though smiling, joyous nature seemed to woo us among its fascinating scenery, we found no observable welcome among the citizens. The business men remaining, unless they were newcomers from the North, treated us with freezing politeness; the pretty maids were shy, and occasionally showed disdain in a quiet way. Even the children intimated by their actions that they were taught to despise us. The only comfortable expression the Author remembers hearing, was while passing along the streets in company of several comrades, a little tow-headed, freckled-face urchin greeting them with "Hurrah for the Lincolnites!" There may have been some Union sentiment in the city, but it was concealed from public view.

While camped at Nashville, a loyal citizen from the country reported to headquarters the practicability of capturing a guerrilla chieftain. Lieut. Col. Letcher called on Serg. Thomas J. Graves, of Company I, with ten picked men from

different companies, to go on the hazardous expedition, having the citizen along as guide. They went seventeen miles into the country, and within one mile of a guerrilla encampment; surrounded the house where the chieftain was supposed to be lodged, but he was gone. On returning to camp, the guide, with fifteen or twenty other loyal citizens, who had been hiding out for two or three months, accompanied Serg. Graves, organized a company, with the citizen guide as Captain, which formed the nucleus of a Tennessee Cavalry regiment. They were a noble, brave set of men.

But to return to Wolford's venturesome expedition. From the beginning of the war, Champe Ferguson and other leaders, with their depredating bands, had infested the State border on the line of Wayne and Clinton counties, causing terror and desolation to the loyal citizens and families of Union soldiers in that section. It was the object of Col. Wolford's force, as before stated, to break up these bands, and, if possible, to capture or destroy their leaders.

For particulars of the incidents and adventures of this remarkable expedition, the Author compiles from the written accounts and verbal statements of Lieut. James E. Chilton, Private Henry C. Gillespie, Rev. W. H. Honnell, Adj. Geo. W. Drye and others.

The command, consisting of some 300 or 400 men, were to subsist on the country through which they passed. It was early in April, 1862, when they started, and, crossing the Cumberland at Burkesville, proceeded at once to Albany, where they remained some three or four days. While at Albany the loyal citizens cooked and brought in provisions and supplied all the needs of the soldiers as far as they were able. At this place, too, all the information possible was gained of the location and movements of the enemy; plans were formed and concert of action were agreed upon. The command then started on a rapid march to Livingston, crossing the Wolf in a high and dangerous stage, passing through a rough country by way of old Monroe, reached the town about sundown the first day. Before arriving there, Col. Wolford learned that the enemy were camped in the country, and had sent pickets to town to prevent a surprise, while the rest of the men went to their homes to stay all

night. Their pickets were approached and captured, and then Wolford and his men made a dashing charge into town, capturing Lieut. Goldbear and some twenty or thirty of his men. Capt. Alexander Smith, of Company I, followed seven of his men into a dark cellar, where they retreated, in order to conceal themselves, and brought them out prisoners. Guards were now placed around the town to prevent the news from being conveyed to the enemy of the presence of the Union forces. A heavy rain set in about the time the command entered Livingston and continued all night. About dark, a select number of Wolford's men were ordered into line to move for the camp of Ferguson, reported to be about four miles away. Gillespie, one of the number, says that how they ever found the place he could not tell, "for the earth was clothed with a mantle of Egyptian darkness, but a lynx-eyed guide" led them direct to the point, and they soon had the camp surrounded, but found it deserted. Wolford's men then made their way back to Livingston, took possession of the courthouse and other buildings, lay down in their wet clothes, and rested the best they could until day. The roads were very muddy from the rain the night before, so that when the command moved out at daybreak the next morning, there was no difficulty in seeing the tracks of any one traveling the road, and it was owing to this fact that a good many of the enemy were trailed up and captured in the early part of the day. They ran upon an old Rebel doctor who had the name of "Jeff Davis" worked in showy letters on the brow-band of his bridle. When realizing whose hands he had fallen into, he showed the greatest of fright. They captured a number of Rebels still remaining at home from the effects of their scare at Mill Springs, so that by noon they had a considerable number of prisoners. As they continued on the road to Cooksville, whenever they discovered any tracks leaving the road, squads would follow the trail until lost, or the ones making them were captured. In this way, in the afternoon, the command had become considerably scattered. H. C. Gillespie and some others happened to be in front, had halted, waiting for the command to close up, and were consulting, when two men rode up dressed in blue, whom they took to be their

own men. While talking with them, Dr. J. C. Riffe, Adj. Geo. W. Drye, Serg. Maj. Feland, P. Bland, David T. Cloyd, of Company J, and some of Company C, came in sight, when the two started to move off. John Groom, of Company C, called out, "Catch them or shoot them ! it is Champe Ferguson." Then exclaiming, "Champe, I know you," leveled his gun, and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. One of the men, who proved to be Ike Smith, a right-hand man of Ferguson, surrendered; but Ferguson made back toward Cooksville with lightning speed. Several shots were fired at him, but failing to bring him down, he was pursued. One of the most exciting races in the war was now gotten up. Dr. J. C. Riffe, David T. Cloyd and Serg. W. C. Root, being mounted on the fleetest horses, led in the chase. Ferguson was so hotly pursued that he had no time to defend himself only by firing over his shoulders, and one of these shots unfortunately struck Cloyd's horse, disabling him so that he was thrown out of the race. Dr. Riffe, however, was so eager for his prey, that he and others continued on. So fast was the Doctor's horse, that part of the way, as he emptied his pistol, its muzzle was nearly touching his intended victim's side; and his aim being destroyed by the motions of the horses. Ferguson watching his opportunity, jumped from his horse, took to the bushes and made his escape. One of his shots is said to have taken off Riffe's shoulder-straps. Ferguson's horse, gun and hat fell into the hands of his pursuers.

When Smith was captured, Adj. Drye, Serg. Maj. Bland and some others halted to protect the life of the prisoner, as Groom being a citizen of the section in which Ferguson's band operated, was very hostile against him. Gillespie relates: "On our return from the chase, we found some of the men were preparing to hang Ike Smith for the cowardly manner in which he had assisted in killing some comrades while at home on furlough. Col. Wolford interfered, and said it would not do, no matter how deserving he was of such a fate."

The command now moved on, and encamped that night about ten miles west of Livingston, and the next morning started for Nashville, reaching Gainsboro that night. Bledsoe's and Hughs' Confederate Cavalry, having heard of the

approach of Wolford, vacated the town that evening. The Union pickets were fired on that night, and though an attack was anticipated the next morning, none was made. The reputation of Wolford's daring riders had gone before them, and the Confederate bands were not anxious for an open conflict with them. The next morning the command struck a good turnpike road, and marched all day without incident, and went into camp on the Caney Fork of Cumberland. It was here that Lieut. Goldbear, while in custody of Lieut. Dick, effected his escape with his fine black mare. The next day the First Kentucky passed through Lebanon, and as they came to the Hermitage, visited the tomb of the old hero, Gen. Jackson, and paid their respects to his memory with uncovered heads.

Before closing the account of this extended expedition, it is necessary to relate another thrilling incident, as detailed to the Author by Judge W. G. Rains, of Company C. As they were approaching the city of Nashville, Capt. Jessee M. Carter, of Company J, and W. G. Rains, being well acquainted with each other in their youthful days, by mutual agreement concluded to call at a prominent citizen's house for their dinner. Not anticipating any danger so near our lines, Rains carelessly set his Sharpe's rifle against the wall while preparations were being made for their dinners. A handsome daughter of the citizen took up the gun, remarking that she had always desired to shoot one Yankee, and presented it at Capt. Carter. Rains knowing that the gun was loaded, and not liking the expression of her countenance, presented his Navy in close proximity to her body, saying that he hadn't enlisted as a soldier to shoot females but if she didn't set the gun back he would kill her. It was said that Capt. Carter, though one of the bravest of men, paled at her peculiar expression, and always claimed that his companion saved his life.

The command entered Nashville after dark, some bushwhacker firing into their ranks within two miles of the city, and wounding a horse in the shoulder. The prisoners were turned over the next day to the proper authorities. If the guerrilla bands had not been thoroughly broken up, they

had been demoralized for the time, chastised, and were considerably frightened.

The regiment was once more united in the suburbs of the capital city of Tennessee, situated on the banks of the Cumberland River, several hundred miles below the scenes of the regiment's early operations in the service. A few days rest, and visiting and examining that magnificent piece of architecture, the State Capitol building, and other places of interest, and the regiment is again mounted speeding after the enemy to engage in another bloody conflict. Its first march was through a beautiful fertile country to Murfreesboro, thirty miles southeast of Nashville. Col. W. W. Duffield, of the Ninth Michigan Infantry, was in command of the post at that place.

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CAPT. J. W. JENKINS,

KILLED AT PERRYVILLE, KY., OCT. 8, 1862.

CHAPTER XII.

MORGAN ON A RAID—THE FIRST KENTUCKY AND OTHER TROOPS IN HOT PURSUIT—OVERTAKE HIM AT LEBANON — ADAMS LEADS THE FORLORN HOPE—THE GALLANT CHARGE THROUGH FIRE AND SMOKE—DESPERATE FIGHTING—CARTER, DRYE, SWEENEY, DILLON, MORRISON, WOLFORD, FISHBACK AND OTHERS DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES — CHAPLAIN HONNELL CAPTURED, AND COL. WOLFORD DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED AND A PRISONER—CAPT. CARTER'S HEROIC AND EXCITING CHASE —HONNELL'S ESCAPE — WOLFORD'S RE-CAPTURE — TOTAL ROUT OF THE ENEMY—THRILLING SCENES AND INCIDENTS —THE GALLANT DEAD—ENEMY'S LOSSES AND OTHER NOTES —DUMONT'S AND DUFFIELD'S COMMENDATIONS.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the Rebs!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
* * * * * *
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not the reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Fire-arms to the right of them,
Fire-arms to the left of them,
Fire-arms in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Thickly the missiles fell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

* * * * * *
Plunged in the blaze and smoke
Right thro' the line they broke
Ranks of the enemy.
Reel'd from the heavy stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but
Not the six hundred.

* * * * * *
While horse and rider fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

—Extracts from, and Parody on Tennyson.

On reaching Murfreesboro, the startling news was received that the noted Confederate, John H. Morgan, who had in a few months acquired much notoriety, was on one of his famous raids on the Federal communications. He had captured one of Gen. Mitchell's wagon trains at Pulaski, and Col. Duffield, with a force, had gone to intercept him. This was on the 3d of May. On the 4th of May, Wolford, with his regiment, and Maj. Givens' battalion of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, were ordered in pursuit. It was the first time the regiment was ever offered an opportunity to measure lances with the noted raider, and both officers and men were excited and eager to see what would happen. After proceeding to the point where Morgan had crossed the railroad, it was found that his trail led toward Lebanon, the county seat of Wilson county. Lieut. Silas Adams, Company A, with sixty or seventy choice men, selected from different companies, was put in the advance. Sometime during the day the pursuing forces were joined by Maj. Wynkoop's battalion of Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, and a detachment of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry under Col. Green Clay

Smith. Wolford was very strict that day, and allowed no straggling. The pursuit was kept up until 1 or 2 p. m., when the Colonel received a dispatch that Murfreesboro was threatened, and immediately turned and marched back toward that place. When we halted, Lieut. Adams reported that he was in sight of Morgan's rear guard.

Late in the evening, when within a few miles of Murfreesboro, we met Gen. Dumont and Col. Duffield, and we were again ordered to about face, Gen. Dumont claiming that he had reliable information that preparations had been made for giving quarters to Morgan's forces by the citizens of Lebanon that night. The men of Wolford's command had now been in the saddle from early that morning, but few of them leaving the ranks even for a drink of water, and were consequently wearied and hungry, when we arrived within four miles of Lebanon about 1 or 2 a. m., on the morning of the 5th of May. Dismounting on the roadside, and holding our horses by the bridle, we lay down to take a short rest, and waited for the approach of day.

Just before daylight, the command was aroused, and orders were given. The First Kentucky was to charge on the main street, through the center of the town, with the other command on the right and left. Lieut. Silas Adams, who had on different occasions shown a peculiar fitness for daring exploits, with his picked men still retained the advance, and was selected to lead the forlorn hope. He had personal orders from Gen. Dumont to make a rapid dash through town, and charge everything that came before them. Capt. John A. Morrison, with Company C, led the attacking column, followed by Col. Wolford with the rest of the regiment.

There are records in history of few such desperate charges as was made by the regiment on that day. The column was put into a sweeping gallop, and the sound of so many horse's feet on the solid pike resembled the muttering roar of distant thunder. Adams soon came to the lately replenished picket fires of the enemy, and so rapidly did he push the flying pickets, that he entered town about the same time. So completely were they surprised, that he did not meet with serious opposition until he reached the far side of the public

square, where his command was confronted with a hastily-formed line of dismounted men. Adams and two others broke directly through the line, while the rest passed around the end of it, and the two parties again united on a cross street or alley back of the public square, from which place they rejoined the attacking column the first chance that was presented.

In the meantime the attacking column came up, and Morgan's men were ready to receive them. A large livery stable was on the street near the square, the court-house was on one corner, with a hotel to the left. In all of these buildings the enemy were stationed, and each gave the company a murderous volley. The company reached the center of the square, however, but the fire was so severe, and the confusion so great among the wounded horses, that the company was forced to fall back the way they entered.

As Col. Wolford entered the town at the head of the main part of the regiment, there appeared to be a line of fire from the houses on each side of the main street. It was a still morning, and the atmosphere so thin, that the smoke settled down so that little could be seen in front but the terrible flashes of light.

A fierce cross-fire was poured into our column from a large college building on an elevation to our right. Col. Wolford now ordered a hundred or two men from the head of his advancing column, and placing himself at their head, made a charge on the college and surrounded it. On our approach most of the men escaped, but Lieut. Wolford discovering their retreat, with a number of his company chased them, and succeeded in capturing some, and killing others who would not surrender.

Morrison and his men, after their hot work in the public square, fell back, and were with Wolford at the capture of the college. The fighting now appeared to be general in different parts of the town, a connected description of which even at the time it occurred would be impossible, and now, after the lapse of so many years, will not be attempted.

It only took a short time to capture the college, after which Wolford formed his men, and rapidly advanced to the principal scene of the conflict about the center of the town.

Taking a street parallel with the Murfreesboro pike until opposite to the public square, he turned to the left and entered the square, facing the chief hotel of the place. From the windows of the hotel and other buildings around the square, a terrific irregular volley was poured into our men. Wolford's men returned the fire with much determination, smashing the window lights, but there was no way to get at them in their sheltered situation. Col. Wolford at this time being a conspicuous figure, giving orders, they seemed to single him out and delivered a small volley directly at him. It appeared to the Author, who was a few feet from him, that several bullets tipped his clothes. According to the Colonel's own statement, it was at this time that he received his severe wound. The firing from the houses continued, our horses became unmanageable, we could not reload, we were forced to fall back the way we came, and as we turned a corner, several shots were fired into our retreating column, dangerously wounding one of our men. Not knowing that the Colonel was wounded, as the men fell back to reload and come again, he was lost at this time. But it appears that about the time this party was forced back, Capts. Drye, Sweeney and other officers with other parts of the regiment, entered the public square, and Wolford got with them. Another fierce conflict ensued. Capt. Sweeney was at one time almost alone under the windows of the hotel. Capt. Drye advanced very near the hotel and emptied his revoler into the doors and windows from which the sheltered foe were firing. Col. Wolford seeing a line formed at some distance went to them to give orders. What took place when he reached the line can better be told by Capt. Honnell.

While these conflicts were going on among those of the regiment immediately under Wolford, others were taking place by the command in different parts of the town.

Companies E, F, G, I and perhaps some others, under Lieut. Col. Letcher, were dismounted, and, to the left of the main street south of the square, had a desperate conflict with the enemy stationed in large buildings. In this fight Capt. Boston Dillion, of Company E, took a prominent part. It was here that Serg. Absalom Adams, of Company E, and Corp. Geo. W. Cabbel, of Company A, were killed. These

two were handsome young men, and none who wore the blue were more gallant. James Bell, a splendid young soldier of Company G, was killed at this place, and Lieut. G. C. Jenkins of Company F, was severely wounded. After the contest lasted for one and a half hours, the enemy were routed out of town. As Morgan, at the head of as many of his men as could be gotten together under the unfavorable circumstances, left the town in a northeasterly direction, Capt. Jessee M. Carter, of Company J, with his own men and other choice spirits of the regiment, took after him in hot pursuit. The capture of Chaplain Honnell and Col. Wolford, the escape of the Chaplain and re-capture of the Colonel, are better related by the Chaplain's own pen:

"The rain fell in torrents, and almost fainting with hunger, men and horses rested for an hour some four miles south of the town, awaiting the dawn of day. We lay on rails or on our blankets, and held our horse's bridle reins in our hands, and spoke in whispers of our friends and the approaching battle; as we all understood the plan, to charge the streets of the town and cut off retreat at the various outlets. The Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanded by Maj. Wynkoop, to the right, the First Kentucky in the center, and the Fourth Kentucky battalion under Col. Green Clay Smith, on the left, as we would strike the south side of the town. 'Few and short were the prayers we said,' and with a wild shout we charged up the street under their deadly fire, from halls, houses, college buildings and churches. We leaped our horses over dead horses and men; but never halted.

"Col. Silas Adams, then only a Lieutenant, who had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope, reported as he returned and met us, 'It is all as hot as h—ll in there,' but there was no time and purpose to fall back, or stop a moment; so on we rode till we struck a column facing us. They were so mixed up with blue and gray that we supposed it must be Pennsylvanians with a long line of prisoners. But we soon found out our mistake, as, perhaps half of Morgan's men had on blue overcoats captured from one of the Federal wagon trains the day before, and now used to keep off the rain. As I halted in their front, I shouted in great glee: 'You have a fine lot of prisoners, I see.' 'The devil you say,' replied a Capt. Leathers, as he put his pistol to my head and exclaimed: 'You are my prisoner; give up your arms.' 'Give up my arms? Why, I am the Chaplain of Wolford's

Cavalry, and carry no arms.' 'You are? Then come along right up to the Colonel,' pressing me forward under his pistol, still placed close to my head. A Rebel soldier now with savage oath, shouted, 'Let me kill him! Let me shoot him! you low-life scoundrel.' I shouted back, 'I will have you punished for your insolence when I see Major Wynkoop,' still supposing I was being taken to him for recognition. When I came to Morgan I called out, 'Major, these fellows think I am a Rebel; but I am the Chaplain of the First Kentucky, and I have been fooled with just as long as I intend to be;' and putting spurs to my horse, I dashed away, with Leathers after me, as I learned his name soon afterward, not only that day, but also over a year later, when he fell into our hands and was recognized a prisoner at the time we captured Morgan's forces at Buffington Island, in the great Ohio raid.

"As he headed me off, he again presented his pistol, and was in a rage this time. When I reined up before the commander of the line of men, it was not Wynkoop, but to Col. Morgan I was introduced. 'You have been a long time in understanding that I am Col. Morgan, sir, and that you are my prisoner,' sternly remarked Morgan. 'Is Wolford here? How many men has he?' 'Wolford is here, and as to how many men he has, that is not a fair question; but enough to whip you out of here in less than twenty minutes.' 'Take him up the street yonder,' said Morgan, 'and if we have to retreat, as he says, bring him out a prisoner.' So we, some six men in all, were taken a few blocks to the north to await results. While waiting, who should ride up but Col. Wolford, who came up to ask me where I thought the main body of Morgan's command was located. I motioned him away, but he was wounded in the hip, and bleeding profusely, and not noticing or understanding my gesture, he approached and spoke to me; his words thus revealing that he was a Federal, though he wore only a common blue overcoat like many of their men. Leathers perceiving this, now presented his pistol to Wolford's face, and ordered his surrender. As it was no use to pretend further, I sadly told him of my being a prisoner, and he told me of his wound. As he handed over his belt and pistols, the Captain inquired, 'What is your name, sir?' 'Wolford,' was the reply. 'Any kin to Col. Wolford?' 'Yes, sir: I am Col. Wolford himself.' 'Dash down and find Morgan, and tell him I have captured Col. Wolford!' shouted the excited Captain. 'This is glory enough for one day! I have taken the Chaplain, Major Given there, and now Col. Wolford here!' 'Don't whistle before you get out of the woods,'-I retorted; 'for we will be recaptured before you get us ten miles away. See! there your

men come. Press us into the column as soon as you can.'

"I feared the now great danger of being in the rear and of being killed by our own men, and so protested to Morgan, when he ordered us to be brought out in the rear; for I knew our men would soon press the rear of the retreating Rebels.

"Now, for six miles on the slippery pike toward Carthage, we were on the wildest race a soldier ever experienced. Sometimes we would jump clear over a fallen horse, and men would sometimes shy around a man on hands and knees struggling to escape from the road, till it came into my mind that my guard had left me, as no Leathers could be seen, and I saw Morgan at Wolford's side, fifty yards in my front. So to test being recognized by Rebels in proximity to me, I shouted: 'The Yanks are getting us all! I must give up, too, as my horse is lame, and has thrown his shoes.' 'Don't give up! Don't give up!' was shouted back, and I felt safe to pull to one side. The firing had ceased in my rear, and I knew that our men had about spent their ammunition. Soon I heard the welcome shout of Capt. Carter: 'Hurrah, Captain, you are ahead of all in this chase, I declare!' 'Ahead, thunder and lightning! I have been a prisoner until just now, and Wolford is a prisoner, and badly wounded, not three miles from here.' 'My life is nothing till Wolford is rescued,' said the Captain, and we plunged our spurs into our drooping horse's sides, and in an hour we overtook the poor and almost dying Wolford.

"When Wolford was overtaken and re-captured, he sat on his horse urging Captains Carter and Fishback to leave him and press to the capture of Morgan, whom he pointed out in the distance, before he could cross the river. The blood was dripping from his wound into the road as he offered to take care of himself till they could make the dash, hoping to take him at the river at Carthage. The daring rider, however, with a few men, had left their horses standing in the water's edge, and had seized a little skiff and had reached the river bank on the other side. A few shots hastened their footsteps out of range, and the river was too wide for the jaded horses of the pursuers to swim.

"Wolford was now so weakened that he was unable to sit on his horse. A citizen's buggy was pressed, and he was brought back in triumph to Lebanon.

"I brought back a fine rifle thrown down by a Rebel at my side in the chase, which I still keep as a trophy and memorial of the scene, when I vindicated my Colonel's prediction at the humble bee's nest, at the time I dedicated the first camp in Kentucky to Christ and the Union forever.

"I merely add that I have never had to quiet any conscience by repentance for my escape by deception."

While Capt. Carter was pursuing Morgan and other portions of the command were chasing and picking up scattering squads that had gotten out in different directions, it was known that a considerable number of the enemy were still barricaded in the upper stories of the Odd Fellows' Hall. The firing had now ceased, the whole town was in our possession, and as they had not expected that any demonstration would be made, some of our men were carelessly walking the streets, when a number of shots were suddenly fired from the windows of the Odd Fellows' Hall, severely wounding two of our men. This either looked like fool-hardiness or deliberate attempt at murder, and threw our men in a rage. Lieut. Adams drew a pistol in each hand and commenced rallying all of the First Kentucky near by to charge the building and set it on fire; but cooler counsel prevailed. Morgan's Adjutant, Sam McKee, was then a prisoner. He was sent with a message, giving them ten minutes time to consider the propriety of surrendering; if not within that time, the building would be charged and set on fire. He hastily returned with an answer agreeing to surrender. Lieut. Col. Robert C. Wood, a nephew of Jeff Davis, and sixty-five commissioned, non-commissioned officers and privates were made prisoners at this time. Woods' excuse for the firing was that it was done suddenly without permission or orders. The whole number of prisoners taken was about 150. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was never reported. Their loss in town was not as heavy as the Union forces. Most of their losses in killed and wounded took place in the suburbs of the town while trying to get away, and in the chase. The casualties of the First Kentucky Cavalry were as follows: Killed, Corp. Geo. W. Cabbel, Company A; William P. Harris, Company C; Serg. Absolam Adams, Company E, James Ball and Samuel Fitch, Company G.

Wounded, as far as ascertained from imperfect reports: John Calhoun, Company B, badly and discharged from which, July 12th, 1862; Lieut. G. C. Jenkins, Company F, severely; Capt. John Smith, Company I, old wound hurt over; Orin J. Isham, of same company, was wounded badly, and after-

wards was discharged from its effects; David R. Totton, Company G, wounded in the hand.

After the battle, the First Kentucky remained in Lebanon until the morning of the 6th of May. The citizens were much alarmed, and many of them, particularly the females, opened their doors to our hungry soldiers with warm hospitality, fearing that the town would be burned; for it was currently reported, and no doubt with truth, that many of the citizens assisted Morgan's men in firing into our ranks. The regiment then returned to Murfreesboro.

Col. Wolford, being in no condition to be moved, was left in Lebanon under care of some of his men, until he recovered sufficiently to travel without danger, when he obtained leave of absence to go to his home in Liberty, Ky., to remain till able for service again.

Gen. E. Dumont, then commanding the post at Nashville, in his report, gave the following communication of the gallantry of the troops engaged in the fight:

"Never did men behave better. It will be my duty in my detailed report to mention meritorious conduct, a duty which justice to the meritorious requires, and which I shall execute with delight, for in this little affair intrepidity, personal daring, and heroic courage were conspicuous from the firing of the first to the last gun. Battles of more import, measured by the number of troops engaged, or results, might afford less to commend than does the battle of Lebanon of May 5th."

Col. W. W. Duffield, in his report to Capt. Brayton, of Dumont's Staff, also gives praise to the troops in the following words:

"I need not inform you of the personal daring and gallantry of our troops, exposed, as they were, to this murderous cross and flanking fire from a sheltered and concealed foe, yet still delivering their fire at the windows with great coolness and precision, falling back to load and again returning to the attack, as both Gen. Dumont and yourself were present, and can speak from personal observation."

From some cause unknown to the Author, Gen. Dumont never made a detailed report.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Soon after the commencement of the fight, company organizations were in a great degree lost, and daring officers would assume command of any men they came across, and perform deeds of valor all over the town.

According to the recollections of the Author, the full loss of the Union troops was eleven killed—nine in the fight and two mortally wounded, dying the next day. Some supposed that the entire loss of the enemy killed in the fight and in the chase, was as much as thirty.

Lieut. Thomas J. Graves gives the following reminiscences of this battle:

"While the fight was raging, Morgan, with about 200 men, passed down a street near us. I only being a Sergeant at the time, asked Lieut. Adams to give orders to fire into them, as we could have almost exterminated them from our position; but Adams being certain from their many blue coats that they were our own men, refused. Soon afterwards I was detailed to go with the Surgeons, including a Rebel Surgeon who had surrendered, to gather up the dead and wounded to prevent the horsemen from charging over the bodies. Lieut. Col. Wood, of Morgan's force, being in a building with a body of men, was about to fire into us, and we receded. The Rebel Surgeon then stepped forward, was recognized, and we passed on. As we took one dead man into the courthouse, I saw about twenty of Morgan's men in there shooting at every Union soldier that came in sight. Morgan's Orderly being in the cupola of the building, was spied by one of the First Kentucky, who brought him down from his lofty position with a shot from a Sharpe's rifle."

Another incident by Lieut. Graves: "On the day before the battle, Morgan, in crossing the railroad at a station not far from Murfreesboro, had caused some cotton to be burned. I rode out of line to see the burning cotton, and a man rode up dressed in citizen's clothes. The next day I recognized the same man among the prisoners dressed in Confederate uniform. I charged him with the fact, but he positively denied it. In a private intercourse afterward he owned up, after binding me in the most solemn promise not to disclose it so long as the war lasted. I, yielding to the voice of humanity, rather than to stern military duty, kept my promise sacred."

Capt. Boston Dillion relates, that when Morgan's men captured Chaplain Honnell, some one of their number called out, "Turn the Chaplain loose." Another one responded: "No, no; hold him. Morgan's men need praying for as well as Wolford's devils."

CHAPTER XIII.

GUARDING COMMUNICATIONS—MARCH TO SHELBYVILLE—UNION SENTIMENT — PULASKI, COLUMBIA, LAWRENCEBURG AND OTHER POINTS—HEAVY DUTIES — GUERRILLA WARFARE—A SMALL SCOUT'S GALLANT DEFENSE — THE FIRST KENTUCKY AND GEN. NELSON—CAPTURE OF MURFREESBORO—COMPANY I AT HUNTER'S MILL—NEGLEY COMPLIMENTS THE REGIMENT—CHANGES IN COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—EXPEDITION TO SEQUATCHIE VALLEY—NOTES AND INCIDENTS—ANECDOTE OF THE TWO CAVALRYMEN.

Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, commanding the Department of the Mississippi, with the main body of his forces, was now operating in front of Corinth, Miss. Long lines of communications between his base of supplies and that point, and other points on his extended line in front, had to be guarded. The wily John H. Morgan, then in the zenith of his reputation as a successful raider, was constantly interrupting our army's communications, burning bridges, blowing up tunnels, destroying wagon trains and otherwise cutting off supplies. The bold and cruel Forrest, too, was constantly making inroads on the rear of the Union lines, attacking, and sometimes capturing military posts, fortified positions, etc.

For four months the First Kentucky was relieved from the exciting scenes of the front, but its service was none the less arduous. During this time it was making a practical study of almost the entire geography of Middle Tennessee.

On account of meagerness of official reports and want of other documents and diaries, it is impossible to keep trace of the regiment in all its marches, and to detail all the thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes of its members. When not on the march it always had to be on the alert.

The regiment was now under command of Lieut. Col. John W. Letcher. A few days rest after the affair at Lebanon, the regiment was ordered to Shelbyville, twenty-eight miles south, on Duck River. It was a neat town, and was

surrounded by a beautiful and undulating landscape. Here we met the first ostentatious Union sentiment since leaving the loyal part of our own State. It was cheering to us, after some time being used to cold courtesy, silent, and sometimes haughty disdain, to meet with the congenial spirits around us. It reminded the home-sick soldier, too, of the distant loved ones, to have the men, women and children visit our camp and spend the time in pleasant, social intercourse. How this bright oasis of loyalty could exist in the surrounding desert of secession, is beyond the Author's ability to explain.

On the 24th of May, the regiment was ordered on a forced march to Pulaski, not far from the Alabama line. The Union forces at this place had been attacked three times, only a short time before. Soon after leaving Shelbyville, we passed a little village where several Union flags were displayed. Continuing on through Lewisburg, and another village, the command reached Pulaski just before day on the 20th. After resting one day, a detachment of the regiment went on an expedition to Rogersville, Alabama, and returned toward Pulaski, Tenn., the next day. The trip occupied four or five days. Company G, under Capt. T. K. Hackley, was now left to do scouting duty for Col. Marc Mundy, the commander of the post at that place, while the rest of the regiment was ordered to Columbia.

In the early part of spring, and during the summer of 1862, a number of changes took place in commissioned officers of the regiment.

Capt. Geo. W. Sweeney, Company A, was mustered out April 14, 1862, but was not notified of the same until June 7th. He was in the battle of Lebanon, and did gallant service until receiving official notification of the fact. He was in January, 1864, made Major of the Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

First Lieut. Silas Adams was promoted Captain of Company A, June 7, 1862.

Second Lieut. Francis M. Wolford was promoted 1st Lieutenant of the same company, June 7th, and in July was appointed Regimental Adjutant, vice Drye promoted.

First Serg. Thomas Watson, was promoted 2d Lieutenant of the same company, June 7, 1862.

Capt. Wm. Rains, of Company B, was also mustered out April 14, 1862, and 1st Lieut. Geo. W. Drye, Regimental Adjutant, was made Captain of that company at the same time. Wm. B. Carter was promoted to 1st Lieutenant of the same company, but declined accepting his commission. 2d Lieut. Stephen Coppage was promoted 1st Lieutenant, June 23d, and Serg. Samuel Belden to 2d Lieutenant of same company, on the same day.

Maj. J. A. Brents resigned July 2, 1862, and Capt. Wm. N. Owens, of Company L, was commissioned Major, July 18th.

In Company G, 2d Lieut. Henry S. Robson resigned, June 15, 1862.

In Company J, 2d Lieut. Meredith Martin resigned, July 20th.

First Lieut. J. F. N. Hill, Company K, resigned, April 3, 1862. 2d Lieut. Stephen Sallee, of same company, resigned March 3d.

In Company L, Serg. J. Brent Fishback was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, March 3d, and to Captain, July 31, 1862. Also 1st Lieutenant Robert N. Griffin resigned, February 26, 1862, and 2d Lieutenant Benj. H. Milton, on the same day. Serg. Wm. A. Lockett, of same company, was promoted to 2d Lieutenant, March, 1862, and resigned, July 29, 1862. Lieut. Geo. K. Speed was promoted to Adjutant of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, date not given.

On the 27th day of July, 1862, Matthew H. Blackford was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, Company L, and transferred to Field and Staff as Regimental Quartermaster. Dr. J. Christopher Riffe resigned as Assist. Surg. of the regiment, June 11, 1862, and Dr. Hawkins Brown, of Hustonville, Ky., was appointed to fill his place, June 28th, and mustered in at Murfreesboro, August 16, 1862.

The regiment now, for some time, did considerable marching and scouting. Leaving Columbia, we went by way of Mount Pleasant to Lawrenceburg, Tenn., near the Alabama line. Returned back to Columbia on a different road, and from thence back to Pulaski. Only remaining there one night, we returned to Columbia, and from there were ordered

to Murfreesboro. Here, about the 14th of June, the First Kentucky and other regiments, all under command of Gen. Dumont, went on an expedition to Sequatchie Valley, going as far as Pikeville. The enemy had been in that section in considerable force, but had left before the Union forces reached there.

After returning from Sequatchie Valley the regiment was again ordered back to Columbia, where it remained for some time. Company D was ordered to Franklin. Company I was on detached duty for Gen. Negley. Company L also remained at Columbia on various duties for the post until the final concentration of the regiment preceding the march after Bragg.

Although far from the front where Buell's main army was operating, yet the First Kentucky were always in critical situations, whether in large bodies or small detachments. When we first entered Middle Tennessee, we only had to contend with the reigning chieftains, Morgan, Forrest and some others. Soon guerrilla bands, fed, aided and abetted by the citizens remaining at home, became active all along the line of our army's communications. Union soldiers, unless in sufficient numbers to protect themselves, could not for any purpose get outside of the guard lines without danger of being captured or murdered.

At this time Gen. Negley was compelled to exercise the utmost vigilance. It at last became necessary to keep out patrol scouts at night on all roads converging at the post. The patrols, under efficient commissioned or non-commissioned officers, would pass out beyond the picket-posts and slowly patrol their respective roads for ten or fifteen miles, and then return in the same manner, timing their movements so as to come in about day the next morning.

The First Kentucky Cavalry had already proven their efficiency on the field of battle, both as Infantry and Cavalry, and acknowledged no superiors as scouts. It was now essential for them to cultivate and practice other talents in which they soon proved to be adepts. In order to get at the movements and place of rendezvous of the guerrilla bands, it was necessary to employ spies to go out and play the citizen or Confederate, and intermingle among the people. Serg.

O. M. Dodson, Company F (afterward promoted to Lieutenant), performed some splendid work in this line. Being tall and awkward, and dressing in homespun citizen's garb, and assuming the verdant look, but few would suspect him of being any other than an unsophisticated citizen.

M. L. Green, of Company L, was also a successful spy or scout, but his personal "make-up" was the reverse of Dodson's. He was lithe, well made, and his face was rather good-looking. He had associated much with the aristocracy of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and could put on the airs of that class. He was also a good actor, and could assume any character most suitable for his purpose. His favorite role was to play the part of a captured prisoner. Dressed in Confederate uniform, he would accompany scouting parties ostensibly under charge of a guard. Calling at a citizen's house on some excuse where its inmates were suspected, his guards would carelessly relax their vigilance, giving him a chance to have a private interview with members of the family, when he would sometimes get valuable information of the whereabouts of the guerrillas, and their contemplated movements. On one of these occasions, in a private conference, he was feasted on the most luxurious dainties, and enjoyed the kisses of Dixie's most aristocratic girls.

On July 16th, Gen. Negley sent a light scout of ten men belonging to different companies of the First Kentucky to watch Russell's force at Ashland, Morgan county. They were placed in a most dangerous situation, and made one of the most gallant fights that happened during the war. Among those who figured in this heroic affair, the names of the following have been ascertained, the rest not remembered: Texton Sharp and John W. Wilkinson, Company A; James Sandusky, Adam Clemmons and Adam Ellis, Company B, and M. L. Green, Company L.

There was no commissioned officer along, but they were in charge of a stranger, supposed to be one of Gen. Negley's chief scouts, masquerading as a telegraph repairer, and on the pretended mission of discovering where the lines had been cut. They had fulfilled orders, and were on the eve of returning to camp, when they put up at a citizen's house and staid all night, eight miles beyond Mount Pleasant. The

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LIEUT. J. E. CHILTON.

next morning, Texton Sharp and James Sandusky started in advance, closely followed by John W. Wilkinson. When about 300 yards from the house, a company of about forty to sixty guerrillas, coming another road intersecting the main road, at right angles, fired upon them and made a charge. Sandusky was severely wounded in the leg, and he and Sharp were cut off from their comrades. Wilkinson had not advanced far enough to escape, and returned toward the house where his comrades were in the act of mounting their horses. They quickly dismounted, returned to the house, and were ready for defense. Wilkinson, closely pursued, dismounted, dodged behind a gate-post, and opened fire on the enemy. A volley from his comrades at the same time caused them to fall back out of range. Wilkinson now joined the others in the house. A flag of truce was soon sent in by a woman offering terms of surrender. Neither Wilkinson nor Green would give those disposed to surrender a chance; for both had on Rebel suits, having been acting as Confederate prisoners, and they knew that if they fell into the hands of the enemy the space they occupied on this terrestrial globe would soon be vacant. The enemy sent a message by the truce-bearer, claiming that the two cut off were captured, and if the rest refused to capitulate, that the lives of their two comrades would be forfeited. But the besieged squad knew the composition of their two friends, and were aware that they had not surrendered unless there was a necessity, and could not be beguiled.

When the messenger returned to the guerrillas, two lonesome shots were fired as a pretence that their threats were executed. The men remained in the house during the day, firing at their besiegers whenever they made a demonstration.

In the meantime Sharp and Sandusky, putting their war horses to that speed which the exigencies of the case demanded, through the entire distance of twenty-five miles, though dangers from the foe threatened their doom almost the entire route, arrived safely at Columbia. The situation of their comrades was reported to Gen. Negley, and a detachment of about sixty men under Capt. F. N. Alexander,

of Company H, and Lieut. A. T. Keen, of Company I, was immediately sent in full speed to their relief. Sandusky being too severely wounded, Sharp went along to guide them to the place.

On arriving at the house, no Rebels were in sight. The besieged men informed them that they had left an hour before. They had estimated the time it would take to send a party there, and had prudently vanished; but their tracks left in the mud, for it rained the night before, still remained. Capt. Alexander took their trail and followed it a mile or two, but every by-road that led off, one or more tracks followed it until the trail was obscure.

They returned in good spirits after their trying ordeal, and were the lions of the day for some time. John W. Wilkinson was also wounded, and another one, but his name is not now known. Gen. Negley, in his correspondence with Gen. Buell, July 18th, makes the following complimentary mention of this action: "My scouts, attacked beyond Mount Pleasant yesterday, eight in number, returned to ———, and contended with the enemy (forty strong) with heroic valor, and held their position until re-enforcements arrived. Three were slightly wounded."

A few days before this, July 13th, Forrest had captured the Union forces under Gen. T. T. Crittenden, at Murfreesboro. Gen. Nelson, then at Reynold's Station with a force, was ordered there to protect that important point. The train bearing the General and part of his command stopped a short time at Columbia. Immediately, all of the First Kentucky who had heard of his presence, made a rush for the depot, and had the pleasure once more of beholding our first commander. There was a mutual recognition, and the General made pleasant inquiries about our absent wounded Colonel. While the same erect stalwart form as of old was before us, his face was bronzed by exposure and the sun of the Southland, and here and there a silvery thread had crept in among his raven locks. As we looked with silent admiration upon the form of our old commander, our memories were busy recalling scenes of nearly a year before at the beautiful Camp Dick Robinson, now hundreds of miles away. All of his "cuss" words were forgotten, or only remembered in kind-

ness. When with him, his faults were most prominent, but after leaving him his virtues were indelibly fixed in our memories. After going through the exposures incident to a soldier's life, and at times when suffering from shortness of rations or want of clothing, you might hear such expressions as these: "I wish Gen. Nelson was here; he would see that we had our rights. He would not see us freeze and starve in the cold while our officers are neglecting us."

But the train moved on, and that was the last we ever saw of Gen. Nelson. Then we never dreamed, that in so short a time that manly form would be laid cold in death by the hands of a brother officer, brought about, perhaps, by his own unfortunate temper.

Gen. Nelson was a patriot. His faults should be buried in oblivion, but his noble deeds should be engraven on marble tablets and live green in the memory of every loyal man long after this unnatural war shall have ceased.

The following is extracted from H. C. Gillespie's account of the services of his company: "The regiment at this time was stationed up and down the railroad from Nashville to the Alabama line. Company I was camped at Hunter's Mill guarding a bridge across a tributary of Duck River. Jordan Burns and I were on picket at the mouth of a lane opposite the bridge. Anticipating an attempt to fire the bridge or tear up the railroad, we remained awake, though tempted to yield to the arms of Morpheus. After midnight, our vigils were rewarded; the Rebels undertook to steal on us in the silent hours. We fired rapidly and they retreated without accomplishing anything. The camp of the regiment was aroused and a company was started in pursuit. They were out two days and returned with about forty prisoners."

Gen. Negley, on July 5th, had reported the First Kentucky Cavalry to be in a deplorable condition. He had them furnished with clothing, and issued carbines, revolvers and sabers to all except the three Sharpe's rifle companies. They had been on the heaviest Cavalry service for nearly a year, armed with the clumsy musket. On July 22d, in correspondence with Gen. Buell, he pays the following high compliment to our regiment: "The First Kentucky Cavalry has exhibited great endurance and determination. The enemy has re-

fused in every instance, although greatly superior in numbers, to stand. This confirms my opinion that the Rebel parties have been constantly hovering around near us for the last few days, and citizens and deserters say they were to concentrate near this place on Saturday, but a rush against their parties in detail, prevented them from doing so in force."

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Lieut. Samuel M. Boone, of Company D, was sent from Columbia to Wartrace by Gen. Negley on special business. While there, Forrest took Murfreesboro, thus cutting him off from his regiment. The Lieutenant having a talent for almost all professions and occupations, in order to make himself useful as well as ornamental, got with Hewitt's Battery, and with spade in hand, was assisting their men in throwing up earthworks. Gen. Wm. Sooy Smith and staff dashed up, and seeing Boone's uniform and marks of rank, inquired his name, and how he came to be there. Boone replied, giving him the desired information. The General, who was commander of the post at that time, being struck with the Lieutenant's intelligent answers and appearance, applied for, and got his consent to be detailed as an Aide-de-Camp on his staff, as he expected to be attacked by Forrest. Boone became warmly attached to the General, and remained with him until November, when he returned to his company and soon became Captain, as Capt. Coppage resigned in December.

The following is taken from the Rev. W. H. Honnell's reminiscences: "I met Gen. Nelson at Columbia when he had become renowned, and had won his second star at Shiloh. His face was clouded with rage, as he had just beaten the railroad engineer, for having allowed the train to be ditched, as he was hurrying his troops to Murfreesboro to meet Forrest. The storm lifted from his face, and he clasped my hand and said, 'That d——d Cavalry of yours has filled the country with their bravery, and I can forgive them for having threatened to shoot me, if I ever set my foot in their camp again at Dick Robinson.' I can but shed tears over his tragic death, and remember how he died, with the communion bread, given at his own request, unswallowed in his mouth, by the Episcopal minister, who happened to be in the Galt House. Davis was in Fort Leavenworth a few years ago, with Nelson's picture in his room, as a token of his deep sorrow. When I last saw the deserted Cavalry camp at Dick Robinson, the great silk flag was waving over his grave just where I preached to him. . I never like to speak of the transfer of his dust to Maysville, for his memory is with the camp of the First Kentucky Cavalry still.

"The soldier's life was not all tragical, but many comedies mixed with his experience, particulary so with the First Kentucky. One time, when the regiment was ordered from Murfreesboro to Columbia, A. C. Sloan and Plez. Gooden, being dismounted and on a spree, were left behind. When the contents of their pocket-books were exhausted, they found there was a military necessity for them to join their command. It was dangerous for them to travel the distance of forty miles through an

enemy's country infested with guerrillas, but they were equal to the occasion. They were partly dressed as citizens, and concluded to act the parts of paroled Confederate prisoners on their way home in another part of the State. They prepared themselves with paroles, signed by fictitious officers, and played their parts so well that they were received with open hospitality at every old farmer's house where they applied for admission. But it taxed their self-possession to the utmost to keep their gravity, and make their tales fit, while detailing for the entertainment of their hosts and Dixie's fair daughters, their many adventures and hair-breadth escapes. They were fed so luxuriously that they were nearly a week in making the trip, and it was a privation to return to rough camp fare again."

CHAPTER XIV.

MARCH TO REYNOLD'S STATION—ARRIVAL OF COL. WOLFORD AND DR. H. BROWN—WRONGS RECTIFIED AND REBUKES TO THE OFFENDERS—DILLION AND CHILTON'S CRITICAL EXPERIENCE IN GUARDING A TRAIN TO DECHERD—TO MURFREESBORO BY WAY OF COLUMBIA, LEWISBURG AND SHELBYVILLE—GOOD CONDUCT OF I AND L—MILITARY MARTINETS—ACTIVITY OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO—THE ALARM, THE MURDERED INDIANIAN, AND THE LUDICROUS SCENE—PERPLEXITY OF THE UNION GUARDS—STARTING ON THE RACE FOR LOUISVILLE—THE FIRST KENTUCKY ALL UNITED—NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

On the 23d day of July, 1862, the regiment was ordered to Reynold's Station, South of Columbia, and was for a short time under command of Gen. R. W. Johnson, who had a force at that place. After arriving there, Company A, under Capt. Silas Adams, was detached to build a stockade at a trestle-work a few miles north of the station. The weather was very hot, and the work was disagreeable. Contrabands, with their masters' ox-teams, were pressed into service to do the hauling, and in a few days the work was completed. The company remained a few days guarding the trestle, and expecting an attack from the guerrillas at all times. But it is possible they found out that Adams was in command, and eager to chastise them, and they prudently stood aloof.

While at Reynolds' Station, Col. Frank Wolford, who had been absent since the 5th of May, suffering from his severe

wound, joined the regiment and took command. Though reporting himself for duty, he had never recovered; in fact his wound never healed, but remained a running sore. Our new Assistant-Surgeon, Dr. Hawkins Brown, accompanied the Colonel.

In Col. Wolford's long absence, under the looser reign of the ranking officer in command, some of the more lawless men had committed some depredations on private property. Wolford was always strict in protecting property of both friends and foes. His opinion was, that no person could be a thief or marauder, and be a true soldier. The first act done on taking command, was to rectify those wrongs which had been reported, and administer wholesome rebukes to the officer or officers allowing them, and denunciations to the ones committing them, closing with the threat to have them "court-martialed and perhaps shot," if repeated.

One of the most dangerous expeditions during the service of the regiment in Middle Tennessee, was the guarding of a train of 200 wagons from Reynold's Station to Decherd, Tenn., a distance of fifty or sixty miles. This was through the most hostile part of the State, and infested by guerrillas the entire route. A detachment of 200 men was ordered for this duty, but for some reason now unknown, only seventy-five were furnished, and put under command of Lieuts. F. W. Dillion, of Company E, and J. E. Chilton, of Company C. Lieut. Chilton commanded the front, and Dillion the rear. Though fired upon at all favorable positions, both in front and rear, the train was escorted safely through, and delivered to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, then in command at Decherd, much to the credit of the young officers and the men under their command.

About the 6th of August, Col. Wolford was ordered back to Columbia, there to take a section of Artillery and move on a large force of guerrillas at Lewisburg, in Marshall county. We marched to Columbia, and only remained in our old camp on the north side of the river one night. The next morning, in company with the Artillery, we marched for Lewisburg, but the enemy had departed. The weather was excessively hot, and stopping at noon to rest, six horses belonging to the Cavalrymen fell dead from overheat. From

Lewisburg we went to Shelbyville, remaining there only a short time, and then marched to Murfreesboro.

About this time, Gen. Negley sent the following dispatch to the Secretary of War:

COLUMBIA, TENN., Aug. 12, 1862.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Maj. Kennedy, with two small companies of the First Kentucky Cavalry [I and L], encountered the guerrillas in greatly superior numbers, six times yesterday and last night, at various points below Williamsport, defeating the enemy in each affair with considerable loss. Our loss, only one wounded. JAS. S. NEGLEY.

On arriving at Murfreesboro, Gen. Nelson had departed, and we found Gen. W. B. Hazen, a "West Pointer" and military martinet of the first degree, in command of the post. The First Kentucky, in their early service, were much offended at the stern qualities of Gen. Nelson, but soon became accustomed to his ways, and looked upon his occasional ebullitions as infirmities for which he was hardly responsible. And then Gen. Nelson was a fellow-soldier among them—mixed with them, dressed like a soldier—only wanted to be considered their "boss." But Gen. Hazen dressed in superb style, stood aloof, was unapproachable unless it was with uncovered head with the soldier's hat under his arm, and his attitude must be according to prescribed military rules; all of which graces our men had never studied as a fine art. For the slightest infraction of discipline or orders, the offender was arrested, punished, or court-martialed.

While such strictness as practiced by our post commander might be all right in the regular army, or among professional soldiers, it was not calculated to achieve the best results among volunteers who got most of their training in active operations or in the presence of the enemy. It never achieved the grand results of such leaders as the unassuming Sherman or home-spun Thomas, each of whom was approachable by the humblest soldier in the ranks. Soldiers will freely lay down their lives at the mandates of that class of leaders, and they will live in the hearts of their men as long as one remains above the sod.

There were redeemable traits about Gen. Hazen though;

he was brave and vigilant. He might have exercised all his vigilance, and at the same time have been more loveable in his intercourse with his men.

There was an unusual activity now in the Army of the Ohio, and also in the enemy's forces, commanded by Gen. Braxton Bragg. The post at Murfreesboro had always to be on the alert to prevent surprise. A soldier could not go outside of the guard lines in the immediate vicinity of the town without danger of being killed or captured. Guerrilla companies were constantly hovering around us.

One evening there was a rapid volley fired, seemingly merely outside of camp. The long roll was beaten, and not exceeding a minute elapsed until the entire command present were in line at the "alarm post," at the head of their respective companies. Here we awaited orders, which came as expeditiously as we had gone into line. We mounted our steeds, and in various bodies, from companies to battalions, at a rapid lope, scouted the country for five or six miles on the side from which the firing came, but never found a guerrilla; they had vanished as mysteriously and as expeditiously as they had appeared.

It was found that they had fired on an Indiana foraging wagon and killed one of the men belonging to it. There was a fine farmer's mansion out one mile from town in a southeasterly direction, and between it and town was a dense cedar thicket, which also extended beyond the house. It was stated that these same Indianians had been there the day before foraging, and the farmer invited them to come back the next day and he would give them a good dinner. On returning they were fired upon by the guerrillas as stated. That night brilliant flames illuminated the surrounding darkness where the mansion stood. The Indianians were avenged. In this affair an amusing and ludicrous incident occurred. Just beyond the outer limits of the town, in the direction where the foraging party was attacked, there was a cold spring, and connected with it was a pool of sufficient depth for bathing purposes. At the time of the alarm, a number of the First Kentucky were bathing in the pool. The rapid beating of the drums, and the hurried movements of the men collecting and falling into line, had attracted most of the females of

the place to the doors and windows to see what was going on. The firing seemed to be so near the bathers that they did not take time to don their uniforms, but gathering them up in their arms, rushed through town at a 2:40 speed, much to the edification of the belles and dames of the town.

There was great activity now in the movements of troops under Gen. Buell, commanding the Army of Ohio, including his chief subordinate, Gen. Thomas. The threatening movements of Gen. Braxton Bragg, commanding the Rebel forces confronting them, was the cause of this activity.

August 5th, Gen. Thomas reached Decherd on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. On the 15th he was ordered to McMinnville to take command of forces there, which place he reached on the 19th. The same day, Buell from Huntsville, notified Thomas that Bragg had crossed 300 cavalry and 3,000 Infantry at Chattanooga, on the 18th. Buell immediately pushed forward to Decherd, arriving there on the 22d. The movements of the enemy at this time puzzled the Federal Generals. Buell first supposed that Bragg might be making his movement on Sequatchie Valley for the purpose of foraging. Thomas, however, seemed to have divined Bragg's intentions more clearly than his chief. On the 22d, he reported the enemy in force on the Cumberland mountains, and also the whereabouts of the Cavalry commanders, Forrest, Scott, Morgan and Johnson, and gave it as his opinion that the demonstrations were intended to cover the advance of the enemy toward Kentucky. On the same day, Buell received information of the position and movements of Bragg, which caused him to think that he was marching on McMinnville. Again, he supposed that the enemy might move on Decherd and endeavor to hold North Alabama.

On the 29th of August, the enemy made Cavalry demonstrations, threatening an attack on Thomas at McMinnville. On the next day, Buell issued preliminary orders for his troops to concentrate at Murfreesboro. September 1st, Thomas reported to Buell that he had information that the enemy, 45,000 strong, were on the march to Kentucky. On the 3d, he had orders to evacuate McMinnville and march to Nashville. He arrived at Murfreesboro on the 5th, and proceeded to Nashville, and assumed command there on the 7th.

From Thomas's "Report on the Conduct of the War," the following note is taken:

The enemy's main army had effected a crossing of the Cumberland River at Carthage and above, and was invading Kentucky by way of Scottsboro and Glasgow, striking for Louisville. Breckinridge, with a large force of Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery, was left behind to attract the attention of the garrison at Nashville, and to invest the place.

Buell's army now passed through Murfreesboro, and the celebrated race between the two chiefs for Louisville commenced. The First Kentucky Cavalry, which already had been joined by the two companies at Columbia, waited until all the forces had passed, and then took up the rear.

NOTES.

Wolford's Cavalry, by this time, had acquired a considerable reputation of being everywhere; and many jokes were passed at their expense by newspaper correspondents and others on account of their ubiquity.

While stationed at Murfreesboro, Colonel Walter C. Whittaker, of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry, made a social visit to Col. Wolford's quarters. After being introduced, the Colonel, with a pleasant twinkle in his eye, inquired of Wolford: "Colonel, is it true that at the late engagement on the Potomac, some of your men were present taking part in the fight?"

"I hardly think the statement is correct," replied Wolford, "or at least, if many of my men had been there. Richmond would have been taken." Whittaker collapsed.

Col. David R. Haggard, of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, in a jovial manner related, that he had often tried to have a fight with the enemy without having any of Wolford's Cavalry on hands. One time, on advanced scout in the Cumberland mountains, in direction of Chattanooga, he had a sharp encounter with the Rebels, and as it was so far from where Wolford's men were stationed, he congratulated himself on having a private affair of his own, but on conclusion of the engagement, two of the First Kentucky turned up as participants. The two men had been sent to bear dispatches to the Colonel, and coming up in time of the encounter, and as characteristic of their habits on such an occason, took a hand in the fight to keep from "spoiling." These two men were Sergeants Nicholas Dunn and M. A. Purdy, of Company D.

H. C. Gillespie gives the following account of an expedition while stationed at Reynold's Station:

"As much as a battalion detailed from different companies under Capt. N. D. Burrus, Company K, uniting with other troops, guarded a large supply train through to Athens, Ala. We were not molested on our way down, though we saw the remains of many burned wagons and cotton bales, apparently freshly done. About noon on the first day of our return,

Capt. Burrus, with a few men, rode forward to a fine mansion to get his dinner, when about fifty well armed men rode out from some timber adjoining the road and 'gobbled' up Burrus and his men. We were just in sight and made a charge for them, rescued our men, and, perhaps, wounded some of the enemy. The men who had been somewhat scattered along, were now formed in close column, and myself and brother James E. Gillespie acted as rear guard. We soon saw some armed men on a high point watching our movements. We fired on them and closed up with the column."

CHAPTER XV

THE MARCH TO NASHVILLE—PASSING THE INSANE ASYLUM—TO BOWLING GREEN—A SHORT REST—ON THE MARCH AGAIN—TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS WITH THIRST AND HUNGER—BUELL AND THE FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRYMAN—ENCOUNTER THE ENEMY—A DASH ON BEAR WALLOW AND MAMMOTH CAVE, AND CAPTURE OF PRISONERS—COL. WILDER'S SURRENDER—A THREATENED PANIC—HALT AT ELIZABETHTOWN—DANGEROUS SITUATION—NIGHT EXPEDITION TO NEW HAVEN—CAPT. ADAMS'S GALLANT ACHIEVEMENT—CAPTURE OF THE THIRD GEORGIA CAVALRY—NEGLECTED JUSTICE—NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

It was late in the afternoon when the First Kentucky Cavalry took up its line of march for Nashville. Sometime in the latter part of the night, we passed the State Lunatic Asylum somewhere not far from Nashville. The moon was shining bright, and as we approached the grounds, many of the inmates were at the yard fence and greeted us with their loyal cheers: "Hurrah for the Union!" "Bully for the Union!" These cheers did not appaar to be in derision, but seemed to come from the bottom of their souls. Was this exhibition of love for the government, which always had protected them in their just rights, a mere hallucination of a diseased brain, or was it a rational sentiment?

The regiment was first ordered to Nashville, and from there to Bowling Green, where it remained a day or two. On this long march the regiment, part of the time, was guarding an immense wagon train, which was always irksome to its leading spirits.

In the race after Bragg, there has been much unwritten history in regard to the sufferings and privations of the men. The many changes and rapid movements of the troops, the constant interruptions of our supply trains by the enemy's raids, blowing up tenements and destroying bridges, had caused our rations to be cut short for several months, and the clothing of many of the men had become very scant. The weather was dry during the whole campaign, and the men at times suffered terribly for want of water. It is forty miles from Bowling Green to Munfordville, and not a running stream crosses the road. Being in the Mammoth Cave section, and the ground cavernous, most of the streams run under ground. The wells generally had failed, and the cave springs being narrow deep holes in the ground, and always crowded with Infantry, the Cavalryman stood but little chance, as it was not advisable in such immense throngs to hitch or leave his horse. Our only dependence for water to quench our thirst, or for cooking purposes, for a long distance was the filthy, muddy ponds. Cavalrymen in large numbers, would ride into a pond, and while their horses were drinking, they would unsling their canteens and let them fill with the warm muddy water.

The rations were meager and unwholesome. Sometimes it was pickled pork and no bread; then it was so-called bread and no meat. Again, after a hard day's march, our only repast was an ear of corn scorched before the fire. And then at other times, our only draw was government coffee. We could fill our canteens, drink off the exhilarating fluid, and eat the grounds. At one time the Author remembers fasting two days without a morsel to eat, and on the march all the time.

It had been some time since the soldiers had drawn clothing, and many of them were without shoes or boots. It was common to see a beardless, tender youth trudging along the rocky road, coatless, and dressed in ragged pants, with pitiful expression of countenance, and whose bare feet were so sore that every step seemed painful. How a mother's heart would have bled to have looked upon her suffering offspring at that time!

Much of the country passed over on that celebrated

march was not very fertile, and two large armies moving through it, one in the wake of the other, left a track somewhat similar to that of Pharaoh's locusts in the olden times; therefore, foraging was out of the question, for there was nothing to forage.

Both characteristic of the march and the regiment is the following incident told in Chaplain Honnell's fine style:

Gen. Buell will hardly remember the First Kentucky soldier he questioned as to his command, for even I cannot recall his name myself. He was passing me, when I heard the peculiar clank of sabers, indicating the approach of some General's body-guard. I overheard a call of Buell to his Aide, pointing to my comrade: "To what command does that soldier belong?" He had on a slouch hat, hickory shirt, two linen breeches, home-made gallowses, and two immense Texas spurs on his naked heels. He also had a belt with two pistols, and a carbine swinging on his back, and was riding a splendid pacing horse. His Aide remarked: "I'll bet fifty dollars that he is one of Wolford's Cavalry." "Ride forward and detain him until we can find out, for I'll take your bet that he is some mountaineer citizen."

My soldier, whom I then knew by name, was stopped, and as he reined up and lifted his hat with a bow, was asked by Buell: "Soldier, to what command do you belong?"

"Wolford's Cavalry," he answered with manifest pride, and as the General said, "That's all," he rode away, little caring whether his questioner was a General or a private.

But to resume the march of the First Kentucky. The regiment left Bowling Green at night, and in the morning came up with Bragg's pickets. Capt. Alexander, Company H, was in advance, but was immediately re-enforced by Company A, under Capt. Silas Adams. A skirmish took place, but no one was hurt among our men. The enemy was pursued to Bell's Tavern, and four or five prisoners were captured. The regiment then retired a short distance and went into camp.

The next morning, September 17th, we advanced to Cave City, Company L in advance, and had a considerable skirmish with Bragg's forces. Here we remained several days. On the 18th, skirmishing was going on at Cave City. Wolford, with the most of the regiment, took a right-hand road and went to Bear Wallow, and had a sharp fight with the

enemy, capturing 113 men, and six wagons. Thomas Wright, of Company B, was shot in the right lung, disabling him for further service. The enemy's loss was severe.

On the same day, it was learned that an outpost of the enemy was at the Mammoth Cave, some nine miles distant, on a left hand road. A detachment of the regiment under Maj. W. N. Owens, was sent there to see about them. A short distance from Cave City we came upon two look-outs or advanced pickets, and chased them seven or eight miles at full speed into camp. So close did we keep upon their heels, that they had no chance to give an alarm, and we captured the main body without a fight, only a few scattering shots being fired. The fruits of our detachment's operations were thirty prisoners. On our return, when we arrived at Cave City, we met Wolford's command with their prisoners, and were heartily cheered by the Third Kentucky Infantry, for our fine day's work.

It was while Buell's army was being deployed at Cave City, September 12th, that Col. John T. Wilder surrendered his forces, consisting of 4,000 men, to Bragg's army at Munfordsville, after gallant and severe fighting for four days. He held out heroically until surrounded by 25,000 men with forty-five pieces of Artillery commanding his position.

As we resumed the march and came up to the scene of the unequal contest of a few days before, the marks of the severe conflict were plainly visible on the trees surrounding the little redoubt where the heaviest fighting took place.

From Munfordsville, the regiment moved on, scouting the different roads as we advanced. From the pen of the Rev. W. H. Honnell, the following details of an incident are given, which are well remembered by many of the regiment:

We had reached a road beyond Munfordsville, in the advance, and had stopped to rest and await the arrival of the rest of the Cavalry division under the command of Col. Kennett. The rear of the Rebel Cavalry was only a short distance in our front, as we knew by the smoldering camp-fires. As we lay in the shade, we saw the heavy column of dust like a cloud approaching from the North. A few of us rode out to meet it, and report its meaning. The field officer in temporary command of the regiment (as Wolford was on other duties at the time), soon had the men in the saddle, ready,

as they supposed, to advance and repel the onset, if the enemy were coming in force. Our little advance soon met the enemy and captured all, and I galloped back to report.

Instead of advancing, or being in battle line, what was my surprise to find the officer in command at the head of the column in full retreat. He alone was to blame, as the bravest regiment on earth might thus have been stampeded; ours was about to be in a panic, with that officer in command. When I overtook the head of the column, the other Kentucky Cavalry regiment was coming past in full gallop. I shouted first to my own regiment to halt, and about face; then at the top of my voice called to the other commander: "Stop your regiment; that position belongs to the First Kentucky!" In less time than I could tell it, the two heads of each regiment stood side by side, and the other Colonel, supposing I was Wolford himself, waited a moment, and the Frist Kentucky, by a wave of the hand and a shout, followed my lead back to their position in front, saved from unconscious disgrace. That officer soon lost his position, and it was filled by one of the most dashing, daring officers in the Union service.

The regiment moved on to Hodgenville, where, on the 24th, it captured some beef cattle from the enemy, and from there it marched to Elizabethtown, in Hardin county, where it remained for several days in connection with other regiments of Kennett's division of Cavalry.

After crossing Green River, Bragg deflected from the route to Louisville, and moved by way of Bardstown. Buell, with his main Infantry force, now moved on to Louisville and formed a junction with Gen. Nelson's force, and the new regiments from the North concentrating at that place.

It was while camped at Elizabethtown, that the First Kentucky performed one of the most cool and skillful military exploits that happened during the war. It was the surprise and capture of the Third Georgia Cavalry at New Haven. It was a most critical undertaking. The following was the situation of the forces at this time. The rear division of Buell's army had just arrived at Louisville. Bragg's main force was then at Bardstown, about twelve miles north of New Haven, under Gen. Polk, Bragg having left on the 28th for Frankfort' to have a consultation with the newly appointed Provisional Governor of Kentucky. The Rebel General, Wheeler, with a large force of Cavalry was at the

same time at Boston, fifteen miles northeast of Elizabethtown, and ten miles northwest of New Haven, watching our Cavalry at Elizabethtown, and also the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Col. Martin J. Crawford, with his regiment, the Third Georgia Cavalry, was detached as an outpost at New Haven. It was eighteen or twenty miles from our Cavalry camp to New Haven. Col. Kennett was informed by a loyal citizen of the situation of the Georgia regiment, and a plan was formed for taking it in out of the weather, for it was too late in the season for thinly clad Southerners to be exposed to the chilly night air.

Capt. Silas Adams, at the time, only twenty-two years of age, in addition to his commanding talents, had now gained considerable reputation as a dashing, daring officer, and always equal to any emergency in critical situations. Col. Wolford selected him as the most suitable one to command the picket men of the First Kentucky detailed to go on the expedition. The effective men and horses of the Second Indiana Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Stewart, were also to go. As he was the ranking officer, the whole force was under his command. The citizen who notified our officers of the Rebel outpost accompanied them as guide.

Capt. Adams, with his men, was put in front, with orders to charge in column, and, if possible, to capture the enemy without bloodshed. The command started about 9 o'clock in the silent hours of night, so as to reach the picket-post of the enemy by daylight on the morning of the 29th of September. Serg. James Humphrey, Company A, with about twenty men, led the advance guard, while his brother, W. T. Humphrey, John G. Brown, John P. Logan and another one (not now remembered), were in the extreme front, with orders to capture the videttes of the enemy.

It was in the dark of the moon, and the night was still and clear. On account of the long drouth, the road was covered deep in a coat of dust, and the tread of the horses' feet was noiseless. They move in a brisk walk, and the men speak low and seldom. The citizen guide at last warns them of their near approach to the enemy's picket-post. They silently pause and consult the time by the light of a shaded match. It is too early. They await the proper time for ac-

tion, and then move onward. A short time before sun-up, cautiously looking forward, they come in sight of the two videttes. The four front men now put spurs to their horses and dash forward, and come up to the videttes without being even halted or challenged. They order them to surrender. As they comply with the orders, they laughingly exclaim: "You are so covered with dust and look so gray, we thought you were our own men charging on us to frighten us."

Serg. James Humphrey, with his squad, now coming up, they move down the hill where the main body of pickets is stationed, and capture them without making any noise.

By this time, Capt. Adams closed up with the regiment, and the enemy's camp was in sight. The Captain now ordered a charge, and the First Kentucky thundered through the wooden bridge across the Rolling Fork, and on through and beyond the surprised and frightened village. The front companies passed by the camp and surrounded it, while the rear ones halted and "fronted into line," and commenced scouring the camp, demanding the surrender of the astonished Rebels, many of whom had not left their tents. Their commander, Col. Martin J. Crawford, was still on his couch of repose, when Capt. Adams opened the front of his marque and ordered him to get up, and out, and surrender.

"Who in the h—ll are you, giving me such peremptory orders?" demanded Crawford.

"I am commanding the First Kentucky Cavalry," was the reply.

"But what is your rank?" sternly demanded the "Goober State" Colonel.

"I am a Captain in command of a regiment, but I have no time to quibble about rank."

"But let me have a few minutes to consider."

"Surrender in two seconds, or I will blow your d——d head off," was Adams's reply.

So completely was the enemy surprised, that not a gun was fired, and every man was captured except a small picket-post on the Bardstown road, and they were chased a short distance, but it was not deemed prudent to push them too far in that direction, for a brigade of Infantry was reported

to be encamped three miles from New Haven on that road.

About the time the surrender was completed, Lieut. Col. Stewart came up in reserve with his men forward in good order in line of battle, as a precaution against any mishap.

Three hundred men fell into our hands at this capture. It took but a few minutes to arrange the surrender of the force, for the emergency of the case demanded that Adams should waste no time on military etiquette, even if he had been disposed to do so. The prisoners were soon mounted, and all camp and garrison equippage not easily portable, was hastily destroyed, and the prisoners, with their escorts, were rapidly put in motion for Elizabethtown.

The Georgians, who had been made believe that if ever they fell into the hands of the heathenish Yankees, that they would be roughly treated, if not murdered, were so highly pleased with the kind treatment of their captors, that they soon became sociable, and did not appear to regret so much being taken by surprise. The Author would here remark, that owing to the men of the regiment having gained a reputation of having but little respect for "red tape," and a contempt for military dudes, many of the Federal army had gotten it into their heads that they mostly belonged to the under stratum of society. This was a great mistake; for while not a great many belonged to the polished aristocracy, the great mass of the regiment belonged to the sterling yeomanry of the land, and made it a universal practice, with some few exceptions, of treating those of the enemy who fell into their hands with courtesy and humanity.

The inadequate Cavalry force at Elizabethtown, owing to its isolated situation, was now in great danger of being captured or cut to pieces. No time was taken to parole the prisoners, but they were hurried off to Louisville. It was learned that a strong force of the enemy came to New Haven the same evening, but they advanced no further. Col. Kennett took all necessary precautions to prevent surprise. Men were kept in their places at all times. At 3 o'clock every morning, the entire command was put in line of battle until all danger was passed.

In a few days there was another onward movement.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

When Adams's advance dashed through New Haven, some of the Southern sympathizing females hurried to their doors, supposing them to be Confederates returning from a predatory excursion, and joyfully hailed them: "Where did you get so many Yankee clothes?" They were sadly crestfallen when they found out their mistake.

Neither in the reports of Col. John Kennett, our Division Commander, nor Col. Ed. M. McCook, our Brigade Commander, is given any credit either to Capt. Adams or the First Kentucky Cavalry, in the New Haven affair. Col. Kennett claimed the victory as achieved over the Third Georgia Cavalry by part of his command. Col. McCook reports: "I have the honor to report a detachment of my brigade under command of Lieut. Col. Stewart, Second Indiana Cavalry, surprised and captured the Third Georgia regiment of Cavalry, with their arms, equipments and horses." Adams made a report to Stewart of the part his men took in the capture, for the Author remembers distinctly of copying the rough draught of it for the Captain. Why Adams's report was suppressed is for those responsible to explain.

Every man along knows that the capture was achieved before either Stewart or his regiment reached the enemy's camp. The following is taken from Lieut. Granville Vaught's diary, written about the time it occurred: "Nine o'clock p. m., Sunday, September 28th, a detachment of our regiment under command of Capt. Silas Adams, and the Second Indiana Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Stewart commanding, Capt. Adams, with his men in advance, marched to New Haven. Ed. Adams, with First Kentucky, captured the pickets, and at 6 o'clock a. m., on the 29th, marched into the Rebel camp at New Haven, and, without the firing of a gun, captured the Third Georgia Volunteer Cavalry, consisting of 300 men, horses, camp and garrison, the Colonel having surrendered to Capt. Adams before the arrival of Lieut. Col. Stewart."

Charges were preferred against Col. Martin J. Crawford, and he was tried before a general court-martial convened at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 15, 1862, for being surprised and taken prisoner. He was found guilty of the charges, and nearly all of the specifications, and sentenced to three months' suspension from rank and pay, and to be reprimanded by the commanding General.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUELL FORMS A JUNCTION WITH GEN. NELSON'S NEW TROOPS AND HASTILY REORGANIZES—A FORWARD MOVEMENT ON BRAGG AGAIN—SEVERE MARCHING OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY—BRAGG MAKES A STAND AT PERRYVILLE—THE REGIMENT MARCHES TO THE SCENE—HOLDS THE RIGHT—SKIRMISHES WITH SOME CHARGES, BUT NOT HEAVILY ENGAGED—SAD DEATH OF CAPT. JENKINS—THE ENEMY RETIRES—IN PURSUIT—CHAPLAIN HONNELL NEARLY CAPTURED BY BOTH SIDES — SKIRMISHING — COMPANIES A AND B AMBUSHED NEAR MT. VERNON—NARROW ESCAPE OF LIEUT. WATSON, AND CRITICAL SITUATION OF ADEN J. RIGNEY—THE PURSUIT ABANDONED—READY FOR ANOTHER RACE.

Buell, after arriving at Louisville, and forming a junction with the new undisciplined troops, hurriedly thrown in from Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, for the defence of the city against the formidable force that had invaded the State under Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith, spent a few days in re-organizing and refitting his half-starved and scantily clothed army. On the 1st of October his army was again put in motion. His forces were divided into five columns. The left marched toward Frankfort to hold in check the force of the enemy which still remained at or near that place. The other columns marched by different roads toward Bardstown, where the main force of the enemy was known to be. Bragg's army retired by way of Springfield to Perryville, where his forces made a stand.

Gen. Thomas skirmished heavily with the enemy at Bardstown, on the 4th of October. That same evening, McCook's brigade, including the First Kentucky Cavalry, left Elizabethtown and went through New Haven, marching all night, and joined our main army at Bardstown, on the morning of the 5th. Continuing on through Springfield, the command reached the waters of the North Rolling Fork, six miles south, and to the right of Perryville, on the evening of the 7th. For three days and nights the command had been con-

stantly in the saddle most of the time, only stopping occasionally, to feed and to eat what little we could procure. Here most of the regiment enjoyed one night's much needed rest. Col. Wolford, however, at the head of a detachment of the regiment, went on a scout about six miles distant, on the South Rolling Fork, and returned early in the morning.

Gen. Thomas had been a short time before assigned to the command of the Army of Ohio, but declining to accept, was announced as second in command, aud was now in charge of the right wing of the army. At 7 p. m., on the 7th of October, Buell notified Thomas that the enemy was in force at Perryville, and that he expected to attack and carry the place the next day. Thomas had orders to march at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, and take position on the right of Gilbert's corps, at Gorden's, on the Lebanon pike. But the Second corps, under Crittenden (Gen. Thomas being with this corps), failing to find water where it was expected to encamp, had moved off the road for that purpose, and consequently was some six miles further off than it otherwise would have been. The marching orders not reaching either Generals McCook or Crittenden in time, the movement was delayed several hours.

Crittenden was ordered, after reaching the point designated at the right of Gilbert's corps, to put his men in order of battle, the whole column to be closed up, the men allowed to rest in position, but not allowed to scatter. He was then directed to report in person to the Commanding General for further orders.

At daylight on the morning of the 8th of October, our Cavalry brigade under Col. Ed. M. McCook, left camp, and after a march of some six miles, reached the point indicated on the Lebanon and Perryville road. McCook sent a message immediately to Gen. Thomas that he had encountered the enemy's pickets, and had driven them a mile beyond in direction of Perryville. Gen. Thomas rode to the front and gave directions for the formation of Crittenden's corps, sending his Aide, Capt. O. A. Mack, to Gen. Buell, reporting his position, and requesting orders to be returned by his Aide, as the enemy was reported immediately in his front, for which reason he did not wish to leave his troops.

As the First Kentucky Cavalry was moving to the position assigned it that morning, we met a number of wagons loaded promiscuously with household goods, apparently thrown in at random, with youths, maidens and children riding on top of the plunder, getting away from the threatened carnage in the greatest haste possible. The Author remembers one handsome maiden in particular—or at least she would have been handsome if her features had not been so contorted with fright—whose heartrending screams haunted him for many days. But the soldier could not stop to soothe the terror-stricken ones; his duty was in front, to face the grim monster, Death, amidst the screaming, singing, flying missiles of destruction.

The regiment was ordered into position on a hill to the right of the Lebanon road, being on the extreme right of the Union forces. We had not been in position long, when Capt. Silas Adams, of Company A, was ordered to dismount his men and advance some distance to the left of the road into a woodland below the brow of the hill, for the purpose of uncovering the enemy and finding his position. The Captain soon encountered a large force of Wheeler's Cavalry, who advanced up the hill so rapidly upon him that he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. About that time, the General commanding had ordered to the left of the First Kentucky line a piece of Artillery which was in danger of being captured from the charge of the enemy's Cavalry. Generals Thomas and Crittenden, and Colonels McCook and Wolford, and Dr. Brown, being on an elevation in rear of the line, and seeing the danger, a charge was ordered. But the field officer in command of the line, mistaking the order, as he afterward averred, ordered the line to right about wheel by fours, and fall back under the hill, as the enemy were then shelling our line with their Artillery. Capt. N. D. Burrus, of Company K, being the only line officer who understood the order, charged, and this action on his part, together with the advance of some Infantry pickets on the left, checked the enemy when Adams's men were nearly exhausted. The main body of the regiment obeyed the field officer with reluctance; but scarcely had the men slowly made the right about wheel, when Col. Wolford and Dr. Brown came with lightning speed

down our line, ordered an about face, and a charge, which was executed with alacrity, and the enemy retired for the time.

We had only resumed our position for a short time, when Gen. Thomas came past our men amid their cheers. He had no sooner come to the advance line, when a company of Rebel Cavalry from the timber in our front came up the slope in full charge to capture the General and his Staff, as they with their field glasses halted to reconnoiter their position. As they wheeled and put spurs to their horses, we opened a scathing fire on their advance, which caused them to retire.

There were no bold dashes upon our position that day. When it was getting late in the afternoon, in the closing scenes of our day's operations, a sad occurrence took place, which cast a gloom over the whole regiment. Company C was on skirmish line in front, occupying the position which the enemy assailed us from in the morning, and became actively engaged. Capt. Jarrett W. Jenkins, Company F, was ordered to their support. He moved forward at the head of his company in a swift gallop, and had hardly reached the skirmish line, when he met the fatal missile which caused instantaneous death. He was borne from the field by his men. Capt. Jenkins was a brave, handsome and worthy young officer, and afterwards was greatly missed and lamented by the regiment.

Our whole line was now moved forward to the position occupied by the skirmishers, but the enemy had retired from view. A section of Artillery was also moved up in our rear, and Company A was again dismounted and sent to the foot of the hill in front to uncover the enemy, but he had vanished, or hesitated to make his whereabouts known.

The operations of the First Kentucky closed for the day with but few casualties. As night approached, the Infantry occupied our position, and we retired a little to the rear and bivouacked for the night.

It was afterward plainly evident that the demonstrations of the enemy on our right that day were only a feint, while he was getting in his heavier work on our left. It might have been that "somebody blundered." The Author does

not claim to be a Jomini, and therefore does not claim to be of sufficient capacity to criticise those far superior in rank, as he was only a Sergeant. It is his object to tell facts only, and let the intelligent reader draw his own conclusions.

It is necessary to remember, that after getting into position in the morning, Gen. Thomas sent his Aid, Capt. Mack, to Gen. Buell, reporting the fact, with the request for orders to be sent back by the Aid. Capt. Mack did not return until 4 p. m., and then only with verbal orders to hold one of his divisions in readiness to re-enforce the center if found necessary; and also to reconnoiter his front and see if the enemy was re-enforcing his left or withdrawing his forces from that part of the field. Notwithstanding Thomas's reconnaisance developed the enemy still in his front, he had no orders to advance. After sundown he received a dispatch from Buell, acquainting him with the heavy engagement of McCook's corps on the left, with orders to press his lines as far as possible that night, and to get into position to make a vigorous attack at daylight on the morning of the 9th of October. On moving forward the next morning, the town was found to be evacuated.

The Author is not one of those who believe in Buell's lack of loyalty, or the silly reports of his and Bragg's sleeping together the night before the battle. As it was, the left stood the furious assault of nearly the whole of Bragg's army, and Gen. Buell, with headquarters two and a half miles in the rear, claimed and proved that he had not been officially notified of the severe battle on our left till late in the evening. It was also proved before the Buell Commission, that the wind was in such a direction, that the heavy musketry firing could not be heard at his headquarters; that the rapid Artillery firing was only supposed to be the shelling of the skirmish lines, and that the General had received a fall from his horse, hurting him so that he was not out much that day. It appears from Buell's report that though he intended to attack Bragg on the 8th of October, yet on account of McCook's and Crittenden's corps, by unavoidable circumstances, not getting in position as soon as he desired, he had determined to get all his army at their proper places and make the attack early on the morning of the 9th.

At early dawn the next day, we took the advance in the pursuit of the retreating enemy. Chaplain Honnell gives the following vivid note of his personal experience.

"As we passed the great spring we could see how the struggle for its possession caused many to mingle their blood with its clear, limpid waters. We drank from our canteens and refilled them as our almost famished horses stood drinking from the brook, which is filled by its great flow. As we passed a house used by the Surgeons as an amputating hospital, just beyond, we could see a heap of bleeding limbs like a mound of clay, as they were, cut off and thrown from the window above."

We paused not, but hastened toward Danville, the seat of learned institutions and refinement. As we pressed their rear, now under orders of Gen. Hazen, some of the regiment brought ex-Congressman A. G. Talbott to Chaplain Honnell as a prisoner. He pled for his life, but was set free by the kind-hearted Chaplain on his taking the oath of allegiance, which oath, it is believed, he never violated. It was about this time, while intruding on the rear of the receding foe, that Dr. Hawkins Brown, Surgeon of the regiment, came very near losing his life. The Doctor often forgot that he was a Surgeon, and imagined himself to be a field officer, and would be in front in the midst of dangers, giving orders to the men. It was on one of these occasions that a shell burst near him, a fragment passing between his arm and side, which inflicted injuries to his nerves from which he never fully recovered.

In this connection a thrilling experience of Chaplain Honnell will be related in his own words, of how he escaped being made a prisoner by both sides:

When a theological student at Danville, I taught the children of a Mr. Mock, celebrated then and since for making a fine article of whisky, four miles from the city. I was boarded and furnished a horse in pay for teaching his family morning and evening. One night his most valuable slave died of cholera, and an alarm fell on my white friends, and a panic on the slaves. But the difference was, that one party manifested it in profound silence in the mansion, and the other in sending for their neighbors, and all singing, and even shouting in the cabin where Bob lay a corpse. I went to

their cabin near midnight, and told them the danger of such excitement; had prayers and dismissed them. This made a profound impression on my pupils, as they regarded it as an act of bravery. This introduces my First Kentucky Cavalry incident, and gained for me a like reputation for coolness and self-possession.

The army of Buell followed close after that of Bragg, now in full retreat by way of our old Camp Dick Robinson. We drove them through Danville, past the hotel where Bragg made his noted speech a few days before, saying: "Like the old lady, I have come to spend the day with you; I have brought my knitting along."

We swept further to the left, and drove the Cavalry past Mock's still-house, and at dusk we placed our pickets in line with it. I rode up to my pupils' house of six years before, and of course was warmly greeted, though the family, now fatherless, had their sympathies with the Rebel side. The still had no influence then, nor in my student days to keep me there, but it had with some of my fellow-officers, and with those of other regiments. So I lay on the lounge as in former years, and my fine horse in the stable, not dreaming of a change of the picket-line in the night.

What was my surprise, when near morning, an Ohio Captain came slipping to my couch, and presenting his cocked pistol to my face, whispered: "You are my prisoner, sir," with a horrid oath. I at once announced myself as being the Chaplain of Wolford's Cavalry, and that if he did not leave in a minute I would order his arrest. He left in chagrin, for he had been down to the still-house, and one of my pupils in charge, had told him that a friend of theirs, Capt. Honnell, was at their house in the front room. Knowing the Rebel sentiments of the family, he had naturally concluded that a Rebel officer was in the house, had returned with their advance picket, and he would have the glory of bringing him back a prisoner, while risking his own life to secure a canteen of whisky.

He never told me of the withdrawal of our pickets, which was done perhaps to avoid the distillery, more dangerous than the enemy to their senses to those using its stupefying poison. So I slept till daybreak, the family seeming not to know the situation, except the young man at the whisky charnel house.

At sunrise, when my pupils realized my danger, they came in and informed me, with sincere offers to aid me in escaping, if I could devise a plan. So I arose and removed every sign of office or soldier from my coat and hat, and asked one of my former pupils to go and ride my horse, as if going to town on some errant of the family on their own horse, and

to say if questioned by the picket, and to leave him behind an old house, pointed out a mile away. As soon as I saw him in safety beyond the Rebel line, I went slowly and pulled off some ears of corn as if for feeding purposes, till I got beyond their sight, then throwing down my armful of corn I soon reached my horse and rode to my own regiment, where I told them how near I came being captured by both sides.

The First Kentucky continued in front in pursuit of Bragg, with occasional sharp skirmishes. About the 14th, Col. E. M. McCook writes to Gen. Crittenden: "The enemy have undoubtedly left Lancaster. * * * They are going in direction of Crab Orchard. Both bridges over Hanging Fork were burned by them this afternoon. One regiment of my brigade—Col. Wolford's—had a skirmish with them to-day on the Lancaster road, repulsing their Cavalry and killing and wounding about thirty." On the next day we moved on the Stanford pike, and were detained some time near that town skirmishing, in which a fine-looking Confederate Lieutenant Colonel received a fatal wound.

The regiment passed through Crab Orchard to within a few miles of Mt. Vernon. Here, going up a hill skirted on one side by dense bushes, Company A being in front, with B immediately following, a whole volley was poured into the ranks of the two companies from the bushes, not more than forty feet from the road. So astounding and unexpected was the murderous volley, that some dismounted, or fell from their horses, under an embankment next to the enemy, while others turned and fled down the hill. The enemy only fired one volley and retired. A piece of artillery stationed further along on an eminence on the other side of the road, opened on our men with shells, and one bursting among Company A, nearly costing Lieut. Thomas Watson his life, as a fragment grazed him, but inflicted no serious wound. It was at this time that Aden J. Rigney performed an act of heroism. He was in plain view of the Rebel gunners, peppering them with his Sharpe's rifle, and called on his comrades to come to his position; that he could see them plainly. On looking around he discovered that his comrades had given back down the hill. He had no other alternative than to follow their example.

The regiment now formed in line, but the Infantry was ordered up and took their places, and moving on the enemy, found that they had vanished.

The regiment went no further in pursuit of Bragg. Crittenden's corps pursued them to the Rockcastle River; Gen. W. S. Smith's Division of that corps, as far as London.

The First Kentucky returned to Crab Orchard, where it was partially refitted with much needed clothing. The whole Army of the Ohio was now ordered to return from pursuit and make another race for Nashville, Tenn., as that city seemed to be the most possible next objective point of the enemy.

NOTE.

At the battle of Perryville, while the rest of the regiment was engaged with the enemy, Maj. W. N. Owens in command of a detachment of different companies, with Capt. Drye and Lieut. Belden along with him, was ordered through an open field to guard our extreme right, where he remained the principal part of the day. Though exposed without shelter to the fire of the enemy's Artillery, no serious casualty occurred, as it seemed difficult for them to get his exact range.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANOTHER RACE BETWEEN THE CONFEDERATE AND UNION ARMIES —THE FIRST KENTUCKY ORDERED TO NASHVILLE—AMUSING INCIDENT—BUELL RELIEVED BY ROSECRANS—ARMY OF THE OHIO CHANGED TO ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—HEAVY MARCHING AND SCOUTING—CHANGES IN OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT—THE REGIMENT MOVES TO GALLATIN—MORGAN'S RAID ON ROSECRANS'S COMMUNICATIONS—WOLFORD MOVES TO COLUMBIA TO INTERCEPT HIM—MORGAN'S ESCAPE—THE REGIMENT RETURNS TO GALLATIN—SCOUTING—WOLFORD MARCHES TO CARTHAGE AND TO BURKESVILLE—ON TO DANVILLE—LOST TO THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—TRANSFER TO THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

The Army of the Ohio now had marching orders to return immediately to Nashville, Tenn. They went by different roads, with orders to concentrate on the route at Glasgow and Bowling Green. The First Kentucky Cavalry marched by way of Lebanon and Summersville to Woodsonville, opposite Munfordville, on Green River. While halting here for some purpose, an amusing incident occurred. A member of a Kentucky regiment stationed at the town, came in among us to view the now famous Wolford's Cavalry. Col. Wolford happened to be dismounted, and standing around among the boys, and was not distinguishable from them to a stranger, as he was dressed from head to foot as a private, with no mark to designate his rank. His beard was long, and his face had the appearance of having been unsullied by water or soap for at least ten days. It so happened that Wolford was the first one that the soldier approached, and inquired if that was Wolford's Cavalry. The Colonel pleasantly replied in the affirmative. He then requested our Colonel to point out Col. Wolford to him. Capt. Thomas Rowland, of Company K, a splendid rider, happening to be dashing around on his charger, making a very fine-looking appearance, was pointed out to him by the Colonel himself, as the renowned Col. Wolford. The soldier gazed long and ad-

miringly on the "bogus" Colonel, much to the amusement of those standing near.

The regiment marched five miles further that evening, October 29th, 1862, and encamped for the night. The weather before that time had generally been dry and beautiful during the autumn months, but a heavy snow fell that night, which was considered early for the season.

The next day, October 30th, by General Orders, War Department, dated October 24, 1862, Gen. Buell was relieved of the command of the Army of the Ohio by Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, and the designation of that army was changed to the Army of the Cumberland, and known as the 14th Army Corps. A few days later, by General Orders, Headquarters 14th Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland, Gen. Geo. H. Thomas was assigned to the command of the center, Maj. Gen. McCook to the right wing, and Maj. Gen. Crittenden to the left wing of that army.

It was about this time, somewhere between Woodsonville, and Bowling Green, that the regiment halted long enough to finish refitting in the way of clothing. Then the march was resumed and the regiment arrived at Nashville, November 11th, where it remained doing scouting and picket duty until December 10th.

In the latter part of 1862, owing to deaths, resignations and promotions, a number of changes took place among the commissioned officers.

Lieut. Col. John W. Letcher resigned, his resignation taking effect November 28, 1862. It was rather a delicate matter to fill his position and at the same time do justice to military courtesy, to the service and to the men of the regiment. Col. Wolford, however, was equal to the occasion; he managed in such a manner that the service and the men of the regiment got their choice, and military etiquette was allowed to shift for itself. He made a short address to his men, reviewing their gallantry on many contested fields, and also their hard service and privations in the cause of their country; and while according to military usage, he had a right to recommend a suitable person to fill the vacancy, yet he would waive that right and allow his men to make their own choice as to who should fill the position.

Capt. Silas Adams, on account of his great natural and acquired ability and gallantry on different occasions, had shown himself fully competent for the office, notwithstanding there were others in the regiment who would have been an ornament to the place; yet, like Adams, they were not in every case superior in rank or senior in commission. By common consent there was a general call for Adams to make the race. Several who would have filled the office with honor to themselves and the regiment, would not run against him, and he had only one competitor. When the vote was taken he received every one present except about thirty belonging to his opponent's original company. His commission as Lieut. Colonel was dated November 28, 1862.

The following additional changes in commissioned officers of the regiment took place at this time, and a short time previously and subsequent.

November 14, 1862: Lieut. W. D. Carpenter, Company G, appointed Regimental Adjutant, vice F. M. Wolford, promoted.

December 26, 1862: Surg. John A. Brady resigned, and Assist. Surg. Hawkins Brown promoted Surgeon the same date.

December 24th: Philip W. Cox, Company B, promoted Serg. Maj., vice Feland Bland, discharged to accept commission in Eighth Kentucky Cavalry.

December 20th: James M. Swiggett, Company B, promoted to Regimental Commissary Sergeant, vice Clinton Hocker, deceased, on the same day.

November 1: Geo. H. Norton promoted to Hospital Steward, vice Benjamin Owens, discharged, to accept commission in the Thirty-Second Kentucky Infantry.

Company A, November 14th: 2d Lieutenant Thomas Watson, resigned; November 28th: 1st Lieutenant F. M. Wolford, promoted to Captain, vice Adams, promoted to Lieutenant Colonel; Serg. James Humphrey promoted to 1st Lieutenant; Serg. William Adams promoted to 2d Lieutenant.

Company B, December 21st: 1st Lieutenant Stephen H. Coppage, resigned.

Company C, August 18: John A. Morrison, resigned, and

1st Lieutenant William Perkins, was promoted to Captain; 2d Lieutenant D. R. Carr, was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and Serg. James E. Chilton was promoted 2d Lieutenant.

Company D, December 2d: Capt. George Coppage and 1st Lieutenant Richard H. Vandyke, resigned; 2d Lieutenant Samuel M. Boone, promoted to Captain; Serg. Daniel A. Kelly to 1st Lieutenant, and private Warren Lamme to 2d Lieutenant.

Company E, December 2d: Capt. Boston Dillion resigned, and 1st Lieut. Franklin W. Dillion was promoted to Captain, and Serg. John Kimbrel to 1st Lieutenant.

Company F, November 13th: 1st Lieut. G. C. Jenkins resigned, and 2d Lieut. R. Clay Blain was promoted to Captain, vice Jarrett W. Jenkins, killed in battle of Perryville, and Serg. Oliver M. Dodson was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and Corp. William B. Kelly to 2d Lieutenant.

Company G, November 14th: Capt. Thornton K. Hackley resigned, and 1st Lieut. Irvine Burton was promoted to Captain; 2d Lieut. W. D. Carpenter to 1st Lieutenant and Regimental Adjutant, and Serg. Daniel Murphy to 2d Lieutenant.

Company H, September 1st: 1st Lieut. Chas. W. Huffaker resigned; 2d Lieut. James G. Dick promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and Serg. Wm. M. Haley to 2d Lieutenant.

Company I, November 6th: Capt. John Smith and 1st Lieut. James M. Mayes resigned, and Serg. Alexander Smith was promoted to Captain, and private Buford Scott was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, November 13th.

Company J: 2d Lieut. Meredith Martin resigned, July 20, 1862, and Serg. John T. McLain was promoted to 2d Lieutenant, August 10th.

Company K: Captain Nelson D. Burrus resigned, November 13, 1862, and Serg. Thomas Rowland was promoted to 2d Lieutenant, November 3d, vice Sallee, resigned previously, and to Captain, November 13th, vice Burrus resigned. Private Philip Roberts was promoted to 2d Lieutenant the same day.

But it is necessary to return a little before the regiment reached Nashville. After leaving Bowling Green, it marched to the right toward Russellville, and then to Springfield, Tenn. Then turned and went to Gallatin, Tenn., and from

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CAPT. F. M. WOLFORD.

there to Hartsville, where it remained several days, and scouted to Lebanon, and came near meeting Morgan there again. From Hartsville went back to Gallatin and crossed the river, and then marched by way of Silver Springs on to Nashville, where it remained until the 10th of December, when it was again ordered to Gallatin, reaching there on the 11th, and from thence went out to Castillian Springs, where it went into camp.

About the time Gen. Rosecrans commenced making preparations to move on Bragg's army, now in position at Murfreesboro, the wily John H. Morgan began operations on the outposts of the Army of the Cumberland and its communications. The chief forte of Morgan was not fighting; he even tried to avoid conflicts, but when hemmed and compelled to defend himself, he fought with vigor and determination. After our fierce charges on his men in their strong positions in houses nearly a year before, Morgan never seemed anxious to cross lances with Wolford's men any more. According to Southern papers, Morgan confessed that Wolford's was the only Cavalry he feared.

November 24, 1862, the distinguished Confederate commander, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, received orders assigning him to the command of the three departments under Gen. Bragg, Lieut. Gen. E. Kirby Smith and Lieut. Gen. Pemberton.

The War Department, at Richmond, decided that Gen. Johnston's headquarters should be at Chattanooga. Railroad accidents prevented him from reaching there until December 4th. The General had made several suggestions in regard to the best manner of conducting operations, but they were unheeded by the Davis government. That government had become alarmed at the situation of General Pemberton in Mississippi, who was falling back from the heavy blows of Gen. Grant. President Davis, through his Adjutant General, Cooper, urged on Johnston the importance of sending sufficient force from Bragg's army to the aid of the beleagured Pemberton.

From Murfreesboro, on the 5th of December, after informing himself of the strength of Bragg's and Rosecrans's

armies, and their condition and situation, Gen. Johnston dispatched to the Confederate authorities that he could not give adequate aid to Pemberton without losing Tennessee, and advised his superiors that troops from Arkansas, where they were not needed, could reach Pemberton easier and quicker than Bragg's could; and further, that he would not weaken the Army of Tennessee without express orders.

He informed his superiors that 2,000 Cavalry would be detached to break the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and 4,000 would operate on Gen. Grant's communications.

On the morning of December 22d, Morgan left Alexandria, Tenn., and forded the Cumberland River about dusk. But instead of having 2,000 Cavalry, he was in command, according to his own report, of 3,100 Cavalry and seven pieces of Artillery. He appeared before Munfordville on the 25th, where part of his force was attacked by Col. Hobson and driven off, leaving nine killed and sixteen of his men as prisoners. Crossing Green River above Munfordville, Morgan moved in direction of Elizabethtown, burning bridges at Bacon Creek and Nolin. At Elizabethtown, after a severe fight of half an hour, the small garrison of United States troops there, having taking possession of brick buildings, was compelled to surrender. Morgan then destroyed the trestle-work at Muldraugh's Hill and moved for Rolling Fork. Here Col. John M. Harlan overtook him, attacked and pursued him with Infantry. Morgan fled before Harlan to Bardstown, and becoming alarmed at the forces moving from different directions to environ him, attempted to escape by a route between Lebanon and Campbellsville. Hoskins, in command at Lebanon, got after him, but his forces being mostly Infantry, he could not move fast enough to trap the raider. Some of his Cavalry had a contest with him, and lost the gallant Col. Halisy of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry.

When Morgan first crossed the Cumberland on his raid, it was at first rumored that he was moving on Gallatin, and Wolford was retained for the defense of that place. After it was found that Morgan had passed on to Kentucky, Wolford in command of his own regiment, and detachments of several others, among which was a battalion of the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry and some Indiana Cavalry, was sent from

his camp near Gallatin, up the Cumberland, to intercept him. He started on the 26th of December and marched by way of Scottsville, Ky., and arrived at Bear Wallow on the night of the 31st of December. January 1, 1863, he marched to Greensburg, and on the 2d, hearing directly of Morgan's movements, he marched in quick time to Columbia, but on reaching there, he found that Morgan had passed on through. He pursued on his trail for three miles on the Burkesville road, when he was ordered back by Gen. S. S. Fry, who had arrived, and was now in command of Wolford's and Hoskins's forces in pursuit.

After resting at Columbia a few days, the regiment marched by way of Camp Billy Williams, Bradfordsville, Lebanon, Springfield, Bardstown, New Haven and Glasgow, to Gallatin, Tenn., where it remained until the 6th of February. On this day, a scout was sent out under Major Owens, to Askell, and from there to Hartsville, where five prisoners were captured, and returned to camp at 7 p. m., having traveled, according to Capt. Pankey's diary, fifty-six miles on that day.

The Union authorities, learning that Morgan had a force of 5,000 Cavalry within a few miles of Liberty, Tenn., and that he had a large number of boats on the Caney Fork River, and would attemp to cross the river below Carthage, to invade Kentucky, Gen. E. A. Paine, then in command at Gallatin, ordered Col. Wolford with his regiment and a section of an Indiana battery under Lieut. Pease, to march to Carthage and destroy all the boats up and down the river. Wolford informed Paine that two of his men had come in from Burkesville, Ky., and reported a Georgia regiment there, and that he could capture them and return in ten days. Gen. Paine gave him permission, if he found the report to be correct, to make the attempt, and he drew rations for ten days, and started on the 7th of February. On the 8th, was at Carthage. Capt. Pond, of the Eleventh Kentucky, destroyed the boats in that section. That same evening, Wolford marched seven miles on the Tompkinsville road and went into camp. On the 9th, after marching five or six miles, a scout went out in pursuit of the guerrilla Harrilton, but failed to catch him. The command then marching by

way of Tompkinsville arrived at Marrowbone, near Burkesville, where it remained until the 21st.

While camped at this place, the following account of an escape from a murderous ambush of the enemy is taken from the pen of the Rev. W. H. Honnell:

Nearly a year after my first meeting with the grim chieftain, Champe Ferguson, I came very near meeting him again, when the Cumberland River alone formed the boundary line between our command and his wild outlaws. The Colonel had given the only possible member of his staff command on Sabbath days. Our scouts reported a large force of Cavalry having crossed the river, and formed in position for battle. With his usual impetuosity, Wolford gathered the available men into line of march, and started to chastise him. I was swept into the excited advance, leaving my sermon to be preached on my return. It came near being never spoken, for Champe had so decreed, as he placed his ambush to sweep down the head of the column, as he knew the Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Chaplain and others, always led the daring column. We had only gone two miles when I claimed the right of command that day, and the Colonel yielded it. In a few words, the Lord's claim of the Sabbath day was made, and the men, by my order, returned to near the camp and prepared for defense, putting out a strong advanced picket line.

A few days after we captured a squad of citizens with arms,who denied any connection with Champe's band, but suspiciously inquired why we turned back so suddenly that Sabbath day, as their ambush was in sure position to have swept, at the first fire, ten men down to certain death. We had not then fulfilled our mission; never had the regiment forfeited the Lord's protection. I took the occasion to recount the belief very widely held, that those beginning needless battles on the Sabbath day, were generally defeated.

Old Captain Jenkins used to say, "If there had been no hell, the Lord, no doubt, would have made one about that time for such murderers." "We must fight 'em," he would contend, "till hell froze over, and then fight 'em on the ice."

And Col. Adams expressed himself thus: "I am willing to do battle while I live, but am glad death will separate us."

Ten days after the foregoing occurrence, a scout of about thirty men from different companies was sent to Burkesville, on the Cumberland River. No enemy was found on the north side, but some were seen across the river. A sharp skirmish took place in which Lieut. William Adams, Com-

pany A, was severely wounded in the hand, and a member of Company J in the mouth.

The command left Marrowbone on the 21st of February and marched by way of Columbia, Bradfordsville and Hustonville, and arrived at Danville on the 28th, where it went into camp.

It has been stated that on leaving Gallatin, Tenn., Col. Wolford had discretionary orders only to go as far as Burkesville, and be absent for ten days. No orders can be found for his movement to Danville, but it appears on the records that he was about this time put temporarily under command of Gen. Gilmore, commanding the district of Central Kentucky, by order of Gen. Boyle, as his services were much needed in this section at the time. Some time afterward, the First Kentucky was transferred from the Department of the Cumberland to the Department of the Ohio.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON NOTIFIES GEN. WRIGHT OF THREATENED INVASION OF KENTUCKY — FIRST KENTUCKY MOVES TO WRAY'S WOODLAND, IN LINCOLN COUNTY — FINE TIMES — CLOUD IN THE HORIZON — CARTER MOVES TO DANVILLE — PEGRAM CROSSES THE CUMBERLAND RIVER — WOLFORD MOVES TO STANFORD — HIS SCOUTS PRESSED BACK — ALARMING RUMORS — FALL BACK TO DANVILLE — CAPTURE OF LIEUT. COL. ADAMS — RETREAT TO CAMP NELSON — BOONE'S HEROIC CHARGE THROUGH THE ENEMY'S CAMP — HOUSED-UP — BRAVE AND PERILOUS EXPEDITION OF MRS. JACKMAN AND VAUGHN — PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY — BATTLE OF DUTTON HILL, AND THRILLING OCCURENCES — NOTES — MANY INCIDENTS, AMUSING AND OTHERWISE.

Gen. H. G. Wright was commanding the Department of Ohio, with headquarters at Cincinnati; Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, the District of Central Kentucky, with headquarters at Lexington. After the resignation of Governor Magoffin, Kentucky had a true patriot at the head of State affairs in the person of Governor James F. Robinson, who gave all the

aid in his power to the Union cause without attempting to intermeddle with the plans of the officers in the field.

On the 1st day of March, 1863, Governor Robinson notified Gen. Wright of reliable information being received from various sources, both Union and Confederate, all concurring that a heavy invasion of Kentucky had been determined on by the enemy, and was then being rapidly prepared. The governor had gotten most of this information direct from his brother-in-law, Dr. Gano, of Georgetown, who reported to him that four Confederate officers, in disguise, that had come into the State with Cluke, were all night at the house of a noted Secessionist in Scott county, in close conference; that the information given was, that Marshall and Pegram were to invade the State from Virginia with 7,000 mounted troops, simultaneously with Morgan and Forrest from Tennessee, with a liké number; that the date agreed upon was the 20th of March; that the business of the disguised officers was to arrange with the Rebels in Scott, Owen, Grant and Harrison counties, to burn all the bridges and tear up the railroad from Cincinnati to Lexington. The Secession citizen who gave Dr. Gano the information, was a man of large property, and did not want the Rebels to enter the State for fear of depradations on his property.

Gen. Wright did not believe in the practicability of such an extensive invasion so early in the season, and with the men they had to spare, without jeopardizing their interests in other sections; but, nevertheless, he thought there was enough in the report to warn Army Headquarters at Washington, of impending danger, and to be on guard. It is reasonable to suppose that the information of the intended extensive invasion of Kentucky was purposely fixed so it would reach Governor Robinson, and from him conveyed to military headquarters as a blind to cover the predatory excursion which afterward took place; but the Author has official Confederate documents at hand to prove otherwise. The formidable invasion was really contemplated and discussed; its object being to secure favorable political results, make a diversion in favor of Bragg and other commanders in the front, and collect a large amount of supplies for the needy and hungry Rebel army. It dwindled into a mere

horse and cattle-stealing expedition, for want of sufficient troops to spare, and a lack of confidence in Humphrey Marshall's abilities and pretensions, and other causes.

The First Kentucky remained at Danville until the 6th of March, when it moved to Stanford, and then out three miles on the Hustonville road to May's woodland, where it remained until the 22d. Here the men and horses had opportunities to rest their wearied limbs and exhausted vitality for two weeks, only sending out scouts to the Cumberland River and Mt. Vernon. Our camp was in a wealthy blue grass section, and forage and rations were plentiful, so that our horses, mules and men, could laugh as heartily at their bountiful supplies as Sherman's horses, mules and "bummers" did on the famous "march to the sea."

There were good Union men in this section, but many of the princely farmers sympathized with the cause of the sunny land of the South. But no matter on which side they sympathized, their hospitable mansions were generally opened freely to both men and officers. Our camp was visited by both males and females, as the names of "Frank" Wolford, "Silas" Adams and "Hawk" Brown had long been familiar to the people of the vicinity. It was peopled with the progeny of the Shelbys, Logans, Davidsons, McKinneys and other pioneers who helped to make the history of the country.

But the grand pic-nic of our men and horses was of short duration. An ominous cloud was appearing in the horizon. The Rebel Colonel Cluke was roaming about in Eastern Kentucky with about 750 men, and Humphrey Marshall was at Hazel Green with 1,500 men, both commands being mounted. March 9th, Gen. Q. A. Gillmore received direct from Knoxville reports that Pegram was at Beaver Creek, ten miles northwest of Knoxville, with a force of from 10,000 to 12,000 Cavalry, and a battery of six-pounder cast iron guns; that their intentions were to have entered Kentucky two weeks before by way of Jamestown, Fentras county, Tennessee, but were stopped by a flood in the Clinch River. These reports came through Lieut. Edwards, and were corroborated by information from other sources. He also reported that two weeks before, Bragg had withdrawn about 12,000 men from Tullahoma and vicinity to Chattanooga, as a feint against

Kentucky, upon the presumption that troops would be largely detached from Rosecrans's army to meet it, and that this force was at Chattanooga on the 28th of February. These reports were considered to be strictly reliable. There were also wild rumors brought in by refugee citizens and others, that Buckner held the mountain passes south of the Cumberland, with a force of from 20,000 to 25,000 men, waiting only for favorable weather to make a forward movement.

The rich blue grass region of Central Kentucky, owing to the heavy calls to the front, was now considerably bare of troops. To oppose the expected overwhelming mounted forces of the enemy, Gillmore only had 2,300 mounted men, and many of them badly mounted.

As early as March 18th, Gen. Gillmore received information through spies, that the enemy was concentrating a mounted force in Wayne county, variously estimated at from 3,000 to 5,000 men. The expected invasion was supposed to have commenced.

On the 21st, Col. Wolford, who held the front, and whose scouts were in Wayne and Pulaski counties, telegraphed to Gillmore from Stanford as follows:

The Rebels, under Scott, numbering 3,500 men, are at Stigall's Ferry, ready to cross the Cumberland River, near Somerset. There is no mistake in this. My scouts were not deceived.

Gen. Gillmore immediately ordered Gen. Carter's command to Danville. On the 22d the report of scouts in front, showed the enemy's advance so threatening that our camp was moved to Mrs. Bright's farm at Stanford. Capt. F. M. Wolford, Company A, commanding the scouting party on the Somerset road, now reported being pressed by the enemy's advance guard, with occasional skirmishing.

A kind of prudential panic now took place among our commanding officers; not a disorderly or cowardly one, for everything was done in as good order as possible. So rapidly was the enemy advancing now, that at 6 p. m., on the 23d, the regiment struck tents and marched within two miles of Danville, arriving there late in the night. The reports of the enemy's strength had now grown to 7,000 Cavalry and

three regiments of infantry. If our chief officers had only been properly informed, there was almost Artillery enough at Danville to have defeated Pegram's forces without using the Infantry. Wolford, who generally had on his war paint, wanted to fight, but he was only a subordinate, and could not rule. Gen. Carter, however, got information that the enemy was about to flank him, and put his train of 150 wagons in motion for Hickman bridge.

The enemy was dilating about moving on our own men on the 24th, and did not approach the First Kentucky skirmishers on the Stanford pike until 12 m., and the firing commenced, and at 2:30 p. m., a general retreat was ordered. As the First Kentucky, being in the rear, fell back through Danville, there was a hand to hand contest, but fortunately there were but few casualties. The consciences of the men of both parties seemed to deflect their aim; the one for retreating with eight pieces of Artillery, and four or five regiments of Infantry, from a mere Cavalry raid, and the other, for having the impudence to attack such a force, and this force almost under the shelter of an impregnable natural fortification. As the regiment slowly contested its way through the town, there were so many cross streets to contend with, that Lieut. Col. Adams found himself surrounded, and was compelled to surrender. A number of others were captured, but most of them made their escape. Many of the regiment were cut off in their retreat from the Lexington pike, and in making their way around by private roads and through plantations, had various adventures to relate of individual pursuit and hair-breadth escapes when they joined the main body of their comrades at Camp Nelson.

The regiment reached the Hickman bridge and went into Camp Nelson about 12 o'clock that night.

By an oversight or negligence of some one in command, Company E, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois regiment, guarding the Dix River bridge, was left without being relieved, until after Wolford's rear guard had passed; but Capt. Otman, in command of the company, succeeded in eluding the Rebel Cavalry, by the aid of darkness and hard marching, and joined his regiment at Camp Nelson.

A detachment of sixty picked men from different com-

panies, all under command of Capt. Samuel M. Boone, of Company D, had been sent to Lancaster, and after Col. Wolford had orders to retreat, William S. Gowins, of Company I, was sent with a dispatch to Boone to meet us at Camp Dick Robinson; but Gowins fell into the hands of the enemy and was paroled.

Owing to the capture of Gowins, as before stated, Capt. Boone was uninformed of the action and movements of the main body of Union troops at Danville. Just as the Union troops left Danville, Pegram claims that he was handed an intercepted dispatch from Col. Ben. P. Runkle to Gen. S. P. Carter, saying he would arrive in Lancaster that night, and would try to join him at Camp Dick Robinson. Ordering Col. Nixon to follow up the Union forces closely, he at once sent to recall the remainder of his command, and started for one of the fords of Dix River above the bridge, on the Lexington pike, with a view of throwing his main command between Carter and Runkle, near Camp Dick Robinson. Pegram claims that owing to a hard march of sixty-one miles in twenty-eight hours, his horses were too fatigued to reach the desired spot in time, but undoubtedly some of his command reached there, for Boone and Runkle found themselves cut off, and were in a critical dilemma; but Boone was a man of brilliant genius and quick perceptions, and on the spur of the moment executed a daring exploit, which though it may not have been in exact accordance with any known standard of military tactics, yet was one of the most successful movements that transpired during the war. It cannot be given in better style than in the Captain's own language:

Late one evening—and two other days before the affair at Danville—Gen. Carter ordered me to Lancaster with sixty picked men, to watch the movements of the enemy in that direction. They were selected from the different companies of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and I can truthfully say that braver men never responded to "boots and saddles." My instructions from the General were in substance, as follows: "You will proceed to Lancaster, occupy the court-house, make your men as comfortable as possible, and hold the place until you receive orders from me to abandon it. I will keep you posted as to events here." He further said: "In

the event that I am forced to fall back from this position, I will make a stand at Camp Dick Robinson."

On the following morning (I having reached Lancaster late the preceding night), a courier came in from Danville with dispatches from Gen. Carter, notifying me that the enemy were approaching on the Stanford road, repeating his former instructions to hold the place unless compelled by a superior force to fall back, and if I was compelled to retreat, to fall back to Camp Dick Robinson. This was the last message received from Gen. Carter while at Danville. I thought it strange that no more couriers arrived, he having promised to send one to me every two or three hours; but I felt no particular alarm, as my position had not been approached by the enemy. The citizens, however, were much alarmed, many of them were running their horses and cattle to hiding-places. Gen. Pegram's forces were estimated at from 3,500 to 4,000 men, all Cavalry, with three or four pieces of Artillery.

When night came, following the Danville fight, Col. Ben. P. Runkle arrived from Richmond in command of the Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, reaching Lancaster about 10 o'clock in the night. He called me up, and requested me to take the advance in a retreat to Camp Dick Robinson. This I at first refused to do, explaining to him that I had been ordered by Gen. Carter to remain there until he ordered me away. The Colonel then, among other things, remarked: "I rank you, and you must obey me; as I know something that you are not aware of. Gen. Carter has been repulsed at Danville, and is now on a retreat for Camp Dick Robinson, and we must form a junction with him as soon as possible."

I accordingly, with my detachment, proceeded to take the advance, forming my men in "column of fours." We marched leisurely along, the night being an extremely dark one, all hoping soon to join our comrades at Camp Dick Robinson. When we reached the Old Fork Church, which stood on the pike three-fourths of a mile or more from Camp Dick Robinson, I and Gabe Greenleaf, of Company G, being at the head of the column, which was at that moment somewhat straggling, imagine our surprise at running square upon two sleeping troopers, one on each side of the road in front of the church. Gabe grappled one, and I the other. We could not see their faces on account of the extreme darkness of the night. I shook my man violently in order to arouse him, fearing I would have to report some of our boys found asleep on post. I sternly demanded of him: "Who are you, and where do you belong!"

He replied, "Wolford."

I then demanded his name, and the company to which he belonged.

He muttered out a name, which has escaped my memory, and claimed "D" as his company.

I responded: "You are a d——d liar; I am Captain of that company myself, and there is no such man in it." I placed my Navy to his head saying: "Now, sir, no foolishness. If you make any noise, or attempt to arouse the camp, I will blow your brains out on the spot."

"What troops are those on the right?" [I could see their fires.] "That," said he, "is Maj. Steele's battalion. The fires further down on the left are where Scott's Louisiana Cavalry are camped."

At this juncture, I sent a man back to inform Col. Runkle that instead of finding our own troops, Gen. Pegram's force was in our immediate front, and occupying the ground where we expected to find Gen. Carter. Whether my message was ever delivered to Col. Runkle or not, I cannot say; and, without awaiting the return of the Orderly, I decided at once to charge; so, in a sharp, ringing voice I commanded: "Close up! Cover your file leaders! By fours—charge!" And away we flew down the pike, lined on each side by the enemy. Col. Runkle, and his brave Ohioans, followed like the rush of a cyclone. My own voice, and the thundering clatter of a thousand iron-hoofed horses, ruuning at full speed, were the only sounds I heard, except in passing the old barn at Camp Dick Robinson, which stood in an angle formed by the junction of the Lancaster and Danville pikes. Here again I called out in a loud voice: "Close up!" I heard some one say, "By G—d, that's Boone's voice." Then there was a rush made by the men who were prisoners in the barn, and many of them ran along by the side of our horses, sprang up behind my men, and were rescued by us. None of my men were captured, and under the trying circumstances by which they were surrounded, each individual man behaved with that calm and deliberate bravery for which Kentuckians have ever been renowned.

The barn passed, and not a shot fired, we rush on until Bryantsville is reached. Here we captured the entire Confederate picket-post without firing a shot; all of whom were taken along by my command, to the north bank of the Kentucky River, and turned over as prisoners to Gen. Carter. It may be stated here, that soon after my command, leading the advance the whole time, had passed the barn mentioned, Col. Runkle sent Lieut. Lemon on with a company to take the advance, which made my men, as well as myself, indignant. The men appealed to me: "Captain, we have run this gauntlet, and are entitled to whatever honor it may produce;

these men shall never get ahead of us." They were as good as their word, and crossed the Kentucky River still in advance.

When I made my report to Gen. Carter, he and Wolford were greatly rejoiced to see us, for they assured us that they fully expected us to be cut to pieces and captured.

This left us on the north bank of the Kentucky River, with orders to burn the bridge over the stream, which order Col. Wolford neglected to obey; thus a magnificent structure was saved. S. M. BOONE.

In this connection the Author copies the following complimentary notice of Wolford and his men from Capt. B. F. Thompson's History of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Infantry regiment.

It was confidently believed by the Union Generals that Pegram's Cavalry was the advance guard of Buckner's whole army, and that the long-talked of invasion of Kentucky had actually taken place. They were paralyzed by the very audacity of the Rebel troopers, and seemed incapable of understanding the situation, or of adopting the necessary measures to repel the Rebel forces. But one officer among the brigade and division commanders seemed to comprehend the true situation of affairs, and that was Col. Wolford, of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Wolford's regiment seemed to be everywhere at the same time. They were on their native soil, and knew every foot of the country thoroughly, and seemed to have carte blanche to go when and where they pleased and return when they got ready. They knew but little about drill, and discipline was a stranger to them, but the men had the utmost confidence in their Colonel, and he in them. Every man was a brigadier on his own hook, and a majority of them believed themselves superior to the average brigadier. "Two ranks into four; git—go," was their ordinary and almost only command; and away they would go at break-neck speed, and woe to the Rebel that crossed their path. Brave, generous men—bold, daring soldiers—they had the utmost contempt for red tape, discipline, dress-parade and reviews, but were always on hand when there was any fighting to do, and nothing gave them so much satisfaction as to get a "whack" at a Rebel.

The same day that our forces fell back across the Kentucky River, Gen. A. E. Burnside arrived at Cincinnati, relieved Gen. Wright, and assumed command of the Department of Ohio on the next day, the 25th. Gen. Burnside had

not yet the means of becoming acquainted with the strength of the audacious enemy, and commenced at once to concentrate his forces, consisting of the Ninth Army Corps, 12,000 strong, which was soon to arrive, and other scattered forces on the north side of the Kentucky River. Orders were issued to Gen. Boyle, at Louisville, to concentrate all of his forces which could be spared from guarding Rosecrans's communications between Nashville and Louisville, at Lebanon, Ky., and to move in concert with him.

And still the panic grew in dimensions among our high officials. Governor Robinson became alarmed about the State archives, and consulted with military authorities about removing them to a place of safety. Even Gen. Carrington, at Indianapolis, became uneasy, and could not spare a man for reinforcements. As late as the 26th, Gen. Boyle telegraphed to Gen. Rosecrans, in Tennessee, that Breckinridge, with a force estimated at from 7,000 to 15,000 men, supposed to be the advance of a much larger force, still occupied Danville and Harrodsburg. Orders were issued to Commanders of detachments on the line of the Kentucky River up as high as Irvine, to destroy all of the boats at the crossings, on the approach of the enemy in force, and the boats and canoes below Hickman bridge were destroyed as low down as Shaker's Ferry.

In the meantime, the principal part of Pegram's force—his whole force variously reported afterward at from 1,500 to 2,300 men strong—followed us up, and took position on the south side of the river, while the rest were busily engaged in collecting the fine beef cattle and blooded horses from the farmers of Lincoln, Boyle and Garrard counties, for Confederate use. At Hickman bridge, or Camp Nelson, we were housed up from the night of the 24th of March until the morning of the 28th. The floor of the fine arched turnpike bridge, which had stood the storms of twenty-five years unscathed, was taken up, and the bridge was ordered to be burned in certain contingencies. The exact time our commanders would have been ready to move on the enemy is not known, if it had not been for the perilous undertaking of two loyal families. One was the wife of Dr. H. Jackman, of Lancaster, Ky. He was originally from the north side of

the Ohio River, but for a number of years was a resident of the above-named town. He was a man of high moral worth, and a strict member of the church. Though small in dimensions, every inch of him was made of manly material, and he was most intensely loyal to his government. His constitution was delicate, and he was subject to very sick spells. So strongly did he denounce Secessionism, though brave as a lion, it was necessary for him to hide out for safety whenever bodies of the enemy came through that section.

Some ten years, more or less, previous to the war, Miss Louisa West, reared amid the classic scenes of Georgetown, Ky., but at that time residing with her father in Illinois, came to Garrard county on a visit to her relations. She was handsome and accomplished, brought up tenderly, and always used to the best circles of society. The Author, then an awkward boy, met her in the family circle of her relatives. She was timid and bashful, and was the last person one would suppose to undertake an exploit which required the coolest, bravest and best nerve to execute. But after experience has satisfactorily proven that both heroes and heroines are generally composed of unobtrusive material. It was while on this visit that she met Dr. Jackman, and they became congenial spirits, and wedded for life.

The Author was not so well acquainted with Mrs. Vaughn, the other actress in the critical undertaking, only knowing that she belonged to a sterling family of Garrard county, and had given two sons to the Union cause, and they were members of Wolford's Cavalry. Such were the two of the gentler sex who undertook the dangerous task of conveying the information of the weakness of the enemy's force across the river to our officers. Knowing all the time of the valuable services and adventurous expedition, the Author, after thirty years, succeeded in getting full particulars of the trip from Mrs. Jackman herself.

On Thursday morning, March 26, 1863, Mrs. Margaret G. Vaughn went to the home of Mrs. Jackman, in Lancaster, and told her of the trouble she had the night before; that she had been annoyed all night by Pegram's men trying to take her horses; that she had stood on her porch all night holding them by their bridles, and driving the men away,

when they would try to get them. While standing there, she heard the conversation of some Confederate officers to whom she had given rooms for the night. They were laughing at their success in spreading false reports in regard to their strength, and causing the Union forces to retreat, when they could easily have driven them back, as the Federals were much the stronger; that if they could cause the Union forces to burn the Hickman bridge, they could have everything their own way for a few days. Mrs. Jackman rejoined that she had obtained the same information from the Rebels the day before, and that they had taunted her with the cowardice of the Federal army in retreating before an inferior force; that she had retorted that they would get enough of the Union forces' cowardice before they left the State.

So the two loyal ladies put their heads together and consulted, and determined to mount Mrs. Vaughn's two horses, which she had brought along, and convey the information gained to Headquarters of the Union forces across the Kentucky River.

It is eighteen miles by direct road from Lancaster to Polly's Bend, where they crossed, and by the zig-zag course they were compelled to pursue to avoid the public highways and the enemy, it is uncertain what distance they traveled in the two days spent in reaching our lines. The enemy's lines, scouting parties, and pickets, too, intervened between them and the objective point. But the most formidable object, perhaps, was the Kentucky River itself; its high stage from the previous rains, its rugged cliffs, rising in some places 300 feet high and perpendicular, with only here and there a place of descent from bench to bench, along narrow passways, with overhanging masses of rock on one side, and yawning precipices on the other; the trip contemplated was perilous in the extreme.

They left Lancaster the same day (March 26th) at 10 o'clock, and went through farms for several miles to evade the enemy's pickets and scouting parties. They then traveled by-ways and mud roads, which were almost impassable, until they fell in with a little colored boy who was trying to make his escape from the Rebel soldiers. They took him under the wing of their protection, and induced him to try to

guide them to the nearest point below the Hickman bridge, on the Kentucky River, hoping they might get below the enemy's pickets. They came to where their horses mired in the mud, and were compelled to dismount to enable them to struggle out. Just as they remounted and started again, they went right into the enemy's pickets, were halted, closely questioned, and turned back. Our meek-mannered heroines now asked permission, which was granted, to reach the pike, and go to Bryantsville, which place they arrived at about night, and went to a loyal friend's house in the vicinity by the name of Jack Johnson, and staid all night. Still indomitable, and determined to get the information to the Union army, they returned to Bryantsville to Merriman Johnson's, and consulted him and his wife and several other loyal friends, among whom were Mrs. Doctor Mullins and Mr. B. M. Jones. Their friends gave them the best directions they could, and the two women started again. After going about two miles, they met the Rebel Col. Morrison, who halted them, and turned them back once more. He rode with them some distance, and after leaving them, still persisting in carrying out their purpose, they took through farms until they came out on a road where they met a man, and after consulting with him and finding him all right, they got the information from him that the enemy's pickets were near by, and that if they would follow the creek they would soon get below them, and have no more trouble. They surrounded the pickets and came out on the road again, where they met another man, who, after conversing a little, informed them that he had started to get the news. Upon inquiring his name, he was found to be the one to whom they had been recommended in the morning.

He took them to his house and gave them their dinners. On descending to the river to see if there were any means of crossing, he found that all the boats and rafts had been destroyed that morning by the Union forces, except one frail raft not three feet wide. From there to the river was so rugged, that their horses were left in the care of their new-found friends. By the aid of William and Jefferson Overstreet, Mrs. Jackman and Vaughn descended the dangerous

cliffs of the Kentucky River in what is called Polly's Bend, some miles below the Hickman bridge. A Mr. Alsop brought over his little raft, and the two went aboard. The river had swelled from the late rains, and the current ran strong, the raft sinking so low that the water ran across their feet. Those on the bank held their breath in awe, expecting to see the precious load go down; but they landed safely, and were joyfully received by the Union pickets. A Lieutenant and two soldiers escorted them to the house of a Mr. Phillips, half a mile from the river, where they procured a topless buggy to convey them to Headquarters. Mr. Phillips's son accompanied the military escort, and it soon became as dark as Egypt, the rain pouring down in torrents.

It was 8 o'clock when they reached the camp of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and found Col. Wolford was at Mr. Moss's, some distance from camp. Maj. W. N. Owens, however, guided them to Col. Wolford's stopping-place. Here they were refused admittance by Mrs. Moss, until she found out their business and respectability, when she was profuse in her apologies, which were readily accepted.

When the two ladies had given Col. Wolford all the information they had in store of the enemy's weakness and audacity, he was surprised and astonished. A number of the officers and men of Company G, of his regiment, lived around Lancaster; Capt. T. K. Hackley was closely related to Mrs. Jackman, and the veracity and high standing of the two heroines were too well known to be even doubted. He immediately telegraphed to Gen. Gillmore the substance of the information received. Gillmore replied, giving orders to Col. Wolford to have the floor of the Hickman bridge laid immediately, see that his men had three days rations prepared, and take the advance in the pursuit of the enemy the next morning (the 28th.)

During the time we were at Camp Nelson, our First Kentucky skirmishers, advancing to the river bluff on the north side, had daily duels with the enemy from the bluffs on the south side.

On the morning of the 28th, the following troops moved out after the enemy: First Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Frank Wolford; Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, Col. Ben. P.

Runkle; a portion of the Forty-Fourth Ohio Mounted Infantry, Major Mitchell, forming part of Runkle's command; Law's Howitzer Battery, Capt. Jessee Law. These all started in pursuit under Gen. Carter. On the 30th, General Q. A. Gillmore caught up, and reinforced with a battalion of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, under Col. Garrard, and one section of Rodman Rifles. The whole number, according to Gillmore, being 1,250 men, vastly inferior in numbers to the enemy. Infantry forces were put in motion from Camp Nelson, Lebanon and other points, but the mounted forces advanced so eagerly that they were left a day's march in the rear.

For details of the pursuit and battle, the Author compiles from official records and accounts written by Capt. Sam. M. Boone, Chaplain W. H. Honnell, Lieut. Thomas J. Graves and others.

Pegram's forces retreated from the start, only making a stand occasionally to check our men, to give time to get the collected stock back toward the Cumberland river. A short distance from Crab Orchard, Capt. Boone, leading the advance, at the break of day, ran into a detachment of the enemy camping in a Mr. Severance's barn, and poured into them a galling fire from their carbines and revolvers. They fled in great precipitation, leaving five or six of their men prisoners, one of them being painfully wounded in the hand. The man suffering much, and the Captain being as kind-hearted as he was brave, gave the prisoner his handkerchief to bind up his wound. A running fight was kept up with the enemy until they reached the top of a hill, where they made a stand, checking our men until the main body came up, when they moved on. On the 29th, Carter's command camped on Buck Creek, ten miles north of Somerset.

At daybreak on the 30th, Gen. Gillmore came up with his reinforcements and took command. As soon as the horses were fed, Gillmore ordered an advance. The First Kentucky was in the van, and soon became engaged with the enemy's rear guard, forcing it back gradually. Directly after starting the advance guard was fired on from ambush, and Corp. Joseph Hicks, of Company G, was shot in the throat, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, and for a long time talked in a whisper.

About noon the position of the main body of the enemy was developed strongly posted on Dutton's Hill, three miles north of Somerset. It then became evident that our forces were greatly outnumbered. The battle line was formed by placing Wolford (dismounted) on the right, in the woods, Garrard and the Rodman guns on open ground in the center, and Runkle (dismounted) on the left.

In front of the First Kentucky was a small field on a hill-side, which had been in corn the year before, and on the crest of this hill were two or three pieces of Artillery which opened fire upon our lines. The First Kentucky was also supporting Law's howitzer battery. Capt. Law became enthusiastic, and, throwing off his coat, shouted, "By G—d, give me Wolford's Cavalry and my Jackass battery, and I'll whip them in an hour!" In this position our men remained under a well directed and heavy fire for some time. A critical part in the battle now took place, which is given in Chaplain Honnell's own words:

The long line of rail breastworks covered the Rebel front on the hill, and their Artillery had begun to play upon our line, which was gradually gaining its place just at the foot of the hill below them. The lines were formed by Wolford's left, working its way down to the right of the center column. This was joined to the right of Runkle's Forty-Fifth Ohio men. Orders had been sent to the other two parts of the line to assault, when, as I sat upon my horse with Gen. Carter, a new movement was plainly visible on the part of the Rebels, now half a mile away from Headquarters. It was Scott's Cavalry—as we afterwards learned—coming into view to gain our right and rear, and thus place us between fires. Their Artillery had been answered by ours unlimbering as it did, just in front of Gillmore and Carter as they sat on their horses back of the center of our army. As Scott's men came fairly into view, I heard Gillmore say to Carter, "They are dividing their forces to strike in our right flank and rear, now is our time or never!" I had never seen Gillmore till now, and thought we were acting under Gen. Carter's orders, but saw that our new General had come up. He turned to me, and naturally supposing that I was Gen. Carter's Chief of Staff, called to me: "Captain, gallop to Wolford and order him from Gen. Gillmore to charge the Rebel line in his front at once." I was to pass under fire of the Rebel sharpshooters for at least a quarter of a mile, as Wolford was protected by the hill-side, but I had to pass over the

open field. If I had told him who I was, I need not have gone, but my pride came to my help, and I dashed headlong under their fire, grazed several times, but never hit, till I leaped from my horse at Wolford's side, and gave him the General's orders. I led my horse up behind him, as with shouts, his men went up the hill, and the whole line went up to his left sweeping all before them.

The gallant Dr. H. Brown, acting as Aid to the General, at the same time bearing orders for one of the regiments to charge, on his return got his horse shot from under him.

At the same time, those two noble regiments, the Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth Ohio, executed a similar movement on the left, and a portion of Garrard's Cavalry in the center, carrying that portion of the field at the point of the bayonet.

Wolford's men, not being in a situation to see the movements of the enemy, were now in hopes that the bloody work was over, but were mistaken, for just at this time, Scott's dashing Louisiana Cavalry was seen flanking our position on the extreme right, endangering the capture of our train and horses then nearly a mile in the rear.

Serg. Thos. J. Graves and others, in charge of the horses, seeing the danger, moved up the horses toward the battle line. Law's howitzer battery, at the same time, opened a well-directed fire on the advancing foe, which served to check them, until our men were in the saddle again. Scott, in the meantime, with his own regiment, and fragments of others, took a strong position to the right in thick timber. Wolford moved up cautiously until Scott's men were located, then halted his men also on the borders of heavy timbered land, with a small stubble field between them. Here our men received and returned their fire at several hundred yards distance. There was a rail fence between our men and the enemy, which Col. Wolford ordered to be torn down. At this time a Major in command of a battalion of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry joined our men and approached Col. Wolford and said: "Col. Wolford, I have been directed to report to you for duty. What shall I do?" "Form your men on the right of my regiment thar; I am fixing to charge." The Major, who was a nice gentleman, laughed, saluted, formed

his men, and Wolford was again charging at the head of his command. It may truly be said that the Federals met foemen worthy of their steel. Many of these men fought us hand to hand, when every hope of escape was cut off. Here the brave Serg. James R. Hoy, of Company C, lost his life in the following tragic manner: He came upon a Louisianian by the name of McKinney, and presenting his revolver, demanded the man's surrender, to which McKinney replied, "All right," holding up his left hand. Hoy was in the act of returning his revolver to his holster when McKinney threw up a pistol in his right hand, and shot poor Hoy through the head. The Sergeant pitched forward from his horse and died in great agony. McKinney fell riddled with balls, for the comrades of Hoy avenged his death. They died nearly side by side, and crossed the dark river together; the one too brave and kind-hearted to take a fellow-foe's life, the other—a murderer.

The fighting at this point was desperate, but of short duration. There were more men killed here than in any other part of the field. This practically ended the battle of Dutton's Hill. From this point (the enemy now being in full retreat, and greatly demoralized), a running fight was kept up to near the Cumberland River, where the pursuit ended.

Here, according to the Rev. W. H. Honnell's opinion, if Wolford had been allowed to carry out his request, to again attack them, most of them would have been captured. As it was, they were allowed to escape with an immense herd of cattle, and loads of plunder gathered mainly from the rich counties, called the Blue Grass Region.

The following extract is taken from the reminiscences of Capt. S. M. Boone, a man of superior judgment:

Why our troops were called back, I shall never know probably; but one thing I do know, when we fell back, three hundred men could have captured Pegram's entire force, as their ammunition was exhausted, and they were huddled together on the swollen banks of the river, and had but one small boat to ferry the stream. The loss in our regiment, I believe, was between fifteen and twenty killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy largely exceeded ours, and must have been between seventy-five and one hundred men killed and wounded. Mr. Shadoan tells me he saw forty dead men in

one pile, after the battle, on our right; there were more than that on the left, and these he did not see. I have been in many battles and skirmishes and never saw men behave more gallantly than at Dutton's Hill.

The records of the casualties in this battle are meager, especially the wounded. The following is gleaned from official records of the First Kentucky losses:

Killed: Serg. James R. Hoy and Private Felix G. Stailey, Company C; Private Wm. Rowten, Company F.

Wounded: Private James L. Linville, Company B; Capt. Thomas Rowland, Company K; Private Martin Phelps, Company A.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE PEGRAM RAID, AND BATTLE OF DUTTON'S HILL.

Though the Pegram raid was ostensibly a military movement, yet in reality it was only a gigantic stealing expedition resorted to by the chivalry to replenish their worn-down steeds, and procure beef for their whetted appetites. Many sharp practices were resorted to by their intended victims to save their stock, or get "even" with their pilfering propensities. Many of the old farmers, when they had timely notice, would take all their favorite horses or mules to places of concealment, and guard them till the danger was past. Some of the resorts to get "even" with the Rebel raiders, were of an amusing nature.

Sam Logan, grandson of Col. Hugh Logan, a cotemporary of Daniel Boone, and a worthy representative of his ancestors, had a fine horse taken by the enemy. Though a non-combatant in the late war, he had been some years before a member of William Walker's ill-fated fillibustering expedition to Nicaragua, and was up to soldiers' tricks. While Pegram's men were in Stanford, Sam being in town, watched his opportunity. Seeing a Confederate officer ride up and hitch his horse to the Yates Hotel lamp-post and enter the bar to indulge in a few glasses, he mounted the horse, took the Somerset road, and playing the soldier, carrying orders back with all he met, he soon found himself alone, and made fine speed to the knobs near by, where his horse was kept concealed till all dangers were passed.

The widow, Susan Salter, living near the Old Fork Church, in Garrard county, though her three children and most of her relatives were strong Southern sympathizers, was an intense Union woman, and was very profuse in expressing her principles to either side. Having a very fine blooded young horse, which she wished to save, now in poor condition from a late distemper, instead of trying to conceal him like most of her neighbors, she led him up and down the pike while Rebs were passing, abusing Pegram's men for taking her fine horse, and leaving the poor thing she was leading in its place. The Rebs vainly tried to console her by assuring her that he would make a good horse by rest and proper treatment.

The Rebels retreated at night from the Hickman bridge. One of them becoming overloaded with liquid lightning stopped in a porch at the first toll-gate South of Camp Dick Robinson, kept by the loyal widow, Beddow. While sleeping off his stupor, the widow fastened up his horse in her smoke-house. The soldier on awakening, thought his horse had thrown the bridle which was left hanging to the hitching post, and went back to hunt him, when he was captured by our pursuing force. The Federal officers permitted the widow to keep the horse.

Old Uncle Jerry, a colored man, then a hundred years old, did the most remarkable feat of all, considering that he was totally blind. The night Pegram started to retreat, Uncle Jerry mounted a Rebel's horse hitched to the fence at Camp Dick Robinson, and favored by darkness and a "clear coast," rode him to the hills of the headwaters of Sugar Creek, one mile distant, where he was concealed until the next day, when our forces came along. Uncle Jerry's parents were both natives of Africa, and he came to Kentucky with his owner, Reuben Tarrant (who was the Author's grandfather), at the beginning of the present century. He could remember the thunder of battles of the Revolutionary War, and was very patriotic.

From Lieut. Vincent Peyton: It so happened after Capt. Otman's company of the One hundred and Twelfth Illinois left Dix River bridge, on the night of the 24th, as mentioned in another part of this chapter, a squad of Company B, of the First Kentucky, was left at the same bridge unrelieved, and unaware of the situation. Among the squad were Wes. Hare and William McCombs. They remained at their posts until next morning, when a Southern sympathizer, Jones L. Adams, who lived at the top of the bluff overlooking the bridge, supposing them to be Rebels, brought them down a good breakfast, which they enjoyed with much relish. Having out videttes. they soon found the enemy approaching from both directions. Their only chance of escape was to take down the river on the borders of the bluff, making their way by paths and many intricate passes, until they worked their way to a crossing, when they got on the other side of the river and went around by Harrodsburg. Near this place they came across two of Pegram's men at home. The temptations were too great to resist capturing the Rebel's horses, which they brought safely into camp. Prisoners would have been cumbersome in their situation, so the men were left. Below the mouth of Dix River, they were set across the Kentucky River in a ferryboat, and made the rest of the way to camp without trouble.

From Dr. I. C. Dye: In the battle of Dutton Hill, looking over near the Rebel Artillery, I saw a sharpshooter standing behind a big tree, and every time he aimed his gun, a member of the Forty-Fourth Ohio near by went down. I tried three shots at him but missed. At last, one of Company A's expert marksmen took deliberate aim with his Sharpe's rifle and fired. The sharpshooter jumped in the air and fell.

Lieut. James G. Dick, of Company H, was in the hottest of the fight all that day, and had three horses shot from under him. While fighting hand to hand with the Louisianians, his horse was shot, and fell upon him, fastening him to the ground. A Rebel who had surrendered, but

not disarmed, turned, and attempted to shoot him, but was prevented by Corp. G. W. Gadberry, of Company A. The companies had somewhat lost their organization, and Dick happened to be with that company. Several men would have slain the treacherous Rebel, but were prevented by Capt. F. M. Wolford.

Major W. N. Owens distinguished himself on different parts of the field that day, and had a shoulder-strap shot off. The Major was in the vicinity of his own home, which was an inspiration to do gallant deeds. The dashing Capt. Thomas Rowland, was conspicuous in the conflict, and was wounded. The First Louisiana had long expressed a desire to measure lances with the First Kentucky, and were gratified on that day to their heart's content.

From Capt. Boone: A little incident which occurred first as we were going into action, I must be pardoned for relating. I had a man in my company by the name of John Mason, who would occasionally lose his bridle, saddle, etc., and when called on to go out on a scout, would urge the loss of these articles as an excuse. I was busy that morning getting my men into line, assisted by my Lieutenant, Daniel A. Kelly (now gone to his reward, where I hope he rests calmly under the shade of the trees on the other side of the river), when I directed Mason to mount his horse, and fall into line. "Captain," said he, "I have lost my bridle, saddle, and gun." "That makes no difference," says I, "You have a halter, and your haversack is empty; go down (pointing to the branch), fill your haversack with rocks, and return to me immediately." He obeyed my orders, mounted his horse, guided him by the halter, and like little David of old, he carried in his pouch a few smooth stones. These were his only weapons. I take pleasure at this day in testifying to his bravery throughout the day. John told me afterward that his ammunition was exhausted, and that he had thrown every rock.

One other incident and I am done. Corp. Richard O'Donnell, of my company (Dick O'Donnell, as we called him), an Irishman from Lebanon, Ky., was one of the party ordered from the cover of the woods to throw the fence down, in order that Scott's position might be charged. Some of the detail hesitated a little, for it was in the face of a leaden hailstorm. The brave Irishman threw his cap in the air, shouting, "Come, boys!" as he made a dash for the fence. It was covered and matted with long green briers. When he came back to mount his horse for the charge, the flesh had been literally torn from his hands, and the blood was streaming from them. I thought at the time, and still think, that I never saw a braver deed; for at that time, exposed as it was to the merciless sweep of the galling fire, it looked like a miracle for a human being to be there and live.

Additional incident from Boone: Our men were ordered to strip to their dress-coats to prevent them from being taken for Pegram's men, many of whom were dressed in blue overcoats captured at Danville. Our orders were to shoot every one of the enemy found wearing our blue overcoats. I captured five or six with these coats on, and told them our orders. A bright, good-natured fellow replied: "Captain, look at my clothing," at the same time exposing beneath the royal blue his tatters and rags;

"would you in such weather as this refuse to put on a good overcoat, captured as this was?" "By the Lord, no," I said, "but pull them off," which they did, and were then conducted to the rear. I related what I had done to Col. Wolford, and he said I did right, and my conscience has never hurt me the least for sparing their lives under the circumstances.

BOLD DASH OF CAPT. DRYE, SERG. PEYTON, AND OTHERS.—When the Pegram raid came up, Capt. Drye, at home, had just recovered from a severe spell of pneumonia. Serg. Peyton had gotten permission from Wolford, while at Stanford, to go home to see a brother on his death-bed. Hearing of the raid, Drye and Peyton gathered up Thomas Evans, B. H. Young, Wm. Griffin, Billy Hill and Adam Ellis, then at home on the Rolling Fork, in Casey county, and aimed to join their command at Danville, but before reaching there, they heard of the Union forces' retreat, and the enemy's occupation of the town, and returned to the Rolling Fork. On the 28th they concluded to go to Hustonville to hear the news. Scott's Rebel Cavalry was there, and had pickets on the Bradfordsville road. Drye and his six men fired on the pickets, made a dash after them and drove them into town, and then turned back. They met a negro, and knowing he would report to the Rebels, told him they were the advance of Jacob's Cavalry from Lebanon. No other demonstration being made, Lieut. Pete Fox with a company, was sent out to investigate, and came across the negro, and got the information as intended. Some of the citizens ventured the opinion that it was bushwhackers who fired on their pickets, but the Rebels knew better, as they had seen the blue coats. After Fox's report they left town immediately, and went a short distance below, where they selected a strong position, cut down a post and rail fence, and formed a line of battle, waiting for an attack. Drye not deeming it prudent to follow up his morning success, Scott retreated to Stanford that night. They were as much alarmed at Drye and his six men as Carter was at Pegram's whole force.

The Rev. W. H. Honnell relates the following in a newspaper article, under the head of a "Strange Meeting." After eighteen years Mr. Aaron Wallace and I met in Kansas, at the church of which I became Pastor, and I soon found out that he was in Scott's Rebel Cavalry in the battle of Dutton Hill. He remembered the daring ride I took in delivering Gillmore's order to Wolford to charge the position in front, and how he had been one of a hundred, perhaps, who had tried to bring me from my horse. He became my most earnest friend until his death, a few months ago. He was a sincere, gallant soldier, and acknowledged his having been on the wrong side the day we first met on the battle-field.

Gillmore reported that he had recaptured 300 or 400 cattle, and that Pegram's loss would not fall short of 500 men.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOMERSET—ESCAPE OF LIEUT. COL. ADAMS — WOLFORD COMMANDS THE POST, AND ADAMS THE REGIMENT—WATCHING THE CUMBERLAND—REINFORCED, AND CARTER TAKES COMMAND — MOVED IN FORCE TO MONTICELLO—CONTEST WITH THE ENEMY, AND HE IS DRIVEN BACK INTO TENNESSEE —SAD CONDITIONS OF COUNTIES SOUTH OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE DROWNING OF THE NEW JERSEY MEN—MORGAN AND PEGRAM REINFORCE, AND OCCUPY THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE RIVER—SOCIABILITY WITH THE ENEMY—ADAMS'S NIGHT EXPLOIT—CAPTURE OF DILLION—VARIOUS ADVENTURES—CAPT. BLAIN, LIEUT. DODSON AND WM. ADAMS—COL. ADAMS AND CHAPLAIN HONNELL—CAPT. WOLFORD ON THE SOUTH SIDE — KAUTZ AND ADAMS'S MOVEMENT—REGIMENT ORDERED TO JAMESTOWN.

After the battle of Dutton's Hill, the regiment returned in direction of Stanford, and arrived at Logan's Creek, below Hall's Gap, April 2d, where it met its train from Camp Nelson. Here the regiment rested until the 5th, when we marched again toward Somerset, arriving there on the 6th.

It has been stated in the last chapter that Lieut. Col. Adams was captured by Pegram's forces at Danville, on the 24th of March. We did not expect the enemy to hold him long, for his dexterity was well known. A few days after the battle a wild shout was raised in the regiment, which turned out to be cheers given in honor of his escape and safe return. The following account of his escape was given by the Colonel to the Author soon afterward: He was taken to Monticello, where a guard of sixteen men, under Lieut. Lewis was placed over him, with strict orders to watch him closely. But the Southern cavalier had the same thirst for whisky as the plebeian Yankee. Being unable to ferret out the whereabouts of the coveted article in the loyal capital of Wayne county, the guards had an idea that their prisoner could assist them, and applied to Col. Adams for aid. This he consented to do, with the condition that he was to be paroled

while making the arrangements, as he would not betray his friends. He saw a friend privately, who conveyed a message to another friend, a druggist, to send him the required quantity, bountifully adulterated with a drug which would cause sleep. The Colonel had it understood that he was not to receive the liquor until night's darkness would favor his plans. When it came to hand, he participated with them, and pretended to drink heavily, but took the precaution to swallow but little, which was an excrutiating privation to the Colonel, for he loved the beverage tenderly. He soon pretended to be overloaded, and lay down on his couch, simulating heavy sleep, but stealthily watched his guards until all showed signs of being in dreamland. It was nearly day when the last succumbed to Morpheus. He silently gathered up his boots, reached and got Lieut. Lewis's pistols lying on a table, and with cat-like tread he passed his slumbering watchers, and gained the open air. He made rapid tracks for an old field about 150 yards distant, where he stopped and put on his boots. He soon reached the timber, and being a trained fox-hunter, was consequently a fine woodsman, and had no trouble in threading his way mostly through forests until he arrived on the banks of the South Fork of the Cumberland, and was set across the stream by a little girl in a canoe. On reaching the main Cumberland, he came across a good Union man who set him over. The Colonel was only absent a very few days from the regiment, and came into camp on its return to Somerset.

For some time the First Kentucky, with other forces, remained at Somerset. Col. Wolford, being the ranking officer, commanded the post until the arrival of Gen. Carter. Lieut. Col. Silas Adams was now in command of the regiment. The enemy, after the recent defeat, still stood in menacing attitude across the Cumberland. Wolford's force was not strong enough to venture across to chastise them, but kept the line of the river well guarded as far east as Point Burnside, and west to Mill Springs. Scouts were also sent out on all roads upon which the enemy was liable to advance, and his movements were watched with Argus eyes.

The paymaster came about the 25th of April, and the men of the regiment made a big draw, for they had not been

paid for a long time. Soon the Lieutenant commanding the section of the Indiana battery left us, and returned to his command in the Army of the Cumberland about Gallatin, Tenn. The Lieutenant had been with the regiment for some time, was of fine social disposition, and our officers and men had become much attached to him and his men. There was a universal regret when he left us.

The threatening attitude of the enemy was such that Wolford was reinforced by Infantry, Artillery and other mounted troops, and General S. P. Carter came on, and assumed command.

On the 30th of April, Carter moved in force across the Cumberland River. In the meantime, that gallant regiment, the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, had been mounted, and joined our forces. The Infantry and Artillery crossed at Stigall's Ferry, near Somerset. Three companies of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, not having yet drawn their horses, moved to the ferry to guard the crossing and take charge of the ferryboats.

The mounted troops crossed near Mill Springs. The men were ferried over, while the horses were unsaddled, driven into the river, and made to swim; one horse led the way, his rider swimming behind holding to his tail to guide him, and the other horses followed.

The advance of the Union forces reached Monticello early on the morning of May 1st, where they found a small force of Rebels holding a commanding position on a hill. The One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois charged up the hill, and the enemy retreated. As they fell back through Monticello, one of the rear guard killed the bugler of the Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry. Beyond the town the Union forces took the Albany road to the right, and the Second Ohio Cavalry, under Col. A. V. Kautz, the Jamestown road to the left, with the other mounted forces supporting and intervening; both parties skirmishing heavily as our men advanced. Soon after leaving town the First Kentucky came upon one of their number left dead upon the road. Four miles out, the Rebels under Col. Chenault, were reinforced by Col. Morrison's command, and occupied a strong position on a hill. Capt. Law's battery was brought forward and gave them a few shells, to

which they replied with Artillery. They were partially concealed by timber so that their numbers could not be well estimated. Our troops were ordered to fall back and make a pretense of retreating, to lure them from their concealment; but this strategy did not succeed, for they still held their position. The Union forces then had orders to dismount and charge up the hill, which was done in gallant style, and the Rebels were soon routed. The shades of evening now came over the scene, and the command returned to Monticello. Gen. Carter reported the enemy's loss to be "eight killed and more wounded, and a number of prisoners, among whom were two commissioned officers. No loss on our side. Both men and officers behaved well."

On the 2d of May, reconnoitering parties went out on different roads. The one on the Albany road returned and reported that they had gone within seven miles of Albany, and learned that the enemy had passed through that place the night before without halting, en route to Livingston, and in great haste and confusion. Col. Jacobs, with his whole Cavalry force, from Columbia, arrived at Monticello at 2 p. m., this day.

On Monday, May 4th, all of the Cavalry at Monticello, now under command of Col. Wolford, went in pursuit of the enemy on the Jamestown (Tenn.) road. The advance reached as far as Travisville, Tenn., but finding that he had crossed the mountains, Wolford and his forces returned to Monticello. There being no enemy in front now, Jacobs returned towards Columbia, and Wolford to Somerset.

The counties of Wayne and Clinton, and parts of Pulaski and Cumberland, were on the south side of the Cumberland. Most of the citizens of these counties were intensely loyal, and furnished a large number of gallant officers and men to the Union army. Throughout the whole war this section suffered from raids and depradations, not only from regular Confederate troops, but also from the merciless guerrilla bands under Champe Ferguson and others of the same grade. But this region was in an exposed situation. It was in an isolated position from the main lines of the movements of the great forces for attack and defense. The Cumberland River offered a dangerous barrier to any ordinary force sent

to protect it. The enemy had the advantage. They were so situated that they could concentrate a large force and move against us, and even if defeated, could fall back to their mountain fastness in safety. On the other hand, if the Union forces were unsuccessful, and compelled to retreat, they were in danger of being "grabbed up" at the Cumberland, fed as it was by rapid mountain tributaries, and liable at any time to get on a "big high," unless it was in the dry and warm time of the year. Besides this, the roads were rough, and it was almost impossible to transport supplies in sufficient quantities to furnish an army of adequate strength to defend this important section.

Those of the regiment living on the north side of the river, deeply sympathized with their comrades in arms living on the south side, on account of the exposed condition of their families; but the inexorable laws of military necessity demanded that this part of the State should be left without ample force to protect it. Carter's whole force was therefore ordered back to Somerset.

In crossing the Infantry over the river, May 6th, an unfortunate accident occurred. The men were crossing in two boats, by means of a rope stretched across, one some distance above the other. The boats were pulled over by the hands of the ferryman. The upper rope broke, and as the boat went down, gaining velocity by the rapid current of the stream, the men became excited, and as it passed under the lower rope, rushed to the upper side and caught the rope, thus throwing the most of the weight on that side, causing it to dip and capsize, discharging the men into the river. Being encumbered with knapsacks, and unable to swim, they drowned before help could reach them. Thirty-two men of the Twenty-Seventh New Jersey lost their lives, belonging to the Ninth Army Corps, brought from the East by Gen. Burnside. A number of other men came very near meeting the same fate.

The troops now concentrated at Somerset, consisted of four batteries of Artillery, several Infantry regiments, three regiments of Cavalry and two of mounted Infantry, in all about 6,000 men, under Brig. Gen. S. P. Carter.

After the defeat of Chenault and Morrison, beyond Mon-

ticello, and the return of the Union forces to Somerset, Pegram, who had retired to his base, at Clinton, East Tennessee, immediately returned with large reinforcements, and again occupied Wayne county, with Headquarters at Monticello. On the 9th of May, Gen. John H. Morgan, with a large Cavalry force, arrived at Monticello from Middle Tennessee. Their troops occupied the opposite bank of the Cumberland for some distance below.

The pickets of the two forces, now in full view of each other, became very sociable, and frequently held friendly chats with each other. One party or the other would sometimes cross over, and they would exchange articles of convenience. Occasionally, though rarely, the politicians among them would make thrusts and counter thrusts at each other. It was necessary to guard the river many miles up and down the river. The First Kentucky generally scouted and guarded the river line below the mouth of Fishing Creek, while the other mounted forces scouted and guarded in front of Somerset, and above. During the month of May many thrilling incidents, hair-breadth escapes and startling adventures happened among our Cavalrymen, but no serious conflicts of arms occurred.

The troops had orders from the Commanding General to use the utmost vigilance against surprise, and to hold all crossings as long as possible, but if in danger of being overpowered, to fall back slowly and destroy boats, if any, before leaving their posts.

Both parties tried their skill in secretly crossing and taking each other by surprise; but the First Kentucky proved to be the most adroit.

Lieut. Col. Silas Adams selected a number of his choicc spirits and crossed the river after night. Being dismounted, they stealthily made their way between the enemy's sentinels, surrounded a house, captured several prisoners, including an officer or two, and returned safely across the river. Such expeditions as these were favorite pastimes of Adams.

May 25th, Maj. W. N. Owens being in command of a detachment of the First Kentucky at Mill Springs, reported that a party of the enemy who crossed over, had been driven back with a loss to the enemy of three killed, several wound-

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LIEUT. R. E. HUFFMAN.

ed, and some prisoners and horses captured from them. Capt. F. W. Dillion, of Company E, was, however, surprised and captured, with nine of his men. Capt. Dillion was a brave young officer, had fine social qualities, and his loss was felt in the regiment. He remained a prisoner till near the the close of the war. One of the number who captured Dillion got shot in the back by accident, and died on the 31st.

On the morning of May 28th, Capt. R. Clay Blain, Company F; Lieut. O. M. Dodson, of the same Company, and Lieut. Wm. Adams, of Company A, were the heroes of a rich adventure, which is thus given in Lieut. Adams's own happy style:

The headquarters of our command were then at Somerset. A detachment of about thirty men belonging to companies A and F, were under our charge at Norman's Ferry, the lowest down picket-post on the Cumberland River. To prevent surprise, we generally remained mounted until the sun was an hour high in the morning. Our headquarters, where we took our meals, were occupied by some Tennessee refugees with whom we boarded. Belonging to the family was a pretty girl, and Dodson became enamored with her. The house had but one door, and that fronted the road. We had just dismounted, entered the house, and seated ourselves at the table—Blain and Dodson sitting next to the door, and I on the far side. Dodson was in a big way talking to his girl, when Col. Rucker, at the head of one hundred and fifty Rebels came dashing up the hill, yelling and shooting. Blain and Dodson being near the door, discovered them in time to get out. As Blain darted for the woods near by, at a 2:40 gait, his long summer duster stuck straight out behind. Dodson, too, made the fastest of time, though his long legs threatened to tangle, yet he reached the bushes in safety. I had no chance to get out. By the family's assistance, a puncheon in the floor was hastily raised, and I got under the floor. At first I thought I had "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire;" for I came across under there one of the most dangerous-looking black dogs I ever saw. I soon found out that the dog realized that we were partners in tribulation, and was disposed to be amiable for our mutual benefit. He crouched close to my side, trembling in abject fear, so that I could hardly get rid of him. Fearing that there might be a diligent search of the premises, and my concealment discovered, while the enemy were collecting the horses, guns and other booty on the other side of the house, I swiftly

but quietly crawled down the hill to the cover of the bushes and escaped.

John R. Conner, the wild Irishman of Company A, who got a furlough from Gen. Thomas early in the war, to go home and remain until his wife died, then being on a temporary visit to his Company, was asleep under his blanket, and was captured and paroled. All the rest escaped, but lost their horses. The Rebels seemed to want nothing but arms, horses and other plunder.

The following reminiscences were given to the Author by one who shared in many scenes of the war:

What we called our play-day in the war came to us on the banks of the Cumberland after the battle of Somerset or Dutton's Hill. It also gave us the chance to show off in the way of daring expeditions by small parties, swimming our horses beyond their view, and hauling in a picket-post on different occasions. They seemed afraid to attempt retaliation in kind, knowing that many of our men and horses came from that section. The few times they crossed were generally with a strong force.

Adams was a conspicuous figure then, and many months before his promotion. Then in his youth, he was the handsomest man in the army. Many a little episode might be told of him and other officers in those chivalrous days. Let us tell one to illustrate: There was a family nearly related to one of our highest officers, whose loyalty was doubted; so Adams and Chaplain Honnell, dressed to suit, personated two high officers of the other side—Chenault and Cluke—and pretended late one evening to risk their lives to enjoy the company for a while of such lovely girls of whom they had heard. They were received with delight, and to this day those ladies tell of the honor they once had of a risky call by two high Confederate officers.

In this connection, we will tell of a line of communication established on the picket-post by means of a large Newfoundland dog, which swam back and forth across the deep, wide river on friendly errands between the pickets on opposite shores. The Confederate would call, "Don't shoot, and be sure to let the dog return, and I'll send you some tobacco or whisky in exchange for coffee." "All right; send us a bottle of your best 'Old Mock,'" and so the express was started and kept up there till the picket-post there was very easily filled by a certain few. Our men were generally temperate, and yet the Chaplain would sometimes not drink out of a canteen for a whole day, lest some men might think he was drinking "apple-jack."

Following the adventure of Lieut. Wm. Adams, Capt. Blain and Lieut. Dodson, Capt. F. M. Wolford, of Company A, and about thirty men swum their horses across the river, and moved on three outside picket-posts, capturing a number of the enemy and some horses. This was done immediately under the eyes of the Rebel commander of that portion of the line, for he was camped on the hill above. But it was made hot for the daring Cavalrymen on recrossing, as the enemy had become aroused, and opened a heavy fire on them, but fortunately, no bad accident happened, only Wm. L. Brown's horse, climbing the river bank, after crossing, fell backward, and was killed.

May 30th, Gen. Carter reported that he had sent a small party across the river at Mill Springs, under Lieut. Col. Adams, capturing thirty-three prisoners, with their horses and guns, and wounding one other, and sustained no loss except one man, who accidentally shot himself. May 31st, Chas. P. Cox, of Company L, was killed while skirmishing across the river at the same place.

On the 8th of June, Col. August V. Kautz, of the Second Ohio Cavalry, with detachments of Second and Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, and four pieces of Law's Mountain Howitzer battery, in all about 450 men, was ordered across the Cumberland, at Waitsborough, to make a demonstration against the enemy, and bivouacked three miles from the river that night without disturbing the enemy's pickets. At the same time, Lieut. Col. Adams, with a force of 300 men belonging to the First Kentucky Cavalry, Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, and Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry, was sent around by Mill Springs to cross over and act in concert with Colonel Kautz. Though Col. Kautz was a brave and thoroughly efficient officer, Adams moved the fastest. They made their movement on the 9th. Adams's men captured six of the enemy's pickets and then moved on to West's at the intersection of the Somerset and Mill Springs roads. Here he unfortunately met the enemy and was under the necessity of engaging him, and driving him beyond. It was one or two hours before he was joined by Col. Kautz, and when the combined forces moved on about four or five miles, they met the enemy in line of battle. A

skirmish of fifteen or twenty minutes ensued, when a section of howitzers was brought to bear on the enemy, when they retreated, leaving two men dead and one officer wounded on the field. The Union loss was three wounded. The enemy was pursued, skirmishing at intervals, through Monticello, and driven beyond Beaver Creek.

The Union force held Monticello for several hours, and at 1 p. m., commenced falling back. After arriving at West's, at the forks of the two roads, Col. Adams moved on and recrossed the river at Mill Springs. Col. Kautz stopped at West's and was preparing to go into camp, when between 4 and 5 p. m., he received information that the enemy had unexpectedly been reinforced and followed up, and attacked his rear guard. After a severe contest, he, however, repulsed them, and gathering up his dead and wounded, fell back to Simpson's Creek and went into camp.

The regiment still continued to scout in front of our lines, and picket the river, until June 27th, when it was ordered to Jamestown, Ky., which place it reached on the 28th. The forces concentrated here at this time consisted of the First Kentucky, Second Ohio Cavalry and Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, all under command of Col. Frank Wolford, he being the ranking officer.

NOTE.

Lieut. Wm. Adams tells of John R. Conner's having a furlough to remain at home till his wife died. It was always reported in camp, that in the fall of 1861, Conner went to Gen. Thomas, and in pitiful tones told him that his wife was lying on her death-bed, and could not possibly live over two or three days, and that Gen. Thomas gave him a furlough to go home and remain until she died. But she recovered, and Conner would come in every now and then and visit the boys.

CHAPTER XX.

TROOPS SERVING IN THE DEPARTMENT OF OHIO DESIGNATED AS THE ARMY OF THE OHIO—ORGANIZATION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS AND GEN. HARTSUFF IN COMMAND—GEN. BURNSIDE TAKES THE FIELD AND PREPARES TO MOVE INTO EAST TENNESSEE—THE NINTH ARMY CORPS DETACHED, AND THE MOVEMENT SUSPENDED—GEN. WILCOX MAKES A BOLD PROPOSITION, AND IT IS ACCEPTED—COL. SANDERS' DARING RAID ON THE EAST TENNESSEE AND VIRGINIA RAILROAD, AND ITS SUCCESS—HARD MARCHING AND SEVERE PRIVATIONS—DROWNING OF THE ILLINOISANS — ADVENTURES AND NOTES—THE COMMAND RETURNS IN SAFETY.—HONORS TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN.

By General Orders, No. 37, dated Headquarters, Department of Ohio, April 11, 1863, it was ordered that all troops serving in that Department would afterward be known as the Army of the Ohio. In Gen. Orders, No. 103, War Department, Washington, April 27, 1863, the President directed that the troops in Kentucky not belonging to the Ninth Army Corps, be organized into the Twenty-Third Army Corps, to be commanded by Maj. Gen. G. L. Hartsuff. On the 28th of May he assumed command.

Gen. A. E. Burnside, commanding the Army of the Ohio, commenced making preparations to move into East Tennessee for the double purpose of protecting loyal citizens there, and also the left of Gen. Rosecrans's operations to occupy Chattanooga.

On the 3d of June, Gen. Burnside left Cincinnati to take command in person of the troops for the proposed movement. This command was composed of two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps, under Gen. O. B. Wilcox, and a portion of the Twenty-Third Army Corps under Gen. Hartsuff. On arrival at Lexington, Gen. Burnside received orders to send the Ninth Army Corps to reinforce Gen. Grant at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi. The troops of that corps were rapidly dispatched to Gen. Grant, where they rendered most effective

service, and Gen. Burnside was directed to hold his then line with his remaining troops.

As the general movement to occupy and hold East Tennessee was suspended for an indefinite time, Gen. Wilcox, who had relieved Gen. Gillmore in commanding the District of Central Kentucky, made a bold proposition to Gen. Burnside, which that distinguished commander at once accepted. The proposition was to organize an expedition of 1,500 Cavalry, with two pieces of Artillery, and destroy the Loudon bridge on the Tennessee River, 130 miles southeast of the Union lines, at Somerset. This bridge was on the main trunk line of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. Before Gen. Wilcox had time to organize his raiding expedition, some trouble with disloyal people in Indiana, rendered it necessary to transfer him to that district. But his brilliant scheme was not abandoned, though left to others to excute. While the chief object of the proposed raid was to destroy the stupendous bridge at Loudon, its operations were not limited to that alone; but the after-movements of the force were to be governed by circumstances. If too many troops were not found at Knoxville, it was in the project to move on the long bridge and trestle work across the Holston, at Strawberry plains, above the city. While the grand object of the expedition, owing to insurmountable obstacles, could not be attained, yet the results on the whole surpassed expectations.

The material for this raid, which was destined to be one of the boldest and most eventful during the war, was selected with particular care in regard to officers, men and horses. Col. W. P. Sanders, of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, was appointed to command the force, and after events proved the wisdom of the selection, as the Colonel had all the mental and physical requisites for the arduous undertaking. Capt. Geo.W. Drye was put at the head of 100 picked men of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Lieut. James Humphrey, of Company A; Lieut. O. M. Dodson, of Company F, and Lieut. Daniel Murphy, Company G—all choice spirits of the regiment, accompanied the expedition. The non-commissioned officers and privates were selected with equal care.

The Author compiles the account of the raid chiefly from Col. Sanders's report.

The detachments from Somerset left on the 10th of June, and reported to Col. Byrd at Mt. Vernon, Ky., until Col. Sanders came up. June 14, 1863, Col. Sanders started with a force of 1,500 men, composed of detachments of different regiments, as follows: 700 men of the First East Tennessee Mounted Infantry, under Col. R. K. Byrd; 200 of the Forty-Fourth Ohio Mounted Infantry, under Major Moore; 200 of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Mounted Infantry, under Major Dow; 150 of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, under Capt. Rankin; 150 of the Second Ohio Cavalry, under Capt. Welsh; 100 of the First Kentucky Cavalry, under Capt. Drye, and a section of Capt. Konkle's battery, First Regiment of Ohio Artillery, under Lieut. Lloyd. A train of wagons containing forage and subsistence stores, accompanied the expedition sixty miles, to Williamsburg, on the Cumberland. From this point Sanders followed the Marsh Creek road to near Huntsville, Tenn., leaving that place a few miles to his left. He reached Montgomery, Tenn., on the evening of the 17th of June, and learning that a small body of rebels was stationed at Wartsburg, one mile from that place, 400 men from the First East Tennessee were sent forward to surprise and capture them, Sanders following with the rest of the command one hour afterward. The surprise was complete. The Union men captured 102 enlisted men and two officers (one of them an Aid to Gen. Pegram), together with a large number of horses, sixty boxes of artillery ammunition, several thousand pounds of bacon, salt, flour and meal, some corn, 500 spades, 100 picks, besides a large quantity of other public stores, and six wagons with mule teams. The prisoners were paroled, and the property was destroyed.

A small portion of the Rebel command, who were out some distance from the camp, escaped with their horses, and gave the first notice of the approach of the Union forces to the enemy at Knoxville, Kingston, Loudon and other places. From Wartsburg Sanders's forces marched toward Kingston. When within eight miles from them, Sanders learned that Scott's brigade and one battery were at that place,

guarding the ford of Clinch River. Leaving Kingston to his right, Sanders crossed the river eight miles above, at Waller's Ford, on the direct road to Loudon. At daylight, on the 19th of June, the raiders were within three miles of Loudon, and about the same distance from Lenoir's. Sanders here learned that a force of three regiments was at Loudon bridge, with eight pieces of Artillery, and that they had been for two weeks strengthening their works at that place, digging rifle-pits, ditches, etc.; and having captured a courier from the commanding officer, with dispatches ordering the forces at Kingston to follow in the Union forces' rear, and stating that the forces from Lenoir's had been ordered to join them, Sanders determined to avoid Loudon, and started at once for Lenoir's Station, reaching there about 8 a. m., only about thirty minutes after the departure of the Rebel troops. A detachment of artillerymen was captured here, with three six-pounder iron guns, eight officers and fifty-seven men. Burned the depot, a large brick building, containing five pieces of artillery, with harness and saddles; 2,500 stands of small arms, a very large amount of Artillery and musket ammunition, and Artillery and Cavalry equipments. Also about seventy-five Confederate States mules were captured. A large cotton factory and a considerable amount of cotton Sanders ordered not to be burned, as it furnished the Union citizens of the community with the only material for making cloth, but it was fired accidentally, or by mistake. The telegraph wires from Lenoir's to Knoxville were destroyed at points about one mile apart. The raiders met the enemy's pickets at Knoxville about 7 p. m., on the 19th, and drove them to within one mile of the city. Leaving a portion of the First Kentucky Cavalry on the southwest side of the city, Sanders moved with the rest of the command as soon as it was dark by another road entirely around to the other side, driving in the pickets at several places, and cut the railroad, so that no troops could be sent to the bridges above. At daylight Sanders moved up to the city on the Tazwell road. The enemy was found to be well posted on the heights and in the adjacent buildings, with eight or nine pieces of Artillery. The streets were barricaded with cotton bales, and the batteries were protected by the same material. Their

force was estimated at 3,000, including citizens who were impressed into service. After one hour's skirmishing, Sanders withdrew his forces, capturing near the city two six-pounder pieces of Artillery, the camp equipage of a regiment of conscripts, about eighty head of horses, and thirty-one prisoners.

Sanders then started for Strawberry Plains, following the railroad, and destroying all small bridges and depots to within four miles of the latter place. At Flat Creek, a finely-built covered bridge, and also a county bridge, were burned. The guard had retreated. Sanders now left the railroad three miles below town, and crossed the Holston River, so as to attack the bridge on the same side the enemy were located. On coming in sight, they opened fire on the advance with four pieces of Artillery. Sanders ordered the Infantry dismounted, and sent the Forty-Fourth Ohio, under Maj. Moore, up the river, and the rest under Col. Byrd and Maj. Dow, to get in their rear. After about an hour's skirmishing, the enemy were driven off, and having a train and locomotive with steam up, waiting, a portion of them escaped, leaving all their guns (five in number), 137 enlisted men, and two officers as prisoners, a vast amount of stores, ammunition and provisions, including 600 sacks of salt, and about seventy tents, and a great quantity of camp equipage in our possession. The Union forces remained at this place all night, and destroyed the splendid bridge over the Holston River, over 1,600 feet long, built on eleven piers. The trestle-work included, this structure was 2,100 feet in length.

At daylight on the 21st of June, Sanders started up the railroad for the Mossy Creek Bridge, destroying the railroad at all convenient points. At New Market, Mossy Creek, and vicinity, 120 prisoners were captured, and several cars were destroyed, besides a large amount of stores, and also near Mosby Creek, the machinery of a gun factory and a saltpeter factory.

Knowing every exertion was being made to capture his command, Sanders, after destroying the fine Mossy Creek bridge, determined to leave the railroad and endeavor to cross the mountains at Roger's Gap. The Holston was forded at Hayworth's Bend, and the command started for the Pow-

der Springs Gap of Clinch mountain. Here Sanders found a large force directly in his front, and another strong force overtook and commenced skirmishing with his rear guard. By taking county roads, he got into the gap without trouble or loss, and had all the force in his rear. On arriving within a mile and a half of Roger's Gap, he found that it was blockaded with fallen timber, and strongly guarded by Artillery and Infantry, and that all the gaps practicable were obstructed and guarded in a similar manner. Sanders then determined to abandon his Artillery and move by a wood-path to Smith's Gap, three miles from Roger's Gap. The guns, carriages, harness and ammunition were completely destroyed and left. The Union raiders now had a large force of the enemy both in front and rear, and could only avoid capture by getting into the mountains and thus place all of them in the rear, which the Unionists succeeded in doing, after driving a regiment of Cavalry from Smith's Gap. The road through this pass was only a bridle-path, and very rough. Sanders and his men did not get up the mountain until after night. Major Dow, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, with about 160 of his men, got on the wrong road, and did not rejoin the command until after reaching Kentucky.

Owing to the continued march, many horses gave out, and were left, and, although several hundred were captured on the march, they were not enough to supply all the men. The command reached Boston, Ky, June 24th. Sanders reported a loss of two killed, four wounded and thirteen missing; five out of the thirteen missing were drowned.

Sanders, in his official report, acknowledges much indebtedness for the success of the expedition to Col. R. K. Byrd, for his valuable assistance and advice; also to Majors Moore and Dow, and to Captains Welsh, Rankin and Drye, of the Cavalry, for the able manner in which they conducted the rear guard; to Lieut. Lloyd for the ability and judgment with which he managed the Artillery; to his Aid, Lieut. G. H. Forsyth, for valuable service, and to Serg. Reynolds and his guides, First East Tennessee Volunteers. He also gives great credit to the officers and men for the cheerfulness with which they submitted to great hardships and fatigues, and their

energy and readiness at all times either to fight or march. Four hundred and sixty-one prisoners were paroled on the march.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Among the list of casualties reported by Col. Byrd, as belonging to the First Kentucky Cavalry, were James L. Miller, of Company C, killed, and Serg. J. Frank Spratt, of Company G, a prisoner. But James L. Miller was not killed, but only missing. After days of wandering, starvation and many hardships through the mountains, he at last reached his command in a very dilapidated condition. He was afterward captured near Hillsboro, Georgia, July 31, 1864.

According to reports of Confederate authorities, Gen. S. B. Buckner, then commanding the department of East Tennessee, left Knoxville on the morning of the 19th of June, for Clinton, to concentrate his forces there. It was that same evening that Sanders appeared before the city.

Buckner had left one Col. Trigg in temporary command, but for some reason unexplained, perhaps feeling himself incompetent for the position —the operations, it seems, were mostly directed by a certain Lieut. Col. Milton A. Haynes, who made a very bombastic report of what he considered the great fight.

He claimed that in the night the enemy's pickets advanced upon the city, but that their pickets, thrown out by Col. Trigg, after an hours' skirmish, drove thom back. From Thompson's History of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, and other sources, it is learned that the truth of the night engagement is about this: Sanders, in aiming to get around the town, encountered some of the pickets, and he drove them in. The detachment of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, under Major Dow, and Capt. Drye's First Kentucky detachment, had been left to guard the rear, while the rest of the command was getting around the place. Sometime after dark, Lieut. James Humphrey, Company A, got a little separated from his command, and by mistake took the wrong road, and entered the suburbs of the city, which created a great alarm among the enemy's pickets; and while they were rallying to drive him back, he quietly withdrew himself and colored waitman, "Red," his only companion. Maj. Dow, after waiting till midnight, and finding no enemy following, undertook to join the rest of the command, but having no guide, in the darkness, took a wrong road, and ran upon the enemy's pickets, who fired a few shots and fled. Dow, finding himself lost, backed a little to a favorable place, formed one of Col. Wolford's "lines of fight," dismounted, and holding their horses by their bridles, his fatigued men slept till morning. As soon as it was light enough to see, it was found that they were in the suburbs of Knoxville, within 200 yards of the Rebel hospital. They quietly backed out from their rather unsafe position, and by sunrise reached the main body as it formed to make another feint upon the city.

At a critical part of the morning's skirmish, the following extracts are taken from the valiant Lieut. Col. Haynes's official report: "I then advanced the battery and ordered them not to fire at the Artillery, but the Infantry. The enemy at this moment forming column, advanced rapidly,

and for a moment I supposed the day was lost. At this moment the chief of the Twelfth Howitzer said to me, 'Colonel, I can't hit them fellows; please get down and try it yourself.' I dismounted, took my post as gunner of the left, ordered canister, and sighted the piece myself, and after two rounds the enemy was in full retreat, and the day was won. * * * * * The enemy had one battery of Artillery and 2,600 men opposed to about 1,000 men, part of whom were citizens and convalescent soldiers. That they were fully beaten may appear from the fact that the commanding officer of the army sent me a message by Lieut. Luttrell of the C. S. Army, a prisoner, paroled by him, to the effect:

'I send you my compliments, and say that but for the admirable manner with which you managed your Artillery, I would have taken Knoxville to-day.'"

Col. Sanders, though a dignified gentleman, had a quiet vein of humor in his disposition, and it is evident that in the above message he was indulging in a little fun at the self-sufficient Lieutenant Colonel's expense.

In Capt. B. F. Thompson's History of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, there are several accounts of the drowning of five men of that regiment in crossing the Clinch River on the night of the 18th of June. The following is the statement of Dr. Isaiah C. Dye, of Company A, First Kentucky, who is now a popular physician of Middleburg, Ky.:

On the 18th of June, 1863, I was with a squad acting as extreme rear guard on the Sanders's raid. We had orders to keep a certain distance in the rear, as near as possible. When we arrived at Clinch River, the main command had crossed, and it was very dark. The river appeared wide, and we could not tell the best route to take. We found a broken ambulance at the edge of the ford, and we struck in a little below it. I was mounted on a horse of splendid bottom, and on which I had swum the Cumberland River on several occasions. I saw a little in advance, and in ten feet after entering the stream, we struck swimming water. My horse swam some distance and struck—what I afterwards found out from some citizens to be a big boulder, and my horse scrambled upon it, and secured a foothold. Almost immediately after entering the water my comrade's horses commenced plunging and struggling, and the men in pathetic tones began calling for help. After my horse got somewhat steady on the boulder, I began calling to the men who were in distress, in order to give them the best directions I could, but their voices had become hushed, and to my repeated calls I received no answer. I inferred they were all drowned. I could hear their horses swimming off down below, and I heard some of them leave the water, as their footsteps sounded plainly on the gravel-beds at the edge of the river. After making preparations, cutting my forage sack loose, and disposing of some other articles to lighten my horse, I spurred him off the rock, and he took me safe to the opposite bank. Not knowing the proper place to land, I struck on something like quicksand, and dismounted. I held to the bushes on the bank, and led my horse up stream, until I reached the road leading to the ford, mounted, and rode fast for several miles, when I overtook the command, and reported what had occurred to Col. Sanders. He asked me, "Are you sure they are all drowned?" I replied in the affirmative.

He remarked that it was unfortunate, but could not be helped; that arrangements would be made with the citizens in the morning to recover their bodies and bury them.

My recollections always have been that there were twelve men besides myself and all belonged to the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois; but I was afterward captured in East Tennessee, lost my health, and suffered much from cruel treatment and hardships in the Rebel prisons of the South, and my recollections may be at fault. I may be mistaken in the number drowned, and if not in the number, some of them may have belonged to other regiments. I. C. DYE.

Joseph Wilcher, of Company B, was cut off from the command at Wartsburg, and made his way through the mountains on foot, and after meeting with many hardships in his wanderings, reached Sander's command at Lancaster, Ky.

CHAPTER XXI.

SKIRMISHING WITH THE ENEMY—MORGAN CROSSES THE CUMBERLAND WITH A HEAVY FORCE—DEATH OF CAPT. CARTER AT COLUMBIA, KY.—ADVANCES TO CENTRAL KENTUCKY—WOLFORD, SHACKLEFORD AND HOBSON CONCENTRATE THEIR FORCES AT LEBANON—THE PURSUIT COMMENCED—MORGAN CROSSES THE OHIO AT BRANDENBURG—THE FAMOUS RAID AND LONG CHASE—MORGAN IS OVERTAKEN AT BUFFINGTON'S ISLAND—A FIGHT—THE CAPTURE OF MOST OF HIS FORCES—MEN AND HORSES BROKEN DOWN—MORGAN ESCAPES WITH A REMNANT OF HIS COMMAND—SHACKLEFORD AND WOLFORD CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS, AND CONTINUE THE PURSUIT — THE RAIDER IS FINALLY CAPTURED — NOTES, SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

In Chapter XIX, Wolford was left in command of the forces at Jamestown, Ky. Heavy scouts were now sent out in direction of the enemy. About the 1st of July, Lieut. A. T. Keen, of Company J, went to Creelsboro on a scout, met some of Morgan's men who had crossed over, engaged them, and captured ten prisoners, all Kentuckians. About the same time a detachment of the Forty-Fifth Ohio, on a scout, engaged the enemy and captured some prisoners, among whom was Capt. Willis Shumake, an uncle of Adj. W. D.

Carpenter of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Shumake was wounded. The Adjutant offered him aid and condolence, but his uncle morosely informed him that he wanted none of his sympathy or help. The surley answer to Carpenter's kind offers, instead of irritating, only amused him.

About the 1st or 2d of July [authorities differ], Morgan crossed his whole force near Burkesville, and commenced his famous raid. A scout of about one hundred men, under Capt. Jessee M. Carter, of Company J, on the 3d, was sent to Columbia to report the movements of the great raider. Along with this detachment were Capt. J. B. Fishback, Company L; Lieut. D. R. Carr, Company C; Lieut. Warren Launne, Company D; and Lieut. James S. Pankey, Company I.

Arriving in Columbia, the main body remained in town, while the different roads in direction of the approaching enemy were picketed. The manner in which the gallant patriotic Carter got his mortal wound is given by Serg. R. T. Pierce, of Company A, who was a participant in the thrilling scenes on that occasion. A man was sent from the picket-post to inform Capt. Carter that fifteen of the enemy were seen on the Burkesville road. The Captain, who was always willing to take the lead, put himself at the head of a few men and dashed out to investigate. One mile from town, Serg. Pierce and Texton Sharp, being in advance, ran into an advance guard of the enemy, who gave back to the main body close in their rear. As Pierce and Sharp saw the large body, they turned their horses, and were fired upon; Pierce being slightly wounded, and his horse severely. When Pierce met Capt. Carter and reported the apparent strength of the enemy, the Capt. ordered him to go in speed back to town with orders for the reserve to reinforce him at once. As Pierce approached the Burkesville and Glasgow road, he saw Russ Smith, of Company C, in the hands of five Rebels, who had come in on the latter road. He beckoned to imaginary men behind him, and called out, "Here they are, boys!" They fled back from whence they came, leaving Smith a free man once more. As they retreated the Sergeant emptied his Navy at them to accelerate their speed. Pierce's horse was now so disabled that his speed was checked, and the enemy

in overwhelming numbers were pressing them so slowly that Capt. Carter caught up with him, and he discovered that the Captain was dangerously, if not fatally wounded. Carter made his way back to the principal hotel, and was assisted into a room. The Sergeant dismounted, entered the room, and found the Captain lying on his face, and suffering great agony. He also told of his precarious condition.

After the mortal wound of Carter, Capt. J. B. Fishback assumed command of the First Kentucky detachment, and fought Morgan's forces for some time, when finding his little force about to be surrounded, he, with marked skill and bravery, withdrew his command and rejoined his regiment at Jamestown, without sacrificing a man on his retreat.

Lieut. Col. Adams, with about 150 men, approached Columbia the same night, and some of his men entered the suburbs of the town. Lieut. A. T. Keen even visited the dying Captain, but the enemy were found in such overwhelming numbers that Adams and his men retired.

Capt. Carter breathed his last sometime in the night. He was a man of fine physique, and though young, was in the prime of mature manhood. His untimely death undoubtedly cut him off from promotion, as he possessed all the requirements for any position in the regiment. Brave, generous and daring, he was popular both among the men and officers of the regiment, and his death was sadly lamented. The taking off the stage of action of one so promising was not only a loss to those with whom he was connected, but also to the State. But the position made vacant fell upon a worthy successor in the person of Lieut. Anderson T. Keen, who was immediately promoted to fill his place, which he did with credit and honor to his company and regiment, and was afterward promoted to Major.

Encounters had taken place between the Union forces and Morgan's men at Horseshoe Bend and Marrowbone, July 1st. Morgan had now broken our lines and commenced his celebrated raid, which extended through three States.

After his engagement with Capt. Carter's detachment at Columbia, on the 3d of July, Morgan pushed on in direction of Lebanon, Ky. At Green River bridge, Col. O. H. Moore, with 200 men of his own regiment, and forty men of the

Eighth Michigan, under Lieut. M. A. Hogan, for three and a half hours withstood the fire of Artillery and musketry of a large portion of Morgan's command. Moore had selected his position one and a half miles south of his camp, at the "Narrows," entering the bend of the river, which he had partially fortified. So fiercely did the brave band contest their ground, that the enemy withdrew his forces with a loss of fifty killed and 200 wounded. Morgan deemed it prudent, in order to reach Lebanon, to make a detour around the combative little force.

At Lebanon, on the 5th, the raiders met with resistance equally obstinate. Col. Chas. Hanson, of the Twentieth Kentucky Infantry, with a fighting force of only 350 men, for six long hours, held the overwhelming numbers at bay. Twice he was summoned to surrender. The last time, the embodiment of Southern honor and chivalry, while negotiations were pending, took advantage of a flag of truce, by moving up and occupying houses immediately around Hanson's forces, then ordered his Artillery forward, stopped negotiations and ordered his men to open fire again. At last, despairing of reinforcements, pressed closely, his men exhausted, and ammunition almost expended, the devoted band with their heroic leader, was compelled to surrender.

It is now necessary to return to the First Kentucky Cavalry at Jamestown, Ky. On the evening of the 4th of July, we received marching orders, at 8 o'clock were mounted, went nine miles to Webb's Cross Roads, and bivouacked for the night. Early in the morning of the 5th, Col. Wolford, with the Jamestown force, resumed the march, and in the afternoon of the 6th, reached Lebanon, where he met Gens. Hobson and Shackelford with their brigades. In the absence of reports from Col. Wolford and Lieut. Col. Adams, the Author selects from, and compiles the reports of Gens. Hobson, Shackelford and others. In regard to the composition of the forces concentrated at Lebanon, and destined to be the close followers of Morgan from the beginning to the end, the following extract is taken from Gen. Hobson's report:

On the 6th of July, at 1:30 p. m., I arrived at Lebanon, Ky., with my command, the Ninth and Twelfth Regiments of Kentucky Cavalry; also the command of Brig. Gen.

James M. Shackelford, consisting of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry and a battalion of the Third Kentucky Cavalry, and one section of the Twenty-Second Indiana battery. Soon after my arrival, the First Kentucky Cavalry, Second East Tennessee Mounted Infantry, Second Ohio Cavalry, Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry and a battery of four mountain howitzers, under command of Col. Frank Wolford, entered the place, having marched from Somerset [Jamestown.]

Immediately after my arrival I received the following dispatch:

"GEN. HOBSON:—

* * * * * * * *

You will combine the commands of Gen. Shackelford and Col. Wolford, and after ascertaining as near as possible the direction of Gen. Morgan's route, you will endeavor to overtake him or cut him off. Please telegraph at once the composition of your own brigade, and also that of Shackelford and Wolford. You are authorized to subsist your command upon the country, and impress the necessary horses to replace the broken down ones. This should be done in a regular way. Morgan ought to be broken to pieces before he gets out of the State. Answer at once. A. E. BURNSIDE,

Major General."

Though other forces co-operated with the before-mentioned at different times and places, yet Hobson's, Shackelford's and Wolford's brigades were the chosen ones who were in the long unceasing and fatiguing march through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, from July 2d to the date of his final capture, July 26th—twenty-four days—much of the time without sleep or rest.

As the operations of Col. Wolford's command, and the First Kentucky Cavalry under Lieut. Col. Adams, were so intimately blended with that of Gen. Shackelford, his report will be mostly quoted. Hobson claimed that his forces numbered about 2,500 men.

After leaving Lebanon, Gen. Shackelford continues:

* * * * * * * *

We marched from Lebanon to Springfield, thence to Bardstown and Brandenburg. When we came within two miles of Brandenburg, we discovered the smoke arising from the burning transports which had set the enemy across the

river. When once across the river, pursuit was resumed. We pursued him through the State of Indiana to Harrison, Ohio.

At Corydon and other points in Indiana, the enemy was met by the militia. The kindness, hospitality and patriotism of the noble State, as exhibited on the passage of the Federal forces, was sufficient to convince the most consummate traitor of the impossibility of severing this great Union. Ohio seemed to vie with her sister, Indiana, in facilitating our pursuit after the great Rebel raider. In each of these two great States, our troops were fed and furnished with water from the hands of men, women and children; from the palace and hut alike, we shared their hospitality. He who witnessed the great exhibition of patriotism and love of country in those mighty States on the passage of the Union army, and then could doubt the ability and purpose of the people to maintain the government, has certainly been "given over to hardness of heart, that he may believe a lie, and be damned."

We continued the pursuit of the enemy day and night until Saturday night, the 18th of July, when, by traveling all night, we reached Chester by daylight on the morning of the 19th. Col. Kautz, with his brigade, had the advance; Col. Sanders' brigade followed; then my own and Col. Wolford's in the rear. After traveling two miles Saturday morning, the 19th, in direction of Buffington's Island, we heard the reports of Artillery on the river, officers and men, notwithstanding their immense fatigue they had undergone, seemed to be inspired with new life and energy, and there was a general rush forward. After proceeding two miles farther, I met two couriers with orders: the first was that I should "take the first road leading up the river, and cut off the enemy's retreat;" the second, that I should "press forward and let Col. Wolford, with his brigade, take the road leading up the river." I had gone but a short distance, when I received a written order to reverse my column, and, with Col. Wolford's brigade and my own, take the first road I could find in direction of the river, in order to prevent the enemy's escape up the river. The column was at once reversed and moved back by the left flank. Upon reaching the road I found the head of Col. Wolford's column proceeding down the road. He was shown the order, and at once reported to me for orders. He was ordered to proceed with his brigade. He had not moved more than one hundred yards, when a courier came from my rear and announced that the enemy had attacked it. Col. Wolford was ordered to halt his column, leaving the Second Tennessee Mounted Infantry to hold the road, and follow immediately with the

First Kentucky Cavalry and Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry. I at once reversed my column, and, on arriving at the point near the Bachum Church, I found the enemy in force. He occupied a dense woods, and old field, and the mouth of a lane through which the road ran.

Our lines were formed promptly; the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Jacob, on the extreme right; the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, Col. Crittenden, on the extreme left; the First, Third and Eighth Kentucky Cavalry in the center; the Forty-Fifth Ohio held as reserve. After fighting about an hour, the First, Third and Eighth Kentucky Cavalry were ordered to charge the enemy. With drawn sabers gleaming in the bright sunlight, and a shout that filled the foe with terror, they reached upon him, and he fled at their approach. The charge was led by Lieut. Col. Holloway, with the Eighth Kentucky, followed by Maj. Wolfey, of the Third, with his battalion, and Lieut. Col. Adams, of the First, with his regiment; (Col. Bristow, of the Eighth Kentucky, having been sent from Batavia, under orders, upon indispensable business.)

I do but simple justice to these brave and gallant officers and veteran soldiers that followed them in that charge, when I say that not in this or any other war, have officers or men acquitted themselves with more credit, or manifested more determination and valor. The charge caused the enemy to fly in wild consternation, and immediately a flag of truce came from Col. R. C. Morgan, which was met by officers of the Eighth and Third Kentucky Cavalry, proposing to surrender. They were apprised that no terms but an immediate and unconditional surrender would be considered, and Cols. Morgan, W. W. Ward and D. H. Smith, with their commands, marched into our lines.

The casualties were inconsiderable on either side, the enemy losing nearly all the killed and wounded. The number of prisoners captured by my command on that day amounted to about 700, including their horses, arms, etc. Col. Holloway was ordered with his regiment and a battalion of the Third Kentucky to take the prisoners, horses, arms, etc., to the river. The command was then moved a distance of fifteen miles to Tupper's Plains, up the river. On reaching the plains, the enemy was reported posted in a dense woods at the head of a deep ravine, between the forces of Gens. Judah, Hobson and my own. The First Kentucky Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Adams and part of the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry [Infantry], under Capt. Ham, had been ordered to pursue the detachments of the enemy. Col. Adams captured eighty, and Capt. Ham over 100. We had but about 600 men up, with four pieces of Artillery. In com-

pany with Col. Wolford, my Adjutant-General, Capt. Hoffman, and two other officers, and a citizen, made a reconaissance to within a few hundred yards of the enemy. We found that an attack from our side with Artillery or Cavalry was totally impracticable, and that it would be with great difficulty he could be reached by the men on foot; but that Gens. Judah and Hobson could move up the river upon him. We occupied the only road upon which he could retreat, unless he went directly to the river, which was strongly guarded. I communicated these facts to Gen. Hobson, but it was late in the evening, and I am satisfied he did not get them in time to make the move. He ordered Col. Kautz to report to me that night with his brigade. During the night the enemy passed out by a path, and in the morning he was reported four miles in my advance, and moving in direction of Eight-mile Island. We at once gave him chase, and ran him fifty-seven miles. The Forty-Fifth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Ross, had the advance, skirmished with him six or seven miles, and brought him to a stand at 3 p. m., on the 20th, at Ruger Creek; a fight ensued which lasted an hour. Col. Adams, with the First Kentucky, and Capt. Ward, with a company of the Third Kentucky, were ordered to make a flank movement and take possession of the only road upon which the enemy could retreat. This movement was accomplished with great rapidity and effectiveness, they having taken possession of the road after a severe skirmish.

The enemy finding his way of retreat cut off, and being hotly pressed from the front, fled to an immense bluff for refuge. A flag of truce was sent up, demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command. The flag was met by Lieut. Col. Cicero Coleman and other Rebel officers with another flag. They came down and desired a personal interview with me. They asked for one hour for consultation among their officers. I granted them forty minutes, within which time the whole command, excepting Gen. Morgan, with about 600 officers and men, who deserted the command, surrendered. It was my understanding, and as I learned, the understanding of many Rebel officers and men, that Morgan himself had surrendered. The number of prisoners captured by my command on that day was between 1,200 and 1,300 men, with their horses, arms, etc.

On the morning of the 20th, I called for 1,000 volunteers, with the best horses, who could stay in their saddles as long as I would, without eating or sleeping until we captured Morgan. The entire command would have volunteered but for want of horses. We could find but about 500 horses in the command fit for service. Col. Capron, Fourteenth

Illinois Cavalry, who had reported to me on the night of the 20th with his regiment, volunteered with 157 men of his command; Col. Wolford, with detachments of the First Kentucky, Second East Tennessee, Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, and Second Ohio Cavalry. We also had small detachments from other regiments in the command. Col. Jacob was left in command of the forces and prisoners. With 500 men on the morning of the 21st, we resumed the chase. Traveling day and night, we came up with the enemy on Friday morning, the 24th, at Washington. Capt. Ward, of the Third Kentucky Cavalry, with his own company, and Adj. W. D. Carpenter with a detachment of the First Kentucky, had command of the advance. He drove in the Rebel pickets, and, by a flank movement, drove the entire Rebel force out of the town of Washington, killing and wounding several of the enemy. One mile east of Washington the enemy made a stand in a dense wood. We formed a line of battle, and soon drove him from this position. He fell back two miles, tore up a bridge over a rugged stream, and took position in the woods on a high hill just beyond the bridge. The advance moved on his left flank, while a portion of the Fourteenth Illinois crossed the stream just above the bridge, and moved up the hill in the face of a heavy fire from the enemy; steadily they moved up and drove him before them. Late Friday evening he burned two bridges over Stillwater, causing considerable delay. We succeeded in crossing and pressed on all night.

At daylight on Saturday morning, the 25th, we came up with the enemy one mile from Athens, marching on a parallel road one quarter of a mile from ours. One half a mile in advance, the roads formed a junction. We pressed forward to it in time to see the enemy reversing his column and flying to the woods. We shelled him for thirty minutes. Maj. Way, with the Michigan Cavalry, with detachments of the Eighth Michigan and his own regiment, and Maj. Rue, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, with detachments of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry and Ninth, and other regiments with fresh horses, had been sent forward by Gen. Burnside. After dispatching these troops, he issued an order placing me in command of all troops in pursuit of Morgan. On Saturday, the 25th, Major Way had heavy skirmishing with the enemy, driving them before him. At dark, on the 25th, the main column reached Richmond. Maj. Way was two and a half miles in my advance, in direction of Springfield. At ten o'clock that night I received a note from him, stating the enemy was moving from Springfield to Hammersville, and that I could save five miles by marching directly from Richmond to that place, and that he would follow the enemy up.

The column was at once put in motion on Hammersville road, almost midway between Richmond and Hammersville.

At 12 o'clock on the night of the 25th, I met Maj. Rue, feeding; he was traveling in direction of Richmond. He at once reported to me for orders, remarking that he had 375 fresh men and horses, and three pieces of Artillery; that he hoped I would give him the advance. I ordered him to finish feeding, reverse his column and follow up immediately; that I would give him an opportunity. We reached Hammersville at daylight on Sabbath morning, the 26th. We could hear nothing of the enemy. I sent scouts on every road, but without awaiting their return, I sent Maj. Rue (who had come up), to take the advance with the detachment, and also with part of the Third Kentucky and First Kentucky, under Capt. Ward and Adj. Carpenter. We proceeded five miles in direction of Salineville, when a courier rushed up from Hammersville, stating that the enemy was moving upon that place. I ordered Maj. Rue to send a company of his men on their best horses back to ascertain the truth of the report. Within a few minutes an officer came up and announced the enemy at Salineville. We pressed for that point. Before reaching there I learned of the fight between Maj. Way and the enemy, resulting in the capture of 230 additional of the enemy. My advance, under Major Rue and Capt. Ward, went into Salineville.

Learning that Morgan, with about 400 men, had crossed the railroad, and was going in direction of Smith's Ford, I ordered Maj. Rue to return with the advance to the head of the column, then on the New Lisbon road. We had gone about seven miles when a courier, arrived from Maj. Rue, announced that Morgan had run into the New Lisbon road ahead of him. Within a few minutes a second courier came from Maj. Rue, stating that he had come up with the enemy, and wished me to send forward reinforcements immediately. The whole column was thrown forward at the utmost speed of their horses. We came to where the roads forked; the enemy had gone to the left, and was between the two roads. My advance had taken the right-hand road. I moved the column on the road the enemy had gone. On our approach several of the enemy started to run; they were ordered to halt, and, refusing to do so, were fired upon. Just at this moment a flag came from the enemy, the bearer stating that Gen. Morgan wanted a personal interview with me. I caused the firing to cease, and moved around where Morgan and his Staff were standing in the road. Morgan claimed that he had surrendered to a militia Captain. Maj. Rue had very properly refused to take any action in the premises until I came up. I ordered Morgan and his Staff to ride forward with Col.

Wolford and myself, and ordered Maj. Rue to take charge of the balance of the prisoners. Morgan stated to me in the presence of Col. Wolford and other officers, that he had become thoroughly satisfied that escape from me was impossible; that he himself might have escaped by deserting his men, but that he would not do so. He also stated in the same conversation, that he did not care for the militia; that he could, with the command he then had, whip all the militia in Ohio; yet he said that since crossing the Ohio, he found every man, woman and child his enemy; that every hill-top was a telegraph, and every bush an ambush.

After traveling back two miles, we halted to have the prisoners dismounted and disarmed. Gen. Morgan then desired a private interview. He claimed that he had surrendered to a militia Captain, and that the Captain had agreed to parole him, his officers and his men. I stated that we had followed him thirty days and nights; that we had met and defeated him a number of times; that we had captured nearly all of his command; that he had acknowledged in the presence of Col. Wolford that he knew I would capture him. [Col. Cluke and three or four of his Staff were present, and asked Col. Wolford to attend the interview.] * * * * I also told him that Major Rue had gone to the right, Captain Ward to the left, and that the main column was moving rapidly upon his rear; and that he had acknowledged that the militia Captain was no impediment in his way. * * * * I further told him that I regarded his surrender to the militia Captain, under such circumstances, as not only absurd and ridiculous, but unfair and illegal, and that I would not recognize it at all. He then demanded to be placed back upon the field as I found him. I stated to him that his demand would not be considered for a moment; that he, together with his men and officers, would be delivered to Maj. Gen. Burnside at Cincinnati, Ohio, and that he would take such action in the premises as he might think proper. The number of prisoners captured with Morgan was 350. * * * * * *

It is difficult for me to speak of individual officers or men without doing injustice to others. I unhesitatingly bear testimony to the uniformly good conduct and gallant bearing of the whole command; yet I cannot forbear mentioning the names of some of the officers. The noble, true and gallant Wolford, who was in the entire pursuit, is one of the coolest, bravest and most efficient officers in the army, and has fairly won, by his military energy, and gallantry on the field, promotion at the hands of the government. Col. Kautz, who commanded the Seventh and Second Ohio; Col. Crittenden and Maj. Delfosse, of the Twelfth Kentucky Cav-

alry; Col. Jacob, of the Ninth Kentucky; Col. Bristow, Lieut. Col. Holloway and Maj. Starling, of the Eighth Kentucky; Maj. Wolfley, of the Third Kentucky; Lieut. Col. Adams, of the First Kentucky; Lieut. Col. Melton, of the Second East Tennessee Mounted Infantry; Maj. Carpenter, Second East Tennessee Mounted Infantry; Col. Capron, of the Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry; Lieut. Col. Ross, of the Forty-Fifth Mounted Infantry; Capt. Powers and Lieut. Longfellow, of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry; Capt. Albert B. Dod, Fifteenth Regiment Infantry, commanding company Third Ohio Cavalry; Capt. Kinney, of the Third Ohio; Capt. Ward, of the Third Kentucky, and Adj. Carpenter, of the First Kentucky, deserve the gratitude of the whole country for their energy and gallantry.

To my personal Staff, Capt. J. E. Hoffman, Assistant Adj. Gen.; Cap. J. H. Morton, Assistant Quartermaster; Dr. W. H. Mullins, Brig. Surg.; Lieut. Ernest Vennillot, Ordinance officer; Lieut. Leavy, Aid-de-Camp; Capt. Frederick Pentecost, Volunteer Aid-de-Camp, and my faithful Orderlies, W. H. McDonald, Thomas Blakey and James Richardson, of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, I tender my deep-felt gratitude for their fidelity, indomitable energy, and valor.

Our pursuit was much retarded by the enemy's burning all the bridges in our front. He had every advantage. His system of horse-stealing was perfect. He would dispatch men from the head of each regiment, on each side of the road, to go five miles into the country, seizing every horse, and then fall in at the rear of the column. In this way he swept the country for ten miles of all the horses. * *

I am, Colonel, very respectfully your obedient servant,

J. M. SHACKELFORD,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Lt. Col. G. B. DRAKE, A. A. G.

The casualties in the Union forces on the Morgan raid, according to official reports, were as follows: Killed—One commissioned officer and eighteen enlisted men; wounded—three officers and forty-four enlisted men. Of this number the First Kentucky had one commissioned officer killed, Capt. Jessee M. Carter and one enlisted man (name not given.) A list of the wounded of the regiment is not given. R. T. Pierce was known to be slightly wounded.

Gen. Burnside reported that Morgan entered Kentucky 4,000 strong, and that the aggregate number captured in all was about 3,000. The breaking up and destroying a force of such magnitude, it being the flower of the Rebel Cavalry,

and under a chieftain who caused so much botheration to the onward movements of the Union forces, was a great, if not disastrous blow, to the rebellion.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

There were some conflicts between the claims of Gen. Shackelford and Maj. Geo. W. Rue, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, as to which one was entitled to the honor of capturing Morgan and the remnant of his force on the 26th of July. While all honor should be given to Maj. Rue as being the immediate instrument of his capture, a true generosity would give the greater honor to Gen. Shackelford and those of his immediate command present, who had been in the entire fatiguing chase. The following facts must be considered: After the capture of the main force near Buffington's Island, the rest of the commanders mostly gave down, and ceased active operations to a great extent. Shackelford gets up a volunteer force of 500 men, and persistently pursues night and day, from the morning of the 21st to the 26th. Shackelford, by orders, is now put in command of the entire force in pursuit. Majors Way and Rue, with strong detachments of men mounted on fresh horses, are sent forward on the train to overtake and co-operate with the pursuing forces. On account of their fresh horses, Shackelford sends them in advance to intercept the enemy. Maj. Way encounters him on one road, and after a fierce fight, captures some 230 of his force. Maj. Rue, with detachments of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry under Maj. Graham, also Ninth Kentucky and Eighth Michigan, and small detachments from the First and Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry and some from other regiments, overtake the remainder under Morgan, making for Smith's Ford on the Ohio River. Learning from citizens of a near way to cut him off, Maj. Rue takes a dim road to the right and gets ahead of him, Morgan, finding himself entrapped, sent two flags of truce—one to the front—received by Maj. Rue, and the other to the rear to the advance of Gen. Shackelford's men. This is about the substance of the facts connected with final surrender, and the reader can form his own conclusions as to who is entitled to the most credit. Adj. Carpenter, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and Capt. Ward, of the Third Kentucky, both belonging to Shackelford's forces, with detachments of their regiments, were in advance with Maj. Rue.

David R. Totten, of Company G, First Kentucky, who was a brave, good soldier, relates that on the morning of the 21st of July, when Wolford called for volunteers for the final pursuit, that he was the only one of his company who responded. In consideration of that fact, Wolford gave him the post of honor by putting him in charge of nine men, who were in advance all the time during the remainder of the chase, and first met one of Morgan's flags of truce at his surrender.

Morgan, when captured, claimed to Gen. Shackelford, that he had a short time previously surrendered to an Ohio State Militia Captain by the name of James Burbick, who agreed to parole him and his men. Gov. Tod, Gen. Burnside and others, fully investigated the case, and found that Burbick was not even an authorized militia officer, but went out that

morning in company with fifteen or twenty citizens to intercept Morgan, and they had called on him to command them, and gave him the honorary title of Captain. A Captain Cornelius Curry, in commnnd of State militia, had met a flag of truce of Morgan's at a place called Gaver's that morning, and agreed that his men were not to fire on the raider on condition that Morgan respected the property of his town (Salineville), and would go around the place. Burbick, by request, accompanied Morgan as guide to show him a near way to Smith's Ford. When Morgan found himself encompassed by the Union forces, he went through a hasty farce of surrender to the fictitious Capt. Burbick. Burbick stated that he told Morgan that he did not know the nature of a surrender; but the wily chieftain told him that he had a right to surrender to any person, and wanted an answer immediately. Burbick, under the emergency of the case, accepted the surrender.

When Lord Cornwallis was compelled to surrender at Yorktown in 1781, disdaining to surrender to one whom he deemed inferior in rank, he sent the sword by a subordinate to be delivered to the commander of the Colonial troops. Gen. Washington, on the other hand, deeming himself an equal to the Commanding General of the troops belonging to the proudest Monarch in the world, likewise appointed a subordinate to receive it. Even the unfortunate Col. Martin J. Crawford, who was surprised and captured at New Haven, Ky., in 1862, by Capt. Silas Adams, at first stood upon his dignity, and demanded Adams's rank before opening terms of surrender. If it had not been for the exhilarating influences of a loaded revolver in a determined hand, he might have quibbled over the difference in rank long enough for a rescuing party to have reached them from Bardstown.

But here we find a Brigadier-General, whose reputation was as wide known as the Commander-in-Chief of the whole Rebel forces, and the embodiment of genius and chivalry, whose deeds have been celebrated in romance, history and poetry, in order to escape consequences, lowers his dignity and makes terms, and tries to have them recognized, with a citizen who had neither the appointment or commission of even a militia Captain.

Morgan was delivered to Gen. Burnside, at Cincinnati, and he was ordered from the War Department, at Washington, to deliver him and his officers to the Penitentiary officers of the State of Ohio, to be confined in its walls, in retaliation for the confining of Col. Straight, of the Union army, in the Southern prisons for a similar raid through parts of Alabama and Georgia, in the preceding April.

In taking such an extensive raid, Morgan exceeded his orders from his superiors. He only had permission from his superiors, Gens. Wheeler and Bragg, to take 2,000 men and make a quick raid on Rosecrans's communications, and return at once to Tennessee.

After the capture of Morgan, the First Kentucky Cavalry were embarked on steamboats and transported to Covington, Ky., where they took the train to Nicholasville, arriving there on the 30th of July at 11 a. m.

It was told that at the surrender of Morgan, that Gen. Shackleford's passion got the upper hand of his judgment, and he began to bestow some caustic epithets upon the conquered chieftain. Col. Wolford interposed,

and rebuked the irate General, and told him that it was wrong to speak harshly to one whose hands were figuratively confined. Morgan, as a token of his appreciation of his kindness, presented to him his fine silver spurs. Wolford's generosity was in striking contrast to Morgan's actions more than a year before, when Wolford was a prisoner in his hands, when he compelled the wounded, bleeding commander of the First Kentucky to ride at "double-quick" for ten miles, until finally in a fainting condition, he could go no further.

The Rev. W. H. Honnell, in his war reminiscences, tells the following, which occured directly after crossing the Ohio River, at Brandenburg, Ky:

We had gone but a few miles, when, at dusk, we were met by an elderly man on horseback, with a squirrel rifle on his shoulder. Morgan had told that Forrest was just behind him with 2,000 more Confederates, hoping thus to prevent any uprising behind him, and this was one of his Knight's of the Golden Circle, who greeted us with joy, exclaiming: "You can't tell how glad I am to greet you." These were his first words to me as I advanced to meet him, and I encouraged his delusion, so he could tell of what Morgan had done to the people before us.

He had gathered in the Home Guard; had broken or burned their guns; had given him the rifle he carried, and he only wanted a squad of men to sack the houses of his neighbors, whose young ladies, "Abolitionists," as he called them, incited by their fathers and brothers, he now wished to see dragged off as prisoners for insulting him and his family. They had only a few days before torn the butternut breast-pins from his daughters' bosoms at a public gathering, and had insulted a dozen others most grossly, who had defended their rights to wear what they pleased. But now, thank the Lord, the time for revenge had come. To burn down their houses and carry off men and horses, would be none too severe punishment for the grievous wrongs they had suffered from these Abolitionists; that there were fifty Knights who held secret meetings in that region above, to resist the draft, and to do all they could to help the South in this Abolition war. That Morgan had cleaned out the Home Guards up at Corydon, and had given him the gun he carried on his shoulder. He then told us how Morgan had made a speech, and told them of your coming on just behind him. That night he and I camped together in the woods, and when he saw our men sweep the shocks of wheat of an Abolition neighbor into our camps for horse-feed and bedding for ourselves, he fairly shook with delight. We carried him with us a prisoner next day, to his chagrin, and the following morning dismissed him with a warning. One of our men swapped horses with him, and dismissed him again, and we never heard of him again.

The thing of most interest to me, after this long lapse of time, is the recollection of the contrast between our reception in the Rebel and the Union States, as witnessed for the first time on that memorable chase of twenty-two days, to the final surrender of Morgan and his remnant near Steubenville, Ohio. The expression ever on my lips was: "This is a new phase of war; so utterly unlike two years past, and the greetings of most parts of the South! I now begin to understand the enthusiasm of the Southern soldiery, for all their fighting was done almost under the eyes of

ladies in full sympathy with their cause. How different with us while in the South, under the flush of faces burning with hatred and rage, of eyes flashing with anger and spite!" We had hardly crossed the Ohio, at Brandenburg, into Indiana, till the very atmosphere seemed to change. From the chill and damp of winter, we had suddenly come into the warmth and glow of the spring morning. And it increased with every advance we made, till the new song first reaching our hearts with its patriotic thrill in Ohio, made us ready to die for our country shouting under the folds of its flag.

There were thousands of girls and mothers in holiday attire, found on each side of the road to greet us with plates of sweet bread and pies, which were handed to us, with lovely faces and rosy cheeks, tempting us to lean from our saddles to kiss them, as they made the very air fragrant with the song, "Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again, shouting the battle cry of freedom."

It has been nearly thirty years ago, and these locks are tinged with gray, and these limbs feel a little clumsy in mounting my horse, but for such a land, its towns and villages aglow in such a cause, with such cheer, I am ready to mount again, for not only a twenty-three days' and nights' ride, as I did then; but even in memory of it, I keep myself cheered up in a monthly horseback ride of 500 miles, often in my missionary journeys. But I am ready to-morrow to undertake the repeat of the three and a half years through heat and dust, the rains of fire and storms of battle in the South, were it necessary to save the Union. But, thank God, they are never to be repeated by us or our young men, simply because it was so bravely done on both sides thirty years ago.

After describing the fight at Buffington's Island, the Chaplain continues:

Morgan was finally compelled to hand over his horse and sword to Wolford, as he requested to do so, in compliment to the gallant ride of the Colonel, who had ridden so long in pursuit, sitting much of the time in a saddle stained with the blood flowing from the open wound received a year before in the like defeat, at Lebanon, Tennessee, where he had been recaptured, as he was fainting from loss of blood from the same wound.

The Chaplain adds: Among the first who hailed him from his prostrate condition as he lay utterly exhausted, was Lieut. Leathers, who once held the Chaplain a prisoner after his charge into Morgan's line at Lebanon, and whom he now gently bore on his shoulder, leaning for support as he helped him up the plank and laid him on the steamer's carpet, and bade him good-bye forever. He may be living yet, and may see these lines, or he may be over on the other shore, where he hopes to greet him.

Another incident by the Chaplain: When nearing the final round-up, a man mistaking me for Gen. Shackelford, as I had on a linen duster, came to my side, and said: "General, I have a request to make. I have a brother-in-law in this Morgan gang, a Rebel soldier; I wish you to allow me to shoot him when captured." "Shoot a prisoner, you coward! Begone at once, or I will put you under guard to be tried by a court-martial

at our next camp." Of course he fled in dismay. This incident is only related to show the average hatred of Wolford's men to revenge both then and since the war.

Gen. Henry M. Judah, the highest officer belonging to the forces in pursuit of Morgan, in a dispatch to Gen. Burnside, dated Pomeroy, Ohio, July 22, '63, after detailing the disposition of the other forces, pays the following compliment to Gen. Shackelford and Col. Wolford: "Neither Shackelford nor Wolford need any superintendence as far as operations are concerned."

CHAPTER XXII.

CAPT. DRYE WITH HIS DETACHMENT ORDERED TO LEBANON—GETS AFTER ONE OF MORGAN'S CUT-OFF SQUADS—CHASES CAPT. BULLITT, WOUNDS HIM, AND CAPTURES HIS MEN—THE SCOTT RAID IN KENTUCKY—SANDERS ENCOUNTERS HIS FORCES NEAR RICHMOND—DEFEATED—FALLS BACK TO LEXINGTON—UNION MOUNTED FORCES CONCENTRATE THERE—DRYE AND HIS MEN ORDERED TO LEXINGTON—TAKES THE LEAD IN PURSUIT OF THE ENEMY—AN EXCITING HUNDRED-MILE CHASE—SCOTT IS WHIPPED ACROSS THE CUMBERLAND—LIEUT. COL. ADAMS ORDERED IN THE PURSUIT—ONE DAY TOO LATE.

It is now essential to return to the First Kentucky Cavalry detachment, under Capt. Drye, returned from the Sanders raid in East Tennessee. When Col. Sanders retreated to Mt. Vernon, Ky., June 26th, after his thrilling and eventful expedition, he turned over his command to Col. R. K. Byrd. The various detachments returned to the different positions assigned to them. Col. Sanders went immediately to Lexington and reported to Gen. Hartsuff. Capt. Drye, with his detachment, and other troops of the command, marched to Lancaster and remained a few days, when they were ordered to Danville.

When the pursuit after Morgan commenced, July 4th, the train of the First Kentucky, together with the unserviceable men and horses, were ordered to Danville, Ky., where they remained under Capt. J. G. Dick until the return of the

command. Some of Sanders's raiders rejoined us there, among whom was Lieut. James Humphrey.

About July 8th, an alarm got up among some of the Post commanders, caused by rumors that Wheeler was entering the State to make a diversion in favor of John H. Morgan. These rumors, on investigation, turned out to be unfounded.

After remaining at Danville a day or two, Capt. Drye was ordered to report with his command to Col. O. H. Moore, at Lebanon, for duty. Soon after arriving at Lebanon, Capt. Drye was ordered to Washington county to intercept some Rebels supposed to be cut off from Morgan's command. Drye soon scented the trail of the squad, and followed it through the northern part of Marion, into Casey county. At Austin Thompson's, on Martin's Creek, he ran upon them and took them by surprise. The commander of the squad, Capt. Thomas Bullitt, and two of his men, mounted their horses and attempted to escape, but Capt. Drye was on a fleet horse, and, swift as the wind, he chased them for a while, when a well-directed shot from his pistol brought the Rebel Captain down. Mathew A. Smallwood, of Company C, coming to his assistance, the other two men surrendered. It is due to Capt. Drye to state that he called to Bullitt several times to surrender, but he neglected to obey the summons. Though the disabled Captain was reported by Col. Moore as mortally wounded, he was taken to Elder I. D. Steele's near by, where he lay for some time, and finally recovered. Eleven men were captured at this time, besides the Captain. Capt. Bullitt afterward became a prominent lawyer in Louisville.

The Confederate Cavalry commander, Col. John S. Scott, on the 25th of July, entered Kentucky through Big Creek Gap, and moved for the fertile region of Central Kentucky. The object of this raid, according to the report of Gen. S. B. Buckner, commanding the Department of East Tennessee, was to cut the enemy's communications; to destroy their trains and supplies; to send out cattle, if possible, and, incidentally, to make a diversion in favor of Gen. John H. Morgan, then on his extended raid.

As there were no communications in this section that

they could much damage in the limited time generally allotted them, except a few bridges, and the bulk of supplies was mostly stored in the impregnable fortifications of Camp Nelson, and the diversion in favor of Morgan only an incidental object, it is reasonable to infer that the chief object of the raid was to "capture mules, horses, cattle," and store-goods. A little digression will not be amiss here. When the Union forces captured or pressed any property in the claimed Confederate dominions, it was called "remorseless plundering from our wives, children and aged and helpless parents, by Abolition barbarians and inhuman monsters," even though the loser was apt to receive a voucher, and if proved loyal, was sure to get pay; but horses and cattle "captured" by the raiding "chivalry" in the far-famed Blue Grass region, whether from friend or foe, private citizen or helpless woman, were never known to be paid for, or voucher given in lieu thereof; and it is worthy of remark, that the most pronounced Southern sympathizers would always flee to the mountains with their fine stock on the approach of Morgan or Scott, while they would feel no apprehension of loss when the First Kentucky Cavalry were in their section.

But to return from the digression. The raiders advanced rapidly by way of Williamsburg, London, Mt. Vernon and Big Hill, sweeping the small outposts guarding several points before them, skirmishing all the way until they reached Rogersville, twelve miles from Richmond, where a heavy skirmish took place.

On the night of the 26th, detachments of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, under Maj. Dow, and the Tenth and Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, under Maj. Foley, received marching orders at Danville, and after traveling all night, reached Richmond at 8 o'clock the next morning. The entire force, about 500 strong, went into camp that day. Colonel W. P. Sanders was ordered to Richmond to take command of the mounted forces there. In the meantime, heavy pickets had been thrown out on the roads in direction of the approaching enemy. In the night Col. Sanders received information of the skirmish on the Big Hill road. At daylight the next morning he moved out on that road to

check the enemy's advance. The enemy appeared at sunrise, and for three hours a skirmish was kept up between the parties, the enemy opening on the Union forces with Artillery, pouring solid shot and shells into their ranks.

Sanders perceives that he is about to be surrounded by a vastly superior force, and determines to fall back to the Kentucky River. He calls his men to the main road and moves them through the town of Richmond in good order. The air is filled with clouds of dust, and the men are so covered with it, that it is difficult to distinguish friend from foe. The Union soldiers suffer the enemy to approach very close, supposing them to be their own men, and give them a friendly salutation, receiving a volley in reply. Surrounded and intermingled, the devoted band see but one way out of the dilemma; they hastily mass their forces and make a dash for the weakest part of the enemy's line; plunging their spurs into their steeds, like a cyclone they rush through the Rebel lines, shooting right and left, and yelling at the top of their voices. The troops now become confused; the bravest of men under similar circumstances are liable to be panic-stricken, and it now becomes a race between the Blue and the Gray for the Kentucky River. In vain Sanders, Dow and Foley endeavor to rally the men to check the enemy; only about a hundred men halt, and he is only checked for a moment. The men become uncontrollable and scatter in various directions.

At Clay's Ferry, on the river, Sanders halted with part of his force, and prevented the enemy from crossing until he received orders to fall back to Lexington. Four or five of the Union soldiers were killed and seventy-five were taken prisoners and paroled. The casualties would have been greater, but toward the close of the contest the ammunition of the enemy became scarce. Sanders reported the enemy 1,600 strong, with eight pieces of Artillery.

Capt. Drye, returning to Lebanon after Scott's raid commenced, had orders to march to Lexington, which place he reached on the 29th of July, and reported to Col. Sanders for duty about noon on that day.

A considerable force of Cavalry had been rapidly concentrated at Lexington, consisting of detachments of the fol-

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LIEUT. JAMES HUMPHREY.

lowing regiments: First Kentucky Cavalry, Capt. G. W. Drye; Tenth and Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, Second and Seventh Ohio Cavalry, Eighth and Ninth Michigan Cavalry, First and Second East Tennessee Mounted Infantry, Fifth East Tennessee Cavalry, Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Mounted Infantry and Crawford's Tennessee Battery, in all about 2,400 men. Gen. Hartsuff ordered Col. Sanders to take command of this force and start after Scott.

About three o'clock the movement commenced. Capt. Drye with his detachment was ordered to take the advance. Three miles out on the Winchester road, he captured the enemy's pickets without firing a gun, and then the fun commenced. Darkness and rain came on at Winchester. Drye's men had a lively "set to" with the enemy on the streets in town. Learning that three hundred of the enemy had gone to Paris, Sanders sent 500 men of the Forty-Fifth Ohio and Fifth Tennessee after them, while he followed the main body under Scott on the Irvine road with the rest of his forces. Drye was close on their rear all night, and daylight struck the pursued and pursuers near Irvine. Some amusing incidents occurred. They shrunk from surrendering worse than any troops our men ever met. During the march to Irvine nearly a hundred prisoners were captured, a number of the enemy were killed and wounded, and he was compelled to abandon some of his wagons and stock. Scott's whole force made a stand on the south side of the river at Irvine. After about one hour's fighting, Byrd's regiment swung around to the left and soon had them on the run. They were here compelled to leave a large number of horses and mules, besides a portion of the property captured from the Fourteenth Kentucky at that place. Sanders's worn down horses and men were compelled to stop at Irvine several hours to feed, and followed on during the night; Capt. Drye and his First Kentucky men still in advance, overtook the enemy's rear guard and recaptured a mountain howitzer.

After reaching the Big Hill, the enemy turned to the right on the Blue Lick road, and moved toward Lancaster. During the day the command fought constantly with the

enemy, who made a stand at every favorable point. Near Paint Lick Church, the enemy made an obstinate stand and fought for an hour. At this place Capt. Watrous made a saber charge capturing thirty prisoners and wounding several with the saber. At Lancaster, on the same day, Col. Sanders ordered a charge of all the Cavalry under Major Taylor, capturing 200 prisoners and completely routing the enemy. In this charge, Capt. Drye had a horse shot from under him, and his men captured Lieut. Col. Nixon, of the First Louisiana Cavalry, and eighty men. The horses of the Union Cavalry were nearly worn out, or most of the Rebel forces could have been captured here. The enemy took the Stanford road, and resisted at all points where they could use their Artillery. They were driven through Stanford at 4 p. m., where Sanders was again compelled to stop and have his famished horses fed, being the second time after leaving Lexington, a distance of more than 100 miles, the route his forces traveled.

Leaving Stanford at 6:30 p. m., and marching all night, the unfaltering Sanders reached Somerset, thirty-three miles distant, at 8 a. m., on the 1st day of August, and followed the enemy, still fighting, to Smith's Shoals, on the Cumberland River. The enemy succeeded in getting his Artillery across the river, with the exception of one gun—supposed to be the one abandoned by Sanders in East Tennessee, a few weeks before—which was left in the middle of the river. The enemy was compelled to leave a portion of his train and animals in our hands. Sanders now determined to abandon the pursuit and return, as his command had been without rations for four days, and his men and horses were almost famished and exhausted.

The following is copied from Col. Sanders's official report: "To all the officers and men I am much indebted for their perseverance and endurance. Maj. J. L. Foley, Tenth Kentucky, had charge of the advance guard, and showed great skill and gallantry in its management; Capt. G. W. Drye, First Kentucky Cavalry, had charge of the extreme advance throughout the entire march, and conducted it with skill, energy and bravery."

The Colonel also gives great credit to Maj. Taylor, Cols.

Carter and Henderson and Maj. Ellis, for their activity and energy wherever dismounted men could be used; also to Capt. Mott, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, for his valuable services as Aid.

He also reports his casualties as one killed and eleven wounded, and that of the enemy, 700 prisoners, and a number killed and wounded.

The entire strength of the raiding force was variously estimated to be from 1,500 to 2,500 men; a safe estimate might be about 2,000.

The main body of the First Kentucky Cavalry, after their long and wearisome chase after Morgan through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, arrived at Nicholasville, Ky., at 11 a. m., on the 30th of July. Scarcely having time to breathe, 250 of them under Col. Adams were ordered to Richmond to participate in the pursuit after Scott. They arrived at Richmond at 11:30 a. m., on the 31st, and at 1:30 p. m., marched for Crab Orchard, reaching there at 10:30 p. m., and encamped. From there they marched by way of Stanford to Somerset, arriving there at 11 a. m., on the 2d of August, the next day after Sanders had whipped the enemy across the Cumberland. Wolford's command now relieved Sanders's brokon down men, and they returned to their respective commands.

NOTE.

In another chapter has been told the heroic exploit of Mrs. Jackman and Vaughn in conveying the news of Pegram's weakness to Col. Wolford across the Kentucky River. The two women afterward became the target of Rebel sympathizers in and around Lancaster; their lives were threatened, but they had personal friends among them who kept them warned of danger. When Scott's Rebel Cavalry entered Lancaster on the 31st of July, following the Pegram raid in March, a Rebel friend went to Mrs. Jackman and begged her to accompany her home, telling her that she was sure they would have her hung. The brave woman declined the kind invitation, and assured her friend, that if they wanted her, they would find her at home; and if they were simple enough to hang her, Wolford's men would pay them back in their own coin, and would not stop at hanging one, but would clean out the town. Soon Sanders's Union force, at the head of which was the daring Capt. Geo. W. Drye, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, came dashing into town, capturing and shooting the raiders, when the terrorists became at once the terror-stricken.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EAST TENNESSEE—FACE OF THE COUNTRY—DEVOTED LOYALTY OF THE PEOPLE—THEIR SUFFERINGS AND HUMILIATIONS—ISOLATED SITUATION PREVENTS HELP FROM THE GOVERNMENT — ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO FOR THIS MOVEMENT, AND BURNSIDE IN COMMAND—INTERRUPTIONS—WAR DEPARTMENT BECOMES IMPATIENT—CAUSTIC CORRESPONDENCE — REORGANIZATION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD ARMY CORPS—WOLFORD COMMANDS THE INDEPENDENT CAVALRY BRIGADE, AND ADAMS THE FIRST KENTUCKY —THE MOVEMENTS OF THE SEVERAL COLUMNS INTO EAST TENNESSEE—WOLFORD GUARDS THE TRAIN AND KEEPS COMMUNICATIONS OPEN—INCIDENTS OF THE MARCH — REBEL FORCES FALL BACK — CUMBERLAND GAP TAKEN—BRAGG EVACUATES CHATTANOOGA—UNION FORCES IN POSSESSION OF EAST TENNESSEE VALLEYS.

When Tennessee on the 8th of June, 1861, passed its Secession ordinance by the action of the State Secessionists aided by the conspirators of the so-called Confederate States, one geographical division of the once proud Commonwealth stood loyal and unyielding. It was that portion of the State whose western limit is the Cumberland Mountains, and eastern, the boundary of the State of North Carolina, and known as East Tennessee. It is a diversified region of magnificent and lovely scenery, of barren mountain peaks and ridges, fertile valleys, picturesque hills, clear streams and sparkling rivulets. It is a region where nature has been lavish in bestowing agricultural capabilities and mineral resources. When the dark cloud of secession hovered in ominous gloom over the lovely land, its threatening aspect had no terrors for these patriotic people, and when it burst in all its fury, the direst persecution could not swerve their allegiance from a government they loved so well, and one which always had protected, but never oppressed them. Their patriotism should be handed down on the pages of history to their remotest posterity.

The sufferings and humiliations they had to undergo are difficult to portray. "They were denounced as traitors, robbed of their property, driven from their homes, hunted like wild beasts in the forest, whipped, confined in loathsome dungeons, hanged like felons." Many of them were conscripted in the Rebel army. Many of them exiled themselves from their homes. Leaving their loved ones, climbing the rugged mountains, treading the almost pathless wilderness, starving, meeting with hair-breadth escapes, after weary days of toil they at last reach a haven of safety for the time, in the camps of the loyal Kentucky regiments then forming in the heart of the Blue Grass region, at Camp Dick Robinson. Two full regiments of Infantry were organized here, and a number went into other regiments, among whom Lieut. O. M. Dodson and Lieut. Wm. M. Haley joined the First Kentucky Cavalry.

Many of these refugees were in affluent circumstances at home, while many belonged to the humbler walks of life. But whether they belonged to the parlor or the hovel, their devotion to their country was none the less genuine.

Early in the war, at the beginning of active operations in the field, in the fall of 1861, the advisability and practicability of moving a column into East Tennessee and occupying and holding this garden-spot of loyalty were discussed by governmental and military authorities, but owing to its situation and isolated condition, it was deemed impossible to hold it; but after breaking the strongholds of the enemy in the Mississippi Valley, the holding of that section by Union troops became a possibility.

It was principally for this purpose that Gen. Burnside was sent on early in the spring of 1863 with the Ninth Army Corps, and to organize certain troops in conjunction with it into the Army of the Ohio. It has been stated in another chapter that early in June, Gen. Burnside commenced active preparations for the movement when the Ninth Army Corps was detached to reinforce Grant at Vicksburg, and the movement for the time was suspended, and again was interrupted by the great raid of Morgan through the Northern States.

Those in their offices, far from the sulphurous smell of battle, living in luxurious ease on big salaries, having their

heavy work done by untitled subordinates on comparatively small pay, soon became impatient about the movements of the armies in the field.

Governor Andrew Johnson, May 29th, writes to President Lincoln:

* * * * This part of the State [East Tennessee] should be entered. The opressions and inhumanity inflicted are indescribable, and must be redressed. If the government does not give that protection guaranteed by the Constitution, the Tennessee forces should be massed and permitted to enter East Tennessee. This they will do, though they perish to a man in the attempt. * * * * *

Much caustic correspondence took place in these times between Gen. Rosecrans and the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Halleck; also between Gen. Burnside and Gen. Halleck. The reader must understand that it was necessary for Gen. Rosecrans, commanding the forces in Middle Tennessee, and Gen. Burnside, commanding the forces intended for East Tennessee, to co-operate with each other, and both move at the same time. The Washington authorities began to give peremptory orders for Rosecrans's forward movement. The Commander of the Army of the Cumberland was better acquainted with the obstacles in his way, and hesitated. Finally, on the 25th of June, Gen. Rosecrans moved forward, and in a series of masterly operations in a campaign of nine days, turned the enemy's right, forced him from his intrenched position at Shelbyville and Wartrace, and gained possession of Middle Tennessee. Bragg fell back across the mountains into East Tennessee, and into the valleys of North Alabama.

Simultaneously with Rosecrans's forward movement, Morgan, with his immense Cavalry force, commenced his extended raid through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, which lasted twenty-four days of actual pursuit. This called all of Burnsides's effective Cavalry force in the chase and in operations against him.

Gen. Halleck seems to have been ignorant of what Gen. Burnside was doing to effect the destruction of Morgan, notwithstanding dispatches were frequently sent to him. July 6th, he telegraphed to Burnside:

The proposed expedition [into East Tennessee] must be moved promptly and rapidly, or your opportunity will be lost. There is no need at the present time of keeping large forces in Kentucky.

Again, on the 13th of July, when Gen. Burnside and the officials of the three States of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio were racking their brains to devise means to catch and destroy the great chieftain, he dispatches:

Maj. Gen. Burnside:—I must again urge upon you the importance of moving forward into East Tennessee to cover Rosecrans's left. Telegraph what you are doing toward this object, so we can have definite information to act upon.

Once more, on July 24th, in the closing exercises of one of the grandest achievements of the war, at a time when the heroes who had followed Morgan for nearly a month without sleep or rest, were broken down and their horses exhausted, Halleck becomes angry and dispatches to Burnside:

You have not yet replied to my dispatch in regard to your movement toward East Tennessee. You will immediately report the position and numbers of your troops organized for that object. There must be no further delay in this movement. It must be pushed forward immediately.

Gen. Burnside sensibly replies:—

CINCINNATI, July 24, 1863.

Your dispatch received. You have not answered my dispatch of July 18th, in reference to the Ninth Army Corps. The Secretary of War telegraphed me after the fall of Vicksburg that they were ordered to return here at once, and I have counted upon them. All of my available Cavalry have been after Morgan. Rosecrans's line of railroad has to be guarded as well as the line of the Cumberland to the mouth, and the whole of the Eastern Kentucky line. A large number of mounted troops are necessary to guard our trains and keep communications open when we get to East Tennessee. I am not conscious of any unnecessary delay, but feel that I have done everything in my power. I should be glad to be more definitely instructed, if you think the work can be better done. I will report what I propose to do when I get all my Cavalry started back. There are about 6,000 troops ready to start, and will start very soon. A very great impediment to a movement of this kind has been removed in the destruction of Morgan's force. I hope to finish him up to-day or to-morrow.

Halleck replies the next day (July 25th):—

Whether the Ninth Army Corps will be returned to your department, or sent to Gen. Rosecrans, will depend upon the enemy's movements. * * * * * The present opportunity must not be lost. The column must be immediately organized and moved forward. It must not be stopped or called back by petty raids. The militia and Home Guards must take care of their raids.

It is well for the reader to understand that Gen. S. B. Buckner, the Confederate Commander of the Department of East Tennessee, had at that time, according to his own official report, an aggregate force of 27,000 men in his command, and would not have been caught sleeping, as he had been anticipating for months the movement of a heavy column of Union troops into his dominions.

It is plain to be inferred that neither Halleck, Stanton, nor any other Washington official of high rank, had any practical experience worthy of note of the efficiency of Home Guards or militia. The pompous reports of a few Home Guard officials of their operations against the raiders, were no indications that there would be any serious obstacle in the path of the battle-hardened veterans of the enemy. Without the aid of trained mounted, and other troops to garrison and guard the country and communications in the rear, five hundred picked soldiers of the enemy under such leaders as Pegram, Scott, Forrest, or Wheeler, now that Morgan was out of the way, could have gone when and where they pleased, and destroyed what they pleased, and laughed at all the Home Guards in Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, that could have been marshaled against them.

Positive orders still continued to be sent to Burnside to move on Knoxville or Loudon, and to Rosecrans to move on Chattanooga, until they become fretted, and Burnside replies, August 6th:

* * * * I have submitted of late, without complaint, to your uniform refusal of my requests, which were made for the good of the service in this department, but I am not willing to let the imputation that I have disobeyed orders go unnoticed. Your general instructions, as I understand them, leaves me at liberty to do just what I have done without them—that is, to use my own judgment as to combination

of forces, route, etc. The concentration is being made as rapidly as possible.

Gen. Rosecrans replies the same day to Gen. Halleck, after discussing several matters, detailing obstacles to be surmounted, and closes as follows:

If, therefore, the movement I propose cannot be regarded as obedience to your order, I request a modification of it, or to be relieved from the command.

The First Kentucky Cavalry, as before stated, after returning from the Morgan raid, followed in the wake of Scott to Somerset and remained. By General Orders, No. 28, Headquarters Twenty-Third Army Corps, Lexington, Ky., August 6, 1863, there was a general reorganization of all the troops of the corps, with the object of making the contemplated move at the earliest possible date.

The First Division, composed of Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, was assigned to Brig. Gen. J. T. Boyle, and its duties were to be on railroads, at posts or stations, or at certain places before ordered, or the exigencies of the service might render necessary. Other divisions and brigades were also reorganized, and their commanders assigned.

Col. Frank Wolford was assigned to the command of the Independent Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the First, Eleventh and Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, and Law's Mountain Howitzer Battery. Lieut. Col. Silas Adams now commanded the First Kentucky, Major Milton Graham the Eleventh, and Col. Eugene W. Crittenden the Twelfth, and Capt. Jessee M. Law the battery. This battery had heretofore been attached to another brigade, and worked by detailed men from other regiments. These men were now ordered back to their regiments, and details were made from the First and Eleventh Kentucky to fill their places. Lieut. Warren Lamme, of Company D, First Kentucky, was detailed as one of its officers and filled the position with credit and distinction.

The following officers were appointod to serve on Col. Frank Wolford's Staff: Lieut. W. T. Carpenter, Company G (who was Adjutant of the First Kentucky), Acting Assistant Adjutant General; Capt. Thomas Rowland, Company K,

First Kentucky, Inspector-General; Lieut. Richard E. Hoffman, Co. F, First Kentucky, Ordnance Officer; and William M. Simpson, Regimental Quartermaster of the Eleventh Kentucky, was appointed Brigade Quartermaster.

Lieut. Samuel Belden, of Company B, acted Regimental Adjutant of the First Kentucky until November 14th, after which Lieut. J. S. Pankey, of Company I, mostly filled that position with much ability and accuracy.

Col. Wolford had orders to report directly to Corps Headquarters.

Other troops of Burnside's command, destined to move by way of Point Burnside, Sloan's Valley and Chitwood's, into East Tennessee, soon commenced concentrating at Somerset. Wolford's men were now resting rapidly after their exhaustive pursuit after the raiders, recruiting and refitting, making the necessary preparations for the onward movement.

In the spring and summer of 1863, a number of changes took place in the commissioned officers of the regiment, which will now be noted.

Company B: Second Lieut. Samuel Belden, promoted to First Lieutenant, to take effect July 1, 1863. Vincent Peyton, promoted to Second Lieutenant, to take effect July 1, 1863.

Company D: Capt. Samuel M. Boone, resigned August 12th, 1863; First Lieutenant Daniel A. Kelley, promoted Captain the same day; Corp. Henry H. Thornton, promoted to First Lieutenant August 12th.

Company F: Richard E. Huffman, a recruit, was appointed Second Lieutenant, August 26th, 1863.

Company J: Lieut. Anderson T. Keen was promoted to Captain to take effect July 4, 1863; Second Lieutenant John T. McLain was promoted to First Lieutenant the same day, and also First Serg. A. C. Smith, was promoted to Second Lieutenant at the same time.

Company H: Capt. F. N. Alexander was promoted to Major in the Thirtieth Kentucky Infantry, April 14, 1863.

Maj. W. A. Coffey did not go on the East Tennessee expedition, though the records show that his resignation did not take effect until in October, 1863.

By the 16th of August a force of 15,000 men, belonging

to the Twenty-Third Army Corps, under Maj. Gen. Geo. L. Hartsuff, had been organized to make the momentous movement to relieve the downtrodden and crushed people of East Tennessee. The two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps had not yet arrived from Mississippi, but were on their way. Mandatory orders from the War Department still continued to be issued to the two commanders to commence their forward movement. It will be seen hereafter how these stringent orders came very near proving disastrous to both armies.

Gen. Burnside, on the 20th of August, ordered Gen. Hartsuff to move his command in different columns, as follows: Hascall's division to Kingston, East Tennessee, by way of Somerset, Chitwoods, Huntsville and Montgomery; White's division from Columbia, Ky., by way of Creelsboro, Albany, and Jamestown, Tennessee, to Montgomery; Graham's Cavalry to join White by way of Burkesville, Albany and Jamestown; Wolford's Cavalry brigade to guard the supply and ammunition trains that were with Hascall's division. Gen. S. P. Carter's mounted command moved by way of Mt. Vernon, London and Williamsburg, over the Jellico Mountains to Chitwoods, Huntsville, Montgomery and Kingston, excepting such portions as might be detached. Gen. Burnside accompanied this force.

In addition to guarding Hascall's trains, part of Wolford's command was detailed for other purposes. Company C was already at Albany. On the 18th of August, Lieut. D. R. Carr fell in with Champe Ferguson and some of his band, killed two and wounded three; among the latter was Ferguson himself.

Col. Wolford received marching orders on the 24th of August, with directions to leave at Somerset and Monticello a sufficient force to scout the country well in the vicinity of each place, and in front of Monticello. Company D, Capt. Daniel A. Kelly and F, Capt. R. C. Blain, were left at Monticello to scout the country in that section; and Companies B, Capt. Drye; C, Lieut. Carr, and H., Lieut. J. G. Dick, after scouting in front of Albany, were ordered to guard White's division to Jamestown, Tennessee. Also a detachment of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry under Capt. J. G. Pond, was detailed for the same purpose. Arriving at James-

town, Lieut. Carr, with Company C, and the Eleventh Kentucky detachment, all under Capt. Pond, returned to Monticello in charge of a wagon train. Lieut. Vincent Peyton, Company B, returned with them to gather up some absent men of his company, and also he enrolled some recruits. Capt. Pond was ordered to Crab Orchard, accompanied by Lieut. Carr and his company, where he was joined by Lieut. Peyton and his men. Leaving Capt. Pond and the Eleventh Kentucky to join the command in East Tennessee by way of Cumberland Gap, Carr and Peyton returned to Monticello, where, uniting their companies with D and F, they marched by way of Travisville, Jamestown, Montgomery and Wartsburg, and joined the rest of the regiment at Knoxville, September 19th, 1863.

In the meantime, Wolford, with the main part of his brigade, including the rest of the First Kentucky Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Silas Adams, marched from Somerset to Sloan's Valley and encamped on the 25th of August. The Quartermaster, Capt. S. H. Lunt, who was a nice, intelligent gentleman, had charge of all the trains.

Leaving Sloan's Valley, we struck a lonesome wilderness which lasted for forty miles, until we reached Chitwoods, Tennessee, near the State border. There were but few inhabitants residing on this wilderness road, and their habitations were of the humblest pretensions, with only a few acres cleared and in cultivation around each one. The few inhabitants seen about our camps were seemingly of the poorest class, and appeared to belong to the same class as Rip Van Winkle, who took his twenty year's nap in the Catskill Mountains. The fringed hunting-shirt and the coon-skin cap, with the tail hanging down behind, both relics of the days of Daniel Boone, had not entirely departed from this region. They were an isolated people, and had but little communication with the stirring, busy, progressive world around them. Some of the young females might have been handsome with some polish in their language, and if it had not been for their quaint fashions in dress, which looked out of date to those of our regiment who had been used to the stylish modes of the aristocratic belles of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. But even in their humble garb it is

possible that their hearts beat as true to their lovers, their neighbors, friends and kindred, and to their government, as did the hearts of those clothed in purple and fine linen. And who knows but what in that unknown, but hoped for hereafter—in that "abode beyond the river," that their raiments will shine as bright as those accustomed in this life to ornament the parlor or the palace!

Though guarding wagon trains in the rear of a moving column was not so exhilarating as the First Kentucky's customary line of duties of forced marches, daring raids, dashing charges, and meeting with hair-breadth escapes, yet it was not without some life. For some reason unexplained, forage and army rations were issued to the horses and men rather sparingly, and owing to the barrenness of the country, vegetables and chickens so much admired by the soldiers being scarce, we did not live much on luxuries in this section.

The monotony of our somewhat unexciting duties was frequently relieved by frolic or fun, or some prank or practical joke played by some one on another.

Lieut. J. S. Pankey (afterward Captain of Company I) was a jolly brave officer, about or a little beyond the middle age, and was very popular in the regiment. He was very fond of having fun at somebody else's expense. One day, while in this wilderness region, we made a noon halt beside a cornfield containing four or five acres. It was just in the stage to make good "roasting ears." There were old log-heaps around, and the men set them on fire. A charge was made on the cornfield, and what corn was not fed to the horses was wasted and devoured by the men. When we mounted again and resumed the march, we were halted for some purpose in front of the house where the owner of the field lived, and dismounted. A poorly-clad woman came out, and, approaching Lieut. Pankey in angry tones, demanded "Who is to pay for my corn?" The Author, then a Brigade Headquarter clerk, happened to be standing near, dressed in a black cloth coat lately purchased from one of his company officers. Lieut. Pankey thinking it too much style for one in his subordinate position to assume, selected him as his victim. Pointing to the Author he instructed her: "There is your man, Madam; the one with the black cloth

coat on; he's your man. He'll claim that he is not the proper man, and that he hasn't got the money, but he is a rascal, and will swindle all poor women that he can. You stick to him till you get your money. When he finds there is no other chance he'll pay." The selected unfortunate hearing the instructions given, tried to dodge out of the way, but was stopped by some officers who were eager for the fun. She approached, and the victim tried to shrink into nothing. "I want the pay for my corn," demanded she in thrilling tones. In vain he pleaded that he was not the man to pay for such claims, and that he had no money, etc. "I was told you were a rascal," retorted she, "and would swindle a poor woman if you could, and I intend to have my money." The angry woman, aided and encouraged by Pankey and the surrounding officers, so vehemently bemeaned and vilified the culprit, that he stood like a convicted felon, and was almost convinced himself that he was a swindler. The column at last getting ready to march, the woman was rightly informed that Capt. Lunt was the proper one to liquidate her claim, and Pankey's victim was relieved, but it was many days before those who participated ceased to joke him about his unpleasant predicament. Whether the poor woman found Capt. Lunt and drew her pay or not, the historian cannot say.

The train guarded by Col. Wolford's command was so extensive, and so many details made for couriers, scouts and guards for other forces, that on the 28th, Gen. Hartsuff ordered, after the train passed Chitwoods, that an Infantry regiment should report to him for duty in order to strengthen his guard. Accordingly, Col. Wm. A. Hoskins with his Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, reported to Wolford at the designated time and place.

Our Brigade Headquarters reached Chitwoods on the 27th of August and remained until the 29th, when the march was resumed.

The main body of the troops in advance moved on the direct road to Kingston. The enemy fell back before our troops with but little opposition. Col. R. K. Byrd, in advance, arrived at Kingston on the 1st day of September, and from there he moved to Knoxville, reaching there on the 3d. Col. M. W. Foster, moving on another road, had reached there

the morning before, and had captured several engines and cars. Gen. Shackelford's brigade moved on Loudon bridge; here the enemy was strongly posted. Shackelford and his men, after a brisk skirmish, drove them back. They destroyed by fire the long bridge across the Tennessee, thus preventing any immediate further pursuit.

The main part of the First Kentucky, owing to its multifarious duties guarding trains, scouting, keeping up courier lines to the rear, etc., did not arrive at Knoxville until the 8th of September. One detachment which had been sent forward to guard cattle, did not join us until the 12th. Lieut. J. S. Pankey, in his war diary, relates a sad accident which occurred while this detachment was camped at Col. Mabry's, three miles from Turkey Creek. On the 10th, while in the Colonel's parlor, James Lawson, of Company D, accidentally shot John Brock of the same company, killing him immediately.

Arriving at Knoxville, Gen. Burnside learned that Cumberland Gap was still held by a considerable force of the enemy. Before leaving Kentucky the General had ordered Col. De Courcy to move on the " Gap " with his brigade from the north side, and, if possible, occupy it. He now ordered Gen. Shackelford with his brigade to move on his position from the south side. This movement was executed with the utmost celerity by that gallant officer. On arriving before the enemy, he opened a courier line with Col. De Courcy, and on the 7th of September he sent a flag of truce to the Confederate Commander, Gen. John W. Frazer, with a summons to surrender himself and forces, but he declined. On the 8th, De Courcy also sent a flag with a demand for the Confederates to surrender, but this demand was not acceded to. Owing to the enemy's strong natural position, it was ascertained that the Union forces were not of sufficient strength to assault him with any prospect of success; therefore, Gen. Burnside, himself, at the head of Gilbert's brigade, reinforced Shackelford on the 9th, and after a little preliminary maneuvering in order to get favorable terms, the valiant Confederate surrendered to our forces unconditionally. Two thousand five hundred men surrendered with twelve or fourteen pieces of Artillery.

The Union forces were now in possession of all the important points in East Tennessee, and in the midst of friends. Gen. Burnside, in his report, at this time, paid a high compliment to the Twenty-Third Army Corps. "Nothing," says he, "could be better than the conduct of the officers and men of the Twenty-Third Army Corps. From the time it left Kentucky, their labors were most arduous and difficult, but were performed with the greatest accuracy and efficiency."

It would seem at first view that the First Kentucky was put on rather menial service in the rear on this move into East Tennessee, but it must be understood that when our forces started on this expedition, there were strong apprehensions that the enemy under some noted leader such as Forrest, Wheeler, Pegram, or Scott, would make a raid on our supply train, and if such had been the case, guarding the rear through that dense wilderness and those mountain fastnesses, would have been really the post of danger; therefore, placing us in that position was an implied compliment.

After the surrender of Cumberland Gap, Shackelford's and Gilbert's brigades returned to Knoxville, and Col. De Courcy's command, then under Col. Lemert, was left to hold the place.

At the same time of the surrender of the "Gap," the Twenty-First Army Corps, under Gen. T. L. Crittenden, serving in the Department of the Cumberland, entered Chattanooga without resistance, and took full possession of that place. The enemy retreated in direction of Rome, Ga., and Crittenden commenced a rapid pursuit. Gen. Burnside received this information while at Cumberland Gap, and he determined at once to occupy all important points above Knoxville, and, if possible, reach the salt-works beyond Abingdon, Virginia. Sufficient forces were left at Kingston and Loudon, and Col. Byrd, who was stationed at Kingston, was ordered to communicate with the Cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, as indicated by a request of Gen. Rosecrans.

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MAJOR A. T. KEEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WAR DEPARTMENT ORDERS TO GEN. BURNSIDE—HIS DIFFICULT SITUATION—OBEYING ORDERS—THE MOUNTED FORCES ADVANCE TO CONNECT WITH ROSECRANS'S LEFT—THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA—BYRD OVERWHELMED AT CALHOUN—FALLS BACK TO ATHENS AND FORMS A JUNCTION WITH WOLFORD—THEY REPULSE THE ENEMY AND FALL BACK TO LOUDON—FORREST PURSUES—FORREST RECALLED AND PART OF HIS FORCES DETACHED — WOLFORD AND BYRD ADVANCE AGAIN TO ATHENS—THE TWELFTH KENTUCKY RETURNS TO THE BRIGADE—THREATENING ASPECT OF THE ENEMY—FALL BACK TO SWEETWATER — BYRD RETURNS TO POST-OAK SPRINGS—A MAN BLOWN OUT OF THE SERVICE.

When Gen. Burnside returned to Knoxville, he received a dispatch from Gen. Halleck containing the following directions:

Hold the gaps of the North Carolina mountains, the line of the Holston River or some point, if there be one, to prevent access from Virginia, and connect with Gen. Rosecrans, at least with your Cavalry.

This order of Gen. Halleck's required Gen. Burnside to hold a line of near 200 miles in length, and he took measures to obey it. It will be seen that the General in literally attempting to comply with this order—as he was never relieved from its mandates—afterward threw both himself and Rosecrans into critical situations.

As before stated, Gen. Burnside had already given orders to Col. Byrd to occupy Athens, and, if possible, Cleveland, thus connecting with the Cavalry forces of Gen. Rosecrans. A heavy force of the enemy, under Gen. Sam. Jones, was in the upper East Tennessee valley holding the points which Gen. Burnside was directed to occupy. The Cavalry of Carter and Foster were already well up the valley in presence of the enemy, and as this was the only threatened part of the line at that time, most of the forces were ordered in that

direction, among which was Wolford's Cavalry. On the 16th of September we marched across the Holston River in direction of Strawberry Plains, and encamped. On the same night Gen. Burnside received a dispatch from Gen. Halleck, dated the 13th, as follows:

It is important that all the available forces of your command be pushed forward into East Tennessee; all your scattered forces should be concentrated there. Move down your Infantry as rapidly as possible toward Chattanooga, to connect with Rosecrans.

The two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps had not yet joined our forces in East Tennessee. September 12th their advance was at London, Ky. When they returned from the Vicksburg campaign it was too late to join our expedition, and the men were in a dilapidated condition, half or more being on the sick list from the effects of a debilitating southern climate, and the malaria of the Mississippi swamps.

On the 17th Burnside received another dispatch from Halleck, giving his reasons for his dispatch of the 16th, as follows:

There are several reasons why you should reinforce Rosecrans with all possible dispatch. It is believed that the enemy will concentrate to give him battle; you must be there to help him.

As the battle of Chickamauga was fought on the 19th and 20th of September, it is clearly seen that two or three days was but a short time to concentrate any army from the mountains of Southeastern Kentucky, and 200 miles up and down the valley of East Tennessee; besides, the impossibility of concentrating his men in the time given, Burnside, making special inquiries on the subject, still had orders from President Lincoln and Gen. Halleck to continue to garrison and hold the valleys of East Tennessee with sufficient force. It would not take a person of much military knowledge to know the impracticability of any commander, with a force of only 15,000 men, to leave a force sufficient to contend with the attacking force from Virginia, garrison an important line of 200 miles, and then have much of a force left to help Rosecrans; and yet Burnside was censured for his dilatory movements. Rosecrans himself, after learning all

the circumstances surrounding Burnside, was convinced that he was not to blame for failure to reinforce him at the proper time.

Col. E. W. Crittenden, Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, of Wolford's brigade, was ordered on the 7th of September above Knoxville to Seviersville to operate in the upper East Tennessee valleys. Capt. F. M. Wolford, Company A, with a detachment of about sixty men, was sent by way of Cumberland Gap to guard a lot of prisoners through to Central Kentucky.

Notwithstanding Burnside's perplexing situation in endeavoring to obey Halleck's complicated orders, he at once began his movements to comply with them both in spirit and to the letter, as near as possible. The First Kentucky Cavalry had been halted at its camp beyond the Holston, and on the 19th of September, was ordered back to Knoxville. Gen. Julius White had reached Loudon on the 3d of September, with his division, and was constructing a pontoon bridge across the Tennessee River at that place; but his material was scarce and inconvenient, and it was some time before the work was completed.

Burnside repeated his order for all of the available troops to move down the valley at once, but went up the valley himself to look after those who were in the presence of the enemy beyond Jonesboro. He reached the extreme advance on the night of the 21st. By a few skillful maneuvers he caused the enemy to evacuate his position at Watauga Bridge. The bridge was burned, and thus that portion of his command was extricated from the enemy. He at once set all of his forces in motion, excepting a small portion of Cavalry, down the valley, to the relief of Rosecrans.

Wolford's brigade having reached Knoxville on the 19th, as before stated, was, on the 21st of September, put in motion down the valley to fall in position to operate on the right flank of the enemy and protect Rosecrans's left. On the first day's march we arrived at Loudon, thirty miles distant, and went into camp. The pontoon bridge in course of construction here, not yet being completed, we marched four miles up the river to Blain's Ford, which was only practicable, but not advisable, even for Cavalry. The Holston

River alone is a good sized stream, and below its junction with the Little Tennessee, it is a river of such magnitude that it is dangerous to ford even at low water mark. The river at this place appeared to be several hundred yards wide, coming up to the saddle-skirts on an ordinary horse, and its bottom was filled with round "nigger-head" stones. The current was so swift that our horses were compelled to turn with their breasts up stream and go sideways across. They had to move slow and be careful how they placed every step for fear of stumbling. We crossed, however, with only one sad accident, which was the drowning of a colored waitman of Lieut. Joe D. Beatie, of Company L.

After crossing we marched four miles and camped on the Athens road. On the 23d we marched through Philadelphia, Sweetwater and Mouse Creek Station to Athens. All through the lovely valleys of East Tennessee we had been greeted before this with joy by the loyal people. The Secessionists mixed with them were inclined to be reticent and unobtrusive. When we reached Sweetwater, however, we met with a change of our usual greetings by the inhabitants. The town was a hot-bed of Secession. It was like a dark spot in a sunny field. As we passed through our ears were assailed by the voices of some of the fair sex with the outcry so distasteful to the Union soldier: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" Fortunate for them that we had at the head of our column a gallant officer who made no war on females or non-combatants; and, being a man of forbearance himself, discouraged in his men any harshness to the gentler sex. It was a dangerous risk of those foolish females throwing away all the safeguards around their sex, and inviting open insult from the irritated soldier. But all of the Southern sympathizing women were not of this class. Among them were many true, genuine, cultivated ladies, who were not obtrusive with their sentiments, yet did not conceal them. They disdained to offer the least insult to the humblest private. When our men came in contact with this class, their feelings were not only respected, but even the rudest soldier would respect their property. Of course it is not intended to be intimated that there were not some few exceptions to this rule. Our regiment, as well as others, had some characters that had but little respect for

themselves or others, no matter what treatment they received.

Bragg's falling back from Chattanooga without a serious contest, and Buckner's evacuation of East Tennessee, were no indications that the Davis government intended to give up the granary of the Confederacy —as East Tennessee was called—without an effort to still return and hold it. Chattanooga was also the gateway to the hot-bed of Secession. Rapidly succeeding events proved that they had only fallen back in order to concentrate and reinforce so as to give a terrific blow to the Union forces.

Bragg's and Buckner's forces united; Sam. Jones was making a feint on the upper valley of East Tennessee from direction of Bristol, to direct Burnside's attention. Longstreet, with his corps from the Virginia army, by means of interior railroad lines, had reinforced Bragg; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, still operating in Mississippi, sent two of his divisions to swell the numbers to crush Rosecrans. The Rebel General, Hardee, was also put to reorganizing the prisoners paroled at Vicksburg in July, and they were put into the field without being exchanged, to the lasting dishonor of the waning Confederacy.

Wolford's brigade, on the 23d, went into camp at Cedar Springs, two miles south of Athens on the Cleveland road. On the 10th of September, Col. R. K. Byrd, with his brigade, reached Athens, and on the 11th had sent a scouting party across the Hiwassee River; and on the 15th another detachment of his brigade reached Cleveland, thirty miles below Athens. This detachment was overwhelmed by the enemy and fell back to Athens. On the 22d, Col. Byrd with his whole brigade moved in direction of Cleveland.

On the morning of the 19th of September, Gen. Bragg attacked Gen. Rosecrans at Chickamauga with much vigor, and with a superior force. All day long the battle raged with fury, and Byrd's advance, then at Riceville, between the Hiwassee and Athens, could hear the continuous roar of Artillery, and knew the combatants were engaged in a death struggle. The next day the battle was renewed and the devoted Rosecrans was forced back into Chattanooga.

The enemy, elated at what he deemed a great victory, now determined to crush Burnside. His advance, as before

stated, had already been pressing Col. Byrd. Byrd called on Wolford for reinforcements. Detachments of the First Kentucky, under Capt. Irvine Burton, the Eleventh Kentucky, under Capt. Lawson, and the Forty-Fifth Ohio, under Capt. Humphrey—all under command of Major W. N. Owens, of the First Kentucky, were sent to his support.

On the 25th, the noted Confederate Cavalry chieftain, Gen. N. B. Forrest, with his whole corps, was sent to Charleston, on the Hiwassee, to meet the forces of Gen. Burnside's advance. Col. Byrd estimated his force at 8,000 men; but even to take official Confederate reports, it could not have been less than 5,000. On the same day, Col. Byrd sent a heavy detail of his force across the river, which went as far as the junction of the Dalton and Cleveland roads. Here they met the enemy in force, and at once opened fire upon them. Severe skirmishing ensued, and the Rebels attempted to flank the Union forces, but without success. After checking the enemy as long as it was thought advisable, the detachment retired—the enemy still threatening their flanks—and re-crossed the Hiwassee. In the afternoon, Col. Henderson with the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, was sent across the river, and reconnoitered toward Cleveland, but without material results beyond slight skirmishing. The enemy was not yet prepared to advance in force, and Col. Henderson returned to the north side of the river.

At daylight on Saturday morning, September 26th, strong reconnoitering parties under Capt. Irvine Burton, Company G, accompanied by Lieut. Vincent Peyton, Company B, Capt. Humphrey of the Forty-Fifth Ohio, and Capt. Lawson, of the Eleventh Kentucky, were sent out on three principal roads in the direction of the enemy. Other points were guarded to prevent flank movements. A 9 a. m., Col. Byrd received a dispatch from Capt. Humphrey on the Cleveland road, that the enemy had attacked him, and he was compelled to fall back. Two companies of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, under Major Dow, were sent to reinforce him. Soon Capt. Lawson reported the enemy advancing on the Dalton road. Col. Byrd now made a disposition of his remaining forces to defend his position on the north side of the river; but his position was a bad one for defense, as on

the north side was a wide stretch of bottom land, and on the south side was a range of hills or bluffs which gave the enemy a commanding elevation overlooking the position of the Union forces. Capt. Burton, with his detachment of seventy-five men of the First Kentucky Cavalry, had been ordered to go five miles on the Chatata road. He soon met a heavy force of the enemy and skirmished with them, retiring back toward the Hiwassee. At cross roads, in his rear, the enemy had gotten between him and the main line of the Union forces. The men of the First Kentucky always had a strong aversion to being captured, and on this occasion, as usual, made a wild dash at the enemy, charging through his line, which gave way to the impetuous force of the dash, but five of their number were cut off, and four of them were captured. The rest returned safely to Byrd's main line on the north side of the river. The enemy appeared in extended lines and immense numbers about 12 m. For two hours Byrd and his brave soldiers contested the crossing of the river, but the combat was too unequal in numbers. The wiley and cruel Forrest and his immense hordes were too much for the Union forces to withstand. Learning that the enemy were about to flank him on both sides, Byrd fell back on the road to Athens. The enemy soon fell upon the rear guard, composed of two companies of the Eighth Michigan, under Maj. Edgerly, and a detachment of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois under Maj. Dow.

In the meantime Wolford had moved the camp of his brigade from the south to the north side of Athens. Learning of Byrd's approach in retreat, he met him with his brigade two miles south of the town, on the Athens road. The two commanders here secured a good position and formed into line. The enemy soon appeared and made an onset on the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, but that regiment opened a galling fire on their advancing ranks with their long-range Enfield rifles, in conjunction with the Eighth Michigan, with their repeating Spencer rifles. Byrd's Artillery also took position and opened upon them, while Law's Mountain Howitzer battery, of Wolford's brigade, came forward to the front, and gave them "Hail Columbia." After an engagement of an hour, the enemy retired, leaving the

Union forces in possession of the field. Of those cut off by the enemy near Calhoun, before mentioned, W. L. Hicks, Company H, was an East Tennessee exile, living at Athens, and was along as a guide to Burton's detachment. He was not captured, but returned to his command about a week afterward, meeting with various adventures on his route. Jasper N. Acree, of Company C, was captured, and after remaining in prison for nearly a year, escaped and rejoined his Company at Lexington, Ky., August 30, 1864. Peter H. Hare and John G. Hill, of the same Company, were also captured, but never returned to their company.

After the Rebels retired late in the evening, the Union forces fell back to the camp of Wolford's brigade on the north side of Athens. Col. Wolford had not met with the same opportunities as Byrd to have a knowledge of the immense forces of the enemy, and was somewhat loth to retreat; and, as usual, was inclined to offer battle in his position at the time. By some means it had been instilled into the mind of Col. Wolford that Col. Byrd was not anxious to make a stand against the enemy, and was rather timid. From what took place at their council of war early that night, it appeared that Col. Byrd either divined, or had been informed of Col. Wolford's opinion. The Author was on duty at Wolford's headquarters, and heard their conference. Col. Byrd opened the consultation and did most of the talking. He began by remarking that he supposed from his actions that it looked like he was fearful of making a stand there; but that he felt a deep anxiety in regard to their exposed situation; that he had full opportunities to view the overwhelming numbers of the enemy moving against them; that he was thoroughly acquained with the valleys of East Tennessee, and he described their numerous roads crossing each other like lines on a checkerboard; and he also explained how easily the enemy with their vast numbers could press them in front, and by the aid of many roads, could flank them on each side. Col. Wolford listened attentively, and though he did not say much, he concluded to take Col. Byrd's advice, and fell back in direction of Loudon that night. A few weeks later, in the disastrous affair at Philadelphia, Col. Wolford had cause to remember Col.

Byrd's counsel, and the Author is informed that he did justice both to the gallantry and judgment of the patriotic Tennessean. It is necessary for the reader to understand that while both had equal and separate command, that Wolford had the oldest commission, and for that reason he outranked Byrd, who was, according to military usage, subject to his orders.

A characteristic anecdote is told on Col. Wolford by Capt. Joel E. Huffman, of Gen. Shackelford's Staff, who was present at Gen. Burnside's headquarters at the time. It was said while the consultation on the advisability of falling back was pending, the following dispatches were sent to the Department Commander in rapid succession:

ATHENS, — P. M.

GEN. BURNSIDE:—

The enemy is approaching in strong force. May I fall back?

WOLFORD.

Before Gen. Burnside had time to reply, another dispatch was received.

GEN. BURNSIDE:—

The enemy is still approaching. Can I fall back?

WOLFORD.

And immediately followed another dispatch.

GEN. BURNSIDE:—

The enemy is here in overwhelming numbers. I am falling back.

WOLFORD.

Our pickets were withdrawn after night, and the command fell back, reaching Sweetwater at 5 a. m., on the 27th. The men's horses were fed at 7:30 a. m., and the enemy soon appeared. After skirmishing a little, our forces fell back to Philadelphia, which place was reached about noon. The two brigades took position here, and waited for the approach of the enemy, but he failed to appear.

At 7:30 a. m., on the morning of the 28th, Lieut. Col. Silas Adams moved out with the First Kentucky toward Sweetwater, and after marching four miles, met the enemy and skirmished with him until 10:30 a. m., when he came on in such numbers that Adams was compelled to fall back to the main line at Philadelphia, closely followed by the Rebels. Information was now received that the enemy in large force

was moving up on our flank toward Loudon. After checking the advance of those in front with Byrd's Artillery, the Union forces fell back to Loudon. Here the two brigades took position, and were now under command of Brig. Gen. Julius White of Second Division of the Twenty-Third Army Corps, then occupying the post at Loudon. On the 29th, the enemy not putting in his appearance, scouting parties were sent out, and he was reported as falling back. Col. Adams, with the First Kentucky Cavalry was put in pursuit, and went fourteen miles on the Athens road, and at night returned to Sweetwater.

From Forrest's own report, it is learned that he was ordered at this time to return at once to Charleston and turn his forces over to Wheeler for another expedition.

September 30th, the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, now under Maj. Delfosse, which had been detached in the upper East Tennessee valley, joined the brigade at Loudon. At 7 a. m., on the same day, Wolford's and Byrd's brigades moved in quick time to Philadelphia—trotting their horses the entire distance—and there formed in line of battle. It was reported that there was a considerable force of Rebels on the road east, and nearly parallel with the railroad. This put Lieut. Col. Adams, who was at Sweetwater, in a dangerous situation, and liable to be captured. The manner in which he was notified of his danger and extricated from his critical situation is taken from the History of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Regiment: "Lieut. B. F. Thompson, Company B, One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, was ordered to take twenty-five men, with the best horses, and proceed as rapidly as possible to Sweetwater, twelve miles, with verbal orders from Col. Wolford to Lieut. Col. Adams. He was instructed not to spare horse flesh, and if fired into by the Rebels, not to pay any attention to them, but keep going, and not halt, even if some of his men were wounded or killed. They made the trip successfully—receiving a few stray shots from a squad of Rebels on their left, in a cornfield, as they galloped down the road—and returned in the evening with Lieut. Col. Adams and his command."

Forrest, as before stated, had been ordered to turn over three brigades of his Cavalry to Wheeler, to go on a raid in

Rosecrans's rear. Wheeler reported these men in very bad condition when received by him, as shown by the following extracts: "The three brigades from Forrest were skeletons, scarcely 500 men in each. * * * * * Their horses were in horrible condition, having been marched continuously three days and nights without removing saddles. The men were worn out, and without rations. The brigade commanders made most urgent protests against their commands being called upon to move in this condition." Notwithstanding the brilliant successes and victories of which the Rebel officers were continually boasting, it was evident to those in position to know that the Confederacy was dying, and every means had to be resorted to in order to prevent a collapse. An extensive raid was made on Rosecrans's rear, and many wagons and government supplies were destroyed, but at its close, Wheeler's forces were badly cut to pieces.

But to return to Wolford's command, which was left at Philadelphia. On the 1st of October, our march was resumed, and we encamped two and a half miles below Sweetwater, and the next day we reached the vicinity of Athens.

On the 2d of October, Capt. Dunn, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, with one company of his own regiment, and one of the First Kentucky, was sent by Col. Wolford toward Calhoun, in search of the enemy. He was instructed not to enter the town, but to approach as near as he could without endangering his command. Capt. Dunn exceeded his orders by taking his men into town, and down near the river, and finding that the enemy was on the opposite side in Charleston, he opened fire on their pickets "just to let them know he was there." On his return he reported his disobedience of orders, but Wolford, instead of having him "court-martialed, and perhaps shot" (his usual threat when not in a good humor), was well pleased that the Captain had taken the responsibility to ascertain for himself that no enemy were on the north side of the river on the two roads scouted by him.

It will here be explained, that when Forrest sent three brigades of his force to Cotton Port, on the Tennessee River, to join Wheeler on his big raid, Dibrell's and Pegram's brigades were retained. Dibrell's brigade was left at Charles-

ton, on the south side of the Hiwassee, and this force, with others, was detained to annoy Wolford's brigade for a week or two, until another large force of mounted men could be prepared to move on and crush Burnside's advance on the south side of the Tennessee River.

The day after sending out his scouts from Athens, Col. Wolford sent the following dispatch to Gen. Burnside:

ATHENS, Oct. 4, 1863.

GEN. BURNSIDE:—

I have dispatched by courier, but for fear that it has not reached you, I send the following telegram:

The officer in command of the scouts last night returned from Cotton Port, capturing one Rebel prisoner. He has reliable information that from 15,000 to 20,000 Rebel Cavalry, with six Rebel Generals, and several pieces of Artillery, crossed the Tennessee River at that place on last Wednesday [the 30th of September.] Our scouts in from Alexander's Ferry report a force at that place on the opposite side of the river. Our scouts from Calhoun report a considerable force across the river at Charleston. There is evidently a heavy force at Cleveland. Can we not have reinforcements?

WOLFORD, Colonel Commanding.

There was perhaps some exaggeration in the number reported to have crossed the river at Cotton Port, but scouts, if not eye-witnesses of the enemy's movements, were under the necessity of obtaining their information from various sources, but most generally from citizens, who, as a rule, had but little judgment in estimating the numbers of moving troops, and were inclined to the marvelous.

Wolford could not get the desired reinforcements, and though he was always averse to a retrograde movement, he was ordered back to a safe position. That same evening, October 4th, both brigades saddled up, and marched as far as Mouse Creek Station, and went into camp. On the 5th they marched to Sweetwater. Here the two brigades separated. Byrd was ordered back to his old position, Post Oak Springs, west of Kingston, which was the connecting link between the Army of the Ohio and Army of the Cumberland, north of the Tennessee River. Wolford's brigade remained at Sweetwater. The Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, under Lieut. Col. Ross, a noble and gallant band of men, which

had been assigned to Byrd's brigade, was detached for the time, and remained with us. We had served with these men at Dutton Hill, Ky., on the Morgan raid through the Northern States, and we felt like a band of brothers. We also had become much attached to the officers and men of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois. There were no better soldiers in the Union army. The Colonels of each regiment, Wolford and Henderson, were alike in some respects, but differed in others. They both believed it impossible to make true soldiers out of thugs, thieves, or marauders. They had a way of inspiring their men with self-respect, which incited them to brave and noble deeds. This was their chief means of securing discipline. Both were averse to put cruel or degrading punishments on their men. Both were tender-hearted, and though Wolford would sometimes threaten to have a man shot if charged with thievery or a similar offense, yet none were known to lose their lives that way. But in some respects, perhaps ,the two Colonels differed: Henderson believed in the efficacy of drill work as well as inspiration, while Wolford thought all a man needed to make him a good soldier was fighting qualities. There was an originality about Wolford which caused him to differ from all other men.

The Independent Cavalry Brigade remained at Sweetwater about a week. While at this place a member of the First Kentucky Cavalry was drummed, or rather blown out of the service; but for the sake of his friends and relative's feelings, and a possible innocent posterity, his name will not be given in this work. While this work is intended to be an authentic history as near as possible, it is not a compilation of official records. "The evil that men do live after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The evil deeds of men, their short-comings and frailties, live too long as a mortification to their families without a permanent record; but their patriotic and noble deeds should be handed down not only to their immediate descendants, but to succeeding generations for them to imbibe and imitate.

On entering East Tennessee, Gen. Burnside had issued strict orders against maurading or committing any manner of fraud on the down-trodden loyal citizens. The First Ken-

tucky Cavalryman had bought a lot of tobacco from a citizen to peddle out among his comrades, and paid him in counterfeit money. Col. Wolford reported the case to Gen. Burnside, and inquired what to do with him. The General dispatched back for him to investigate the case, and if found guilty, to have the accused drummed out of the service. There being no drums belonging to the mounted forces, all the bugles in the command were summoned on duty, and he was bugled or blown out of the service. It will be left to those skilled in military affairs to decide whether Wolford strictly obeyed the order of his superior or not.

CHAPTER XXV.

BURNSIDE AND ROSECRANS BOTH ON THE DEFENSIVE—WOLFORD'S BRIGADE ON OUTPOST DUTY—THE ENEMY'S THREATENING CONCENTRATION ON THE HIWASSEE—THE VIXEN SPY—THE ENEMY APPEAR—WOLFORD FALLS BACK TO PHILADELPHIA — SCOUTING—ATTACK ON WAGON TRAIN—ADAMS PURSUES AND CHASTISES THE ENEMY—THE WESTERN ARMIES REORGANIZED, AND GREAT CHANGES IN COMMANDERS—THE 20TH OF OCTOBER—THE FLAG OF TRUCE AND ITS VIOLATION—ADAMS RESCUES THE FORAGE TRAIN—WOLFORD ATTACKED AT PHILADELPHIA WITH OVERWHELMING NUMBERS—HEROIC DEFENSE—DEATH OF DELFOSSE — SURROUNDED AND DEFEATED—RETREAT TO LONDON—NOTES AND INCIDFNTS.

Neither Rosecrans nor Burnside was now in a situation to make an aggressive movement on the enemy. After the battle of Chickamauga, Rosecrans was cooped up in Chattanooga. The two divisions of the Ninth Army Corps had joined Burnside's forces, but were in a depleted condition, being only 6,000 strong, from the effects of the Vicksburg campaign. Burnside's entire force in East Tennessee, was now only 20,000 men to guard the valleys of East Tennessee, and his left threatened at all times by a considerable force under Maj. Gen. Sam. Jones, of the West Virginia army, and

his right flank in danger from the now large army of Gen. Bragg. Burnside and Rosecrans could do nothing now but stand on the defensive and hold as much as possible of their possessions.

From the fact that Col. Byrd's brigade had been taken from us in our exposed and threatened position, and our command moved back a little, it was plainly implied that it was not intended for Wolford's brigade to risk much in making a stand, but only to act as a scouting outpost to guard White's position at Loudon. Scouts were kept out in all directions, and there were none in the Union service better suited for that purpose than the officers and men of the First Kentucky.

On the 10th of October, Gen. Rosecrans notified Gen. Burnside of a large force of the enemy concentrating at Kincannon's Ferry, on the Hiwassee, and threatening our command. From our own scouts we learned that the enemy were hovering around us. About this time a vicious-looking woman came into our lines at Sweetwater, from the direction of the enemy, dressed in the garb of the common order of people. Her ostensible excuse was that she came in to purchase from a store in town some needed family supplies. Although a majority of the people of the town were much inclined to rebelism, it being the home of the Confederate General Vaughn, yet there were some good Union men among them. These privately notified Col. Wolford of the character of the vixen female visitor. They told him of several occasions in which she had been used as a spy for the enemy. Circumstances showed their charge to be true. A military necessity demanded that she should be arrested for the time, as an important movement was about to take place. Col. Wolford was in a delicate situation, for he was universally courteous to the female sex; but sentiment gave way to duty, and her arrest was ordered. Capt. Stover, of the Forty-Fifth Ohio, was Brigade Provost Marshal, and he selected a plain farmer-looking soldier, and one possessing the tender sensibilities of Wolford, for the disagreeable task of arresting her. When the guard in mild tones told her that he had been ordered to take her into custody and not allow her to leave our lines until morning, she became like an enraged

panther; defied the whole outfit, and declared nobody could keep her away from her children that night. She mounted her horse and tried to pass our lines by main force, but the guard, though gentle as the dove, was made of solid material, and he caught her horse by the bridle, sternly informing her that she could not go. After finding that bravado would not succeed, she melted into tears and wailed pathetically about her absent children. Her tears might have awakened a sympathy if those present had not suspicioned that they were of a crocodile nature.

Col. Wolford, who always kept his scouts on the alert when danger was brewing, learned that the enemy crossed the Hiwassee at Charleston, Saturday, October 10th, and occupied Athens that night. The force was vaguely reported as consisting of eight regiments, but there was no special means at hand to ascertain their real strength. Gen. Burnside, at the time, was in the upper East Tennessee valley, and Wolford reported to Gen. Manson at Knoxville. Manson directed him, if he found the enemy as strong as reported and attempting to get in his rear, to fall back to Philadelphia or Loudon. On the 11th, bodies of the enemy appeared in our front, and on our right flank. Prudence might have dictated to Wolford the propriety of falling back at once to Philadelphia, but he was reluctant to leave without a chance to get a "whack" at them. At 2:30 p. m., he made all the showy preparations before the citizens of a hasty retreat, marched out in quick time about two and a half miles, and camped in line, with the necessary pickets in our front, and on each flank. But the enemy, though near, failed to show themselves; they evidently suspicioned that a trap was set for them, or they were not ready to make a fight. The next morning [the 12th] we marched to Philadelphia.

Fighting Joe Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps from the Army of the Potomac, had been sent on, and was now in supporting distance of Gen. Rosecrans, and had been for some time. President Lincoln, on the same day we fell back to Philadelphia, telegraphed to Gen. Rosecrans:

MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS, Chattanooga, Tenn.:—

I understand Burnside is menaced from the east, and so cannot go to you without surrendering East Tennessee. I

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LIEUT. WM. ADAMS.

now think the enemy will not attack Chattanooga, and I think you will have to look out for his making a concentrated drive at Burnside. You and Burnside now have him by the throat, and he must break your hold or perish. I therefore think you had better try to hold the road up to Kingston, leaving Burnside to what is above there. Sherman is coming to you, though gaps in the telegraph prevent our knowing how far he has advanced. He and Hooker will so support you on the west and northwest as to enable you to look east and northeast. This is not an order. Gen. Halleck will give his views. A. LINCOLN.

This dispatch from the President, which was repeated to Gen. Burnside, was calculated to give much relief to Gen Burnside's embarrassing dilemma caused by Gen. Halleck's perplexing and conflicting orders to hold his long line in East Tennessee, and at the same time to reinforce Gen. Rosecrans.

After falling back to Philadelphia, Wolford learned from his returned scouting parties, that the enemy menacing us at Sweetwater, were principally reconnoitering bodies. Capt. Scott, of the Forty-Fifth Ohio, an intelligent and efficient officer, came in from Prigmore's, bringing very little news. He learned of a small party camping there on the night of the 12th. He advanced as far as prudent.

On the 14th, Wolford reported to Burnside that the main body of the enemy had fallen back except a few hundred on his right and left, which he was trying to catch; that he had one Lieutenant and eight privates captured by them the day before; that in the last few days his command had captured forty-five of the enemy, most of whom had taken the oath; and that he kept scouts out in all directions continually.

While the wagons of the Forty-Fifth Ohio were out on the 15th foraging, one hundred rebels attacked them, but were repulsed by the guard. Lieut. Col. Adams, with 300 men, was sent out to look after the train and attend to the enemy. The wagons were brought in safe, and Adams struck the trail of the enemy and followed at his break-neck speed to within four or five miles of Decatur. When he overtook them they were marching leisurely along scattered for half a mile, and imagined themselves out of all danger. He dashed

upon them, capturing twenty-five of their number, and recaptured nine of our men belonging to the First and Fifth East Tennessee, who were captured near Kingston in the morning. After chasing and castigating the enemy to his heart's content, Adams returned to Philadelphia about midnight. While out it was reported to him that a force of 3,000 or 4,000 Rebels were at Decatur, but he could not vouch for its truth. On the same day our scouts reported the enemy approaching on all the roads, but they were supposed to be only reconnoitering parties.

After the whipping that Adams gave the enemy, they were cautious about intruding on our dominions for several days. They were aware that they had to contend with the ubiquitous Wolford's Cavalry, and they feared to meet the dashing horsemen without a superior force. Wolford, however, kept out his scouts and watched their movements.

About this time important changes took place in army and department commanders, which were destined not only to affect our movements and operations at the time, but ultimately to give a death-stroke to the Great Rebellion. October 16th, 1863, according to General Orders No. 337, War Department, by directions of the President of the United States, the Departments of Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee, were united into the Military Division of the Mississippi, with Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant, U. S. Army, in command, with headquarters in the field. Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, U. S. Volunteers, was relieved from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, and Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas assigned to its command. On the 19th, Gen. Rosecrans took an affecting farewell of his comrades in arms, and reported at Cincinnati. Gen. Thomas mmediately assumed command of that army.

In the meantime Wolford had learned from his scouts and other sources that a heavy mounted force of the enemy had concentrated at Charleston, on the Hiwassee, and below at Kincannon's Ferry.

On the morning of the 20th of October, Captain Duncan A. Pell, Aid-de-Camp on Gen. Burnside's Staff, called at Col. Wolford's headquarters, in Philadelphia, and notified him that he was bearing a flag of truce to the enemy, and re-

quested the Colonel to withhold or withdraw his scouts from the front and make no hostile demonstration while the flag was pending. Also by request, Col. Wolford furnished the Captain a small detail from the Forty-Fifth Ohio, under a Sergeant, to escort his flag to the enemy's lines. About 11 a. m., Capt. Pell met Col. Dibrell's Cavalry command moving on Philadelphia. Col. Dibrell did not feel willing to advance and disregard the flag, and surrendered the command to Gen. John C. Vaughn, who was along. Vaughn, from his own report, was not so conscientious, but violated the flag, keeping Pell and his escort prisoners until the morning of the 22d.

About 10 a. m., Col. Wolford received information that a large force of the enemy had attacked his wagon train out foraging about six miles west of the town. Col. Wolford not expecting that the enemy would so grossly violate all honorable military usage as to capture a flag of truce, sent Lieut. Col. Silas Adams with the effective strength of the First and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, about 600 strong, to their relief, supposing the enemy attacking the train was only a heavy scouting party, unacquained with the fact that a flag of true was pending. Col. Adams, with his usual impetuosity, dashed out, reached the train, and drove the enemy off. They now became cut off from the rest of the brigade, and in the rear of the Rebel Col. Morrison's force, 1,800 strong, then moving to get between our forces and Loudon, and in connection with Vaughn's force draw a coil around Wolford at Philadelphia.

Soon after Adams started, Col. Wolford got information that a large body of the enemy was approaching from Sweetwater. He mustered up the rest of his command, about 600 or 700 effective men, took position, and boldly attacked the formidable numbers moving against him. Wolford's position was on a commanding elevation, and here with his men, the gallant Twelfth Kentucky, under the brave Delfosse, the noble Forty-Fifth Ohio, under the accomplished Lieut. Col. Ross, Law's Howitzer battery, under the unflinching Lieut. Warren Lamme, and fragments of the First and Eleventh Kentucky, under Maj. W. N. Owens, for one long hour stubbornly maintained his position and drove the enemy back.

While this contest was going on, Morrison with his 1,800 men, was making his way around to the west and rear of our position, thus cutting us off from White's Infantry support at Loudon. After getting in the desired position in our rear, he sent one of his regiments to make a demonstration on Loudon to prevent reinforcements from them, and with his remaining 1,200 men, after cutting the telegraph wires, he moved on Wolford's rear.

Surg. Hawk Brown, who was always a right-hand man of Col. Wolford, was the first to discover through his field-glass the threatening danger in the rear, and notified his chief. Wolford could not believe it was the enemy, but contended that the men seen were reinforcements from Gen. White till Dr. Brown handed him his glass, and he examined for himself. Capt. Stover, of the Forty-Fifth Ohio, with his provost guard, was sent with lightning speed to meet the new danger, but his men were "swept back like chaff from the threshing-floor" by the immense numbers. At this point, most men, situated as Wolford was, would have surrendered, or let his men scatter in confusion, but not so with Wolford. With the exertions and assistance of Surg. Brown the different parts of his command were about-faced and put in position, and he sternly and indignantly faced the danger.

It will be left to the Rebel Col. Morrison to tell what immediately followed: "* * * * I dismounted my men and commenced the attack. * * * The enemy on discovering me in their rear, at once turned their whole force, with six pieces of Artillery, against my command, which was now reduced to about 1,000 men. Afterwards ensued one of the hardest Cavalry fights of the war, both sides struggling vigorously for the mastery. I was made to fall back twice, but with little effort each time rallied my men and soon had the enemy completely routed." During the whole conflict Capt. Thomas Rowland, of Wolford's Staff, was all over the field, now here and now there, carrying orders, and encouraging the men. Dr. Brown was conspicuous at different points forming portions of the command and giving orders. The brave and soldierly Delfosse fell while leading a gallant charge against the enemy in the rear. When Wolford turned upon Morrison, Dibrell's command, under Vaughn, opened

upon our men a heavy Artillery fire, and marshaled his whole command and made a charge. Spartan heroism could have stood no longer against such fearful odds. Wolford, gathering a portion of his men, dashed against the enemy's lines with such irresistible fury that they gave way, and he made his way to Loudon. Before he made the dash, Lieut. Warren Lamme reported to him that he had fired his last round of Artillery ammunition, and Wolford ordered the Lieutenant to abandon his guns if necessary, and follow him out. With flying speed they rushed the howitzers down to the camp, cut the harness from their horses, and most of them made their escape with the rest. Dr. Brown hastily rode to other portions of the command and ordered them to make their way out the best they could. When the general stampede commenced there was a small gap open on the Kingston road, and many of our men made their way through it, but the gap was closed immediately behind us, and we were chased at full speed for several miles. It was on this road that many of the men were captured.

While this fearful and unequal contest was going on at Philadelphia, Lieut. Col. Adams had driven off the enemy who were left to guard our captured forage train, and captured a number of them. Learning from a resident colored man of the large force that passed to the rear of Wolford's position at Philadelphia, Col. Adams made no halt, but got on their track and pursued. He soon heard the fire of Artillery, and after getting on high ground could hear the small arms. He was now convinced that a general engagement was going on with Wolford, and he pushed for the scene of the contest. His advance soon came upon about 300 Rebels in a depression near the railroad, who seemed to be found in no particular order. A volley was opened on them, and a charge made into their ranks, capturing many. The rest ran into the main line. Adams now formed his men across the road and put out skirmishers. From some cause Adams sent Texton Sharp to call in the skirmishers and commenced receding toward Loudon. The firing had ceased at Philadelphia. Lieut. Vincent Peyton, from his position, now discovered the head of the column of the enemy, which proved to be the North Carolina regiment sent to make a feint on

Loudon, coming down toward our men, and called Capt. Drye's attention. The enemy discovered our men at the same time and fronted into line. Drye motioned to Adams and attracted his attention. Adams only had to make a partial wheel to face the enemy. Both lines seemed to be of the same strength in numbers, and both charged at the same time, and met, but the feeble "tar heels" of North Carolina were no match for the hardy mountaineers and robust Blue Grass men composing Wolford's Cavalry. Many were captured, and the rest made their way into the main line of the enemy. Men were discovered now moving around on the elevation occupied by Wolford, and Adams supposed he might be still holding his position, and was for making his way to him; but by the earnest entreaties of Maj. Graham of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry and others, who were convinced that they were the enemy, he desisted. It was now found out for certain that Wolford was defeated, and the large force of the enemy now advancing, Col. Adams made his way to Loudon, closely pursued by the Rebels, until he met Gen. White's Infantry coming to his assistance.

Adams's men captured many prisoners that day, and the precaution was taken to send them to the supposed rear under guard, but everywhere seemed to be front at times, and a great number of them were retaken, but he got through with from fifty to eighty of them. The enemy reported their loss at fifteen killed, eighty-two wounded and seventy-three captured, and the enemy was never known to exaggerate his losses. The Union forces' losses reported were seven killed. twenty-five wounded and 447 captured, an aggregate of 479,

Wolford's men had the reputation of being very hard to hold when captured. Many of the captured escaped in the evening and at night. As they were rapidly marched by a sorghum cane patch after dark, a number dodged in among the thick cane and got away. Our men were chased like rabbits, and when their horses broke down they took to the thick woods on the roadside, and lay concealed in the thickets all night, and were coming in a good part of the next day. Among the number was our Surgeon, Dr. Hawkins Brown, who came in with a very weather-beaten cap upon his head, his own having been knocked off by the limb of a tree, and

he would not take the time to get it. In the fight the Doctor was all over the field performing valorous deeds, but when all hope of withstanding the enemy was gone, his milk-white steed took him away with the speed of the wind, until by some means he became disabled and gave down. Many of the Forty-Fifth Ohio, as well as of the First, Eleventh and Twelfth Kentucky came in hatless.

Our Mountain Howitzer battery and all our wagons, except those out foraging in the morning, together with camp equipage and official records, fell into the hands of the enemy.

From the 21st to the 28th of October, the command skirmished continually with the enemy, and sometimes very heavily. The Rebels would fall back within supporting distance of Sweetwater, where they would make a stubborn stand, having Stevenson's division of Infantry at Sweetwater in helping distance, and Cheatham's division at Athens. In the meantime, W. P. Sanders having lately been confirmed as Brigadier-General, came on and took command of all the Cavalry in front.

The following are the losses of the First Kentucky Cavalry on the 20th, and including the skirmishes a few days afterward. Those of the captured, marked with a (*), are known to have died in prison. The list of casualties is very imperfect on account of loss of papers, meager and deficient reports, scattered condition and imperfect memories of officers and men.

Killed: Andrew Bottoms, of Company B, and James H. Adams, Company L. Wounded and captured: Edward Hickman, Company B.

Commissioned officers captured: Maj. W. N. Owens and Capt. Irvine Burton, of Company G.

Non-commissioned officers and privates captured: James E. King, Francis H. Ward*, William French*, Stephen F. Lee*, Jessee F. Harris*, Geo. W. Raiborn, of Company A; Tharp Huston, N. B. Brown and Edward Hickman, Company B; John C. Beard, Jonathan E. Southerland, Corp. Arthur M. Kennedy, Corp. Joseph W. Means, James F. Chance, Jacob Kanatzer, Joseph Poore, John Roe, Wm. L. Zachary, David F. Huddleston, Chas. H. Myers and Alfred Young, of

Company C; John A. Collins, Joseph Hughes [Oct. 12th], Wm. P. Minton*, James F. Wicker and William G. Miller, of Company D; Hiram Brown, Patrick Craton, William Clift, Thomas R. Grinstead, Michael Parker, Thomas H. Williams, Smith Byrse, John Mathis and Samuel Todd, of Company E; Henderson C. Marlanse, Geo. W. Spaw, Jas. K. Eads, John M. Hatfield, Perry C. Hicks, Willis Lucas, James Roads, William Rogers, Maston Semonius, John Sercy, Franklin Shelton, Jacob Bacon, Robert A. Bell, Tilford Burton, Thomas Dalton, Jeremiah Dawse, Mathew Floyd, Thos. B. Graybeal, George New, Thomas New and Thomas G. Wood, of Company F; John E. Wright, Benj. Merrill, John H. Burton, Alexander Bland, Charles Cummings, John A. Dunn, James Hammach, Thomas Murphy and John P. Easton, of Company G; Sergeant Nicholas N. Keith, Edward Sharp, Mathew F. Worley, Joseph N. Bottoms, Wm. Gooden, Richard Gabeheart, Preston Head, Nathan W. Hancock, Martin Kidd, John F. Mills, Granville Morgan, Joel Rednow, Stephen C. Nelson, Archibald Sharp, Geo. W. Sandusky and James F. White, of Company H; Serg. James E. Gillespie, Serg. John K. Anderson, Henry P. Cull, John W. Mayes*, Levi Funk, Calvin Badgett*, John A. Gillespie, John Howard*, Simeon Hellard, Geo. Divine, jr., John A. Watkins and Robert Yeast*, of Company I; Sergeant John Herd, Corp. Richard C. Smith, John Jaeans, Edmund Marshall, James K. Riddle, Jonathan Simpson, Robert N. Williams, Mathew Williams, James Bow, Jeremiah Carter and Berry W. Neely, of Company J; John Masters and Abner Isabel, of Company K; Rufus M. Patterson, Ebenezer T. Haynes, Wesley H. Silvers, James M. Ashley, John Ashley, John P. Grigory, Walter Large, David Richardson and Ephraim Sath, Company L.

Casualties of the other regiments of the brigade. Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry: Killed, enlisted men, one; wounded, three, and captured, one commissioned officer and eighty-eight men. Total, ninety-three.

Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry: Killed, Maj. Julius N. Delfosse and one enlisted man; wounded, thirteen enlisted men; captured, ninety-seven enlisted men. Total, 112.

Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry: Killed, Capt. Com-

fort E. Stanley and four enlisted men; wounded, one officer and eight enlisted men; captured, three officers and 131 men. Total, 147.

To the above add the casualties of the First Kentucky Cavalry, making a grand total of losses: Killed, two officers and eight men; wounded, one officer and twenty-five men; captured, six officers and 434 men. Aggregate, 476.

If the foregoing figures are not mathematically exact, they are at least approximately correct.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Dr. Hawkins Brown relates that Serg. Luther Green displayed the greatest heroism in managing the howitzer battery, but when the order was passed around for every man to take care of himself, the Sergeant got out of the inclosure with the speed of a cyclone.

The Author is indebted to the Rev. W. H. Honnell in his War Reminiscences for the following: Serg. Farris tells this incident of the battle of Philadelphia, in which part of our Cavalry were defeated. This defeat was always attributed to treachery; as it was held that the enemy had no right to capture a flag of truce, for if he was unwilling to treat with the bearer of the flag at the time, he had no right to violate the flag, but should have refused to receive it in his lines. The Rebel forces charged into our unguarded camp, capturing our men and officers. The revenge of Wolford's men was terrible, but not in violation of the dreadful usage of war. They met the same forces in part soon afterwards, while crossing the Little Tennessee River. As the head of the column came up the bank, Wolford's men charged them, drove them into the river, and opened fire upon them from the north shore, shouting at every volley: "Remember Philadelphia!" Many went to the bottom until the horses and riders reddened the foaming surface. It was pitiful; it was sad, but who can say the other scene was not the more so, where there was the most sacred of all confidences of war violated in the capture or death of the largest number ever lost in any one battle. The brave French Maj. Delfosse, was left dead on the field. Many others were taken to the Rebel prisons to die, or suffer worse than death. But this heartrending scene is only introduced to tell of Farris's escape. He had a small mountain howitzer of which he was proud as sole manager in many a small battle and skirmish up to that time. When the word rang out peculiar to Wolford's manual of arms, "Every man take care of himself," the Sergeant was on his cart in a minute, and with a shout to his horses, was making his way by a dim road through the woods. By one horse jumping ahead, his cart veered to one side, and running astride a sapling, which bent beneath its load, he was in a fair way of passing over its top, when a protruding limb too large to bend, stopped his advance. He jumped off, but what was his surprise, when he saw his cart, carriage and off horse, swing above his breast. The one next to him being on the ground, he hastily loosed him, mounted, and so left his darling howitzer and off horse as trophies in the enemy's

hands. He avows revenge if he ever finds the man who took them down.

It is difficult to determine from the enemy's official reports who really commanded the attacking force from the direction of Sweetwater. Col. Dibrell made a full official report, and claims all honors due him and his men as participants in the success of the day. Although Dibrell was only a Colonel, he refers to Gen. Vaughn as a volunteer subordinate and kind of supernumerary, and lauds him for gallantry on the field. The official reports of Gen. Carter L. Stevenson, Cols. G. G. Dibrell and J. J. Morrison, make no allusion to the flag of truce, or why it was violated. Gen. Vaughn, however, in a letter to Jeff Davis, dated October 23, 1863, which bears the mark of being partly private and partly official, refers to the flag of truce, and explains the part he took in the great victory, claiming the lion's share of the honors for himself. The following is an extract from the letter spoken of:

"* * * * * I proposed a plan to Maj. Gen. Stevenson, who was to follow with a small division of Infantry, which was adopted. We had one brigade in the rear of the enemy, and ready to make the attack, when a flag of truce met our forces. Col. Dibrell, who was commanding Gen. Forrest's old brigade, did not feel willing to advance and disregard the flag, and surrendered the command to me. I knew then that the attack should be made, or Col. Morrison's brigade would be all cut to pieces and captured, so I carried out my programme and routed Col. Wolford's brigade; and such a rout I never saw, and if the men had acted as true soldiers, and had not commenced plundering the train, etc., I could have captured half his command. * * * * It was a grand victory."

Col. J. J. Morrison, who seems to have a greater respect for truth than any of the others, closes his report with the following significant sentence:

"Although the victory was complete, the fruits fell far short of what they would have reached if I had had the prompt co-operation of the forces in front."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE UNION FORCES EVACUATE LOUDON—WOLFORD MOVES TO KNOXVILLE AND THEN TO MARYVILLE—THE CAVALRY REORGANIZED—SANDERS COMMANDS THE FIRST DIVISION, AND WOLFORD THE FIRST BRIGADE—SCOUTING SOUTH OF THE HOLSTON—LIEUT. COL. ADAMS AT MOTLEY'S FORD—THE ENEMY DRIVEN INTO THE RIVER—DROWNING MEN—SAD SIGHT—RETIRE TO ROCKFORD—THE 14TH OF NOVEMBER—MAJ. GRAHAM OVERWHELMED—THE DISASTROUS CHARGE OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY—WOUNDING OF DRYE AND CAPTURE OF KELLY, ROBERTS, CARR AND OTHERS — HEAVY FIGHTING AND SKIRMISHING—ACROSS THE HOLSTON—CASUALTIES—ESCAPE OF LIEUTS. ROBERTS AND CARR.

On the 28th of October the Union forces evacuated Loudon and moved to the north side of the Tennessee River. Wolford's brigade had marching orders to Knoxville, and reached there on the 29th, and camped on the same ground we left the 21st of September. On the 30th, Wolford had orders to move to Maryville with the effective men of his brigade, and two pieces of Artillery, and scout on the south side of the Holston as far as the Little Tennessee River. The dismounted and ineffectve men were ordered to remain at Knoxville to be refitted. The command crossed the Holston on the 1st of November, accompanied by Lieut. Pease with a section of an Indiana battery, and arrived at Maryville on the 2d, and went into camp.

November 3d, by Special Field Orders No. 68, Headquarters Army of the Ohio, in order to promote greater efficiency in the Cavalry arm of the service, a portion of the mounted forces of the Army of the Ohio, were organized for temporary purposes into a body called the Cavalry Corps, with Brig. Gen. James M. Shackelford in command. The First Division was put under command of W. P. Sanders, lately made a Brigadier-General. The designation of Wolford's command was changed from the Independent Cavalry Brigade to First Brigade, First Division, Cavalry Corps. The

Second Brigade of the same division was put under command of Col. R. K. Byrd, and the Third Brigade under Col. C. D. Pennebaker. Pennebaker's brigade also moved to Maryville and camped in the rear of Wolford's.

November 2d, Capt. F. M. Wolford was sent on a scout, and went as far as Morgantown, capturing twelve prisoners, and returned, reporting a considerable force on the other side of the Little Tennessee River.

On the 4th, Gen. Sanders received various sensational reports from citizens, prisoners and scouting parties, of a large force crossing the Little Tennessee River. These reports were so conflicting that he could not put much reliance in them. He was determined to find out the truth or falsity of the rumors, and sent out one who would not be frightened at shadows, and one in whose statements he could fully rely. Lieut. Col. Adams had always proved himself an adept in all such critical expeditions as Gen. Sanders required, and was selected to lead it. That night, at 1 o'clock, Adams having caused to be detailed the known daring fighting spirits of his own regiment, marched for Little Tennessee River, some eighteen miles distant. He reached the vicinity of Morley's Ford, concealed his men, and waited for the appearance of daylight. Adams had along with him about 150 men. It was early in the morning, about sunrise, or soon after, that he heard the advance of the enemy ascending an abrupt acclivity near the river bank. They were in fine spirits, laughing and talking jovially, little expecting the tragic scene to follow. Adams waited for their approach, when all at once he ordered a heavy volley poured into their column, and with a wild shout, like a lion from his lair, he rushed upon them. They were struck with the utmost terror, and fled down the narrow-cut road into the river. Adams and his men followed them to the very edge of the stream, capturing forty of their men, with four commissioned officers. Those not captured tried to make their way back, but the firing into them in their perilous situation caused so much confusion that they soon lost self-control, and many of them, supposed to be forty or fifty, were either killed or drowned. The sight of the drowning, struggling men, their pitiful appeals for help, became most heart-rend-

ing. The brave are always tender-hearted; our men soon relented at the sad scene before them, Adams ordered the firing to cease, and helping hands were given to those near the shore, and they were assisted safely out on the land. Most of the Confederate regiment lost their arms in trying to keep from drowning. A considerable force soon appeared on the opposite bank, and Adams's chosen band was not of sufficient strength to successfully cope with them. Before they recovered from their panic he hastily withdrew with his prisoners and made quick time for Maryville, arriving there at 3 p. m. Among the prisoners was a gentlemanly Surgeon who was sent on to Gen. Burnside's headquarters, and held as a hostage for the return of the two Surgeons of the Twelfth Kentucky, captured at Philadelphia, October 20th.

This brilliant exploit called out the following complimentary dispatch from Gen. Burnside's Chief of Staff:

KNOXVILLE, NOV. 5, 1863, 7:30 P. M.

BRIG. GEN. SANDERS, Commanding Cavalry Division:—

GENERAL: Your dispatch of this evening announcing Col. Adams's forces on the Little Tennessee, just received. The General is much pleased with your report, and directs that you will please tender his thanks to Lieut. Col. Adams and his regiment for the daring attack and fruitful results.

Very respectfully yours, JOHN G. PARKE,
Major-General.

Gen. James Longstreet, November 4th, having been detached from Bragg's army in front of Chattanooga, commenced his famous expedition up the East Tennessee valleys with a heavy force to crush Burnside. As soon as Burnside learned of the movement, he was apprehensive that a large Cavalry force would cross the Little Tennessee above Loudon, and move upon Knoxville from the south side of the Holston, seizing the high elevations overlooking the city from that side. It was to watch and counteract a movement of this kind that Sanders's division was on the south side. A heavy force confronting him in the upper valleys from Virginia, and moved against from two directions from the south side, Burnside had not sufficient Cavalry to concentrate at any one point a force strong enough to make a

stand. A temporary check was the best his Cavalry could do. The enemy was now moving against us with such force that Burnside thought it no longer safe for us to remain in our position. On the 6th he gave orders to Sanders to move on the north side of Little River, at Rockford, leaving a strong outpost at Maryville or that vicinity. He also notified Sanders confidentially that Col. Garrard had been badly whipped at Rogersville, and that Wilcox and Shackleford had been ordered to fall back.

On the 7th, Sanders's division moved to Rockford. The next day, the First Kentucky, under Col. Adams, was sent to Maryville on outpost duty. On the 10th he reported to Sanders that he had scouts on the Little Tennessee River, at Niles's and Motley's Fords; also one sent to Unitia, which had not reported; that there were no Rebels north of the river; for Sanders not to be uneasy, for if they crossed he would be among them. Col. Adams returned on the 11th, and Capt. Harrison, of the Twelfth Kentucky, took his place. On the 12th he reported his pickets attacked by a small force of the enemy. Later in the day he returned, and Maj. Milton Graham, with the Eleventh Kentucky, moved his regiment to the vicinity of Maryville as an outpost, and to scout in his front. On the morning of the 13th, one of Sanders's scouts came in and reported all the ferries and fords on the Little Tennessee in front, guarded by the enemy, and all the boats and canoes on the south side under guard. Later in the day Maj. Graham reported his scouts in from Niles Ferry and Morgantown roads, they having driven some Rebel pickets to within four miles of the brick mill, where there was a Rebel force 300 strong. In closing his dispatch to Gen. Burnside, Gen. Sanders promised to let him know more about the enemy on the morrow. His promise turned out to be prophetic, but not in the same way that Gen. Sanders intended it. The gaining of the knowledge of the position and movements of the enemy on the next day was destined to prove eventful to the whole division, and sad to many of Wolford's brigade, and particularly to the gallant Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry.

On the morning of the 11th of November, Gen. Wheeler reported to Gen. Longstreet, then at Sweetwater, with four

brigades of Cavalry, for orders. He received orders the next day to move by the most practicable route to Maryville, endeavor to capture the Federal forces there, and make other demonstrations on the Union forces' flank. The object of this movement, as expressed by Longstreet's reports, was to make a diversion in his favor while crossing his main Infantry force at Loudon, and, if practicable, to seize the high elevations of land south of the Holston, overlooking Knoxvillle. At dark on the evening of the 13th, Wheeler crossed the Little Tennessee at Motley's Ford, and marched all night so as to come upon our forces by surprise.

In the meantime, Gen. Sanders, though watchful and expecting the enemy to move upon him in force, was not expecting so terrible an onset at the time. It was early on the morning of the 14th. Many of our soldiers at Rockford had not left their couches of repose. The morning was dark and gloomy, and the rain had already commenced descending in a heavy shower. Everything seemed foreboding. As there is always a lull before a storm, even the air betokened impending danger. Suddenly the murderous roar of firearms was conveyed through the light atmosphere, clear and loud, in direction of the fated Eleventh Kentucky in vicinity of Maryville. There was a rapid mounting of steeds, and in a few moments the First Kentucky and Forty-Fifth Ohio were in line, and were ordered to the support of their comrades in the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, Adams with his regiment being in advance. The Eleventh Kentucky was weak in numbers, only nine companies, and they much depleted by their losses at Philadelphia only a few weeks before. The immense force of Wheeler, having a citizen along to show the exact position of the Eleventh, came suddenly upon them in line, opened a fierce fire upon them, dashed at them, capturing some of them, and scattering the rest in all directions. While Dibrell's brigade, being in front, was running down and capturing Maj. Graham's men, the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, and Third Arkansas regiments, assisted by Col. J. T. Morgan's brigade, had formed what was termed in old military tactics something like a crotchet. The enemy knew Sanders would send men to the rescue of the Eleventh Kentucky, and having set their trap waited for their appearance.

The eagerness of the Captains of Companies A and B to reach the scene of carnage caused them to neglect the usual precaution of having an advance guard, and they found themselves in the dangerous trap set for them. Capt. Geo. W. Drye, of Company B, fell dangerously wounded, and was in the hands of the enemy. A charge was made, a hasty retreat was ordered, and most of the First Kentucky escaped, but a number of them were hemmed in and captured, among whom were Capt. Daniel A. Kelley, Company D, Lieut. D. R. Carr, of Company C, and Lieut. Phil Roberts, of Company K. Before the retreat was ordered, a heavy fire had been opened on our men from the front and both flanks. In the retreat, they were chased across Little River, where the First Kentucky and Forty-Fifth Ohio were rallied, reformed, and the enemy checked.

Sanders's division now fell back in good order to the vicinity of Knoxville. The enemy, notwithstanding his morning's success, was dilatory about pressing his temporary advantage. Wheeler was afraid to cross Little River with his heavy force that day, and Sanders returned within five miles of Rockford and went into camp. That night Wheeler received instructions from Gen. Longstreet to move across Little River, if his success in the day justified it. To contend with Wheeler's immense force, Sanders only had Pennebaker's brigade, composed of the Eleventh and Twenty-Seventh Kentucky Mounted Infantry, and Wolford's brigade, now the second time reduced by captures.

On the 15th, the enemy advanced, and Gen. Sanders's whole line was soon engaged. Heavy skirmishing and fighting continued during the day until late in the evening, their superiority in numbers having pressed our Cavalry back into the Infantry lines south of the Holston, Cameron's force of Artillery and Infantry on the heights opened a heavy fire on the enemy, and he retreated to Stock Creek. Our loss was heavy in prisoners that day, which chiefly fell on the Forty-Fifth Ohio.

The next morning, the 16th, Wheeler supposing our troops might have been withdrawn during the night to the north side, advanced with the object of seizing and holding the coveted heights; but instead of finding the position aban-

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I. C. DYE.

doned, found it much strengthened, and our batteries and other forces gave him such a warm reception that he soon retired. Wheeler now received orders to report to Gen. Longstreet on the other side of the river. He moved immediately toward Louisville, crossing the Holston with much difficulty, and reported to his commander at 3 p. m. on the 17th. The enemy retired at 12 m. on the 16th. Our Cavalry command, after picketing for the Infantry on the south side for the rest of the day, crossed the Holston and went into camp.

The following is the list of losses of Sanders's division in front of Rockford, November 14th, and after operations before crossing the Holston, November 15th and 16th.

The First Kentucky Cavalry: killed, one enlisted man; wounded, Capt. Geo. W. Drye, badly, and —— ——. Enlisted men wounded: Thomas Evans, Company B, and Serg. John Warren, Company E.

The following were captured: Serg. Robert T. Pierce, Isaiah C. Dye, John R. Falconberry, Andrew J. Meeks*, Jacob Spaw, Martin Phelps*, Wm. Jeffries* and Alexander C. Carnan, of Company A; Wm. M. Dodd, James F. Yowell, Wm. L. Luster, R. N. Wiser, Milton Dever and Thomas L. Holder, of Company B; Lieut. D. R. Carr, Wm. C. Cole, Landon C. H. Shipley, James Wright and James Harper, of Company C; Capt. Daniel A. Kelly and Marcus Ryan, Company D; Richard Hukle, Hiram Roberts, William Cooley, Michael Purcell and William J. Armstrong, Company G; Wesley W. Mullins, at Maryville, November 20th, Isaac Baker, November 10th, James Seloy, at Maryville, November 20th, of Company H; John D. Adams and William Huffman, of Company I; Jacob S. Bruton, Philip Cash, Ephraim W. Henager and Samuel Wade, of Company J; Lieut. Philip Roberts and Corporal Palestine L. Bodkins, of Company K; Corporal Wm. Owens, jr., and John Perkins, of Company L. Total, 39.

The losses of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, owing to absence of reports, are not clearly ascertained. The State Adjutant General's Report makes it seventy-six captured.

Forty-Fifth Ohio, at Rockford: two men wounded and

five captured. 15th and 16th of November: three men killed, one officer and seven men wounded, four officers and seventy-nine men captured. Total, 101.

Pennebaker's brigade: Eleventh Kentucky Mounted Infantry, one man wounded and three captured. Twenty-Seventh Kentucky Mounted Infantry, three men killed.

A few days after the fight near Rockford, Lieuts. Phil Roberts and D. R. Carr escaped from the enemy. The following is an account of their escape and adventures as related by Lieut. Roberts.

When our pickets were fired on, early in the morning of November 14, 1863, we were ordered to saddle and mount immediately, and led by Col. Adams, we made a dash for the enemy, who retreated in great haste. Following them up led us into the main body of Wheeler's Cavalry before we could form a line. The enemy was formed on each side of us, and we were compelled to retreat as fast as our horses could carry us. My horse ran against a sapling, throwing me off. One of my men, Robert Shrewsberry, saw me on the ground, rode up to a stump for me to get behind him, when the Rebels came up, caught his mare by the bridle, and we of course surrendered. It was raining and cold. We were stripped of our overcoats, which were new and good. We were taken back and surrounded by a guard. Here we found Capt. Drye with his leg broken by a gun-shot wound. I had a five-dollar bill which I slipped into my pants pocket. We were in a man's yard, and I stepped into the house and gave a girl whom I had seen before my watch. We were taken to Maryville that night and put into the courthouse. The people of the town being loyal, the ladies fed us well. The next morning we started and marched on foot all day, crossed a river that night, and camped, or was guarded in a barn lot. We remained here all the next day and night without any food, as the owner would not let us sleep in the barn. After freezing all night we started again on foot in the morning, and were guarded by Tennesseeans, who treated us very kindly. They hunted all day for something to eat, and found but little, which they divided with us. We reached Philadelphia that evening and were crowded into a church, where we had no room to lie down. The guards were tired, and we talked of taking their guns, which we could easily have done, but concluded we might be recaptured and treated roughly. The next morning we were taken to Sweetwater, where we were crowded into another church almost to suffocation. Serg. Lawrence Roberts of my Company, and my-

self, had been waiting for a chance to escape, but could never get an opportunity. About midnight a call was made for the commissioned officers to come out at the door, which we did, not knowing what our doom might be. We were marched to the depot and ordered into a passenger coach, and the private soldiers were locked in a stock car. The engine had gone up to Loudon and was detained. Some Rebel officers and a few ladies were in the car. The guard came inside. I was sitting with Capt. Kelley of our regiment, and spoke to him in low tones, telling him that our guard would be asleep in a few minutes, and "suppose we make our escape." He replied that he could not risk it; that if they caught us we would be hung. I told him it was death anyway if we went to prison. All in the coach had become very sleepy. I moved over to Lieut. D. R. Carr, knowing that he was a man of resolution, and told him my object. He readily agreed to run the risk. I walked cautiously and carefully to the door, followed by Carr. The guard was sitting asleep with his gun between his legs. I opened the door and walked out, followed by Carr, who pulled the door after him. We walked up in town, and through the back way, and were soon in the woods. We consulted the best route to take, and decided to go in direction of Kingston, on the Tennessee River. We walked until sunrise the next morning without being on any roads, and then went up on a mountain and spent the day in the sunshine, but without any food. We spent the next day wandering about to keep warm, but could do no good in making progress. We stopped at a negro cabin in a yard where there was a large brick house. We asked for something to eat, and told the inmates that we were Union soldiers trying to make our escape. They gave us some raw bacon, and informed us that the white folks' house was then full of Rebel soldiers. We left in haste, and next wandered on a mountain, getting hungry almost to desperation. We heard a chicken crow, and Carr proposed that he would go to the house, against my earnest entreaties, as we could trust none except the colored people. We started down the mountain side, and came in sight of a small cabin. Before reaching it, we found a dead man dressed in the Federal uniform. This alarmed us, and Carr was willing to retrace his steps and not go to the cabin. We came across a cornfield and entered it, where we found a girl, ten years of age, pulling corn. We approached her and entered into conversation. Finding from her talk that she was all right, we told her our condition, but it was some time before we could convince her that we were Union soldiers trying to make our escape. After convincing her, she informed us that her father was a Union man, and had crossed over the river to get away from

the Rebels. She then said she would go home and bring us some food. As a precaution, we concealed ourselves on the opposite side from where she directed us to hide. After about an hour, to our great delight, we saw the girl and her mother coming with two small buckets, and when they reached us, we found they had a fine supply of meat, bread and milk, which we enjoyed very much. The lady informed us that the people of the neighborhood were all for the Union, and that the men were all hiding from the Rebels, but that a man living about —— miles from there would be at home that night. We asked if her daughter might guide us to the man's house, and she readily consented. We started on our way through the woods, and when we came near a road or path, the girl would go in front and see if the road was clear of passers, and then we would hurriedly cross over.

We arrived at the house after dark, and the girl reported our presence. We found fifteen women there waiting to hear from their relatives and friends, and they were all glad to receive us, and invited us to have something to eat, but we had been previously served with plenty. The house was on the side of the road, and the women agreed to stand picket while we slept, for we had not slept for a week, except an occasional nap.

The man came home about midnight, and we were awakened. He agreed to put us across the river, ten miles from there, and above Kingston. He put us across the river in the smallest canoe I ever saw, but it carried us over with ease and safety. When we landed on the north bank, we were left tired and sore. We went down the river road thinking that we were safe. Carr stopped on the roadside and said he was worn out, and could go no further. I prevailed upon him to get up, and we started again. Coming to a house on the roadside with three or four horses in the lot, we asked the people found there to send us on to Kingston, which they refused, saying that pickets were on the road. Carr insisted that we must have their horses, and if they would send a boy along with us to the picket-post, that he could return with their horses, which proposition they finally agreed to. They caught the horses and took us four miles to the picket-post, where they left us, and we walked on to Kingston and reported to headquarters of the commandant there. They said they were besieged, but would divide rations with us. A citizen by the name of Martin was in the office, and he invited us to his house to take care of us. After reaching Mr. Martin's, the pickets were fired upon, the enemy was nearly on Carr and myself, a battle was fought, but the post was held, and we were safe. After remaining there a week, and not hearing of our com-

mand at Knoxville, we became restless, and concluded to go home, as we could not join our command. We acquainted Mr. Martin with our intentions, and he offered for our use two small mules, only yearlings past, if we thought they could carry us. We procured old saddles and rope bridles, mounted our unshod mules, and started across the Cumberland Mountains for Somerset, which place we reached safely. We then separated, Carr going to his home in Clinton county, and I to mine in Madison county. It was a hard and adventurous trip. We returned to our command at Dandridge, East Tennessee, remounted, and ready for service.

PHILIP ROBERTS,
Late Capt. Co. K, First Ky. Cav.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LONGSTREET'S OBJECT NOW FULLY KNOWN—DIVERSITY OF OPINION WHERE BURNSIDE SHOULD CONCENTRATE HIS FORCES—HE DECIDES ON KNOXVILLE — LONGSTREET CROSSES THE TENNESSEE RIVER AND ASSAILS BURNSIDE—HEAVY FIGHTING—THE INFANTRY FALLS BACK TO KNOXVILLE — SANDERS'S MOUNTED DIVISION ORDERED TO CHECK THE ENEMY —GALLANT FIGHTING OF THE MOUNTED FORCES—PRESSED BACK—HEAVY LOSSES—DEATH OF GEN. SANDERS—REV. W. H. HONNELL ON THE DEATH OF THE GENERAL—INSIDE OF THE LINES.

It was now definitely known that Longstreet's object was not to make a mere feint or diversion, but to destroy Burnside, or drive him from the fertile valleys of East Tennessee. There was much diversity of opinion among the chief military authorities in regard to what was best to be done; what points were most proper to hold, and where to make the final stand. Some were for holding the line of the main Tennessee River, and concentrating at Loudon or Kingston. Burnside, after weighing the arguments on all sides, decided to fall back, and concentrate his forces at Knoxville. One of his reasons for not wanting to make a stand at Loudon, was that the enemy would have the advantage of reinforcing quickly by the railroad; whereas, if he made a stand at

Knoxville, not only the forces that Longstreet had at the time, but any reinforcements he might receive would have to march and haul their supplies forty miles over muddy roads before fighting. Another grand reason was knowing Grant's intention to attack Bragg as soon as his forces were all up and ready, he decided that he could serve Grant best by drawing Longstreet's forces too far to reinforce Bragg in the contemplated attack upon him. Burnside concluded to retreat as leisurely as Longstreet would permit him to Knoxville, so as to give his engineers time to prepare positions for his troops to occupy in defense of the city, and also to strengthen the works already there.

As before stated, the two brigades of Sanders's division of Cavalry, on the withdrawal of Wheeler from the sonth side of the Holston on the 16th, crossed over to the north side into Knoxville and encamped. On the morning of the 17th, Company C, First Kentucky, was ordered on picket beyond and to the right of Fort Sanders, and remained during the day. Jacob J. Speck received a wound in his right arm, necessitating its amputation. Wolford and his brigade were ordered out on the Loudon road to meet the enemy. Our forces on that side of the river had had a severe engagement with him the day before at Campbell's Station, being pressed back, contesting all the way to the vicinity of Knoxville. The One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, which was in the fight of the 16th, occupied a position as outpost about two miles from town, with three companies on the extreme front. Col. Wolford with the First Kentucky and Forty-Fifth Ohio, moved out to the front, leaving the Eleventh and Twelfth Kentucky on a hill in the rear of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, as reserve. He soon met a force too unwieldy to handle, and fell back to the hill occupied by his reserve. On came the enemy and attacked and drove the advance companies of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois back upon the regiment. Still on they came in overpowering numbers, and the One Hundred and Twelfth fell back in some confusion on Wolford's line. The Rebels followed up their advantage with a furious assault, and the Union line wavered and broke. The brave color-bearer of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, Serg. John L. Jennings, accom-

panied by the color guard, now rushed forward and planted the colors on the hill. The One Hundred and Twelfth rallied around the flag, and the enemy's guns being empty, one well-directed volley sent them reeling back down the hill. The rest of the Union troops recovered their position and the line held the hill all day, engaged in heavy skirmishing, and meeting with considerable loss. At the close of the day, the First Kentucky, with the rest of the brigade, fell back to the suburbs of Knoxville, and went into camp.

Gen. Burnside had already withdrawn his Infantry from the front, and put them in position in and around the city. Sanders had orders to dismount his Cavaly and mounted Infantry, and hold the whole Rebel force in check while the Infantry forces proper, and Artillery, were taking their positions and fortifying. The troops around Knoxville worked all day and night of the 17th, and by noon of the 18th, they were pretty well covered.

On the morning of the 18th, Sanders's division took position early to stay the heavy advancing tide of the enemy. The One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois was in the center with its left resting on the Loudon road. To the left was the Eighth Michigan, with its right on this road, and its left extending to the Holston River. To the right of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, the Forty-Fifth Ohio went into line, with Pennebaker's brigade to its right, and Wolford's brigade held the right of the whole force in front. Wolford's brigade, though in the fight that day, owing to the position it occupied in the line, and other fortuitous circumstances, was not in the heaviest work. That morning nature seemed to shudder at the sad event which was to close the day's operations, and veiled the enemy from view by a dense fog. But a noble life was doomed, and the forthcoming catastrophe could not be stayed. About 9 a. m., the fog had almost disappeared. Suddenly the Union skirmish line was driven in. The enemy had formed in a narrow valley immediately in front. The force which occupied a ravine came up with deafening yells, but the deadly volleys from the Union lines sent them back with severe loss. The Forty-Fifth Ohio was staggered under the severe shock, being perhaps more exposed, but the One Hundred and Twelfth and

Eighth Michigan held fast. The enemy's dead and wounded lay in our front. Some of the wounded crawled into our lines and surrendered. The musketry was heavy until 12 m., when the enemy opened on our lines with two batteries, but our men stood firm. At 2 p. m., the enemy moved his batteries within 600 yards, but our forces still stood undaunted. Heavy columns soon passed down the ravine in front, and our men knew a charge was imminent. Maj. Dow, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, ordered bayonets to be fixed. They came up, four lines deep, with their usual yell to within twenty-five yards of our lines. But such a shower of Minnie balls was poured into their ranks, that they fell back in disorder. Again and again they came up, only to retire as before. The fourth time they advanced, led by Col. Vance, a South Carolinian, commanding the brigade. The Union men reserved their fire, and when within thirty yards of the front of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, he ordered Maj. Dow to surrender, but the gallant Major reverently told him to go to h—ll, and the rash Confederate commander fell riddled with bullets. Maddened by the death of their leader, the Rebels charged with fury, but again were driven back over the bluff. In the meantime they had moved another column up the ravine, around the right flank of the Union line, and now came charging down obliquely in the rear of the Union line, and at the same time in front. Gen. Sanders now received a mortal wound, and was carried off the field. The Forty-Fifth Ohio being in the greatest danger, was the first to break. About this time Col. Adams was ordered with the First Kentucky to make a charge, by way of diversion, to save the Forty-Fifth Ohio and others endangered from being captured, but it was seen that they could get out without the charge, and the order was recalled. The whole force was now in danger of being captured, and by orders fell back down the hill across Second Creek, and up the opposite hill-side. A position was taken some distance in front of the fort, afterward named Fort Sanders, in honor of the loved and gallant General who fell in its front. The enemy advanced his lines to the bluff south of the creek, but the eventful day's work was done. Gen. Sanders died the next day, and his loss was lamented by both officers

and men, as he was admired by all of his command. The One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois and Forty-Fifth Ohio lost heavily in killed and wounded, but the Eighth Michigan's loss was lighter on account of not being so much exposed to the heavy fire of the enemy's Artillery. Among the mortally wounded of the Forty-Fifth Ohio was Adj. Chas. W. Fearns, a brave man, and of high moral worth. Among the casualties of the First Kentucky, Stephen Foster, of Company I, was killed while acting Orderly for Gen. Sanders. The daring Lieut. W. D. Carpenter, A. A. A. G. on Col. Wolford's Staff, was wounded, but not dangerously. Thomas Wood, Company F, was killed in action on the 21st of November.

Chap. W. H. Honnell has given the following pathetic tribute to the memory of Gen. W. P. Sanders.

Gen. Sanders's death occurred on the ground I had occupied lifting my fallen heroes as they were shot down by the sharpshooters from the Armstrong House. We were on our last struggle to save the day. As it is barely possible that had Longstreet made his assault that first sunset, instead of the daybreak two weeks later, he would have been successful. But it seems as if Sanders's blood formed an impassable stream over which no victorious Rebel could ever pass. The expectant bride poured her tears in rain to recall the hero slain. Ten thousand men stood in arms repelling all advance into the city from that sunset hour which marked our slow retreat past the fort, forever to bear his name. The lonely burial by the dim light of the lantern, marks his funeral so like that of Sir John Moore. I was too busy even to attend it, and a city pastor uttered the solemn words.

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried."

The night settled down over many a dying soldier to fall next morning into the hands of others than ours. That fatal little cupola, built for sights of peace, was thus made the high fort of death for many of us. How bravely our Infantry threw up their fort, and dug deep trenches that night until morning's dawn we occupied impregnable defenses! Our 12,000 brave defenders, to their 18,000,* till the end came in their bloody repulse, two weeks later.

* According to Burnside's report, Longstreet was made to have 23,000 men at the time. AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE — WOLFORD IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST DIVISION OF CAVALRY, ADAMS THE FIRST BRIGADE, AND FISHBACK THE FIRST KENTUCKY—THE ENEMY TAKE POSITION, AND BURNSIDE STRENGTHENS HIS WORKS—CITIZENS AND CONTRABANDS ASSIST THE BESIEGED—IN RANGE OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS — LUDICROUS SHELTERING FROM SHELLS AND BALLS—ACROSS THE HOLSTON—ASSAULT ON THE SOUTH SIDE—REPULSE OF THE ENEMY—SHORT RATIONS — STARVATION AND SUFFERING—ASSAULT ON FORT SANDERS—TERRIBLE CARNAGE—SAD SCENE—NEWS OF THE VICTORY AT MISSIONARY RIDGE—LOOKING FOR REINFORCEMENTS—ADAMS'S NIGHT RIDE — SHERMAN COMES TO THE RESCUE—THE SIEGE RAISED.

Knoxville was now invested, and the memorable siege commenced. Its thrilling scenes, its many incidents, the sufferings and privations of the men, and the heroic defense are themes often reverted to by the old soldiers who participated in them. Our Cavalry was now drawn inside of the defenses. After the death of Gen. Sanders, Col. Frank Wolford was put in command of the First Division Cavalry Corps, and Lieut. Col. Adams took Woodford's place as commander of the First Brigade of that division. The Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry, which had only been temporarily assigned to our brigade, and had been with us for some time, returned to the Second Brigade, now under Lieut. Col. Bond, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois. The First Kentucky Cavalry was at this time deficient in field officers. Our senior Maj., Francis M. Helveti, having been captured in 1861, was afterward exchanged and put on detached service. Maj. W. N. Owens was in the Rebel prisons, and Maj. Wm. A. Coffey had resigned in October, and his place had not been filled by promotion. Capt. Geo. W. Drye held the oldest commission, but he was dangerously wounded, and in the enemy's lines. Capt. Wm. Perkins, of Company C, held the next oldest commission, but he resigned about that time

on account of disability from sickness. Capt. J. Brent Fishback, the handsome, gallant and popular chief officer of Company L, having the oldest commission of all the line officers present, and able for duty, took command of the First Kentucky Cavalry.

There was skirmishing on the 19th and 20th, but no serious fighting occurred. The enemy could be seen moving around, and going into position on the various hills and ridges on the north side of the river. An attack was expected as soon as Longstreet's forces were all up and in proper position, but it was delayed. Heavy details from the Union regiments were at work night and day on the fortifications. The works were strengthened and extended in all needed directions. Notwithstanding the previous hard marching and fighting of the troops, the men worked cheerfully at their tasks. Many of the loyal citizens showed eager desire in giving aid to the defense of the city. Unwilling disloyal citizens were pressed into service. The labor of the male descendants of Africa's dusky race, the principal "bone" of contention in the national conflict, was also freely "confiscated" for the benefit of the service. A long double line of "contrabands" might have been seen after nightfall marching in military order, if not with the exact military step, in direction of the forts and ditches, and just before daylight, they could be seen returning in the same order to the interior of the city.

When we first entered Knoxville the regiment camped in a depression near the top of the Tennessee Hill. We had to ascend only a few steps to view an open valley between us and the enemy's lines on a ridge beyond. Our camp was in an exposed situation here, for we could plainly see the operations of our Artillery on an elevation to our left, and also that of the enemy across the valley. It was an uncomfortable place to sleep, and why the enemy neglected to shell our camp is still a mystery, as leaden compliments were frequently passed to our Artillerymen on our left. On the next day, however, we moved to the southwestern suburbs of the city, beyond Second Creek, and on the slope of the elevation on the front of which stood Fort Sanders. This slope was long, and the decline gradual, so that Fort Sanders was some

distance in our front, and at first view it seemed a safe and sheltered position for the weary Cavalryman to repose. But appearances are often deceptive, as we soon found by practical experience. We were in the exact line of the missiles that overshot Fort Sanders. Col. Adams's headquarters were put up in a beautiful yard, in the upper part of which was a fine mansion, said to be owned and occupied by some ancient nieces of the Hon. Hugh L. White, a former conspicuous candidate for President. It was about dark when the Rebel batteries opened a heavy cannonading, using solid shot and shell, on Fort Sanders. Their range seemed to be defective, for many of their missiles passed our batteries, lighting in close proximity to our camp, or went a little beyond. The red streaks of light made by the angry shells passing through the air so near us, caused a kind of panic, as we were not in the difficulty, and had nothing to do in raising it. There was a hasty rush for sheltered places. Some squatted behind small cedar trees in the yard; some took down the hill toward the creek in search of friendly gullies; the Author at first ran to get behind the Mansion House, but reflecting that a shot might strike the high chimney at the end, and shower a fatal quantity of brick down upon him, returned and flattened himself as thin as possible on the ground behind the Colonel's marque. Col. Adams, who happened to be in the house at the time, in hilarious glee, assumed charge of the females and other members of the family, took them down into the cellar until the shower was over. Lieut. W. D. Carpenter, of the brigade Staff, all this time sat on a camp stool before the Colonel's marque, convulsed with laughter at the ridiculous shelters we used to dodge the shot and shell. Among the solid shot that passed us, one was seen to strike a camp-fire on the creek below us, and make the sparks fly in all directions, spoiling the scanty supper of a soldier's mess, as was learned afterward.

While camped on the north side of the Holston, we were enlivened every night by soul-stirring and patriotic airs of the band of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois. "Yankee Doodle" was a favorite with Col. Wolford, and it was often played in their own peculiar style for his special benefit.

On the 22d, Lieut. J. S. Pankey, Company I, was appointed to act as Regimental Adjutant for the time.

The 21st was a rainy day, but the rain ceased on the morning of the 22d. There was no duty performed by the regiment during daylight, but at dusk Col. Wolford took the First Kentucky, One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, and other mounted regiments, and went four miles up the river on a reconnaissance, but made no discoveries of the enemy, and returned at 11 p. m., and went into camp.

Owing to the exhausted condition of the valleys of East Tennessee, most of the supplies of the Army of the Ohio, except forage for Cavalry horses and army teams, had been hauled in wagons across the almost barren Cumberland Mountains, and it taxed the transportation teams to the utmost to supply the army from day to day. Besides this, it was for some time uncertain whether Burnside would be compelled to retreat and give up East Tennessee or not, and after it was fully determined to hold Knoxville, there was not time enough, even with sufficient means, to accumulate supplies for a protracted siege.

On the evening of the 23d, Wolford's Cavalry division crossed the Holston at dusk and took position on the south side.

To understand the position occupied by the various troops, and the strength of the Union and Confederate forces, the following extract is taken from Gen. Burnside's official report:

Capt. Poe had, before leaving Kentucky, organized an engineer battalion from the Twenty-Third Army Corps, and had by great efforts succeeded in bringing over the mountains a quantity of intrenching and other engineer tools. These proved to be of the greatest possible value to us during the siege. The line of defense established commenced at a point on the river, and ran at nearly right angles with the river to a fort which the enemy had commenced on the hill north of the Kingston road, and about 1,000 yards in front and to the right of the college, and from this point it ran along and nearly parallel to the river across First Creek over Temperance Hill, to Mabry's Hill, near Bell's house, thence to the Holston River at a point a little below the glass-works. An interior line was also decided upon, which ran from near the work on Temperance Hill to Flint Hill. The line on

the south side was not continuous. We occupied four prominent hills, which commanded the city as well as the open country to the south of it. Gen. Ferrero's division of the Ninth Corps, under Gen. R. B. Potter, occupied the line from Holston River to Second Creek, and Gen. Hartranft's line was between First and Second Creeks. Chapin's brigade extended from Second Creek over Temperance Hill, to near Bell's house, and the brigades of Colonels Hoskins and Casement extended from this point to the river. The interior line was occupied by some regiments of loyal Tennesseeans lately enlisted.

The positions on the south side of the river were occupied by Shackelford's Cavalry and Cameron's brigade of Hascall's division; Reily's brigade was held in reserve, and used frequently during the siege to reinforce lines on both sides of the river.

Our force at this time in Knoxville was about 12,000 effective men, exclusive of the new recruits of the loyal Tennesseeans. The enemy was estimated at 20,000 to 23,000, including Cavalry.

The beef cattle, hogs, etc., belonging to the Commissary Department, and many that belonged to the citizens, were driven into the city where they were slaughtered and salted down. Orders were issued reducing the rations, and as time advanced they grew meagerly less, and in quality worse. All useless animals were killed and thrown into the river to save forage.

Many efforts were made by the Quartermasters of the different commands to collect forage and supplies along the French Broad River, and out on the Sevierville road, both of which were kept open to foraging parties during the principal part of the siege. By good management we were kept from absolute starvation. The loyal citizens also aided us much in sending down the French Broad River meat and grain in flats during the dense fogs of the nights, which prevailed at that period. An excellent officer by the name of Capt. Doughty, maintained a small force up the river during the whole siege, and directed the efforts of the people in our behalf.

The enemy made great efforts to break our pontoon bridge across the Holston by floating down rafts, but were prevented by the efforts of Inspector General Babcock and

Chief Engineer Poe, who caused booms to be constructed across the river above the bridge, which caught the rafts.

After Wolford's division crossed the river on the 23d, a patrol of the First Kentucky was sent four miles out on the Maryville road, but made no discoveries of the enemy in that direction. That same night a portion of Gen. Hartranft's pickets were driven in, but was reestablished the next day, with a loss of twenty-two killed and wounded. Houses which were occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, or likely to be, were destroyed, and some gallant sorties were made for that purpose. The brilliant light made by the burning buildings illuminated the county for some distance arouud, and was seen by scouting parties belonging to Gen. Wilcox's command, then holding Cumberland Gap, and uneasiness was felt by outsiders for our safety, as it was supposed by some that the city had been set on fire.

On the 23d, an assault was made on the enemy's parallel by the Second Michigan, which, for a time, was successful, but they were finally driven back with a loss of six killed, among whom was the commanding officer, and forty-four wounded.

From Longstreet's report it is learned that the Rebel forces first sent to the south side of the river to take position, were Law's and Robertson's brigades.

When Wolford's division crossed the river the command occupied the heights, and the men of the First Kentucky Cavalry, with those of other regiments, were put to work digging rifle-pits and throwing up breast-works. This was continued for several days. Cameron's brigade of Infantry had been holding the highlands of this side since November 1st to prevent the enemy from seizing them.

The same night Wolford reinforced Cameron, the enemy also sent additional forces to the south side of the river, and on the 24th they were seen in considerable numbers by our men. Skirmishing was kept up on both sides during the day.

In the afternoon of the 25th, a division of the enemy made a fierce assault on our position south of the Holston. When the enemy advanced, Company C, First Kentucky Cavalry, under Lieut. James E. Chilton, was on picket. About the time the skirmishing began, Chilton's command

was relieved by the One Hundred and Third Ohio Infantry, which went into line on an elevated place considered to be the key of the position. Soon the firing became quite rapid, and the Infantry regiment being composed of new troops, soon began to waver. Lieut. Chilton, who was about to return to join his regiment according to orders, saw the troops giving way, and ordered his company back in double-quick, regained the position before it was reached by the enemy, and by his example inspired courage in the Infantry, who afterward fought bravely. It frequently happens at the critical part of an engagement, that the tide of victory is changed by the gallantry of individual soldiers in humble rank. On this occasion, the heroic actions of Serg. Geo. D. Thrasher and Private James L. Garner infused such enthusiasm in our men as had much to do with our after-success. The First Kentucky, in their rapid manner, soon came to the aid of the hotly-pursued Union forces. Reily's brigade of reserves from the north side also came in double-quick to the scene of conflict, and the enemy retreated back to their position on their own hill. Official reports give our loss at 50 men, and that of the enemy 150.

As Burnside, with his main force, fell back to Knoxville, Colonel Byrd's brigade had been cut off at Kingston, and was in the time of the siege in an isolated situation. Col. Mott's brigade of Infantry had also been sent to Kingston on the 28th of October to reinforce Col. Byrd. On the 24th of November, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, with three brigades of Cavalry, made a fierce assault on the Union forces at Kingston, and after a heavy engagement was repulsed with considerable loss.

Our rations, meager at first, now became extremely small, and of unwholesome and inferior quality. The headquarter attached drew a small piece of bread each day, not enough to satisfy hunger, but only sufficient to sharpen our appetites. It was coarse, and of very dark color, and wheat bran was undoubtedly one of its ingredients, and ground corncobs were supposed to be the other. To persons not in our situation the diet would not only have been impalatable, but loathsome in the extreme. Those who served in the ditches fared worse. Adams's Brigade Headquarter mess had "con-

fiscated " a large hog straying around where it had no business, which lasted all the time we were penned up. A lot of beef cattle had been driven in from Kentucky just before the " round-up," and it was asserted that whenever one became too weak from starvation to stand on his feet, he was slaughtered for soldiers' use.

As before stated, there was one road up the French Broad River in direction of Sevierville, which the enemy never closed. It was not supposed that this road was left open through kindness, but that their material gave out before reaching it. Forage parties went out daily on the road, and sometimes were interrupted by scouting parties of the enemy. We procured corn for a short time by crossing over a prong of the French Broad in a canoe to a large field on an island, but this supply soon became exhausted. We then had to extend our trips further and further up the river. It finally took about a day to make the trip and return. The last time the Author remembers making the journey, he was gone all day, and his search was fruitless. This was the only means of saving the lives of our heroes. On our return, starving Infantrymen would waylay our road and beg so piteously for a few ears to parch that we could not resist their appeals.

The beautiful and usually pelluced Holston so near at hand, it may be thought that we did not want for nature's healthy beverage to quench our thirst, and for culinary purposes. But while the quantity was unlimited, the quality was not such as to be enticing to fastidious tastes, unless environed, as we were, by military necessity. Only one weak spring, and no wells, was on our side of the river, and it was naturally drained by the Infantry near by. So many dead horses, mules, hogs and dogs were thrown into the edge of the Holston, and not far enough in to float them off, that we had to walk up and down the river for several hundred yards to find a place to fill our buckets without dipping in beside some dead quadruped.

But little skirmishing took place on the 26th. Lieut. Milchrist of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, by direction of Col. Wolford, taking part of his company, successfully evaded the enemy's pickets after night, and went on a

scout to Maryville in quest of information in regard to the movement of troops in that vicinity. They passed so near the Rebel pickets that they could hear their conversation. Lieut. Milchrist returned toward morning and reported to Col. Wolford. The Colonel deemed the information of sufficient importance to send the Lieutenant to Gen. Burnside to acquaint him with what he had learned, and his observations.

The weather had become very inclement, and those in the ditches were exposed to much suffering. From Capt. B. F. Thompson's History of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, the following extract is taken, detailing the manner of guarding the earthworks: "Each regiment was divided into three reliefs, and one-third of the men kept on guard all the time, night and day—two hours on, and four hours off. One man in every four of those not on guard, kept awake and on the alert, to wake his three comrades in case of an attack, and those who slept lay with their accoutrements on and their guns within reach, ready to spring into action at any moment's notice."

In the meantime our forage had become exhausted, and our own rations had dwindled down to nothing worth mentioning. On our side of the river our Cavalry and Artillery horses, and train mules, had already stripped the trees of small limbs and bark, and had devoured everything of an eatable nature within their reach. Those in Knoxville had eaten up all of the plank fences to which they were hitched. Our men in the ditches were frequently tantalized by the enemy in regard to their scanty and unsavory fare, in the frequent colloquies which would take place when not in a combative humor. Their pickets would frequently shout, "mule meat!" "Vicksburg!" Our men would retort in equally aggravating tones, and challenge them to try the strength of our works. But incredible as it may seem, situated as we were, almost surrounded by foes considerably superior in numbers, with starvation staring us in the face, we never became disheartened—were neither gloomy nor despondent, and never counted on being captured or defeated.

Heavy skirmishing and Artillery firing continued all day of the 27th, and there was much activity with the enemy. On this day and the day following, Longstreet, in his report,

acknowledged large reinforcements. Two brigades of Cavalry, Giltner's and Jones's, reported to him for duty. Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson also came up from Chattanooga with Gracie's and Johnson's brigades of Infantry, nearly 4,000 strong. From the activity and maneuvering of the enemy, Burnside and his principal officers anticipated an assault upon our works, and seemed to divine his intentions in regard to the probable points of attack. In the evening our troops had directions to be watchful, and lay on their arms during the night.

Two days before this, Gen. D. Leadbetter, Chief Engineer of the Army of Tennessee, arrived at Gen. Longstreet's headquarters. On the next day he and Longstreet made a hasty reconnaisance of the Union lines and works. From the heights on the south side, Leadbetter pronounced Fort Sanders assailable, but after riding around the lines he expressed his preference for an attack on Mabry's Hill, at the northeast of the position. On the 27th a more careful examination was made of Mabry's Hill by Gens. Longstreet, Leadbetter, Jenkins and Col. Alexander. The opinion of all on this day, was that the ground over which the troops would have to pass was too much exposed, and the distance to be overcome was too great. It was finally determined to assault Fort Sanders.

On the 26th and 27th, Longstreet claims to have had various rumors that a battle had been fought at Chattanooga. There were so many reports leading to the same conclusion, that he determined he must attack, and if possible, get possession of Knoxville. He fails to tell the nature of those rumors.

The assault was set for the 28th, but in order to get the Confederates as near as possible to the Federal's works, it was postponed until daylight of the 29th.

The First Kentucky, under Col. Adams, went to Maryville the 28th on a scout, captured twelve prisoners and returned at 11 o'clock at night.

To those versed in military affairs, a short description of Fort Sanders, destined so soon to be the scene of one of the most brief but most sanguinary conflicts of the war, is here

given from the report of Capt. Orlando M. Poe, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Ohio:

It is a bastioned earth-work, built upon an irregular quadrilateral, the sides of which are respectively, 125 yards southern front, ninety-five yards western front, 125 yards northern front, and eighty-five yards eastern front. The eastern front was entirely open, and is to be closed with stockade; the southern front was about half done; the western front was finished, except cutting the embrasures, and the northern front was nearly finished. Each bastion was intended to have a pan coupé. The bastion attacked was the only one completely finished. * * * * The ditch of the fort was twelve feet in width, and in many places as much as eight feet in depth. The irregularity of the site was such that the bastion angles were very heavy, the relief of the lightest one being twelve feet. The relief of the one attacked was about thirteen feet, and, together with the depth of the ditch, say eleven feet, made a height of twenty feet from the bottom of the ditch to the interior crest. This, owing to the dampness of the morning and the steepness of the slopes, made the storming of the fort a very serious matter. * * *

On the night of the 28th, our men in the ditches stood on the alert, and were expecting something unusual to turn up, although not in full confidential relations with either Longstreet or Burnside. We subordinates at Col. Adams's headquarters had our rest much disturbed during the night. Early in the morning, before it was full daylight, a terrible fire opened all at once across the river at Fort Sanders. The noise was indescribable, and though the First Kentucky had been eye-witnesses of, and participants in many engagements, they had never heard anything like it before. It seemed to be one great noise with every kind of arm and missile curiously mingled together. It was reported to have lasted thirty minutes, but the time of its continuance appeared much shorter to those out of the fight. All at once it was hushed, and everything was as silent as death. Gen. Burnside thus describes the assault on Fort Sanders, aud the preliminary operations preceding it:

On the 28th he [the enemy] opened a battery on the south side, which partly commanded College Hill and Fort Sanders. About 10 o'clock that night he drove in our pickets in

the center of Gen. Ferrero's line, capturing many of them, and establishing his line on the crest of the ridge, about eighty yards in front of the fort.

It was now supposed that the enemy intended to make an attack on that point. Orders were issued for the whole command to be on the alert, and a brigade of Gen. Hascall's division was sent during the night to reinforce Gen. Ferrero. I have before stated that the fort had been placed in most excellent condition for defense. Lieut. Benjamin, who had bent all his energies to this work, was on the alert during the night, and roused the men at an early hour. They were placed in position, and strict silence enforced. At about 6:30 a. m., the enemy opened a furious fire upon the fort; our batteries remained silent, and the men quietly awaited the attack. The fort was so protected with traverses that only one man was injured during the heavy fire. In about twenty minutes the cannonading ceased, and a fire of musketry was opened by the enemy. At the same time a heavy column that had been concentrated under the ridge, near the fort, during the night, charged on the bastions at a run. Great numbers of them fell in passing over the entanglements, but the weight of the column was such as to force the advance forward, and in two or three minutes they reached the ditch and attempted to scale the parapet.

Our guns opened upon the men in the ditch with triple rounds of canister, and our Infantry shot or knocked back all those whose heads appeared above the parapet. The forces placed on the flanks of the fort by Gen. Ferrero had a cross-fire on the ground over which the enemy approached. The first column of attack was reinforced by the second, which was pushed up to the fort as desperately as the first, but was driven back with great slaughter. Most of those who reached the ditch were killed or mortally wounded. Such as could not retreat surrendered; in all, about 500. The ground between the fort and the crest was strewed with the dead and wounded, who were crying for help, and after the repulse was fully established I tendered to the enemy a flag of truce for the purpose of burying the dead and caring for the wounded. His loss was certainly over 1,000 men, while ours was but thirteen.

Longstreet, in his report, acknowledges a loss of killed, 129; wounded, 458; missing, 226. Aggregate, 813.

As the charge upon Fort Sanders was one among the most important in its results of any engagement during the war, and had due weight in giving an impetus to the down-

fall of the already tottering Confederacy, more than usual space is given in this work to its details.

The following, copied from Thompson's History of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, which was taken from a newspaper article at the time, gives such a correct account of the situation, and agrees so closely with both Federal and Confederate reports of the same, it will be inserted here.

The existence of a ditch in front of the northwest angle, where the assault was made, was entirely unknown to the Confederate officers. No scaling-ladders were prepared, partly because it was supposed that none were needed, and partly because there were no tools with which to construct them. Longstreet says: "Something was said about fascines [small branches of trees in bundles], and I said they might be useful in protecting the men from bullets in their approach, but I did not consider them essential in crossing the ditch."

The immediate vicinity of the fort had been zealously guarded from close observation, and was a terra incognita to citizens as well as Confederates. The deep and impassable ditch in front of Fort Sanders was as much a surprise to Longstreet's assaulting column as was the "sunken road" to Napoleon's Imperial Guard, as it made its last desperate charge at Waterloo.

McLaws claims that the necessity for any appliance with which to reach the summit of the parapet was scouted by Col. Alexander; that he did not think of them himself, but as there were no tools with which to make anything, he did not mention them, as to do so would create hesitation, and detract from the dash and determined purpose so necessary to succeed, although he did not consider them essential. * *

If the Confederate commander had designed to give his antagonist timely notice of his intended assault, he could not have done so more effectually than by prefacing it by the midnight assault upon the picket-line. Gen. Burnside at once sent Gen. Reily's brigade, which had been really in reserve during the siege, to reinforce Gen. Ferrerro's line at the fort. The weather had been most unfavorable for the movements of troops during the week that had passed. Rain fell on the night of the 27th, and the mercury fell below the freezing point. Ice formed on the water in the ditch, and the almost perpendicular walls of the ditch and parapet were as smooth and slippery as a wall of marble.

In advancing, the assault upon the Union pickets, Humphrey's skirmish line became entangled in an abattis, which fact McLaws at once reported to the Commanding General, who replied curtly through his Adjutant-General, "that the

feaut of an attack is not the time to make discouraging reports." * * * * * * *

The garrison of Fort Sanders consisted of Lieut. Benjamin's battery E, Second United States Artillery, with four twenty-pounder Parrot guns, and Capt. Buckley's battery D, First Rhode Island Artillery, four twelve-pounder Napoleons, and two 3-inch steel guns, part of the Seventy-Ninth New York, and part of the Second Michigan Infantry, making an aggregate of about two hundred and twenty men, all under command of 1st Lieut. Samuel N. Benjamin, Second United States Artillery, Chief of Artillery, Ninth Army Corps. Such were the men who were called upon to repulse one of the most desperate charges recorded in history.

The following vivid pen-picture of the assault and after-scenes was given by a Captain of the Fifty-First New York Volunteers, a Staff officer in the Ninth Army Corps, who was in the fort at the time.

Across the railroad, up the gentle slope, and through the stumps they came, while our guns were making havoc among their ranks. On they came, never faltering, with that well-known war yell; the stumps that the wires were attached to are reached, and down they fall, amid charges of grape and canister, while the steady fire of the Infantry from the adjoining rifle-pits, although destructive, did not deter them from rushing forward. They filled the ditch, and every foot of ground showed evidence of their courage. Lighted shells with short fuses and hand-grenades were thrown over in the ditch, and in another moment, through the smoke, we discovered another brigade, closed en masse, rushing on them with renewed vigor. Yells mingled with groans as they fell, and unable to stand such a scorching fire, they broke and fled to the rear; the few who returned in safety were truly fortunate One or two leaped the ditch, climbed the parapet, and planted their colors on the fort, but only for a moment, as they were instantly hauled in by our men. Such deeds of heroism are rarely recorded, and we could not help but admire their pluck as they were marched off as prisoners of war.

Before the smell of powder and smoke had passed away, I, with a few others, passed out of the fort over the ditch on a plank, and looked on that sad scene of slaughter. Such a spectacle I never again want to witness! Men literally torn to pieces lay all around, some in the last throes of death, others groaning and their faces distorted under the extreme pains from their severe wounds. Arms and limbs torn from

their bodies, lay scattered around, while at every footstep we trod in pools of blood. The ground was also strewn with split guns, bayonets and equipments, not to speak of hats and boots. Over a hundred dead bodies were taken from the ditch alone, while the vast number of the wounded were being carefully carried within our lines, to receive the best care in our hospitals. As they passed by us on stretchers their moans were pitiful to hear. Three hundred prisoners fell into our hands, representing eleven regiments, and it was evident to us that the enemy had met with a fearful loss, while ours was comparatively light.

When the flag of truce previously spoken of in another part of this chapter was sent to the enemy's lines, offering the opportunity for caring for their wounded and burying their dead, Gen. Longstreet gratefully accepted the offer, and a cessation of hostilities till 5 p. m. was agreed upon. Their slightly wounded were exchanged for our slightly wounded which had fallen into their hands in late previous affairs, and theirs were sent to their lines. Among the dead were Col. Ruff, commanding Wofford's brigade, which led the assault, Col. McElroy and Lieut. Col. Thomas.

At 5 o'clock the signal gun in Fort Sanders gave notice that the truce had ended, and the blue and the gray separated, returned to their places, and the two lines resumed their attitude of hostility.

All was quiet on the 30th. Late in the day we learned of the glorious victory of the Union forces under Gen. U. S. Grant, at Missionary Ridge, or Chattanooga. At 9 a. m., December 1st, congratulatory orders from Gen. Burnside were read before our command.

On the 29th of November, Gen. Grant, at Chattanooga, sent to Col. Byrd, commanding the post at Kingston, a dispatch in duplicate. One copy in Gen. Grant's own handwriting, and marked A, he directed to be sent by some trusty person, and without fail it was to be let fall into the hands of the enemy. The other copy, marked B, not in the General's handwriting, but signed by him, was to be conveyed to Gen. Burnside at all hazards, and at the earliest possible moment. In this dispatch Grant congratulates Burnside on the tenacity with which he had thus far held out against vastly superior numbers. He urged him not to be forced to

surrender on account of shortness of rations; that in a few days he would be relieved. He also notified Burnside that there were three columns in motion for his relief—one from Chattanooga, moving up the south bank of the river, under Sherman; one from Decherd, under Elliott; and one from Cumberland Gap, under Foster. These three columns, Grant claimed, would be able to crush Longstreet's forces or drive them from the valley. At what time Burnside received this dispatch it is not positively stated, but it is intimated that it was on the 2d of December.

In the meantime our situation was growing serious. Our rations, at best not calculated to tempt fastidious appetites, had almost played out. At first, the horses slaughtered or dying from other causes, were hauled away from camp and thrown into the Holston; but now they died so numerously, and surviving teams became so weak, that they could not be removed. About a dozen or more dead horses lay within a few feet of brigade headquarters. In warm spells their stench became unbearable. If it had been in the summer season an epidemic or plague would no doubt have resulted from their putrefaction.

Starvation was already staring us in the face. How long we could hold out was not now a question of days or weeks, but a question of hours. The time was at hand when something must be done. It is true we had notice of reinforcements marching to our relief, but the distance was considerable, the roads bad, and unknown obstructions might be in the way.

At this critical juncture of affairs, Gen. Burnside decided to send some capable officer through the lines, with force sufficient to fight his way if necessary, and to go until he could hear from or meet the promised reinforcements. It would require a daring, discreet officer for this enterprise. Sanders was no longer among the living. Lieut. Col. Adams had, on many occasions, proven his skill in this particular line, whether at the head of a large or small force, and Burnside had become well acquainted with his capabilities, and selected him for a work which might decide the fate of a large portion of the Ninth and Twenty-third Army Corps. Gen. Burnside left to Adams's discretion the size of his force,

and offered to let him have any desired number. Adams chose three hundred men of his own selection. It was a force of sufficient strength to manage any ordinary scouting party of the enemy, and at the same time not too large to be cumbersome.

After the shades of night had clothed everything in darkness was the time selected to make the venture. When the time came, the selected band under their leader stole noiselessly through their lines unobserved, as they supposed, but afterward they found out their mistake. As quietly as possible they marched as far as Maryville, where they heard cannonading on the Tennessee River in direction of Loudon. Their mission was finished. Adams had orders not to run any unnecessary risks. In the same quiet manner they started on their return march. As the advance guard approached within a mile or two of the fortified heights on the south side, it was halted and challenged. The enemy were waylaying for Adams. Their numbers were unknown. It would not have been discreet for a small force to be there. Adams sent a man to secretly notify the advance to withdraw, and turned squarely to the right through a dense woods, followed by his men, without even a path to guide them. As our men withdrew, the enemy fired a few shots, but Adams ordered his men not to return them. They soon came to the bottom land on a creek. Egyptian darkness surrounded them. Somewhere on this creek bottom they came to an humble habitation and captured a citizen. He was pressed as a guide with a threatened sudden stoppage of his life machinery, if he took them wrong. By narrow paths and by-ways, over rough, craggy places, and up steep accclivities, he guided them safely across an elevation around our own as well as the enemy's lines, down to the Holston, which was reached about daylight in the morning. Adams reported to Gen. Burnside and received his thanks for the information gained and congratulations for his safe return.

Capt. Audenried, of Gen. Sherman's Staff, reached Burnside's headquarters on the night of the 3d of December, Longstreet, who had captured the autograph dispatch of Grant's, designed to fall into his hands, had become alarmed, and raised the siege.

Col. Eli Long, of Sherman's relief force, who had been sent in advance with a command of Cavalry, reached our picket lines on the south side, at 2:30 on the morning of the 4th of December. Longstreet withdrew his forces from the west to the east side of Knoxville the following night, and the siege had ended.

Writers differ in regard to the exact duration of the siege. From the morning of the 17th of November, when our Infantry went into position around Knoxville, to the morning of the 5th of December, when the enemy left, was eighteen days.

The reported losses of the First Kentucky during the siege were as follows: Two enlisted men killed; two Commissioned officers and two enlisted men wounded; died in hospital, three; captured, four. Total, thirteen.

List of casualties: Killed, Thomas Wood, Company F, and Stephen Foster, Company I. Officers wounded, Lieut. W. D. Carpenter, Company G, and ——. Enlisted men wounded; Felix G. Stailey, Company C, and ——. Captured, Jacob Humbird, Company F; Wesley W. Mullins and James Selvy, Company H; and Henry Elliott, Company L. Died in hospital; William M. Parten and James M. West, Campany L; and Gilbert B. Craft, Company J.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

Just after the attack and repulse of the enemy on the south side of the Holston, November 25th, a very young-looking prisoner was brought to Col. Wolford's headquarters. His garb was worn, coarse, and filthy. To use a slang expression, he was a hard-looking case. Col. Wolford and his Staff were sitting at their supper-table after the severe contest. The Colonel had only been in comand of Sanders's division for a few days, and his Staff were mostly stylish men from Northern regiments. Ignoring the frowns and sou looks of his Staff, Col. Wolford insisted on the half-starved youth's sitting down at the table and partaking of the meal, and he willingly consented. He devoured what was passed to him with a ravenous appetite. The Colonel then endeavored to draw him out on the strength of the enemy on the south side, but the youth sternly and savagely refused to give any information on the subject. The questions put to him did not lessen his appetite, for he finished his meal. This incident is only given to show Col. Wolford's kindness of heart, and that he did not consider himself above a fellow-being even though dressed in the humblest habiliments, and belonging to the ranks of the enemy.

The following incident is related by Lieut. Thomas J. Graves, of Company I: On the night of the attack on Fort Sanders, Company I happened

to be on the north side of the Holston, in the suburbs of Knoxville. We were all tired and hungry. We were camped not far from the fort, and in range of the enemy's guns. Corp. F. M. Willis and I were frying meat. The first shot from the Rebels knocked our fire all to pieces. I rekindled the fire and the same thing was done again. The third and last time I kindled my fire, a shot came along and demolished my frying-pan. I never saw it any more, and we had nothing to eat that night.

Grant, in his memoirs, says that President Lincoln's anxiety, as manifested in his dispatches, became at last like the cry of a father for his son: "Have you heard anything from Burnside?" But Grant seemed confident all those weeks that Burnside and his boys were able to take care of themselves.—REV. W. H. HONNELL.

The Chaplain tells the following good story of an Irishman. We had one Irishman in our regiment, and as usual, he was fond of whisky, apple-jack and other strong drinks. He always carried two or more canteens; was a good soldier, and was sober most of the time. While the Infantry kept inside of the city during the siege, our Cavalry made frequent forays in quest of forage and rations, and so had many conflicts with the enemy's Cavalry.

It was different on both sides from the common Cavalry encounters, as we were confronted by superior numbers, confident at all times of the backing of Longstreet's twenty odd thousand veterans, against our twelve thousand under Burnside. Many a time, when the search for fodder-stacks took us miles out among the little valleys, and we had our horses laden with corn blades, we would come face to face with a like troop of "Johnnies." A volley, and then a charge, pell-mell, and then the random pistol-shots gave an idea of the respective numbers in the affray.

"Surrender! Surrender!" and then you would hear the sharp reply as sabers clashed. "Surrender? that's played out, we are Wheeler's men." "We are Wolford's Cavalry!" with an oath, as they clinched in vain to drag each other from his horse, now furious with excitement. We would eventually fall back toward Knoxville, or they in the opposite direction, both sides leaving their dead, and carrying off their wounded.

We now come to our story: With both flasks and canteens empty, you can imagine the diligent search of our Irish Cavalryman, as he would try to find the apple-jack stills in the nooks of the precipitous hills, on the east side. At last his search was rewarded, and he cautiously enters the den, and soon fills himself and all he has with the delicious fluid, and gladly pays for it this time, in anticipation of other runs with increased forces for the future. As he is about to start, horror to tell! two strapping well-armed "Johnnies," with pistols ready to fire in his face, confronted him, and yelled "Surrender, you d——d Yank!" There was no alternative but to give up his pistols, carbine, and alas! his well-filled flasks and canteens of apple-jack. But our man's ready wit did not fail him. "Gintlemin," said he, as he handed over his arms, "I declare it is my turn to treat, sure; and here's plenty of it, paid for in me own greenbacks, the last I had in me pockets."

They take his arms, his liquors, and being very dry, soon become boon companions, while our man tells how glad he is to meet such "gintle-

min." He readily convinces them that he is tired of this Abolition war, so different then from the time he enlisted, that he was ready to change sides, and was glad of the opportunity. "But," continued he, "if I had only known of this, I could have brought my fine horse from Wolford's camp, and then I could have done good service." After a while, when his captors had become more happy, he got their consent to ride in and leave his present horse and return on his fine one. Of course, as the distance was a number of miles, he never rode back even to capture his captors.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PURSUIT OF LONGSTREET — GEN. BURNSIDE RELIEVED — GEN. JOHN G. FOSTER TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO—SKIRMISHING WITH THE ENEMY—BEAN'S STATION—LONGSTREET AT BAY—SCOUTING AND SKIRMISHING—LONGSTREET TURNS UPON HIS PURSUERS — FIERCE BATTLE AT BEAN'S STATION—PRESSED BACK—BLAIN'S CROSS ROADS—SHACKELFORD ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE — REINFORCED — STURGIS IN COMMAND OF THE CAVALRY — FOSTER AND LONGSTREET IN A MENACING ATTITUDE.

When it was announced on Saturday, December 5, 1863, that Longstreet had withdrawn his men from around Knoxville, and was retreating toward Virginia, the long cooped up soldiers of the Army of the Ohio felt like birds set free from a cage. We were ordered at once in pursuit. Our troops were in bad condition to chase a rapidly-fleeing enemy; but fortunately or unfortunately Longstreet's gait was slower on a retreat than while advancing. Our Infantry were scantily clothed and badly shod, and their long fast had given them a somewhat emaciated and lank appearance; and the coarse diet had severely taxed their digestive powers, so that many were becoming faint and sick.

The Cavalry were in the same condition, with the further disadvantage that they were not trained to walking, and many were dismounted; and the horses which survived were mostly feeble skeletons. The enemy took compassion on our debilitated state, and moved at their leisure. We had orders

to pursue slowly and with great caution, and the commands we obeyed with cheerfulness; for we already had sufficient experience with Longstreet to know that it would not do to intrude rudely on his privacy without good opportunities to get advantage of him.

The First Division Cavalry Corps, still under command of Col. Wolford, was ordered in pursuit, and the Forty-Fifth Ohio led the advance the first day.

In the meantime, Gen. W. T. Sherman, who after the battle of Missionary Ridge, by forced marches, came to the relief of Gen. Burnside's besieged army, halted his column at Maryville, and visited Gen. Burnside in person at Knoxville. After consultation between the two commanders, it was decided that Sherman's forces would be of more service in moving in another direction, and he decided to return, leaving with Gen. Burnside the Second and Third Divisions of the Fourth Army Corps, under command of Maj. Gen. Gordon Granger. Granger, who also had been on a forced march to our relief, was ordered to Knoxville to hold the city while the troops of the Army of the Ohio hunted Longstreet.

Wolford's division marched eight miles on the Rutledge road on the 5th, and camped for the night. A considerable number of prisoners were captured during the day. They belonged mostly to that class known as stragglers, and did not seem distressed at being taken. Dan Coy, of Company I, missing on the scout to Maryville on the 28th of November, returned to his company that day.

The movements of the troops on various roads were slow, and Wolford was directed to govern his movements accordingly. The command did not move until 10 a. m. on the 6th, and the First Kentucky did not move far. A few prisoners were taken by the men of the regiment, one of whom, according to Capt. Pankey's diary, who had an impediment in his speech, declared that he never had "dhrawed a thrigger or flirted a gun-lock back."

On the 7th, advanced about four miles, skirmished some, took a few prisoners, moved forward and camped on Flat Creek. It was somewhere in this section, and about this time, that a poor woman of the neighborhood came to Colonel Wolford's headquarters in great distress. She was

mounted on a very lean horse, her dress was made out of the plainest brown jeans, and everything about her denoted that she belonged to the humblest walks of life. She related to the Colonel a pitiful tale: that her husband and sons were absent in the Union army; that the troops of both armies had stripped her of all remaining provisions, and that she and her youngest children would be in danger of starving without help. Col. Wolford listened attentively to her tale of woe, and then looking around, espied about a half middling of fine bacon which some member of his Staff had pressed, or caused to be pressed on a foraging expedition, handed the entire piece to the woman, and told her when that was out to come back and he would give her more. It was the last piece of meat in his mess, and those of his Staff present frowned, but were afraid to say anything, for they could not have faced his stern rebuke.

On the 8th, the command marched ten or fifteen miles to Rutledge, and encamped. On this day's march we struck a desert of land and disloyalty both. The land was barren and rough, and the people were unlettered and intensely Rebel. Several prisoners were captured during the day.

The command moved forward at 7 a. m. on the 9th, pressing the enemy hard, and captured a large number of prisoners. We reached Bean's Station at 2 p. m. This place is forty-nine miles from Knoxville. Here we remained in camp, sending out scouts and skirmishing with the enemy until the 14th.

On the 10th, Gen. Shackelford, commanding the Cavalry Corps, sent two brigades out to reconnoiter—Adams's brigade on the Rogersville road, and Col. Garrard's on the Morristown road. Adams went as far as Mooresburg, where he came upon the enemy in considerable force guarding a wagon train, and began a skirmish with them. The enemy dismounted and took a position in a gorge. Adams, finding the enemy too numerous, and their position unassailable, withdrew his brigade, and as he retired, the enemy came forward and occupied the ground that he had left.

On the 10th of September, after getting full possession of East Tennessee, Gen. Burnside applied to the War Department to be relieved from the command of the Army of

the Ohio, but was refused at the time. Again, in October, when quite ill, he sent a dispatch to President Lincoln stating that he might be forced to ask to be relieved from the command of the department. Gen. Burnside had now accomplished his task, and his request was no longer refused. Maj. Gen. John G. Foster was selected to fill his place, and arrived at Cumberland Gap some days before the siege was raised, and had directed operations in that section. He arrived at Knoxville on the 10th of December, and on the 11th, assumed command of the Army of the Ohio.

Gen. Burnside, while in command, had endeared himself to both citizens and soldiers. Loose foraging and wanton depradations on citizens' property were not allowed under his command. Parson Brownlow defined him as both a moral and military hero. The loyal people of East Tennessee, and the soldiers of the Army of the Ohio, will long remember him for his kindness and humanity.

"A meeting of all the officers of the Cavalry Corps was held at Gen. Shackelford's headquarters on the evening of the 10th, and resolutions of confidence and respect were unanimously adopted, and several speeches made, highly eulogistic of Gen. Burnside, which were heartily indorsed by all present."

In General Field Orders, No. 38, dated Knoxville, Tenn., December 11, 1863, Gen. Burnside took an affectionate and pathetic leave of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Ohio and the loyal soldiers and citizens of East Tennessee, and regretted that he had not the opportunity of bidding them all a personal farewell. On the same day, Maj. Gen. John G. Foster assumed command of the troops. Gen. Burnside started for Cincinnati on the 12th of December.

On the 11th and 12th, there are no records of the First Kentucky doing any particular service. Lieut. Col. Bond, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, with his brigade, reconnoitered on the Rogersville road, met the enemy, drove in his pickets, examined his strength, and returned to camp.

Two hundred men of the First Kentucky Cavalry were ordered on a reconnaissance on the Rogersville road on the 13th. This force was attacked and driven in by a force of the enemy, 600 strong, and several of Wolford's forage wag-

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R. T. PIERCE.

ons were captured. Shackelford's whole command turned out in double-quick, met the pursuing Rebels at the picket-post, and drove them back five miles, returning to camp at dark. From all sources of information, Gen. Shackelford was convinced that the enemy was making preperations to make a bold attack on our advance at Bean's Station.

Morning dawned on the 14th with nothing to excite apprehensions in the camps of the Union forces. Scouts were sent out early, and reported no enemy to be seen. All the command, except the necessary scouts and pickets, were enjoying themselves as much as possible in their badly-clad and still scantily-fed condition. But the quietness of all surroundings presaged what was to follow. A dead calm denotes the gathering of a storm.

December 12th, Longstreet received what he deemed reliable information that part of our reinforcements from Chattanooga had returned to that place; and that our advance forces at Bean's Station consisted of only three brigades of Cavalry and one of Infantry, with our main force between Rutledge and Blain's Cross Roads. He was also aware of our enfeebled condition. At this time, Foster's reports showed only 10,000 Infantry and 4,000 Cavalry of the once buoyant Army of the Ohio in tolerable plight for service. They never had recovered from their long fast at Knoxville. Our subsistence lines had not been reestablished; and being compelled to subsist on a country already well stripped by the enemy, the quantity was not sufficient, and the quality not the best. Many of the Cavalry were dismounted. Our horses were fagged, weak and lank. Such an adroit leader as Longstreet would not be slow to take advantage of all opportunities to injure an enemy. He therefore determined to move suddenly upon Shackleford and make such disposition of his whole available force as to capture the Union advance by surprise.

Orders were issued for his troops to be ready to march on the 14th. His main force was to move directly down the road from Rogersville to Bean's Station. Gen. Martin, with four brigades of Cavalry, was to move down on the south side and cross the Holston opposite Bean's Station, or below,

Gen. W. E. Jones, with two brigades of Cavalry, was to pass down on the north side of Clinch Mountain, and prevent the Union force from escaping by way of Bean's Station Gap.

The 14th came. Lieut. James E. Chilton in command of his company [C], was on picket in front of the First Brigade, commanded by Lieut. Col. Adams, and Capt. Colcord, of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, commanded the picket in front of the Second Brigade of Wolford's division. The First Kentucky pickets had a commanding position from whence they could view the approach of the enemy for some distance.

It was 2 p. m. before the enemy came in sight and commenced the attack. Chilton was soon flanked, and fell back to a heavy detachment of the regiment under Capt. A. T. Keen, who managed his men with the coolest bravery. Keen had been sent at the first alarm to the support of Chilton. In the meantime other regiments of the command took position promptly, and soon there was a general engagement all along the line. As the Union Cavalry forces were slowly driven back by McLaws' and Bushrod Johnson's divisions of Infantry, and as the enemy ascended the hill east of the Bean Station Hotel, the Union Artillery from three points opened a rapid and destructive fire from elevations on the west side of the hotel. So withering was the fire that the enemy were ordered to lie flat on the ground until Longstreet's Artillery could be brought into position. The engagement now became fierce and appalling. Brigade after brigade opened their volleys, and battery after battery poured shot and shell into our unflinching lines. A number of our men had taken position in the fine hotel building, and from the second and third stories, delivered deadly leaden pellets into the ranks of the enemy. Here they were the terror of Longstreet's men until two batteries of Artillery were ordered to fire solid shot through the walls. This raised so much brick-dust that our marksmen's vision was obstructed, and they abandoned the building. Two of the enemy's shots were fired into a stable, but instead of the Union forces occupying the stables, they found to their dismay that it was their own men—the Sixteenth Alabama—and two of them were killed and three wounded.

Our men, at the last stand they made on the elevation immediately west of the hotel, boldly held their position amid the showers of deathly missiles until night closed on the fearful scene. They then withdrew to a strong position three or four miles to the rear, and camped in line of battle until morning.

Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, who was one of Longstreet's favorite commanders, and whose division was in the heat of the contest in our front, gives our troops in his report the credit of resisting his attack " persistently and gallantly."

Gen. Longstreet gives the following reasons for not following up his advantage gained and completely annihilating the Union forces:

" A little after night the enemy retreated, and our troops occupied their defenses. The pursuit was ordered by daylight by Hood's division of Infantry and Martin's Cavalry. As I rode to the front, Gen. Law preferred a complaint of hardships, etc. Gen. McLaws was not yet fed, and there seemed so strong a desire for rest rather than destroy the enemy, that I was obliged to abandon the pursuit, although the enemy were greatly demoralized, and in some confusion. This was the second time during the campaign when the enemy was completely in our power, and we allowed him to escape us. Gen Martin was ordered to pursue with his Cavalry."

The next morning after the Bean's Station fight, Wolford's division took position early. The enemy appeared about 8 a. m., and the Cavalry held them in check until the Infantry took their places, when the Cavalry retired. At 7 p. m., the whole command fell back to Rutledge, arriving at 1 a. m. on the 16th. At 7 a. m. the Union forces continued their retreat, the enemy pressing their rear all day, and our mounted forces skirmishing briskly with them, until reaching Blain's Cross Roads, where the whole command went into camp.

This place being a strong position, and not easily flanked, Gen. Foster determined to make a stand and offer the combative Confederate General battle; but Longstreet had been too easily induced to follow our retreating columns not long before, meeting with serious disaster, besides being cut off

from Bragg's command at Chattanooga, and he was now more wary.

Gen. Gordon Granger, with his command of the Fourth Army Corps, was ordered up from Knoxville. Gen. Elliott, Chief of Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, also joined our forces on the 16th, with 2,500 Cavalry.

About this time, Brig. Gen. James M. Shackelford, commanding Cavalry Corps, obtained leave of absence, and departed for Kentucky. Brig. Gen. S. D. Sturgis was now put in command of all the Cavalry belonging to the Army of the Ohio.

The strength of the Union and Confederate forces now confronting each other was equal—26,000 effective men each. If the prowess of the slender-shank, wire-grass soldier of the South had been what the leaders of the conspiracy boasted at the beginning of the war—that is one Southern equal to five Yankees—Longstreet need not have hesitated a moment in demolishing our half-starved, barefooted soldier boys, but he did. While Foster was anxious to cross blades with Longstreet if battle was offered to him, yet owing to scarcity of ammunition, and the condition of his men, he thought it imprudent to make an attack; so the two men stood making grimaces at each other.

The First Kentucky moved on the 17th in direction of Strawberry Plains, with the intention of crossing the Holston, but the river being too high, it was deferred. Moving toward McKinney's Ford on the 18th, we returned to our camp on the 19th, where we remained until the 23d. While encamped here our regiment was paid off, and the men were enabled to better their condition.

In the campaign in pursuit of Longstreet, there is an account of the following casualties of the First Kentucky Cavalry in the State Adjutant General's Report:

Killed—James M. Wagoner, Company J, December 13, 1863; wounded at Bean's Station, December 14, Wm. J. Armstrong, Company G; Andrew J. Catron and James F. Humphries, Company L. Captured — Thomas Thompson, Company F, at Rutledge, December 16th.

CHAPTER XXX.

ACROSS THE HOLSTON—NEW MARKET—FLAT GAP—WOLFORD MOVES TO DANDRIDGE TO TRY TO TRAP THE ENEMY—THE ENEMY MASS ON OUR LEFT—HARD FIGHTING, AND THE ENEMY REPULSED—WOLFORD RETURNS TO MOSSY CREEK AND ENCAMPS—ADAMS'S BRIGADE GUARDING BAY'S MOUNTAIN AGAIN—MOVE IN FORCE TO DANDRIDGE—TWO NOBLE CONFEDERATE LADIES—LONGSTREET MOVES ON PARKE—HEAVY SKIRMISHING AND FIGHTING—FALLS BACK TO STRAWBERRY PLAINS—DISAGREEABLE NIGHT—MARCH TO KNOXVILLE—INCIDENT IN KANSAS.

Longstreet, in his report, claims that after the Union forces retreated to Blain's Cross Roads, that a successful stand was made against the Cavalry. After exhausting the supply of forage between Rogersville and Blain's Cross Roads, the Confederate forces moved to the southeast side of the Holston, and took up winter quarters at Russellville and Morristown, and made shelters to protect them from the cold wintry blasts. Our own troops were still suffering for want of clothing, food and medicines. The issues of bread or meat rarely came up to one quarter of the ration, while the continued feeding on fresh meat caused sickness among the soldiers, which there were no remedies to check. This state of affairs arose from the impossibility of getting supplies over the impassable roads from Kentucky, and the necessity of living off the country. Our forage now had to be sought at distances varying from ten to forty miles. The stock of ammunition was also still limited.

After the enemy crossed the Holston, there were several good reasons for the Union forces to make a corresponding movement. It was necessary to check the enemy and guard against a flank movement, or a movement on our rear. It was also desirable to occupy as much territory as possible of the rich valleys between Holston and French Broad, so as to obtain as much as possible of the supplies not already exhausted, to prevent their falling into the hands of the en-

emy. It was our best policy to starve the enemy as much as possible, and to build up with food our own emaciated frames and those of our horses. Gen. Foster was also anxious to bring on a decisive engagement with the enemy as soon as possible, therefore the Cavalry was hurried across the Holston as soon as it could be forded.

On the 18th, one brigade of Gen. Elliott's Cavalry command of the Army of the Cumberland crossed over, and before day the next morning, the river had risen three or four feet, and was consequently unfordable.

December 23d, Col. Adams's and Bond's brigades of Wolford's division, and Garrard's brigade of Col. John W. Foster's division, crossed at McKinney's Ford. The river was still high and dangerous. The ford was very wide, and the water muddy. It could not be forded in a direct line across. There was a citizen guide on the bank to direct our course. On entering the river it was necessary to take a right oblique direction to the middle, and down stream, and then change to a left oblique up stream to the opposite bank. The First Kentucky took the advance in the First Brigade in crossing, and got over without any accident, but the Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, which was in the rear, by some means got too low down, became confused, and a number of its men were drowned.

After crossing, our Cavalry force moved on to New Market on the railroad, and went into camp. On the next morning Col. Campbell's brigade of the Army of the Cumberland, and Garrard's brigade of Foster s Division, Army of the Ohio, scouted in direction of Dandridge. Both brigades met the enemy and engaged him; Campbell had a severe fight. Wolford's division was moved out on the Dandridge road, one mile from town, remaining in line of battle all day, and then encamped.

Our command was now in a good and fertile section; the citizens were loyal and intelligent, and our soldiers meeting with a hospitable reception in most of the family circles, our hardships were considerably ameliorated.

The First Kentucky remained in camp until the 27th, when the regiment was ordered to Flat Gap to guard and picket the roads in direction of Dandridge. A Rebel force

was at Dandridge, and their pickets were very close to our own.

On the 26th, Gen. Elliott felt the enemy's Cavalry, causing him to display his superior force, but was prevented by heavy rains from further operations. Gen. Elliott again advanced on the 27th, driving the enemy from every position, to Talbott's Station, some three or four miles.

About this time, Gen. Sturgis reported the Cavalry belonging to the Army of the Ohio in a very weak state; only about 800 or 900 effective men and horses reported for duty in Wolford's two brigades south of the Holston. The dismounted were reported at 1,200, and were ordered to Strawberry Plains to guard that place.

Gen. Sturgis, on the night of the 28th, received information that a brigade of the enemy's Cavalry had moved to Dandridge in the afternoon of that day, and had gone into camp. He concluded to take advantage of this division of the enemy's forces, and endeavor to surprise and destroy the brigade. He therefore ordered Col. Foster's division and four regiments of Wolford's division, with four mountain howitzers, to move on Dandridge by the Mossy Creek road, and Col. Adams's brigade of Wolford's division (picketing the gaps in Bay's Mountain) to move toward Dandridge by the New Market route, so as to reach there at daylight on the 29th. Col. La Grange's brigade, of Elliott's command, and two 3-inch rifled guns, moved at dawn of day to the point where the Mossy Creek road to Dandridge crosses Bay's Mountain, for the purpose of watching the roads in Dumpling Valley, and to be in easy supporting distance of the remaining forces at Mossy Creek, or to go toward Dandridge should the enemy have massed his cavalry at either place during the night.

But the enemy had withdrawn from Dandridge and massed his Cavalry against the remaining Union forces left at Mossy Creek. After a hard day's fight the Rebels were repulsed, and each side held its former position. Both sides lost heavily. The Union loss was seventeen enlisted men killed, nine officers and seventy-eight men wounded, and five men missing. Total, 109. The Confederate loss was much heavier, as they were the attacking party, and more exposed.

Although their loss was estimated as high as 400, the best authority gives it from 250 to 300.

Wolford's command, at Dandridge, started to return, but was cut off, and was under the necessity of going around by way of Bay Mountain, and after a hard march of twenty-four miles in a heavy rain storm, arrived at Mossy Creek at 8 o'clock in the evening. The next day, Adams's brigade returned to its post at Flat Gap. The morning of the 30th was clear and cold, but at dark it commenced raining, and continued to rain constantly until the morning of the 1st of January, 1864, when the wind suddenly changed, and the temperature fell to 29 degrees below zero. The north wind was piercing, and our ill-clad Cavalry could do nothing but build great log fires and try to keep warm. Lieut. Chilton, of Company C, gives the following notes of this time. "* * * * About the first day of January one of the coldest nights came, and Company C had the outpost on Bay's Mountain, the videttes were relieved every hour, yet nearly froze, and only by continued effort could keep from freezing."

The Rev. W. H. Honnell, in his war recollections, writes of this time as follows: "I am ready to believe the story then accepted as true, that a picket-post of six men were all frozen to death, and were found next morning, four lying on their sides at the relief post, and two dead and stark, with their loaded muskets standing at their sides, and with sightless eyes, as if looking toward the enemy's encampments. * * * * At Pompeii's ruin, the lava has left most touching memorials, which are dug out by the antiquarians. Among them all is hardly one more pathetic than that of the old soldier on duty, when the night of molten death swept its waves over the doomed city. He is now found, after two thousand years, with his arms, ready to challenge his foes, or salute his Generals, as they might come in the distance. So the grand remnant of the old armies of Grant and Sherman stand to-day, ready to obey their orders, whether they come from living lips or from the tongues palsied to silence, more profound even, than when he bore silently the reproaches of his enemy while living."

The First Kentucky remained on picket duty at Flat Gap

until January 14th. Thompson, in his history of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, writes of this time as follows: "The weather was too cold for military movements, and by common consent, Union and Rebel pickets frequently stacked their arms and built fires on the posts, and stood around them in vain attempts to keep warm, until one side would warn the other to 'look out.'"

By January 13th, the Cavalry around Mossy Creek and New Market, having exhausted supplies in that section, were forced to move to Dandridge where some little forage was yet to be found. The draught animals of the Infantry and Artillery, by this time being almost entirely without feed of any kind, were dying by hundreds daily. It became a matter of first importance to move to a section where forage, if not corn for the men, could be obtained at once. Wolford's division received marching orders that day, and on the 14th, moved to Dandridge. The enemy occupying the town at the time, it was necessary to move them out, for the two forces, holding such opposite views about matters, could not associate together in harmony. The One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois being in advance, drove them out and three miles beyond, and then returned and went into camp. On the same day, Col. Thomas J. Henderson, of that regiment, having been on leave of absence for several months, joined his command, and resumed command of the Second Brigade of Wolford's Division.

While the Cavalry were making these movements, the Fourth and Twenty-Third Corps were ordered to move across the Strawberry Plains Bridge (which was now passable) on the 15th of January, to march to Dandridge, to cross the French Broad River near that place on a bridge hastily made with the best material at hand, and then to occupy the country as far up toward the Nola Chucky as possible. The object of this move was not only to procure forage for the horses and supplies for the men, but also to disturb Longstreet's left flank and communications in his rear, especially toward North Carolina. The Ninth Corps was to hold Strawberry Plains, and to be ready to support the movement while in progress, and afterward cover Knoxville. The troops were temporarily under command of Gen. Phil Sheridan, Gen. Gordon

Granger then being at Knoxville consulting with Gen. Foster.

All was quiet on the 15th. The Rebels attacked our pickets at night, but were driven off without loss. While at Dandridge, Col. Wolford held his headquarters at Mrs. Bradford's, whose husband was a Colonel in the Rebel army. Mrs. Bradford and her beautiful and accomplished young daughter, were perfect models of genuine ladies in every respect. The elder lady plainly told us that she would much prefer her own men present than ours, but that it was her habit to treat everybody with respect, whether they belonged to the ranks of friends or foes. All of our men, from the highest officer to the humblest private, were treated with the greatest courtesy. Not a word escaped to touch our feelings. She and her lovely daughter exerted and fatigued themselves in cooking and preparing the best they had for our half famished officers and men. Her noble conduct was not caused by policy or fear, for there were several loyal East Tennessee soldiers present, neighbors of hers, who related to us how she had successfully exerted herself to save the lives of some of their comrades condemned to be executed before the occupation of East Tennessee by the Union troops. To the honor of the Union soldier, if any of their number even among the roughest, committed any depredation upon her property, it was never known. There was scarcely a man in Wolford's division, acquainted with her noble qualities, who would not have shed his blood for her protection. If these two had been fair samples of all the females of the so-called Southern Confederacy, what a cruel war it would have been!

Mrs. Bradford and her lovely daughter may have long ago crossed the dark valley; but whether they have or not, golden crowns, with starry gems, are due them "beyond the river."

Gen. Foster had been disabled for active duty in the field for some time, and Gen. Parke came on and took command of troops at Dandridge. The Cavalry command moved out early on the 16th with Col. Adams's brigade in advance, on the Morristown road. About two miles out, Col. Adams met the enemy and engaged him. It proved to be Longstreet's Cavalry reconnoitering in force. The brigade fought and skirmished with the enemy all day. In the evening our force

fell back to the Infantry lines, closely followed. Gen. Sheridan then advanced and drove the enemy back, when the Union Cavalry retired, and went into camp.

On Sunday the 17th, the enemy advanced again and attacked the Union skirmish line, which continued until the afternoon, when Longstreet advanced with four brigades of Infantry,with his whole available force in supporting distance, and Sturgis's Cavalry and mounted Infantry were heavily engaged until dark. The Infantry were now put in position for a general attack the next day.

About this time Gen. Parke received reliable information that Longstreet had been reinforced by a division of Ewell's corps from Virginia, and the advance of the combined forces to Knoxville. Gen. Parke decided to fall back at once to Strawberry Plains, which he did without loss.

At 9 o'clock in the evening, the whole command was ordered to be ready to move at 11. Three companies of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, under command respectively of Capt. Otman and Lieuts. Milchrist and Thompson, were ordered in an advance position in direction of the enemy, and to hold it until 3 o'clock the next morning, and then withdraw, following our marching columns slowly, checking the Rebel Cavalry until the army teams had crossed the Holston near New Market.

The First Kentucky moved at 11:30 and marched all night through a dreary, drizzling rain, and also on the 18th, crossing the Holston late in the afternoon, and camped two miles below Strawberry Plains.

Capt. Otman, who had command of the rear guard, was followed and attacked by the enemy early in the morning. Being overpowered, he was pressed back from one position to another during the whole day. Near night he was so hard pressed that Gen. Willich, in charge of the supply and ammunition trains, sent the Tenth Indiana to his support.

During the night of the 17th, and until late in the evening of the 18th, the weather was pleasant, and the rain not so disagreeable. About night the wind shifted to the north, snow commenced falling, and the ground was soon covered.

Fatigued and hungry, after eighteen hours in the saddle, we bivouacked in our wet clothes and blankets, and soon

were covered with snow. The keen wind was cut off, but not having a dry thread upon us, we soon became very much chilled. Fortunately, when the weather changed, a number of log heaps had been set on fire, and the only prevention against severe suffering was to spread an overcoat or blanket before the fire, lie down, and while scorching on one side and freezing on the other, keep constantly turning from side to side.

The following day the command marched to Knoxville.

INCIDENT.

From the Rev. W. H. Honnell.—When a Tennessee lady in Kansas was dilating on the exalted character of the Rebel membership of the Mossy Creek Church, and its fine house of worship, as compared with her surroundings in Kansas: "Yes," I replied, "I know that church building well; I have slept on its front pew, when it resounded to the groans of dying heroes. For the ever-memorable cold new year of 1864 found us repelling an attempt to surprise the Yankee lines. My men froze to the ground in their blood ere I could reach them from the farther end of the line; and after we had driven the enemy back in defeat, the dead of both sides were gathered for burial, and they were as stiff as blocks of ice." "Why were you there?" she excitedly exclaimed. "Simply because your good members, and others like them, were trying to pull down the house of our Union and freedom over our heads. We had no personal interest to hurt a hair of their heads, except to save our great nationality from destruction."

CHAPTER XXXI.

OVER THE HOLSTON AND UP THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE FRENCH BROAD — SEVIERVILLE—FLAT CREEK — FAIR GARDEN—KELLEY'S FORD—CUT OFF BY THE ENEMY—AROUND TO MARYVILLE—THE SITUATION IN EAST TENNESSEE—BOTH ARMIES WORN OUT AND UNSERVICEABLE—THE FIRST KENTUCKY ORDERED BACK TO KENTUCKY TO RECRUIT—ROBBERS AND GUERRILLAS ON THE ROUTE—THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE, AND DEATH OF TOM AUSTIN—AT MT. STERLING.

Gen. Surgis's Cavalry corps, together with Gen. Elliott's command, was now ordered to cross the Holston at Knoxville, and ascend the south side of the French Broad River in order to occupy the foraging grounds they failed to reach by way of Dandridge.

Wolford's division crossed on the morning of January 20th, marched twelve miles toward Sevierville, and encamped. When we went through Knoxville, most of our horses had not been fed for forty-eight hours. We bivouacked at night where plenty of forage was obtained, and our horses were overjoyed; using one of Gen. Sherman's slang expressions, they laughed heartily. Remained in camp till the afternoon of the 21st, when the men were supplied with 100 rounds of ammunition each, the march was resumed on through Sevierville, and two miles beyond, when we went into camp, having traveled sixteen miles on that day. Pigeon Valley, which was passed through, was a beautiful and fertile region. On the 22d, the command moved eight miles to Fair Garden. On that day our advance captured five Rebel wagons and a guard of twenty men; on the 23d a train of eleven wagons and seventy prisoners. On the 24th, moved back about three miles on the Sevierville road; and on the 25th, retired to within three miles of Sevierville.

On the morning of the 26th of January, Wolford's command moved out from Dr. Hodgeden's, where we were encamped, to Fowler's, on the road from Sevierville to Fair Garden. Adams's brigade was in advance, followed by Col.

Henderson's. The command arrived at 12 m., and halted. An hour or two later, our pickets were attacked by the enemy approaching from the direction of Fair Garden. Adams's brigade immediately formed into line, with the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, of Henderson's brigade to its right, with the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, of the same brigade, in reserve. Our pickets and skirmishers were driven in rapidly, and soon the firing was general all along the line. At this time, fearing the left of our line was exposed, Col. Wolford ordered a part of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry to picket the Dandridge road in our rear, and the rest to cover the left of our line, and guard against any movement of the enemy from that direction; but before Major Edgerly, of the Eighth Michigan, got into position, the enemy succeeded in flanking us on the left.

Capt. F. M. Wolford, on the extreme left of the First Brigade, now informed Col. Adams that the enemy were flanking him, when the Col. ordered the left to fall back to their horses and mount, after which this portion of the line swung back to the creek. The enemy appearing in an old field, the left of the line drove them back into the woods. The One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois and the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry maintained their positions until ordered by Col. Wolford to fall back and mount, which was done in good order; and then by orders of Col. Wolford, eight companies of the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois moved back across Flat Creek, were dismounted, and formed in line on the hill to hold the enemy in check and cover the retreat of our forces, which they did in a gallant manner, until all had passed through the gap. The First Kentucky were in good spirits when they saw the One Hundred and Twelfth dismounted to protect the rear, as the enemy was peppering that portion of the column severely.

The enemy did not pursue any further, and the command then fell back on the Sevierville road and went into camp two or three miles from town. The casualties of the First Kentucky this day were four men wounded.

Back in the rear of the hot contestants, this day was performed one of the most gallant military exploits which happened during the war. Chaplain W. H. Honnell, though his

position made him a non-combatant, was generally in front attending to the wounded and seeing the fighting well done, but on that day, from some cause now unknown to the Author, happened to be left in camp with the wagon-train, when a large force of the enemy were found to be approaching. The Author well remembers the occasion, applied to the Chaplain for particulars, which are given in his own style:

Col. Wolford had left his encampment and wagons in a deep ravine, and the smoke of the morning fires had covered the hills. He had been summoned by scouts to a pass six miles to the north, and in the evening the enemy pressed him back with superior numbers. The firing was so continuous that the eighty-five men left to guard the camp were mounted and under arms, when a long Cavalry line was seen advancing in the distance to destroy the train and supplies, and strike Wolford's right and rear. The Lieutenant in command faltered, and pleaded that the Chaplain was the ranking officer, and begged me to take command, not only of the sick and wounded, but of all, as I had more experience, and had always borne the title of Captain in that regiment.

On taking the responsibility, nearly every man was placed on a long skirmish line, on a plain at the foot of the hills, which hid the train and smoldering camp-fires. Just then, seven scouts rode up from Col. Vance's Union regiment of North Carolina, and asked permission to strike the enemy's advance squad, now half a mile ahead of their column.

It was like an arrow from a cross-bow, the swift dash of these seven brave men, with pistols in hand and carbines across their shoulders. They struck the front, and it was forced back by the blow, and emptying their pistols, they grabbed the reins of a wounded horse, and brought the rider in a prisoner. It was a most gallant and fortunate stroke, as the prisoner told, without hesitation, that seven hundred men and two pieces of Artillery confronted our single line of skirmishers.

Men were sent on the swiftest horses with dispatches to Wolford and Sturgis both, making known our situation, and that we would hold the line till reinforced. Gen. Sturgis has been accused of tardy movements, and it seemed to us that he came slowly to our relief, but not a man faltered in plain view of the forming battle-line, a mile distant. If Sturgis was slow, they were slower; and just as the Artillery opened upon the line, Sturgis's column formed in our rear, and our wagon train was saved, and also many lives.

The roar of battle soon hushed on our distant left, where Wolford had been assailed for two hours, and the two col-

umns of both armies concentrated and encamped on opposite hills two miles apart; and a longer, thicker skirmish line occupied nearly the same front as at 1 o'clock, when the first and last skirmish line began, ever commanded by Wolford's Chaplain. From that vantage position, McCook's division of the Army of the Cumberland, assisted by Wolford, made a vigorous attack the next morning, and in the first charge, captured two pieces of their Artillery. The enemy's force was driven back all day, although we lost many brave men, and among the number was Lieut. Col. Leslie of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry.

Wolford's two brigades moved back to Flat Creek Gap on the morning of the 27th—Col. Henderson's in advance—but found no enemy. After remaining in position about two hours, Col. Adams, with his brigade, was ordered to move to Dickey's, some three miles from Sevierville, followed by Col. Henderson. Near this place Col. McCook's division had engaged the enemy, and, when Wolford's command arrived, was driving him handsomely, and continued to do so during the day. Adams's brigade was put in position to guard the left flank of McCook's line, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, of Henderson's brigade, was dismounted and moved up in the center to fill an opening between the right and left of McCook's line, and guard against any reverse that night befall Col. LaGrange on the left; but the gallantry of McCook's command left Wolford's men no opportunity to display their own fighting qualities on that day. Our men, however, occupied during the night the last position from which the enemy had been driven, where a battle-flag, two pieces of Artillery and a number of prisoners had been captured, and where the lamented Col. Leslie, of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, had fallen while leading a gallant and successful sabre charge on the enemy.

On the 28th of January, the command moved early in the morning to Fair Garden, and on the road to Dandridge to a point near Kelley's Ford, where the enemy was found in strong position, and fortified. Here, under orders from Col. Wolford, the command was dismounted and formed into line, with Henderson's brigade on the right, and Adams's on the left. The line was then ordered to advance, charge the enemy, and drive him from the hill. The men advanced

gallantly to within thirty or forty yards of the enemy, who lay on the crest of a hill extending around our entire front in crescent form, and behind temporary breast-works, when the enemy poured a terrible fire into the ranks of our men, and checked their advance; in fact the line for a moment fell back a little, but the men soon rallied and held their position for more than two hours, and until ordered to fall back. In the fight the men were much exposed. As before stated, the hill occupied by the enemy was in the form of a crescent, and as our men advanced within the circle of it, our front not being sufficient to cover that part of the enemy, the men were much exposed to an enfilading fire on both flanks, as well as a heavy fire in front; yet both officers and men behaved well, and fought bravely, until ordered to fall back.

Among the casualties reported in the First Kentucky Cavalry on this day, were Lieut. Daniel Murphy, Company G; Commissary Sergeant, Abraham F. Debaun, Company I, and Richard D. Hopkins, Company J, wounded, and George Hurst, Company E, missing. Wm. Prewitt, Company F, was reported missing at Dandridge on the 20th. It is difficult to ascertain all the losses of the regiment owing to the meagerness of official reports. Lieut. Daniel Murphy, wounded in the fight, was afterward wounded in Georgia, and made a cripple for life. Serg. Debaun was shot in the forehead above the eye, the ball remaining in his skull several years, pressing upon his brain, and was then extracted.

The gallant Maj. Milton Graham, commanding the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, was badly wounded in this action.

After the engagement on the 28th, our Cavalry fell back, and camped at Dr. Hodgeden's place on Pigeon Creek. But while our force had been fighting the Rebel Cavalry, a heavy Infantry force of the enemy had gained a position in our rear, and was between our command and Knoxville. Being cut off from the main body of the Army of the Ohio, our command was ordered to move a circuitous route to Maryville, the county seat of Blount county, fifteen miles southeast of Knoxville.

The command moved at sunrise on the 29th; marched about sixteen miles over miserable roads, passing through "Devil's Gap" into "Weir's Cove," and there camped for the night. Moved on the 30th, and camped in "Tuckaleeche Cove." Moved on the 31st down Little River, crossing it a number of times, and at sunset arrived at Maryville.

These "coves" were small valleys surrounded by mountains, the inlets and outlets being narrow gaps at each end. They were inhabited by people who all their lives were secluded from the great busy outside world. They cared but little how the world was jogging along around them. In regard to their fashions they were primitive in the extreme. Many of them had been born, and lived and died in their little basins, without even having been outside. In regard to the progressive world, and march of arts and sciences, they were true Rip Van Winkles.

The regiment remained at Maryville until February 4th. The principal occupation of our Cavalrymen was rest and recuperation after their hard winter's service.

There was considerable anxiety at this time about Longstreet's movements in East Tennessee. Fears were entertained that he would again besiege our forces at Knoxville, or interrupt our communications between that place and the Union forces at Chattanooga. Burnside had been censured by some high in authority for not, at the close of the siege of Knoxville, retaining Sherman and driving Longstreet out of the State. Halleck condemned it as a fatal mistake. It is a very easy matter for officials, hundreds of miles away from the scene of operations, sitting in their easy chairs, to plan campaigns, gain victories, and annihilate whole armies of the enemy. But Burnside, who knew the many obstacles intervening — the many unbridged rivers, the impassable roads at this season of the year, the worn-out, half-famished men and horses—was fully aware that capturing or running out such a foe as Longstreet, and one of his strength in numbers, was easier done at Washington than it was in the field. Besides this, it was difficult for him to subsist the troops he already had there, with impassable barren mountain roads from Kentucky, and the inadequate railroad and river subsistence line by way of Nashville and Chattanooga, his only

dependence. If Sherman had remained, Longstreet could have easily fallen back to the Virginia gaps, nearer his own base of supplies, and drawn the Union force further from their precarious base, while he, from his mountain fastness, and watching his opportunities, could have bounced upon our forces, and with the co-operation of Gen. Starvation, could have easily defeated them, and East Tennessee's loyal citizens combined.

Burnside remained in command until December 12th, when Maj. Gen. John G. Foster took his place, and was in command for nearly two months, being relieved February 9th. There seemed to be no material change during this time. Both Union and Confederate armies were crippled, and indisposed, or fearful to make any serious offensive movement, and alternately advanced and receded, maneuvered, menaced and snarled, as to which should retain the lion's share of the best foraging grounds.

But there was a reasonable excuse for Foster's failure to oust Longstreet. During the whole time he was in command in East Tennessee, he was suffering so much from a wound received on a former occasion, that he was unable to take active command in the field.

When Gen. John M. Schofield superseded Foster on the 9th of February, 1864, those who sniffed the fumes of battle from afar, predicted that the audacious Confederate commander would be driven from East Tennessee in quick time. Even Gen. Grant became enthusiastically valiant, and declared that he would have Longstreet whipped in three weeks or get whipped himself. But Foster, after being relieved, went through Nashville, and explained fully the situation of affairs, and advised him. Schofield, on the 19th of February, dispatched to Grant that he was compelled to send 4,000 mules to Kentucky to be recruited, or they would all starve to death; that the army was almost destitute of Artillery horses and serviceable mules; that no movement of the army could be made under six or eight weeks, and that Longstreet's army was in about the same condition as his own. Finally all, including Grant himself, came to the same conclusion as Gen. Burnside: that it would be best to let Longstreet remain where he was for the time; that he could

do less harm there than anywhere else; that East Tennessee was already stripped of all supplies, and that the government would have to assist its loyal citizens in furnishing grain to sow and plant the forthcoming crop.

The Governor of Kentucky having become anxious about the safety of the State from anticipated raids from the enemy, and having called on the Legislature to raise regiments for its defense, Gen. Foster decided to send Wolford's division to Mt. Sterling, Ky., to be reorganized, remounted, and re-equipped for service, and to guard against raids in the State, or to operate on the enemy's flanks or his communications with Virginia.

February 4, 1864, the forage wagons of the First Kentucky were sent out from Maryville, several miles in the country, and were filled with corn. The Author accompanied John F. Rigney, the wagon-master, to give informal receipts for the same. We returned some time about noon, and were overjoyed to learn that our command was ordered to get ready in haste to march to Kentucky. This meant much to most of the regiment. As we had to pass through the section where a portion of the men resided, it assured them opportunities, after an absence of six months of hardships and sufferings, to once more meet their friends and loved ones. We were ordered to procure sacks, which it was difficult for some to get, and shell corn to sustain our horses for at least four day's march, while crossing the barren mountains on our route. The corn was shelled rapidly, and by 2 p. m., we started and crossed the Holston on the pontoon bridge at Knoxville after night, went one and a half miles, and went into camp. On the 8th of February the command crossed the State line, marched fifteen miles, and went into camp.

On coming near the State line, the regiment somewhat scattered, those having able horses going in advance. It was on this trip across the mountains, that the Author met with a critical experience. On approaching Jacksboro, Tennessee, Capt. Thomas Rowland and Lieut. W. D. Carpenter, of the brigade Staff; Lieut. James Humphrey, Company A, and several of the headquarter escort, including the Author, left the command, pushed forward, and got lodgings in Jacks-

boro that night. The next day the Author remained with his companions until the afternoon, when his horse became dull and fagged, he let them leave him, and followed on leisurely, although warned by a colored boy that it was dangerous for one dressed in Federal uniform to travel in that section alone. When night came, he succeeded, after much pleading, in getting lodging with a clever, honest man by the name of Sharp, near Chitwood, on the State line. The next morning, Sharp urged the Author to wait until his command came up; that robbers and guerrillas infested the forty miles of wilderness from there to Sloan's Valley. But impatient to proceed, he pushed forward alone. He was riding along carelessly, and had forgotten danger, when about 10 o'clock in the morning, on ascending a small hill, he saw five or six rough-looking men, dressed in the plain homespun garb of the country on the side of the road, in front of him. Several were sitting on a log, holding their horses, and the rest were standing. Each had from one to two navy pistols buckled around him. They were hard-looking fellows, and fully answered the description of those warned of by Sharp. Of course the Author was startled, and had a suspicion that his career might be suddenly ended then and there, but felt conscious that his safety could not be secured by showing the "white feather." A fight was out of the question, for he was unarmed, his business causing him to use the pen more than the sword for two years. It occurred to him on the moment, that his only chance of safety was in good acting; so casting his eyes back, and assuming a look of careless confidence as if his men were near behind him, and coming on, he passed by them, speaking politely, as if unsuspicious of their character; in forty or fifty yards he came to a turn in the road which threw a dense undergrowth between him and the supposed robbers; and then as soon as prudent, under the inspiration of a pair of Cavalry spurs, he got life into his jaded horse, and made fast time for several miles, when he slackened his gait, and listened for the sound of approaching hoofs, but they never followed. The Author was then clad in a much-worn suit, which had not been washed for some time, and they may have thought it would not pay to run any risks for the amount they would get; or they

may have heard the approach of our men, and vanished; for our men commenced passing our lone horseman an hour or so later. But poor Tom Austin, of Company G, somewhere in the same wilderness section was mortally wounded by guerrillas, and never came through. His death is reported on his Company rolls as having taken place February 12th. A squad of our men met with some suspicious-looking characters, but being well armed, and assuming a warlike aspect, it was supposed they were afraid to molest them.

As the first Kentucky men furnished their own horses, many of them owned one or more surplus horses; and when the one in use would become unserviceable, if convenient, he was taken or sent home to recruit his strength, and a fresh one was mounted. On reaching the State, many of the men had leave to go by home, remain a few days, meet at some designated place, or to join the command at Mt. Sterling; all able to do so, to be mounted on fresh horses. The regiment in a few days came together, and remained for some time at Mt. Sterling, refitting and reorganizing for the great campaign in Georgia.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THRILLING ADVENTURE OF CHAPLAIN W. H. HONNELL—WOLFORD'S COMMAND WANTED IN THE FRONT—THE GHOSTS OF WOLFORD'S CAVALRY — STURGIS'S REPORT—CRITICISMS—FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY'S EARLY DISADVANTAGES—MILITARY DISCIPLINE — MILITARY MARTINETS — HOW GREAT COMMANDERS MANAGE THEIR MEN—CHANGES—INJUSTICE TO THE ELEVENTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY—MAJOR GRAHAM AND OTHER OFFICERS.

The following episode in the war experience of the Rev. W. H. Honnell, the First Kentucky Chaplain, is given in his own words:

The most thrilling scene of my army life was when the guerrilla band came to kill me, some twenty miles northwest of the battle-field of Perryville. The command, after the terrible campaign of East Tennessee, including the siege of Knoxville, had to rendezvous at Mt. Sterling, Ky., to recruit its decimated companies to make its last campaign through the battles to Atlanta, Georgia. I had gotten permission to visit a pupil of mine, a sweet young girl, a daughter of Col. Jacob Sharp, near "Kirkwood" Church, from which I had gone into war, and which furnished my nom de plume for the Louisville Journal.

I rode with the speed of friendship, if not on the wings of love; for she had become my inspirer in battle, and I had heard that she lay, as an angel for my greeting, near Heaven's gate. I had only taken one long look on her face, which had so often given me cheer in battle, aud retired to my former room to spend the rest of the night in bed opposite to that of my successor in the pulpit of the little church near by. He was soon in sound sleep, but I tossed myself in sleepless agony.

At midnight I heard the dull thud of a pistol on my door, and hastily rose, to see horses at the stiles, and two men in neat, blue uniform, standing at the door, ready to enter from below. One or more could be plainly seen holding the horses, while the two explained that they had come to stay the rest of the night, and accompany me to Mt. Sterling the next day. They belonged to Capt. Coppage's company, and would just have their horses hitched at the fence till morning.

I led the way up stairs with misgivings, but being unarmed, could not offer resistance if I had been so disposed. I threw down the covers on my own bed, and asked them to occupy it. I had no sooner turned my face than I heard the sharp click of pistols, as they drew two of them cocked on my breast, and swore that they were Morgan's men, and had been on my track for twenty miles, and had come to kill me; that I was Wolford's Chaplain, and his right-hand man, and had written many a piece for the Louisville Journal, which they had read, telling of how Wolford's men had whipped theirs, and now they had me, and I had then and there to die; that I had a cane from where I had taken up the dead Zollicoffer in the Mill Springs battle, and resistance would be of no use, so I had to die. Of course I argued for my life; that I had taken care of their wounded, and had even paid for some of their expense home after parole, and had offered no insult to Zollicoffer's body, and had assisted in preparing his body for embalmment.

Finding my pleadings fruitless, I said, "If you must kill me, take me from this room, as a very sick young lady lies in a room below us, and to kill me here would be a double murder." On their motion I followed them down, and out into the silent midnight, as I supposed, to die for my country.

What made the case more capable of exciting alarm, was that I had already heard of the case of a Union neighbor having been killed in his wife's arms, only a few nights before, possibly by these same fellows, pushing her aside to keep from killing both at the same time. By that time in the war, however, every one of Wolford's Cavalry had acquired some measure of self-possession, as our many experiences in critical situations, and particularly in the dreadful hazards of the East Tennessee campaign, had given us complete schooling in that line.

They finally relented from murdering me, and grabbed my gold watch and money, took possession of my horses, one of which I was allowed to turn loose in the field, but was to make the effort to borrow its half value—seventy dollars—as they claimed they were already encumbered with horses. Seventy dollars thus saved a horse to ride away on the next morning.

At a neighbor's, whom they robbed a few miles further on, they swore if they were not given their demand, that they would kill him, as they had already done to me.

I suppose that my life would have been taken if they had known that I had loaned eight hundred dollars of my last payment at Knoxville, to a neighbor, without even taking his note, thus cheating them of part of their expected prize.

But the next morning I assured my young lady friend that I would have them as my prisoners within a month, and so notify her. In accordance with my plan, Governor Bramlette was requested to send a few of his guards disguised as citizens, into the Chaplin Hills country, and that I felt sure that they could find these three, and others carousing among their friends, or concealed somewhere in that section. He did so, and as we started South, I saw in the Louisville Journal that the Governor's Guard had captured a band of guerrillas in that same hill country, and had them safely housed in the Louisville prison. I got leave of Col. Adams to go and see them, and thus recognized the same fellows, and soon made them glad to confess and sign orders on their friends to pay me back the money extorted from me. I was, perhaps, the only man who ever recovered his money and saved his life from such a band of murderers.

The Governor and Col. Price, commandant at Lexington, had me retained as a witness before the Court Martial before which they were arraigned. In the long delay, I was appointed to preach to the prisoner audience there, and had my would-be murderers as part of my congregation for months, till the trial of the leader came on. After I had given my testimony, and his counsel, Mark Munday, saw there was certain death impending, his father was notified, and with a large sum of money, the guard in the rear of the stone prison was bribed, and stones taken out, and he and another one slipped through, and so my prisoner escaped. The others, with my permission, were sent off as prisoners of war, and held to its close.

I was pleased that my oath sent no one to death, and often look out to meet the poor devil in Kansas. The young lady died soon after, and when the war closed, I passed her burial-place without making myself known, and with tears streaming over my face, threw wild roses over her grave and left Kentucky forever. I have been a home missionary since then, and no one can tell why I ride so constantly on horseback in fields of labor so forbidding to others less devoted to the cause.

This, with the orders to remain lest I be killed on the way, will explain my only absence from my men, near the close of the war.

Wolford's command had scarcely reached Mt. Sterling to rest and recuperate from its long-continued scouting, fighting, marching and starving, when there was an urgent demand for its service back at the front again. The following

is taken from a dispatch headed, Headquarters, Department of Ohio, Knoxville, Tennessee, February 15, 1864:

BRIG. GEN. S. P. STURGIS, Chief of Cavalry:

GENERAL:—By direction of the Commanding General, I have sent you orders by telegraph, through Capt. Anderson, Assist. Adj. General, at Lexington, to use all dispatch in remounting Wolford's division, and getting it ready to take the field. * * * * * * *

EDWARD D. POTTER, Chief of Staff.

It seems though, that the ghosts of Wolford's Cavalry were everywhere; for a few days later, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston telegraphed to Gen. Longstreet, at Greenville, Tennessee: "We have been skirmishing all day successfully. Enemy's forces estimated at nearly three corps, including Wolford's Cavalry. His plans not developed."

March 6th, Gen. Sturgis, in a letter by mail, goes into details to show why Wolford's men could not be sent immediately to the front, from which the following extracts are taken:

In my answer I promised to go more into details, in order that the Major-General commanding may be enabled to form an approximate idea of the dilapidated condition of Col. Wolford's, as well as the other division (still in Tennessee.) I would respectfully call his attention to the "inspector's" report of Capt. Gouraud, made at my request, and which I presume is on file in your office. It will be there seen that the arms are in a sad condition, and of every possible caliber; the equipments are incomplete and worn out; curry-combs a novelty, etc. * * The want of discipline complete.

This was the condition of the Cavalry when I took command of it, on the 14th of December, 1863. After I took command of it (and before, as far as I know), it was continually on the march and fighting, more or less, almost every day, and subsisting off the country, until I left for Kentucky. These circumstances, and the march to this place, the General commanding will readily perceive, were not calculated to increase their discipline or general moral tone. Now that they are here, it is necessary to reorganize them, make thorough inspections, make out requisitions for almost everything required by a Cavalry soldier, draw horses, drill, and more than all, discipline them. This will require time, and the General may depend upon my entire energy being devoted toward shortening that as much as possible. I would

respectfully repeat my recommendation that the other division be sent in, if possible, so that when the time shall arrive for Cavalry to operate according to its legitimate purposes, (which I do not think it has been doing for some time), it may start out with some reasonable hope of accomplishing such expectations as may be entertained of it. As it is, the spring will find us with a portion, and a large portion, too, of our Cavalry altogether worn out and worthless. * * * I will repeat that I believe it will take no less than six or eight weeks to place this division in anything like condition for successful service.

In regard to the report of Gen. Sturgis, from a purely technical military view, the Author has no objections to make. Their drill work—that is their training in making all the skillful military maneuvers for mere display—was certainly deficient. Neither the officers nor men of the regiment claimed to be dexterous in that line. As explained in another part of this work, when the men of the First Kentucky Cavalry responded so spontaneously to the first call of their country in its dark danger, and assembled at Camp Dick Robinson, in the summer of 1861, being fresh from their various vocations and associations of life, they were totally unacquainted with military affairs, except a few who had served in the Mexican War, and a very small number in foreign wars. The exigencies of the service demanded that they should stop drilling at once, and put to hard scouting. Being expert horsemen and fine marksmen, if they had had the opportunities of others, they could not have been excelled, if equaled, in the Cavalry service for ornamental or useful purposes.

All officers of military judgment and experience know that rapid marching, hard scouting, continued conflicts with the enemy, and being often forced to subsist on the country, are not conducive to proficiency in the mere formalities of military etiquette or discipline.

In addition to other disadvantages the regiment labored under early in the war, they were badly equipped in the beginning, and for some time afterward, both in clothing and arms. In their first active service they were only armed with home guard sabers and old flink-lock horse-pistols. Some Companies, A, B and C, were armed with the army Sharpe's

rifle, which was a very efficient weapon for the old-time dragoon service, that is, marching as Cavalry, but fighting as Infantry, but very inconvenient for mere Cavalry service. The rest of the regiment was for a long time armed with the old army musket, which was very disheartening and degrading to men of the buoyant spirits of the First Kentucky. The rest of the companies were afterward armed at different times with carbines of different kinds and calibers.

Another cause of the regiment's deficiency in going through merely prescribed forms of evolution, from long association, they had somewhat imbibed the notions of Col. Wolford, in believing that a soldier's effectiveness was more in his fighting qualities than in his capacity to perform fancy evolutions.

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages the regiment was under in its earlier service, it had soon a name throughout the country as scouts unsurpassed in the annals of warfare. In its dashing charges and heroic deeds on many a bloody field, it had gained the fear and respect of its enemies as well as the enthusiastic admiration of its friends. Our men had been made soldiers by the example and inspiration of the leading spirits of the regiment, rather than by rigid drill work and formalities. So we had the respect of such chiefs as Shackelford, Sanders, Burnside, Sherman, and our old commanders, the once-hated, but afterward admired, burly Nelson, and glorious, kind-hearted Thomas; little did we care for the good or ill-will of those martinets whose only standard for an effective soldier was to make a blind machine of him, requiring him to stand in their presence in military attitude, with hat under his arm, and in subdued awe. This plan is no doubt best for the regular or professional soldier, but in sudden emergency, like the great war of the rebellion, when almost the entire available male population were called upon to save their government, the example of such commanders as Grant, Sherman, Thomas and others like them, who used their great personal influence to lead rather than drive their men, bore the best results; and they will live in the hearts of patriots of future generations, long after the little "red tape" men shall have dwindled into oblivion.

While it is not necessary to object to Sturgis's report

from a strict military stand-point, as the General was a fair man, yet his judgment is not free from criticism, especially in regard to the First Kentucky Cavalry. After nearly three years' constant service in the field, and having its ways and character fully established, the idea of bending it in the course of six or eight week's drilling to mere machines to suit the fastidious tastes of those adherents for strict military discipline and etiquette, showed want of first-class judgment, and he found out his mistake. Even his successor, Stoneman, with his irascible temper and iron heel, found in his after-experience, with all of his absolute mandates, that it still remained the First Kentucky Cavalry.

After arriving at Mt. Sterling several changes took place in Wolford's division before its different regiments were ready for the field again. The Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry had not operated with our brigade for some time and the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois Mounted Infantry was dismounted at Knoxville, East Tennessee, before marching for Mt. Sterling; these two regiments once more returned to the Infantry service and were changed to other commands. They were two noble regiments, and we had shared the dangers and privations incident to army life with them for about a year. Our associations had been the most pleasant and intimate. The Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry had not been with us so long, but it, too, was a fine regiment, and was assigned to other commands. The Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, though we had not operated with them as long as the Forty-Fifth Ohio and One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, yet our connection with them had been of the closest kind. In the East Tennessee campaign, it had been immediately with us in all dangers, and had gained a fine reputation under its plain, brave and efficient commander, Maj. Milton Graham. At Mt. Sterling, an injustice was done to its officers and men, which caused much dissatisfaction, not only among the members of the "Old Eleventh," as it was called, but also among the members of the First Kentucky, who deeply sympathized with them.

Nine companies of this regiment had been enlisted, mustered-in, and went into active service early in the fall of 1862. Maj. Graham was the first starter of the regiment,

and was chief in making it up, yet Lieut. Col. Riley was commissioned over him, and after serving until July, 1863, resigned. Major Graham remained with his men, led them in all their severe engagements in East Tennessee, and the records of the War Department show that they were complimented on different occasions for gallantry on the field of battle, by different general officers under whom they served. Maj. Graham was now suffering from a dangerous and severe wound received in the last engagement in East Tennessee.

About this time the Third battalion, which had been enlisted in the fall of 1863, under Maj. W. O. Boyle, was united to the nine companies which had been consolidated into two battalions. Maj. Boyle, a son of Gen. J. T. Boyle, though a mere boy in looks and age, was brave and intellectual, became easily assimilated in the ways and habits of the veterans, and soon was very popular with the First Kentucky and "Old Eleventh." But the new battalion brought with it three other field officers, Maj. English, Lieut. Col. A. J. Alexander and Col. A. W. Holeman. Both Lieut. Col. Alexander and Col. Holeman were fine-looking, intelligent men, had been in several positions previous, but it was rumored that they never had much experience in the sulphurous smoke of battle. This caused the veterans to have for them a feeling somewhat akin to contempt. Even with these drawbacks, they might have become popular with the men other other circumstances, if it had not been for the injustice done to Maj. Graham and other meritorious officers of the "Old Eleventh" in not giving them their due promotions. Who was responsible for the injustice done to these bronzed and war-scarred officers who had shared with their men all the hardships of the soldier's life, is not clearly known. Lieut. Col. Alexander, no doubt feeling that he was out of place, soon resigned. Col. Holeman resigned in December; the gallant young Boyle, afterward promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, fell while leading his men in a desperate charge in Virginia. Tardy justice was finally done to Maj. Graham, for he was afterward promoted to Colonel, and the sterling old warrier led his brave men with honor through their trying scenes till they were mustered out in July, 1865.

Before closing this subject, Gen. Sherman's remonstrance to the War Department at Washington, against an action of the authorities in a similar case, is cited as suiting this point exactly. After referring to the promotion of an officer to Major-General in the rear, he continues: "I am not objecting to this appointment, but I wish to put on record this my emphatic opinion, that it is an act of injustice to officers who stand at their post in the day of danger to neglect them and advance such as ———, who left us in the midst of bullets to go to the rear in search of personal advancement. If the rear be the post of honor, then we had better change front on Washington."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A DELICATE PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE REGIMENT—A FINE SWORD PRESENTED TO COL. WOLFORD—HIS VISIT TO LEXINGTON TO RECEIVE IT—PRESENTATION ADDRESS AND HIS REPLY — STRONG SPEECH AGAINST ENLISTMENTS OF COLORED SOLDIERS—HIS ARREST FOR VIOLATING THE 5TH SECTION OF THE RULES AND ARTICLES OF WAR—HIS ARREST —ORDERED TO KNOXVILLE—HIS DISMISSAL FROM THE SERVICE — FEELING IN THE REGIMENT — CAPT. FISHBACK'S SCOUT TO EASTERN KENTUCKY — THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH GUERILLAS, AND DEATH OF DIVINE—COL. ADAMS AT IRVINE—THE REGIMENT UNITE AT NICHOLASVILLE—FAREWELL OF COL. WOLRORD—PREPARATIONS FOR THE FRONT.

That part of the history of the First Kentucky Cavalry is now reached which is difficult to deal with, and do justice to all parties, and it is also a very delicate subject. The Author is conscious of the responsibility of his position, and distrusting his own ability, would shrink from the undertaking, if his duties as a historian would allow him to do so. Allusion is here made to the arrest and dismissal of Col. Wolford.

When the war-cloud burst, and the patriotic hosts as by a mighty impulse offered their services to the endangered

government, the great object was to put down the conspiracy and restore the Union. There was no time or inclination to discuss the future disposition of the "bone" of contention, the dusky son of African descent. The whole Union element among the citizens and soldiers in the field were in unison with the exception of some slight difference of opinion in regard to the best manner of conducting the war. But after the war had progressed for more than a year, with success, sometimes in favor of one side and then the other, a strong party both in State and National councils, began to discuss the advisability of destroying slavery as a war measure. Dissensions now arose among those espousing the Union cause, but nothing serious occurred at first. The Author has not the time, space, inclination, nor ability to discuss the question in all its various phases, nor to decide which party was right, or which wrong. His chief object is to write history connected with his regiment.

When President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, January 1, 1863, there was dissatisfaction in regard to its policy both among citizens and soldiers, but was greatest among those belonging to the border States. One side contended that the President had the Constitutional right only to prosecute the war for the putting down of the rebellion, and to restore the Union. His other side claimed that the States in revolt had forfeited their rights of protection to their property under the Constitution, and no permanent peace could be established without destroying slavery, the great "bone" of contention.

It was not until after the enlistment of negro soldiers commenced that the dissatisfaction became demonstrative. Most of the great Generals of the Union army, no matter what might have been their private opinions, were non-committal on the subject. They were soldiers, and not politicians. Several officers about this time, from the grade of Colonel down, resigned, supposed to be on this account. Col. Wolford though still fought with unabating zeal, and denounced Secession, yet when an opportunity offered, would censure the President's policy. In denouncing the Emancipation Proclamation and the enlistment of colored soldiers, in speaking of the President, he would sometimes

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W. T. HUMPHREY.

call him the "rail-splitter." Those officers who were very intimate with the Colonel, and knew of his gallantry, kind-heartedness and other fine qualities, many of whom belonged to northern regiments, and were full advocates of the President's policy, looked on these ebullitions from the old soldier as a kind of infirmity, and paid but little attention to them.

The great misfortune with Col. Wolford as a military commander was, that he had no mean reputation as an orator in his own original style, and whenever he got full of speech, he could not rest until he relieved his mind of the burden, regardless of what effect it might have on the enemies of the Union cause.

It was some time in March, 1864, the exact date is not preserved, and is immaterial, that the loyal people of Lexington, Ky., determined to present a fine sword to Col. Wolford as a token of their appreciation of his endurance in the long pursuit after the Rebel raider Morgan, through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, in July, 1863, and also for his gallant and distinguished services throughout the war. By request Col. Wolford visited Lexington to receive the token of honor. A large concourse of distinguished citizens and soldiers were present to witness the ceremonies on the occasion. After the presentation address was made, all might have gone well and pleasantly with those possessing all shades of political opinions, if the Colonel only had halted at the proper place; but after thanking the committee for the distinguished honor done him, he could not resist the temptation to deliver a characteristic harangue, first denouncing John C. Breckenridge for going into Secession, and then attacking the President and the policy of his administration in enlisting the "nigger" soldier. The Author has failed to get hold of any reports made of his speech at the time, and cannot tell the exact words he used, which were construed into a violation of the 5th Article of War. The substance of that article is this: That any officer who speaks disrespectfully of the President of the United States, or the Governor of the State in which he may be quartered, shall be court-martialed and cashiered. There were those

present who were strict adherents of the Administration's emancipation and colored enlistment policy, and were unfriendly to the free ways and manners of the officers and men of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and of course a highly colored report was made of the Colonel's speech for the press. The Colonel was in a few days put under arrest by the following order:

NASHVILLE, March 18, 1864.

MAJ. GEN. J. M. SCHOFIELD, Knoxville, Tenn.:—

Col. Frank Wolford, First Kentucky Cavalry, has this day been ordered to report to you in person in arrest. You will cause your Judge Advocate, or some other staff officer to prepare charges against him, based on his recent speech in Kentucky, and cause, as soon as practicable, a general court-martial to be convened for his trial.

By order of Lieut. Gen. Grant.

T. S. BOWERS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Col. Wolford immediately reported to Gen. Schofield, at Knoxville, East Tennessee. Gen. Schofield's action on the case cannot be found in the Official Records of the Rebellion, of that date, which is now in the hands of the Author. His reasons for not ordering a court-martial, as directed by Gen. Grant, and give the old soldier, who had served honorably at red Buena Vista, and had shed his blood freely in the great War of the Rebellion, a chance to present his own side in defense of the charges against him, are not before the Author. The inference drawn from circumstances is, that he recommended the Colonel's dismissal without a hearing, as power had been given to the President, where the exigencies of the service demanded it, to dismiss an officer without the formality of a court-martial.

There is evidence that there was but little time spent in bothering with his case; for in six days after his arrest, an order was issued from the War Department in the name of the President, for his dismissal from the service for violating the 5th section of the Rules and Articles of War, disloyalty, etc.

The following is from the pen of one who was present when Col. Wolford made his celebrated speech, belongs to a

different political party from the Colonel, and is entitled to full credit:

"Wolford's speech at Lexington, followed by his dismissal from the service, has been greatly misunderstood, and was used to excite the political passions against the President, even when Wolford himself acknowledged the kindly feelings toward him in an interview accorded to him soon after. The Chaplain of the regiment, the Rev. W. H. Honnell, himself a Northern man, and whose devoted loyalty to the Union cause was unquestionable, being well qualified to give a correct outline report of the speech, did so; and it was published in the Cincinnati Commercial of that week. So correct was it, that Governor Bramlette gave him personal thanks for its fairness, and that in the introduction placed himself in the proper relation to it. As he sat on the stand, there was a mark on his features even of approval. Of course a marked copy was sent to the President, and he sent for Wolford, and on his return the Colonel made a very affecting allusion to the tenderness of Mr. Lincoln, and his offer to have the charges withdrawn, and restore him to his command, if the Colonel would make it possible for him to do so by toning down the incendiary part of the speech to be made public; as the interests of the Union cause were just then in peril. But Wolford was too much influenced by the enemies of the administration to yield in the slightest, and thus missed his time for honorable reconciliation. If he had foreseen the consequence of his stubbornness, he would, no doubt have accepted the generous offer. His votes years afterward, while a member of Congress, showed that his warmest feelings were with his old comrades in arms."

While the dismissal of our popular old commander created considerable feeling and some excitement in his command, and particularly in his own regiment, it did not produce the fruits anticipated by the enemies of the Union cause. Only a few officers of the regiment indorsed his course, and two of them soon became ardent admirers of the President's policy. Even those of the same political faith as the Colonel thought that such a speech ought not to have been delivered on such an occasion. Part of the committee who presented him the sword were said to be indorsers of the

Administration policy, and the Colonel's friends thought that he ought to have had more regard for their feelings. His friends in the regiment on both sides of the negro enlistment question would have much preferred, if his conscience prevented him from carrying out the emancipation policy of the Administration, that he would have resigned before making a public attack on the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

There were other brave officers in the regiment who doubted the advisability or legality of the Administration policy, but they were strongly opposed to Secession, and believed in fighting it out on that line until the end was accomplished.

A man is not compelled to indorse all the measures of his government to be a patriot. Gen. Winfield Scott and Gen. Zachary Taylor both affiliated with a political party that was opposed to the annexation of Texas, and condemned the policy of the Mexican War; yet they were the chief commanders in subduing the Mexicans. But, while chastising the Mexicans, they did not harangue them on the injustice of the war. Though many devoted Unionists doubted the Administration policy at the time, yet as the years have passed by, and they have had full opportunities for sober reflection and investigation, they now rejoice that the hydra, Slavery, was destroyed, even if it was done amid the clash of arms. They realize the utter impossibility of having either a true Democratic or Republican government, and at the same time recognizing the worst form of slavery that ever existed—that of trading in human flesh as merchandise. Many now believe that Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Thomas and others, deserve no particular praise for destroying the monster, only so far as doing their duty nobly was concerned, that they were the mere instruments in the hands of the Great Ruler of the universe for its destruction, and that all honor should belong to Him. The great thinking minds of the world are opposed to slavery. Its chains are being knocked off throughout Christendom.

There was a deep feeling throughout the regiment, irrespective of party bias, for Col. Wolford's unfortunate predicament. A paper was gotten up in the form of a petition,

and addressed to President Lincoln, requesting him to restore the old soldier to his command. While not indorsing or condemning the Colonel's speech, this paper recounted his gallantry on many a bloody field, and his devoted labors in the Union cause. A large number of the officers of the regiment were then absent on a scout, but all present at Mt. Sterling at the time, irrespective of party, signed it without hesitation. The object of the petition was not to have Wolford restored; for it was not expected that either the President or the Colonel would relent; on the one hand a settled policy was at stake, and on the other, stubbornness intervened; but the grand object of the petition was to show respect to our commander, and to show that we believed that he was a true friend to his country, whatever faults he may have had.

While at Mt. Sterling, Capt. Geo. W. Drye, of Company B, who had been severely wounded at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863, was promoted to Major, his appointment bearing date February 28, 1864. He was with the regiment at the time, but was unable for duty, his wound making him a permanent cripple. His promotion was given as a compliment for his efficiency as an officer, and for gallantry on the field of battle. He resigned June 9, 1864.

The regiment only had a short time for rest and recreation. The movements of the Rebel forces and marauding guerrillas in Eastern Kentucky soon demanded their attention in that direction. On the 31st of March, Companies D, F, G, I, J and L, all under command of Capt. J. B. Fishback, marched to Owingsville, in Bath county. From there the command moved to Rayland's Mill; the Licking River being too full to ford, it lay over until the 3d of April, when the march was resumed on the south side of the river in direction of West Liberty. On that day, while encamped on Beaver Creek, John Y. Divine was killed in a contest with the guerrillas. Capt. Fishback gives the following thrilling account of the death of Divine:

On the 3d of April, we went into camp in the afternoon, when the sun was about one hour or more high. We had just unsaddled, and were preparing for supper, when some of the boys conducted to my quarters a small negro boy who

said that he had come to inform us that there was a guerrilla in a cave about four miles distance from camp. After listening to his story, and closely interrogating him, fearing that any delay would cause the guerrilla to hear of our presence in the country, I did not stop for a detail of men, but took the boy and went in direction of the cave, knowing that we had pickets on the road near where the cave was said to be located.

I reached the picket-post and took the four men on duty there, and rode quietly beyond where the boy reported the cave to be. Halting my small squad, the boy pointed out the direction of the cave, which he said was 300 or 400 yards distant, up a hollow, through the woods and brush. We started in the direction pointed out, and when within 200 yards of the spot, we dismounted, and leaving one man to hold the horses, started through the bushes for the cave. When we got within thirty yards of it, instead of being one guerrilla, there seemed to be twelve or fifteen, and from their movements they evidently had heard our approach. We were in a critical situation. If they should discover our strength, and get between us and camp, and overpower us, I knew they would not hesitate to ornament the convenient limbs with our dangling bodies. On the impulse of the moment, I conceived the idea that our only safety was to play the "bluff game" on them. I shouted back to the man holdthe horses: "Lieutenant, bring up the rest of the command," and then said to the three men with me, "our only chance is to charge the hollow, and fire upon them." I now gave the command to "charge!" which we did, and the ruse succeeded for the time; for they ran away, leaving their horses and everything behind them. We reached the cave, and John Divine and myself entered it, finding a trunk, bacon and other provisions, butcher-knives and various camp equipage.

The startling thought now occurred to me that they could reach the bluff over the cave, and have us in their power; so I said to Divine, "We must get out of here." So we each untied a horse belonging to the guerrillas that we had frightened away, and mounted. We turned to make our escape, which failed to be soon enough; for they had ascended to the bluff immediately over the cave, and opened fire upon John and myself, when a ball struck my brave comrade, and he fell dead from his horse. I would have shared the same fate, but the mare on which I was mounted, fell in attempting to jump over a fallen tree, and as she fell I went over to the opposite side from the guerrillas, holding on the mane and halter, and remounted and was off the instant she re-

covered her feet, and was safe under cover of the thick bushes.

No doubt the guerrillas thought they shot both myself and mare, as they ceased firing as soon as we fell. Falling back a little, I sent a courier to camp, and had a detail of men on hand in a short time to remove the body of poor John Divine to camp, where, on the following day, we performed the last sad rites over his body as we consigned it to the grave.

The guerrillas now took such a fright, that they concealed themselves so completely in their mountain retreats, that we never came across any more.

On my return I reported to the commanding officer, and after relating the story of our adventure at the cave, he gave me permission to keep the mare I had captured from the guerrillas.

J. B. FISHBACK.

After the burial of Divine on the 4th of April, the command continued its march, and camped on Grassy Creek, ten miles from West Liberty. The next day, Company I went on a scout to Hazel Green, in Wolfe county, but no results followed. On the 6th, the command retnrned to its camp of the 3d, on Beaver Creek, where it remained until the 8th, when it returned to Rayland's Mill, on the Licking River, remaining there until the 16th. On the 10th, Company L went on a scout to Salyersville and returned on the 13th without getting any news of the movements of the enemy. The command now scouted to West Liberty, and as far as Salyersville, in Magoffin county, and was on the march almost continually until the 24th of April, when it joined the rest of the regiment at Nicholasville, in Jessamine county.

While Capt. Fishback was scouting in Eastern Kentucky, the remainder of the regiment, under Col. Adams, moved to Irvine, on the Kentucky River, in Estill county. This town is in a kind of basin, and surrounded by picturesque mountains, and shut off from the rest of the busy world. Our stay at Irvine was uneventful; having no enemy to contend with, and no exciting scenes. There may have been some unimportant scouts in search of guerrillas, but if such took place our memories are dim, and there are no records of the same.

The time was now approaching for the First Kentucky Cavalry to mount the stage again, and once more be star actors in the bloody "drama of the day." Winter, with all

of its hardships and sufferings, was now only a horrid memory, and the biting winds of March had also departed; and April with its sunshine and showers, and green verdure was at hand. We were now ordered to Nicholasville to fully equip ourselves and make final preparations to move to the front and participate in the great protracted movements which were destined to result in the downfall of the Confederacy, and establish the supremacy of the Federal Government.

About this time, and previous, the following changes took place in commissioned officers:

Company B.—1st Lieut. Samuel Belden, April 10th, was commissioned as Captain in place of Geo. W. Drye, promoted to Major. 2d Lieut. Vincent Peyton was promoted to 1st Lieutenant the same date. 1st Serg., Stephen G. Averitt, was promoted to 2d Lieutenant the same day. Other changes took place in non-commissioned officers.

Company H.—2d Lieut. William M. Haley, resigned February 5, 1864, and Serg. Abraham Grubb was promoted to fill his place, March 27, 1864.

Company I.—1st Lieut. Buford Scott, resigned February 5, 1864, and 1st Serg. Thomas J. Graves, was promoted to 1st Lieutenant on the same day.

Company K.—2d Lieut. Phillip Roberts, was promoted to 1st Lieutenant in February, 1864.

The regiment was now deficient in field officers. Maj. W. N. Owens was still a prisoner of war. Those in power were tardy in making promotions to fill vacancies. Lieut. Col. Silas Adams being the ranking officer, commanded the regiment, and Maj. F. M. Helveti, who had been absent since 1861, was now ordered back to the regiment. He had been gone so long that he was a total stranger to many of the recruits.

There were several different organizations of the Cavalry while in Kentucky. On the 11th day of April, Col. Israel Garrard assumed command of the First Division, and relieved the following officers of the First Kentucky Cavalry from staff duty in that division: Capt. Thomas Rowland, Acting Assistant Inspector-General; Lieut. W. C. Root, Acting Assistant Commissary of Subsistence.

We had a few days of frolic and recreation at Nicholasville while getting ready for the rapid and eventful march. The men of the regiment were paid their dues, and many of them, with full pockets, knew well how to enjoy themselves.

Previous to receiving marching orders, Col. Wolford made us a visit to take a farewell of the boys—his comrades in arms. He called the men around him, and delivered a short, affecting address. He told them that it would not be advisable or proper for him to discuss the causes which separated him from them; that it was his inclination to enroll as a private and fight by their sides in the ranks until the close, but the unhealed wound in his side, from which he still suffered, warned him that he could not do justice to himself or the service in doing so. We all felt sad in separating from our old commander. He had shared all the sufferings and hardships of camp life with his men. He had inspired his men with self-respect, and to do noble and gallant deeds. His associations with us had been more as a kind parent than a stern military ruler.

Although we much regretted parting with Col. Wolord, we knew that his position would be filled by a young leader whose gallantry had already brought luster to his own name, and in after service was destined to bring additional honor to his regiment.

Many of our men had lost so many horses by the hardships of the service, that they felt unable to buy fresh horses for the forthcoming campaign, and they were allowed to draw government horses in their stead, and we were soon well equipped for the closing work of our service.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

STONEMAN IN COMMAND OF THE CAVALRY OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO—ROMANTIC IDEAS OF THE GREAT RAIDER — DELUSIONS VANISHED—RIGID ORDERS—ATTEMPTS TO DISCIPLINE THE BOYS—THE GENERAL IS OUT-GENERALED — THE INSPECTION AT POINT BURNSIDE — FLAME AND FURY—OFFICERS ARRESTED — RAPID MARCHING—ARRIVAL AT KINGSTON—CARR AND ROBERTS'S REPORT TO STONEMAN—THEIR WARM RECEPTION—OTHER OFFICERS INTIMIDATED—ACROSS THE LINE INTO GEORGIA—IN FRONT AGAIN—STRENGTH OF THE REGIMENT AS COMPARED WITH OTHERS—OBSERVATIONS.

Sturgis was superseded as commander of the Cavalry corps, Army of the Ohio. After remaining in Kentucky a few days, he was ordered to Memphis to take command of all the Cavalry in West Tennessee. Gen. George Stoneman took his place. In regard to rhe reasons for the change, the Records are silent. Perhaps the stern iron will of the great raider was thought best to bend the dashing, frolicsome mountaineer Cavalry of this department into rigid discipline. He was first called to East Tennessee, and assumed command of the 23d Army Corps for a short time. On the 9th of April he was relieved of that command, and assigned to command the Cavalry corps, Army of the Ohio. He soon came on to Kentucky, and commenced reorganizing his command preparatory for the forward movement. We had often read of Stoneman, who had gained an extensive reputation in his raids about Richmond, Virginia, and had an enthusiastic admiration for his daring feats. We had pictured in our minds romantic ideas of the person of Stoneman, as being free from the imperfections of those in high rank with whom we had been familiar, with grand form and courtly airs, as belonged to the knight-errants in the days of chivalry. Whether these delusions vanished on more intimate acquaintance, and the General was found to be made of the unsifted dust of the earth, like others, will appear in after-pages of this work.

Marching orders were issued from Corps Headquarters, April 28, 1864, to move to the front in Georgia. By these orders Biddle's brigade was to march on the 28th and 29th Holeman's brigade, consisting of the First and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, was to move on the 30th. Other portions of the command were to start on the 1st of May.

Forage for our horses, and subsistence for the men, for the first time since we entered the service, were to be furnished by pack-mule trains attached to each regiment. This method of furnishing supplies was a new experience to the Army of the Ohio, and was found to be a favorite one with Gen. Stoneman. It proved to be an imperfection of judgment; for as long as it existed with us it was found to be inadequate and unsatisfactory.

On the day marching orders were issued, the following circular was sent to each regiment of the command:

HEADQ'RS CAV. COMMAND, DEP. OF THE OHIO,
NICHOLASVILLE, April 28, 1864.

1st. The Commanding General is aware of the active and valuable service, fatigue, and hardships which this command has passed through during the past year, and the report that it has written for itself, worthy of a page in the history of warfare, by its rapid marches, its more than brilliant achievements in the many hard-earned victories in skirmishes and battles against the enemies of our country. All has been borne alike by the officers and soldiers of the entire command. And while he feels proud of the achievements and of such patriotic soldiers, he would enjoin upon them, now that we are about to enter on an active campaign, even to the crushing of the gigantic rebellion, the necessity for the most strict discipline for the good of the soldiers and for the efficiency of the command. He would call the attention of officers to fully provide their men for the field, and upon the soldiers' strict attention to duty, that all may share the fatigue, services, and honors alike.

2d. A commissioned officer will march in the rear of each company, and allow no one to leave the ranks unless absolutely necessary, and when such necessity arises, a pass will be given by the officer in command.

3d. Each regiment will have a rear guard, permitting none to fall behind without leaving a guard to bring him forward.

4th. No soldier will be permitted to straggle or enter a private dwelling-house unless on account of sickness, after

getting a certificate from the Surgeon, and approved by the Medical Director of the command.

5th. Excuses are often made to fall out of ranks to procure water. There can be no necessity for this. Men must fill their canteens before marching.

6th. Private property must be respected. No individual foraging will be permitted.

7th. Each brigade will detail one commissioned officer, four Sergeants, and sixteen privates as provost guards.

8th. As there is an opinion prevailing that an officer's duty ceases with his own command, which is incorrect, it will be enjoined upon all to arrest for, and correct all violations of orders, or conduct tending to the prejudice of good order or military discipline coming under his observation within this command.

Commanding officers will have this order read to their respective companies. No excuse will be received for neglect of duty or ignorance of orders. All offenses committed, punishable under General Orders, No. 18, must be promptly punished as therein stated.

By command of Maj. Gen. George Stoneman.

C. H. HALE,
Captain, Aide-de-Camp, and A. A. A. G.

The high compliments paid to the command in the first paragraph of the foregoing circular elicited our kindest feelings and warmest approbation, but were counterbalanced by the apprehension, if not consternation, relative to the contents of those which followed. In our early service and drill-work we had been introduced to rear guards, and frequently in our after-service, when the occasion required them; but there were some provisions in these orders beyond which we had ever dreamed of or read about in the Army Regulations. The idea on a rapid march in certain cases to be compelled to have a written pass before leaving ranks, was preposterous; and in case of a very sick soldier, far away from hospitals, not being allowed to enter a private house without a certificate from his Surgeon, approved by the Medical Director of the corps, was impracticable. The Medical Director on this march might have been one day's march or more in front or rear of the sick soldier. It was found on closer acquaintance with Gen. Stoneman's habits of conducting military operations, that like Col. Wolford, he had certain original tactics and regulations of his own,

which he put in force as near as he could. There was evidently a conflict at hand, and there was a question of which should yield—the iron will of Stoneman, or the habits and rather free ways of the Cavalry.

The first conflict came at the beginning, and in which the mountaineer riders got the best of the stern old warrior. While he had made effective arrangements for rear guards, not yet being informed of all of our boys' peculiarities, he had neglected to make efficient provisions for front and flank guards to keep them in column.

Our first objective point in the march was Point Burnside, on the Cumberland River. The habitations of most of the men of Companies G and L were directly on the route to that place. Companies E and K could reach that point by curving a little to the east, while A, B, F, and part of D could reach that place by curving to the west.

Many of the men had fresh horses at home waiting for the expedition; some who had drawn government horses wanted to leave their own worn-down ones at home to recruit; others wanted to leave their late draw of money with their families, while many young men wanted to take a farewell, and to some a final one, of their sweethearts. The officers of the regiment were nettled on account of the injustice done in the reorganization in ignoring the claims of those who had won fame in many a bloody contest, and placing over them officers who had little or no fighting experience, and whose chief duties had been on detached service in the rear, far from the smoke of battle. With passes from their company or regimental officers, or if not, private approval, the temptation to break ranks on the route was too great for a member of the First Kentucky Cavalry to resist.

The 30th of April came, and the column moved on the road. The rear guard was somewhat irksome at the start, but the men soon got up to it, and it was no serious obstacle only to those who wished to fill their canteens, by the way, to keep down thirst. The men of G, E and K would slip out of ranks as opportunities offered by convenient by-roads as we passed through Jessamine and Garrard counties. The rest of the regiment marched on as orderly as usual, until

reaching Danville, where the many roads centering there, and its streets and alleys, offered superior facilities for the First Kentucky boys to execute one of their favorite maneuvers. The following from Lieutenant James E. Chilton's notes explains what took place there:

"The regiment was now put under command of Gen. Stoneman, who thought he would discipline the boys. On leaving camp, he issued orders to arrest all men found out of ranks, and the men did well until reaching Danville, Ky. There was the place for them to go by home, and there was the place they started. 'Big Horse Yowell' gave the command for the column to 'right face—march!' which order they obeyed with alacrity, marching through Stoneman's body-guard. Companies A and B, and parts of C and F composed the column which broke Stoneman's lines. The main command marched directly to Burnside, Ky., which place they reached on the 2d day of May. Here the command was to draw rations sufficient for the men to take them to Kingston, Tennessee. A report being called for, showed only seventy-one men and two officers present, out of over 800 effective men for duty."

The blameless conduct of those two officers on that occasion deserve that their names be handed down to posperity. They were Lieuts. James E. Chilton and Joe. D. Beatie. Not a field or Staff officer was there. The Author, having obtained leave of Col. Adams to go by home, was not present, but was informed that the General was so much exasperated that he was almost inclined to use profanity. All of the absent officers were ordered to report under arrest on coming up. The command remained at Point Burnside one day, when many of the officers and men arrived.

We started early on the morning of the 4th of May, and by rapid marching of 110 miles, reached Kingston in the afternoon of the 7th, crossed the Tennessee at the mouth of Clinch River, and went into camp near the river, and opposite Kingston. By this time, most of the officers and many of the men, had overtaken the command—300 having come up at one time. Here we lay over until the 9th, drawing rations, and making other preparations for the next onward movement.

While here, two gallant young officers—Capt. Delaney R. Carr, who afterward made a very creditable race against Col. Wolford for Congress, and wore the judicial robe with distinguished honors, and Capt. Phillip Roberts, who afterward represented his constituents in the State Senate with much ability—being of a subordinate disposition, reported themselves to Gen. Stoneman under arrest, according to orders. The General showered so many maledictions upon them, that when they returned to the regiment and made a report of their reception to the rest of the officers, no others dared to approach the irate commander, and so the First Kentucky marched the rest of the way to Georgia with nearly all of its officers still under arrest.

The command resumed the march on the 9th, went twenty-eight miles, and camped at the mouth of Sewey's Creek; on the 10th, reached Cleveland at 4:30 p. m. On the 11th, started earlier than usual, crossed the line into Whitfield county, Georgia, at 10:15 a. m., and encamped near Varnell's Station at 3:45 p. m. As we went into camp, firing was heard in front. At this time nearly all of the fighting men of the First Kentucky had come up, and we had the largest number of effective men in the command.

The regiment had a reputation of having many absentees. This was only true at certain times. In active operations, our absentees were few as compared with other regiments. This was due to the repugnance of our men to enter hospitals when sick. When one of the First Kentucky become sick, if practicable, he would get a "sick leave," or other permission from his officers, and as soon as convalescent, and sometimes before, would become restless and join the "boys" again. It is true some would take advantage of the leniency of their officers, and abuse their privileges. But this was an exception rather than the rule. When the members of other regiments became sick or disabled, they were generally sent to hospitals, and when recovered, would have to wait for orders before joining their commands, and sometimes their regiments would be inconvenient to reach, and then they would be put on some light post duty, and time would elapse before they would have the opportunity to join their comrades in arms. After the commencement of the

Georgia campaign the Author served as clerk in the Medical Director's office, Cavalry Corps, Department of the Ohio, which reported directly to Gen. Schofield's headquarters, and he found that the effective strength of the First Kentucky was generally from 600 to 625 men ready for the field, while that of others was from 250 up to 400 men.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HALLECK RELIEVED AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF — GRANT PROMOTED TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND ASSIGNED TO THE COMMAND OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, WITH HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD—SHERMAN ASSIGNED TO THE COMMAND OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI—MCPHERSON TO THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE—GRANT'S CRITICISMS AND PLANS — SHERMAN MOVES ON JOHNSTON — VARNELL STATION—RESACA—ADAMS'S GALLANT CHARGE—RECONCILIATION WITH STONEMAN—JOHNSTON FALLS BACK, AND SHERMAN PURSUES—THE FIERCE CONFLICT AT CASS STATION—THE BLACK FLAG—ACROSS THE ETOWA.

By Gen. Orders, No. 98, War Department, Adjutant General's Office, dated Washington, March 12, 1864, the following changes and assignments were made:

Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, at his own request, was relieved from duty as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and Gen. U. S. Grant, who had been lately promoted to Lieutenant-Goneral, was assigned to the command of the armies of the United States, with headquarters in the field, and at Washington.

Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck was assigned to duty in Washington as Chief of Staff of the Army, under direction of the Secretary of War, and the Lieutenant-General commanding.

Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, composed of the Departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Arkansas.

Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson was assigned to the command of the Department and Army of the Tennessee.

Before this time, according to Gen. Grant's report: "The armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from east to west, reinforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes and do the work of producing for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position."

On taking command of all the armies in the field, the General gives the following as his plan for conducting his campaigns:

"From the first I was firm in the conviction that no peace could be had that would be stable and conducive to the happiness of the people, both North and South, until the military power of the rebellion was entirely broken. I therefore determined: First, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons of repose for carrying on resistance; Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should nothing be left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of the land."

The enemy had concentrated the bulk of his forces east of the Mississippi into two armies, commanded by Gens. R. E. Lee and J. E. Johnston, his ablest and best Generals. The army commanded by Lee occupied the south bank of the Rapidan, extending from Mine Run westward, strongly intrenched, covering and defending Richmond, against the Army of the Potomac. The army under Johnston occupied a strongly intrenched position at Dalton, Georgia, covering and defending Atlanta, a place of great importance as a

railroad center, against the armies under Gen. W. T. Sherman. In addition to these armies, he had a large Cavalry force under Forrest in Northeast Mississippi; a considerable force of all arms in the Shenandoah Valley and in the western part of Virginia, and extreme eastern part of Tennessee, and also confronting our sea coast garrisons and holding blockaded ports where we had no foothold upon land. The armies of Lee and Johnston, and the cities covered and defended by them, were the main objective points of the campaign.

Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding the Military Division of the Mississippi, had immediate command of the armies operating against Johnston.

Maj. Gen. Geo. G. Meade had the immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, from where Gen. Grant exercised general supervision of the movements of all our armies.

Gen. Sherman had instructions to move against Johnston s army, to break it up, and go as far into the interior of the enemy's country as possible, inflicting all the damage he could on their war resources. Gen. Meade, under the supervision of the commanding General, had like instructions in operating against Lee. Gen Banks was intrusted with operations in New Orleans, Louisiana and other places in that part of the country, with Gen. Steele, in Arkansas. Gen. Butler had instructions to move from direction of the Atlantic coast in concert with Meade, against Richmond. Gens. Siegel, Burnside, and other commanders had subordinate forces, and had instructions to fill places, and be participants in the closing scenes of the great drama.

It was the fortune of the First Kentucky Cavalry, in the closing part of its eventful career, to operate with the grand army of General Sherman—an army whose many brilliant achievements will occupy much space on the pages of history. The exact strength of this great army cannot be given in figures, but only approximated. According to Sherman's report, it numbered, including Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, as follows: Army of the Cumberland, Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas commanding, 60,773; Army of the Tennessee, Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson commanding, 24,465; Army of

the Ohio, Maj. Gen. Jno. M. Schofield commanding, 13,559. Grand aggregate, 98,797; guns, 254.

These armies were grouped on the morning of the 6th of May as follows: Army of the Cumberland at and near Ringold; that of the Tennessee, at Gordon's Mills on the Chickamauga, and that of the Ohio, near Red Clay, on the Georgia line, north of Dalton. The enemy lay in and about Dalton, superior to Sherman in Cavalry, and with three corps of Infantry and Artillery, viz: Hardee's, Hood's, and Polk's corps, the whole commanded by Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, of the Confederate army. The strength of Johnston's army at this time cannot be fully ascertained from Confederate reports at hand. Previous to the opening of the campaign, for offensive operations, he was promised a force 75,000 strong. Sherman estimated his strength at 10,000 Cavalry, and from 45,000 to 50,000 Infantry. These figures, of course, varied at different times by losses and reinforcements.

It is necessary for the student of history to understand, that though Sherman's numerical strength was superior to Johnston's by some 30,000 or 40,000 men, yet Johnston being on the defensive, had much the advantage. He was on his own chosen ground, and knew the roads and topography of the country to perfection. He could select his own position, and was usually protected by strong intrenchments. An army thus situated is equal to a far greater number in the offensive. As Sherman advanced, his force was continually weakened to guard important posts and his lines of communications. As Johnston fell back, his garrisons were taken up and added to his fighting strength.

As before stated, Holeman's brigade of the First and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, reached Varnell's Station in the afternoon of the Eleventh of May, 1864, and went into camp with the enemy disagreeably near at hand.

The command had no time to rest from its long and rapid march. The next morning, the 12th, Stoneman's command of Cavalry relieved Gen. McCook on the left, and in advance of Gen Newton's division of Infantry of the Fourth Army Corps. At this time, Sherman, finding it impracticable to strike Dalton from this point on account of it being covered by Rocky Face Ridge and Buzzard Roost Pass, was making

his way with his main force around through Snake Creek Gap, to strike Johnston's flank and rear. Johnston had been apprised of this movement of his antagonist, and to find out whether it was a general one or not, early on this morning, he sent Gen. Wheeler, with all his available Cavalry, supported by Hindman's division of Infantry, on a reconnaisance around the north end of Rocky Face Ridge, toward Tunnel Hill, to ascertain the extent of the movement.

Soon after relieving McCook's pickets, the enemy's Cavalry attacked our line, from Varnell's Station all along south, having previously driven in our out-posts on the Cleveland and Dalton pike. Stoneman's first line, consisting of the First and Eleventh Kentucky, extended along the ridge from Varnell's Station, west of the railroad. The First Kentucky's position was a little below the crest of the ridge facing toward the approaching enemy, and behind an improvised breastwork made of rough stones thrown up by the command which had preceded us. In front of our regiment was open ground for some distance toward the enemy. The Eleventh Kentucky was on lower land to our left, and in front of a dense patch of woods.

It is necessary for the reader to remember that all the officers of our regiment were still under arrest, with two exceptions, Lieuts. Chilton and Beatie. As the enemy came in sight and threatened immediate attack, our brigade commander, Col. Holeman, came dashing up with verbal orders from Gen. Stoneman relieving all our officers from arrest until after the fight was over. When the order was announced, the rash and daring Lieutenant, W. D. Carpenter, retorted: "Tell Gen. Stoneman that's all we want—just to be released till the fight is over." But that was the last ever heard of the arrest.

The enemy, now in plain view, fired a few shots at the First Keutucky, which were replied to by several of our Sharpe's riflemen. But they were advancing through the open woods to our position, and bore to our left, and under cover of the dense woods, approached the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, and made a fierce attack on that gallant regiment. The firing was very heavy for some time, and

that regiment was pressed so closely that it was compelled to fall back in easy supporting distance of an Infantry regiment held in reserve in its rear. Though it was a heavy force of Infantry and Cavalry attacking our position, and could have "eaten up" our Cavalry, to use Stoneman's expression, they feared a trap set for them, for they did not press their advantage after coming in sight of our Infantry regiment.

The enemy was now repulsed, and Gen. Newton having changed his position, Gen. Stoneman made a corresponding disposition of his Cavalry, sending one regiment to Ringold, three to Tunnel Hill Gap, on the Varnell Station and Ringold road, among which was the First Kentucky, and the other two to a position on Newton's left.

The reconnaisance in force, by Johnston's orders, made for the purpose of developing Sherman's strength on the left, confirmed Johnston's impression that the main body of the Federal army was marching to Snake Creek Gap, on its way to Resaca. This march of the Union troops was made without exposure, being completely covered by Rocky Face Mountain. About one o'clock a. m., on the 13th, the Confederate Infantry and Artillery were withdrawn from the position they had been holding and marched to Resaca, the Cavalry following after daybreak as rear guard.

On the morning of the 13th, Gen. Stoneman being informed of the enemy's evacuation of his position, the remaining Union forces were put in motion for Resaca. Stoneman's Cavalry moved by different roads. Holeman's brigade started early and entered Dalton at 10:40 a. m. Here we were witnesses of transactions painful to behold. A number of Infantrymen, unrestrained by their officers, were bursting open stores, and rifling them of their scanty contents. Some of our officers were so indignant at the sight, that they could not resist the impulse to sternly rebuke those present of their officers, for allowing it. To the credit of the First Kentucky, whatever faults or weaknesses they had, this sort of action was obnoxious to all of them save an exceptional few, and was particularly frowned on by our officers. Our principal warfare was against an armed enemy in an open field. It is true that some of our men, when very hungry, might

confiscate a chicken, a young hog, or even a mutton, when the owner was not in sight, but they could not bear the eyes of the famished-looking women and children gazing upon them in sorrowful silence. After passing through Dalton, the regiment went five miles beyond and encamped; Capt. J. S. Pankey was sent on the skirmish line.

The Author's time and place will not allow him to give details of all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta, but only the outlines. For full particulars, the reader must peruse other works; his chief object is to tell what part his regiment took in the conflicts.

As before stated, it was the intention of the Confederate government when the spring campaign opened, for Johnston to make offensive movements against our forces; but not being furnished with sufficient force and means soon enough, he was compelled to act on the defensive.

Gen. Sherman, as intimated before, finding the enemy's position too strong at or near Dalton to successfully assault without great loss of life, made his masterly movement by way of Snake Creek Gap on his rear. This caused the enemy to fall back from his strong natural position on Rocky Face Ridge, and concentrate his forces about Resaca.

To force Johnston from his new position, Sherman determined to send light columns to threaten his communications in the rear, and to press upon him in front with his whole force. Polk was on Johnston's left, resting on the Oostenaula; Hardee in the center, and Hood on the right, extending northeastwardly around Resaca toward Connasauga.

Sherman ordered a pontoon bridge to be laid across the Oostenaula, at Lay's Ferry, and a division of the Sixteenth Corps to cross and threaten Calhoun; also the Cavalry division of Garrard to move from its position at Villanow down toward Rome, cross the Oostenaula, and break the railroad below Calhoun, and above Kingston, while with the main army he pressed Resaca at all points.

At 1 p. m., on the 14th inst., an attempt was made from Sherman's left center to break the enemy's line and force him from an elevated position in the immediate front. But the Union forces had to descend a hill in range of the en-

emy's Artillery, ford a stream bordered with interlacing vines, and mount the opposite eminence. The attempt was gallantly made, but our forces were compelled to fall back with a loss of one thousand men. Further to the left, Judah's and Newton's division's, after a severe struggle, forced a point on the enemy's outer line, but could not hold it.

At 3 p. m., Johnston attempted to turn Sherman's left flank, making a fierce attack, and at first was successful, but Hooker's corps coming up, the Confederates, about dusk, were driven back with great loss. McPherson, while Johnston was occupied with this movement, gained a position which would enable him to pour an enfilading fire on Johnston's works. It also commanded the bridges across the Oostenaula, and a determined effort was made to retake it. Strong lines, with fixed bayonets, advanced up to the very top of the hill, but were driven back. The fighting did not end till 10 o'clock at night.

Stoneman, on this day, had instructions to cover Dalton, and guard Gen. Howard's left, following the enemy up to his positions on the Dalton and Resaca, and Tilton and Resaca roads. The First Kentucky this day marched early, passing Tilton at 11:40 a. m., and camped at 7:30 p. m.

The night was spent in strengthening positions and preparing for the anticipated work of the next day. On the morning of the 15th, there was skirmishing all along the center of the Union lines. By request of Gen. Sherman, Stoneman was to move over on the Coosawattee and make demonstrations on the enemy's rear. He made the requested movement, but of the three bridges across the Connasauga River, he succeeded in getting possession of only the lower one, at File's Ferry, from which he was soon driven off. At the next one above, about noon, he received information of a wagon train being stationed there, and he sent Capt. F. M. Wolford, of Company A, First Kentucky, with one hundred picked men, to destroy it, holding a regiment of his division in reserve to support him. The bottom in which the supposed wagon train was located was covered with dense undergrowth. Captain Wolford made a charge upon the wagons, and found that he had run into a hospital, which proved to

belong to Gen. Hood's corps. Wolford succeeded in burning 12 wagons loaded with supplies, and captured 40 or 50 animals, when he discovered that he was in great danger. The Confederate Artillery, which was in range, played upon him, and Wheeler, with his two brigades of Cavalry, soon appeared upon the scene, scattering his men, who took to the woods, cutting off Wolford and some of his men, and it was several hours before they made their way through dangers and difficulties back to the command. Wheeler then dashed upon the regiment in support of Wolford, which was under immediate command of Gen. Stoneman, pressing it back in disorder, and came very near capturing the General, who lost his hat in the confusion. Adams, with the First Kentucky Cavalry, coming up at this time, commenced fronting his men into line to stay the onset of the enemy. The retreating regiment broke through his forming line about the center, Adams in vain trying to rally them. Gen. Stoneman coming up, hastily inquired of Adams if he could charge the enemy, and his reply was that he "could try." It was in the border of an open field, and by the time Adams had formed his men in the confusion, and the way was clear of the fleeing Cavalrymen, Lieut. James Humphrey, who was at the head of his line on the right was in a hand-to-hand contest with the pursuing enemy. The trumpet-tone voice of Adams now gave the command—"charge!" and the First Kentucky dashed at the enemy with its usual impetuosity, which caused such consternation in their ranks, that they in turn fled in the wildest disorder. Adams pursued them as far as safety would allow him, for being a discreet as well as a daring leader, and knowing that danger lurked ahead, he drew his men back to the other forces which had been rallied by Gen. Stoneman. On his return the General not only complimented the Colonel for his gallant charge, but also the wild riders of the First Kentucky. The ban of displeasure which the regiment and its officers had been under since its delinquencies at Point Burnside, was removed. The mutual reconciliation was more marked on one of the men presenting the lost hat which he had picked up on his return from the charge. Capt. Wolford, with one hundred select men from different companies, was detailed on special ser-

vice at the General's headquarters. Col. Adams and his men afterward appeared to be special favorites with him. We forgave all his infirmities of temper, and soon began to look upon our commander with pride.

But to return to the main army which was left skirmishing in the morning. About 1 p. m., after several unsuccessful attacks, the Confederates were driven from part of their lines, and our troops secured a position under the projecting works of a lunette, but so galling was the fire from the rifle-pits, that further advance was checked. Hood's corps made a resolute but unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the assailants. Afterward, under cover of the night, the Union soldiers dug out the ends of the works, and hauled the guns away by means of ropes, under a very heavy fire. As soon as the breach was made, the men rushed in, and after a desperate fight, captured the lunette. In the two days' fighting, Sherman's losses were between 4,000 and 5,000; the losses of Johnston, owing to his fighting most of the time behind earthworks, was less, being about 2,500. Johnston again was forced to retreat. He marched southward across the Oostenaula, followed so closely, that though the railroad bridge was burned, the road bridge was saved. Thomas followed directly after the retreating column, McPherson by Lay's Ferry, and Schofield by obscure roads to the left.

The First Kentucky lay on their arms on the night of the 15th; marched at 9:40 on the morning of the 16th, and fed and breakfasted on the Coosawattie, resumiug the march at 4:30 p. m.

On the 17th, Sherman's entire force moved on all available roads. Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, with his division, was sent along the western bank of the Oostenaula to Rome. Late in the evening, Newton's advance division had a sharp encounter with the rear guard of Polk's Cavalry at Adairsville. On the same day Stoneman sent the First Kentucky, with other picked men—in all about 750—with orders to cut the railroad between Kingston and Allatoona. The command started early, but at 1:30 p. m., encountered the enemy's outposts in such force that it was compelled to halt, and it went into camp.

The enemy retreated during the night, Polk and Hood

taking the road from Adairsville to Cassville—a strong intrenced position—and Hardee to Kingston. They did not remain, however, and Sherman pushed on through Kingston, and four miles beyond, where he found Johnston in force on ground well adapted for battle. The First Kentucky moved early on the 18th, and camped on Big Pine Log Creek.

On the next day, the 19th, Stoneman's Cavalry, including the First Kentucky, moved early, skirmished all day, driving all of the enemy's outposts into Cassville, when the Infantry coming up at dark, the Cavalry went into camp.

This same day Johnston made a proper disposition of his troops for battle, selecting a strong position. That evening he went to Hood's headquarters and had a consultation with him and Polk. Both Polk and Hood claimed that the position was untenable. Hood said that the enemy could enfilade his lines. A discussion of more than an hour followed. Although Johnston was of the opinion that the position was the best his army had occupied, yet he yielded at last, "in the belief that the confidence of the commanders of two or three corps of the army, of their inability to resist the enemy, would inevitably be communicated to the troops and produce that inability;" he therefore replied: "I am not going to give battle here unless you all have your hearts in it." The Etowah River, or what was known by the old settlers by the name of "Hightower," was crossed that night. Johnston afterward asserted that he had always regretted the step.

Holding Gen. Thomas's army about Cassville, Gen. McPherson's about Kingston, and Gen. Schofield's at Cass Station, and toward the Etowa bridge, the Union forces were given a few days' needed rest, and also time to bring forward supplies for the next stage of the campaign.

While the main army was resting on the 20th, the First Kentucky moved out at 2 p. m., went into line near Cassville, and at 7 p. m. went into camp near a bridge. The next day, we still remained in camp. On the 22d, an inspection of the command showed that many of the horses were unfit for very active service. Hard marching and deficiency of grass and forage were telling upon them. On the 23d, Holeman's brigade moved to Cass Station and encamped near

Col. S. A. Strickland's Infantry command, consisting of the Fiftieth Ohio Infantry and Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry.

In the meantime, Gen. Jeff. C. Davis had gotten possession of Rome, its forts, some eight or ten heavy guns, and its valuable mills and foundries. Our armies had secured the possession of two good bridges across the Etowah, near Kingston, giving our forces the means of crossing toward the south. Satisfied that the enemy could hold him in check at the Altoona pass, Sherman resolved, without even attempting it in front, to turn it by a circuit to the right; and having supplies in his wagons for twenty days from the railroad, and having left garrisons at Rome and Kingston, he made a general move on the 23d toward Dallas.

Thomas's head of column skirmished with Johnston's Cavalry near Burnt Hickory, and captured a courier with a letter of Johnston's, showing that he had detected the movement, and was making preparations to meet him at Dallas. The country was rough, mountainous, and thickly wooded. The roads were few and obscure.

As Schofield moved out on the 23d, he left Strickland with the Fiftieth Ohio and Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry, together with Holeman's brigade of Stoneman's command, to guard some stores of corn at Cass Station; also to protect the rear of his moving train, and as an outpost to the garrison at Kingston, a few miles distant.

At 10 a. m. on the 24th, Wheeler's command of Cavalry, consisting of three brigades, moving from direction of Cartersville, attacked Schofield's wagon-train between Kingston and Cass Station, burning many of the wagons and capturing and driving off others. The alarm was sudden and unexpected. When the first shots were fired, the men of the First Kentucky, as if by a simultaneous impulse in apparently a moment of time, mounted their horses, and with Col. Adams in the lead, reported immediately to Col. Strickland for orders, which were given with the same speed that the men had mounted, and they were off with a flying gallop in direction of the attacked train, followed by Col. Holeman with the Eleventh Kentucky.

They struck the enemy in an open field, and dashed upon them with such impetuosity that they were swept before

them like chaff before the wind, until the heavy lines of the enemy's main force formed ready for their reception in the borders of the woods fronting the open ground. Here a short but desperate conflict took place. The enemy's lines were too strong to break, and of sufficient length to cover the flanks of our struggling men. No soldiers could long withstand such superior advantage of the enemy, and such fearful odds in numbers against them. Our gallant men fell back with considerable loss. As they retreated through the dust and smoke, the First and Eleventh not only became mingled with each other, but also with the enemy, and several Rebel prisoners were brought back with them. A black flag captured from the enemy was likewise brought in. The enemy developed such a large force that Col. Strickland ordered the forage at the depot burned, his Infantry already formed in line, and forming a regiment of Cavalry on each flank, with the Cavalry pack-mules and remaining wagons in shelter of the rear, marched in line of battle toward Kingston. We soon passed the burning wagons still unconsumed. When we came within a mile or two of Kingston, we met Col. Gallup with two regiments of Infantry, also in line of battle, coming to our aid.

The black flag brought from the field had been dropped by its bearer, its staff either having been shot off, or voluntarily abandoned. It was deep black in color, with a grinning skeleton painted in white upon its surface. It put bad feelings in the Union soldier even to look at the horrid thing. It was kept in possession of Dr. Brown during the campaign, and exhibited to all who wanted to see it. In justice to the Southern Confederacy, it is necessary to state that soon afterward, when the Doctor was appointed Medical Director on Gen. Sherman's Staff, two cultivated, gentlemanly members of a Texas regiment were captured—one a Captain, and the other a forage-master—of the same command which attacked us that day. They positively denied that the flag was hoisted by any proper authority, and insisted that an inquiry be made through a flag of truce about the matter. But Sherman's army was too busy then to attend to minor affairs, and it was neglected.

In this engagement, it is a singular fact, that while the

casualties of the First Kentucky were very light, those of the Eleventh Kentucky were very heavy; and this cannot be accounted for, as both were equally exposed, and when they were environed they were all mixed up together. The official records of the engagement are meager. In the State Adjutant General's Report are found the names of Private Timothy Lake, Company E, wounded, and Serg. H. H. Brinkley and Private Samuel Raney, Company L, captured. From the same source, the casualties of the Eleventh Kentucky, 4 are reported killed, 2 wounded, and 7 missing.

The next day, Capt. J. S. Pankey, Company I, was sent to Adairsville on a scout, and returned at 3:20 p. m.; then the regiment moved across the Etowah and encamped.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FROM THE ETOWAH TO ATLANTA—THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH AND AROUND DALLAS—THE OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY AND OTHER REGIMENTS OF STONEMAN'S CAVALRY—THE TURNING OF ALLATOONA PASS—THE FIRST KENTUCKY, THE FIRST ON THE HILL—JOHNSTON FALLS BACK TO KENESAW—PINE AND LOST MOUNTAINS—DR. BROWN ON STONEMAN'S STAFF—CHANGES IN OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT—THE TERRIBLE PROPHESY OF A. H. STEPHENS FULFILLED—PINE AND LOST MOUNTAINS ABANDONED—SHERMAN'S ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY AND ITS FAILURE—OPERATIONS OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY ON THE RIGHT—JOHNSTON RETREATS ACROSS THE CHATTAHOOCHE — PEACH TREE CREEK—ATLANTA—SERG. PIERCE ESCAPES.

May 25th, Gen. Thomas moved from Burnt Hickory for Dallas, with Hooker in advance. When approaching Pumkin Vine Creek, he encountered a force of the enemy's Cavalry at a bridge on his left. He pushed them across the creek and saved the bridge, though it was already on fire. About two miles to the eastward he met the Infantry. It was near 4 p. m. before he could get his whole command in position. When deploying two divisions by Gen. Sherman's

order, he made a bold advance to secure possession of the point, New Hope Church, for Johnston did not stop at Allatoona on his retreat, but made for the hills north of Dallas and Marietta, concentrating his army near New Hope Church, where the roads from the north, east, and southwest come together. Hood's corps was at the church, and Polk and Hardee lay in an eastern direction across the Atlanta road.

A severe battle took place here, and the Confederates were driven back; but they having lately thrown up some defences, and a dark stormy night having set in, Hooker was unable to drive them from the roads. All day the clouds had been threatening. At dark it rained heavily, but the troops had been working until a breastwork had been secured. The men had neither tents nor food. It was a gloomy night. If fires were kindled, they were quickly put out by the rain. The General and his staff spent the night under the canopy of Heaven with coats and saddle-blankets as their couches. The next morning (the 25th) the enemy was found intrenched in front of the road from Dallas to Marietta, and dispositions on a large scale had to be made.

Owing to the nature of the ground and the thick woods, it took several days to deploy close to the enemy. Sherman had determined to work gradually toward his own left, and when everything was ready, to push for the railroad east of Allatoona. While making the necessary movements around New Hope Church, many sharp encounters took place. On the 28th, McPherson was just about closing to his left on Thomas, in front of New Hope Church, to enable the rest of the army to extend still more to the left and to envelop the enemy's right, when suddeniy he was boldly attacked at Dallas by the Confederates. His men had, fortunately, erected good defenses, and gave the enemy a terrible repulse.

On the 27th, Howard's corps attacked Cleburne, and was repulsed. Johnston estimated his loss at this place, and at New Hope Church, at 900.

The order was renewed for McPherson to move to his left about five miles, Thomas and Schofield also moving to their left; the movement was completed on the 1st of June.

While these events were taking place, the First Kentucky, with other regiments of Stoneman's Cavalry, was covering

the left and rear of Schofield's Infantry forces, which were at that time on the left of the main army. On the 26th, we marched all day, and camped at 10 p. m. The next day, camped within seven miles of Dallas. The regiment continued its movements protecting the rear and left of the army until the 1st of June. From the 26th of May until the 2d of June, Gen. Schofield's Infantry troops remained in position, strongly intrenched in close proximity to the enemy's works, and engaged night and day in heavy skirmishing.

On the first of June, Gen. Stoneman was sent with his command to occupy Allatoona Pass, which he did at 6. p. m. of the same day. On approaching the place, the General halted his command and ordered one of his Colonels to form his men in line and occupy the crest of the hill, at the base of which was the Allatoona depot. It was considered at the time a critical movement, and the Colonel commenced making excuses about the numerical weakness of his command for such an undertaking, when the General turned to Col. Adams, giving him the order, "Col. Adams, form your men and take that hill." The only reply Adams made was, "First Kentucky, front into line — march!" and with a sweeping gallop they mounted the hill, and Allatoona Pass was taken. In a few days the Northern papers were teeming with accounts of Allatoona Pass being taken by a skillfnl maneuver of Gen. Stoneman. But the foregoing is all the fighting that took place on that occasion, as remembered by any of the soldiers.

As this place perhaps will remain a noted spot in history on account of noted incidents connected with it, a short description of it will not be out of place. It was the scene of the heroic defense made by Gen. Jno. M. Corse, October 5, 1864, in which with a force of about 1,900 men, he repulsed, with great loss, a large force of the enemy, losing one-third of his own men. It is a narrow pass between sterile hills or mountains. The depot is situated at the base of a small round hill, not high enough to tunnel, but a deep cut is made for the railroad's passage. The depot building, the surrounding country and its inhabitants, have the most insignificant appearance imaginable. It was here that Gen.

Sherman signaled Gen. Corse from Kenesaw Mountain, eighteen miles distant, to hold the fort, for he would reinforce him; and Gen. Corse gave the heroic reply, that though minus part of a cheek bone and an ear, he could whip all h—ll yet. It was on this celebrated engagement and Sherman's dispatch that the stirring song was founded, "Hold the Fort for I am Coming," which has been sung with such enthusiastic effect on so many occasions.

Gen. Stoneman's Cavalry now occupied the east end of the Allatoona Pass, and Garrard's Cavalry, the west end. Here our command remained, holding this important position and scouting and examining the surrounding country until the 7th of June. It was considered an exposed position, and the pack-mule train was not ordered up until the 4th of June. While resting from the severe scouting and marching, Col. Adams, who possessed a frolicsome disposition, could not resist the temptation to play a practical joke on his brigade commander, Col. A. W. Holeman. One day he invited Col. Holeman down to Allatoona Creek to see an alligator. The Colonel not being acquainted with the fact that the habitat of that saurian did not reach as far up as Northern Georgia, eagerly "bit at the bait," and accompanied Col. Adams to the creek. Of course the alligator was not there, and the laugh was at Col. Holeman's expense among his brother officers for several days.

Gen. Sherman now ordered the railroad bridge across the Etowah to be rebuilt, and continued operations on his left. The Construction Corps had already plans of the bridge in their possession, and the timbers were shaped in readiness, and were brought on the train from Chattanooga. Though the bridge was 620 feet long, it was rebuilt by the Railroad Construction Corps, with 600 men in six days.

On the 4th of June, Sherman had determined to abandon Johnston at his intrenched position at New Hope Church, and move to the railroad about Ackworth, when Johnston suddenly left his intrenchments and retreated to his strong positions at Kenesaw, Pine, and Lost Mountains. Sherman reached the railroad at Ackworth on the 6th. He examined in person the Allatoona Pass, and finding it suitable for a secondary base, gave orders for its defense and garrison; and

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ABRAHAM GRUBB.

as soon as the bridge across the Etowah was completed, stores came forward to his camp by rail.

Sherman sums up the results of his campaign up to this date as follows:

"We have in one month's time, with a force not much superior to the enemy, compelled him to fall back nearly one hundred miles, obliging him to abandon four different positions of unusual strength and proportions; have fought him six times; have captured 12 guns, 3 colors, over 2,000 prisoners, with considerable forage, provisions, and means of transportation; have placed at least 15,000 men hors de combat, and have destroyed several important founderies, rolling-mills, iron-works, etc., at Rome, and in the Allatoona Mountains."

The next movement of Sherman and his grand army was to turn Kenesaw Mountain and its consorts.

On the 6th, Gen. Sherman ordered Gen. Blair, of the Seventeenth Army Corps, to leave one regiment of a brigade of his corps, to relieve Garrard's Cavalry at the bridge across the Etowah, and the rest of the brigade to relieve Stoneman's Cavalry at Allatoona.

On the 7th, the First Kentucky moved its camp from Allatoona to near Ackworth. June 9th, the regiment moved out of camp, went to the front and pursued the retreating Infantry of the enemy, skirmished heavily, and returned to camp that night.

On the same day, June 9th, Dr. A. M. Wilder was relieved as Medical Director, Cavalry Corps, Department of the Ohio, Maj. Gen. Stoneman's Staff, and appointed Medical Inspector, Department of the Ohio, Maj. Gen. Schofield's Staff. Dr. Hawkins Brown, Surgeon of the First Kentucky Cavalry, was appointed to fill his place as Medical Director on Gen. Stoneman's Staff. This position he filled with great honor and ability, and being of a martial disposition, he rendered his chief much aid in active field operations, and soon became a favorite of the General. The Author, being an old acquaintance of the Doctor, and having some defects which made him somewhat deficient for active field service, was appointed his clerk, and did the reporting and recording work of the office.

The communications of the Union army were now considered secure, and the supplies were ample. Sherman now moved forward to Big Shanty. In front of him were Lost and Pine Mountains, almost in the shape of perfect cones, and Kenesaw, with a deep notch at its summit, its entire length at the base being nearly two miles.

Sherman thus vividly describes the situation: "Kenesaw, the bold and striking twin mountain, lay before us, with a high range of chestnut hills trending off to the northwest, terminating to our view in another peak called Brushy Mountain. To our right was the smaller hill, called Pine Mountain, and beyond it, in the distance, Lost Mountain. All these, though links in a continuous chain, present a sharp, conical appearance, prominent in the vast landscape that offers itself from any of the hills abounding in that region. Kenesaw, Pine Mountain and Lost Mountain form a triangle; Pine Mountain at the apex, and Kenesaw and Lost Mountain at the base, covering perfectly the town of Marietta, and the railroad back to the Chattahoochee. On each of these peaks the enemy had his signal station. The summits were covered with batteries, and the spurs alive with men busy felling trees, digging pits, and preparing for the grand struggle impending."

On approaching close to the enemy, Sherman found him occupying a line full twelve miles long, more than he could hold with his force. Sherman now speaks of what lay before him: "The scene was enchanting; too beautiful to be disturbed by the harsh clamor of war; but the Chattahoochee lay beyond, and I had to reach it."

Gen. McPherson was ordered to move toward Marietta, his right on the railroad; Gen. Thomas on Kenesaw and Pine Mountain, and Gen. Schofield off toward Lost Mountain; Gen. Garrard's Cavalry on the left, Gen. Stoneman's on the right, and Gen. McCook's, looking to our rear and communications. Our depot was Big Sandy. The object of these movements was to break the enemy's weakened line at Pine Mountain.

On the 10th, the First Kentucky moved out from camp to the front, and sent out skirmishers. While engaged sharply with the enemy on the skirmish line, Henry O. Wilds, of

Company E, was mortally wounded, and died. The regiment in the evening moved back, and camped in line of battle.

On the 12th, while heavy cannonading was going on all along the line, the regiment was dismounted and sent out to the defenses, and stood in line three or four hours in a cold rain.

From Lieutenant Thomas J. Graves's diary, it is learned that 15 of Company I went on skirmish line on the 13th, that hickory leaves and "staked hay" was pulled for the horses, the only provender for three days.

At this time, June 14th, several changes took place in commissioned officers, among which was the following:

Company I—Capt. Alexander Smith, resigned. Lieut. James S. Pankey was promoted to Captain, his commission bearing the same date, and Serg. Thomas J. Graves was commissioned 1st Lieutenant.

Company L—Capt. J. Brent Fishback resigned, and Lieut. Joe. D. Beatie commissioned Captain the same day.

While sharp cannonading was going on in the evening of the 14th, from Gen. Howard's right, and Gen. Hooker's left, the Confederate General Polk was killed. On the 15th, Pine Mountain was abandoned by the enemy. From Lieut. Graves's diary of that date, the following sentence is copied: "Sunshine to-day for the first time in ten days." It may be stated here, that according to those who kept notes of the fact, it rained twenty-three days in the month of June on this campaign. Even nature was weeking copious tears over the desolation caused by the warring parties in the once peaceful and romantic section.

The terrible anathematical prophecy delivered by Alexander H. Stephens, in the Georgia Secession Convention, had now come to pass: "This step—Secession—once taken, can never be recalled, and all the baleful and withering consequences that must follow (as you will see) will rest on this convention for all coming time. When we and our posterity shall see our lovely South desolated by the demon of war, which this act of yours will inevitably provoke—when our green fields and waving harvests shall be trodden down by a murderous soldiery, and the fiery car of war sweeps over our land, our temples of justice laid in ashes, and every horror and desolation upon us, who but this convention will be held

responsible for it, and who but him who has given his vote for this unwise and ill-timed measure shall be held to a strict account for this suicidal act by the present generation, and be cursed and execrated by posterity in all coming time for the wide and desolating ruin that will inevitably follow this act you now propose to perpetuate."

After Pine Mountain was evacuated, Thomas and Schofield advanced and found the enemy again strongly intrenched along the line of rugged hills connecting Kenesaw and Lost Mountains.

On the 15th, while cannonading and musketry was continued by the Artillery and Infantry, the First Kentucky, with other regiments of Stoneman's command, were dismounted and moved to the front to strive to make a lodgment on Lost Mountain, but the position was too strong and too heavily guarded. On this day, Col. Adams made a narrow escape with his life. The First and Eleventh Kentucky being posted at different places, in passing from one regiment to the other all alone, to give directions, two videttes of the enemy came out from behind a tree and took deliberate aim at him—one of their balls shaved off a lock of his luxuriant black whiskers, and the other passed close to his ears. Col. Adams was then commanding the brigade composed of the First and Eleventh Kentucky—Col. Holeman having received leave of absence a few days before. On the 16th, Adams was commissioned Colonel of the regiment, vice Wolford out of the service. On this day the regiment, with others of Stoneman's command, was dismounted, and made another attempt on Lost Mountain, had a slight skirmish, but still found the position unassailable.

An assault on the center had been ordered, but was deferred, when, on the 17th, the enemy abandoned Lost Mountain and the long line of splendid breastworks connecting it with Kenesaw. Early on that morning, Adams's brigade, with McCook's Cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, made another move on Lost Mountain, Adams in front and McCook to the rear. Both reached the base of the mountain about the same time, but Adams's brigade was the first to mount the top of the lonesome elevation, the enemy having evacuated his strong works there.

After descending the mountain, Adams was ordered down our lines about one mile, and in front of Gen. Cox's headquarters. Gen. Cox assumed the responsibility of ordering the brigade to charge six pieces of Artillery in a strong position, and supported heavily by Infantry. About the time the brigade got half way to the point of attack, Gen. Stoneman came up, and sent an officer with lightning speed to order the brigade back. It was said that Gen. Stoneman showered the fiercest maledictions upon Gen. Cox for ordering his Cavalry on such a dangerous errand without his consent. This caused a warm feeling of our men for our commander, notwithstanding he was afflicted with some irregularities of temper. It is supposed if it had not been for the opportune arrival of Gen. Stoneman, not a "greasy spot" would have been left of Adams's brigade.

Sherman now continued to press at all points, skirmishing in dense forests of timber, and across most difficult ravines, until the enemy was again found strongly posted and intrenched, with Kenesaw as the salient, his right wing thrown back to cover Marietta, his left behind Noyes Creek, covering his railroad back to Chattahoochee. This enabled Johnston to make his lines shorter, and add much strength to them. Heavy cannonading and skirmishing was going on all the time, night and day. Some writer has truthfully remarked of this campaign: "We crowd them day and night; push them from tree to tree, from ridge to ridge, from earthwork to earthwork, from their first position to their last. A vast skirmish blazes from morning to night along ten or twelve miles of Infantry lines."

Perched on Kenesaw, Johnston could look down on the national camps and observe every movement. His Artillery thundered constantly, but did little damage on account of their extreme height, the shot and shell passing overhead, as the troops lay close up against his mountain elevation.

During the operations about Kenesaw, the rain continued to fall incessantly, much retarding the general movements of the army, but all kept in fine spirits, and every opportunity was embraced to work closer and closer to the intrenched foe, keeping up an unceasing picket firing, goading him without intermission.

On the 18th of June, the First Kentucky made no particular movement. On the 19th, the regiment moved out toward Powder Springs, and went into camp, the fighting still going on. The next day the regiment moved toward Powder Springs and formed in line of battle. The enemy appearing in too strong force for our men to manage, they fell back about two miles, and went into camp on a sluggish swamp or stream called Mud Creek, to the right of Gen. Cox's division of the Twenty-Third Army Corps.

On the 21st, about 1:30 p. m., a considerable force of the enemy's Cavalry made their way through dense timber to the opposite side of the creek, and near Adams's camp, and formed in line. Suddenly the line parted, and two pieces of Artillery were brought forward and opened upon our men, shelling them out of camp. But the men immediately rallied, and being reinforced by the Twelfth Kentucky Infantry and a section of Artillery from Cox's command, they in turn drove the enemy back, and held their position.

On the 22d, Capt. J. S. Pankey, with company I, went on picket in the Powder Springs road, took the bridge from the enemy's picket over Mud Creek, and skirmished sharply, raised breastworks, and lay behind them all night.

On the same day, as Hooker advanced his lines, with Schofield on his right, Hood's corps, with detachments of other commands of the Confederate army, at 4 p. m., suddenly attacked the Union lines. The assault fell mostly on Williams's division of Hooker's corps, and a brigade of Hascall's division of Schofield's force. The ground was comparatively open, and though the enemy drove in the Union skirmish line, yet still persisting in the assault till sundown, and reaching the main battle line of the Unionists, the enemy received a severe repulse, leaving his dead and wounded and many prisoners in our hands. This engagement is known as the affair of the Kolb House.

On the 23d, Company I was still behind breastworks beyond the Mud Creek bridge. Four of the Company went out and drove some of the enemy's pickets from their posts.

The regiment remained in camp throwing out pickets to the front and on each flank until the 26th, when it was marched out, dismounted, and made a charge on the enemy,

driving them under the shelter of their Artillery, which opened upon our men and drove them back.

At about this time several deserved and unnecessarily deferred promotions took place in the regiment of which were the following:

Company J: Capt. A. T. Keen was promoted to Major for gallantry on many a field of battle. Lieut. John T. McLain was promoted to Captain, June 30, 1864, and 2d Lieut. Alexander C. Smith was promoted to 1st Lieutenant, and 1st Sergeant Sandusky Bruton was promoted to 2d Lieutenant the same day.

Company K: The dashing and gallant Capt. Thomas Rowland was promoted to Major, July 16th, 1864. 1st Lieutenant Philip Roberts was promoted Captain the same date, and 2d Lieutenant Tilford N. Bruner was made 1st Lieutenant at the same time.

June 27th, the regiment loaded up its camp equipage, moved across Mud Creek bridge, and to the right of the main army, formed in line of battle, drove the enemy one mile, and went into camp.

Sherman's favorite plan of campaign heretofore had been to invite Gen. Johnston to attack his lines, repulse him, and then turn his position by flank movements; but Sherman had an able foe to contend with, who would not always enter the traps set for him. He now determined to assault his position, for which he gives the following reasons: "Although inviting the enemy at all times to commit such mistakes, I could not hope for him to repeat them after the example at Dallas and the Kolb House; and upon studying the ground, I had no alternative in my turn but assault his lines or turn his position. Either course had its difficulties and dangers, and I perceived that the enemy and our own officers had settled down into a conviction that I would not assault fortified lines.

"An army to be efficient must not settle down to a single mode of offense, but must be prepared to execute any plan which promises success. I wanted, therefore, for the moral effect, to make a successful assault against the enemy behind his breastworks, and resolved to attempt it at that point where success would give the largest fruits of victory.

The general point selected was the left center, because if I could throw a strong head of column through at that point by pushing it boldly and rapidly two and a half miles, it would reach the railroad below Marietta, cut off the enemy's right and center from its line of retreat, and then by turning on either part, it could be overwhelmed and destroyed."

June 24th, Sherman gave orders for an assault at two points south of the Kenesaw on the 27th of June, giving three days' notice for preparation, one to be made near Little Kenesaw by McPherson's troops, and the other about a mile further south by Gen. Thomas's troops.

When the appointed day came, the two assaults were made in the manner prescribed, and both failed, costing the Union forces many valuable lives, among them Gens. Harker and McCook, and Col. Rice and others badly wounded, our aggregate loss being nearly 3,000, while the enemy's loss was less, lying behind his well-formed breastworks. Sherman remarks: "Failure as it was, and for which I assume the entire responsibility, I yet claim it produced good fruits, as it demonstrated to Johnston that I would assault, and that boldly. And we also gained and held ground so close to the enemy's parapets that he could not show a head above them."

June 28th, the regiment moved across the creek, Company I was ordered on the skirmish line, and was engaged with the enemy's pickets all night. The next day, the regiment moved out and went into line, dismounted, and skirmished with the enemy all day, both parties holding their positions until night, when the regiment fell back to camp. On the 30th, the regiment remained inactive.

After the failure of the Union troops' attack on the enemy's left center, Sherman had no other recouse but to return to his favorite line of operations, that is, turn his position. On the 1st of July, Garrard's Cavalry took the place of McPherson's forces in front of Kenesaw, and his whole army was put in motion toward Turner's Ferry, which is on the Chattahoochee, at the mouth of Nickajack Creek. This movement had the desired effect. McPherson marched on the night of the 2d of July, and the next morning Kenesaw was found to be abandoned by the enemy. Early in the

morning Sherman's skirmishers reached the mountain top.

While the Infantry were making their grand movements, on the 1st of July, Adams's brigade moved out of camp at an early hour, crossed to the south side of Sweetwater Creek, went five or six miles further to the right wing of our army, and ran the Rebel pickets into their camp. A scouting party, consisting of Companies H, I, and K, of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and two or three companies of the Eleventh, was sent out but found no enemy. Gen. Stoneman had been ordered this day to demonstrate against Campbellton, on the Chattahoochee, supported by Gen. McCook of the Army of the Cumberland. On the 2d day of July, the regiment marched all day, captured some prisoners, and camped near Salt Springs.

Our Infantry's right was now at a point five miles in rear of the enemy's left, ten miles from the key of his position —Kenesaw—and only four miles from his railroad, and six from the Chattahoochee, while we controlled the Sandtown road to the river. The position seemed exposed and the movement to gain it hazardous, yet when once gained and intrenched it was really secure, for the enemy could not detach force enough to dislodge our forces without abandoning his position about Kenesaw and hazarding a general engagement in open field. This was the situation when the movement commenced. The enemy retreated from the Kenesaw on the night of the 2d of July.

The passage of the Chattahoochee now occupied both armies for some days. Sherman, in person, entered Marietta at 8:30 the next morning, just as the enemy's Cavalry were leaving. Thomas's line, having moved forward to the railroad, turned in pursuit toward the Chattahooche. Marietta is situated in a beautiful valley in the rear of Kenesaw, to which place there is a drive through the most lovely groves.

It was hoped that Johnston might be assailed in crossing the Chattahoochee, but he skillfully provided against this, and covered his movement with great skill. He had constructed a strong tete-du-pont at the Chattahoochee, with an advanced intrenched line across the road at Smyrna campground, five miles from Marietta.

While the main army was making its skillful movements

in pursuit of the enemy and the passage of the Chattahoochee, Gen. Stoneman was left to continue operations on the right in conjunction with Gen. McPherson.

On the third, the command was ordered to the Chattahoochee on a scout, found the enemy on the opposite side, and in skirmishing with him, John P. Riggins, of Company A, was wounded in the thigh.

On the 4th, the enemy's Cavalry crossed the river, fired upon our pickets, and Companies D, I, J, K and L, with three Companies of the Eleventh Kentucky, pursued them to the river at Campbellton, where a heavy skirmish took place, in which William Huff, of Company J, was killed, and three wounded of the same Company, among whom were Richard B. Campbell and William M. Smith, the other name not given in records.

In the meantime, Thomas had found the enemy in his strongly intrenched line at the Smyrna Camp-ground, five miles from Marietta, with his front covered by a parapet, and his flanks behind the Nickajack and Rottenwood Creeks. On the 4th of July his entire line of pits was captured, and strong demonstrations made along Nickajack Creek, and at Turner's Ferry. Next morning Johnston had abandoned his position and Sherman moved to the Chattahoochee. Thomas's left flank rested near Pace's Ferry, McPherson's right at Nickajack, and Schofield in reserve. The Confederate Cavalry crossed the Chattahoochee, Wheeler watching it above, and Jackson below. Johnston followed his Cavalry on the night of the 5th and took position on Peach Tree Creek and the river. His army lay behind a line of great strength, covering both railroad and pontoon bridges. In order to turn his position, it was necessary to cross the Chattahoochee, a rapid stream, which could be crossed only on bridges, except at one or two difficult fords.

It was now necessary for Sherman to bring in requisition his highest military skill: he had to cross the difficult river in the face of 50,000 men. To accomplish this he made a feint on Johnston's left flank, by making strong demonstrations south of the railroad bridge, threatening to cross there. "His real object was, by shifting masses of troops from the extreme right to the extreme left, to turn Johnston's right

flank, and hold the vital strategic point in that direction."

Schofield was ordered across from his position on the Sandtown road, to Smyrna Camp-ground, and next to the Chattahoochee, near the mouth of Soap Creek, to gain a lodgment on the east bank. After making this movement, a good pontoon and trestle bridge was laid, and a lodgment on high and commanding ground was effected. Garrard moved rapidly north to Roswell, and destroyed the Confederate supply factories there. Over one of these—the woolen factory—the owner displayed the French flag; it was not respected, the factory was destroyed, Sherman claiming that he would not allow our own men to manufacture supplies for the enemy, much less foreigners in the enemy's country.

Garrard got possession of the shallow fords at Rosewell, and McPherson's whole army was transferred from the extreme right of the Union lines to the left. Simultaneously Howard had built a bridge at Power's Ferry, two miles below Schofield; had crossed over and taken position on his right. By the 9th of July, Sherman had three points of passage over the Chattahoochee above the enemy, with good roads leading to Atlanta. Johnston now abandoned his tete-du-pont, burned his bridges, and left Sherman undisputed master north and west of the river.

There was the utmost consternation now throughout the whole Confederacy. The works abandoned were of the most formidable kind. The inhabitants of Atlanta were terror-stricken. They had never dreamed until this time that the National forces could reach them. Railroads converge to this city from the four cardinal points. It was only eight miles distant, with its magazines, stores, arsenals, workshops, and foundries.

Sherman's army now took a short rest before advancing. Rousseau was ordered from Decatur, Alabama, with 2,000 men to push rapidly south and advance to Opelika, and cut the only stem of railroad connecting the channels of travel between Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, thus cutting off Johnston's source of supplies and reinforcements from that direction. At the same time Sherman was collecting stores of supplies at Allatoona, Marietta, and Vining's Station.

While this grand shifting of scenes, and movements of

actors in the great drama was taking place, it is necessary to return to the First Kentucky Cavalry. It was performing its part in the tragedy. Duty, as well as inclination, required it to be busy. Though individuals might shirk their parts, Sherman allowed no idle organizations. He was hammering at the Confederacy continually.

The regiment was left near Campbellton on the 4th, after having a severe skirmish at that place. On the 5th, the regiment took a day's rest in camp. The whole-souled and jolly Capt. Pankey was taken sick, and went to the rear for only a day or two; he could not remain from his "boys" long at a time, and Lieut. T. J. Graves assumed command of Company I for the time.

Stoneman's Cavalry still continued guarding and scouting down the river. On the 6th, at 2 p. m., Companies A, B, D, G, H and I, of the First Kentucky, went on a scout to Campbellton, met the enemy, had a lively skirmish, drove them back and pursued them, fell back, and went into camp one and one-half miles south of the regiment's former camp, and near the river.

At 2 p. m., on the 7th, the regiment was ordered back to its former camp near Powder Springs, and Companies I and J were ordered four miles in the rear of the regiment to guard a bridge on Sweetwater Creek. On the 8th of July, the Eighth and Ninth Michigan relieved the two Companies, and they returned to camp. Nothing worthy of note transpired with the regiment until the 11th.

Gen. Stoneman still continued making demonstrations on the right of our lines, while the chief movements for gaining Sherman's objective point, Atlanta, were made from the left. On the 12th, the First Kentucky, with other regiments under Stoneman, marched west in direction of Carrolton, twenty miles, and went into camp. The next day the command moved out early and went to Moore's Bridge, on the Chattahoochee River. The following is taken from Gen. Stoneman's report of the same date:

"By taking a roundabout way, and by unfrequented roads, our parties succeeded in capturing or cutting off every scout the enemy had out. We surprised the guard at the bridge (the First Tennessee Cavalry) and drove them away

before they had time to set fire to the straw and pine knots prepared for its conflagration. The Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry had the advance, under Col. Adams, and did the thing handsomely. The bridge had been partially destroyed by tearing up the sleepers and planks, but we will have it repaired during the night. It is a covered structure, 450 feet long, very well built, on two main spans. One of the couriers we captured came down on this side of the river, bore a message to the commanding officer here that the Yankees were coming in large force, and that he must hold the bridge at all hazards, and that reinforcements were on the way."

After driving away the enemy, the bridge was repaired, and a few men crossed over and captured a few wagons, mules, and prisoners. The command was ready to cross the bridge at daybreak the next morning, but on attempting to cross, the enemy opened with four pieces of Artillery from the edge of the timber on the opposite side, and endeavored to retake their rifle-pits near the water's edge. Gen. Stoneman now deemed it inexpedient to push his endeavors further, ordered the bridge to be burned, and the boats which had been collected there for security, destroyed. It is the recollection of the Author, that Lieut. Wm. P. Ballard, Company E, First Kentucky, performed the dangerous duty of applying the torch to the prepared combustibles to destroy the bridge, as the climate was getting very torrid around that point at the time. Stoneman remained during the morning, sending scouts down the river to within thirteen miles of Franklin, and finding neither fords nor ferry-boats, in the evening fell back to Villa Rica, and encamped near that place. On the 15th, the regiment moved to Skin Chestnut, in the neighborhood of Sweetwater.

On the 16th, the regiment marched on the Sandtown road, went one mile to the left and encamped, where it remained until the 19th. On this day the enemy was reported crossing the river, the regiment was formed in line of battle, and in this position it lay during the night. At 4 o'clock, Company J was sent to the picket-post near the river to relieve Company G. On the 20th, the regiment moved to its former camp near Sweetwater factory, where it remained until the 23d of July.

Just at the time that Gen. Sherman, after giving his toil-worn Infantry a few days' rest, was in the act of making his movements against the enemy around Atlanta, after crossing his Infantry forces, at 10 o'clock on the night of the 17th, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston received a dispatch from Ad-Gen. Cooper, C. S. A., that Lieut. Gen. J. B. Hood had been commissioned to the temporary rank of General, under the late law of the Confederate Congress; that he was directed by the Secretary of War to inform Gen. Johnston, that as he had failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, far in the interior of Georgia, and expressed no confidence that he could defeat him, that he was relieved from the command of the Army of the Tennessee, which he was ordered to turn over immediately to Gen. Hood.

Johnston, in self-defense, replied: "As to the alleged cause of my removal, I assert that Sherman's army is much stronger compared with that of the Tennessee, than Grant's compared with that of Northern Virginia. Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance much more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta, than to that of Richmond and Petersburg; and penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia. Confident language by a military commander is not usually regarded as evidence of confidence."

Only a few days elapsed before the Confederate Government had great cause to lament the injustice done to Johnston by superseding him with such a commander as Hood. He not only had the confidence of the officers and men principally of his own command, but the respect and admiration of the Union forces, leaving out that he was on the wrong side. Sherman, in all his movements, found Johnston to be a foeman worthy of his steel. To illustrate the great flanker's opinion of the two Generals, Johnston and Hood, it was related to the Author by an attache of Stoneman's headquarters, who was present at the time, that Sherman was asked by some General immediately after the change in Confederate commanders, what movement he intended to make next. To this inquiry he replied: "I don't know. As Johnston is a military man, if he was in command, I would know what movement to make; but as Hood is a fool I will have

to wait and see what blunders he makes, and then govern my movements accordingly." On the same occasion, Sherman made the hyperbolic expression that Johnston had made one of the most masterly retreats ever known in history; that in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, one hundred miles, he had been flanked and hard pressed all the time, and had never lost a horse collar.

All being ready for an advance, Sherman ordered it to commence on the 17th, Gen. Thomas to cross at Power's and Pace's Ferry bridges, and to march by Buck Head. Gen. Schofield was already across at the mouth of Soap Creek, and was to march by Cross Keys; and Gen. McPerson was to direct his course from Roswell straight against the Augusta road at some point east of Decatur, near Stone's Mountain. Gen. Garrard's Cavalry acted with Gen. McPherson, and Gens. Stoneman and McCook still continued watching the river and the roads below the railroad.

At the time appointed the army advanced from their camps and formed a general line along the old Peach Tree road. Continuing on a general right wheel, Gen. McPerson reached the Augusta railroad on the 18th, at a point seven miles east of Decatur, and with Gen. Garrard's Cavalry and Gen. Morgan L. Smith's Infantry division of the Fifteenth Corps, broke up a section of about four miles, and Gen. Schofield reached the town of Decatur.

On the 19th, Gen. McPherson moved along the railroad into Decatur, and Gen. Schofield followed a road toward Atlanta, and Gen. Thomas crossed Peach Tree Creek in force by numerous bridges, in face of the enemy's intrenched line; all found the enemy in more or less force, and skirmished heavily.

On the 20th, all the armies had closed in, converging toward Atlanta, but as a gap existed between Schofield and Thomas, two divisions of Gen. Howard's corps of the Army of the Cumberland, was moved to the left to connect with Gen. Schofield, leaving Gen. Newton's division, of the same corps, on the Buck Head road.

In the afternoon of the 20th, about 4 p. m., the enemy sallied from his works in force, and formed a line of battle against our right center, composed of Newton's division on

the Buck Head road, and Hooker's corps next south, and Johnston's division of Palmer's corps. The attack was sudden and a little unexpected, but Gen. Newton had hastily covered his front by a line of rail piles, which enabled him to meet and repulse the attack. Gen. Hooker's whole corps was uncovered, and had to fight in comparatively open ground. But after a severe and furious battle, the enemy was driven back to his intrenchments. The action in front of Johnston was light, he being intrenched. The enemy left on the field 500 dead, 1,000 wounded, 7 stand of colors, and many prisoners. Sherman's loss in killed, wounded, and missing, about 1,500; he supposed the enemy's entire loss could not have been less than 5,000.

Hood, in this engagement, was only carrying out Johnston's plan as given to Hood on his leaving the command, that is, if the opportunity offered, to attack Sherman on crossing Peach Tree Creek, and he failed. He now tried the second plan, which was to withdraw the main army from the outer Peach Tree Creek intrenchments, to leave Atlanta under the protection of State troops, and to concentrate far out on the right, in readiness to fall upon Sherman's left flank, when he came up to form his regular line in front of Atlanta.

On the night of the 21st, Hood moved beyond Decatur and lay in wait. Sherman came up and found the works on Peach Tree Creek abandoned; he thought the city was abandoned, too. His troops crossed the well-finished parapet of the enemy and closed in on Atlanta in the form of an arc of a circle of about two miles radius.

Sherman was soon apprised of the enemy's intentions. At 11 a. m., on the 22d, the sound of musketry on the left and rear revealed the imminent danger. While Stewart and Cheatham were engaging Thomas and Schofield, Hardee was making desperate attempts to turn Sherman's left.

In the maneuvers, McPherson had gained a high hill to the south and west of the railroad. Here he had a commanding position from which he could view the very heart of the city. Gen. Dodge, with the Sixteenth corps, was ordered from right to left to occupy the position and make it a strong left flank. In the morning Sherman and McPher-

son consulted at the Howard House in regard to the movements necessary to be made, and separated about noon. The sounds of musketry were soon after heard to the left and rear; at first scattering shots, but they soon swelled in volume, and the Artillery opened. The Sixteenth corps had been ordered, as soon as their work was done, to move down a country road, and form on the left of the Seventeenth corps, refusing the line to a point nearer the railroad. The corps was in the act of moving according to orders, when they were attacked, and forced from the road to a position in a field on the right. Battery F, Second U. S., was lost here, and some of its men captured while unlimbering the guns. McPherson, with a single Orderly, rode rapidly down the line to the point of attack. He supposed that the Sixteenth had connected with the Seventeenth corps, and followed the line of the latter, and by so doing, went through space between the right and left of the two corps directly into the Confederate lines. He was instantly killed by the Confederate skirmishers. Gen. John A. Logan was directed to assume command of his forces—the Army of the Tennessee.

For four hours now the fierce conflict raged along the whole line. At 4 p. m., Hood again plunged into the Army of the Tennessee, broke through its lines, captured several guns, driving a division 400 yards, and in the face of a terrific fire, carried two batteries. Two divisions of the Fifteenth corps, which were on the right and left of the railroad, were separated. Sherman being at this part of the field, and knowing the importance of the connection at this point, ordered some of Schofield's batteries to be placed in a commanding position, to open with incessant fire of shot and shell upon the enemy, and the Fifteenth Corps to regain its lost position at any cost. The orders were executed; the enemy at length gave way, the Fifteenth corps regained its lost ground, and all the guns except the two advanced ones, which had been removed by the enemy. With this ended the battle of the 22d, the Union loss being 3,722 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The enemy's dead were computed at 3,240, of which 2,200

were actual count. They left on the field their dead, wounded, and about 1,000 prisoners. Their probable loss in all was not less than 8,000. It will be seen that the first stroke of the Confederacy's boasted fighting General proved terribly disastrous to their cause. It was one of the chief decisive battles of the war.

Garrard, on the 21st, had been detached with his Cavalry to Covington, forty-two miles east of Atlanta, with orders to break two important bridges across the Yellow and the Ulcofauhachee Rivers, tributaries of the Ocmulgee. He returned with the work thoroughly accomplished. The Augusta road was rendered useless.

Gens. Schofield and Thomas had closed well up, holding the enemy behind his inner intrenchments. Gen. Sherman now ordered the Army of the Tennessee to vacate its line and shift by the right below Proctor's Creek, and Gen. Schofield to extend up the Augusta road. About this time Gen. Rousseau, with 2,000 Cavalry, had arrived from his expedition to Opelika, but the men were fatigued from their long, rapid march. Rousseau relieved Stoneman at the river about Sandtown, and his command was shifted to the left flank.

All the principal railroads converging to Atlanta were now either in possession of Sherman, or had been cut by his forces, except the Macon road. The whole effective Cavalry was now prepared for a blow at the railroad, the particulars of which will be narrated in another chapter.

INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES.

One of the most adroit escapes from captivity took place while Stoneman was guarding the right flank of Sherman on the Chattahoochee. It was soon after the affair at Moore's Bridge. Serg. R. T. Pierce, of Company A, First Kentucky, was the hero of this exploit, which for coolness in planning and skill in execution, stands unsurpassed in the annals of soldiering. The Sergeant had been captured at Rockford, East Tennessee, November 14, 1863, and after remaining in prison for some time, he had, after several unsuccessful attempts to escape, finally succeeded in reaching our lines only a short time before.

While the regiment was camped near the river, squads of the enemy would frequently cross over and harass our men. On one of these occasions, our men had engaged them, driven them back, and on account of the density of the timber, could not successfully follow them further, and withdraw. Private Ed. Stephens had lost something, and by request, Serg. Pierce went back with him on a narrow path in the woods to help

him hunt it. Suddenly some seven or eight Rebels rushed from concealment with presented guns upon them, and demanded their surrender. With the "drop" upon him, Pierce was compelled to give up. Stephens being on a wild horse, on their approach to take his arms, the horse became frightened, and dashed away, thus enabling him to escape. Pierce was hurried across the river in an old canoe, and taken immediately to Gen. Hume's headquarters, about half a mile from the river. Here he was closely questioned for an hour in the fruitless attempt to get valuable information from him; for the Sergeant was true and loyal to the core. At the conclusion of the interview, Price proposed if the General would release him, that on his return he would send a favorite Captain of theirs back in exchange; or if he failed to effect the exchange, he would return and give himself up; but a Yankee's honor could not be risked so far.

The members of the First Kentucky Cavalry having a reputation among the enemy of being hard to hold, he was put under care of a strong guard, with strict orders to watch him closely. He was kept within fifty yards of the General's headquarters with the General's Staff, and escort around him. One guard was on duty all the time with a drawn pistol over him.

When night came, the Sergeant, who was noted for great self-control, showed no anxiety about his unfortunate situation, but quietly lay down with an old blanket spread over him. His captors had confiscated sixty dollars of his money, and also his boots, therefore he was in his "sock feet." Our captive lay flat upon his back so that he could covertly watch his opportunities. Finally all lay down except the one on duty, who still stood over him with the ready pistol. Just at the first cock-crowing, about half an hour before day, Pierce apparently in a dead slumber, from a stealthy glance of his watchful eye, noticed that his guard had sat down and commenced nodding. He waited till his watcher's head slowly bowed down and remained in that position. He now slowly raised the blanket with his left hand, and smoothed it over to his right side; raised himself up cautiously, and saw that his guard never waked. With cat-like tread, in his sock feet, he moved off, glancing back to see if his action was noticed, till getting a safe distance, he advanced more briskly until he reached the thick woods. He did not attempt to make for the nearest point at the river; but stealing through the undergrowth, now listening, his acute ears ever on the alert for voices and footsteps, now dodging, sometimes lying down in the weeds and bushes to keep from being seen by the passing enemy, about 10 o'clock he came near the river, a mile or two below the General's headquarters. He now cautiously made his way down a small branch bordered with weeds and bushes toward the river. On approaching its banks he found that a large number of the enemy were in the stream bathing. This would have alarmed most men in his situation, but not so with the cool-headed, self-possessed Sergeant; he saw a chance for his salvation. Good judgment told him that in the exhilaration of their sport, the difference between a naked Yankee and a naked Confederate would not be noticed. The weeds grew dense and rank to the very water's edge. He found a rail, and stripping himself of his loyal blue, he made a compact bundle of his few clothes yet unconfiscated,

and tied it under the rail with his suspenders. He then adroitly slipped the rail into the water without attracting attention. Playing the role of one who couid not swim without the rail, with his breast across the point where his clothes were fastened, he leisurely floated down through a gap among the bathers, until he reached beyond the main cnrrent of the swollen river, when he made for the opposite shore. Fortune favored him, for they seemed to pay no attention to his maneuvers. Hastily pulling his bundle from the rail, he ascended the river bank, in soft tones bidding his fellow-bathers "good bye," and swiftly made his way to a favorable spot where he donned his clothing. He rambled till late in the evening, when he found Adams's brigade headquarters. General Stoneman happened to be present, and Pierce related his adventures to an admiring crowd, for his cool-headed bravery was well known in tho command. It so happened that the captured Confederate Captain was present whom Pierce proposed to have exchanged for himself, and he lamented that Gen. Humes had not accepted his proposition for the exchange.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TWO GREAT RAIDS ON THE MACON RAILROAD—SHERMAN'S OBJECT, AND HIS ORDERS—MCCOOK'S SUCCESSES, DISASTERS, AND RETURN—STONEMAN PUSHES FOR MACON—GETS INTO DIFFICULTIES AND ATTEMPTS TO RETURN—THE FIGHT NEAR HILLSBOROUGH—DEATH OF CAPT. WOLFORD AND LIEUT. HUMPHREY, AND WOUNDING OF LIEUT. MURPHY AND OTHERS—CAPRON AND ADAMS GET OUT—STONEMAN, WITH BIDDLE'S BRIGADE, SURRENDERS—CAPRON'S MISFORTUNE—ADAMS CASTIGATES THE ENEMY. WILSHIRE'S SQUAD—ADAMS BRINGS THE BRIGADE SAFELY OUT—HONORS BESTOWED UPON HIM—HUFFMAN'S NARRATIVE—STONEMAN'S ILL-NATURED REPORT—OTHERS COMMEND ADAMS—TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS AND ADVENTURES OF HELLARD, RIGNEY, SMITH, AND OTHERS.

The combined raids of Stoneman and McCook commenced on the 27th of July, 1864. As there has been much misunderstanding on this subject, the Author deems it necessary to make the following extracts from Gen. Sherman's official reports:

* * * I shifted Gen. Stoneman to our left flank, and ordered all my Cavalry to prepare for a blow at the Macon road simultaneous with the movement of the Army of the Tennessee toward East Point. To accomplish this, I gave Gen. Stoneman the command of his own and Gen. Garrard's Cavalry, making an effective force of 5,000 men, and to Gen. McCook I gave his own and the new Cavalry brought by Gen. Rousseau, which was commanded by Col. Harrison, of the Eighth Indiana Cavalry, in the aggregate about 4,000. These two well-appointed bodies were to move in concert, the former by the left around Atlanta to McDonough, and the latter by the right on Fayetteville, and on a certain night, viz., July 28th, they were to meet on the Macon road near Lovejoy's, and destroy it in the most effective manner. I estimated that this joint Cavalry could whip all of Wheeler's Cavalry, and could otherwise accomplish its task, and think so still. I had the officers in command to meet me, and explained the movement perfectly, and they entertained not a doubt of perfect success. At the

very moment almost of starting, Gen. Stoneman addressed me a note asking permission, after fulfilling his orders, and breaking the road, to be allowed with his command proper to proceed to Macon and Andersonville, and release our prisoners of war confined at those points. There was something most captivating in the idea, and the execution was within the bounds of probability of success. I consented that after the defeat of Wheeler's Cavalry, which was embraced in his orders, and breaking the road, he might attempt it with his Cavalry proper, sending that of Gen. Garrard back to its proper flank of the army.

Both Cavalry expeditions started at the time appointed. I have as yet no report of Gen. Stoneman, who is a prisoner of war at Macon, but I know he dispatched Gen. Garrard's Cavalry to Flat Rock for the purpose of covering his own movement to McDonough, but for some reason unknown to me, he went off toward Covington, and did not again communicate with Gen. Garrard at Flat Rock. Gen. Garrard remained until the 29th, skirmishing heavily with part of Wheeler's Cavalry, and occupying their attention, but hearing nothing from Gen. Stoneman, he moved back to Conyers, where, learning that Gen. Stoneman had gone to Covington, and south on the east side of the Ocmulgee, he returned and resumed position on our left. * * * * * * His [Stoneman's] mistake is in not making the first concentration with Gens. McCook and Garrard near Lovejoy's, according to his orders, which is yet unexplained.

Gen. McCook went down the west side of the Chattahoochee to near Rivertown, laid a pontoon bridge, crossed his command, moved rapidly on Palmetto Station on the West Point railroad, tore up a section of track and left a detachment to make a diversion toward Campbellton. He then moved rapidly to Fayetteville, where he destroyed a large number of wagons and mules, taking 250 prisoners, mostly quartermasters and men belonging to the trains. He then pushed for the Macon road, reaching Lovejoy's Station at the time appointed. Hearing nothing of Gen. Stoneman, and finding his progress east strongly opposed, he moved south and west, and reached Newnan on the West Point railroad, where he encountered an Infantry force coming from Mississippi to Atlanta, which had been stopped by the break he had made at Palmetto. This force hemmed him in and forced him to fight. He was compelled to drop his prisoners and cut his way out, losing some 500 officers

and men, among whom was Col. Harrison. He cut his way out, reached the Chattahoochee, crossed, and arrived at Marietta without further loss.

But to return to Stoneman and his immediate command. Lieut. Richard E. Huffman, of Company F, First Kentucky Cavalry, three days after reaching our lines in safety, wrote a full narrative of the raid to his brother, Mack Huffman, at Stanford, Ky. Lieut. Huffman was then a young man of good judgment, a fine writer, of high moral tone, and therefore of unquestionable veracity. As his narrative agrees so closely with official documents, and every incident was fresh in his mind at the time, his narrative is copied without change, only eliminating those matters of personal or private nature. and interpolating at times necessary explanations:

ABOUT 2½ MILES FROM MARIETTA,
AUG. 7, 1864 (Sunday afternoon.)

DEAR MACK:—

* * * * * * *

After the 20th of July, we scouted the river until the 26th, when we were ordered to prepare for a raid, and it was a raid I'll ever remember.

* * * Stoneman went from the left wing of the army, and McCook from the right. Our raid was under Stoneman, and no one else had anything to do with it. I shall speak something about McCook's raid toward the last. To understand our march you had best get a good map of Georgia. But first, the object of the raid: It was the intention of Gen. Sherman, that Stoneman should cut the railroad communications between Atlanta and Macon. After this, if Stoneman was able, he had permission to go to Macon and release about 1,500 of our officers confined there. But Stoneman appeared to wish to go to Macon first, and release the officers, then do what he could to the railroad. You will see how he succeeded in his plans, and how he suffered by not doing what he was ordered [to do.]

On the morning of the 27th, we were roused up and started off without our breakfast. We went toward Decatur, which is six miles from Atlanta, accompanied by Gen. Garrard's forces. Stoneman's command was made up of the First and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, Fifth and Sixth Indiana Cavalry, Fourteenth Illinois and Eighth Michigan Cavalry, aud First Ohio Squadron, with a section of Artillery.

Garrard stopped here [Decatur] [and was ordered to

Flat Rock] to conceal our movements. When the enemy heard of our move—they were expected to come out that way—Garrard was to give them battle, so as to give us time, and make the enemy believe our Cavalry had stopped there.

* * * * * * *

You notice that Decatur is on the Atlanta and Augusta railroad. Following that road, we passed by Stone Mountain through Lithonia and Conyer's Station.

Stone Mountain is a high, bald, rocky elevation, near the railroad, and does not have dirt enough on it to make rifle-pits, consequently it cannot be fortified.

We passed through Conyer's Station Wednesday night. We rested a little before day about a mile from Covington. Early Thurday morning we went into Covington. Our men [Garrard's] had made a raid here a few days before, and destroyed a railroad bridge over a small river. Covington is quite a nice place. The ladies were better dressed than any I had ever seen in Georgia. Two came out to talk to me, and were very polite. I gave them a Louisville Journal, which they were pleased to get. A good many sick and wounded Rebels were found here. Our regiment being in advance, got hold of some whisky and brandy, and a number got drunk and noisy, and the ranks got into confusion, which caused the officers much trouble. Gen. Stoneman generally required us to march in column of fours, and would swear and charge about when he saw the men out of order. He chanced to come into town when the men were in confusion, and commenced cursing and ordering in a way that would have done credit to Gen. Nelson. I was acting as Adjutant, and was very busy, but I could not help laughing at the General's imprecations, and the noise of the men.

Leaving Covington on the 28th, we turned to the right, and traveled toward Monticello. We marched within four miles of Monticello and encamped, having traveled near forty miles that day. We burned several bridges across the Ocmulgee to keep the enemy from crossing and getting in our rear. We also burned a factory. We passed through Monticello early on the morning of the 29th, and went on through Clinton, passing that place about sundown. Here several roads came together, any one of which led to Macon.

At this point, according to Maj. Haviland Tompkin's report, Col. Adams's brigade moved on the right hand road from Clinton to Macon, Col. Biddle's brigade on the left hand, and Col. Capron's brigade on the left hand to strike the railroad. Maj. Davidson, of the Fourteenth Illinois, with 125 men, was sent to strike the railroad near Gordon,

and destroy it east and beyond Oconee River. But to return to Huffman's narrative:

Our brigade—the First and Eleventh—under command of Col. Adams, took the right hand road. Gen. Stoneman, with the remainder, took another road. We had not gone far before dark came. It was so dark and cloudy that we could scarcely see anything. While marching along, one of our men who had been in advance, came rushing back to us on foot. He told us that he had just escaped from the Rebels, who had captured him a few minutes before. We put out a strong advance guard of select men, and pretty soon they were fired upon by the enemy. On going up, I found that Perry J. Porter, of Company I, was killed, and Serg. A. J. Catron, of Company L, was wounded nearly in the same place where he was shot at Knoxville. Moving forward again, the Rebels did not fire until we got immediately upon them. The darkness was so intense that we could not tell of their proximity untill we saw the flashes of their guns. They fired two volleys after the one spoken of, and every time they wounded some one, and also killed a horse. We also did execution among them. Capturing a wounded Rebel, he informed us that it was a company of forty-seven men that we were contending with.

After the third volley we were not interrupted any more that night. But soon we came very near killing some of our own men. Gen. Stoneman, on hearing the firing, sent Lieut. W. C. Root, Company C, First Kentucky, at that time Acting Commissary on his Staff, with a squad to see what was the matter. They came up in our front, and our advance, supposing them to be the enemy, fired at them, and they returned the fire. The Lieutenant continued shouting and inquiring who we were, and by this means we learned they were our own men. They also captured one of our party, and he informed them that it was Adams's brigade. Fortunately, no one was hurt in this engagement.

We camped that night about five miles from Macon. We lay down in the road, tied our horses to our legs, and slept about one hour and a half. We were still on a different road from that of Stoneman. We marched to about one and a half miles of the city; here we met the enemy with Artillery, and we could not advance any further.

Stoneman had advanced to the railroad which runs from Macon to Augusta, and had captured two trains of cars: one of them was loaded with hogs and cattle for the Rebel army. He also tore up and burned a good deal of railroad track. We were ordered to leave the road we were on and join Stoneman. We joined him about 3 o'clock in the evening,

and learned the Rebels had from four to six thousand State Militia and regular troops in the city. I will here number our forces so you can be informed of our strength: First Brigade, Fifth and Sixth Indiana, Col. Biddle commanding, about 500 men; Second Brigade, Col. Capron commanding, Fourteenth Illinois and Eighth Michigan Cavalry and First Ohio Squadron, about 1,000 men; Third Brigade, Col. Silas Adams commanding, numbering about 550 men; a section of the Twenty-Fourth Indiana Battery under Capt. Hardy. Total, about 2,200 men.

The foregoing were the forces we had here, in the very center of the rear of all the Confederate forces in and around Atlanta. Of course we could not enter Macon. Our skirmishers reached the suburbs of the city. Oh, Slowness! If we had only hurried a little, we could have released nearly 1,500 of our officers confined in prison at Macon, and so materially injured the Atlanta and Macon railroad as to have caused the enemy to evacuate Atlanta. We were twelve hours behind time. They had only 500 men in Macon twelve hours before, guarding the Union prisoners, and we could have defeated them easily. We had delayed so long—giving the enemy time to gather from Augusta and other places a force sufficient to withstand us—that we could do nothing more. We had not been interrupted on our march to Macon by any forces in our rear. We well knew that Wheeler's Cavalry would soon be after us, and it was best for us to make our way out. The question was, what road to take.

We started toward Florida, expecting to go to some point on the Gulf, where the United States had a garrison, and make our escape that way. We had not gone far before an order came for us to go out on the same road we came in.

Col. R. W. Smith, of Gen. Stoneman's Staff, in his report, gives the following reasons why Gen. Stoneman ordered the column to retrace its steps:

"When the head of the column [under Adams], with the pack train, had advanced in this direction some two miles, a scout reported a large body of Rebel Cavalry coming into Macon, estimated from 1,000 to 1,500 strong. Fearing that this column would reach the ferry, where it was designed we would cross, and intercept our column, the General ordered a countermarch, and started back on the road we had gone down, designing at the same time, I know, to strike out in an easterly course, in direction of Milledgeville, as soon as practicable, for he thus expressed himself to me personally,

and I do not yet know why this course was not pursued."

Maj. Haviland Tompkins, also of Gen. Stoneman's Staff, who seems to have had more information on the subject, or to have been deeper in Gen. Stoneman's confidence than Col. Smith, gives the following reason why the General did not take the eastern or Milledgeville route:

"Information soon came that the demonstration east had drawn the enemy in that direction, and that but a small force was on the Covington road; hence, he desired to press hard on that road, and reach Hillsborough, if possible, at which point he could take choice of three roads at daylight. But the enemy were too strongly posted, and he could not reach Hillsborough by two miles." Lieut. Huffman continues:

We about-faced and started on our return. Passed through Clinton about dark on the 30th of July, and saw a house on fire. Inquiring I learned that it was the jail in which they had confined some of our men after we had passed through on our way down. Our men became so incensed that they set fire to the prison. Passing on, it was not far before we met pickets from Wheeler's Cavalry who had come down in our rear, and whose object was to cut off our retreat toward our lines. Here the best policy would have been to have kept a small force skirmishing with the enemy, while the main body, taking another route, should endeavor to go around the Rebels. But Gen. Stoneman, contrary to the wishes of his brigade officers, kept driving in the pickets of the enemy until daylight, when we came upon a large body of them. His officers still advised him not to risk a fight. He paid no attention to them, and about 8 o'clock, we were ordered to attack the enemy in our front on the road leading from Clinton to Monticello. The enemy was posted on a hill in a strong position. This was on Sunday, July 31st. Gen. Stoneman appeared almost mad.

We made the attack, and got within thirty yards of the enemy, when they broke and gave way in our front. We went up dismounted. We had already silenced their battery, and almost captured it, when we saw a large force coming in on our left. They pressed on, and to prevent being cut off entirely, we were compelled to give back; then the Rebels poured it into us hot and thick. Here we lost some good men killed and wounded. We gave back some distance, and it was with great difficulty that we could get the men to halt and form. I never saw men make a more gallant or better charge than they did that morning. They found the enemy

too strong in numbers and too strongly posted; our men were tired and worn out with severe marching. They began to lose confidence in their commanding officers, and seemed to think it useless to form against a force so much larger than their own; so but little more fighting could be got out of them that day. We succeeded, however, in forming a few. I had mounted my horse, and as acting Adjutant, was forming a skirmish line. The Rebels had ceased to pursue. While I was stopping and talking with some of the Sixth Indiana, a Rebel sharpshooter concealed in the woods, saw my gray horse, took deliberate aim at me, and shot my horse in the side, close by my leg. Poor old gray! he seemed to know what was the matter. I dismounted and pulled off my saddle, and he lay down and died in about twenty-five minutes.

We lay quiet now for two or three hours. Capt. Carr was on the outer line with his Company, when a supposed woman came up and applied for permission to come in. The Captain asked her where she wanted to go. She replied that she was the daughter of the old lady living in a house near by. Capt. Carr would not permit the pretended daughter to enter, but went to the house and inquired of the woman if the person held at our lines was her daughter, and the old lady replied that she was not. Other assertions of the "daughter" were found to be untrue, and Carr became suspicious that the alleged daughter was a male in the guise of a female, and such indeed was the case, and so we had caught a spy. Gen. Stoneman made him keep on his dress all day. I shall say something more about this "gent" hereafter.

We lay still until about 1 o'clock, when the enemy advanced upon us, shelling us very rapidly. We fell back and commenced forming at another place, still within range of their cannon. We had Companies A and B, and a few others formed. The shells were flying all about us. I was near Company A, and a shell burst in the midst of it. I heard a groan, and when the smoke and dust cleared away, I saw that Lieut. Humphrey had his leg shot off. Capt. Wolford and some others dismounted to help him, when here came another shell in the same place. After it burst we looked, and oh, what a sight! Capt. Wolford was lying on the ground, his head nearly torn off by a piece of shell! He was killed so quick that he hardly knew what hurt him. Just then the Rebels charged and we gave way.

While this was going on here, Maj. Keen had several companies on a skirmish line. In the charge spoken of, Lieut. Daniel Murphy was wounded, and I am afraid killed. As soon as these casualties became known in the regiment it cast a gloom over the men. Besides these officers, there were many good privates killed and wounded. Our

regiment was suffering this way, and others were faring no better. We then got out of range of their cannon, when we were surrounded on all sides. We now learned that Gen. Stoneman had determined on surrendering. I have seen excitement in our regiment, but when our men, whose time was nearly out, learned that they were about to be made prisoners, the excitement was uncontrollable. Already many of the men of their own accord had taken out on foot to make their way through the enemy's lines.

The Author will here introduce information compiled from other sources. Col. Adams now went to Gen. Stoneman and vehemently protested against surrendering his brigade; that it was unjust at the expiration of his own regiment's term of service to consign his men to captivity to waste their lives in the horrid prisons of the South; that many of Maj. Boyle's new battalion of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry had once belonged to the Confederate army, and to surrender them was the same as putting them into the hands of the executioner. Others also protested against surrendering.

Stoneman, in answer to Adams's protests, replied: "If you attempt to get out, your command will be cut all to pieces and killed." Adams rejoined: "I will take the responsibility."

Stoneman then said: "If you attempt it, you must take all the responsibility upon your own shoulders." Huffman continues:

The General then told Adams if he wished he might take his brigade, and attempt to go out. Adams came galloping back, and told the men what he had permission to do. Every one was eager to follow him. Adams led the way. Many from other regiments united with us and followed our leader. I know not how Col. Adams found the way; but he led us over hills and deep ditches—not the sign of a path being there—and took us out between the Rebel pickets without being seen, and without firing a gun. It was one of the most wonderful feats he ever accomplished.

Col. Capron had taken out his brigade in another direction, but had some fighting before getting out. Stoneman with the greater part of the Fifth Indiana, and two pieces of Artillery, surrendered after we got out. Some of the officers of the Eleventh Kentucky surrendered with Stoneman. I do not know their motives in remaining behind. One thing

I do know, that is that the brigade officers who came out informed Gen. Stoneman that they would not surrender their commands if they could get out, and I know Stoneman fought some after we started out, so that those who refused to come out with us cannot say we acted dishonestly.

Dr. H. Brown, Surgeon of the First Kentucky, Acting Medical Director on Gen. Stoneman's Staff, remained and surrendered. Dr. A. A. Campbell seems to have a dislike for the Rebels, and thinking perhaps, that they would not exchange a Surgeon for his convenience, took the wiser part, and came out with us. All of our wounded fell into the enemy's hands. I will speak more about our loss after awhile.

After getting through the enemy's lines, we had to determine which road to take, and also to ascertain whether we were followed or not. We found that they were not at our heels, and we started out on the Edenton road. We marched leisurely, and learned that Col. Capron's command was on ahead of us, and running their horses to kill. We soon learned this from the number of dead horses found on the road. We soon came up to those men spoken of as going out on foot.

We traveled all night of the 31st of July, and passed through Edenton late. This is said to be one of the finest parts of Georgia, but we had no time to stop and see. We were moving away from the enemy in our rear, and began to feel relieved. We could now risk our voices loud enough to hear each other talk. We continued on our march to Madison on the 1st of August. [On this day, Adams's brigade was joined about noon by a detachment of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry under Maj. Buck, and Sixth Indiana under command of Lieut. Col. Matson. Passed Madison at 2 p. m. Capron joined Adams at dark the same day.—AUTHOR.] At Madison we burnt a quantity of quartermaster and commissary stores. We intended to go out by Laurenceville, but hearing that the Rebels had that road, we turned and went to Watkinsville. Here we played a regular "Yankee trick." Dressing some of our men in Rebel uniform, we succeeded in capturing the enemy's pickets. I will explain how it was done toward the close.

Our brigade and Col. Capron's were together here. After passing through Watkinsville we went toward Athens. This last town is situated in the forks of the Oconee River. There were bridges over these streams that we aimed to cross, but found that the enemy had possession of them. We went to within about two and one half miles of Athens, and came upon a fort and rifle-pits. We were fired upon, and we again changed our course. Col. Adams determined to take a road

about half way between Laurenceville and Jefferson, thinking perhaps that we could get out to the river [Chattahoochee] before the Rebels could head us off from it. This was on the evening of August the 2d. After starting, we found that Capron had left us, and had taken another road. Marching all night, we stopped a little before day and rested. Soon we started on again, and had gone but a short distance, when a courier overtook us with the information that Capron had been attacked, and had been cut to pieces by the enemy. This was the first we had heard from Capron since he left us the evening before. He had camped a mile and a half from us that night and no one knew it. After the courier's report, Adams went in double-quick to the road where Capron had been attacked, and coming to the forks of the road, found one of his men lying dead in the road; and upon examination, it was plain to be seen which way the enemy had been chasing Capron. We started on in a run after the Rebels, hoping to be able to recapture our men, as well as to give relief to that officer. As we charged down the road, we came across several Union soldiers lying dead, and at one place there were six dead Rebels. The road was strewn with the guns, pistols, blankets, etc., of Capron's men. We went nearly a mile, when we met some of the enemy coming with Capron's men as prisoners. We went into them, releasing a good many of our men as well as capturing some Rebels. The Rebels did not know that we were near, supposing that Capron and his men were the only Yankees in that section.

When we went charging after them they were so confused that they did not know what to do. Many of them made no attempt to escape, while others went as fast as their horses could carry them.

Let us explain a little how this affair happened. After the fight in which Stoneman surrendered, and the enemy learned of our escape, five hundred picked men under Col. Breckinridge was sent to intercept us and hinder our movements as much as possible until the main body of Rebel Cavalry could come up. Breckinridge hastened on, and got near where Capron encamped on the night of August the 2d. Here is where Capron acted indiscreetly. Instead of keeping on with Col. Adams he left us and went on with his command. That night he told his men to unsaddle their horses, as there was not much danger. He had but few men on picket, and they were so tired out that they could not keep awake. One hundred and ten men were detailed to surprise the camp. Coming on to his pickets, and finding them asleep, they were awakened and made prisoners, then the camp was charged, and the men were scattered. This

was about daylight. They were after Capron's men when we came up, and we took after the 110 men who were charging them. We thus got between this detachment of the enemy and the remainder of Breckinridge's command. Breckinridge himself was with the advance detachment, and in Adams's pursuit, Breckinridge was captured, but not being recognized by our men, he managed to make his escape in the confusion.

This charge of ours was the most fortunate thing for us: besides giving the Rebels a scare, it opened a road for our escape. When chasing the Rebels they failed to take the road which we had selected for our escape, so we pushed them beyond the chosen road, and our advance went yelling after them. When Adams came up with the main column, he took a road that led to the left and to the Chattahoochee River, thus putting all the enemy in our rear, and we, having the start, made it impossible for them to get ahead of us. You never saw brighter faces than ours when we learned that we were in advance of our foes. Poor Capron and his men were now scattered in our rear, and we knew the Rebels would pick up large numbers of them, but we could help them no more. [According to Col. R. W. Smith's report, Adams's men were nearly out of ammunition, and he knew that a Rebel brigade was pushing on to strike his left, and cut him off from the river.]

We rode nearly forty miles that day, and crossed the Chattahoochee about twenty-five or thirty miles above the railroad bridge.[Struck the Chattahoochee when the sun was about an hour high, at an old and difficult ford, and got the command over at 9 p. m.—R. W. Smith.] We came into a cornfield on this side, unsaddled our horses and lay down to take a night's repose, a luxury we had not enjoyed for a great while. The next morning, stiff, sore, and worn out, what remained of Stoneman's command made their way to Marietta, arriving there at 3 p. m., on the 4th of August.

In giving an account of our raid, I have left out many things that I could not put in without breaking the unity of my narrative. I will now speak of several things omitted.

FURTHER NOTES BY LIEUT. HUFFMAN.

On our march we passed through some of the finest portions of Georgia. We had but little rations with us, and yet we did not suffer. The fruits—peaches and apples—were ripe, and were very acceptable to the boys on the march. Moreover, during the heat of the day, as we passed along, the men would get some of the finest melons I ever saw. These were very refreshing. When we came to the suburbs of Macon, some of the men found a large house in which a

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JOHN J. ELLIOTT.

number were stored. These were ripe and cool. Oh, I tell you, I never enjoyed watermelons more than these.

You may talk about Morgan pressing horses. He knew nothing about it. Stoneman can steal horses where Morgan can find none. Some very fine horses were obtained, and a large number of mules. Now, my notions about such things are thus: when a man is dismounted on such a trip as this, he has the right to press a horse to save himself. But to take horses when not needed, I believe to be wrong and injurious to a command. I so told several. I also contended that if we got into a fight we would be unfortunate. I entertain Col. Wolford's opinion on this subject, that thieving expeditions never thrive. Morgan's never did, nor will any one who loads his command with articles unfit for a soldier, and only burdensome to him.

As we started back from Macon, our column began to be crowded with large numbers of negroes. These had come together in such numbers that they took the name of the "Negro Brigade." The morning of our fight, near Clinton, you could see them huddle together in the rear, with their eyes shining in a most wonderful manner. They were the black cotton-field, genuine negroes, and when we went into the fight they all huddled together with the led stock, and looked like a field full. When the shells commenced flying and bursting, you never saw such running as there was of the negroes and mules. They retraced the road we came, and the last seen of them they were still running, and were undoubtedly captured, for the enemy had a force on that road.

I promised to tell you of the Yankee trick played on the Rebels at Watkinsville. Rouse Wilshire was the leader. He is tall, with no surplus flesh, has iron sinews, and is brave and shrewd. He once belonged to the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, but at present is not connected with any regiment, as he goes along with us as a scout. He dressed himself in Rebel uniform, and obtained permission from Col. Adams to take a few men with him dressed in the same manner. [The following are the names of the selected men belonging to Wilshire's squad: John A. Lawhorn, John P. Logan, John J. Elliott, of Company A; Corp. John Rhodes, Serg. M. A. Purdy and Corp. N. M. Waymen, of Company D.]

When we came near Watkinsville, Wilshire with his squad dashed up to the Rebel pickets and ordered them to rally on Lieut. Quirk of a certain Confederate regiment, and attack the Yankees, who were approaching. The Rebels, taking them for their own men, rallied, while Wilshire and his men were at their backs with drawn pistols. The Lieu-

tenant in command of the Rebel pickets approached Wilshire, slapping him familiarly on the back, exclaimed, "You are a man after my own heart." Wilshire, turning fiercely upon him, ordered him to surrender with his pickets. The genuine Rebel was perfectly astounded, but was forced to submit. Poor Wilshire was afterward dangerously wounded when we charged the Rebels. [An old buggy was pressed from a citizen, and he was brought through to the Union lines.]

The men who charged Col. Capron, under Breckenridge, belonged to the "Kentucky Brigate" [Confederate.] When we came up, we captured a Captain Peyton, who informed us that we would not charge much farther, as it was a Kentucky squadron we were after. Some one present told him that we were Kentuckians ourselves. He then asked if it was Adams's brigade. On being answered in the affirmative, he gloomily replied: "Then our squadron is gone up."

The Captain and a Lieutenant captured at the same time, were put on parol that day and night, but with Rebel honor, they escaped that night.

Our loss, when Stoneman surrendered, was about 600 men, with two pieces of Artillery. Add this to the number picked up by the enemy after we got out of the first battle, and our loss is not far short of 1,000—nearly one-half of our command. Among the officers who surrendered were Col. Biddle, of the Sixth Indiana; Col. Butler, of the Fifth Indiana, and Maj. Mix, of the Eighth Michigan—supposed to be killed.

There is much indignation against Gen. Stoneman; indeed the misfortune of the whole raid is attributed to him. Col. Capron is also blamed for the way he conducted the men he had with him after he escaped the first fight. He, himself, got out, but he lost many of his men.

Col. Adams gained for himself quite a name for the way in which he conducted his part. Gen. Sherman compliments him highly, and in my opinion, he richly deserves it, for he did his best for us; he brought his brigade out almost entire. The men of his brigade think very much of him.

Good news: when we arrived at Marietta, Col. Adams went down to see Gen. Sherman. He informed him of the condition of our affairs, and also that the time of our regiment was nearly out. The time of three Companies, A, B, and C, is already out. Gen. Sherman directed him to prepare us for going back to Kentucky to be mustered out. Our horses will have to be inspected, valued, and turned over, before we can start, but I think we will leave very soon. Some efforts have been made to veteranize the regiment, but I don't think it can be done; the men are worn out.

As far as I know, everything is going on well at Atlanta. We have not taken the place yet, but I hear that Gen. Sherman says that he can take it at the proper time. He does not wish to lose too many of his men.

* * * * * * *

I feel truly thankful to the Lord for preserving me through the numerous dangers which I have passed. * * This sketch is hastily written, but I believe it is correct.

Your brother, R. E. HUFFMAN.

The following are the losses of the First Kentucky Cavalry, as gleaned from the imperfect Adjutant-General's Report and other sources:

Killed: Capt. Francis M. Wolford, 1st Lieut. James Humphrey and Private Benjamin Sharp, Company A, near Hillsborough, Ga., July 31st, 1864; Perry J. Porter, Company I, killed in the advance guard on the night of July 28th, near Clinton; John T. Davis, Company K, missing in action, August 2d, and supposed to be killed; Serg. Andrew J. Catron, Company L, mortally wounded, July 31st, near Hillsborough, and died that night. Total, 6.

Wounded: 2d Lieut. Daniel Murphy, Company G, wounded at Hillsborough, July 31st, and left in the hands of the enemy; also the same day the following were wounded and left in the enemy's hand: Sidney Tudor, Company G; John Robinson, Company I, and Martin L. McCoy, Company J; also Bailey P. Smith of same Company on same day, but not captured. Total, 5.

Missing and captured: On the 31st of July, near Hillsborough, Robert Wall, Company A; John W. Yowell, Wm. Lane, Wilson Sinkhorn, William N. Mounce, and Martin A. Love, Company B; Francis J. Frogg, Stephen Gentle, Geo. W. Moles, Wm. G. Rains, James Wright [August 1st, near Laurence Mills], Joseph B. Bradley, James A. Thrasher, and Thomas N. Tabor, Company C; [Stephen Gentle returned August 8th]; Wm. T. Carter and John D. Sanders, Company D; David Baker and James R. Sims, Company E, were captured, July 30th on this raid, but place not named. Wm. F. Pitman, Company F, near Hillsborough, July 31st; James Cail, Nelson C. Stephens, and Peter Morris, Company H, August 1st; Geo. W. Divine and James Riley, of Company I, and John R. Parish, of Company J, were captured near

Hillsborough, July 31st; James T. Hendren, Company J, August 2d; Corp. Admice T. Saunders, Wm. Burton, James Estepp, Wm. Farmer, Robert H. Moore, John Frost, and David Jones, Company L, near Clinton, July 31st, 1864.

Recapitulation: Killed, 6; wounded, 5; missing and captured, 33. Aggregate, 44.

The Eleventh Kentucky also lost heavily, but there are no offlcial reports accessible giving the number.

Capt. F. M. Wolford, killed on this raid, was the youngest brother of Col. Frank Wolford, and belonged to a family of brilliant talents. He was a brave and efficient officer.

The leg of Lieut. James Humphrey was nearly shot off by the enemy's Artillery, and some of his comrades dismounted and hastily bandaged it in order to stop the flow of blood, but were compelled to leave him. He then fell into the hands of the enemy, and was taken to a citizen's house near by where the wounded limb was amputated. Fourteen days afterward, it being found necessary to again amputate the leg above the knee, he died under the operation. Lieut. Humphrey was a gallant and popular young officer, and was universally lamented by his comrades in arms, and the community in which he resided.

Lieut. Daniel Murphy, also one of the bravest of the brave, being badly wounded, and made a cripple for life, was taken to the same house with Lieut. Humphrey, where he remained for some time, returned to Garrard county, and was afterward elected a Representative in the State Legislature. In later years he moved to Kansas, where he filled responsible positions until 1892, when he passed away. His remains were returned to the home of his youth in Kentucky.

In order to give the reader a true history of the Stoneman raid to Macon, the Author has given Lieut. Huffman's unvarnished narrative of occurrences on that memorable and unfortunate expedition; knowing that those who know the Lieutenant's character for truth and integrity will believe his statements. He is also corroborated by the reports of other officers, and contradicted by none except Gen. Stoneman.

In a few days after his surrender, August 6th, Gen. Stone-

man sent through by flag of truce a brief report of his disasters, in which he vented his spleen upon the Kentucky brigade, claiming that its conduct was the principal cause of his failure, instead of attributing it to its true cause—his own disobedience of orders. The Author would throw the mantle of charity over his report, and pass it by as the ebullition of a distempered brain, but it is on the records of the nation, and it is his duty to vindicate his regiment.

The fact is, that both the First and Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry had too many experiences on many a bloody field not to know, after vainly charging the impregnable front on the 31st of July, and being attacked by a heavy force on the flank, that the wanton sacrifice of their lives was useless, and consequently became discouraged. Though Gen. Stoneman was a gallant officer, and had previously won honors as a successful raider, he, like others, no matter how distinguished, was liable to make great mistakes; and being always chary in bestowing compliments on subordinates, and of an ungovernable temper, he was mortified at the success of an officer inferior in rank, and much younger in age and military experience. But the petulance of Stoneman did not deter others from bestowing on Col. Adams the honors richly due him. Gen. Sherman complimented him personally; other officers did the same; soldiers of other commands looked upon him as a hero, and he received the heartfelt gratitude of the men of his own command for successfully leading them out of the terrible dilemma and giving them a chance to see the loved ones around their own firesides once more. The night after his return to Marietta, a band belonging to a Northern regiment serenaded him, to which he gave a happy response in a short and eloquent speech.

Lieut. Col. R. W. Smith, Inspector-General on Gen. Stoneman's Staff, who came out with Adams, in his report pays the following compliment to the Colonel:

"Great credit is due Col. Adams for the energy and management displayed in bringing his command out as safely as he has."

Gen. Sherman, in his report, after detailing Stoneman's disasters, says: "One brigade, Col. Adams's, came in almost intact; another, commanded by Col. Capron, was surprised

on the way back and scattered. * * * His [Stoneman's] mistake was in not making the first concentration with Gens. McCook and Garrard near Lovejoy's, according to his orders, which is yet unexplained."

It is due to Col. Capron to state that he had the reputation of being a gallant officer, and was somewhat advanced in age. In his report he gives as a reason for not joining Adams on the 2d of August, that the guide sent to him mistook the road, and led him six miles away from the route agreed upon between him and Adams, should either make a failure in demonstrations on certain intended crossing points.

NOTES, INCIDENTS, AND ADVENTURES.

If all the hardships, trying scenes and adventures of those who became dismounted and otherwise separated from their command on this raid were written in full, it would make a volume of thrilling interest to after-generations. A few experiences have been obtained which will be briefly detailed.

Lieut. Thomas J. Graves, of Company I, gives the following account of the adventures of one of his Company:

Francis Hellard, in the terrible fight near Hillsborough, got his horse shot from under him, and in the retreat, took to the swamps. Four of the enemy, procuring two blood hounds, got on his trail, and followed him closely. When the hounds came up, being some distance in advance of the pursuing men, he shot them both, and passing through a dense thicket, he fortunately found a friendly cave in which he concealed himself until night came on. The enemy passed all around him in their diligent search. He could plainly hear them talk, and the remarks made about him. After failing to find him, they concluded that he was still in the swamp. When darkness hovered around, cautiously peering out, and finding no signs of the enemy about, he started on his journey through the enemy's lines, traveling exclusively after night. After ten days, weary and hungry, groping his way amid many dangers, he at last reached the camp of his regiment.

In his wanderings he came across a hiding Rebel deserter and they both traveled together, until Hellard became suspicious of his companion, and fearful that he would betray him. At one time, finding a Rebel picket-post obstructing his course, he fired on them, and while they were in confusion, made his way around them. He returned to camp, near Marietta, still holding on to his faithful gun and pistol. He was a soldier all over.

In Lieut. Huffman's narrative he promised further on to give more details of the spy captured by Capt. Carr on the 31st of July, but failed to do so. There are rumors handed down that he was put into the hands of the Brigade Provost, but what disposition was made of him still remains unrecorded officially.

Lieut. Huffman seemed puzzled to know how Col. Adams, having no previous knowledge of the country, could successfully lead his men out of their critical situation on the 31st of July without even the sign of a path to guide him. This can easily be accounted for when it is known that Col. Adams, in his young days, was a trained fox-hunter and an expert woodsman, and brought all his woodcraft knowledge into requisition on this occasion.

THE ADVENTURES AND ESCAPE OF ADEN J. RIGNEY AND HIRAM SMITH, OF COMPANY A.

Perhaps none on the Stoneman raid met with as many difficulties and ventures as Aden J. Rigney and Hiram Smith. Both were men of fine physical forms, and had robust constitutions. Rigney was the smaller of the two, but was compactly built, had great powers of endurance, and was a young man of unflinching courage, and of a daring disposition. Smith was a good, brave soldier, obedient to his officers, of a kind-hearted disposition, and somewhat inclined to be despondent.

In the battle of the 31st, near Hillsborough, when his regiment fell back after the unsuccessful charge dismounted, Rigney lost his horse, and was delayed so long in catching and mounting a loose one, that his comrades left him. Going down a hill into a swamp, he came across many of the boys in much confusion. Giving the best advice he could, he made his way through to a deep ditch. After making the fourth trial, he got his horse to attempt to leap it, but the horse struck the opposite bank and fell back in it. Being given out, and no chance to extricate him, he hastily pulled off his saddle and bridle, and made his way through a cornfield to an elevation in the skirt of a woods, where he met with Hiram Smith and other dismounted comrades. While discussing their almost hopeless situation, Adams and his mounted men passed near by, and they all broke down the hill to reach them. Rigney and Smith became separated from the rest, and keeping together, reached the road just as the last Company went by in double-quick. They hailed some of the men, requesting them to see some of their comrades and get them to procure horses for them and send them back. The two men followed the retreating horsemen, keeping near them until dark, when they lost sight of them, and never saw them any more for ten days.

The road was nearly blockaded with colored contrabands, and as the Rebels came on in the rear, they picked up the stragglers. It becoming very dark, Rigney and Smith left the road, and soon came to a rude cabin occupied by an old colored woman. On inquiring of the old woman if she knew of any horses near, she replied that she did not, but that her son was then out hiding horses, and if they would wait until his return, they could get the desired information. He returned at 11 p. m., and they rested until 3 a. m. on the 1st of August, when they started again, taking the negro boy along as guide. They traveled until daybreak, when they came to the concealed stock. Finding bridles and one saddle, they mounted a horse and a mule. They listened to the boy's advice, and promised not to surrender either to three or as many as five men.

Proceeding about one hundred yards, they saw two Rebel soldiers

approaching, and Rigney requesting Smith to draw his pistol, when the Rebels halted them, the two presented their pistols, and Rigney demanded their surrender. They readily consented, provided our men would spare their lives. Rigney told them to throw down their arms and they should not be hurt. They replied that they had no arms. The two parties now approached each other. On our men's inquiring as to the chance of traveling the road without being molested, the Confederates replied that there was none whatever without being captured, as there were three companies guarding the forks of the road in advance. Smith taking the lead, with the two Confederates following him, and Rigney in the rear, they now changed their course, turning back through the woods, they traveled all day, but did not advance very far on account of the many obstructions, as briars, thickets, ditches, etc.

In the evening, in attempting to cross a road, they suddenly came upon a body of the enemy ascending a hill; the enemy fronted into line, the whole body snapped their guns at our party, but fortunately only two guns fired. Rigney and his party wheeled right-about, and obliqued to the right—the enemy for some unknown reason failing to follow at the time—they made fast time down a creek until they reached a valley. Here they halted, got roasting-ears from a cornfield for themselves and horses, feasted, and held a council of war. It was decided that our two men could not get out on horseback; that one of their prisoners was a cripple and could not walk, and that they would give their two horses to their prisoners as captured property, and release them. Traveling through the woods for about two miles, they met a woman who began to cry; she told them that the whole Rebel army was passing the road, and that it would take until 11 o'clock at night for them to finish passing. They went two miles further and turned their horses over to their prisoners, and set them free.

They now started back to find where the timber skirted the road on both sides in order to cross it, but could find no place where the timber was less than 200 yards of the road. Lying concealed for some time, and finding no one passing the road, they attempted to cross it in double-quick, but when getting half way to the road, two Rebels came in sight whistling, and the two rolled into a ditch. After the two Rebels passed about a fourth of a mile, they fired off their guns, which were answered by two others the same distance in the rear. Rigney and Smith now retreated back to the woods. The sun now being down, they came to a ravine and descended it for a mile or more. Fearing, if hunted, the ravine would be searched, they left it and went to a ridge, and crouched under a low tree or bush with outer branches reaching to the ground, resembling a weeping willow. They had barely concealed themselves, when two horsemen came directly toward them, but stopped for consultation within one hundred yards. One remarked, "The d—d Yankees are not in ten miles of here." The other replied: "No, we will not find them this side of h—ll." They rode off, failing to discern the concealed "Yankees."

They remained under the friendly bush all night. Worn out with fatigue, they dropped fast asleep, and might have been captured if an overruling Providence had not been watching over them. A horrible dream

awakened Rigney. He thought the enemy was throwing shells at them. He jumped to his feet and aroused his companion just in time to get across the road before daylight. They traveled all this day without being molested. Late in the evening, coming within fifty yards of a road, while cautiously watching to see if the way was clear of passers, a Rebel officer came riding along. Smith was strongly tempted to try his markmanship on him, but better counsel prevailed, and he was suffered to pass in safety. Finding the road clear, they resumed their journey in the supposed direction of freedom, and traveled all night. Just before day they found themselves in the midst of a camp, being made aware of their situation by the sounding of bugles, and camp-fires shooting up around them. Smith became despondent again, and proposed to surrender, as he thought it impossible to get out. Rigney objected, claiming that they had entered the camp without any trouble, and that they could get out the same way. Good luck favored them, and they got out without being discovered. They traveled until late in the evening, when they came across a colored man in a cornfield, who readily agreed to procure them something to eat, they concealing themselves in the mean time. He soon returned with a little corn dodger. He informed them of a bridge they had to cross, and concealing themselves until night, with the colored man along as guide, they crossed the river in safety, and he put them in an old barn, where they slept until the sun was an hour high in the morning. On awakening they discovered two Rebels standing near the barn, but they soon left and went to a large, white house not far distant. The two now crept out and entered a swamp near by in which they traveled nearly all day, coming in sight of a house, which they passed around, noticing a man in the house watching them. After getting out of sight they changed their course and traveled the rest of the day, lying up at night. On continuing their journey the next day, they met with no adventures until they came across a colored boy, who started to run. Prevailing on him to stop, being almost famished, they induced him to try to get them something to eat. After an hour's absence, he returned with a sack of hard apples, and followed by a large dog. The party were now alarmed at the approach of twelve horsemen, who rode up in plain view, then turned, and watered their horses. They were so close that the party lying flat on the ground could hear them talk of a defeat of the Confederates in a late engagement. Strange as it may seem, the dog remained perfectly still. After watering their horses they moved on, not noticing the prostrate forms so near at hand. This was about 11 a. m., and Rigney and his companion resumed their journey, meeting with no incidents until some time in the evening, when they came across a negro man in a cornfield. In answer to various inquiries made of him, he informed them that the Rebels had hung three Union soldiers on a river near by, stripping them of their clothing, and leaving them suspended. He advised them to be careful, or they would share the same fate. Becoming rather suspicious of the negro, they left him, and continued on in their wanderings. Lying over for an hour or two to watch a road for an opportunity to cross, Rigney pulled off his pistol to rest, and in his anxiety to cross the road, forgot his faithful navy and its ammunition, but still retained his gun.

Rigney's and Smith's feet were now full of sores, and they were almost worn out. They could see in the distance men apparently following them, but were uncertain whether they were friends or foes. Sometimes they supposed them to be their own scattered comrades, as they were going in the same direction. The next day Smith again became disheartened, losing all of his fortitude. He once more insisted on the necessity of surrendering: urged that they were starving to death; that he had as soon die one way as another. But the indomitable spirit of Rigney would not consent to give up. He used all his persuasive powers on his comrade; he told him that their condition would not be bettered by surrendering; that they would starve in the loathesome prisons of the South; that their privations and sufferings then were light in comparison with the hardships and abuses they would have to undergo if they put themselves in the hands of the enemy.

On the eighth day after their separation from the rest of the command, they found a peach tree full of ripe, luscious fruit, and after satiating their appetites, they considered themselves safe. They were then near the east side of Stone Mountain. They came near a solitary log house away from any road, and they concluded to approach it for something to eat. Calling a woman to the door, they inquired if there had been any Rebels in that section lately. She replied that there had not been any there for several days. Rigney asked her if they could get something to eat. She replied in the affirmative, provided they could wait until she cooked it. They told her they could not wait. She then wanted to know who they were. They replied that they belonged to the First Kentucky Cavalry. They, however, ventured in, and she gave them some pie and milk. She also let them have a needle and some thread to repair Smith's pants, which were almost torn to pieces.

They then left, and traveled about two miles, when they came in plain view of a house, which they surrounded. They supposed a dance was going on there from the noise they made. They soon reached a deep, dark hollow which they went down some distance, when they stopped to rest and mend Smith's pants. While Smith was mending his pants, Rigney stepped off a short distance, and on his return, his companion informed him that two men had passed down the road in haste; that one was white and the other looked to be black. The thought struck Rigney that the woman from whom they had procured the needle had sent them to warn them of danger, and they thought no more about it for the time. Two men soon appeared in the hollow just above them, and one remarked, "Yonder they are." The other exclaimed: "Yes, we are just looking for you." Rigney called for them to come down; they should not be hurt. As they approached with their right hands in their bosoms, Smith inquired in low tones of his companion: "What shall we do?" Rigney answered, "Just whatever presents itself as best."

They came up and walked around the left side of Rigney, where his gun was lying by his side. One of them asked what kind of gun he had, to which Rigney responded that it was a Sharpe's rifle. The Rebel citizen replied, "A needle gun." He wanted it in his hands, but Rigney told him that he gave his gun to no man. The Georgian got hold of the gun and

tried to wrench it from Rigney's hands, but our hero slung one hand loose, while the other retained its hold. The other man grabbed Smith's pistol lying by his side, and threw it at Rigney, and called on him to surrender, giving a keen yell about the same time. Smith faltered and wanted to surrender, but Rigney now being fiercely aroused, grabbed the one holding his gun with one hand, and the other man by the throat with his other hand, completely shutting off his breath for the time. Rigney now called on his companion: "Smith, for God's sake help me!" As Smith arose to his feet, with one blow of his brawny fist, he struck the one holding the gun, knocking him about ten feet. Rigney's attention was now drawn to see what they were doing, at the same time he had his hand in his antagonist's bosom searching for the supposed pistol, but finding instead a large, round stone with which he was aiming to mash in his head, when the Georgian commenced pleading for God's sake to spare his life. The truly brave, however passionate they may be, cannot resist the pathetic appeals for mercy. He relented, and told the Georgian that for God's sake only, his life would be spared. He now addressed Rigney: "I am your prisoner, and will now guide you safely out." Rigney replied: "You have acted treacherous with me once, and I will not trust you again. Just remain where you are, for if you make a hostile motion, I will slay you." Rigney now turned his attention to Smith and his antagonist, who were parleying over which one should possess Smith's pistol. Presenting his gun, he requested Smith to get out of his way and he would settle the matter. The Georgian released the pistol, and in turn begged for his life, which was granted on condition that they both were to remain in their tracks until the two got out of reach.

They now made their way to the river upon which the negro reported the three Union soldiers were hung. After serious difficulties—Rigney being washed off his feet and saving himself by catching the branch of an overhanging tree—they reached the opposite side. They soon arrived at the base of a mountain, and after consultation, they decided to ascend it, and keeping a direct course, they arrived within three miles of Decatur that night. In their travels during the night they ran upon parties at different times, who ran off from them like wild men. They finally stopped and went into a brush pile and fell asleep. Rigney was again awakened by a dream, thinking that he was in a battle, and found that it was broad daylight, and on looking around, discovered that they were in a clearing between two farm houses, but they resumed their journey without being discovered.

They now believed themselves safe from capture, and took the road. Soon they saw the ends of the guns of a body of soldiers approaching up a hill, and they backed down a hollow off the road. They concluded to change their course, and instead of making for Decatur, as they first intended, started for Mill's Cross Roads. While Smith was watching the road to see what discoveries could be made, twelve women were seen approaching with a big dog in advance. On seeing our men, the dog tucked his tail and flew back to the women, and they struck back in direction of Atlanta. They then crossed the road and concealed themselves in a tree top. After waiting for an hour, they changed their course, going through

the woods to a mill below the Cross Roads. They were crawling through the brush when they suddenly came upon a house, with a man sitting in front reading a newspaper. Putting on a bold face, they inquired of him the situation of the troops of both armies. He pointed out the position of the Rebels on a hill, and also that of the Union forces at the Cross Roads, but that the Union pickets were just on the other hill not far distant. They retired and consulted the best means of approaching our lines without danger. They started in direction of our picket-post, as pointed out to them on a road blockaded with fallen timber every hundred yards. They crawled around the obstructions until they reached a blacksmith shop, where they found the horses of the Union videttes hitched. Looking around, they found the men in the shop enjoying a game of cards. Rigney deemed it his duty to give the careless videttes a rough reproof for their violation of their duties. Going to the picket-post, they learned that those remaining of Stoneman's Cavalry were then at Marietta. They started for the next post. It now commenced raining very hard, and being safe in the Union lines, their long strained powers began to relax, and it was with much difficulty they could get along.

Before they came near the next post, which proved to belong to the Third Ohio, they were seen, and their condition divined, and on their arrival, plenty was prepared for them, but they were so weak and worn out by their long fastings, severe struggles, and terrible experiences, that they could do but little justice to the hospitable meal set before them by their fellow-soldiers.. After remaining two hours detailing their travels and many adventures, they were furnished a horse and a mule to ride to the headquarters of the Third Ohio, six miles distant, arriving there about sundown, where they were received very kindly by the commanding officer. He furnished them a tent, and they got a good night's rest. The next morning, making their way to the Chattahoochee River, they mounted a passing train and reached Marietta, where they met their comrades, who had given them up as either being killed or captured. As but few soldiers met with so many adventures in so short a time, the Author has given their experiences in full as a sample of others who had the misfortune of being separated from their command on that ever-memorable raid.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PREPARATIONS TO RETURN TO KENTUCKY—ON THE TRAIN—HISTORICAL SCENES—CHICKAMAUGA, MISSION RIDGE, AND CHATTANOOGA — LOUISVILLE, AND MEETING WITH COL. WOLFORD—LEXINGTON AND MT. STERLING—THE SALTVILLE EXPEDITION AND RETURN—THE SCOUT TO OWINGSVILLE — SERG. KINNETT'S REPORT—CAPT. BELDEN'S ENCOUNTER WITH PETE EVERETT—LIEUT. THORNTON'S ADVENTURES—THE MEN IN A FERMENT—ADAMS GOES TO LEXINGTON—THE FURLOUGH HOME—ANECDOTE OF MAJ. KEEN.

While the effective mounted men of the First Kentucky Cavalry were absent on the Stoneman raid to Macon, the dismounted, and those with disabled horses, part of the time under Lieut. Thomas J. Graves, and part of the time under Lieut. Vincent Peyton, were ordered to camp near Gen. Schofield's headquarters, doing light duty. On the 1st of August, the detachment was ordered to Vining's Station, where it remained until the 4th, when it was ordered to Marietta, the same day that Adams and his men returned from the famous raid.

In the meantime, Sherman continued his operations around Atlanta, but the time was not yet ripe to make his grand move to capture the fated city.

For several days the men remained in camp near Marietta, the raiders resting their wearied limbs, satiating their sharpened appetites with delicious army rations, and spinning long "yarns" of their many adventures and hairbreadth escapes. On the 9th of August, the regiment moved to Marietta to make preparations to return to Kentucky. Although most of the boys owned their own horses at the time, yet as Gen. Sherman needed them for future operations, it was necessary for them to be turned over to the government. In ordinary civil transactions it generally takes two to make a contract, but in this case it only took the stronger party to decide the terms of the trade—that is the government. Though some few of the men objected, yet

for the sake of peace and harmony with Uncle Sam, they submitted without many murmurs.

Col. Hartsuff was detailed to superintend the conveying of titles of the horses from the men to the government. The 12th and 13th of August was spent in inspecting, branding, and delivering them to their new owner, the government. The 14th was employed in boxing up our saddles and making other preparations. The 16th was occupied in investigating the title of each soldier to his horse. Notwithstanding the great reputation the members of the First Kentucky Cavalry had for unflinching honesty, the government was very particular in not giving vouchers for any horse unless he was honestly paid for with the soldier's own money. The body, sweat, blood, and conscience of the soldier was regarded as being owned by the government, and whatever he captured or stole belonged to his master.

On the 18th, and also the forenoon of the 19th, we still continued completing our preparations for our journey. At 2 p. m., Friday, August 19, 1864, we mounted the train, and on the morning of the 20th passed through the historic fields of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, arriving at Chattanooga at 8 a. m., and took breakfast. We remained there two hours viewing the earthworks and the towering Lookout Mountain, now standing mute, overlooking the quiet hills and valleys below. At 10 a. m., we again boarded the train for Nashville. For a number of miles down the Tennessee river valley, the mountain scenery on each side was grand, and all along the route was connected with some struggle or movement in establishing the supremacy of the government. Crossing the river at Stevenson, and passing through the long tunnel southeast of Decherd, we emerged into the beautiful and undulating landscapes of Middle Tennessee. The road being in bad condition, and the train heavily laden, its movements were slow and laborious, and it was 5 a. m. on Sunday the 21st, before we reached Nashville. Here we remained until 5:30 p. m., when we again mounted the train, and moving all night and all the next day, without meeting with any accident or incident worthy of mention, we arrived at Louisville, Ky., at 5 p. m., on the 22d.

At Louisville we met our old commander, Col. Frank

Wolford, who visited our camp, and there was a general hand-shaking all around with him among the boys, while busy memories were recalling the many scenes of camp life, toilsome marches, scouting, and fierce conflicts while he was our leader, counselor, and friend. There are but few men who ever belonged to the gallant old First Kentucky, no matter how they may have differed with him in some things, but who will always hold him in affectionate remembrance. It is true that some whom duty required him to punish or sternly rebuke, may hold some lingering resentment against him, but the number is few. His dealings and intercourse with his men were more those of a kind parent than a stern military ruler. He was subject to peevish spells, and sometimes while in a "pet," he may have punished some few individual cases wrongfully, but he never suffered the sun to go down upon his anger. If he found out he was hasty in his judgment, and committed an error in punishment or censure, he was sure afterward to make it right, and apply balm to the wounded feelings. Whatever sins of omission or commission he perpetrated were generally on the side of mercy.

Our regiment remained at Louisville until 5:30 a. m., on the 26th, when we took the train for Lexington. When we arrived at Frankfort, the State Capital, the Artillery opened in honor of our return, and the valuable services we had rendered our country in its hour of need. We did not reach Lexington until 6 p. m. Here we went into camp in a beautiful woodland just beyond the limits of the city, where we remained for some days resting from our long and eventful service. While here many of the regiment procured passes for a few days and visited their families from whom they had been absent for some time.

A few days after reaching Lexington, the joyful news came over the wires that Sherman and his men had captured Atlanta. We felt now truly that the "backbone" of the Confederacy was broken, and that the end was drawing near.

We remained in Lexington until the 15th of September, when the regiment received marching orders for Mt. Sterling, at which place it arrived on the 16th, and went into camp.

The time of the entire regiment should have expired about this time, as the ranks of all of the companies were full and complete, and all of them organized and officered previous and about the date in September, 1861; but owing to different detachments being in various directions scouting and watching the movements of the enemy, it could not be gotten together for muster-in until the 28th of October, 1861, a few days after their engagement at Wildcat, and so it was decided that we could not be mustered out until three years from the date of muster-in.

Our men had supposed that their term of active service had expired, but found they were mistaken. A part of the regiment was again mounted, and the rest guarded the post at Mt. Sterling from the inroads of Revel Cavalry raids and guerrilla bands.

Late in September, Gen. S. G. Burbridge, commanding the District of Kentucky, was ordered on an expedition to Saltville, Virginia, to destroy the salt works of that place. He met the enemy on the 2d of October, about three and one-half miles from Saltillo, and drove him into his strongly intrenched position around the salt works, from which he was unable to dislodge him. During the night he withdrew his command and returned to Kentucky.

A detail of 100 men of the First Kentucky Cavalry was ordered to cooperate with Gen. Burbridge on this expedition. The detail was made from different Companies, and put under command of Maj. A. T. Keen, with Lieut. James E. Chilton, of Company C, and Lieut. Thomas J. Graves, of Company I, along as subordinates. The Author is indebted to Lieut. Chilton for the following account of the expedition:

The men were detailed about equally from the different Companies of the regiment. The detachment went with Burbridge's main force as far as Pikeville, Ky., and at that point Maj. Keen's detachment and a detachment of 100 men of the Thirty-Fifth Kentucky Mounted Infantry, were separated from the main force and ordered on a scout through Pound Gap, Virginia, and if possible, to form a junction with Burbridge at King's salt works.

Maj. Keen's command proceeded to Pound Gap, and on beyond to Gladeville, Virginia. Bofore reaching the Gap we received information that the Confederates had blockaded

the roads over the mountains by falling timber across them. When we came to the Gap we found no obstruction of consequence until we began to descend the mountain on the other side. There we found our way much impeded, and our progress very difficult; but after winding our way through the fallen timber and rugged rocks, we at last succeeded in passing all obstacles. So completely had they blockaded the road, that the Confederates, under Col. Prentice, did not anticipate any danger, and had no pickets out; consequently the command under Maj. Keen was on them before they were aware of our presence.

The little town was so situated that the road on which we entered was entirely shut off from view until we were within one hundred yards of the place; the undergrowth still being full of leaves, concealed our approaching column from the Confederates. Under cover of this undergrowth, Maj. Keen dismounted the command, leaving every fifth man to hold horses. Putting himself at the head of the First Kentucky detachment, and forming the men in line facing south, he sent Maj. Manigan with the detachment of the Thirty-Fifth Kentucky to the right, who formed his men in the undergrowth facing east. At the word of command both detachments charged on the town, and one volley stampeded the Rebels. Their surprise was so complete that they left a 12-pound howitzer planted in the street, already loaded. Some of the men got hold of some fire, primed the howitzer, sighted it on the fleeing enemy, touched it off, and the load intended for the "Yankees" was turned on them, and their movements were much accelerated. [Lieut. Thos. J. Graves and Maj. Manigan managed the howitzer and fired it off.—Graves's notes.] The reported captures, besides the howitzer, were 100 stands of small arms and ten barrels of brandy.

It was reported to us that Col. Prentice's command numbered 400 men, and that there was a brigade in camp just three miles away. Maj. Manigan was wounded in the foot, which was our only casualty.

After táking in the situation, Maj. Keen thought it best not to go any further, and preparations were made to take our trophy back with us. As the Confederates had run off with the front wheels and team, we had to improvise a team, procured the fore wheels of a wagon, limbered up, and moved back toward the blockade, reaching there just before nightfall, and after proceeding a short distance, rested for the night, leaving a strong rear guard just outside of the blockade.

As soon as daylight appeared, the command began to

move. It became necessary to loose the team from the howitzer and take it through the blockade by hand, sometimes lifting it over the fallen trees by hand, and sometimes passing it under them. After getting through the blockade safely we found a new obstacle to overcome. Our team was not able to pull our gun up the steep acclivity of the mountain; so we had to improvise ropes, halters, etc., as means to draw it up by hand.

About noon we reached the top of the mountain, and there went into camp and remained until the following day.

While the command was moving up the mountain, the Confederates came up on the rear guard, and a lively skirmish ensued, in which three Confederates were reported killed, and a number wounded. They fell back after the skirmish and never pursued us any further.

After resting one day in the Gap (our rations having given out), we took up our line of march to Prestonburg, Ky., taking our gun along with us. We were not interrupted on our way back. About seven miles above Prestonburg we found it necessary to cross to the east side of the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River with our gun, as the roads on the west side were too rough for its passage. No ford being near, we had to dismount it and convey it across in a canoe, and swim our horses over.

After crossing, I was detailed with ten or fifteen men to take charge of the gun and convey it to Prestonburg, the rest of the command remaining on the opposite side of the river. After much trouble we reached Prestonburg in safety. About the middle of the afternoon we were joined by Burbridge's main force, now under Gen. Hobson, who had been left to bring the repulsed command from Saltville, Burbridge himself having gone on steamboat by way of Cincinnati, to report his failure, having lost his Artillery and many of his men.

After resting one day, we took up our line of march for Mt. Sterling, Ky., after having been out about ten or twelve days.

These are about the facts as near as I can remember them.

J. E. CHILTON.

After the Saltville expedition, sometime late in October —the exact date cannot be determined—Capt. Samuel Belden, of Company B, with about forty men of different companies, was sent to Owingsville, in Bath county, to watch and intercept the movements of Pete Everett's guerrilla command and other loose bands of marauders in that section. Early on the morning of the 19th of October, 1st Sergeant

Buford Kinnett, of Company B, was sent out with fifteen or twenty men in the country to forage for the command. They had traveled about one and a half miles, when an old citizen living on the road side called the Sergeant to his yard fence and informed him that Pete Everett had just passed with 300 well-armed and well-mounted men. Kinnett, with his men, immediately returned to Owingsville and reported the information to Capt. Belden. A council was held whether it would be prudent to follow Everett or not. The Sergeant left it to the Captain to decide, and he concluded to follow him. This was about 8 or 9 o'clock. Belden mounted his men and put Serg. Kinnett in advance, with permission to select his men to accompany him. The Sergeant chose Abe L. McAnnelly and Serg. John C. Burke to go with him. Kennett had orders that if he should discover the enemy before they saw him, to quietly move to the side of the road, and Belden would close up with the main body; but if they discovered him, he must charge them, and the Captain would support the Sergeant immediately with the rest. About noon or 1 p. m., they ran upon them on turning a hill, and seeing from their actions that they had espied him, Kinnett according to orders, charged them, and Belden closed in upon him. They ran their pickets down the hill into camp, where they were eating their dinners, and pouring a volley in amongst them, scattered the force. They fell back a few hundred yards, rallied, and came against Belden in overpowering numbers. The First Kentucky now became the pursued instead of the pursuers. John J. Elliott's horse was shot, and in the confusion, he ran across a ravine, unhitched one of the enemy's horses which had been left, mounted and escaped with the rest. They overtook Belden's men, and having shot out their loads, a hand to hand conflict took place, several of our men getting knocked off their horses, among whom was Serg. John C. Burke. Though he was severely hurt, he simulated the dead man until the guerrillas had passed, when he dodged in the bushes and made his way to Mt. Sterling on foot. Jacob Isham, of Company I, was badly wounded in the thigh, but escaped. Jeremiah Bruton, of Company J, was also wounded. Lieut. O. M. Dodson was cut off from his men and came in on foot. Kinnett's horse was wounded,

but brought him out safely. It was learned afterward that one guerrilla was killed, but the number wounded was not ascertained. They followed nearly a mile, when they ceased pursuit. The command reached Mt. Sterling without further trouble.

Soon after the return of Belden, Lieut. Henry H. Thornton, of Company D, with twenty-five or thirty men, was sent to Owingsville on a scout. While remaining there, having pickets out, in passing from one post to another, a guerrilla got the "drop" on him, and he was compelled to surrender. His captor took him to the main body, who made their way through the mountains toward Virginia, taking him along with them. He remained with them two days, when riding behind one of the band after night, he jumped off the horse, dodged into the bushes, and made his escape. Several shots were fired after him, but missed. After several days of hardship he made his way back to Mt. Sterling. He lay up for several days, before he recovered from the strain of anxiety on his mind, and the toilsome journey through the rugged hills and mountains, beset by enemies on every hand.

This scout about closed the active service of the original members of the First Kentucky Cavalry. They still did post and garrison duty to some extent.

October 28th, the time of the expiration of our term of service, according to the date of muster-in, came and passed without any visibile preparations for the muster-out of the regiment. They had served several months beyond their time without a murmur, on a mere technicality. It was not the men's fault that they were not mustered in at the proper time.

The weather had now become very disagreeable; the cold wintry blasts had come on. The clothes of many of the men had become thin and threadbare. They did not wish to draw new army suits and have them to pay for. They were indifferently sheltered in dilapidated tents. They had given more than three years of the vigor of their manhood in faithful, toilsome, dangerous service to their country. They had become literally exhausted in arduous service. The strength of the great rebellion in which they had been such busy and prominent actors, they were conscious was already

broken. They yearned to return to their families, friends, and neighbors, to enlist again in the service they had abandoned in their country's darkest hour—the battle of life—in its peaceful walks.

They now began to show symptoms of dissatisfaction. Their manifestations of displeasure soon became so visible that Col. Adams found it necessary to call the regiment together and confer with them about their grievances. After the conference, Col. Adams went to Lexington to see Gen. Burbridge to find out the reason why his men were suffered to remain in camp exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather in their condition. The reason given was, that a mustering officer could not be procured at the time, but Gen. Burbridge consented to give the men a furlough for twenty days, at the expiration of which time he promised to have a mustering officer ready to muster them out. On Col. Adams's return, the men were easily pacified, and readily consented to the arrangements. It was not a spirit of contention that caused the men to murmur, but they did not wish to submit to mistreatment without some assigned cause.

All of the men of good business qualifications in each company were put to filling out the prescribed forms of the regular army furlough, and on the 20th of November the men started to their homes, and were to meet again at Camp Nelson at the expiration of their furloughs.

The weather was extremely cold, and most of the men being dismounted, reached their homes in various ways.

ANECDOTE OF MAJOR KEEN.

Rev. W. H. Honnell, from his Kansas home, contributes the following anecdote of this gallant officer:

You can scarcely know as well as I do, the wide and picturesque view taken over all the country of "Wolford and his men." When I am introduced as the Chaplain of the celebrated "Wolford's Cavalry," everybody, especially every old soldier, is expectant of some hazardous daring story to be told. I suppose you saw the short, graphic description given by the Toledo Blade when Wolford first took his seat in Congress, closing as it did, with the ludicrous "Git ready to git on your horses, git on!" "Yet the First Kentucky Cavalry," it was added, "was the terror of the Rebel army, for they went in to kill, as they were in early, and at the close of nearly all of the battles of the Cumberland Army."

I heard a man describe Maj. Keen not long since, in his movement

through Pound Gap, in connection with the battle of the Salt works, under Burbridge, as he rode at the head of his batallion over the trees cut down to hinder the advance on the mill.

Said Capt. Baker (of the Thirty-Fifth Kentucky) to Keen, "Isn't the odds too great with their Infantry brigade on their chosen ground?" "What else can we do?" replied Keen, "we are hungry; there is the meal and flour; let us put on a bold front, lead our horses, jump over the logs, and make our way through the tree tops; they will think we are only the advance, and when they retreat, we will take the mill and hold it." And so they did to the utter amazement of the Captain and his Company, who, for the first time, were initiated into the ways of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and formed a part of it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ROSTER OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

The Author regrets that unavoidable mistakes are liable to occur in this part of his work. Many of the Company officers have emigrated to other States, and some are in the far west, numbers have passed away; some failed to respond to his communications. Even those who have responded to his communications and have given him valuable aid, the time has been so long since the war closed, that they have imperfect means at hand to help him much in this line; his principal source of information, therefore, is from the Adjutant-General's Report of the State of Kentucky. That office, too, labored under inferior facilities, owing to many unavoidable circumstances in getting up a faultless report. The proof-sheets of each company's roll ought to have been submitted to competent Company officers of the various organizations before they were ever put to the press; but the exigencies of the times prevented this.

In most works of this kind, the names of the deserters are included in the roster; they will be omitted in this for good reasons. This work, though claimed to be as near as possible an authentic history of the regiment's service, yet is not an official report. Some names may have been put on the rolls unjustly; others afterward had the charges removed; and many, no doubt, have made good citizens: they were simply not composed of the full material to make first-class soldiers. It would do no good at this day to have such on record as a lasting stigma to their names, and a source of mortification to innocent descendants and other respectable relatives. For the same reasons the Author will leave out charges on the rolls for minor offenses. Those who had no grave charges against them, either suffered the penalty attached at the time, or were pardoned with proper excuses or promises, and restored to duty, and their names will not be handed down to future generations merely to gratify idle curiosity.

ROSTER OF THE FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. Frank Wolford. Received recruiting commission from Gen. Wm. Nelson, July 15th, 1861. Enrolled July 17, 1861. Entered Camp Dick Robinson, Tuesday, Aug. 6, 1861, with Companies A, B, and C, and upon declination of Col. W. J. Landram, assumed command of the regiment, and mustered in as Colonel, October 28, 1861. Was dangerously wounded at the Battle of Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862, and afterward slightly at Knoxville. Was at different times commander of brigades and his own and other regiments not permanently organized into brigades. He commanded the Independent Cavalry Brigade during the East Tennessee campaign, in the fall of 1863, until the death of Gen. Sanders, November 18th, when he was put in command of the First Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Ohio. Ceased to belong to the service, March 24, 1864.

Col. Silas Adams. Enrolled July 17, 1861. Promoted from Captain Company A, to Lieutenant-Colonel, November 28, 1862, and to Colonel, June 16, 1864. Commanded First Brigade, First Division, Cavalry Corps, after the siege of Knoxville, and also commanded a brigade for some time in the Sherman campaign in Georgia, in 1864. Was captured in Danville, Ky., by Pegram's forces, March 24, 1863, but a few days afterward adroitly made his escape from Monticello and returned to his command. See Company A.

Lieut. Col. John W. Letcher. Enrolled July 22, 1861. Mustered in October 28, 1861, and resigned November 28, 1862.

Lieut. Col. Francis N. Helveti. Enrolled and entered the service as Major, August 4th, 1861. Mustered in with the regiment, October 28, 1861. Captured by the enemy near Somerset, Ky., December 4, 1861. Exchanged, and was absent on detached service until April, 1864. Rejoined the regiment, and was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel June 16, 1864. Mustered out with the regiment.

Maj. John A. Brents. Enrolled July 27, 1861, and entered the service as Captain of Company C. Promoted to Major on organization of the regiment, and mustered in October 28, 1861. Resigned July 2, 1862.

Maj. William A. Coffey. Date of enrollment not given.

Mustered in as Major, October 28, 1861. Resigned October, 1863.

Maj. William N. Owens. Enrolled September 11, 1861, and entered the service as Captain of Company L, and mustered in with the regiment. Promoted Major July 31, 1862. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Was prisoner of war at muster-out of regiment.

Maj. Thomas Rowland. Enrolled September 12, 1861, as a Sergeant in Company K. Promoted from Captain of that Company to Major, July 16, 1864. Wounded at Dutton Hill, Ky., March 30, 1863. See Company K.

Maj. Anderson T. Keen. Enrolled July 25, 1861, as Sergeant of Company J. Promoted Major June 27, 1864. See Company J.

Fountain T. Fox. Dates not given of enrollment and muster-in. Resigned June 4, 1862.

Maj. George W. Drye. Enrolled July, 1861, and entered the service as Regimental Adjutant and 1st Lieutenant Company B. Promoted Major February 28, 1864. Wounded at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Resigned on account of disability from wound, June 9, 1864. See Company B.

Adj. Francis M. Wolford. Enrolled and entered the service as 2d Lieutenant Company A, July 27, 1861. Promoted Adjutant July, 1862, and to Captain Company A, November 14, 1862. See Company A.

Adj. W. D. Carpenter. Enrolled and entered the service as 1st Sergeant Company G, August 24, 1861. Promoted Adjutant, November 14, 1862. Wounded at Knoxville. See Company G.

Regimental Quartermaster Mathew H. Blackford. Enrolled and mustered in as Regimental Quartermaster at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, July 27, 1862.

Regimental Commissary Elijah Cox. Enrolled and entered the service as Sergeant Company B, July 18, 1861. Promoted Regimental Commissary June 3, 1863, and mustered in at Somerset, June 6, 1863.

Surg. John A. Brady. Enrolled as Surgeon at organization of regiment. Mustered in with the regiment, October 28, 1861. Resigned December 26, 1862.

Surg. Hawkins Brown. Enrolled as Assistant Surgeon, June 28, 1862. Promoted to Surgeon, December 26, 1862. Acted as Brigade Surgeon on Col. Ed. M. McCook's Staff, and also as Division Surgeon on Wolford's Staff. Acted as Medical Director on Sturgis's Staff; was appointed Medical Director on Maj. Gen. Stoneman's Staff, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Ohio, June 9, 1864, and surrendered with the General on raid to Macon, Ga., July 31, 1864. Was exchanged and returned to the regiment, November, 1864, a short time before it was mustered out, December 31, 1864.

Assist. Surg. James C. Riffe. Enrolled and entered the service at the organization of the regiment, and mustered in with it, October 28, 1861. Resigned June 11, 1862.

Assist. Surg. Andrew A. Campbell. Enrolled December 27, 1862. Mustered in January 9, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Assist. Surg. Albert G. Huffin. Enrolled and mustered in at Stanford, Ky., March 14, 1863. Resigned June 9, 1864.

Chaplain William H. Honnell. Enrolled August 10, 1861, and mustered in with the regiment, October 28, 1861.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Serg. Maj. Philip W. Cox. Enrolled as a private Company B, July 23, 1863. Promoted Sergeant-Major, December 24, 1862.

Quartermaster Sergeant David A. Davis. Enrolled as a private, November 9, 1861, and mustered in the same day at Somerset, Ky. Promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant, June 6, 1863. Was captured by the enemy at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863, but made escape and joined the regiment at Knoxville, soon afterward.

Commissary Serg. James M. Swiggett. Enrolled as a private in Company B, November 1, 1861, and mustered in the same day at ———. Promoted Commissary Sergeant, December 20, 1862.

Hospital Steward George H. Horton. Enrolled as a private, August 13, 1861, and mustered in with the regiment. Promoted Hospital Steward, November 1, 1862.

DISCHARGED.

Serg. Maj. Feland Bland. Enrolled July 23, 1861, and mustered in with regiment as Sergeant-Major. Discharged

December 24, 1862, to enable him to accept promotion in Eighth Kentucky Cavalry.

Hospital Steward Benjamin Owens. Enrolled August 25, 1861, and discharged December 24, 1862, to enable him to receive promotion in the Thirty-Second Kentucky Infantry.

DIED.

Commissary Serg. Clinton Hooker. Enrolled July 23, 1861, and died December 20, 1862.

NOTE.—The regiment had several wagon-masters. Bascombe Taylor, of Lancaster, Ky., filled the position for several months in the early service of the regiment. Afterward James P. Speake, of Company G, served for several months, and then John F. Rigney, of Company A, served faithfully in that position until the muster-out of the regiment, December 31, 1864.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out with the regiment	15
Discharged	3
Resigned	8
Prisoner of war	1
Died	1
Total	28

COMPANY A.

Enrolled in Casey county, Kentucky, in July, 1861. Organized at Liberty, Kentucky, July 27, 1861. Entered the service at Camp Dick Robinson, Garrard county, Kentucky, August 6, 1861. Mustered into the service at the same place, October 28, 1861. Mustered out of the service at Camp Nelson, Kentucky, December 31, 1864.

Date of muster-in and muster-out of each individual, the same as the Company and regiment, if not otherwise stated.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. George W. Sweeney. Enrolled July 17, 1861. Elected Captain of Company organization. Mustered out April 14, 1862.

Capt. Silas Adams. Enlisted July 11, 1861. Elected 1st Lieutenant at Company organization. Appointed Regimental

Quartermaster, and mustered in with the regiment. Promoted Captain, June 7, 1862; to Lieut. Col., November 28, 1862. (See Field and Staff.)

Capt. Francis M. Wolford. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Elected 2d Lieutenant at Company organization. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, June 7, 1862. Appointed Regimental Adjutant, July, 1862. Promoted Captain, November 28, 1862. Killed in action at Hillsborough, Georgia, July 31, 1864.

1st Lieutenant James Humphrey. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Appointed Sergeant at Company organization. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, November 28, 1862. Mortally wounded in action near Hillsborough, Georgia, July 31, 1864, and died 14 days afterward.

2d Lieutenant William Adams. Enlisted July 17, 1861. Appointed Sergeant at Company organization. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, November 28, 1862.

2d Lieutenant Thomas Watson. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Appointed 1st Sergeant at Company organization. Promoted to 2d Lieutenant, June 7, 1862. Resigned November 24, 1862.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st Sergeant William T. Humphrey. Enlisted December 10th, and mustered in December 31, 1861. Promoted to 1st Sergeant, November 28, 1861.

Sergeant Eastham Tarrant. Enlisted as a private, July 27, 1861, and mustered in as a Sergeant. Remained with the Company most of the time until February, 1863. Was then on detached service as clerk at regimental, brigade, and Cavalry corps headquarters, as long as the command remained in front.

Serg. John G. Brown. Enlisted November 11, 1861, and mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 31, 1861. Promoted to Sergeant, November 28, 1862.

Serg. Geo. T. Wesley. Enlisted July 21, 1861. Promoted Sergeant, November 28, 1862. Wounded at Wildcat.

Serg. Robert T. Pierce. Enlisted July 24, 1861, and appointed Corporal at Company organization. Promoted to Sergeant, 1863. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Escaped and was recaptured. Again escaped in North Carolina, and after many adventures, and traveling

hundreds of miles, he reached the Union lines in Sweetwater Valley, Tennessee, April 5, 1864. He finally joined his regiment in Georgia, near Resaca, in May. He was afterward again captured on the Chattahoochee River, in July, but only remained with the enemy one night, when he escaped and joined his command the next evening. See account in another part of this work.

Corporal James W. Stephens. Enlisted July 26, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Exchanged, June 20, 1864.

Corporal James M. Logan. Enlisted July 26, 1861. Promoted Corporal, July, 1863.

Corporal Geo. W. Gadberry. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted Corporal, July, 1863.

Corporal William Bailey. Enlisted July 20, 1861. Promoted Corporal July, 1863.

Corporal John M. Sharpe. Enlisted August 3, 1861. Promoted Corporal, July, 1863.

Corporal Wm. L. Brown. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted to Corporal, July, 1863.

Corporal John O. Staton. Enlisted July 20, 1861. Promoted Corporal, May 1, 1864.

PRIVATES.

John C. Brown. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Richard Butt. Enlisted July 26, 1861.

John L. Bowman. Enlisted July 21, 1861.

Joseph G. Bell. Enlisted August 5, 1861.

George W. Brown. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

John Chapman. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Alexander C. Carman. Enlisted November 14, 1861, and mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 31, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Escaped several times, and after many hardships and adventures, spending five months in the enemy's lines, reached the Union lines, in East Tennessee, in May, 1864.

James R. Carman. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Joseph Coffey. Enlisted December 21, 1861, and mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 31, 1861.

James F. Carns. Enlisted August 5, 1861.

Willis A. Coffey. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Mustered into regiment at Knoxville, Tenn., September 16, 1863. Reported as joining Company by transfer, July 4, 1863.

Shelby Coffey. Enlisted July 27, 1863. Reported as joining the Company by transfer, July 4, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 16, 1863.

William A. Doulass. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Thomas J. Durham. Enlisted July 26, 1861.

Milton H. Durham. Enlisted July 17, 1861.

Isaiah C. Dye. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Escaped, and after many hardships, was recaptured. Exchanged November 2, 1864. Joined regiment at Mt. Sterling, Ky., soon afterward.

James Edwards. Enlisted July 25, 1861.

John J. Elliott. Enlisted July 26, 1861. Severely hurt by horse falling on him at Philadelphia.

John R. Falconberry. Enlisted December 26, 1861, and mustered in December 31, 1861, at Liberty, Ky. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, November 14, 1861. Prisoner at time of muster-out. Died in prison.

Eli Gilpin. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Pleasant Gooden. Enlisted July 28, 1861.

Thomas J. Goode. Enlisted July 25, 1861. During the service acted as Chief Orderly for Col. Wolford and Col. Adams much of the time.

James E. King. Enlisted July 17, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged, November 2, 1864.

John P. Logan. Enlisted July 24, 1861.

John A. Lawhorn. Enlisted November 26, 1861, in Company K, Nineteenth Kentucky Infantry. Mustered in at Harrodsburg, Ky., January 2, 1862. Joined the Company March 15, 1863, by transfer, as reported.

James R. Minton. Enlisted September 27, 1861.

Marion Minton. Enlisted July 26, 1861.

David J. Marples. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

John Marples. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

William J. McGuire. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

Andrew J. Meeks. Enlisted December 14, 1861, and mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 30, 1861. Captured at

Rockford, East Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.

William M. Pierce. Enlisted August 5, 1861.

James C. Portman. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Green B. Patterson. Enlisted July 25, 1861.

Larkin Phelps. Enlisted July 26, 1861. Severely wounded at the Battle of Wildcat.

Aden J. Rigney. Enlisted November 14, 1861. Mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 31, 1861.

John F. Rigney. Enlisted July 20, 1861. Acted as Regimental Wagon-master much of the time of his service.

John P. Riggins. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Wounded on the Chattahoochee River, in Georgia, in 1864.

Jacob Spaw. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Prisoner of war at the time of muster-out of regiment.

Texton Sharp. Enlisted August 30, 1861.

Stanly G. Stephens. Enlisted July 28, 1861.

Edward Stephens. Enlisted August 3, 1861.

Alexander C. Sloan. Enlisted August 3, 1861.

Hiram A. Smith. Enlisted July 25, 1861.

William H. Speed. Enlisted August 7, 1861.

John M. Wall. Enlisted July 28, 1861. Captured at Sweetwater Factory, Georgia, July 3, 1864. Died in Rebel prison.

Lewis Walker. Enlisted December, 1861, and mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 31, 1861.

Francis H. Ward. Enlisted July 25, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William Woodram. Enlisted July 25, 1861.

John W. Wilkinson. Enlisted July 26, 1861.

Henry F. Walters. Enlisted August 5, 1861.

William A. Wall. Enlisted November 14, 1861, and mustered in at Liberty, Ky., December 31, 1861. Captured at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, July 13, 1862. Exchanged June 10, 1863.

Robert Wall. Enlisted July 25, 1861. Captured near Hillsborough, Georgia, July 31, 1864. Exchanged December 20, 1864.

John G. Watson. Enlisted July 17, 1861.

John Q. Wolford. Enlisted August 5, 1861.

DISCHARGED ON SURGEON'S CERTIFICATE OF DISABILITY, IF NOT OTHERWISE STATED.

Serg. Geo. R. Murphy. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Somerset, Ky., June, 1863, to enable him to accept commission as Captain in Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

Corporal James M. Gibony. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Somerset, Ky., June, 1863, to enable him to accept commission as 1st Lieutenant in Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

Corporal John E. Sharpe. Enlisted July 13, 1861. Discharged in May, 1862, to enable him to accept commission as 1st Lieutenant in Eighth Kentucky Cavalry.

Bugler Galen E. Taylor. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Shelbyville, Tennessee, May 28, 1862.

Jessee Edwards. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Murfreesboro, July 20, 1862.

Thomas G. Gaddis. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, May 2, 1862.

William J. Murphy. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged ———, May 2, 1862.

Job Sweeney. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, May 24, 1862.

Thornton West. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Louisville, Ky., July, 1862.

Edward R. Williams. Enlisted July 27,1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June, 1862.

Parker H. Grinstead. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged July, 1862.

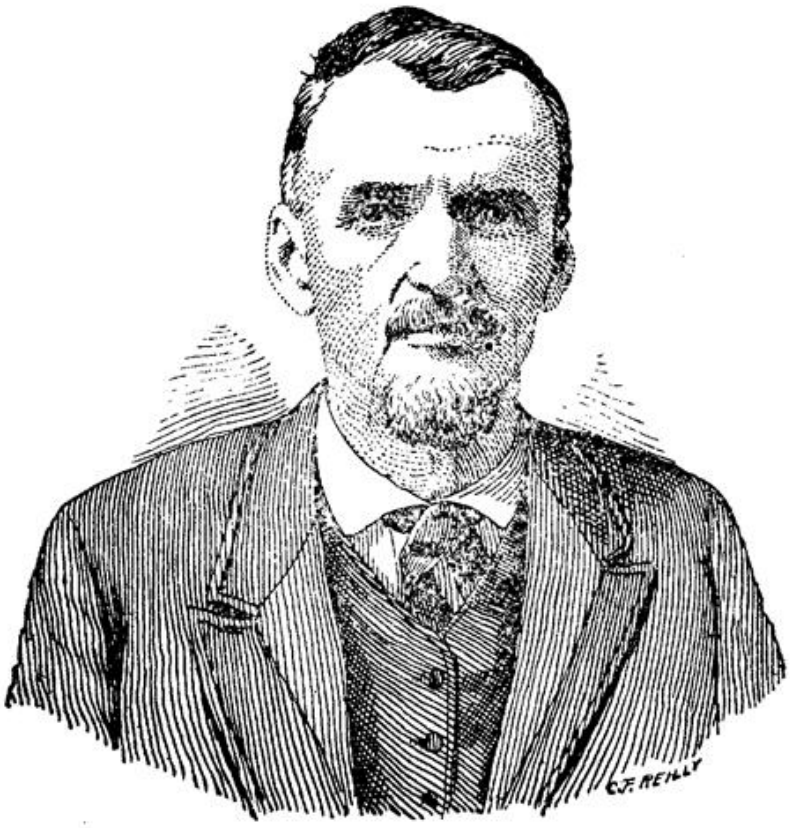
James E. Woods. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June, 1862, on account of disability from wounds received in action at the Battle of Wildcat, October 21, 1861.

Benjamin Bransom. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged in June, 1863, to enable him to accept commission as 2d Lieutenant in Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

KILLED AND DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Corporal George W. Cabbell. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed in Battle of Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.

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E. TARRANT.

Corporal Martin Phelps. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in Rebel prison, March, 1864.

Samuel Bell. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died of disease in regimental hospital, May 8, 1862.

John J. Douglass. Enlisted July 26, 1861. Died of measles while on furlough home, October 28, 1861.

Jefferson Eubanks. Enlisted July, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in Andersonville prison.

William French. Enlisted April 30, 1863, and mustered in April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in prison.

Brown Elliott. Enlisted March 15, 1863, and mustered in, April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Died of disease at Lexington, Ky., April 28, 1864.

James W. Gaddis. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died of disease at hospital at Bardstown, Ky., March 23, 1862

Green B. Lanham. Enlisted July 27, 1864. Died of disease in regimental hospital, July, 1863.

Stephen F. Lee. Enlisted July 28, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in prison.

Mancil Garrard. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Creelsboro, Ky., November, 1861. Died of disease at Nashville, Tennessee, April 21, 1862.

Geo. W. Noland. Enlisted August 4, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 16, 1863. Died at Knoxville, Tennessee, December 26, 1863.

Richard Peach. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died at Bardstown, Kentucky, April 20, 1863.

Benjamin Sharpe. Enlisted July 27, 1863. Killed in action at Hillsborough, Georgia, July 31, 1864.

James Sweeney. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died in regimental hospital, June 7, 1863.

James W. Staton. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died in regimental hospital, February 12, 1862.

David L. Statham. Enlisted February 29, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 30, 1863. Died in regimental hospital, June 20, 1864.

Michael G. Warren. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died at Somerset, Ky., August 28, 1863.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED TO COMPANY B, FIRST KENTUCKY VETERAN CAVALRY.

Zachariah Anderson. Enlisted January 12, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., February 28, 1863.

John H. Black. Enlisted August 28, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 6, 1863.

Leslie Carman. Enlisted January 30, 1863. Mustered in June 30, 1863, at Jamestown, Ky. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., May 25, 1865, by General Order No. 27, Department of Kentucky.

John Cochran. Enlisted January 12, 1863. Mustered in February 28, 1863, at Danville, Ky.

James Eubanks. Enlisted August 12, 1863. Mustered in ———, at Somerset, Ky.

Harvey Ellison. Enlisted August 12, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

Joseph Eubanks. Enlisted November 10, 1862. Mustered in November 12, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee

George A. Gibbins. Enlisted and mustered in February 28, 1863, at Danville, Ky.

Jessee P. Harris. Enlisted March 13, 1863. Mustered in April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in prison.

William Jeffries. Enlisted August 6, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in prison.

James Pierce. Enlisted July 20, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

James Reynolds. Enlisted April 1, 1863. Mustered in April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

George W. Raiborn. Enlisted August 3, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in prison.

Thomas J. Robinson. Enlisted July 3, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

James Spaw. Enlisted July 28, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

Francis M. T. Sloan. Enlisted March 1, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

John M. Tilford. Enlisted April 15, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

Levi Wilcher. Enlisted March 3, 1863. Mustered in April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Robert Wesley. Enlisted August 5, 1863. Mustered in September 16, 1863, at Knoxville.

Robert W. Staton. Enlisted July 20, 1861. Mustered in with the regiment, October 28, 1861. Held on charges of absence without leave. Proved charges incorrect, and mustered out at Louisville, ———, 1865.

John R. Conner. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Was held on charges, but finally had them removed, and was mustered out.

Nine of the Company are on the roll as deserters.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	59
Absent in Rebel prison	2
Recruits transferred	17
Total belonging to the Company	78

LOSSES.

Promoted to Field and Staff	1
Resigned and mustered out	2
Discharged for disability and promotion in other regiments	13
Killed in action	4
Died in the service and in Rebel prisons	22
Deserters	9
Aggregate losses	51
Total belonging to the Company during service	129

COMPANY B.

Enrolled on the Rolling Fork, in Casey county, Kentucky, in July, 1861. Organized July 27, 1861. Entered the service at Camp Dick Robinson, August 6, 1861. Mustered in, October 28, 1861. Mustered out December 31, 1864. The date

of the muster-in of each individual not given unless mustered in at a different time of the company.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. William Rains. Enlisted July 8, 1861. Captain at the organization of the Company, as the Company officers were appointed, and not elected. Mustered out, April 14, 1862.

Capt. Geo. W. Drye. Enlisted July 18, 1861. Entered the service as 1st Lieutenant, and appointed Adjutant at regimental organization. Promoted Captain, April 14, 1862. Promoted Major, February 28, 1864. (See Field and Staff.)

Capt. Samuel Belden. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Entered the service as 1st Sergeant. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, June 23, 1862; 1st Lieutenant, July 1, 1863; Captain, April 10, 1864.

1st Lieutenant William B. Carter declined accepting commission.

1st Lieutenant Stephen H. Coppage. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Entered the service as 2d Lieutenant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, June 23, 1862. Resigned December 21, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Vincent Peyton. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, July 1, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant, April 10, 1864.

2d Lieutenant Stephen G. Averitt. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant, April 10, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st Sergeant Buford Kinnett. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted April 10, 1864.

Sergeant William M. Dodd. Enlisted July 18, 1861. Prisoner of war from November 14, 1863, to April 15, 1864.

Sergeant Sterling T. Brewer. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Owens, November 1, 1861.

Sergeant Thomas Evans. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Owens, November, 1861. Wounded at the Battle of Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Sergeant Sylvester Murphy. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

Sergeant John C. Burke. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Wounded at Mud Lick, October, 1864.

Corporal Benjamin Helm. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Owens, November 1, 1861.

Corporal John Capheart. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Corporal George W. Gray. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Corporal John W. Yowell. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Corporal James F. Yowell. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured November 14, 1863. Exchanged November 18, 1864

Corporal Perry F. Belden. Enlisted July 23, 1861

Corporal William Cochran. Enlisted July 28, 1861.

Bugler Robert Allgood. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

Huston Tharp, wagoner. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.

Mathias Cox, saddler. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

PRIVATES.

N. B. Brown. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in prison.

Thomas Cox. Enlisted July 25, 1861.

William Coffman. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

William Clemmons. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

Adam Clemmons. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Absent.

Hardin Coppage. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Elijah N. Decker. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

Benjamin F. Eads. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Hickman Edwards. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.

Adam Ellis. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

Tolbert Edwards. Enlisted July 24, 1861. Absent.

Wesley Genheart. Enlisted November 27, 1861.

Wesley Glazbrook. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Jacob Green. Enlisted and mustered in November 1, 1861, at Camp Owens.

Edward Harvey. Enlisted July 28, 1861.

William Hill. Enlisted and mustered in, November 1, 1861.

Wesley Hair. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

Thomas J. Hafley. Enlisted July 23, 1861.

John T. Lynn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
William T. Lynn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Hays B. Lynn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Thomas Lynn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Alexander Lynn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Thos. F. Lankford. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
John W. Lane. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
William C. Lanham. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Mathias Lanham. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
William Lane. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured near Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864. Died in Rebel prison.
Wm. L. Luster. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.
Davis Low. Enlisted and mustered in November 1, 1861.
Eli Martin. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Reuben P. Martin. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Absent.
John E. Mills. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Wm. N. Mounce. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Absent.
Charles Monday. Enlisted July 21, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., March 25, 1865.
Thomas J. Peyton Enlisted and mustered in November 1, 1861. Wounded at Mill Springs, January 19, 1862.
James Powell. Enlisted July 26, 1861.
David Pemberton. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Joel Pemberton. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Wounded at Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.
James Roney. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Jacob Sluder. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
V. B. Sinkhorn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Richard Sinkhorn. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
Wilson Sinkhorn. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864..
Samuel Sandusky. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
James Sandusky. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
William Taylor. Enlisted July 23, 1861.
R. N. Wiser. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.
Charles Wright. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

George W. Ward. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

Thomas J. Wright. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Badly wounded near Bear Wallow, Ky., in November, 1862.

Joseph E. Wilcher. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

James Willis. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

Moses C. Yowell. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

William E. Yowell. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

DISCHARGED ON SURGEON'S CERTIFICATE OF DISABILITY, FOR SICKNESS, WOUNDS, AND TO ACCEPT COMMISSIONS IN OTHER COMPANIES OR REGIMENTS.

Serg. Joseph Anderson. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged for wounds received at Mill Springs, January 19, 1862.

Serg. William F. Beard. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged for wounds received at Mill Springs, January 19, 1862.

Serg. Elijah Cox. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Discharged by order of Gen. Schofield to accept commission as 1st Lieutenant on Field and Staff.

Corp. DeWitt C. Burk. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged May 15, 1862.

Corp. M. C. Bransom. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Discharged May 10, 1862.

Corp. Geo. Lowe. Enlisted and mustered in, November 1, 1861. Discharged March 1, 1863.

Bugler Davis Cox. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Discharged August 28, 1862.

John W. Brewer, Farrier. Enlisted August 23, 1861. Discharged August 28, 1862.

John G. Bibb, Farrier. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Discharged March 15, 1862.

Lloyd Adams. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Discharged January 19, 1862.

John Ellis. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Discharged by order of Gen. Schofield to accept commission as 1st Lieutenant in Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED TO FIRST KENTUCKY AND VETERAN CAVALRY, AND OTHER TRANSFERS.

Serg. Philip W. Cox. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Transferred to Field and Staff, December 29, 1862.

Corp. James W. Eads. Enlisted August 26, 1863, and mustered in at Knoxville, Tennesse, September 20, 1863.

Milton Dever, Farrier. Enlisted September 1, 1863, and mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 20, 1863. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Died in prison.

Daniel Alstott. Enlisted January 18, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 20, 1863.

C. M. Bowling. Enlisted June 17, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 20, 1863.

James D. Coulter. Enlisted June 15, 1863. Mustered in September 20, 1863.

Richard Dowsey. Enlisted August 24, 1863. Mustered in September 20, 1863.

John P. Denham. Enlisted August 24, 1863. Mustered in September 20, 1863.

Benj. F. Edmunds. Enlisted July 1, 1863. Mustered in September 20, 1863. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., November 18, 1865.

William A. Griffin. Enlisted and mustered in Casey county, October 7, 1862.

James L. Linville. Enlisted and mustered in Casey county, Ky., October 7, 1862. Wounded at Dutton Hill, March 30, 1863, and died in the service.

Martin A. Love. Enlisted August 24, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, September 20, 1863. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Abraham L. McAnnelly. Enlisted May 15, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, September 20, 1863.

James Peyton. Enlisted and mustered in at Bardstown, Ky., February 10, 1862. Mustered out February 17, 1865.

James M. Swigett. Enlisted and mustered in, November 1, 1862. Transferred to Field and Staff as Commissary Sergeant, December 20, 1862.

KILLED IN ACTION, AND DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Serg. William Lynn. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Died May 8, 1863, at Liberty, Ky.

Corp. Andrew W. Bottoms. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Killed in battle at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 28, 1863.

Corp. Thomas L. Holder. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1861. Exchanged and died in the hospital at Baltimore, Md., May 31, 1864.

Corp. William McCombs. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Died in prison at Richmond, Virginia, November 17, 1863.

William T. Bailey. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Killed in an affray while absent, February 26, 1863.

James Hailey. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Killed in an affray while absent, December 15, 1862.

Elijah Hill. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 1, 1863. Died May 18, 1863, in Casey County, Ky.

Bennett King. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Died September 4, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

William Payne. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by accident, October 23, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

Thomas S. Scott. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died October 29, 1861, at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.

Sam P. Wizer. Enlisted July 23, 1861. Died September 10, 1861, at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.

DESERTERS.

Three are reported on the rolls as deserters.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	60
Absent	5
Absent in Rebel prisons, including recruits	3
Recruits transferred	10
Total belonging to Company at muster-out	78

LOSSES.

Promoted to Field and Staff	4
Mustered out and resigned	2
Discharged for promotion	1
Discharged for disability	10
Killed and died	11
Died in Rebel prisons	7
Deserted	3
Total losses	38
Total belonging to Company during service	116

COMPANY C.

Enrolled at Albany, Clinton county, Ky., July 27, 1861. Organized on the same day by electing their officers. Entered the service at Camp Dick Robinson, ————, 1861. Mustered in October 28, 1861. Mustered out December 31, 1864. It must be understood that each individual is mustered in and mustered out with his Company unless otherwise stated.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. John A. Brents. Enlisted July 27, 1861, and elected Captain the same day. Promoted to Major on organization of the regiment. Resigned July 2, 1862.

Capt. John A. Morrison. Enlisted and elected 1st Lieutenant, July 27, 1861. Promoted Captain, September 12, 1861. Resigned August 18, 1862.

Capt. Wm. Perkins. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, September 12, 1861; to 1st Lieutenant, January 19, 1862; to Captain, August, 1862. Resigned December 25, 1863.

Capt. Delany R. Carr. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, January 26, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant, August 18, 1862; to Captain, December 25, 1863.

1st Lieutenant James E. Chilton. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, August 18, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant, December 25, 1863.

2d Lieutenant William C. Root. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted from ranks February 2, 1864. Acted as Brigade Commissary; also as Commissary on Major-General Stoneman's Staff, from June, 1864, to August, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Wm. Thrasher. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted to Company Quartermaster Sergeant, May 15, 1864.

1st Sergeant Geo. D. Thrasher. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant, September 14, 1863.

Serg. John C. Beard. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tenn., October 20, 1863.

Serg. Cornelius Huff. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Serg. Jonathan E. Southerland. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Serg. Jessee F. Thrasher. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Corp. Nathan Smith. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Corp. Arthur M. Kennedy. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Elihu A. Thompkins. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Jamestown, Ky., April 14, 1862. Escaped and returned, May 15, 1863.

Corp. James T. Chance. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Albert W. Sewell. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Corp. John L. Wallen. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Corp. William Huff. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Creelsboro, Ky., May, 1863. Exchanged.

Francis M. Cole, Farrier.

PRIVATES.

Jasper C. Avary. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Jasper N. Acree. Enlisted September 6, 1861. Captured at Calhoun, Tennessee, September 26, 1863. Escaped and rejoined the Company, August 30, 1864.

James W. Beard. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Mill Springs, Ky., May 25, 1863. Exchanged September, 1863.

John Burchett. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

James H. Cumming. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

William W. Caster. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Prisoner of war from October 20, 1863, to December 28, 1864. Exchanged.

Robert H. Chilton. Enlisted October 8, 1861.

William C. Cole. Enlisted October 4, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Thomas A. Carr. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Absent, and case reported to Headquarters, District of Kentucky.

James H. Eason. Enlisted August 13, 1861.

Francis J. Frogg. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured near Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Stephen Gentle. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured near

Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864. Escaped and rejoined the Company, August 8, 1864.

Peter H. Hare. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured near Calhoun, Tennessee, September 26, 1861.

James A. Hare. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Thomas F. Hare. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

John Hare. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

John G. Hill. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured near Calhoun, Tennessee, September 26, 1861.

Absalom T. Harper. Enlisted August 30, 1861

Thomas Huddleston. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Moses Huddleston. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Ambrose J. Huddleston. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Thrown from horse and both thighs broken, in line of duty, December, 1861.

Jacob Kanatcher. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Josiah Kennedy. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged October 26, 1864.

Thomas Low. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Fletcher C. Land. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Geo. W. Moles. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864. Exchanged.

James L. Miller. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Mustered in at Camp Williams, Ky., December 31, 1861.

Joseph Poore. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged June 8, 1864.

Starlin Pitman. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Andrew J. Roe. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

John Roe. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Burkesville, Ky., May 12, 1862. Exchanged October 18, 1863, and recaptured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William G. Rains. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured near Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Felix R. Smith. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Wounded at Mill Springs, Ky., January 19, 1862.

Landon C. H. Shipley. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Mathew A. Smallwood. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

Isaac B. Sandusky. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
Daniel Thacker. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
Samuel J. Vance. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
Geo. W. Wallen. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
David Wallen. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
Wm. H. Walker. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
George Wallen, Sr. Enlisted Nov. 5, 1861.
James Wright. Enlisted July 21, 1861. Captured near Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.
Milton E. Wallen. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Captured near Lawrence Mills, Ga., August 1, 1864. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., July 29, 1865.
Henry B. Wallen. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
James M. Zachary. Enlisted July 27, 1861.
William L. Zachary. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Williams, December 31, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.
Pleasant J. Zachary. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

DISCHARGED ON SURGEON'S CERTIFICATE OF DISABILITY.

Serg. Wm. H. Beard. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Reynold's Station, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.
Corporal Russell W. Hurt. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Louisville, Ky, 1862.
Corp. Ambrose F. Huddleston. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Reynold's Station, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.
Emanuel J. Tompkins. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Reynold's Station, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.
Thomas Carr, Sr., Farrier. Enlisted December 20, 1861, and mustered in at Camp Williams, December 31, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.
Richard Dicken. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.
Elijah Harber. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Reynold's Station, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.
James K. Harvey. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED, AND ALSO ON ACCOUNT OF PROMOTION.

Serg. James R. Howard. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Transferred by promotion to Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry.

Serg. Elzy C. Smith. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Transferred by promotion to Twelfth Kentucky Infantry.

Corp. Martin Hurt. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Transferred to the Thirteenth Kentucky Cavalry by reason of promotion.

Shepherd W. Beard. Enlisted March 8, 1862. Mustered in at Nashville, Tennessee, April 30, 1862.

Henry J. Boles. Enlisted January 31, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., February 28, 1863. Wounded in action near Sandtown, Ga., July 23, 1864.

Joseph B. Bradly. Enlisted May 23, 1863. Mustered in June 30, 1863, at Jamestown, Ky. Captured near Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Benj. J. Bollin. Enlisted August 21, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Creelsboro, Ky. Captured near Skuchestnut, Ga., July 13, 1864.

Alexander Beatty. Enlisted May 14, 1863. Mustered in June 30, 1863, at Jamestown, Ky.

Lewis D. Frogg. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Transferred to Twelfth Kentucky Infantry, by reason of promotion.

James L. Garner. Enlisted November 4, 1862. Mustered in at Glasgow, Ky., December 31, 1862.

Wiley T. Huddleston. Enlisted November 20, 1861. Mustered in December 31, 1861, at Camp Williams, Ky. Transferred to Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, October, 1863, by reason of promotion.

David F. Huddleston. Enlisted February 1, 1862. Mustered in February 28, 1862, at Camp Morton, Kentucky. Transferred to Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, October, 1863, by reason of promotion.

William Hare. Enlisted July 4, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Creelsboro. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Henry A. Harper. Enlisted May 1, 1863. Mustered in June 30, 1863, at Jamestown, Ky.

James Harper. Enlisted August 20, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Creelsboro, Ky. Capturned near Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Joseph Kanatcher. Enlisted August 12, 1863. Mustered in at Creelsboro, August 31, 1863.

William F. Low. Enlisted July 27, 1863. Mustered in at Creelsboro, June 30, 1863.

Asa Lawhorn. Enlisted August 20, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Creelsboro.

Micajah Lawhorn. Enlisted August 20, 1863. Mustered in at Creelsboro, August 31, 1863.

Andrew J. W. Maxfield. Enlisted May 27, 1861. Mustered in at Columbia, Ky., January 30, 1862. Transferred to First Tennessee Battalion, September, 1863, by reason of promotion.

Andrew Moles. Enlisted November 4, 1862. Mustered in December 31, 1862, at Glasgow, Ky.

Young McFarland. Enlisted February 15, 1863. Mustered in February 28, 1863, at Danville, Ky.

Chas. H. Myers. Enlisted May 27, 1862. Mustered in June 30, 1862, at Columbia. Mustered out at Louisville, June 6, 1865.

Allen Northrif. Enlisted August 20, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Creelsboro. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

A. B. Palmer. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Transferred to the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry by reason of promotion.

Larcum M. Pursell. Enlisted February 20, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., February 28, 1863.

John N. Root. Enlisted April 5, 1862. Mustered in at Nashville, Tennessee, April 30, 1862.

James J. Robinson. Enlisted May 7, 1863. Mustered in at Jamestown, Ky., June 30, 1863.

William Riley. Enlisted May 20, 1863. Mustered in at Jamestown, Ky., June 30, 1863.

Eli Story. Enlisted February 15, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., February 28, 1863.

William Scott. Enlisted May 7, 1863. Mustered in June 30, 1863, at Jamestown, Ky.

James A. Thrasher. Enlisted December 4, 1862. Mustered in December 31, 1862, at Glasgow, Ky. Captured near Clinton, Ga., July 30, 1864.

Thomas N. Tabor. Enlisted April 23, 1863. Mustered in April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Captured near Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Francis A. Tabor. Enlisted April 23, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 30, 1863.

Eli Thacker. Enlisted August 20, 1863. Mustered in at Creelsboro, Ky., August 31, 1863.

James F. Wright. Enlisted June 27, 1863. Mustered in at Jamestown, Ky., June 30, 1863.

Wm. B. Wright. Enlisted June 16, 1863. Mustered in at Jamestown, Ky., June 30, 1863. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., October 17, 1865.

Alfred Young. Enlisted August 15, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Creelsboro, Ky. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

KILLED AND DIED IN THE SERVICE.

1st Lieutenant Jonathan P. Miller. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted from 2d to 1st Lieutenant, September 12, 1861. Killed in battle of Mill Springs, January 19, 1862.

Serg. James R. Hoy. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed in battle of Dutton's Hill, near Somerset, Ky., March 30, 1863.

Corp. James Ferguson. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by a citizen near Stanford, Ky., December, 1861.

William C. Avery. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died at Nashville, Tennessee, November 25, 1862.

Andrew McBird. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died in Lincoln county, Ky., February 12, 1863.

Samuel Beard. Enlisted March 8, 1862 [never mustered.] Died at Glasgow, Ky., April 15, 1862.

Isaac D. Cole. Enlisted October 15, 1861. Mortally wounded at Mill Springs, January 19, 1862. Died in Pulaski county, Ky., January 20, 1862.

Henry C. Davis. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Killed by a citizen at West Liberty, Ky., ———, 1861.

John H. Groom. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by a citizen at Creelsboro, Ky., December 14, 1863.

Elam E. Huddleston. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by a Rebel in Russell county, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Thomas Huff. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by a citizen at Neetsville, Ky., August, 1863.

James A. Huddleston. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Died at Columbia, Ky., December 5, 1861.

Philip M. Huddleston. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Mustered in December 31, 1861, at Camp Williams, Ky. Died at Neetsville, Ky., May 13, 1863.

Elbert A. Harber. Enlisted October 8, 1861. Died at Camp Dick Robinson, November 6, 1861.

Wesley A. Laud. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died in Casey county, Ky., January 12, 1862.

Camden M. Laud. Enlisted April 3, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 30, 1863. Died at Somerset, May, 1863.

Alex. Phillips. Enlisted October 27, 1861. Died at Columbia, Ky., December 20, 1861.

Jacob J. Speck. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died in Clinton county, Ky., March 12, 1864.

Felix G. Stailey. Enlisted September 6, 1861. Wounded in battle at Knoxville, Tennessee. Killed in battle at Somerset, March 30, 1863.

James Toombs. Enlisted August 13, 1861. Died at Columbia, Tennessee, June 21, 1862.

Oliver Wallen. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Died at Rowena, Ky., February 10, 1862.

Peter A. Zachary, Jr. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by Rebels in Russell county, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Peter A. Zachary, Sr. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed by Rebels in Russell county, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Michael P. Zachary. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed in battle of Mill Springs, January 19, 1862.

William P. Harris. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Killed in battle at Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.

DESERTERS.

Number reported on Company rolls, 7.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	53
Absent	1
Absent prisoners	12
Absent recruits prisoners	8
Recruits transferred	22
Total belonging to Company at muster out	96

LOSSES.

Promoted to Field and Staff	1
Resigned	2
Transferred for promotion	8
Discharged for disability	8
Killed and died in the service*	25
Deserted	7
Total losses	51
Total belonging to Company during its service, including recruits	147

*To the number of deaths should be added those who died in prison, which the Author has not exact means of knowing. According to Lieutenant Chilton, about fourteen died in prison.

COMPANY D.

From the counties of Marion, Taylor and Casey mostly. Exact date of organization and entrance into Camp Dick Robinson not known, but it was early in August, 1861. Men enlisted principally by Capt. George Coppage and Capt. Samuel M. Boone. Mustered in with regiment, October 28, 1861.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. George Coppage. Enlisted August 1, 1861. Resigned December 2, 1862.

Capt. Samuel M. Boone. Enlisted August 1, 1861. Entered the service as 2d Lieutenant. Promoted Captain, December 2, 1862. Resigned August 12, 1863.

Capt. Daniel A. Kelley. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Entered the service as a Sergeant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, December 2, 1862. Promoted Captain, August 12, 1863 Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

1st Lieutenant Richard H. Vandyke. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Resigned December 2, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Henry H. Thornton. Enlisted September 3, 1861. Entered the service as a private. Promoted Corporal in 1862. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, August 15, 1863.

2d Lieutenant Warren Lamme. Enlisted September 8, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, December 2, 1862.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Serg. Nicholas Dunn. Enlisted July, 28, 1861.
Serg. Leonard Ames. Enlisted September 12, 1861.
Serg. Milford A. Purdy. Enlisted July 28, 1861.
Serg. Simeon P. Hudson. Enlisted September 6, 1861.
Corp. Nicholas M. Waymen. Enlisted July 28, 1861.
Corp. Joseph Wilkerson. Enlisted August 10, 1861.
Corp. Richard O'Donnell. Enlisted August 16, 1861.
Corp. James Mann. Enlisted August 6, 1861.
Corp. Lewis Huddleston. Enlisted August 1, 1861. Wounded at Cass Station, Ga., May 24, 1864. Absent in hospital in New Albany, Indiana.
Corp. William Harper. Enlisted August 6, 1861.
Corp. Josiah Bass. Enlisted September 23, 1861. On detached service for some time as Regimental, and also Brigade Postmaster.
Corp. John Rhodes. Enlisted August 4, 1861. Promoted from private, May 31, 1864.
Thomas Armstrong, Farrier. Enlisted August 12, 1861.

PRIVATES.

John T. Aiken. Enlisted August 12, 1861.
Andrew Carson. Enlisted August 15, 1861.
Reuben Cooley. Enlisted August 13, 1861.
William T. Carter. Enlisted August 13, 1861. Captured at Hillsboro, Ga., August 2, 1864. Died in Rebel prison.
John A. Collins. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.
Alfred Cox. Enlisted September 1, 1861.
Thomas Christian. Enlisted September 1, 1861.
William Craven. Enlisted August 6, 1861.
Philip Dever. Enlisted August 6, 1861.
James T. Edwards. Enlisted September 12, 1861.
William J. Farris. Enlisted September 12, 1861.
Nathaniel C. Farris. Enlisted September 12, 1861.
John M. Fenwick. Enlisted August 7, 1861.
William Gibson. Enlisted July 12, 1861.
Jeremiah Harris. Enlisted August 6, 1861.
Perry Harre. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

John Hanly. Enlisted November 6, 1861. Mustered in at Camp Boyle, December 5, 1861.

Joseph Hughes. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Captured October 12, 1863, while in line of duty, and paroled.

George W. Hughes. Enlisted September 20, 1863.

William P. Minton. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in prison.

Thomas Murray. Enlisted August 15, 1861.

Elijah Minor. Enlisted August 1, 1861.

John McWilliams. Enlisted September 10, 1861.

John W. Mason. Enlisted September 5, 1861.

James H Pickerel. Enlisted September 3, 1861.

Marcus Ryan. Enlisted September 14, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1861.

Jacob H. Russell. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Joseph Romaggi. Enlisted September 3, 1861.

John Riffe. Enlisted September 15, 1861.

John D. Sanders. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Killed at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Bennett B. Sapp. Enlisted August 12, 1861. Captured at Red Clay Station, Ga., May 10, 1864.* Died in Rebel prison.

John A. Sapp. Enlisted August 12, 1861.

Samuel Thompson. Enlisted September 13, 1861.

Willis A. Wood. Enlisted August 14, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR WOUNDS, DISABILITY FROM SICKNESS, AND PROMOTION.

Serg. Robert Purdy. Enlisted September 18, 1861. Discharged September 18, 1863, to enable him to accept promotion in Thirty Seventh Kentucky Infantry.

Corp. John Calhoun. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Discharged July 12, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., on account of wounds received in battle of Lebanon, Tenn., May 5, 1862.

James H. Brown. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Discharged June 30, 1862, at Columbia, Tennnssee.

Leven M. Drye. Enlisted March 25, 1862. Mustered in April 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

* Reported by Miller A. Purdy.

Stephen T. Gabheart. Enlisted August 1, 1862. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., October 29, 1862.

Stephen Glaysbrook. Enlisted September 5, 1861. Discharged May 31, 1862, at Lebanon, Ky.

Joseph F. Harris. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Discharged July 15, 1863, at Nashville, on account of wounds received from guerrillas.

Hugh Shannon. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Never mustered. Discharged July 31, 1862, at Louisville, Ky., from wounds received at Wild Cat, October 20, 1861.

James Sharp. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., May 20, 1863.

William Williamson. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Discharged at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, August 12, 1862.

TRANSFERRED.

Serg. James T. Wicker. Enlisted January 10, 1863. Mustered in February 28, 1863, at Danville, Ky. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Philip M. Batey. Enlisted March 7, 1863. Mustered in April 10, 1863.

Gabriel Collier. Enlisted October 11, 1862. Mustered in November 1, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.

George W. Campden. Enlisted March 7, 1863. Mustered in April 10, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Thomas L. Clinkenbeard. Enlisted March 20, 1862. Mustered April 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Lexington, Ky.

Joseph F. Coppage. Enlisted March 25, 1862. Mustered in April 30, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee. Mustered out August 21, 1865, at Lexington, Ky.

Thomas Dunham. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Mustered in October 31, 1863, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

William R. Fausett. Enlisted October 3, 1862. Mustered in November 1, 1862, at Munfordville, Ky.

David Harre. Enlisted July 1, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, October 31, 1863.

James I. Johnson. Enlisted March 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 10, 1863.

William Large. Enlisted November 10, 1862. Mustered in December 31, 1862, at Glasgow, Ky.

William F. Lime. Enlisted December 6, 1862. Mustered in at Glasgow, Ky., December 31, 1862.

Willis G. Miller. Enlisted April 7, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 10, 1863.

John L. Nelson. Enlisted April 7, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, April 10, 1863. Captured October 20, 1863, at Philadelphia, Tennessee.

Milton Newcomb. Enlisted April 7, 1863. Mustered in April 10, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

John Newcomb. Enlisted July 1, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, October 31, 1863.

Thomas F. Wayman. Enlisted February 6, 1862. Mustered in February 28, 1862, at West Liberty, Ky. Mustered out February 17, 1865.

William Woodmansee. Enlisted May 20, 1863. Mustered in June 30, 1863, at Jamestown, Ky.

Milton Zachary. Enlisted May 20, 1863. Mustered in at Jamestown, Ky., June 30, 1863.

KILLED AND DIED.

Samuel Christison. Enlisted September 8, 1861. Killed May 21, 1863, by a citizen at Hustonville, Ky.

Joseph Farris. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died December 20, 1861, at home, in Taylor county.

Bluford Gaddis. Enlisted August 1, 1861. Died October 4, 1861, at home, in Casey county.

George Harre. Enlisted August 10, 1861. Died December 5, 1862, in hospital, at New Albany, Indiana.

George W. Huddleston. Enlisted March 5, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 10, 1863. Killed by guerrillas in Clinton county, July 20, 1863.

Peter Lawler. Enlisted August 11, 1861. [Never mustered.] Died of disease in hospital at Washington, D. C., December 6, 1861.

Travis Moore. Enlisted August 1, 1861. [Never mustered.] Killed in action at Wild Cat, October 20, 1861.

Wesley Murphy. Enlisted August 1, 1861. Died near Somerset, Ky., Deeember 11, 1861.

Peter O'Brien. Enlisted September 5, 1861. Died in hospital in New Albany, Indiana, April 10, 1864.

Stephen Purdy. Enlisted August 1, 1861. [Never mustered.] Died at Camp Dick Robinson, October 1, 1861.

William Quinn. Enlisted August 1, 1861. Killed at Bradfordsville, Ky., January 10, 1863.

James M. Rivers. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died June 3, 1862, in hospital at Columbia, Tennessee.

James Sexton. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Died November 1, 1861, in Rockcastle county, Ky.

William Shipp. Enlisted October 3, 1862. Mustered in at Munfordville, Ky., November 1, 1862. Killed at Saloma, Ky., May 31, 1864.

James Toner. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Killed at Camp Williams, Ky., December 26, 1861.

John Tucker. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Died at New Albany, Indiana, December 6, 1862.

To the above list of deaths should be added the names of Wm. T. Carter, Wm. P. Minton, and Bennett B. Sapp, who died in Rebel prisons, and John D. Sanders, killed at Hillsboro, Ga., July 31, 1864.

DESERTERS.

Number reported on Company roll, 8.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	44
Absent	1
Absent wounded	1
Absent in Rebel prisons	3
Recruits transferred	17
Total belonging to Company at muster out	66

LOSSES.

Resigned	3
Discharged for promotion	2
Discharged for wounds and sickness	8
Killed and died	20
Deserted	8
Total losses	41
Total belonging to the Company	107

COMPANY E.

This Company was enrolled in Madison county, but some of its members belonged to Jackson and other surrounding counties. Entered the service at Camp Dick Robinson, in August, the exact date not known. Men principally enlisted by Capt. Boston Dillion and Maj. W. A. Coffey. Mustered in and out with the rest of the regiment.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. Boston Dillion. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Resigned December 2, 1862.

Capt. Franklin W. Dillion. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Entered the service as 1st Lieutenant. Promoted Captain, December 2, 1862. Captured at Fishing Creek, May 25, 1863.

1st Lieutenant John Kimbrell. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Entered the service as Sergeant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, June 10, 1862. Absent at time of muster out.

2d Lieutenant Wm. P. Ballard. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Commissary Serg. Sidney Benge. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Promoted from private, November 24, 1863.

Serg. David Benge. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Promoted from private, January 1, 1863.

Serg. Joseph Davis. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Promoted from private, July 1, 1863.

Serg. Ansil D. Martin. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, March 1, 1862.

Serg. John Warren. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Mustered in December 31, 1861, at Somerset, Ky. Promoted from private, May 1, 1864. Wounded, November 14, 1863.

Corp. Hardin Coyle. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

Corp. Benjamin F. Rose. Enlisted September 10, 1863. Entered the service as a private.

Corp. Daniel L. Ballard. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Entered the service as a private.

Corp. Daniel Doolin. Enlisted July 24, 1861. Entered the service as a private in the Third Kentucky Infantry, July 24, 1861. Joined by transfer, March 17, 1863.

PRIVATES.

Merril Baker. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

David Baker. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Captured on Stoneman's raid, July 30, 1864.

Sandford Baker. Enlisted August 26, 1861.

James G. Benge. Enlisted September 10, 1861.

John T. Benge. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Hiram Bown. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

William C. Burnett. Enlisted September 10, 1861, in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry. Joined by transfer, December 1, 1863. Prisoner of war from September 25, 1863, to December 15, 1864, and then exchanged.

Patrick Craton. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John H. Chrisman. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

William H. Creed. Enlisted February 27, 1862. Mustered in at Somerset, February 28, 1862.

William H. Clifft. Enlisted February 22, 1861. [Must be a mistake, but it is according to Company roll.] Mustered in October 28, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Francis M. Durham. Enlisted September 10, 1861.

Alford Foote. Enlisted September 10, 1861.

Thomas R. Grinstead. Enlisted January 5, 1862. Mustered in at Bardstown, Ky., February 28, 1862. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

George P. Hopper. Entered the service in the Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers. Joined by transfer, January 5, 1861.

James T. Haley. Enlisted November 6, 1861.

George Hurst. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Missing in action near Sevierville, Tennessee, January 28, 1864. Returned to command September 2, 1864.

Elbridge W. Kelly. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

John Lamb. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Mustered out January 14, 1865.

Robert Lamb. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

Jeremiah Lamb. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

James Lamb. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Timothy Lakes. Enlisted October 15, 1861. Wounded at Cassville, Ga., May 24, 1864.

Thomas J. Mullins. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

Nathan McQueen. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

Alexander Moore. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

Uriah McNelly. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

Thomas J. North. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

Irvin Orchard. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

Michael Parker. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Christopher Shiflet. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

Joshua Shiflet. Enlisted September 10, 1861.

William Shockey. Enlisted August 25, 1861.

James R. Sims. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Captured on the Stoneman raid, July 30, 1864.

William B. Stilo. Enlisted October 15, 1861. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., August 10, 1865.

William Turner, Jr. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Jeremiah A. Todd. Enlisted September 15, 1861.

Thomas H. Williams. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Daniel M. White. Enlisted August 16, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

Joseph David. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Discharged November 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.

John M. Foley. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, September 20, 1862.

John S. Fields. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Discharged March 5, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Hiram Gray. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Elisha Harrison. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

John W. Hubbard. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged at Camp Dick Robinson, September 28, 1861.

Jessee Hurst. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Shelbyville, Tennessee.

James R. Isaacs. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged January 5, 1863, at Louisville, Ky.

William Jimerson. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged April 10, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.

Overton Kindred. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Discharged May 1, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

John P. Kelly. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Discharged May 1, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

George W. Mathew. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, May 25, 1862.

Jessee Roberts. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Crab Orchard, Ky., November 20, 1861.

Harvey Scarbrough. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Louisville, Ky.

William Turner, Sr. Enlisted September 16, 1861. Discharged May 1, 1862, at Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Basil V. Vanwinkle. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Moses Williams. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

John Wells. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged June 1, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

William H. Young. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged April 10, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED.

Smith Byrse. Enlisted August 3, 1863. Mustered in at Oak Forest, Ky., August 31, 1863. Prisoner of war from September 29, 1863, to July 1, 1864. Exchanged and returned to command.

Andrew J. Cruse. Enlisted January 11, 1863. Mustered in February 28, 1863, at Danville, Ky.

Shelby Gregory. Enlisted August 25, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Oak Forest, Ky.

John Mathis. Enlisted July 25, 1863. Mustered in August 31, 1863, at Oak Forest. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Samuel Todd. Enlisted March 21, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 30, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

KILLED AND DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Serg. Absalom Adams. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Killed in action at Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.

James H. Blackburn, Farrier. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Died February 26, 1862, at Rolling Fork, Ky.

Wallace Baker. Enlisted January 12, 1861. [Must be a mistake.] Died May 5, 1862, at Glasgow, Ky.

Joseph Baker. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Killed by a citizen in Madison county, Ky., September 10, 1864.

Levi Baker. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Died August 20, 1864, at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

James F. Benge. Enlisted October 15, 1861. Died February 14, 1862, at Somerset, Ky.

Jonathan Burk. Enlisted April 18, 1863. Mustered in April 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Died of disease at Baltimore, Maryland, contracted in Rebel prison.

Daniel Cogle. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Died June 1, 1862, at Shelbyville, Tennessee.

Haywood G. Fields. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Died September 20, 1861, at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.

Thomas J. Fields. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Died at Somerset, Ky., February 16, 1862.

John B. Harrison. Enlisted September 10, 1862. Died February 15, 1862, at Somerset, Ky.

Moses Jones. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Died February 10, 1864, in Madison County, Ky.

Adam R. Lain. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Killed by a citizen, February 16, 1862, in Madison county, Ky.

Samuel Woods. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Died at Wild Cat, Ky., November 5, 1861.

Henry O. Wilds. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Killed in action at Lost Mountain, Ga., June 10, 1864.

DESERTERS.

Number reported on Company roll, 12.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	39
Absent	3
Absent in Rebel prisons	11
Recruits transferred inclusive of two in prison	3
Total belonging to Company at muster out	56

LOSSES.

Resigned	1
Discharged	20
Killed and died*	15
Deserted	12
Total losses	48
Total belonging to Company during term of service	104

*No report of those who died in prison.

COMPANY F.

This Company was enlisted in Casey county, and most of its members were from there, but several were from other counties, and also from East Tennessee, among whom were Lieut. O. M. Dodson and Lieut. Wm. B. Kelley. Entered the service at Camp Dick Robinson in August. Mustered in and out with the regiment.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. Jarrard W. Jenkins. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Killed at battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862.

Capt. Robert C. Blain. Enlisted August 25, 1861. Promoted from 2d Lieutenant November 13, 1862.

1st Lieutenant George C. Jenkins. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Resigned November 13, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Oliver M. Dodson. Enlisted August 30, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant November 13, 1862.

2d Lieutenant Wm. B. Kelley. Enlisted August 30, 1861. Promoted from Corporal November 13, 1862. Resigned on account of wounds, July, 1863.

2d Lieutenant Richard E. Huffman. Enlisted August 26, 1863, and appointed to office the same day.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st Sergeant Monroe Godbey. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant November 13, 1862.

Serg. Wm. J. D. Norton. Enlisted August 30, 1861.

Serg. Thomas Jenkins. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Serg. James R. Ellison. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Promoted from Corporal July 15, 1862.

Serg. Wm. E. Fisher. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Promoted from Corporal March 20, 1864, to Commissary Sergeant.

Corp. Henry C. Marlanse. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Henry Gose. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Corp. Wm. R. Wilson. Enlisted October 7, 1861. Promoted from private November 13, 1862.

Corp. George W. Spaw. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Joseph Denney. Enlisted September 15, 1861.

Chas. Chamberlain, Farrier. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

PRIVATES.

Isaac Barnett. Enlisted August 30, 1861. Absent sick in hospital at Jeffersonville, Indiana, since June 9, 1862.

Thomas Bell. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

Abram Brown. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

James A. Cochran. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

John Dick. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Geo. W. Dickson. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

John W. Dickson. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Tyler Dye. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

James K. Eads. Enlisted October 5, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John F. Emmerson. Enlisted October 5, 1861.

John Estes. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

John M. Hatfield. Enlisted October 7, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Perry C. Hicks. Enlisted August 2[illegible], 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Jacob Humbird. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 17, 1863.

George Lanham. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Absent.

John Lucas. Enlisted August 6, 1861.

Willis Lucas. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

James McKee. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Timothy Minton. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Cyrenus Morgan. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Wm. F. Pittman. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Sampson Pruett. Enlisted August 7, 1861.

William Pruett. Enlisted October 7, 1861. Captured near Dandridge, Tennessee, January 20, 1863.

Jessee Rich. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

Pleasant P. Rich. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

George C. Riffe. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

James Roads. Enlisted September 18, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William Rogers. Enlisted October 6, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Wm. C. Russell. Enlisted and mustered in November 1, 1861, at Columbia, Ky.

John Sercy. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Mastan Semonius. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

James W. Sewards. Enlisted October 10, 1861.

Berryman Shelton. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

George W. Stephens. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Fountain Thomas. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

John W. Thompson. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

George P. Thornton. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Davis Trusty. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

Josiah Wesley. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

William Wesley. Enlisted and mustered in at Columbia, Ky., November 1, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY AND WOUNDS.

Serg. John Henderson. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Discharged at Shelbyville, Tennessee, July 16, 1862.

William Bays. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, December, 1861.

Robert C. Beard. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Discharged at Shelbyville, Tennessee, July 16, 1862.

Fletcher Dye. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Discharged at Shelbyville, Tennessee, July 16, 1862.

James W. Gadberry. Enlisted and mustered in Novem-

ber 1, 1861, at Columbia, Ky. Discharged at Louisville, Ky., on account of wounds received February, 1862.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED.

Serg. Franklin Shelton. Enlisted and mustered in at Bardstown, Ky., March 1, 1862.

Benj. F. Austin. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., September 4, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Jacob Bacon. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 20, 1863.

Robert A. Bell. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 8, 1863.

Tilford Burton. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., April 1, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William S. Burton. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 8, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged July 20, 1864.

Thomas C. Carver. Enlisted July 25, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 30, 1863.

Britton Chumly. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in August 15, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Samuel Chumly. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

William Cook. Enlisted June 5, 1863. Mustered in July 5, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

George W. Dalton. Enlisted July 10, 1863. Mustered in July 20, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Thomas D. Dalton. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., July 10, 1863.

William B. Dalton. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., July 10, 1863.

Jeremiah Dawse. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged July 20, 1864.

William Dodson. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., July, 5, 1863.

John Dunsmore. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered

in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Thomas Eads. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

William Eads. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

Hardin Floyd. Enlisted and mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 25, 1863.

Matthew Floyd. Enlisted and mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 25, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Thomas B. Graybeal. Enlisted and mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 25, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Gordon Hill. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

Marion Jasper. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in August 15, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Samuel Lane. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

Thomas Lay. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

John Lovelace. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., March 10, 1863.

John A. McDaniel. Enlisted July 25, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 30, 1863.

William J. McDaniel. Enlisted July 25, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 30, 1863.

William McQuerry. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 5, 1863.

George New. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 25, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Thomas New. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 25, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

James R. Pardun. Enlisted July 25, 1863. Mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 30, 1863. Captured at Fairmount, Ga., June 20, 1864.

William Stapleton. Enlisted August 5, 1863. Mustered in August 13, 1863, at Louisville, Ky. Mustered out May 25, 1865, at Lexington, Ky.

Thos. Thompson. Enlisted August 6, 1863. Mustered in at Louisville, Ky., August 10, 1863. Captured at Rutledge, Tennessee, December 16, 1863.

John Toombs. Enlisted and mustered in at Louisville, Ky., July 6, 1863.

William R. Vanhoosier. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 5, 1863.

John C. Meddle. Enlisted and mustered in at Stanford, Ky., March 1, 1863.

Joshua F. Wesley. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 15, 1863.

Thomas G. Wood. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 11, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William Wood. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 11, 1863.

KILLED IN BATTLE AND DIED.

Corp. George Morgan. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Died March 20, 1862, in hospital, at Lexington, Ky.

James Butram. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Died September 15, 1863, near Monticello, Ky., of wounds received.

John H. Dye. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Died October, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

Andrew J. Nolan. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Died at Paintsville, Ky., January 10, 1862.

Wm. M. Parten. Enlisted and mustered in at Danville, Ky., July 30, 1863. Died November 18, 1863, in hospital, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

Cyrenus Roberds. Enlisted October 7, 1861. Died March 10, 1862, at home.

Harrison Roberts. Enlisted October 7, 1861. Died November 5, 1861, at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.

Wm. Rowton. Enlisted August 6, 1861. Killed in battle of Dutton Hill, Ky., March 30, 1863.

Daniel G. Meddle. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Died August 11, 1862, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Franklin Weddle. Enlisted August 27, 1861. Died at home, March 25, 1863.

Robert Wiatt. Enlisted October 15, 1863. Died July 10, 1862, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Thomas Wood. Enlisted August 8, 1863. Mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 10, 1863. Killed in action at Knoxville, Tennessee, November 21, 1863

DESERTERS.

Number reported on Company roll, 19.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	39
Absent, sick, and otherwise	2
Absent in Rebel prisons, including recruits	23
Recruits transferred exclusive of prisoners	31
Total belonging to Company at muster out	95

LOSSES.

Resigned	1
Discharged for disability	4
Killed in battle	3
Died of wounds	1
Died of disease	9
Deserted	19
Total losses	37
Total belonging to Company during term of service	132

COMPANY G.

From the county of Garrard. Entered the service August 24, 1861. Men mostly entered at Camp Dick Robinson. Mustered in October 28, 1861, and mustered out with the regiment at Camp Nelson, Ky., December 31, 1864.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. Thornton K. Hackley. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Resigned November 14, 1862.

Capt. Irvine Burton. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Promoted from 1st Lieutenant to Captain, November 14, 1862.

Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Escaped the Rebel guards at Charleston, S. C., about the 1st of September, 1864. After remaining concealed for some time, made his way through to our lines, and was mustered out by order of the War Department, November 14, 1864.

1st Lieutenant Wm. D. Carpenter. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Promoted from 2d Lieutenant, November 14, 1862, and also appointed Adjutant. [See Field and Staff.]

2d Lieutenant Henry S. Robson. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Resigned June 15, 1862.

2d Lieutenant Daniel Murphy. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant, November 14, 1862. Wounded in action, and captured near Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st Sergeant James W. Ross. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Serg. Asa M. Saddler. Enlisted October 17, 1861.

Serg. James F. Spratt. Enlisted September 26, 1861. Captured on Sanders's raid in East Tennessee, June, 1863. Returned to command in Georgia, July, 1864.

Serg. Wm. B. Saddler. Enlisted October 17, 1861.

Corp. John L. Pond. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Corp. Richard Hukle. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Captured near Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Exchanged December 2, 1864.

Corp. Miles M. Chandler. Enlisted September 3, 1861.

Corp. Joseph Hicks. Enlisted September 7, 1861. Wounded at Dutton Hill, March 30, 1863.

Corp. Hiram Roberts. Enlisted September 26, 1861. Captured near Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Returned December 20, 1864.

Corp. Robert Raney. Enlisted October 28, 1861.

Corp. John E. Wright. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. John T. Brooks. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

James Kern, Bugler. Enlisted October 6, 1861.

Samuel Blackerby, Farrier. Enlisted October 1, 1861.

Benj. Merrill, Farrier. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863

PRIVATES.

Thomas Austin. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

John R. Asher. Enlisted September 18, 1861.

Thos. Adkinson. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

John H. Burton. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October, 1863.

Alex. Bland. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Morreau B. Bruner. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Thomas Blake. Enlisted September 8, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. [Mustered out with the regiment December 31, 1864, but date of his return from prison not stated.]

Charles Cummings. Enlisted September 18, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., June 5, 1865.

William Cooley. Enlisted September 8, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John A. Dunn. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Luther M. Elliott. Enlisted September 15, 1861.

Gabriel Greenleaf. Enlisted September 7, 1861.

Alexander Hicks. Enlisted October 6, 1861.

Thos. Hughes. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1862.

James Hamach. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Absalom Jeffries. Enlisted September 3, 1861.

William M. Layton. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Was separated from his command by the enemy from December 31, 1863, to February 29, 1864.

William Layton. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Daniel Miller. Enlisted October 24, 1861.

John Mahar. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Thos. Murphy. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Michael Purcell. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Alexander Ross. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

James P. Speake. Enlisted August 24, 1861

Charles Simpson. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Edward Saddler. Enlisted October 7, 1861.

William A. Stotts. Enlisted September 3, 1861.

Sidney Tudor. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Wounded and captured at Macon, Ga., July 31, 1864. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., July 1, 1865.

David R. Totten. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

Allen Vincent. Enlisted September 13, 1861

Joseph Vaugn. Enlisted October 5, 1861.

Wm. M. Vaugn. Enlisted October 5, 1861.

James B. Wall. Enlisted August 24, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY, ETC.

1st Sergeant Joseph H. Kennedy. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, May 15, 1862.

Serg. Wm. Sherod. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Discharged December 20, 1862.

Serg. Thomas Wheritt. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Acted as Adjutant until organization of regiment, when he was discharged by order of Gen. George H. Thomas, to fill a position with his Staff.

Serg. Eugene W. Miller. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Discharged by order of General Geo. H. Thomas.

James O. Lynn, Bugler. Enlisted October 6, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Ky., December 15, 1861.

Humphrey Best, Farrier. Enlisted December 1, 1861. Mustered in December 20, 1861, at Columbia, Ky. Discharged May 1, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

John M. Anderson. Enlisted August 24, 1861. [Date and place of discharge for disability not given.]

Wm. Hurt. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, May 15, 1862.

John Purcell. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Discharged December 15, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

Jonathan Harvey. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, May 15, 1862.

John M. Roberts. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, May 15, 1862.

James F. Williamson. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Discharged July 15, 1862.

TRANSFERRED.

Serg. Aaron C. Austin. Enlisted May 1, 1862. Mustered in at Nashville, Tennessee, May 18, 1862. Wounded at Bean's Station, Tennessee, December 14, 1863. Mustered out May 2, 1865.

Wm. J. Armstrong. Enlisted September 12, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Henry Brannan. Enlisted October 16, 1863. Mustered in October 31, 1863.

Samuel Hancock. Enlisted August 4, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863.

James K. Layton. Enlisted and mustered in at Danville, Ky., February 28, 1863.

John Morris. Enlisted August 4, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863.

James Richardson. Enlisted July 1, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863.

John Scott. Enlisted August 10, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863.

Marion Sparks. Enlisted September 12, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863.

Christopher Willis. Enlisted January 15, 1862. Mustered in at Bardstown, Ky., April 30, 1862.

John R. Easton. Enlisted August 15, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Henry Eaton. Enlisted June 1, 1863. Mustered in at Knoxville, Tennessee, September 15, 1863.

KILLED AND DIED.

James Ball. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Killed in battle at Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.

Charles Bland. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Died May 1, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

Wm. Broadus. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Died of wounds received in difficulty in Madison county, February, 1863.

Chas. Buzd. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Died August 20, 1862, at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Thomas Austin. Enlisted September 8, 1861. Died

February 12, 1864, from wounds received from guerrillas.

John Campbell. Enlisted October 20, 1861. Died February 1, 1863, at Lebanon, Ky.

Thomas Doolin. Enlisted September 10, 1861. Died May 15, 1862, of accidental gun-shot wound at Pulaski, Tennessee.

Robert Elkins. Enlisted October 6, 1861. Died February 25, 1864, at Lancaster, Ky.

Samuel Fitch. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Killed in battle of Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.

John Hart. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Died April 15, 1862, in Garrard county, Ky.

Hebsom Layor. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Died April 15, 1862, in Jessamine county, Ky.

Sidney Murphy. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Died in Madison county, Ky., December 31, 1861.

Moses Teater. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Died January 12, 1862' at Paintsvllle, Ky.

Marion Warren. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Drowned November 8, 1864, in Paint Lick Creek, Madison county, Ky.

DESERTERS.

Number reported on Company roll, 8.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	41
Absent wounded	1
Absent in Rebel prisons, including recruits	10
Recruits transferred excluding prisoners	10
Total belonging to Company at muster out	62

LOSSES.

Resigned	2
Mustered out—time expired	1
Discharged	12
Killed and died*	14
Deserted	8
Total losses	37
Total belonging to Company during term of service	99

*No report of those who died in prison.

COMPANY H.

This Company was from Wayne county, and made up from several squads entering Camp Dick Robinson at different times. The exact date of the entrance of any of these squads is not known. It is probable that Captain Alexander with about twenty men, reached there about the 1st of September, 1861. The Company was organized at Camp Dick Robinson, mustered in October 28, 1861, and mustered out, December 31, 1864

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. F. N. Alexander. Enlisted July 1, 1861. Promoted to Colonel of the Thirtieth Kentucky Infantry, April 5, 1864. [According to Company roll he was promoted to Major in the Thirtieth Kentucky Infantry, April 14, 1863.]

Capt. James G. Dick. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Promoted from 2d to 1st Lieutenant, September 1, 1862. Promoted Captain, December 27, 1863.

1st Lieutenant Chas. W. Huffaker. Enlisted July 1, 1861. Resigned September 1, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Samuel Duncan. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Promoted from private to 1st Lieutenant, December 27, 1863. Transferred.

2d Lieutenant Wm. M. Haley. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant, September 1, 1862. Resigned February 5, 1864.

2d Lieutenant Abraham Grubb. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant, March 27, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st Serg. Wm. A. Butler. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, May 1, 1864.

Serg. Isaac Chrisman. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, April 1, 1864.

Serg. Gibson P. Dick. Enlisted September 14, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, April 1, 1864.

Serg. Henry F. Smith. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, April 1, 1864.

Serg. Nicholas N. Keith. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, January 1, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Serg. Edward Sharp. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, September 1, 1864. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Drury Massengale. Enlisted September 14, 1861. Appointed September 1, 1862.

Corp. Wm. B. Ingram. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Appointed September 1, 1863.

Corp. James Dobbs. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Appointed January 1, 1864.

Corp. Matthew F. Worley. Enlisted September 14, 1861. Appointed September 1, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. John W. Guffey. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Appointed January 1, 1863.

Corp. George R. Dick. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Appointed January 1, 1864.

Corp. Wiley Sumpter. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Appointed Corporal December 15, 1864.

Corp. Wm. Thornton. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Appointed December 15, 1864.

Geo. W. Morris, Bugler. Enlisted October, 1861. Appointed bugler, October 29, 1861.

Francis M. Sullins, Farrier. Enlisted November 3, 1861. Appointed Farrier, October 29, 1861.

Richard O. Warner, Wagoner. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Appointed wagoner, June 1, 1863.

PRIVATES.

John Allen. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

James Allen. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

McCajah C. Bottoms. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Jos. N. Bottoms. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Adison C. Blacketer. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

David H. Blacketer. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Charles Bunis. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Henry C. Burns. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Jos. H. Cooley. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

John L. Cail. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

James Cail. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Clinton, Ga., August 1, 1864.

Francis M. Carpenter. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Mustered out at Louisville, June 20, 1865.

George N. Eads. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Frank Edwards. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

William Gooden. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Williams, Ky., December 31, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged September 1, 1864.

Jonas Grubbs. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Richard Gabeheart. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., July 1, 1865.

Preston Head. Enlisted October 14, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged June 18, 1864.

Jeremiah V. Hair. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Andrew Hardin. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Nathan W. Handcock. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Patrick Hill. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Wm. L. Hicks. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Jacob Jones. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Martin Kidd. Enlisted September 14, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

James C. Kellykee. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Jno. E. H. Lowe. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

James N. Lowe. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Squire Luttrell. Enlisted December 9, 1861. Mustered in at Camp Williams, January 1, 1862.

David McCleneham. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

Spencer Morris. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

James Mullins. Enlisted Jeptember 1, 1861.

Mark W. Mullins. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Wesley W. Mullins. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Maryville, Tennessee, November 20, 1863.

Charles H. Mullins. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Leven Merrit. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Charles Merrit. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Williams, December 9, 1861.

John F. Mills. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Wm. C. McDonald. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Williams, December 15, 1861.

Wm. P. Martin. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Granville Morgan. Enlisted September 14, 1861.

Andrew S. Owens. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Returned December 24, 1864.

George W. Perden. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Joel Rednows. Enlisted October 1, 1861.

Jefferson Rednows. Enlisted September 1, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John Rednows. Enlisted and mustered in November 8, 1861, at Camp Williams.

Nelson C. Stephens. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Macon, Ga., August 1, 1864.

Jos. Sumpter. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Returned December 27, 1864.

Archibald Sharpe. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Wounded at Mill Springs, Ky.

George W. Sandusky. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged October 15, 1864.

Even Wallen. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Dick Robinson, November 30, 1861.

Chas. B. White. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Isaac White. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged December 15, 1864.

Johnson White. Enlisted September 1, 1861.

Elijah Waters. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

John Waters. Enlisted October 14, 1861.

James T. White. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Martin H. Cail. Enlisted September 1, 1861. Discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability at Nashville, Tennessee.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED.

Thomas Bates. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Isaac Baker. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., July 1, 1863. Prisoner of war from November 10, 1863.

Reuben T. Bates. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., July 1, 1863.

Nicholas N. Bates. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., August 10, 1863.

Charles Boston. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Jiles Daniel. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 10, 1863.

Philip Denton. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

George Dehart. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

John W. Garner. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Henry B. Guffey. Enlisted and mustered in at Danville, Ky., March 1, 1863.

James Huckeby. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 14, 1863.

Peter Morris. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863. Captured near Chilton, Ga., August 1, 1864.

Thomas Morris. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Mark Morris. Enlisted and mustered in January 1, 1863, at Lebanon, Ky.

Richard R. Massengale. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

John Snodgrass. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., August 10, 1863.

Thomas B. Simpson. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

James Selvy. Enlisted and mustered in at Somerset, Ky., July 1, 1863. Captured near Maryville, Tennessee, November 20, 1863.

John W. Thurman. Enlisted and mustered in August 10, 1863, at Someset, Ky.

George B. Walker. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Willis West. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863.

Isaac Young. Enlisted and mustered in August 10, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

KILLED AND DIED IN THE SERVICE.

Frank Decker. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Killed in battle of Wild Cat, October 21, 1861.

George Duncan. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died January 28, 1862, from wounds received in battle of Mill Springs, January 19.

Samuel Ingram. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died April 20, 1864, at Knoxville, Tennessee.

James Owsley. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died April 15, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.

James Prock. Enlisted and mustered in August 10, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Died July 14, 1864, in hospital, at Nashville, Tennessee.

John Packle. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Killed May 10, 1862, in personal difficulty at Monticello, Ky.

Martin Bunis. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died April 9, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Eli Martin. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died November 15, 1862, at Nashville, Tennessee.

James Lowe. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died January 1, 1862, at Camp Williams, Ky.

George W. Eller. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Killed February 10, 1863, in personal difficulty in Wayne county, Ky.

George W. Allen. Enlisted and mustered in at Lebanon, Ky., January 1, 1863. Drowned in Licking River, April 30, 1864.

Joseph M. Sharp. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died May 10, 1862, from wounds.

Cleveland Wallen. Enlisted October 14, 1861. Died of fever in Casey county, Ky., February 9, 1862

DESERTERS.

Number reported on Company roll, 9.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	65
Absent in Rebel prisons, including recruits	15
Recruits transferred, excluding prisoners	25
Total belonging to Company at muster out	105

LOSSES.

Promoted in other regiments	1
Resigned	2
Discharged	1
Killed and died*	13
Deserted	9
Total losses	26
Total belonging to Company during its term of service	131

*No report of those who died in prison.

COMPANY I.

Company I was organized at Mackville, Washington county, Ky., in July, 1861. Was first organized with about fifty men, and drilled for a while at Mackville. The first intention of the Company was to cross the Ohio river at Louisville and enter the service at Camp Joe Holt, but before marching, Camp Dick Robinson was established, and they went to that point and joined the First Kentucky Cavalry. Mustered in October 28, 1861. Mustered out December 31, 1864. Date of entering Camp Dick Robinson not exactly known.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. John Smith. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Wounded near Wild Cat, October, 1861. Resigned November 6, 1862.

Capt. Alexander Smith. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant, November 6, 1862. Resigned June 14, 1864.

Capt. James S. Pankey. Enlisted October 20, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, November 1, 1861; to Captain, June 14, 1864.

1st Lieutenant James M. Mayes. Enlisted August, 1861. Resigned on account of disability, November 13, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Buford Scott. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Promoted from private, November 13, 1862. Resigned April 5, 1864.

1st Lieutenant Thomas J. Graves. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant, February 5, 1864.

2d Lieutenant Alexander Thompson. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Died at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., October 30, 1861.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Commissary Serg. Abraham F. Debaum. Enlisted August 22, 1861. Promoted from private. Wounded in action at Fair Garden, Tennessee, January 28, 1864.

Q. M. Sergeant James Noel. Enlisted and mustered in at Camp Owens, Ky., November 2, 1861. Promoted from private.

1st Sergeant James E. Gillespie. Enlisted September 5, 1861. Acted as clerk for Surgeon John A. Brady, and also for Quartermaster M. H. Blackford. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. After many adventures escaped and returned to his command, August 14, 1864. [See account in another part of this work.]

Serg. Francis M. Willis. Enlisted September 4, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, March 23, 1864.

Serg. John K. Anderson. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Promoted from Corporal. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Returned November, 1864.

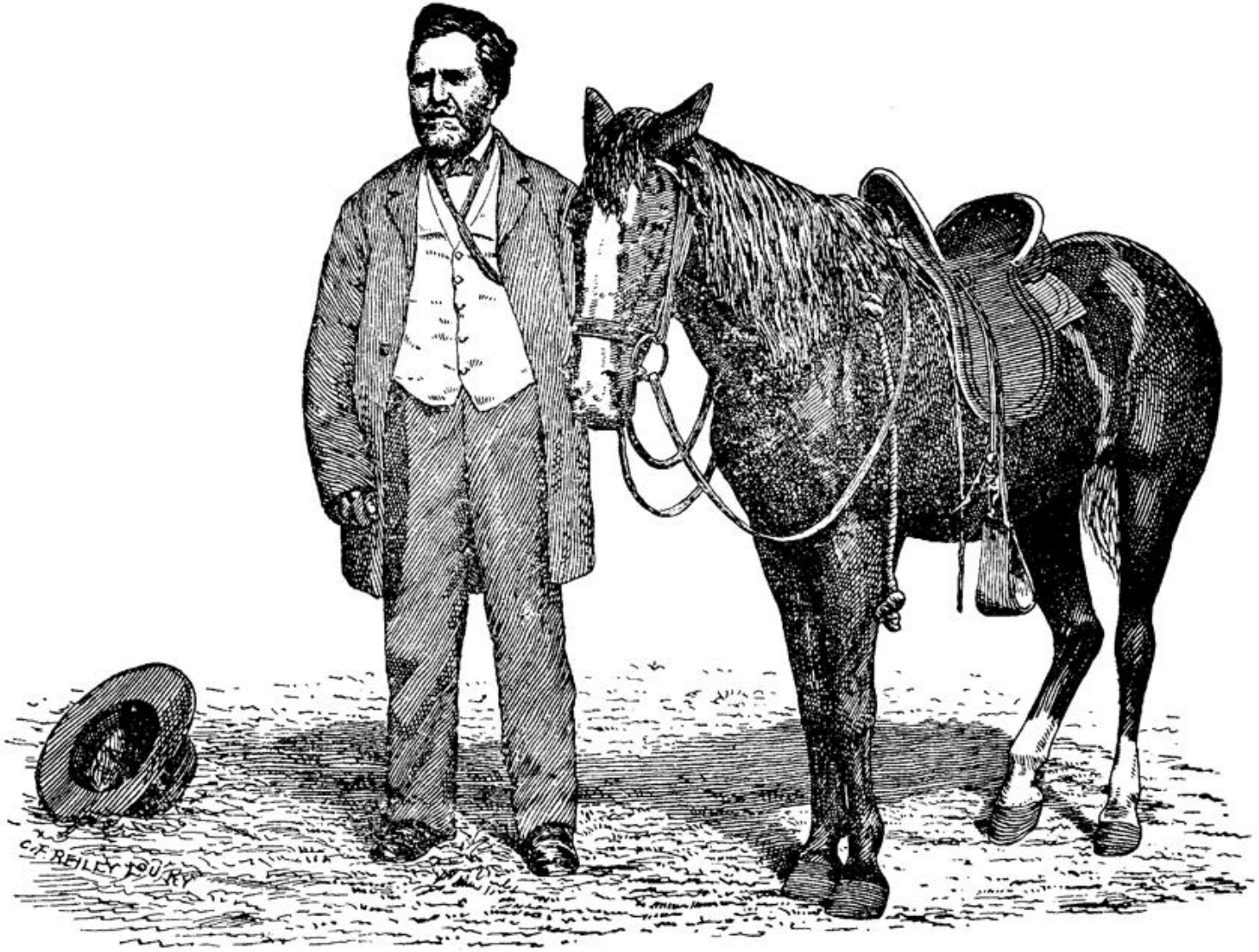
Serg. Adam Petry. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Promoted from private, July 16, 1864.

Corp. Cornelius Vannoy. Enlisted October 3, 1864. Promoted to Corporal, 1862.

Corp. Henry P. Cull. Enlisted September 9, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. John W. Mayes. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1861. Died in Rebel prison.

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CHAPLAIN W. H. HONNELL.

Corp. Mark Smock. Enlisted September 5, 1861. Promoted Corporal March 23, 1864.

Corp. Overton Mayes. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Promoted Corporal March 23, 1864.

Corp. James Divine. Enlisted September 4, 1861. Promoted Corporal, 1863.

Corp. Levi Funk. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

PRIVATES.

John D. Adams. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Captured near Maryville, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Jordan Burns. Enlisted September 5, 1861.

Nathaniel Burns. Enlisted October 3, 1861.

Calvin Badgett. Enlisted ———, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.

Napoleon B. Broadas. Enlisted October 12, 1861.

Tarleton Broadas. Enlisted September 3, 1861.

Daniel Cay. Enlisted August 24, 1861. Absent at time of muster out. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., August 16, 1865.

Caleb Cahil. Enlisted September 27, 1861.

William Cheatham. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Absent at muster out. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., July 14, 1865.

George W. Divine. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

William S. Gowins. Enlisted September 4, 1861.

John Gordon. Enlisted September 25, 1861. Absent.

John A. Gillespie. Enlisted August 4, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Mustered out June 12, 1865, at Louisville, Ky.

Bailey Hardin. Enlisted September 4, 1861. Absent. Mustered out at Louisville, June 21, 1865.

James Hayes. Enlisted September 4, 1861.

Francis Hellard. Enlisted September 13, 1861.

Simeon Hellard. Enlisted August 23, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William Huffman. Enlisted November 2, 1861, at Camp Owens. Wounded August 15, 1863, at Harrodsburg, Ky. Leg amputated.

Marion Lay. Enlisted October 6, 1861.

Nathaniel Lawson. Enlisted September 4, 1861. Captured near Maryville, November 14, 1863. Exchanged December 27, 1864.

Michael Noel. Enlisted September 5, 1861.

John Petry. Enlisted October 28, 1861.

Elijah Owin. Enlisted October 27, 1861.

John Robinson. Enlisted September 13, 1861. Wounded and captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

James Riley. Enlisted October 11, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

William G. Spraggins. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

William Taylor. Enlisted October 4, 1861.

Joseph T. Trowbridge. Enlisted September 9, 1861. Absent.

John A. Watkins. Enlisted September 22, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged February, 1864.

Jesse Wood. Enlisted October 6, 1861.

Robert Yeast. Enlisted October 16, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 28, 1863. Died in prison.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1st Sergeant William S. Tyre. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

Sergeant Isaac Salley. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., October 30, 1862.

Serg. Joseph Mayes. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., ———, 1862.

Corp. John Foster. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

Corp. William Wickersham. Enlisted September 15, 1861. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., 1862.

John Elkins. Enlisted September 6, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

George W. Gibbs. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, 1862.

Daniel Good. Enlisted September 9, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

Henry Gillespie. Enlisted at Bardstown, Ky., April 1, 1862. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April, 1862.

John H. Hardin. Enlisted September 16, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

Samuel Harmon. Enlisted April 1, 1862. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., February 25, 1863.

Orin J. Isham. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged for wounds received in action at Lebanon, Tennessee, May 5, 1862.

James Lawson. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., in 1862

David Larrence. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

John Smith. Enlisted October 10, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1862.

Joseph Trowbridge. Enlisted September 9, 1861. Discharged at Lebanon, Ky., February 7, 1863.

Milton White. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Discharged at Nashville, Tennessee, April 28, 1862.

DIED.

Serg. Ludwel C. Veatch. Enlisted October 10, 1862. Died at Cornishville, Ky., March 23, 1864.

Farrier Lafayette R. Reding. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Died near Thomson, Ky., April 4, 1863.

Crawford Brady. Enlisted October 3, 1861. Died April 10, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.

Timothy Corn. Enlisted September 3, 1861. Died February 28, 1862, at Lexington, Ky.

Jacob Funk. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Died April 1, 1862, near Mackville, Ky.

Bascom Peter. Enlisted August 16, 1861. Died October 30, 1861, at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.

George Ray. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Died in 1862, at Mackville, Ky.

KILLED.

1st Sergeant M. Pankey. Enlisted September 5, 1861. Killed while on furlough at Harrodsburg, December 8, 1864, by a State Guard.

John Brock. Enlisted August 13, 1863. Killed by accident near Knoxville, Tennessee, September 1, 1863.

John Y. Divine. Enlisted September 1, 1863. Killed by guerrillas on Beaver Creek, Ky., April 3, 1864.

Stephen Foster. Enlisted September 25, 1861. Killed at siege of Knoxville, Tennessee, November 18, 1863.

Samuel Green. Enlisted April 1, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky. Killed by guerrillas near Mackville, Ky., November 26, 1864.

Simeon Humphrey. Enlisted September 5, 1861. Killed at Willisburg, Ky., in 1864.

James Mariman. Enlisted October 15, 1861. Killed in skirmish near Wild Cat, Ky., October 20, 1861.

TRANSFERRED.

Richard P. Calvin. Enlisted August 10, 1863.

George Divine. Enlisted September 1, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Taylor Harmon. Enlisted at Columbia, Tennessee, August 8, 1862. Mustered out at Lexington, July 1, 1865.

John Howard. Enlisted at Somerset, Ky., April 1, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.

Jacob Isham. Enlisted September 1, 1863. Wounded in skirmish near Mud Lick Springs, Ky.

Jordan Petry. Enlisted August 1, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Samuel Tatum. Enlisted July 19, 1863. Mustered out at Louisville, Ky., October 6, 1865.

John Tatum. Enlisted April 1, 1862, at Bardstown, Ky.

DESERTED.

Number reported on Company roll, 7.

RECAPITULATION.

Present at muster-out of regiment	32
Absent	5
Absent in Rebel prison, including recruits	7
Recruits transferred	7
Total belonging to Company at muster-out	51

LOSSES.

Resigned	4
One officer lost by death	1
Discharged	17
Died of disease	7
Died in Rebel prisons	4
Killed	8
Deserted	7
Total Losses	48
Total belonging to Company during service	99

COMPANY J.

Enlisted in Cumberland county, Ky. The date of the organization of this Company has not been ascertained. Its enlistments commenced July 25, 1861, but its greatest number took place on the 20th day of August, and it is probable that the Company organized on that day. The day of entrance into Camp Dick Robinson is not stated. Mustered in and out at the time of the other Companies.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. M. H. Owsley. Enlisted July 25, 1861. Promoted Major in the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, December 10, 1861.

Capt. Jesse M. Carter. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Promoted Captain, December 10, 1861. Killed in action at Columbia, Ky., July 3, 1863.

Capt. Anderson T. Keen. Enlisted July 25, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant, December 10, 1861; to Captain, July 4, 1863; to Major First Kentucky Cavalry, June, 1864.

Capt. John T. McLain. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, August 10, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant, July 4, 1863; to Captain, June 30, 1864.

1st Lieutenant Alexander C. Smith. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, July 4, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant, June 20, 1864.

2d Lieutenant Meredith Martin. Enlisted July 25, 1861. Resigned July 20, 1862.

2d Lieutenant Sandusky Bruton. Enlisted August, 1861. Promoted from 1st Jergeant to 2d Lieutenant, June 30, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st ergeant John E. Herd. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Appointed Sergeant December 9, 1862. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged September 26, 1864.

Serg. Henry M. Byram. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Sergeant December 9, 1862. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Serg. John H. F. Yates. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Sergeant March 1, 1864.

Serg. James A. Marcum. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Appointed Sergeant March 1, 1864.

Serg. Harrison K. Williams. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Sergeant October 31, 1863.

Corp. Henry G. Baker. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Corporal October 31, 1863.

Corp. James H. Vandever. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Corporal December 9, 1862.

Corp. Richard C. Smith. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Corporal October 4, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennesee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Thomas A. Gilbert. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Corporal December 9, 1862.

Corp. Wesley O. Guthrie. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Appointed Corporal February 18, 1863.

Corp. Joseph Graves. Enlisted August 10, 1861. Appointed Corporal October 31, 1863.

Corp. Rufus A. Craft. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Appointed Corporal October 31, 1863.

William W. Vance, Bugler. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Appointed bugler December 8, 1862.

PRIVATES.

George W. Abner. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

James C. Abner. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Albert K. Bruton. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Jacob S. Bruton. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Exchanged August 1, 1864.

John H. Brown. Enlisted July 27, 1861.

David Booker. Enlisted August 1, 1861.

Thomas C. Baison. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Samuel Biggerstaff. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Cornelius Carter. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

David T. Cloyd. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

William S. Cloyd. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Burgess G. Chauncy. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Adam Coop. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Pitser Coop. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Pinckney C. Compton. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Philip Cash. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Harrison Coy. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Richard B. Campbell. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Wounded at Campbellton, Ga., July 4, 1864.

James V. Guthrie. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

James C. Gilbert. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Thomas B. Hudson. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Richard D. Hopkins. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Wounded at Sandy Ridge, Tennessee, January 28, 1864.

Ephraim W. Henager. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Captured at Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864. Escaped at Andersonville, Ga., and returned August 16, 1864.

James H. Herd. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

James Johnson. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

John Jaeans. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, August 20, 1861.

John L. Milton. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

James A. Miller. Enlisted October 20, 1861.

Elemuel Marshall. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Martin L. McCoy. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Wounded at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

James J. McComas. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

John L. McKinney. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863. Exchanged August 25, 1864.

Alvis R. Murphy. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

James T. Owen. Enlisted October 1, 1861.

John R. Parish. Enlisted July 25, 1861. Captured at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Joseph C. Riddle. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

James H. Riddle. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Robert M. Randol. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

John V. Randol. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Not present at muster-out or discharged.

Charles W. Simpson. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Wounded at Mill Springs, Ky., May 28, 1863. Not present.

Jonathan Simpson. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

William M. Smith. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Wounded in action at Campbellton, Ga., July 4, 1862.

Edward B. Smith. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Wounded in action at Burksville, Ky., February 18, 1863.

George W. Vaughan. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

George W. Wade. Enlisted August 20, 1861.

Samuel Wade. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Robert N. Williams. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John A. Young. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

Serg. Howard J. Crittenden. Enlisted September 4, 1861. Discharged at Louisville, Ky., March 21, 1863.

Axiom Pharris. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.

Joseph H. Phifer. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Discharged at Columbia, Tennessee, June 25, 1862.

Richard A. Thurman. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Discharged at Louisville, Ky., March 21, 1863.

KILLED AND DIED.

Corp. John C. Comar. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Killed accidentally near Columbia, Tennessee, July 12, 1862.

John C. Baise. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at Burksville, Ky., February, 1863.

John S. Beason. Enlisted March 30, 1863, at Somerset, Ky. Died May 23, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Gilbert B. Craft. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died in hospital at Knoxville, Tennessee, December 4, 1863.

Volony Goodhue. Enlisted August 21, 1861. Died at Lexington, Ky., December 20, 1864.

William Huff. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Killed in action at Campbellton, Ga., July 4, 1864.

John W. Johnson. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Died at Nashville, Tennessee, October 8, 1862.

Alexander James. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, August 25, 1862.

Alexander Jennings. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at Lexington, Ky., October 2, 1862.

Joseph C. Marcom. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at Lancaster, Ky., October 26, 1861.

James K. Shaw. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at Columbia, Tennessee, June, 1862.

Alfred Smith. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Died December 2, 1863, at Annapolis, Maryland.

James Taylor. Enlisted December 1, 1861, at Camp Boyle, Ky. Died at Burksville, Ky., July 5, 1862.

Henry Talent. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Killed in a personal difficulty, September 20, 1863.

Thomas H. Raiborne. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at Nashville, Tennessee, October 30, 1862.

Haden Raiborne. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died May 1, 1863, at Somerset, Ky.

Alexander Williams. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died at home, near Burksville, Ky., May 18, 1863.

James M. Wagoner. Enlisted June 29, 1863. Killed in action at Bean's Station, Tennessee, December 13, 1863.

Dudley Young. Enlisted August 20, 1861. Died December 20, 1861, at Lebanon, Ky.

TRANSFERRED.

Serg. Joseph D. Booden. Enlisted July 27, 1861. Promoted to 2d Lieutenant in Thirty-Seventh Kentucky Infantry.

Corp. Francis M. Taylor. Enlisted March 10, 1863. Appointed Corporal June 30, 1864. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., May 25, 1865.

Robert Mays, Farrier. Enlisted November 20, 1862. Mustered in at Bear Wallow, Ky., December 31, 1862.

Jeremiah Bruton. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Wounded in action at Mud Lick Spring, October 19, 1864.

James Bow. Enlisted January 8, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Jeremiah Carter. Enlisted January 8, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

George W. Coop. Enlisted June 20, 1863.

John Cash. Enlisted June 20, 1863.

Jeremiah Coy. Enlisted August 1, 1863.

James Davidson. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Elijah Daniels. Enlisted January 8, 1863. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., June 5, 1865.

Joseph Daniels. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Jeremiah Daniels. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Samuel Hays. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Paroled prisoner of war since May 7, 1864.

Luther B. Mershon. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Alexander C. Maywell. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Berry W. Neely. Enlisted January 8, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Bailey Owens. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Madison Pierce. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Henry C. Rogers. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

Bailey P. Smith. Enlisted August 1, 1863. Wounded in action at Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Jackson Viers. Enlisted January 8, 1863.

James M. Williams. Enlisted Jauuary 8, 1863.

George L. Craft. Enlisted August 20. Had charges against him, but was relieved of them, and mustered out at Louisville, June 5, 1865.

RECAPITULATION.

Present at muster-out	56
Absent	2
Absent in Rebel prisons, including recruits	11
Recruits transferred, excluding prisoners	21
Total belonging to Company at muster out	90

LOSSES.

Promoted in other regiments	1
Officers killed	1
Resigned	1
Discharged	4
Killed and died*	20
Deserted	7
Total losses	34
Total belonging to Company during its term of service	124

*No report of those who died in prison.

COMPANY K.

Capt. N. D. Burrus enlisted this Company in Madison county, Ky., and entered Camp Dick Robinson with about thirty men, about September 12, 1861. The rest of the Company were enlisted after entering the service. Mustered in October 28, 1861. Mustered out December 31, 1864.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. N. D. Burrus. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Resigned November 13, 1864.

Capt. Thomas Rowland. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Promoted from Sergeant to 1st Lieutenant, November 3, 1862; to Captain, November 13, 1862; to Major, July 16, 1864. Wounded at Dutton Hill, March 30, 1863.

Capt. Philip Roberts. Enlisted November 15, 1861. Promoted from private to 2d Lieutenant, November 13, 1862; to 1st Lieutenant, February, 1864; to Captain, July, 1864.

1st Lieutenant Tilford N. Bruner. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Promoted from 1st Sergeant to 2d Lieutenant, December 21, 1863; to 1st Lieutenant, July 15, 1864.

1st Lieutenant Jno. F. N. Hill. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Resigned April 3, 1862.

1st Lieutenant F. T. Fox. Never enrolled in the Company.

1st Lieutenant A. J. Alexander. Never enrolled in the Company. Promoted Lieutenant-Colonel in Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry.

2d Lieutenant Stephen Sallee. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Resigned March 3, 1862.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Serg. William H. Ham. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Prisoner of war from October 20, 1863, to September 28, 1864.

Serg. William H. Dean. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Promoted from Corporal, 1862.

Serg. Patton Roach. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Promoted from Corporal in 1863.

Corp. John N. Burrus. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Corp. Charles W. Burrus. Enlisted September 20, 1861.

Corp. Palestine L. Bodkins. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Captured near Maryville, Tennessee, November 14, 1863.

Corp. Alonzo E. Hughes. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Promoted from private, 1863.

Corp. Squire Henderson. Enlisted November 1, 1862. Promoted from private, March, 1864.

John W. Kersey, wagoner. Enlisted October 20, 1861.

PRIVATES.

Green Agee. Enlisted October 1, 1861.

James C. Eads. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

Franklin Gowins. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

Alexander Gill. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

Robert Gully. Enlisted October 18, 1861.

James Hendren. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863. Exchanged December 31, 1864.

George J. Hill. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

James T. Hendren. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Caped at Hillsborough, Ga., 1864.

William Lowry. Enlisted October 28, 1861. Not discharged. [Reason not stated.]

Albert M. Murphy. Enlisted October 28, 1861.

William Moran. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

Thomas Masters. Enlisted October 1, 1861.

Lewis Masters. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

John Masters. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, October 20, 1863.

John Patterson. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

James T. Pruitt. Enlisted October 28, 1861.

John J. Roberts. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

Enoch Roberts. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

James T. Bailey. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Not discharged.

James Roberts. Enlisted October 20, 1861.

Charlton Scott. Enlisted October 20, 1861.

Andrew J. Taylor. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Absent wounded from May 1 to September 1, 1864.

N. B. Turner. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Relieved of charges and mustered out at Louisville, Ky., January 1, 1865.

Henry Vaughn. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Left sick in Kentucky in 1862, and never rejoined Company.

Henderson Wheeler. Enlisted September 12, 1861.

John Williams. Enlisted October 28, 1861.

Reuben Willis. Enlisted November 1, 1861.

Irvine Whittaker. Enlisted November 1, 1861.

Abner Isbell. Enlisted September, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

DISCHARGED.

Singleton Burton. Enlisted September 25, 1861. Discharged in May, 1862.

Levi Harvey. Enlisted October 20, 1861. Discharged in June, 1862.

Caperton Vincent. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Discharged in July, 1862.

Oliver Vincent. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Discharged in May, 1862.

Ezekiel Vincent. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Discharged in July, 1862.

Johnson Whittaker. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Discharged in July, 1862.

KILLED AND DIED.

Serg. Squire Roach. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Thrown from horse and killed near London, Ky.

Serg. Lawrence Roberts. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died in Rebel prison.

Corp. Nathaniel Burrus. Enlisted November 1, 1861. Died in Rebel prison, March 31, 1864.

Sidney Barnes. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Died in Rebel prison in 1864.

Roswell Burton. Enlisted September 25, 1861. Died in hospital at Somerset, in 1862.

Mansfield Carrier. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died.

Sidney Ham. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died at Gallatin, Tennessee, January 4, 1863.

William Long. Enlisted October 18, 1861. Died at home, in Madison county, March 15, 1862.

Simeon Murphy. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died February, 1862.

Benj. Lowry. Enlisted March 15, 1863. Died in Rebel prison.

Archibald S. Patterson. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died at Nashville, Tennessee, May, 1862.

Robert Shrewsberry. Enlisted September 20, 1861. Died in Rebel prison.

Andrew Roberts. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Died in Rebel prison.

James Thompson. Enlisted July 20, 1863. Died at Knoxville, Tennessee, December 20, 1863.

TRANSFERRED FOR PROMOTION AND FOR TIME UNEXPIRED.

Serg. A. B. Barner. Enlisted October 20, 1861. Promoted to First Tennessee Cavalry, 1863.

William Odell, Farrier. Enlisted October 15, 1861. Promoted Captain Second Tennessee Cavalry, 1863.

Ezekiel J. Bodkins. Enlisted August 1, 1863.

James C. Bowlin. Enlisted April 1, 1863.

James Brock. Enlisted August 20, 1863.

James Caldwell. Enlisted July 28, 1863. Mustered out at Lexington, May 25, 1865.

Bryant Holman. Enlisted August 28, 1863.

David B. Kennedy. Enlisted July 20, 1863. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., May 25, 1865.

Andrew T. Hughes. Enlisted February 1, 1863.

Terrill Layton. Enlisted August 10, 1863.

William Langford. Enlisted August 27, 1861.

Edmund Murphy. Enlisted August 10, 1863.

Henry C. Matere. Enlisted August 27, 1863. Prisoner of war from August 2, 1864, to December 16, 1864.

William Peters. Enlisted March 1, 1863.

David Ross. Enlisted August 18, 1863.

Daniel O. Robb. Enlisted July 20, 1863.

John Short. Enlisted July 20, 1863.

Oliver Waddle. Enlisted July 20, 1863.

MISSING.

1st Sergeant John T. Davis. Enlisted September 12, 1861. Missing in action near Hillsborough, Ga., July 31, 1864. Supposed to be killed.

RECAPITULATION.

Present and mustered out	35
Not discharged	5
Absent in Rebel prisons	4
Recruits transferred	16
Total belonging to Company at muster-out	60

LOSSES.

Resigned	3
Failed to accept commission	2
Discharged for disability	6
Killed and died	14
Missing in action	1
Transferred for promotion	2
Deserted	10
Total losses	38
Total belonging to Company during its service,	98

COMPANY L.

Enlisted and organized at Somerset, Pulaski county, Ky., September 11, 1861. Arrived at Camp Dick Robinson, September 13, 1861. Mustered into service, October 28, 1861. Mustered out December 31, 1864.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Capt. W. N. Owens. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Promoted Major July 31, 1862. [See Field and Staff.]

Capt. John B. Fishback. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Entered the service as 1st Sergeant. Promoted 1st Lieutenant, March, 1862; to Captain, July 31, 1862; Commanded the regiment after the death of Gen. Sanders, November 18, 1863, until the Cavalry was reorganized in Kentucky in the spring of 1864. Resigned June 14, 1864.

Capt. Joe D. Beatie. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Entered the service as Corporal. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, July 31, 1862. Acted as Brigade Inspector in East Tennessee campaign. Promoted Captain, June 14, 1864.

1st Lieutenant Robert M. Griffin. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Resigned February 26, 1862.

1st Lieutenant Mathew H. Blackford. Transferred to Field and Staff as Regimental Quartermaster.

2d Lieutenant Benj. H. Milton. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Resigned February 26, 1862.

2d Lieutenant Wm. A. Lockett. Entered the service as Sergeant. Promoted 2d Lieutenant, March, 1862. Resigned July 29, 1862.

2d Lieutenant George K. Speed. Promoted Adjutant in the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry.

2d Lieutenant Granville J. Vaught. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Entered the service as Sergeant. Promoted 1st Sergeant, February 28, 1863; 2d Lieutenant, July 16, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

1st Sergeant John Rourk. Enlisted November 9, 1861. Promoted 1st Sergeant, July 16, 1864.

Serg. Hampton H. Brinkley. Enlisted September 19, 1861. Entered the service as private. Promoted Sergeant, March, 1862. Captured at Cassville, Ga., May 31, 1864.

Serg. Andrew J. Catron. Enlisted October 1, 1861. Promoted Sergeant, February 28, 1863. Wounded at Bean's Station, Tennessee, December 14, 1863. Captured July 31, 1864.

Serg. Daniel Elliott. Enlisted September 22, 1861. Promoted Corporal, June 1862; to Sergeant, May 31, 1864.

Serg. Wm. B. Gragg. Enlisted October 22, 1861. Promoted Sergeant, May 31, 1864.

Corp. Joseph N. Taylor. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Promoted Corporal, May 31, 1864.

Corp. Admice T. Saunders. Enlisted September 11, 1861 Promoted Corporal, March 1, 1864. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Corp. James F. Humphries. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Promoted Corporal, February 28, 1863. Wounded in action at Bean's Station, Tennessee, December 14, 1863.

Corp. Archibald B. Campbell. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Absent sick at Somerset, Ky., November 23, 1864.

Corp. Wm. H. Cox. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Promoted Corporal, May 31, 1863. Captured at Rockford, Tennessee, November 13, 1863.

William Owens, Jr. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Promoted Corporal, June, 1862. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Corp. Rufus M. Patterson. Enlisted September 11, 1863.

James B. Harper, Bugler. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

PRIVATES.

Wm. Burton. Enlisted September 21, 1861. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

David Baker. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Orville Brewer. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Sick in hospital from March 15, 1863, to May 1, 1864.

John H. Bowling. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Mitchell Bates. Enlisted October 4, 1861.

James P. Bratton. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

John F. Culliss. Enlisted October 16, 1861.

James D. Doolien. Enlisted October 3, 1861.

James Eassepp. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Andrew F. Edwards. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Jesse Edwards. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Henry Elliott. Enlisted September 28, 1861. Captured near Knoxville, Tennessee, November 28, 1863. Rejoined Company, December 18, 1863.

William Farmer. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

Richard Falkner. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Cap-

tured at Somerset, Ky., January 1, 1862. Returned July 1, 1863. Wounded at Mud Creek, Tennessee, January 26, 1864.

Andrew Fulcher. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Luther C. Green. Enlisted September 22, 1861.

Marquis D. Green. Enlisted October 22, 1861. Acted as a scout in the service.

Ebenezer T. Haynes. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John Loveless. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Robert H. Moore. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864. Exchanged.

John C. Messick. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Columbia, Ky., July 4, 1863, and paroled.

Joseph Mills. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Thos. McDowell. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Robert A. Nunnelly. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

William Osborne. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Samuel Reynolds. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Samuel Raney. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Cass Station, Ga., May 24, 1864.

Thomas H. Smith. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Joseph Sewell. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

John P. Silvers. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Jesse M. Silvers. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

Wesley H. Silvers. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

Emanuel Sowder. Enlisted September 28, 1861.

William Sowder. Enlisted October 19, 1862.

John Taylor. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

John W. Thacker. Enlisted September 11, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

Serg. Green McLue. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Discharged June 25, 1862.

Henry C. Ashurst. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Discharged May 16, 1862.

Henry D. Burnett. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Discharged July 1, 1862.

John B. Gillmore. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Discharged August 10, 1862.

Ira R. Mound. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Discharged August 10, 1862.

John Osborne. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Discharged July 4, 1862.

James F. Reynolds. Enlisted October, 1861. Discharged October 6, 1862, of wounds received in action near Columbia, Tennessee.

William Tinsley. Enlisted September 28, 1861. Discharged August 1, 1862.

KILLED AND DIED.

Corp. George W. Baber. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Killed by accident near Somerset, Ky., April 11, 1862.

Corp. Charles P. Cox. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Killed in action at Mill Springs, Ky., May 31, 1863.

Corp. James H. Adams. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Killed in action at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 23, 1863.

Corp. John Meece. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Died at Shelbyville, Tennessee, June 15, 1862.

William Branch. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Died at Paintsville, Ky., August 26, 1862.

John C. Comstock. Enlisted September 28, 1861. Died at McCormic's Gap., Ky., January 15, 1862.

Killis J. Evans. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Died of consumption at Somerset, Ky., September 5, 1864.

Robert McQuerry. Enlisted October 24, 1862. Died at Somerset, Ky., December 10, 1863.

Milford Gilmore. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Died at Shelbyville, Tennessee, June 20, 1862.

John M. W. E. Parker. Enlisted July 18, 1862. Died at Gallatin, Tennessee. Date unknown.

Robert F. Raborne. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Died at Paintsville, Ky., January 14, 1862.

James M. West. Enlisted August 26, 1863. Died at Knoxville, Tennessee. Date unknown.

John Warn. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Died of measles at Camp Dick Robinson, Ky., October 2, 1861.

RECRUITS TRANSFERRED.

Serg. Christopher C. Kenner. Enlisted September 22,

1861. Promoted Captain in the Eighth Tennessee Cavalry, July 8, 1863.

Corp. Peter R. Dobbs. Enlisted August 25, 1863.

John J. Ashley. Enlisted August 6, 1863.

James M. Ashley. Enlisted April 5, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John Ashley. Enlisted April 5, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

George Bumgardner. Enlisted August 22, 1863.

Aaron Boyd. Enlisted May 1, 1863.

Alex. Barclay. Enlisted March 1, 1863.

Robert T. Burton. Enlisted June 1, 1863. Mustered out at Lexington, Ky., May 25, 1865.

William Clarke. Enlisted August 26, 1863.

John Dungan. Enlisted August 26, 1863.

Constantine C. Davis. Enlisted April 5, 1863.

Alex. Denton. Enlisted August 26, 1863.

William Edwards. Enlisted August 18, 1863.

John Frost. Enlisted May 1, 1863. Captured at Clinton, Ga., July 31, 1864.

William Grider. Enlisted August 21, 1863.

George G. Grigory. Enlisted January 24, 1863.

John P. Grigory. Enlisted August 12, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John W. Grider. Enlisted August 9, 1863.

John Henson. Enlisted October 19, 1862.

Elias Hail. Enlisted May 29, 1863.

Andrew P. Hunt. Enlisted April 5, 1863.

Miles Hank. Enlisted August 26, 1863.

John W. Hartgrove. Enlisted March 12, 1863.

David A. Jones. Enlisted July 1, 1863.

James A. Jones. Enlisted August 10, 1863.

Walter Large. Enlisted August 26, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

James B. Love. Enlisted January 11, 1863.

William H. Love. Enlisted March 12, 1863.

Henry Mowbray. Enlisted August 8, 1863.

James M. Nunnelly. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Promoted 2d Lieutenant in Thirty-Second Kentucky Infantry, February 1, 1863.

John Perkins. Enlisted January 1, 1863.

James Pence. Enlisted August 16, 1863.

Francis M. Rash. Enlisted March 12, 1863.

David Richardson. Enlisted April 11, 1863. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

John Sears. Enlisted July 25, 1863.

William Smith. Enlisted August 11, 1863.

William Summers. Enlisted August 25, 1863.

William Swearingen. Enlisted August 26, 1863.

Ephraim Sath. Enlisted July, 1862. Captured at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863.

David R. Willis. Enlisted October 21, 1862.

William Woodall. Enlisted August 9, 1863.

REPORTED WRONG.

Wm. M. Munce. Enlisted September 11, 1861. Arrested and taken to Louisville as witness, August 20, 1863. Retained till October 15, 1863. Returned October 20, 1863.

Dismissed the service	2
Deserted	11

RECAPITULATION.

Present at muster-out	42
Absent in Rebel prisons	10
Recruits transferred	34
Recruits in Rebel prison	7
Wrong report	1
Total belonging to Company at muster out	94

LOSSES.

Promoted to field officer	1
Transferred to regimental staff	1
Promoted and transferred to other regiments	3
Resigned	3
Discharged	8
Killed and died*	13
Dismissed the service	2
Deserted	11
Total losses	42
Total belonging to Company during term of service	136

*No report of those who died in prison.

CHAPTER XL.

THE MUSTER-OUT—CONCLUSION.

In Chapter XXXVIII, it was related that the members of the First Kentucky Cavalry had been granted on the 20th of November a furlough for twenty days. The furlough expired about the 10th of December, and at that time the regiment assembled at Camp Nelson for the purpose of being mustered out. Surgeon Hawkins Brown had been exchanged, and returned to his regiment in November. Other members of the regiment had also been exchanged a short time previously, and were present. Capt. Irvine Burton, of Company G, had escaped from prison, and on account of expiration of term of service, had been mustered out, but returned, and assisted in making out his Company rolls, as Lieut. Daniel Murphy was still absent, wounded, in the hands of the enemy, and Lieut. W. D. Carpenter had long been on staff duty, and consequently was not so well informed of his Company affairs. Many difficulties were encountered in making out the muster-out rolls of each Company, and it took several days to get instructions from the mustering officer to make them out properly. There had been many changes in Company and regimental officers since the organization, and muster-in of the regiment. Many of the records had been lost and captured at different times. At one time, at Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863, all the Company rolls, regimental and brigade order-books, and other official papers, fell into the hands of the enemy. This was almost an irreparable loss. But after diligent work of the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and some competent privates, the rolls were completed, and the regiment was mustered out December 31, 1864, nearly three and a half years after its entrance into active service. The fatigued and worn-down survivors returned to their families and friends to renew their service in another field—the battle for bread.

In the peaceful walks of life they have made a record as

honorable as in the military service of their country. Even most of the reckless wild ones soon became peaceable, law-abiding citizens. Many have filled responsible positions among their fellow-citizens. Owing to the scattered condition of the members of the regiment, it is impracticable to trace out the after-history of those who have filled prominent places. Col. Frank Wolford, besides representing the counties of Casey and Russell in the State Legislature, has twice represented his Congressional district in the national councils. Col. Silas Adams, too, after three times serving in the State Legislature, in 1892, was elected by over 6,000 majority to represent his district in Congress. Capt. D. R. Carr occupies an exalted position on the judicial bench. Maj. Phil. Roberts is a leading member of the State Senate. Maj. W. N. Owens and Lieut. Daniel Murphy, before passing away, a few years ago, represented their counties in the legislature. Capt. J. B. Fishback is clerk of Cowley county, Kansas. Serg. James E. Gillespie, before his death, in 1892, filled several exalted positions in Nebraska. Lieut. Col. F. M. Helveti is a Professor in the A. and M. College, at Lexington. Maj. Geo. W. Drye has represented his county in the legislature. Surgeon Hawkins Brown, in 1892, was president of the Kentucky State Medical Association, and in 1893, was elected president of the U. S. Medical Association. Chaplain Wm. H. Honnell for years has been a devoted missionary in Southwestern Kansas. In all the places the members have filled, they have reflected honor on the regiment which did such distinguished service in the darkest hour of our country's peril. When memory recalls the scenes of thirty years ago, they can well be proud of the parts they performed in the bloody drama which established the supremacy of the government of the grandest Republic that has ever existed. In former times the States of Greece, though in territory comparatively small to our own country, existed as a republic for five hundred years, and in her magnificent days, could successfully resist the greatest powers of the world, yet found her most irresistible enemy to be her own bosom, and finally fell by the fatal dogma of State Sovereignty. Other republics of lesser note have risen and gone down, leaving only a memory of their existence. Our own

Republic is a glorious heritage handed down to us by the blood and sweat of our revolutionary ancestors. The sad experience of former republics has established the fact that the only safeguard to perpetuate our liberties is national unity; the supremacy of our constitution and laws, which provide for our general welfare and protect our lives, liberty and property. The supremacy of our national government has been confirmed by a power higher than legislative, judicial, or executive bodies—that of the bayonet. It is a terrible and last resort, but unfortunately, at times, is found necessary. It was achieved at a fearful cost—billions of treasure, and thousands of lives of the best blood of the land. It will be left to after-generations to determine whether our grand achievement will be perpetuated, or whether through competition and selfish motives the Star of Liberty and equal rights will be suffered to go down in blood and tears.

The work of the Author is finished for the time. Most of us have become feeble and gray. Many of our comrades have crossed the silent river to the other shore. We can no longer walk with the buoyant step, or dash around on our fiery war steeds as we could thirty years ago.

Whatever imperfections or mistakes are found in these pages must be charged to improper judgment or want of facilities for getting correct information. The Author has endeavored faithfully to collect and collate the facts connected with the service of his regiment, so that he can be partly the means of transmitting to posterity how his comrades fought, bled and died in the great War of the Rebellion. If this work should survive after we all have passed away, and any of our children, grand-children or great-grand-children should peruse its pages, it is pleasing to reflect that they will have grounds to take pride in tracing their ancestry back to members of the First Kentucky Cavalry.

PRISON LIFE, ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

The following is a brief sketch of the prison life and escape of Captain Irvine Burton, of Company G, as detailed by himself:

I was captured in the disastrous battle of Philadelphia, East Tennessee, October 20, 1863. I was taken immediately to Atlanta, Ga., and put into a stockade, where I had the usual fare of those of our men who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Confederacy, and remained there for about ten days. I was then sent to Richmond, Va., incarcerated in the notorious Libby Prison, where I remained until the 1st of May, 1864, when I was sent to Danville, in the same State. To the best of my recollection, I staid there about three weeks, and was then sent to Macon, Ga.

About the 1st of August, 1864, an order was issued by the Confederate authorities to send 500 Federal officers to Charleston, South Carolina, to be put under the fire of the Federal guns to save the city. I was selected as one of that number. About the first of September, the Rebels moved us out of the prison to take us to Columbia, the State Capitol. While marching through the streets, I made my escape from the guards by having on a citizen's suit, which I had managed to procure for that purpose. I secreted myself in the basement of a medical college. Strange and improbable as it may seem, I found some good loyal Union people in this original hot-bed of nullification and secession, who fed me while remaining in concealment. It was through their aid that I made my escape. After remaining in the city about one month, the citizens procured me a pass to leave the city and return within five days. I went out as a workhand to help build a fishery. Capt. Epinter and Lieut. Kepp, with about ten citizens, were along with me. We all carried tools of some kind, and acted in the role of workmen. Our boss belonged to the Fortieth Georgia Infantry, and had a permit to supply fish to the chief military magnates of the city.

We left the city on a passenger train, went out about twenty-eight miles, got off, traveled some five miles into a

timbered country to a large brick farm-house, remained there until dark, then set out on foot, and after going some five or six miles through the timber, we struck a river with an Indian name. Here we got into a small boat at 11 p. m., and sometime in the night we ran into the Santee river, which we steered down, and at 12 o'clock the next day, we ran into the Union outpost boats. A dispatch-boat being there, we were taken on board and carried to Morris Island and landed. We were then placed on Folly Island, and held sixteen days in quarantine for fear we would spread some disease among the troops. When released from that place, I went to New York, where I obtained a furlough to go home to recruit my health; but before my furlough expired, I received my discharge on account of expiration of my term of service, my muster-out being dated November 14, 1864. Being informed that the regiment would soon be mustered out at Camp Nelson, I met the boys there at the appointed time, and superintended making out the rolls of Company G, as the Company had no commissioned officer present for duty at the time—Lieut. W. D. Carpenter being the Adjutant of the regiment, and while not officiating in that capacity, was on the Brigade Staff as Acting Assistant Adjutant General; and Lieut. Daniel Murphy had been dangerously wounded on the Stoneman raid in Georgia, July 31, 1864, and was at the time of the muster-out of the regiment a prisoner.

I regret that I cannot do justice to my Company, as my papers were all captured at the time I was made prisoner, October 20, 1863, and I have not a single note. I have been absent from the State for twenty-two years, and had none of the boys with me to talk over matters to brighten my memory; besides this, Capt. T. K. Hackley, Lieut. W. D. Carpenter and Lieut. Daniel Murphy, have all gone to the returnless bourne.

IRVINE BURTON,
Capt. Co. G, First Ky. Cav., Marion, Kan.

THE NARRATIVE OF JAMES E. KING, OF COMPANY A, OF HIS CAPTURE AND TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF HIMSELF AND OTHERS ON BELLE ISLE.

The prison life of James E. King is given more fully than some of the rest, as a sample of the horrible sufferings, exposures and indignities those Union soldiers underwent who were so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the enemy, and especially in the last years of the war. King was an excellent soldier, intensely devoted to the Union, and his statements are reliable. The following is his narrative of his capture and prison life:

In the battle of Philadelphia, Tennessee, October 20, 1863, where Wolford's brigade was surrounded and defeated by an overwhelming force of the enemy under Morrison, Vaughn, and Dibrell, I and a comrade, J. T. Durham, had just been relieved from picket duty, and were preparing to get breakfast, when the fight came up in the morning. We went immediately into line, and were ordered to the front, where we remained contending with Vaughn's or Dibrell's forces until the afternoon, when Morrison's command of 1,800 men had gotten in our rear to cut off our retreat to Loudon. Our Company was on the right of the position, facing south, and in support of Law's Howitzer Battery.

Wolford, after a long and desperate contest, finding his forces overpowered, turned, and, with the left and center, charged through the enemy's lines, and made his way to Loudon with many of his men. This left the right of his line cut off from the main body, and the enemy closing in upon us. The only chance for our escape was the Kingston road, running westwardly, which now appeared to be clear of the enemy, and we made for that point. We dashed through town, and soon came to where Capt. Irvine Burton had halted a squad of men to check the enemy. W. C. Russell and others, of Company F, coming up at this time, called to the Captain to get away as fast as possible, and pointed the direction in which the enemy were passing around to our right and left to cut us off at the head of a hollow. We started again at full speed, the enemy chasing, and firing at us from the right and rear. Those having the fastest horses passed

the others, among whom was Dr. H. Brown on his milk-white steed, going like a "streak of greased lightning." Soon my horse fell—I cannot say whether he was shot or not, as I had no time to examine. I called on my friend Durham to stop and let me mount behind him, but he had no time, as the least pause would have caused us both to be captured. I ran till I reached the road leading from Kingston to Loudon, and had gone some two hundred yards on the Loudon end, when all of my comrades left me. About this time three Rebels overtook me, pointed their guns, and threatened to shoot if I did not halt. I obeyed, of course, and was ordered to mount a horse. I was taken back to Philadelphia, and on the way I saw three dead Union soldiers already partly stripped of their clothing. At this time I did not not know that they had captured any of our men but myself; but after going out three miles on the Athens road, I found over four hundred of our men prisoners.

We were taken that night to Athens and put into the court-house, and from there to Charleston on the Hiwassee. We met Gen. Stevenson's Infantry forces between Athens and Charleston; they were very friendly, and divided their rations with us. We arrived at Charleston in the night, and staid in a house. Here Chatham's forces were collecting to support Stevenson's movement on Loudon. I talked with a Confederate General of high rank, but do not know his name. We drew meal and bacon here, being the third day after my fast.

We left at 2 p. m., on the freight train, bound for Richmond, Va. We were stopped at Atlanta, Ga., searched, and everything of value was taken from us. We were put into prison there, and drew a little corn-meal, which we managed to get into mush. While in prison I talked with an intelligent man, hand-cuffed, and with ball and chain to his ankle, who was one of the unsuccessful capturers of the locomotive some time before.

We were again put on the freight train, and started southeast, passing through Augusta, Ga., and Columbia, South Carolina, and on to North Carolina, drawing only a few crackers made from bolted corn-meal, and a little bacon, which we ate raw. It turned very cold one evening, and we

who were on the flat cars came very near freezing. The trains traveled very slowly all the time. We stopped a few hours at Welden, on the Roanoke river, just at night. Here a Johnnie exchanged hats and shoes with me, the Johnnie getting the best end of the bargain.

A little incident occurred at this place which I shall never forget. Just after dark, the Johnnies who were not on duty, made for themselves a good fire. A young soldier of the Forty-Fifth Ohio and I went to the fire to warm. Some of the Rebels commenced throwing up "negro equality" to us, and abused the United States government for enlisting negro soldiers. Because we defended our side, they became enraged and drew their guns, threatening to shoot us. We stopped argument, and the young Ohioan opened his bosom and told them to shoot if they wanted to do so. He told them that nobody but a set of cowards would raise a subject and then get angry, and try to murder unarmed prisoners for defending their side of the question. The Confederates who had taken no part in the affair shamed their comrades for their conduct, and they put away their guns.

We started sometime that night, passed through Petersburg in the morning, and arrived at Richmond the same day, being the twelfth day on the road.

We were badly worn out with our trip, and suffering with hunger, the guards assuring us that we would get plenty to eat on arriving at Richmond. We were marched down the street to Libby Prison, where Maj. Owens and Capt. Burton of the First Kentucky, and other commissioned officers were separated from us, and put into that prison; then we were taken to the Pemberton building, or Castle Thunder, and were again searched for valuables, but the "picking" was now very meager.

We were then marched across the bridge to the south side of James river and put into the prison stockade on Belle Isle. To our inquiries of the chance to get something to eat, we were informed by the prisoners that we had come to a bad place for that purpose. On account of the prison not being crowded at the time, we had the chance to get some condemned tents sent to the island for the use of Yankee prisoners.

We of the First Kentucky Cavalry selected our tents and tried to stay together. We had nothing to eat that night, but the next day we were taken outside, formed into line, counted off into twenties and hundreds, and then returned to camp. Then we had to elect a Sergeant for each twenty, whose duty was to draw the so-called rations for his squad. Thomas R. Grinstead, of Company E, was elected Sergeant of my squad. That day we drew our first rations on Belle Isle, consisting of a small piece of bread, a common water-bucket two-thirds full of soup, and a small piece of beef for twenty men. The bread was about sufficient for one man, provided he had plenty of everything else. The beef for each man would not make a good "bite;" the soup we divided with a small tin cup, holding about a gill; the peas and beans were divided with a spoon. The beef and soup soon played out. The soup was as destitute of grease as the waters of James river, and about the color. We continued to draw our little piece of corn bread daily with many exceptions: for some days, we failed to make any draw, and our missing rations were not afterward made up.

I remember we looked for something extra on Christmas day, but we failed to draw anything until night, and then it was the same small piece of corn bread.

I will long remember the day when Lieut. Boisseux came into camp with his fat little dog, which was decoyed into a tent, slain, and eaten. We lost our next day's rations as a punishment for that offense.

Outside, near the old cook-house, was a wooden horse of triangular shape, with sharp edge upward. I have seen many prisoners for slight offenses compelled to ride this horse with their feet so fastened that they could not reach the ground. The prisoners who came in the first part of the winter of 1863–64, got no tents, and were compelled to take the snow or frozen sand for habitation, without shelter. During this time the cold was so intense that the James river froze over three times. In order to protect themselves, the men dug holes in the sand and burrowed in them like wild animals. We who possessed tents were not much better off. They would break the wind some, but leaked badly, and we were so crowded for room that we were compelled to

spoon, as it was called. We would lie on one side until we became tired, and then the command would be given to "right" or "left spoon," as the case might be. We had to change our positions frequently, for we had sores on our hips, the scars of which still remain.

I remember the "raiders" came to our tent one dark night, reached in, and jerked a blanket off some men near the door, and ran away. Poor fellows! it was their only covering. The extreme sufferings to which we were reduced, mixed with depravity, caused some mean selfishness to be shown among our fellow-prisoners. Two of our squad—an American and an Irishman — sold their blankets for six loaves of bread, and ate all without offering their comrades a morsel. That left two blankets for the twenty men. I owned one, which was the make-shift for six men. Thomas R. Grinstead owned the other. I soon became so helpless that I was taken to the hospital. I left my blanket with my mess, and suppose it did service for some of them when they were afterwards taken to Andersonville, Ga., in February.

A Confederate Chaplain visited the prisoners a few times. I asked him why we were kept at all times in almost a starving condition. His reply was, that they could do no better; that we were as well fed as their own men at the front. I told him that there was no excuse to freeze us to death; that there was plenty of wood convenient; that if permitted we could cut and prepare our own fuel, and that I was satisfied that many of our men died from exposure to the weather. I further told him that there was plenty of food lying there in our sight, sent by the government and people of the North for our benefit, and that Jeff Davis had refused to let us have this food and clothing, but preferred issuing them to his own men. This silenced him, for he could make no reply. We had become satisfied that they intended to destroy as many as possible of us by exposure and starvation.

Rations, escape, and exchange were the absorbing topics of discussion during the long, weary cold winter nights of November and December, 1863, and January and February, 1864. By some means we learned that we could write to Gen. Halleck stating our wants, and he would have them

sent to us, taking pay out of what was due us. We got Thomas R. Grinstead to take down a list of our needs, and we sent it unsealed, but nothing ever came.

I do not remember of but one plan gotten up to make our escape. Tunnelling was impossible. Swimming the James River had been sufficiently tried, and always failed. The plan fixed upon was to organize and overpower the guard. One party was to pounce upon and capture the prison guards on duty; another was to make a rush on the relief guards, overpower, and take their guns, dash up the hill and capture the Artillery; cross over the bridge to the south side of the James river, and destroy both the railroad and wooden bridge, then make our way down the river to our lines. But our plan never materialized. Our squad was anxious and willing to go into it at any time; others objected and threatened to inform on us if we did not abandon it.

We spent much of our time in talking of home and friends, and the great enjoyment we would have when we reached them; also much of our time was spent in destroying the graybacks, which had become so numerous that they were sucking the life-blood from our already wasted bodies. I was vaccinated while there, and afterward broke out all over in sores. Some said it was varioloid; but I never could tell whether it was the effect of the vaccination or the biting of the graybacks. The suffering from these vermin pests I have no doubt shortened the lives of many a prisoner. Being deprived of change of garments, soap, and vessels to boil our clothes in, made it impossible to get rid of them.

Many died on the Island. In the dead-house, the number ranged from six to fifteen every morning.

While in the Pemberton building, the Rebel General John H. Morgan paid us a visit. He had but a short time before made his escape from the Ohio Penitentiary. One of his objects in visiting Richmond was to try to affect an exchange of the prisoners belonging to the First Kentucky Cavalry (Union), captured at Philadelphia, and Rockford, Tennessee, for an equal number of his old regiment, the First Kentucky Cavalry (Confederate), but he failed, much to my disappointment.

I had been sent to the General Hospital, sick. After recovering sufficiently I was sent to the Pemberton building. After remaining three or four days, I became very anxious to go back to my old comrades on Belle Island. I was permitted to go, and found that all of them had been sent to Andersonville, Ga. I had to sleep in an old tent by myself with only the half of an old blanket to cover me. The night was very cold, and I could not sleep. I was sent back to the hospital the next day.

Many of our men remember the beautiful supposed boy, "Tommy," who was with the Forty-Fifth Ohio Mounted Infantry. The question of Tommy's sex was always a matter of speculation among the officers and men of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Tommy was sent to Belle Isle with the rest, and messed with his regiment and the First Kentucky. Early in February, 1864, Tommy was taken very sick, and was compelled to disclose his sex. Tommy proved to be a female, and was reported to Lieut. Boisseux, who had him or her removed, and what became of the handsome supposed boy I would like to know.

I visited Martin Phelps's tent and he visited mine. He named over all the good things we would have when we returned home. He was moral and religious, and remained so to the last. He never drank intoxicants himself, but would have plenty of good apple brandy and honey for me when we returned to Kentucky. Poor Martin Phelps! he was as noble and brave a soldier as ever wore the blue. He was a married man, and devotedly attached to his family, but he never saw his loved ones again. He died soon afterward. I will mention another one of my comrades of Company A, but I will not tell his name for fear of touching the feelings of his relatives. In his sickness and despair he became the most ill-natured being I ever saw. He blamed the government and its officers for not being exchanged. He railed at the government, the President, and everybody else. I told him that I did not believe he would ever return home on account of his talk. My prophecy proved true.

I well remember James E. and John A. Gillespie, of Company D. They were brave, clever fellows. A short time be-

fore I was taken from the Island I became so weak I could scarcely walk. On going to the entrance of the camp, I frequently got permission to pass out. One day, while out, some Yankee snatched the guard's blanket from where it was lying; the guard fired at the retreating prisoner and killed two, and wounded another. One day I was out and gathered up old peas, crusts of bread and splinters for my mess, for my stomach was so weak I could not eat my rations. On returning to my mess, just before reaching them, a brutal fellow of my own regiment, grabbed me by the throat to rob me of my collectings, and would have succeeded if my mess had not come to my rescue.

I found Wm. M. Dodd, of Company B, in the hospital; he had a severe spell of fever and lost his hearing. His deafness was permanent.

We sold part of our rations to buy papers to keep us informed on the prospects of exchange. Our Commissioner, Gen. B. F. Butler, made several propositions to the Confederate Commissioner Ould, which were not accepted. The Confederates wanted the advantage. At last, in February, 1864, Gen. Butler proposed for the sake of humanity, that he would send five hundred Rebel prisoners to City Point for exchange, and for Commissioner Ould to meet him with five hundred Union prisoners, which was accepted. This was when James W. Stephens and others left Belle Isle. But this humane proposition ended at once. Then as a last resort, to save as many as possible of the starving, freezing, dying Union soldiers, Butler proposed that if Ould would parole the sick in the hospital at Richmond, and send them to City Point, he would parole an equal number of their sick, and meet him there. This proposition was finally accepted by the Confederate commission.

I was among the number to be exchanged. I had been confined to my bunk until my legs and arms commenced swelling. I had the night-sweats, and my teeth had commenced gritting. I felt conscious if I remained much longer that my days were numbered. When we got ready to start, some were too sick to be taken. When informed that they could not go, the shock was so great that they died instantly. I remember mustering all the strength in my power to show

that I was able to go. We were paroled on the 9th day after Butler's proposition, and sent down the James River on a boat, and met our steamship New York, and were transferred to it. Thus ended six months of the severest sufferings I ever experienced, or ever could endure again and live.

When we reached City Point, and the boat sided up to the New York, every soldier crowded to see which could get on our ship first. When I saw our flag floating in the breeze and a Union soldier dressed in blue, with musket and fixed bayonet at "shoulder arms," I thought it was the grandest sight I ever saw. My own feelings of joy at leaving the hateful prison dens and camps of the Confederacy and getting into "God's country" once more, as we called it, is beyond my ability to describe. I could not realize that I was safe until I had passed into our ship, and then I had fears that the change was not real.

We were soon assigned to clean bunks on board the vessel. Gen. Butler walked between the bunks and eyed us very closely. I thought I could see indignation and vengeance depicted on his countenance. We were furnished with warm coffee, milk punch, loaf bread and meat in very small quantities. I was told that two men who had purloined rations that night, and had eaten too much, were found dead in their bunks the next morning with their hands full of provisions.

We passed out into and up the Chesapeake Bay and landed at Baltimore, Maryland, on the 19th or 20th of April, 1864, and were taken to the Jarvis Hospital. Here we were stripped and washed, and felt like new men. My maximum weight on entering the service was 165 pounds. I weighed after reaching Baltimore, and tilted the beam at 81 pounds.

At Baltimore we attended the Sanitary Fair, where we got every luxury a soldier could wish, but numbers, after their long fast, had so little control of their ravenous appetites, that they overate themselves and died. In July, I received a thirty day's furlough and went home; then, according to orders, I reported to Camp Chase, Ohio, and remained until October, when I reported to my regiment at Mt. Sterling, Ky., preparatory to being mustered out.

JAMES E. KING, Company A.

THE CAPTURE, ADVENTURES, AND ESCAPE OF SERGEANT JAMES E. GILLESPIE, OF COMPANY I.

One of the most brilliant young men of the First Kentucky Cavalry was Serg. James E. Gillespie, of Washington county, Kentucky. Handsome, well educated, jovial, with remarkable conversational powers, he was popular with the officers and men of the whole regiment. His splendid business qualifications caused him for a long time to be detailed as a clerk in the Quartermaster's office; and though his duties did not require him to take the field, yet being of a chivalrous, daring disposition, whenever a fight came up, he would leave his desk in somebody else's care, and "pitch into" the melee. He left his office and was in the fight October 20, 1863, and was captured. After serving a long time in several prisons, and escaping and being recaptured, he at last reached our lines at Marietta, Ga., August 17, 1864. The following brief sketch of his prison life, adventures, and escapes, is given by his brother John A. Gillespie, who was captured at the same time, both remaining together for some time, but they were finally separated.

The two brothers were taken with the rest of Wolford's men to Atlanta, where they were relieved of their blankets and overcoats, and given the blue sky to cover them, and a Georgia sand-bank for a bed. From this place they were taken by way of Augusta and other towns and cities, to Richmond, Va., and to Belle Isle in the middle of the James river. Here they remained through the terrible winter, up to February, 1864. At this place, too, they were bountifully supplied with nature's canopy for a covering, and the usual sand-bank for a habitation and bed-room. On the detestable island they experienced all the sufferings from the inclemency of the weather, and scanty and unwholesome food, as narrated so many times by prisoners who were there. In February, they were moved over to Libby prison, in Richmond, where they remained for two weeks, finding no improvement in diet and fare, and were compelled to remain in the cold prison without fire. Here the two brothers were separated, and James E. Gillespie, with others, was shipped could not frighten it away without arousing the darky, so

to that prison of most unsavory reputation, Andersonville, Ga. The sufferings he and other Union soldiers went through there has been told too often in books and newspaper articles to need repetition in this brief sketch.

Soon after arriving at Andersonville, Sergeant Gillespie became acquainted with a kindred spirit in the person of an intelligent Englishman, who was an expert blacksmith. Of course a person of the vivacious temperament of the Sergeant could not remain long idle without scheming for liberty. After cautious and wearisome labor the two managed to run a tunnel under the walls of the prison stockade, and got out; but after making their way for some distance, they were overtaken by bloodhounds, recaptured, and returned to prison, where balls and chains were applied to their ankles. While the balls and chains were being fastened on, the Englishman adroitly managed to steal a small file. Gillespie begged a Minnie ball from a soldier, and when night came on, they filed the rivets of their shackles in two, and replaced them with leaden ones. They wore their ball and chain ornaments through the day, and at night withdrew the rivets and laid by their appendages. Gillespie was afterward put in the "chain gang." He soon won money enough at throwing dice to buy some cotton sacking, with which he employed a comrade who was a tailor by trade to make him a Rebel suit of clothes with the Sergeant's stripes sewed upon the sleeves of his coat.

At that time the Fifty-Fifth Georgia regiment had been cut to pieces in an engagement, and those able for duty were left at Andersonville for guards. Non-commissioned officers were sent inside the stockade every morning to call the roll, and see if any of the inmates were missing. Gillespie, by good luck, got hold of a memorandum-book of the same pattern used by the Rebel officials, and after the roll-call, one day, he approached the guard at the entrance with his book in hand, simulating lameness, and requested to be let out, claiming that his crippled condition made him slower than the rest in attending to his duties. He was permitted to pass without suspicion. He staid around until night, when he once more started on his journey through dangers and privations to reach liberty within the Union lines. After

many narrow escapes and numerous adventures, he had nearly succeeded in reaching the Union forces, when he was again recaptured, closely confined, and taken back to his old quarters at Andersonville. On arriving at the scene of much woe and suffering, the prison commander, Capt. Henry Wirz, happening to be in a better humor than usual, asked of him,

"Gillespie, why don't you stay in prison?"

He replied: "You can't blame a man for not wanting to stay in a place full of lice, filth, and impure air, can you?"

Wirz responded: "I don't blame you for trying to get away, but I blame you for getting caught."

He afterward told Gillespie that if he would not try to escape, he would parole him, and let him exercise outside of the prison walls. He also tried to induce our hero to take charge of a working squad of negroes on the outside, but Gillespie refused, claiming that it would violate his oath to his government. On his refusing, Wirz became exasperated, and threatened to have him shot if there was powder enough in the Confederacy to shoot him.

It came to Wirz's ears that Gillespie and his English comrade were aiming to take the Captain's horse and another one, and attempt to escape again. This so angered the Captain that he caused the Sergeant to be chained and sent to Macon on the train, and put in jail with the Union officers confined there for safe keeping, with strict orders to shoot him if he made the least demonstration on the way.

During his confinement at Macon, even that far down in Dixie, the jail was sometimes visited by Union women. Through the medium of these loyal ladies he managed to procure an old spoon and file; with these he constructed false keys with which he let himself and Capt. Whitlock, of Gen. Logan's staff, out of prison.

They waited until the friendly shades of night clothed their surroundings in darkness before they made their exit. They traveled mostly at night, and lay in concealment during the day. One evening, while stealthily groping their way through a swamp, they came across a burly negro lying asleep against a large oak tree. They decided not to wake him, and started to cross a stream near by, but a snake was on the log upon which they intended to cross, and they

they concluded to return and awaken him. He proved to be a "runaway." They were now becoming extremely hungry, and as soon as night came on, they prevailed on the negro to go to a cabin belonging to one of his race, and get them something to eat. While he was absent, upon consultation, they decided that it would be dangerous for them to be caught making their way to the Union lines in company with their sable friend, for fear the Rebels would think they were trying to steal their "nigger." On his return, they directed him to go one way, and they went another, with the promise that they would meet him at a certain designated point on the railroad. That was the last they ever saw of their negro, as they went a different course from the one promised.

They were now getting near the Chattahoochee river, and concealed themselves in a swamp. They had become faint and hungry. When night came on they resumed their journey, and about 10 o'clock, ventured into a negro cabin to get something to eat, and succeeded in getting a good meal. Going to the door, their sharp ears distinguished in the distance the well-known voice of the bloodhound. They applied to the negro for information how to confuse the hounds. The negro gave them some assafœdita, and directed them to rub it on their feet and clothes, which acted all right, as they had no more trouble with the bloodhounds. They now got directions and made their way to the Chattahoochee river. Having no other way to cross, they plunged in to swim the stream. After swimming some distance, Whitlock gave out and began to sink. Gillespie being more robust, and the best swimmer, swam back and caught him by the hair and towed him safely out of danger. After getting into the Union lines, they first made their way to Gen. John A. Logan's headquarters, where Capt. Whitlock remained. Serg. Gillespie arrived at Marietta, Ga., August 17, 1864, just two days before the regiment started on the train for Kentucky, to make preparations to be mustered out. As he passed through the town, the Author met him on the street, the Sergeant having the same happy, jovial smile upon his features as of old. Having a fine physical form and an industrial plodding disposition, his dreadful prison life had borne more lightly upon him than most of the pale, haggard

skeletons who returned from captivity. He first visited his Company, and then returned to brigade headquarters, where he was the "lion of the day;" all being rejoiced to see him, and hear him detail his life and adventures in his long absence of nearly a year.

THE CAPTURE, PRISON LIFE, AND ADVENTURES OF DR. I. C. DYE, COMPANY A, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

When Wolford's Brigade was camped at Rockford, Tennessee, and the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, while on outpost duty on the Maryville road, was attacked early on the morning of November 14, 1863, Col. Wolford ordered Col. Adams to take the First Kentucky and go immediately to the support of Maj. Graham. We mounted in haste and dashed forward. Just after crossing Little river, we came in sight of about a dozen of the enemy's advance, and putting spurs to our horses, pursued them, firing at them at all opportunities. We suddenly found that we had run into a well set trap. Capt. Drye was shot from his horse, and we turned and made a mad rush back the way we came. The enemy had closed in on our route back, and I was captured by a jovial fellow of the Eleventh Tennessee, who proposed immediately to swap horses with me, as his mustang would do all the visiting I would have a chance to do in the South. I replied, "all right," and mounting his pony in obedience to his orders, started back to the rear. The idea struck me to attempt an escape, in which I would have succeeded if it had not been for one of my comrades by the name of Jake Spaw. I rode back along the road, passing Gen. Wheeler and Staff, to whom I gave a salute, until I came near where Capt. Drye was shot, when I turned to the left and aimed to enter a dense cedar thicket. Just then Jake Spaw, who was a prisoner, called out: "O yes, Dye, they have got you, have they?" I put spurs to my pony, but it was no go; he bucked, and I was again taken in. We were marched to Maryville that night and were put into the court-house. We marched quite early the next morning, arrived at the Tennessee river, crossed to the south bank and camped, where we were baited

for the first time. We marched the next day to Philadelphia, and then to Sweetwater, and slept in passenger coaches. Two of our officers escaped that night [Captains Phil Roberts and D. R. Carr.—Author], and I ought to have done the same thing. An engine was hitched to our coaches the next morning and pulled us down to Dallas, Ga. Arriving there just after dark, we were loaded into stock cars and sent to Atlanta. Reaching there at night, we marched down back of the depot and put into a stockade, where we remained several days. One cold, frosty morning, we were ordered out into line, drew four day's rations of crackers, and told that we were going to Richmond, Va. As we were being counted out through the gate of the stockade, a Captain who was attending to that part of the business, snatched my blanket off my shoulders. I said, "take it, you d—d Rebel thief." I had not noticed his badge of office. I looked before I spoke to a Rebel again, when he was attending to his usual business.

Jefferson Eubanks and myself had made up our minds to make our escape from the Rebel guard while on the way to Richmond, which we did at a place called Weldon, in North Carolina, on the Roanoke river, two hundred and twenty-five miles from the Blue Ridge mountains. The train had stopped to take water and wood. It was 7 o'clock at night, clear and frosty, and the moon was at its full. We were on flat cars, and a sentinel was on each corner. We had been persuaded by Martin Phelps of our company, with tears in his eyes, not to attempt such a thing, for he said we would almost certainly be shot, or at least one of us. Our minds were made up however, and we shook hands with our friends, whom we were destined never to see again. We immediately worked our way to the edge of the flat, Eubanks watching the sentinel on the right, and I on the left. We were sitting close together with our legs hanging over the edge of the flat. The sign agreed upon was a nudge of the elbow when we saw the guard looking away. We had barely got settled in our place, when Eubanks gave me the nudge. I answered it and dropped off the flat, and landed down on the edge of the ties, close up to the rail, Eubanks immediately following me. The train did not start for some time, but when it

did start, we were in too great a hurry in getting up; for as the last flat was passed we got up just between two guards, but somehow they did not see us. The rear car was a caboose, and an Irishman was guard at the door, and he saw us. He sang out: "Don't you come here!" We answered: "Go to h—l you d—d Rebel s—n of a b—h!"

We ran back up the railroad track where we had seen a big persimmon tree full of fruit, and ripe. We were hungry, and the way we ate persimmons was astonishing. While feasting on persimmons, we heard some one halloo down the road. Eubanks asked "What is that? it is some of the guards trying to deceive us." We filled our hats and retired to the briers to devour the persimmons. We soon discovered that the fellow who had hallooed was one of our own Company, Alex. C. Carman, who, when the train got under way, jumped into the watery ditch by the railroad track, and dived to the bottom. He was wet, and it was a cold night. We looked around, took our bearings the best we could, and started north, as we thought, to "God's country." We traveled until nearly daylight, when a drove of wild hogs jumped up and ran off through a swamp. We took possession of their bed and were soon asleep, nor did we wake until the sun was up next morning.

We got on our feet, and while consulting which way to go, a Rebel officer commenced calling the roll of his Company not more than a quarter of a mile from where we were. We had marched around and around all night, and were not out of hearing of Weldon the next morning. We started off northwest and kept that course all the time, living on walnuts, winter grapes, and persimmons. Nothing of importance happened until the third day at night, Carman gave out. His feet were enormously swollen, and it was with great difficulty that he could walk about.

He bade us good-bye, and started to a farm house to give himself up to the Rebels, and we went on our way. On the morning of the tenth day out, we called at a little log cabin in an old field. The family were just sitting down to breakfast when we entered the house. The old man asked us to take breakfast with them, which we consented to, of course. Just as we were sitting down to the table, some one called

for the old man out at the yard fence. He hurried out, remarking as he went to the door, that it was Capt. Smith and his men. We hastened to the door and looked through a crack in the wall, and saw the Captain, seven men, eleven fox-hounds, and four blood-hounds. The Captain inquired of the old man who was in the house. He replied that two Yankees were in there.

Capt. Smith was a brave man, for before he would risk his force against two unarmed starved Yankees, he ordered his men to "fix bayonets" and follow him, which they did slowly. As the Captain was entering one door, we jumped out the other, the only means of escape from the house. As we ran around the corner of the house the men ordered us to halt, but as we paid no attention to them they put their hounds after us. A few jumps and we were in the brush, running for life. They soon overtook Eubanks, and he fought them off with a club, and said to me to climb. I kept on running, and it occurred to me to try to fool the hounds. I commenced calling and slapping my hands, as though I wanted to set the dogs on the track of something. This had the desired effect, and brought all the fox-hounds to me; the blood-hounds turned round and went back the way they had come. We could hear Smith and his men coming through the woods encouraging the dogs all that they could. We stole four of the fox-hounds, and turning due east, and running in that direction four or five miles, we turned north again and kept up a long trot most of the day.

Capt. Smith, as he told us several days afterwards, was greatly surprised that his blood-hounds came back and would not run us any further. We told the Captain where we left the hounds the night following the race, and he said it was forty miles from where it started. After this, nothing of interest occurred until the fifteenth day, when Eubanks and I differed about the course we were traveling, he going his way, and I mine. After we had been separated about three hours, I heard him hallooing off to the right, and I answered him, and we were soon together again. You may be sure we never let any foolishness separate us anymore.

On the night of the —— we came in sight of Squire Buck Hodge's house. We had been directed to call on him

by a man thirty miles back. It was 11 o'clock at night, and full moon. When we knocked for admittance at his door, he invited us in. He lived alone with his wife, and was known to be a Union man by his Union friends, and was suspected by the Rebels. We immediately told Mr. Hodge our business; that we wanted him to pilot us up the mountain, which he refused to do. In fact he would not talk with us. We were just on the point of leaving the house, when his wife asked us what part of Kentucky we were from. Eubanks told her we were from near Crab Orchard. "Well," says she, "you may know my brother there, Mr. —— Johnson." "Yes, I know him," Eubanks replied. After a few minutes Mr. Hodge found his lost tongue, and in a short time was ready to start with us up the mountain. Mrs. H. had prepared a lot of dried beef, sweet potatoes, bread, etc. Just then we heard a rap on the door. I sprang out the opposite door only to find an armed Rebel soldier, who ordered me to throw up my hands and march back into the house. By this time another soldier had entered at the other door, and we found ourselves captured. It seems that Hodge was suspected of harboring deserters, and these enterprising Rebels had made a descent on the house for the purpose of capturing them if any were found there. They were greatly surprised and pleased when they found that they had captured two real live Yankees.

My friend Eubanks and I had often declared if we ever were captured by two men that we would not stay with them long. Our plan had always been, when talking the matter over, for Eubanks to watch his opportunity, knock one of the men down, and I was to use his gun, and use it quick. One of our captors was a Lieutenant of Infantry, a small man; the other a private, a very large man. While the Lieutenant searched us for papers — for they declared us to be spies — the private held both muskets, standing back in the middle of the room. I was searched first. After searching us both, they did not seem to be satisfied, and searched us again. The last time they found a memorandum-book in my inside undershirt pocket, which confirmed them in the belief that we were really spies, giving the private much pleasure, and he told us that we would

be hung before the next night, and I think the poor, ignorant fool really thought so.

When they were searching Eubanks, I tried to give him the sign to knock the Lieutenant down, and we would grapple with the private who was holding the guns. Eubanks told me afterward that he never once thought of our plan. Seeing that he was not going to do anything, I determined to take my chances, which I did by making a break for liberty. I was standing with my back to the fire; I made a rush for the door, opened it, and pulled it to after me; ran into the yard, jumped the fence, and fell into a hoghole. While I was down, I saw the private coming straight toward me. I jumped up and ran behind a smoke-house, then struck out west across a little creek bottom which had been in corn. I kept looking back, for I was sure he would fire on me as soon as he could. I saw him take aim, then I threw myself flat on the ground, just in time to save myself. He fired so near the time I fell, that he thought he had hit me, and so expressed himself by saying, "O yes, that is the way I turn over d—d Yankees!" Jumping up I replied, "Go to h—l you d—d Rebel s—n of a b—h," and away I went at a 2:30 gait, and he after me. I was leaving him fast, when I came to the little creek. I made a spring to jump over it, but alas! the bank gave away under my feet, and I went to the bottom with several tons of sand holding me down till he came up. As soon as I got out, he knocked me down, and kicked me several times, which hurt me very much. I never was so angry in all my life as I was then. All I could do was to abuse with my tongue, for I only weighed 125 pounds, and he about 225, so I could do nothing but talk. He drove me back to the house before him. When we returned to the house, the Lieutenant had Eubanks safe. They proceeded to tie our hands crossed behind us, then tied us together and marched us down the creek a mile or two, and made us wade the creek, I carrying Jeff across on my back, as my feet were already wet. I told Jeff how mean I had been treated by my captor. He told the fellow that if he would lay down his gun he would give him a beating. He got so he would say nothing to him only that he had to do what he did.

We were marched over to Dobson court-house that night and put in jail. When the iron door closed on us, Eubanks broke down and cried like a child. We were taken out in a few hours and put in with about 150 deserters from the Army of Northern Virginia, and marched all the remainder of that day, and all night. There were five or six young mothers, wives of the deserters, who marched with us all day and night without a halt to rest. I never heard a murmur or word of complaint. They went with us to be with their husbands, and to encourage them, as they never expected to see them any more, as they would, in all probability be shot; at least some of them. I told Col. Snow, commanding the Twenty-First North Carolina, how Gallion had abused me. He said he always was a d—d coward, and was wounded in the back at Gettysburg. We arrived at Raleigh, N. C., where we staid several days, and were then sent on to Richmond, Va., where we arrived just as the city clock struck for midnight.

We were under charges against us of spies, and put into Castle Thunder, the strongest prison in the South. We were brought out on the 15th of March, tried, and came clear, and were sent to the Pemberton prison among our own men. We remained with them, or I did, until the middle of May, when I got on a detail to go to the hospital as a nurse. Eubanks failed to get on the detail, but insisted that I should go, for I could get him detailed if I should get on the right side of the Doctors. One day the Doctor told me that there was a vacancy in one of the wards, and if I would give him my friend's name he would have him detailed. On the Doctor's application to have him detailed, he found that he and others had been sent to Andersonville, Ga., the day before. Alas! I never saw my true friend any more.

Jefferson Eubanks was a brave soldier, a true friend, and one who would stand by your side in any emergency. He finally died in Andersonville prison, a raving maniac. Before his death he had eaten the flesh from his arms as far as he could reach.

I was exchanged November 2, 1864, and returned to my regiment at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

I. C. DYE, Company A.

THE ADVENTURES, AND FINAL ESCAPE OF ALEXANDER C. CARMAN, OF COMPANY A, FROM CAPTIVITY.

Want of space in a work of this kind, prevents a full detail of his prison life and adventures. On the morning of November 14, 1863, when the First Kentucky ran into the disastrous snare near Rockford, Tennessee, on their retreat, Carman became separated from his comrades, and was chased by their Rebel Cavalrymen, but eluded them by dismounting from his horse, jumping over a fence, and concealing himself in the woods. A skirmish line of the enemy soon came upon him and took him in. Knowing of I. C. Dye and Jefferson Eubanks's intention to escape from the train near Weldon, N. C., he concluded to go with them, and as they dropped from the flat cars, he followed them. In Dye's narrative, it is related how his feet became swollen, and he separated from them to go to a house in sight and give himself again into the hands of the enemy. He approached the house and found it belonged to an old bachelor who was an intense Rebel. When he arrived, the landlord not being at home, he was kindly treated and fed by some colored women until the arrival of their master, or owner, about dark. When he came, on Carman's telling him who he was, and the State he was from, he abused and cursed him, calling him a d—d Kentuckian fighting against his mother States. After abusing Carman to his satisfaction, he called three colored men and sent him under their care to the house of a neighbor, about a quarter of a mile distant, who he claimed was a justice of the peace. On reaching there, the man denied being an officer of any kind, and on finding out that he was an escaped Yankee prisoner, was very hostile to him. The females of the house, though strongly Southern in sentiment, were very kind; they would have him sit down at the table and eat supper with them. After supper was over, the man told Carman he might go back to the bachelor's, or wherever he pleased, for he would have nothing to do with him. On returning, the bachelor would not let him sleep in the house, but sent him into the cabin with the kind-hearted colored folks. Carman was only nineteen years old at the time, and the thoughts of his

mother and home nearly overpowered him. The females poulticed his feet, gave him some clothes for the night, washed his own clothes, and prepared a nice bed for him to sleep in.

The next morning, Carman being unable to walk, and the surly bachelor being in a better humor than the night before, after some contention, had a negro man to drive him in a buggy to a magistrate, some three miles distant. On arriving there, the magistrate was standing in his front porch. Carman told him that he was a Union soldier, unable to travel, and wanted to be delivered to the Confederate authorities. The magistrate became enraged, and said he would not put himself to the trouble of delivering him to the authorities; that they hung all such fellows; that there was no use giving him over to them, and having him exchanged, and coming back to fight to free his "niggers." The magistrate's noble-hearted wife, however, inquired if Carman had been to breakfast, and on learning that he had not, against her husband's positive orders, brought out a lot of wholesome provisions, and gave him a hearty meal. The magistrate ceased saying anything to Carman, but sauntered around through his yard and held secret caucuses with rough-looking characters who kept dropping in. Carman became uneasy, and listened to get the purport of their conferences. At last he heard a yellow boy, about eighteen years of age, say to the magistrate: "Massa, you will get yourself into trouble; I am going to camp day after to-morrow, and will have a led horse along, and he can ride it, and give himself up to the major." But they paid no attention to the boy. Carman, getting a chance, inquired of the boy, and found that he was a waitman of a young Major in the Confederate army. Soon a man came riding up in a buggy, who proved to be a Rebel Colonel. They went out to him, and Carman could not hear what they said, until the Colonel remarked: "I have been a prisoner myself," and called our prisoner to him. On inquiry, Carman told him he was an escaped prisoner, and putting the best tale forward he could about the manner of his escape, the Colonel replied that any body else would have done the same thing, and then gave orders to the magistrate to have a horse saddled for the prisoner to ac-

company him to the Junction. On arriving at the place, the Colonel, who was a genuine gentleman, took Carman to a nice hotel, and gave him a good dinner. He informed our hero that he was Colonel of the Thirty-Fifth North Carolina. He told Carman that he might be thankful that he came along when he did, for that he [Carman] was in rough hands, and would have been hung.

When the train came along, Carman was put aboard and sent to Weldon, N. C., where he was put in charge of the provost guard, and he remained eight or ten days. Here Carman fell into good hands, and had a jolly time. He ate, messed, and slept with his guards. They had a dispute every night about who should sleep next to him. He soon found out from them that they were Union men in sentiment, and were drafted into the Confederate service. He procured from a Rebel Surgeon a remedy for his badly frost-bitten feet, which gave quick relief. While here, his guards informed him that there were sixteen Rebel deserters in a tent near by, who were condemned to be shot. He started to go to see them, but on approaching the tent, he heard them singing and praying, and his heart failed him, and he turned another course.

Much to Carman's regret, for he had become attached to his guards, the Captain of the provost guard came to him one morning and addressed him: "Well, little Yankee, you will have to leave us to-day; I have to send you on the noon train to Richmond." The Captain took him to the train and delivered him to the guards, putting into their hands a paper which had been written by the Colonel, who delivered him at the Junction previously spoken of. He was put on a passenger train, the only one he rode on while in Rebeldom. The train arrived at Petersburg at midnight, and he was put into a filthy guard-house, among a lot of Rebel prisoners—some under arrest for drunkenness, and some condemned for execution as deserters. While waiting for the Richmond train, Carman had an affecting scene with one of the condemned deserters. He claimed that he was a Union man; was drafted into the Rebel army, left them and joined the Union army, was captured, and then was awaiting his exe-

cution. Carman says of this interview: "It was enough to make an iron heart melt to hear him talk."

When 3 o'clock came, the same squad who brough him to Weldon appeared and conducted him to the train, which soon entered Richmond. The guard took him to the provost marshal and delivered him the paper written by the North Carolina Colonel. It must have been favorable, for the marshal ordered him to be sent to the Pemberton building instead of Castle Thunder. When he entered the prison with the guard, the men were lying so thick on the floor, that he could not walk in the darkness without tramping on them. He called for the First Kentucky, and was answered by Jacob Humbird, of Company L, who directed him to get down on his knees and crawl over the men to him.

He found several of Company B, but none of his own Company. Space will not allow to give Carman's hardships in prison. The Federal Government sent clothing and provisions for the benefit of our prisoners, but little was issued to them. Carman, however, drew a blanket, which was stolen from him the first night. He lost his boots also, and went barefooted for some time, but finally procured an old pair of shoes. Small-pox broke out in the prison, but he escaped. He was taken with pneumonia and transferred to the hospital, where he was much better situated. He and others had the good luck to be under the care of a kind and attentive Doctor, and he had good grounds to believe that he was a Union man at heart. He came across Wm. Dodd, of Company B, and found him totally deaf.

Carman and others becamo convalescent and were taken out to another building. One evening, about dark, an officer came in and notified them to be ready to mount the train the next morning at 3 o'clock to be taken down South, where they could get more rations, and wanted them to be paroled, but all refused.

After the officer left, Carman went to J. Newton Acree, of Company C, the only one of his comrades of the First Kentucky in that building, and told him his intentions were to escape if they started with them South. Acree readily agreed to make the attempt with him. The train started at the appointed time, and the first stopping-place was Raleigh,

N. C. They were ordered out of the cars, and a lot of Yankee prisoners camped there, took their places in the cars. Our prisoners were marched to the camp left by the late prisoners, and ordered to lie down and not raise their heads during the night under pain of being shot. The next morning it was reported that the sick were going to be left at Raleigh. Many were taken violently sick. One Ohio boy's limbs were so drawn with the cramp that he could not move them. At 3 p. m., a train moved up, and sick and all were ordered to mount it. The helpless sick were carried by their comrades. Carman helped carry the Ohio boy aboard. Soon after the train moved off, the sick began to recover. Carman approached the Ohioan and asked him if the cramp was not getting better. The youngster, who was about Carman's age, laughed, and said he was just putting on in order to be left in the hospital, so as to make his escape. Carman told him that he was going to make his escape from the cars that night. So when night came on, Carman selected a place at the side of the box-car, near the back end, and commenced with a knife he had in possession to cut through the plank. He had made but a few strokes, when the Ohio boy came to him and informed him that there were three planks in the back end of the car, nearly cut through. Carman went to the place and found that he could easily stick his knife through. With a few strokes of his knife they all fell off, leaving a hole two feet by eighteen inches. Two soldiers sat before the hole to hide it from the guard. Upon consultation, it was found that five of them wanted to make the attempt—two Kentuckians, one from Wisconsin, a New Yorker, and the Ohio boy with the cramp. The Northern soldiers wanted all to keep together, but Carman objected for their safety; so he fixed it for the Ohio boy to drop out first, followed by the Wisconsin man and the New Yorker. When it came to Carman and Acree's turn, they let the cars move a short distance before they made the drop for liberty. The negro brakeman on the car saw the jump, and seemed to enjoy it, for he was splitting his sides with laughter as the cars passed on. They left the track and went a few hundred yards and stopped for consultation. Though Carman was only 19, and Acree was 25 years of age, as Carman had

former experience in that line, Acree agreed to follow Carman. He decided to travel by night and lie by in thickets and unfrequented places in day time. They traveled all that night in a western direction, and got into a dense thicket when light came, where they remained until late that evening, and then resumed their journey. Fortune favored them. They soon came in hearing of the sound of an ax, and they made for it, hoping they would find a negro chopping wood, but they found it was a white boy about 18 years of age. Being very hungry, they concluded to approach him. He supposed them to be deserters, and they never informed him any better. Upon inquiring where they could procure something to eat without running any risk of being arrested, he pointed out and directed them to a house where he said a Union man lived. This suited them. When they came near the house, the man motioned to them to come in. They frankly told him they were escaped Union prisoners, and they did not have to call for something to eat, for his wife immediately went to the kitchen and commenced cooking. The man talked a great deal to them; said he had a son nearly eighteen years old, and he had as soon see him buried as in the Rebel army. They ate their supper, and were provided with provisions to last them two or three days. They started again about 9 o'clock and traveled at night, lying by in daytime, and so continued for several days until their provisions gave out and they became hungry again. They never traveled on any roads, but took their course through the woods and farms. One evening, near sundown, they concluded they would try to find a negro to get them some food, and fortunately ran upon one. He pointed them out a place to remain until he could go to his cabin and prepare something for them. When he came, he brought cabbage, pork, and bread, upon which they feasted. They then prevailed upon him to return, steal a chicken, and have it cooked for them, and they would pay him. He returned about midnight with the chicken, for which Acree gave him his old quilt. They then traveled, the night becoming so dark and cloudy that that they had to feel the bark of the trees to direct them the right course, for they were acquainted with the fact that the bark was rougher and

more mossy on the north than on the south side. It began to rain about day, and as they were in a timbered country, they concluded to travel all day. Late in the evening they came upon a negro in a pine forest, who directed them to a tan-yard where two yellow boys were at work. Upon inquiry, Carman and Acree learned there were no white people around there but the overseer. One of the boys went to the house and procured some food for them, and then prevailed on them to remain concealed until the overseer went to bed, and they should have more. After the overseer retired they went up among the negro cabins, covering about two acres, where they were provided with a shoulder of meat and as much bread as they could carry conveniently—as much as would last them eight or ten days. They traveled for some days as usual without any unusual incident, and without seeing any person. One evening, their provisions becoming low, they approached a man and youth in a field and inquired the distance to the Blue Ridge mountains. The man, who took them to be deserters, informed them it was sixty miles. The man warned them about soldiers being stationed about the gaps of the Blue Ridge, who would capture all deserters. The man directed them to Wm. Hickman, fifteen miles distant, where they could get something to eat without running any risk. Late in the evening they came to a man and boy in a field, who, though he took them to be Rebel soldiers, claimed to be a Union man. Upon informing him that they were escaped Union prisoners, his little boy ran to the house and returned with an old woman who went into ecstacies over seeing soldiers who had been fighting for the dear old country. Their new friends gave them full directions how to cross the Yadkin river without running into danger, and also how to get to Wm. Hickman's, some five miles distant. They left about dark and got to Wm. Hickman's about 9 o'clock. They told him who they were, but he was non-communicative, fearing that they were wolves in sheep's clothing, and aiming to betray him. To all their protestations and assurances he would not talk much. He suffered them to lie by his fire that night. He was a widower, with two grown daughters, and two sons thirteen and seventeen years old.

The next morning the old man told them that court was going on at Dobson, some three miles distant, and that they had better lie over until it had adjourned; that Capt. Snow had a company who made raids in the mountains with blood-hounds after deserters, and they might be seen and reported. The oldest son took them to a deep hollow in the woods the next morning, where he fed them at noon, and they returned for supper at night, had a fine time with the girls and boys, and went to the tobacco barn at night. One morning they came very near being discovered in the tobacco barn by a Rebel neighbor who was a partner in the tobacco, but by the adroit strategy of the family, he was enticed to the house until they could get out the back way to the woods.

After being harbored and fed by the Hickman family until after court broke, and getting full cautions and directions, and having food prepared for them some days, they proceeded on their journey, meeting with some hairbreadth escapes and many adventures, but fortune seemed to favor them. They were fed and directed and guided from one point to another, sometimes by whole-souled, loyal mountaineers, and at other times by Rebel deserters. They received the kindest treatment from the females they met. At last, when within fifty miles of the place, they were informed of the appointed rendezvous in a mountain cove of a company of Rebel deserters to be met and piloted through to the Union lines in East Tennessee, by a Yankee Captain belonging to the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry. [Note by the Author: this must have been Capt. Dan Ellis.] With many difficulties they reached the vicinity, and were fed and concealed four days by a Rebel deserter. While waiting to start, they were taken to the dens of the deserters in the mountains and introduced to their manner of living. When the time came for them to start, the Union people furnished them with eight days' rations, and their Rebel deserter friend took them to the place of meeting on the mountain. They found twenty-eight Rebel deserters, three escaped Union prisoners, and one Tennessee soldier. Carman and Acree had six days' rest, were relieved from anxiety, and could travel with vigor. After wearisome traveling, mostly after night, they made their way to the Union lines on the rail-

road in East Tennessee, near a depot, informed the commander of the post who they were, got a pass and went to Knoxville. The First Kentucky then being in Kentucky, they got a pass by the way of Nashville, Louisville, and Lexington to join their command. At Lexington Carman met his Captain (Wolford), who took him to Gen. Burbridge, had him paid off, and procured him a pass to go home awhile.

When A. C. Carman arrived at his home, it was a surprise to his folks, for they had not heard a word from him since his capture, November 14, 1863, and this was in the latter part of April, 1864.

THE END.