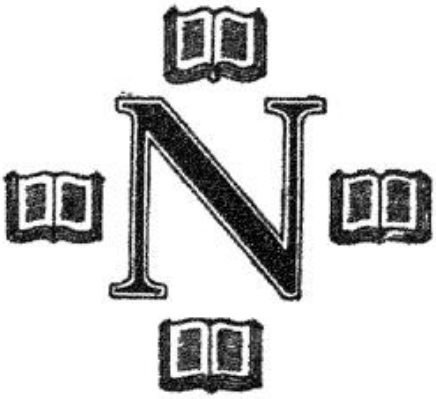
KELION FRANKLIN PEDDICORD



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KELION FRANKLIN PEDDICORD
1863

KELION FRANKLIN PEDDICORD

of Quirk's Scouts

Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.

Biographical and Autobiographical

Together with a
General Biographical Outline of the
Peddicord Family

By MRS. INDIA W. P. LOGAN

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PART I

General Biograpical Outline of the Peddicord Family

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PART I

General Biographical Outline of the Peddicord Family

Our great-grandfather was Adam Peddicord. He married Elizabeth Barnes, a daughter of James Barnes, the elder. Their son, Jasper Peddicord, our paternal grandfather, was born in 1762 in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, from whence he moved to Ohio in 1829. He died in Barnesville, Belmont County, Ohio, on September 23, 1844, aged 82. Barnesville was named after James Barnes, grandfather's cousin. Caleb Peddicord, another cousin of Grandfather Peddicord, emigrated from Maryland to Kentucky in 1830. Two other cousins of our grandfather, William and John Peddicord, served in the war of 1812.

Amelia Hobbs-Peddicord, our paternal grandmother, was the daughter of Thomas Hobbs. She was born in Maryland in 1767 and died March 23, 1841, in Barnesville, Ohio.

Jared Hobbs, our maternal grandfather,

was born in Howard County, Maryland, March 22, 1772, and died on his farm in 1866 at the advanced age of 94.

Our maternal grandmother was Elenor Shipley-Hobbs, daughter of Edward Shipley. She was born in Howard County, Maryland, March 16, 1777, and died August 21, 1828.

Wilson Lee Peddicord, our father, was born in Howard County, Maryland, May 13, 1803, and died in Palmyra, Missouri, May 20, 1875, from injuries caused by his team running away and throwing him under a large iron field roller. He was a Royal Arch Mason, and Palmyra Lodge officiated at his funeral.

Our mother, Keturah Barnes-Peddicord, the fifth child of Grandfather Hobbs, was born in Howard County, Maryland, September 25, 1807, and died January 9, 1876. She is buried near father in Palmyra, Missouri, where she died.

Jared Hobbs and Elenor Shipley-Hobbs had six children:

1. Louisa, born October 16, 1801.
2. Robert T., born December 2, 1802.
3. Julia Ann, born April 3, 1804.
4. Corilla E., born March 2, 1806.

5. Keturah B., born September 25, 1807.
6. Teresa, born June 19, 1809.

Jasper Peddicord and Amelia Hobbs-Peddicord had twelve children; two of whom died quite young:

Sons.	Daughters.
1. Thomas.	1. Pleasants.
2. Asbury.	2. Rebecca.
3. Benjamin.	3. Anna.
4. Joseph.	4. Cordelia.
5. Wilson Lee.	5. Hannah (Dorsey).

Anna married John Holton.
Cordelia married Thomas Holton.
Pleasants married Jerry Bartholow.
Rebecca married Robert Musgrove.
Hannah (daughter by a second marriage to Miss Dorsey) never married.

Wilson Lee Peddicord and Keturah Barnes-Peddicord were married on November 17, 1829, in Howard County, Maryland, by the Rev. T. Linthicum. They had seven children:

1. Columbus Adolphus, born July 18, 1831.
2. Kelion Franklin, born October 1, 1833.

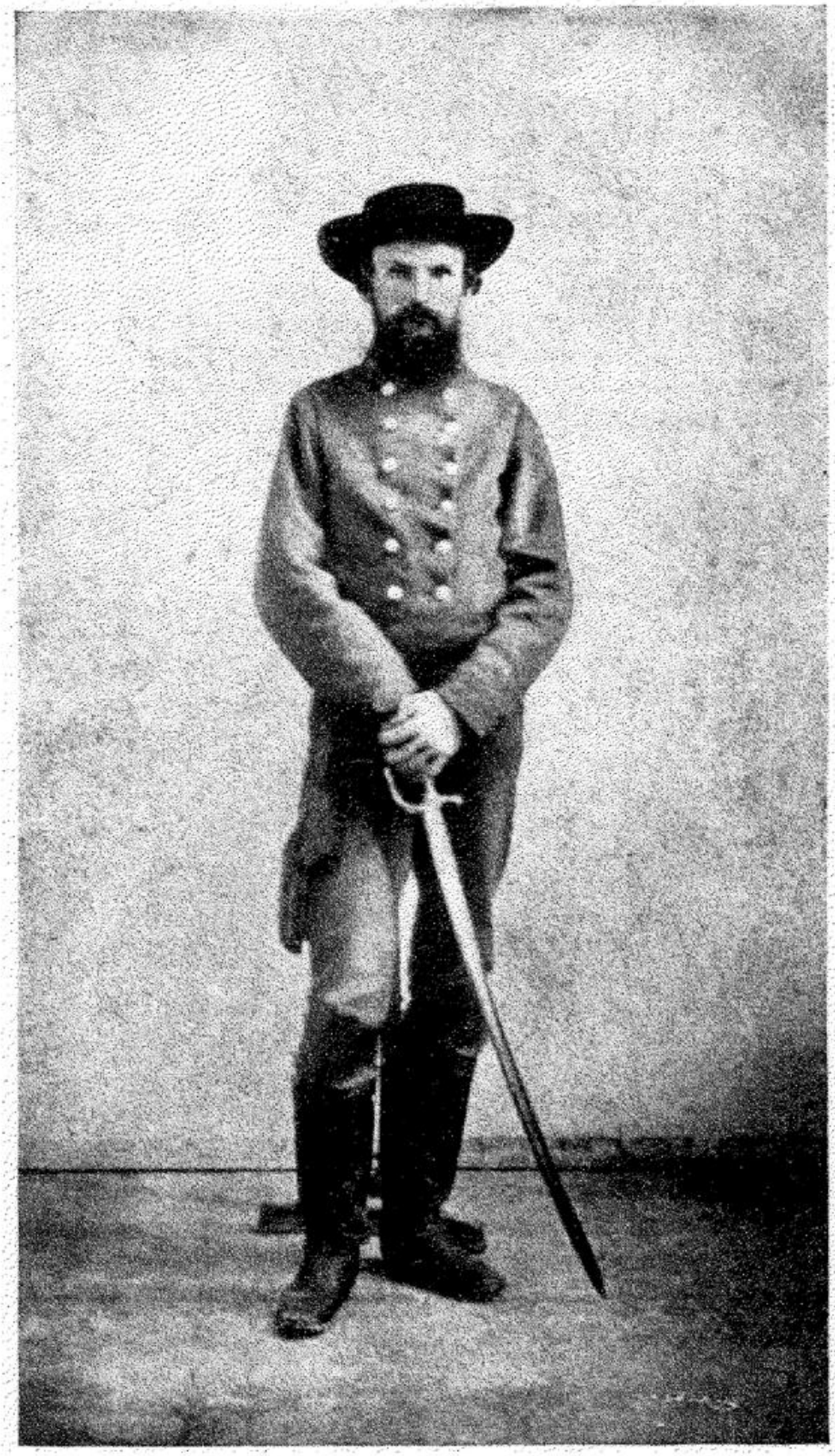
3. Indiana Washington, born December 15, 1835.
4. Ruth Elenor, born November 7, 1837.
5. Carolus Judkins, born November 27, 1840.
6. Laura Clay, born November 22, 1844.
7. Lily Louisa Pleasants, born August 28, 1849.

Columbus A. Peddicord and Mrs. Issa Meador-Peddicord were married March 31, 1859, in Sumner County, Tennessee, by Rev. John Winn. They had three children:

1. Charles Lewis, born February, 1860.
2. Frank Morgan, born November, 1861.
3. Columbus, born 1863.

The following biographical sketch of Columbus A. Peddicord is by his sister, Mrs. India P. Logan:

Columbus A. Peddicord was the oldest child in our family. Six feet tall at eighteen years of age, the idol of our family, he was a model of manly beauty, an image of our stately, beautiful mother. His chestnut, curling hair, and his hazel eyes, clear pale complexion, perfect form, and friendship with all classes made him a universal favorite. Impetuous tempered, he forgave any



COLUMBUS A. PEDDICORD

Capt. Independent Scouts, Morgan's Cavalry

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who affronted him at the first overture. He was a splendid shot at an early age, afraid of nothing in the world.

After the first year of service in the "Silver Grays," a company of Gallatin, Tennessee, in Colonel Bates's regiment, Second Infantry, Company K., he was with J. H. Morgan, and was often sent on detached service. He was taken prisoner in 1863, and spent nineteen months starving and freezing at Johnson's Island. Exchanged in November, 1864, he returned to find his wife in a Federal prison at Gallatin, Tennessee—a ruse to catch him. His father succeeded in getting her freed by going to Nashville to General Rosecrans, who banished her from Tennessee, where she owned one hundred and sixty acres of land, which was sold for taxes during reconstruction days. My brother Columbus was furious at his wife's treatment, and he and his men were conspicuous for their daring until the close of the war.

He was farming near Glasgow Junction in Kentucky until August, 1867, when he attended a Democratic barbecue at Glasgow City. While riding in his carriage driven by the old faithful slave driver, he was approached by four men, and asked if he would

take them to the grounds. He acquiesced. Three rode with him, and one with the driver. "You are Captain Peddicord," said one. He smiled, saying, "The Captain is played out." The man, using vile epithets, said, "A fine carriage for a d—d rebel to ride in." Brother, thinking they were joking, replied, "Yes, but the rebel is played out, too." After he found out they were antagonistic, he stepped out and said, "Get out of my vehicle." The one who got out first went behind the carriage and shot at my brother, hitting him in the left arm, shattering the bone. My brother then pulled out his pistol, but, as he said afterward, it failed to go off for the first time. The man shot again and struck his spine. He fell, and the men ran, and as there were many old Confederates on the grounds the crew disappeared quickly. My brother lived thirteen days. He is buried in the old "Bell" family cemetery at Glasgow Junction, Kentucky. His wife and two sons—one seven, one five and a half years old—were left to mourn his loss.

Kelion Franklin Peddicord never married.

The following appreciation of his character is by his sister, Mrs. India W. P. Logan:

In person my brother Kelion was about five feet eight inches in height, pale olive in complexion, with dark gray eyes and fine, very dark brown hair, and erect form, even when his hair had become white with age. Though always cheerful, his countenance was grave and he seldom laughed. He looked the soldier to the last time he walked the street, and died like the "bravest of the brave." With his soft hat under his arm, his Kentucky Confederate badge on his breast (from the reunion in Louisville in 1905), he was laid beside his father and mother for whom he had given up his ambition of rising in his profession of civil engineer, becoming the cheerful farmer until the death of his parents, when he came to Palmyra, where he filled many positions of trust. He was a member of Robert Buffner C. V. Camp at Hannibal. Kelion was one of the most truthful persons I was ever acquainted with. This was a trait he inherited. "If you cannot speak the truth," he said, "say nothing." He was always chivalrous toward women and loved children to a great degree, and was an uncommon judge of men.

Always uncomplaining, he said only once

when ill, looking at the clock, "It is so long." He was ill eighteen days.

Kelion, as he was always called until his army life, was only two years older than myself, and I corresponded with him when possible until the last sixteen years of his life, during which he lived in my home. I wish to say here that I can never forget the kindness of those who ministered to him in his last illness. He was the last link that bound me to the past.

Indiana W. Peddicord-Logan and Samuel Logan were married in St. Marys, Pleasant County, Virginia, May 15, 1855. They had three children:

1. Eugene W., born June 27, 1856; died August 18, 1857.
2. Minnehaha, born May 21, 1858.
3. Ernest Lee, born April 26, 1862; died August 8, 1893.

Samuel Logan died of apoplexy in Parkersburg, West Virginia, April 14, 1896. He was buried in Palmyra, Missouri, April 17, 1896.

Ruth Elenor Peddicord-Byrd and William

Hamilton Byrd were married April 27, 1881, by Rev. Dr. I. A. Wainwright at the National Hotel, in Palmyra, Missouri.

William Hamilton Byrd died January 12, 1905. He was a descendant of Sir William Byrd of "Westover," Virginia.

Of Carolus J. Peddicord, his sister, Mrs. India P. Logan, writes:

Our youngest brother, Carolus J. Peddicord, was only twenty-two years old when taken prisoner by General Paine's soldiers at Gallatin, Tennessee. He was during the first year of the war a member of Col. Ben Hardin Helm's First Kentucky Cavalry, Company A, and afterward belonged to the same scouts with my brother, C. A. Peddicord. With five of his men Carolus was put in a dungeon at Gallatin, on a stone floor, without a blanket, until a comrade left his on being paroled by General Paine. He was told if he would inform on his friends and the Southern sympathizers that his life would be spared. He obstinately refused from October until December, when he was informed that he would be taken out on horseback to

the country and be shot if he refused to guide them to the homes of his friends. One friend who spent the last night in the cell with him said to my brother, K. F. Peddicord, at a reunion in Dallas, Texas, "Your brother was the bravest man I ever saw. He said, 'I can die, but never can I betray a trust.'" He was taken many miles out into the country and shot in the forehead.

Carolus had auburn hair, extremely fair complexion, was pale, slender, about five feet eight inches tall, with a graceful figure, and dark blue laughing eyes like our father's. He is buried at the old Bell family cemetery in Kentucky.

Laura Clay Peddicord was born in Barnesville, Belmont County, Ohio, and died at Fountain Head, Sumner County, Tennessee, May 18, 1867, having been an invalid her whole life. She is buried at Fountain Head Church, Sumner County, Tennessee.

Lily L. Peddicord-Webster and Thomas T. Webster were married December 21, 1887, in Kansas City, Missouri. They have one child, Frank Thursby, born December 1, 1888.

CAROLUS J. PEDDICORD

Member 1st Kentucky Cavalry

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PART II

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KELION FRANKLIN PEDDICORD AS WRITTEN IN HIS "JOURNAL" AND IN LETTERS FROM MILITARY PRISONS, AND AS JOTTED DOWN BY HIM DURING A BUSY LIFE AFTER THE WAR

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CHAPTER I

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD

Kelion Franklin Peddicord was the second son of Wilson Lee Peddicord and Keturah Barnes-Peddicord. He was born October 1, 1833, on a farm near Barnesville, Belmont County, Ohio, the home of his Grandfather Peddicord, where his parents lived when they moved from Maryland in 1830. The family moved to Barnesville, while he was yet unable to walk, to the hotel called the Mansion House, later styled the Mills House.

His father was in charge of the Mansion House, and owned at the time four or five large six-horse teams and wagons, which he kept for hauling to and from the Baltimore, Maryland, market, over the National Turnpike. He was an experienced tobacconist, buying, packing, and sending hundreds of hogsheads of tobacco to the Baltimore market. They hauled tobacco east, and brought dry goods and merchandise of every description west in return.

Young Peddicord's education was begun at the old brick "free" schoolhouse, then the high school of the town. The first schoolmaster was an old-timer by the name of Ashford. Another was Joseph Harris. When the large academy was built he attended it, while under the charge of that excellent professor, Nathaniel R. Smith, of Smith's Grammar fame. From Professor Smith Kelion received his first lessons in surveying, having field practice, geology, and geometry. He was often a companion of the Professor in his researches, and thus acquired a great fondness for all that was curious in nature. This knowledge in after years aided him much in his profession of civil engineering in the classification of materials.

He was a good assistant in the tobacco house under his father, and had become an expert assorter and packer when but twelve years old.

In 1846 his father moved with his family from the town of Barnesville to a farm on the Ohio River, in Washington County, Ohio, at the foot of what old river men called Long Reach, from its straight course of eighteen miles. While living here the boy

saw pass many Mexican war soldiers en route to their homes from Mexico.

In the spring of 1850 the family moved to the Virginia side of the river on a farm five miles above St. Marys, the county-seat of Pleasants County, Virginia. With his eldest sister he attended the seminary school conducted by Mrs. T. E. Curry, at the town of Grandview, Ohio, during the winter of 1850 and 1851.

In December, 1850, the family moved again, this time to St. Marys, Virginia. They resided there until December 15, 1856, during which time his father was a railroad contractor on the Northwestern Virginia Railroad, then under construction, grading several miles of heavy work.

The young man attended school a short term in St. Marys, then went to his father's works to act as timekeeper and bookkeeper for the force at work.

Before he was twenty-one he received the appointment of second assistant in a corps of civil engineers, from Chief Engineer Benjamin H. Latrobe, of Baltimore, Maryland, with directions to report for duty to Cornelius Mercer, resident engineer in charge of the First Residency, Second Division of the N.

W. V. R. R. He remained on the First Residency until near the completion, acting as first assistant from the first day of joining the corps. This was owing to the fact that the first assistant was unable to take charge of the instruments and keep notes. Thus the second assistant fell heir to the care of the transit and level and other field instruments, and the note-book.

It was a great day to him, when on the second day in the service he was sent to give the contractors, McCune & Gillespie, grade in the heavy summit cut, keeping notes and running the level for nearly a mile from the bench mark. This summit was the highest on the road, and the divide between Middle Island and the Monongahela River. Water which fell on the east side would have to travel nearly seven hundred miles before joining in the Ohio that which fell, a few feet away, on the west side.

At one time the resident engineer, Mr. Mercer, was permitted a short leave of absence, and the junior was left in charge of a tunnel, near completion, where the skill of the engineer is tested—that of bringing opposite lines together with slight variation. This he did satisfactorily. He was pro-

moted and transferred to the Second Residency, Second Division, as first assistant to John Maxwell, resident engineer, and J. C. C. Hoskins, division engineer, assisting in field work in order to make complete his final estimates. Most of the time during his stay at the Second Residency he was on office work.

Young Peddicord was next ordered to report at the office of the Fifth Residency, Second Division, in company with A. C. Hoskins, and remained at the fifth completing the unfinished office work.

Having finished the final estimates and reports he left Schumla, Virginia, on February 7, 1856, for St. Marys, Virginia, where some time was spent in assisting the firm of Logan, Kellar & Co., one of whom was his brother-in-law, in their store, and in making collections of parties in the interior counties.

On December 15, 1856, the family moved to Tennessee, where his father had a number of miles of heavy work on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, under Mr. George McLeod, chief engineer, near Fountain Head, in Sumner County. His sister, Mrs. Logan, accompanied the family.

On March 12, 1857, with Samuel Logan,

who was going after his wife and child, young Peddicord left St. Marys for Tennessee. They took the steamer *Stephen Bayard* for Parkersburg, Virginia, thence by steamer *Silver Star* to Galliopolis, Ohio, then by steamer *J. B. Ford* to Cincinnati, Ohio, then on steamer *Gazelle* to Louisville, Kentucky, and the *South America* to Smithland at the mouth of the Cumberland River. From there they traveled on the *V. K. Stephenson* to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee. Here they visited Mrs. James K. Polk's residence, the Capitol Building, then not completed, and other places of interest. From Nashville they proceeded by stage coach to Gallatin, Sumner County, Tennessee, north of which the family resided on the works.

Soon after reaching home he was taken sick with measles, caught from a passenger in the stage coach.

Having letters from Chief Engineer Latrobe to Chief Engineer McLeod, he received an appointment from the latter and was ordered to Nashville, Tennessee, on June 11, 1857, where he was stationed up to April 23, 1858, as inspector of cross-ties, superintendent of bridge masonry and superstructure, and receiving chairs and spikes and railroad

iron. While in Nashville, as a boyish exploit, he climbed the spire of the State Capitol and hung his hat on the point.

Returning to Fountain Head in April, 1858, he spent a short time attending to his father's business, then joined him near Glasgow Junction, Barren County, Kentucky, and aided in the completion of his father's last contract on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad in the spring of 1859.

While residing near Glasgow Junction in 1859 and 1860 he discovered and explored a number of caverns, the largest of which was the Hundred Dome Cave, two and a half miles from the station. In connection with and aided by John D. Courts, he fitted up and opened it to the sightseeing public, having carriages to meet the trains for the accommodation of visitors.

Although born and educated in Ohio, a Northern State, young Peddicord believed truly and sincerely in the rights of States, and when war became imminent his sympathy was all with the South, and he enlisted in the Confederate States Army in September, 1861. Before enlisting he was engaged in the service as special agent in re-shipping supplies and all kinds of munitions, etc.,

from Glasgow Junction, L. & N. R. R., to the State line of Tennessee. Permits would not be granted at Louisville, Kentucky, to ship through, but by re-shipping freight and paying charges with gold its southern destination was reached.

While thus engaged the young man met General, then Colonel, N. B. Forrest, who tendered him a fine position, urging Kelion to go with him in the service. The Colonel was on his way through Kentucky, taking out his first company at the time. With some reluctance he was forced to decline the Colonel's kind offer, because of his engagement with the shipping and commission merchants of Nashville, whose gold was entrusted to him for a specific purpose.

For a record of young Peddicord's service after enlistment in the Confederate States Army we can do no better than use his Journal, as completed by him in December, 1865.

CHAPTER II

THE JOURNAL

To
My beloved sister, Mrs. India W. P. Logan,
This little History
Is Dedicated and Inscribed by Her
Very grateful and affectionate brother,
FRANK.

PREFACE

This Journal of incidents and adventures, written at your request, was never intended to pass beyond the circle of tried and particular friends. The particular situation in which it was written, the character of the writer, of his associates, and the Cause they represented—all these peculiarities must be known, felt, and understood before you can enter into the spirit of the enclosed composition.

With this consideration, these simple sketches are kindly submitted, and placed under your protection, sincerely hoping they will be appreciated and estimated according to their merits. And furthermore, that the honor of the Cause, as well as of its defend-

ers, be kept sacred, and to the end of time unsullied.

THE AUTHOR.

GLASGOW JUNCTION, KENTUCKY.

DEAR SISTER:

I received, some time since, a request that I would write you an outline of my experience in "the tented field" up to the date of my capture. It will necessarily be very imperfect, and a very brief one, and perhaps it will be as uninteresting as it is brief. Yet I can assure you that nothing less than a long and continued interview could give you any just conception or description of my experience and many exploits as a member of Morgan's Cavalry.

However, I trust this sketch may both please and interest you. To me, in the mean time, it will only be a reminder of the long years of hardship, exposure, and suffering in a Lost Cause which was so gallantly and devotedly battled for that one would almost accuse the God of Battles of injustice and impartiality; of using the Fates against a people in such a sacred cause. That I have been a soldier in the service of the Confed-

erate States is not, and never will be, regretted. I am proud that I was one who did not hesitate to join the standard of those in defense of their country's rights. Had I not done so I would now be chiding myself with no little severity Shame alone would cause me to blush myself out of existence.

But pardon my digression. I will commence my sketch.

You are already aware, perhaps, that I enlisted in the cavalry service of the Confederate States of America at Glasgow, Kentucky, in October, 1861, and in a company that was then being formed by Second Lieutenant James W. Bowles, who had been duly authorized by the Confederate Government to recruit a company of cavalry.

At Glasgow forty men were enlisted, and after some experience in drilling and a few exciting engagements, such as scouting and skirmishing, in which we were sometimes supported by Capt. John H. Morgan and his company,—a favor we often returned,—we were ordered by General Buckner to Bowling Green, Kentucky. On reporting to the General we were instructed by him to report to Captain Morgan, commanding Camp Burn-

ham, one mile south of Bowling Green, where we went into camp.

Here we found the Lexington Rifles, Captain Morgan's old company; Captain Allen's and Capt. John S. Churchill's company, partly completed, with which our company was, by order of the commandant, soon afterward consolidated. The two captains, by the toss of a copper, decided who should become the commander, and Lieutenant Bowles, our then acting captain, being the successful one, Captain Churchill justly fell heir to the second in command, the first lieutenancy. Our first lieutenant became the second lieutenant of the new company, and the other first lieutenant became our third, the very responsible position of orderly sergeant falling to your most humble servant, and so on down the list.

At that time Captain Morgan had in camp three full companies, amounting to about two hundred and seventy-five men, all splendidly mounted on Kentucky's best: Morgan's own Company A, Capt. Thomas Allen's Company B, and Capt. Bowle's Company C, forming "Morgan's Squadron," as it was afterward known, and being under the command of Capt. John H. Morgan, with First Lieutenant

Basil W. Duke, of Company A, as acting adjutant, subject to the command of General Buckner alone.

After remaining in camp near Bowling Green for some time, drilling and making other preparations necessary to meet the foe successfully, we moved to an encampment called "Camp Allen," five miles south of Bowling Green, between the L. and N. and the Memphis Branch railroads, where we drilled constantly until the latter part of November, when we were ordered to the front to form a portion of the advance-guard, then near Green River, under the command of General Hindman. Here we remained on active duty until the withdrawal of our forces from Bowling Green, which withdrawal was caused by the enemy's flank movement and the fall of Fort Donelson, about the first of February, 1862. On the retreat the squadron was the rear-guard of our army, that being the second time we had had charge of the post of honor.

Leaving Camp Green on the 12th,—my last sight of home until the 27th of June, 1865,—we passed through Bowling Green and encamped four miles south of town. On

the 13th our column reached Franklin, Kentucky, and the evening of the 14th we were encamped one mile south of Mitchellville, Tennessee. Here General Breckinridge, who was now in command, General Buckner having gone to Fort Donelson, learned that the enemy's advance had reached Bowling Green. I shall not soon forget the night we camped near Mitchellville, for we shared the fate of the reindeer in having our beds on the snow.

On the 15th we reached Goodletsville, and on the 16th we marched into Nashville. We remained on special duty in that city several days, and until the main army had reached Huntsville, Alabama. On the arrival of the enemy's forces our little band steadily and quite sullenly gave way before them until we reached Lavergne, about midway between Nashville and Murfreesboro, meanwhile inflicting sudden and unexpected blows, causing the enemy so much loss as to make him advance slowly and with the utmost caution.

It was on this retreat that our commander and the squadron, by their many daring deeds, brought themselves first into notice and gained such notoriety as to make them afterward of no little terror to the enemy. And

from this time forward, until July 19, 1863, the date of our capture in Ohio, they earned and gained more laurels, captured more stores and provisions, and had less reverses than any other command in either service. Never was a commander so much admired, so devotedly loved, or one in whom his soldiers placed so much confidence as a leader, as was our dashing and gallant chief. Any of us—all of us—would gladly have died in his defense, and each one would have envied the man who lost his life defending him. So much was he trusted that his men never dreamed of failing him in anything that he attempted. In all engagements he was our guiding star and hero.

Doubtless you learned at the time they were enacted of the many daring and spirited engagements and scouts while we were encamped at Lavergne and Murfreesboro, the enemy near us, at the Asylum and Nashville. I presume you heard particularly of the General's personal adventures, sometimes alone, sometimes with a chosen few. It is exciting and interesting to read such incidents, but to be an actor in them is the only way to realize "the heart's exultant swell." That can only

be felt; it cannot be described even by those who have been through it.

During our stay in Murfreesboro a portion of the squadron went with the General, then Captain, to Gallatin, very much to the surprise of the enemy who were garrisoning the town. On this occasion Columbus A. Peddicord, having just come from Virginia, acted as guide. His regiment had been disbanded with orders to reorganize on the first of April, 1862.

It was here that I contracted the illness which afterward resulted in typhoid pneumonia, it being brought on by constant exposure to the long cold rains during the first two weeks of March while we were scouting in the vicinity of the capital We lived in the saddle the most of the time, and our clothing was continually wet.

Captain Morgan and sixty horse were stationed in Murfreesboro, and they held the town; the rest of the squadron, meantime, encamped on the pike running from Shelbyville, a pike intersecting the Franklin and Nashville pike twelve miles from Nashville. This disposition of our small force nonplussed the enemy entirely and successfully. They could not solve the mystery, or imagine

what our number was, or where or who we were.

Our leader, by his rapid blows and dare-devil encounters, caused them to believe his entire force was with him at Murfreesboro, while Captain Allen, Captain Bowles, and Adjutant Duke drew their attention in the opposite direction, attacking them at all hours of the day and night. We would capture an outpost, very often galloping in the midst of their camp, thus causing the greatest surprise and consternation imaginable. After presenting the compliments of "Morgan's Men," in the shape of a few broadsides from our rifles, a sort of salute of respect and esteem, we would doff our caps à la Morgan, and, without difficulty, make our exit at a brisk canter. Their curiosity was not sufficient to make them pursue us for an introduction, and they did not insist upon an explanation for such intrusion.

When orders were received to fall back, the squadron, after a short separation, was again united at Shelbyville. At Shelbyville I was compelled, for the first time, to leave the ranks on account of illness. My comrades urging me to do so, I went to a private house, to remain there until the squadron should

move to Huntsville, as previously instructed. One of the boys escorted me to the residence of a Mr. Desmukes, south of town a few miles, where I was treated "southernly," and with great kindness by all the family, and especially by the two young lady daughters.

On the departure of the troops, some time afterward, a detachment was sent for me. I had become so weak that when I rose to walk I staggered, and would have fallen had not the arms of the young ladies intercepted and rescued me. They then assisted the invalid to the gate, and also assisted me to mount my "war steed," Selim, who was to carry me a short distance, to the pike, where an ambulance was in waiting to take me to Fayettesville. Escorted by a small guard of troopers from our own company, and accompanied by C. A. P., who arrived just in time to superintend my transfer, we proceeded to Fayettesville.

From the time I was laid in the ambulance until my arrival in the Huntsville hotel I was entirely unconscious, and ignorant of all that passed, like one dreaming his last long dream. I have been told by C. A. P. that I remained in Fayettesville several days, and was cared for tenderly by the ladies, and especially by

the landlady of the pricipal hotel, where I stopped. I can't remember. Nor have I the remotest idea what occurred during my stay; neither have I the least knowledge of being carried to the depot in a carriage, thence to Huntsville by rail, where, on my arrival, I was conveyed to the hotel. I was carried in by some of the boys, and on ascending the stairway they allowed one of my feet to fall against the steps, which awoke me from my insensibility. But I soon again relapsed into unconsciousness, and this time it lasted for nearly two months.

During the two weeks that the squadron stayed I was nightly visited by some of the boys, but I was not made aware of it until a long time afterward. However strange it may appear, my best and dearest friends were not recognized. I have only a very slight recollection of the advent of the Yankees under Mitchell, on the 11th day of April, 1862. The grand entree was made about 11 or 12 o'clock at night, and caused no little excitement among the inhabitants, as well as among our men.

Just before Captain Morgan left Huntsville for Shiloh, he called to see me. After standing some time by my bedside, and look-

ing intently at me, he remarked, "Sergeant, you will soon be well enough to be with us again." Then he shook my hand very affectionately, and, bidding me farewell, went into the entry, where he said to the landlady, Mrs. Georgia Nowell, that I would not live through the coming night, in which opinion Mrs. Nowell acquiesced, as she told me afterward. And indeed, she said for as much as two weeks no one expected that I would recover, not even the kind doctor attending me.

But, after all, my time had not arrived. By the 22nd of May I was able to sit up in bed, propped up by five or six pillows. It was on that day, and while in that position, that Rube, a true and faithful black boy whom C. A. P. had left to take care of me, rushed into my room, adjoining Mrs. Nowell's, saying that the Yankees were searching the hotel.

Though I was still very feeble, I knew well what to do and say. I requested Rube to leave the door, as it then was, a little open, and to go about just as if he were one of the hotel waiters. Having escaped detection so often before, and being in one of the rooms known as "the family suite," I thought it probable that I might escape again. But I am now pretty sure that some one had re-

ported me to the military, because two Yankee officers came direct to my room, walked in without knocking, and seated themselves near my bedside. Very soon they introduced, as cause for their presence and intrusion, several inquiries, such as, "How long have you been ill, sir?" or "What command do you belong to?" and "When do you think you will be able to report to the provost marshal?"

I answered their questions by saying that I did not know when I would be able to report, and they said, "But when do you think?" I said, "You see my condition. When do *you* think?" But neither of them could tell me.

These remarks and similar ones that passed made me quite angry, and I said just what I thought and pleased. Besides, I did not like the style of their entrance. Each had a pair of navy pistols, and each had his sabre drawn, as if he expected to see the Devil, instead of a sick Rebel. Then, leaving me for a moment, they returned with a parole, which instructed me to report, when I was well enough, to the provost marshal, and this I signed with a feeble hand. One of these officers was a captain of the Third O. V. I.

from Belmont County, the other was Sam Piper, of Barnesville, his second lieutenant.

As soon as the Yankees were gone, Mrs. Nowell made her appearance, weeping and lamenting. Both she and Rube were very much displeased with the new programme. When the first of June came I was sufficiently strong to venture to the provost marshal's office to show myself to Lieutenant Colonel Burke of the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the provost marshal. My skeleton-like appearance gained his sympathy, and all he requested was for me to report myself daily at 9 o'clock A. M. This I did until the 5th of August.

Then, on the 5th of August, I was started out, under a heavy guard, and with three other officers of our army, for some Northern bastile.

All this time Mrs. Nowell was like a kind mother to me, and Rube was attentive and obedient at all times. I placed him under Mrs. Nowell's care when I left. The inhabitants—for there was only one Union man, Judge Lane, in the city—treated me with the greatest kindness and attention, offering me everything that one could wish for. I was the only Confederate prisoner on parole then,

all the others having been sent North, and during my evening walks crowds of beautiful girls and young ladies would accompany me, much to the displeasure of the Yankees. And I would return from my walks always ladened with the richest, rarest flowers that ever grew in any clime.

This was, indeed, a reward that made a soldier's heart swell with pride. How it gladdens the heart to receive such marked attentions from the hands of the beautiful and fair! Long and happily may the fair ones of Huntsville live!

On my route to Louisville, Kentucky, I passed over the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad to Nashville, thence over the Louisville and Nashville, and in sight of home. Yet not a muscle betrayed itself, nor was there a sigh to show that the "Rebel" had any desire to see loved ones. However, he felt it deeply; but a proud spirit, still unconquered, scorned the idea that his guard be permitted the gratification of knowing that he suffered.

On arriving in Louisville I was exhibited to a staring populace as one of "Morgan's men," and this knowledge caused them to show me a rope with a hangman's knot in it. This, they said, was for my special benefit.

If I had enlisted in this war to be frightened by scare-crows I might have been frightened, but as I did not, the amusement was entirely at their expense. But do not think that all the people in the city were of this mind. Assuredly not. I saw many bright eyes beaming, many fair faces smiling on the old gray, and I saw many snowy handkerchiefs slyly flirted at the risk of prison walls, and—in spite of them!

I was now entered, not "professionally," however, in that horrid prison, the Old Medical College, and was confined there about one week. I was then transferred, with, perhaps, one hundred other prisoners of war (one of them Dr. Hobson, afterward our brigade chaplain), to Camp Chase, Ohio, by way of Indianapolis, when one-half of our party was sent to Camp Norton, Dr. Hobson included. We remained in Camp Chase nearly two weeks, where I wrote you, if you remember; then, on the 26th of August we started for exchange, by way of Cincinnati to Cairo. At Cairo the prisoners embarked on a fleet of eight or ten transports that was to carry them down the Mississippi River. We were escorted by two ironsides and a heavy guard, all of which was quite unnecessary, for we

were most anxious to get to Dixie, and for her "to live and die."

Before reaching that place of "world-wide fame," Vicksburg, many of the boys died, and a large number, myself among them, became sick, an illness caused by the crowded boat, the inferior rations, and drinking the river water. When we reached Vicksburg we received a hearty reception from our troops and from the inhabitants. It was even then a place of interest, for before the war it possessed much that was attractive; but since it has become notorious for its heroic defense, before which Grant's heroic columns melted like snow, it is singlarly interesting. Well, transportation to Jackson, Mississippi, was immediately furnished us, and when we arrived there we were ordered by General Lloyd Tilghman, commander of the post, into a camp of instruction until further orders.

I met here my old friend of civil engineer notoriety, John W. Hayden, belonging now to the Confederate Engineering Corps, with the rank of colonel. He and the General urged and insisted that I should receive, or rather accept an appointment in the same corps. Colonel Hayden said that he was

very much surprised to find me in the cavalry service, and more surprised that I had been following the daring and dashing horseman, John Morgan, when men of my profession were needed to engage in the very fascinating work of the Engineer Corps of the Confederates States. They both pressed me to accept a position; but I loved my old Commander too well, and the service in which he had enlisted too much, to think of leaving him. So I could but decline respectfully; which I did. And yet I believe I have since almost regretted that I then rejected a post of such advantage, for of advantage it certainly would have been in the days to come.

After a short stay in Jackson, and on the arrival of General Breckinridge's forces from Baton Rouge, in which we were glad to find the old Kentucky Infantry Brigade, we started under General Breckinridge for Knoxville, Tennessee, by way of Mobile, Atlanta and Chattanooga. We reached Knoxville about the first of October. We were then mounted, and, under the immediate command of Lieut. Col. Bob Wood, of Mississippi, we started for Kentucky to join General Bragg.

After two days' march toward Cumberland Gap we met Bragg's advance, under General

Kirby Smith, which caused a retrograde movement of the forces under General Breckinridge. On our return to Knoxville, where I met C. A. P., Col. St. Leger Grenville, Morgan's Adjutant-General, and Lieutenant Colonel Hoffman of the Third Kentucky Cavalry, now took command of our detachment, by order of General Morgan, and we began our march across the Cumberland Mountains to join our command, now a brigade, at Black's Shop. This position was eight miles in advance of Murfreesboro, on the pike leading from that place to Lebanon, and on the extreme right of our main army, under General Bragg, who had taken position there, while the enemy, then under Rosecrans, were stationed at Nashville.

We reached the command and reported to the General about the last of October, after a very interesting march over a country possessing romantic and picturesque scenery. All hearts were gladdened by the warm and hearty reception we received from the boys. The General, accompanied by his orderlies, came to our camp to see us just as soon as he heard of our arrival. Never did a mother receive her foundlings more fondly than did

our glorious commander. Long shall we remember that meeting!

Knowing the fondness of the old squadron boys for each other, and for himself, General Morgan now proposed that they should be consolidated and organized into one select company, to act as scouts, subject to his personal command and direction. A few days after, accordingly, an order appeared to that effect.

All were highly pleased with this arrangement, and, as proof of it, scarce one day elapsed before all had rallied at the scouts' encampment. The feasting was enjoyed for several days, and I imagine that the neighboring barn-yards suffered a good deal. Of the A, B, and C boys, some had been promoted, and others were promoted immediately upon our arrival. Yet the majority of those whom the General wanted to advance respectfully declined to accept appointments in "strange" companies, so much were they attached to each other. Our term of enlistment had expired, but no one mentioned it to the General, nor thought of quitting so long as the object for which they enlisted had not been attained. Neither did they re-enlist, but served faithfully to the bitter end.

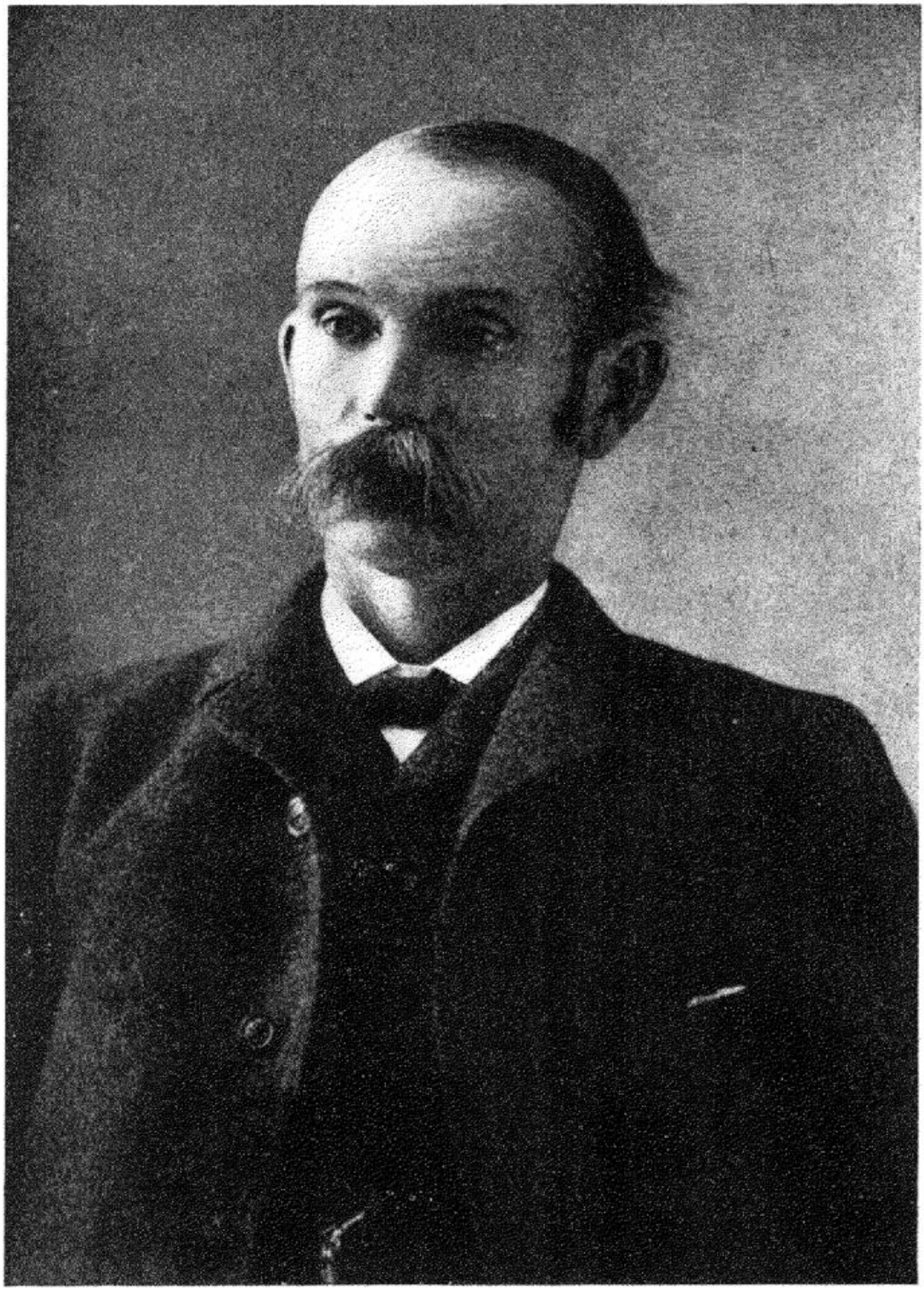
With the exception of those promoted, there were only eighty of the original members to be found after twelve months' service, and there had been nearly three hundred at first. War, death, and sickness had thinned their numbers, so that now there were, upon terra firma, to answer to roll call, scarcely one-third their original number. The others—the most of them—had answered their last roll call, "the soldier's last tattoo." It was oftentimes painful and sad to lose such brave and dear companions, yet when I think of our misfortunes, as I often do, I almost wish that I, too, were one of "the departed heroes."

At the time of the formation of our company, called "Morgan's Scouts," we were poorly mounted, our war steeds being old veterans that had seen hard service, and, because of their indisposition, had been turned over to the quartermaster's department at Knoxville, from whom we drew them. The members of the Scouts, as they knew General Morgan personally and were quite frank with him, complained at every interview of their sorry horses. The General's reply always was, "You'll have better ones in a short time." How he got those "better ones" will be related hereafter.

Meanwhile, the scouts began their exploits—exploits so much talked of by the command, and so eagerly anticipated. Oftentimes, accompanied by the General, on such occasions impersonating the character of a scout, and to all appearances one of the company, we would dash out on exciting and successful adventures, expeditions carried on in the vicinity of Gallatin and Nashville, and also in the neighborhood of Lebanon and Hartsville, where a brigade of Yankee infantry and a regiment of cavalry were discovered quietly encamped on the north bank of the Cumberland, and near the latter place. The cavalry was commanded by Colonel Moore, and was supported by another brigade of the enemy, six miles distant in the direction of Gallatin.

As soon as this discovery was made, the General put his wits to work to "take them in out of the weather." It was about the first of December, 1862, and on the morning of the 6th of December orders were received to report to General Morgan's headquarters immediately, an order we as soon carried into effect.

Having received from the General our special instructions, we moved off in the di-



KELION FRANKLIN PEDDICORD
1888

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rection of Hartsville, to be followed, almost immediately, by our brigade of cavalry, and also by the Old Kentucky Infantry Brigade, commanded by General Roger B. Hanson, whose duty it was to hold possession of Lebanon during our attack. The position of the places closely resembled a Y: Nashville at the top and left, Hartsville at the right top, Lebanon at the junction, and Murfreesboro at the bottom. So you will easily see that Nashville, not forgetting Gallatin, is as near to Lebanon as it is to Hartsville, and it would be quite easy for the enemy to intercept our line of retreat. This General Hanson was to guard against.

When the scouts passed through Lebanon, late in the evening, they were met by many ladies, who, woman-like, had anticipated our movements, and urged and implored us to capture the Yankees at Hartsville. And they added, "Be sure to bring them through town so we can see them!" When you learn that most of the boys had sweethearts there, for it is a glorious old place in the estimation of most of our command, you will not wonder that they promised a prisoner on their return.

As we left the town behind us the darkness fell, and our brigade, like a messenger of

death, crept silently, cautiously along, in spite of the intense cold. Near midnight we approached the Cumberland. Our forces had been divided into several detachments, preparatory to fording the river, the scouts leading the advance of the center detachment, at whose head rode General Morgan, and closely in the rear came the big guns, excepting the two pieces called the "Bull Pups," that had so long accompanied the command on its raids and marches.

These "Bull Pups" had been left in charge of an officer commanding a battalion of cavalry, with instructions to make a feint on the enemy from the south bank of the river. He was to take the direct road to Hartsville, and the one leading to the good ford, which happened to be just opposite to the Yankees and within rifle range. The officer in charge of the battalion was to get silently into position, without the knowledge of the enemy, and when the first gray streaks of morning made their appearance he was to attract the enemy's attention by opening a spirited cannonading from the now celebrated "Bull Pups." "The first gray streaks" was the signal, too, for the brigade to move into position on the north bank of the river.

When the advance reached the river we found a couple of ferry-boats which our friends had secreted for us. All the other detachments crossed by fording, and they had, I afterward learned, a wretched cold bath. Along with seven scouts I was the first to land. Just before shoving off from the shore I received my instructions from the General in person. He desired me to be both cautious and vigilant, so as not to alarm the enemy, and we were to approach his encampment silently, and to watch his actions until the General's arrival with the main force.

Crossing quietly and safely, it was not long until we found the Yankee outpost, a cavalry picket consisting of an officer and fifteen men, posted not more than a quarter of a mile from their camp. The picket was in an old carriage-house. One of the doors was standing open and there was a fire near the entrance of the house, and between us and the door. We were already within short range, and we could see the Yankees distinctly as they stepped out to look up the road. It was so very cold, so intensely cold, that they did not dream Morgan would come after them on such a night. Had they not felt so confident

surely they would not have dismounted while on picket duty.

But there we sat, silent as the tomb, watching our prey, without even the privilege of shaking our feet in the stirrups to keep them from freezing. I never came so near freezing in my life. The rest of the scouts and the detachment with the General arrived just before day.

When the General saw the pickets, which we pointed out to him, he said, turning to the captain of the scouts, "Tom, do you see those pickets?" The Captain answered promptly, "I do, distinctly." Then the General said, "Lead your scouts down there, and take them in, and if it can be avoided do not fire a gun."

A moment after the boys were on all sides of the picket, advancing from all sides, and in less time than I can tell you, the Yankees were captured, disarmed, placed under arrest, and sent to the rear. It was done without a word, without a shot to make our presence known to the enemy. The General said before this was done that it would be all he would require of us. However, we escorted him to the camp, which was in sight, and as we galloped into line one of the sentries, on camp duty, more watchful than the outpost,

fired his gun into the air, and almost immediately a reply from the "Bull Pups" came across the river. This had a pleasing effect in our favor, for, imagining the attack was from that direction, the Yankee battery very soon opened upon them in dead earnest. Meanwhile, each of our regiments had gained its position, and the line of battle was formed, though the Yankees were running in every direction, so complete was their surprise.

Believing, from our actions, we were about to charge them mounted, the Yankees commenced forming three distinct hollow squares; and then again, seeing our men dismount to fight, they formed into line parallel with ours. By this time the battery we had with us was placed in position in our line, and between the Seventh and Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. With the General at the head of the scouts, and supporting the battery, two of our pieces now opened fire on the Yankee battery, which was still duelling with the "Bull Pups." This discharge caused the Yankees to see and realize their real position. They were surrounded completely. When our big guns began firing they commanded a little more respect and attention than the "Pups." The Yankees quickly reversed their guns, and the

second shot hit one of our caissons, and there was an explosion. The General, the artillery and the scouts were enveloped in such a dense cloud of smoke and shells that every one, like myself, thought that he was the only living one—the only one who had escaped instant death. But on the disappearance of the smoke our surprise was great to find that no one was hurt except the drivers and the horses attached to the caisson. The escape of General Morgan seemed miraculous indeed.

Colonel Duke had led our line of battle into action, and now the entire line entered the conflict. Rebel and Yankee were at it, hot and heavy, still the General would not permit the scouts to advance, but held us under fire of the artillery, in reserve, as he said. But before long our time came.

When it came the two lines were frightfully near each other. The Yankee cavalry regiment was on the rise before us when the General, calling the attention of the scouts, said, "Boys, yonder are those horses I've been promising you." And he added, "Be very particular how you take them, for you observe that each horse has an armed man upon him." Then, giving Captain Tom some in-

structions, he ordered us to advance, which we did at a brisk canter. Already the Yankee lines, in many places broken, were reeling and staggering like drunken men. We entered the lists just in time to fire the ending broadside and receive an unconditional surrender. We likewise received the horses the General had presented, besides a great variety of "other things" that abound in Yankee camps. The engagement had lasted only an hour and ten minutes.

The forces surrendered by Colonel Moore were the One Hundred and Fourth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, One Hundred and Sixth and One Hundred and Eighth Ohio Infantry, and the Second Indiana Cavalry, making a total of two thousand three hundred prisoners. Sixty or seventy of the enemy were killed, and twice that number wounded. Our loss was nearly fifty killed and seventy or eighty wounded. Our captured horses were put in charge of some of the scouts, and the rest of us were ordered to watch the movements of the Yankee brigade that was in supporting distance of the one just captured. Though this brigade had heard our cannonading, we had struck so quickly and rapidly

that they could not, at least did not, come up in time.

After marching over a mile we met the enemy's advance-guard, and the main force was marching in line of battle a short distance in the rear of his advance. We drove the advance back in confusion upon the main column. Then a portion of our company held the ground, while the others withdrew to the rear and went into ambush, there to wait the moment to strike.

On this occasion, when hard pressed by the main line, we suddenly gave way, as if we were demoralized, and this enticed the advance out to pursue us. Then the boys in ambush opened fire on them so unexpectedly that they retired in confusion. While this was being enacted the scouts who first fell back selected another place of ambuscade. In this way, after receiving the Yankees warmly once or twice, they learned caution, and advanced slowly, being obliged to reform their lines often, which detained them so much the longer.

When we arrived at the ford we found the prisoners, the horses and the artillery, as well as the captured stores, all safe on the other side of the river. The brigade with which

we had been skirmishing took the same position as the one captured had taken, and shelled the ford while we were crossing. But they showed no inclination to come over themselves. Had they done so we certainly would have had the pleasure of escorting another Yankee brigade, under guard, to headquarters; for we found when we gained the south bank that our forces had been arranged to give them a warm reception.

By this victory the scouts had the good fortune to secure fine horses, pistols, blankets, oil and rubber coats, and blankets, and many small necessaries such as Uncle Sam's shoulder-straps carry. And, added to these things, there was a variety of sutler's stores.

We got back to our encampment about midnight, cold, hungry, sleepy, and very much fatigued. The next morning we were ordered to headquarters to guard and protect the captured spoils. The prisoners, after being relieved of the overcoats and surplus baggage, were turned over to General Bragg to be disposed of. It was currently reported afterward that Morgan drew them all up in line and gave this command, "One Hundred and Fourth Illinois, came out of them overcoats!" and then followed a similar command

concerning pocketbooks, and knives, and so on, to each regiment. It is true the overcoats were retained, but nothing else was. The overcoats were dyed black and worn by our men afterward.

It was at this time that President Davis and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston arrived in Murfreesboro, and were present to witness General Morgan's marriage ceremony, which took place very soon after. Until his marriage our leader was but a colonel, commanding a brigade, and he received his lady—Miss Mattie Ready, of Murfreesboro—and his promotion at the same time, and received them both from the hands of the "wise and good, gentlemanly and Christian" President, who gave the bride away to "Gen. John H. Morgan," upon whom he bestowed many compliments for efficient and gallant service, as well as upon the command.

The Yankees, though they had fought desperately for an hour and ten minutes, were sadly abused by the populace on their arrival in Nashville after their exchange. Nightgowns, and even night-caps, were offered them, for the people said their conduct was disgraceful. But let us give honor to whom

honor is due. They fought as well as any troops could while they were engaged

Immediately after the Hartsville engagement preparations were commenced for the "Christmas Raid" through Kentucky. The division marched to Alexandria, where the forces soon arrived, and organized into two brigades, the first under the command of Col. Basil W. Duke, of the Second Regiment, and the second under Colonel William C. Breckinridge, of the Ninth Regiment.

This last appointment caused the resignation of Col. G. St. Leger Grenville, General Morgan's adjutant-general. The adjutant-general opposed the appointment of Colonel Breckinridge for several just reasons. It is true, Breckinridge was not the senior colonel, and the appointment was made over the head of the senior officer. After Colonel Grenville's resignation had been accepted, General Bragg made him his inspector-general of cavalry. He was afterward captured in Chicago while attempting to effect the release of prisoners from Camp Douglas. For this "crime" he was sentenced to death by a court martial held in Cincinnati, but his sentence was afterward commuted by "our kind President" to hard labor at Dry Tortugas for life. I feel

very sorry for the Colonel. He is as brave and gallant as the best.

The command left Alexandria on the morning of the 22nd of December, 1862, with the scouts in advance, a post of honor we retained during the entire trip. I met at this town both Columbus and Carolus, to whom the General had entrusted some special duty. We passed through New Middleton, approaching the Cumberland opposite Carthage, and crossing Kaney Fork in sight of Carthage, and the Cumberland at Hardee's Ford, about five miles above, a ford named in honor of a general by that name. General Bragg's army had used the same ford some time before, when en route to Kentucky.

We went into camp on the north side of the river, the scouts doing outpost duty all night, and the next evening we went into camp at Tomkinsonville, Kentucky. The next evening at 9 o'clock the scouts entered Glasgow. At the General' s request we halted a few miles from town to feed, preparatory to a night's march, when another detachment took the advance, reaching Glasgow a little after dark.

It so happened that a Michigan cavalry regiment was marching through town at the

time our party entered, and a collision was the results, then a skirmish, then—a stampede of all parties! Couriers flew to the General, and from each one he received a different account as to the numbers of the enemy; from one he learned that there was a brigade; from another, a division. But by the courier who claimed to be "the most reliable," he learned that the town was *full of troops!*

The action of this detachment, on this occasion, did not please the General, neither did it add any laurels to the troops engaged, nor did the scouts regret it as they ought to have done, simply because, when the detachment passed us, they laughed at the boys, and called out that they "had played out." But they did not know for what purpose they had been halted by the General, else they would not have rejoiced. Yet, when they returned so quickly, and almost hors-de-combat, the scouts could not help reminding them of their boastful remarks.

One of the General's aides brought us orders to move on Glasgow immediately, so as to ascertain what the difficulty was, and the whereabouts and number of the enemy, and report on the matter. On reaching Glasgow without adventure the company was dis-

mounted to fight near the outskirts of the town, and we marched into the town in battle line, under the supposition that the enemy was still there. I had command, while Captain Quirk went in advance, as a lookout.

Just as we entered the city square several pistol shots, fired in rapid succession, were heard, and we, thinking the "Model Tom" was in danger, advanced to the rescue. But before we could reach him he had captured two Yankee cavalrymen, belonging to the force that had passed through the town, and known as "stragglers." Finding "all quiet along the Potomac" a courier was dispatched to the General. We had received orders some time before to advance by the upper pike and strike the Yankee line of communication, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, north of Green River bridge. The others were to proceed on the same line south of the bridge, and north of the Cave City. I was a member of the latter party.

Leaving the sleeping inhabitants of Glasgow guarded by Morpheus and Morgan, we marched silently through the city. The brigades arrived a little later, and we went into camp for the rest of the night.

This was "the night before Christmas,"

and during our march that night "Tom" and I stopped at several parties long enough to enjoy a dance with some of the girls, very much to their surprise—and gratification, they said. They had not the remotest idea that Morgan was near. But we danced our set, though the whole country was alive with the enemy, and the object for which we had been sent was handsomely accomplished.

Then taking a road leading from the lower pike to the upper, near the Bear Wallow, we reached it before the other party of scouts came up, we having gone two sides of the "angle" and they but one. This delay was caused by the collision which they had, during the night, with the forces marching through Glasgow, as I have already related. Soon after we reached the pike and placed our pickets out, the other portion of scouts came up and related their midnight adventures with the Michigan cavalry. Then our entire force was reformed, and we began our march forward.

Before we had proceeded far a courier from the General, then several miles in our rear, reached us, with orders for us to return with the information we had gained; also

orders for the scouts that had intercepted us to go forward at a double-quick, if they had not yet accomplished the object for which they had been sent. As they had not accomplished it, the Captain again detached them and sent them forward.

When about a mile in advance of us they ran into a picket of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry, and one of them was sent back to inform Tom. His response was decisive and to the point. It was a command, "Attention, scouts! Double quick! Forward!" The scouts answered by clapping spurs to their horses, and were off like a shot, flying up the pike at a break-neck pace. Coming up with the rest of the company just after they had captured several pickets, and ordering them to fall in our rear, on we went to the charge, for the enemy was in sight, straight ahead, and in line of battle.

It seemed almost a suicidal act for fifty men to charge a regiment of five hundred men, yet the scouts charged and engaged them right gallantly. But there were, at the time, four companies placed in ambush, two on each side of the pike, and within rifle range. We did not observe this, and forming our line parallel to the line opposing, we commenced

firing, hotly and rapidly. The force in ambush then advanced, attacking us in the flank, much to our surprise and discomfiture. As soon as our position was discovered a countermarch was ordered, and we withdrew out of this trap, for it was nothing more. Reforming our line, the command was given, "Right wheel, double-quick! Forward, march!" and on we flew.

Meanwhile, the Yanks had become excited. The line in front had stood fast, while the right and left flank, in trying to surround us, had advanced to the pike, a hundred yards in advance of the line, which had remained stationary. This being their condition at the time we charged them, right into their midst, yelling like Comanches, we routed them, and we stampeded and demoralized the first, or main line, by literally running over them. Turning short left, off of the pike in the direction of Woodsonville, near Green River Bridge, we pursued them, capturing, killing and wounding some fifteen or more, and getting spoils of all kinds. We pursued them about three miles, and returned to the pike in time to meet the General and take the advance.

In this encounter several scouts were

wounded, though the wounds were not severe enough to entice them from their saddles. Captain Tom received two shots in the back of his head, but he would not permit the wounds to be dressed by a surgeon, though the General requested it. Upon receiving the praise and smiles of our commander for the gallantry displayed in the skirmish, and turning our prisoners over to the provost marshal, we went rapidly to the advance, and reached Green River at sun-down.

Crossing the river we proceeded up the pike about six miles, then turned off "short left." It was dark and cloudy, and therefore a disagreeable march over a country road to Hammondsville, a distance of eight miles, where we went into camp until the main body came up. When General Morgan arrived the company was divided into several detachments, and sent in as many directions to hunt the enemy. No trooper could have envied us that pleasure, for it was now midnight, very dark, and raining hard. But knowing that "faint heart ne'er wins," we struck boldly out to make the necessary discoveries. When daylight returned it found all the scouts at headquarters, making their reports to the satisfaction of the General.

In the morning, as soon as we had fed, we took the advance in the direction of the railroad, near Upton's. Just as we got in sight of the railroad we saw on our left and front some twenty or thirty Yankee infantrymen acting, apparently, as a railroad guard. At the time we discovered them we were marching in a lane. Putting our horses at the fence, those that did not go over rode it down, and we all passed over the field at a sweeping pace, charging the Yanks, who surrendered without firing a shot, though we gave them a round at short range. A small force, garrisoned at Upton's Station, was also captured soon afterward.

"Lightning," our telegraph operator, tapped the wire, and his office opened in a few minutes. Lieut.-Col. Hutchison, of the Second, with a detachment, compelled the surrender of the force in the stockade at Bacon Creek bridge, the first station south of Upton's, then burnt the bridge. This made the third time our command had destroyed that bridge.

We were ordered to "Nolinn" bridge to find the position of the stockade and the force that garrisoned it. Approaching quite near without their knowledge, we were about to

open fire when an officer, with an escort, and bearing a flag of truce from the General, rode past us, to "demand an immediate and unconditional surrender." The officer in command agreed if we could show him three pieces of artillery. When he rode out to see the three pieces he saw six instead, and he submitted without a word. We proceeded then to burn the bridge and the stockade.

As soon as this had been accomplished we moved on Elizabethtown, found the outpost just at dawn, and went into camp. The General then ordered the scouts from the advance, and instructed them to remain inside of the lines during the night. This he did to insure them some relief, since they had been on the outpost for several days and nights in succession, without sleep or rest.

We fared sumptuously that night on the many delicacies we had captured the day previous from the sutlers' wagons, things intended for the Christmas holidays. These luxuries fell into unexpected hands, yet they were none the less appreciated by us for being unexpected. Possibly we enjoyed them all the more.

Early the next morning we scouts went to the front, and relieved the troops acting as

advance. Within two or three miles we met Federal pickets, and had a skirmish with them, driving them back to within a mile of town. A Yankee captain, under a flag of truce, met us. He carried a message to the General, demanding unconditional and immediate surrender of the forces; further, the message said that we were surrounded by an overwhelming force, and that escape was impossible. We detained the Yankee captain while the message was forwarded to the General by one of the scouts.

When the scout returned he carried, for reply to the Yanks, the same message, except that the General's signature was attached. For the General, believing that the enemy were trying to gain time, demanded the same thing of them that they had demanded of us—unconditional surrender within fifteen minutes; and if this demand was not acceded to, they were ordered to move the non-combatants out of town. Not receiving a response within the given time we had orders to advance, and we executed them with a will, driving the Yankee outposts back upon their main line with confusion. We then received instructions to make our way around the town and cut off their retreat. This we did, de-

stroying the Louisville and Nashville Railroad for over two miles, and capturing fifteen or twenty infantrymen who were guarding the road. The brigade encamped in and near the town that night.

The next day we moved against the forces guarding the trestle at Muldrough's Hill, composed of two regiments. The one just captured at Elizabethtown was a very large regiment, about eight hundred strong. As there were two trestle works, both were attacked at the same time, and after a pretty warm fight of an hour's duration they surrendered unconditionally, after which all their effects, stores of all kinds, stockades and trestles were burned to the ground. The prisoners were paroled before dark.

Regaining the pike we marched to the Rolling Fork River, and all, excepting the scouts, bivouacked on the south side. We crossed the river and went on outpost duty, keeping a vigilant watch all night. Early the next morning all of the command crossed to the north side, save one regiment, the Eighth, which was attacked by a large force of Yankees who had come up during the night.

Colonel Duke, being still on the south side, superintending the crossing of the troops,

took command of this regiment, and led them in person against the enemy. Our men charged the Yankees furiously and desperately, hurling them back with great confusion, and almost capturing their battery, which had been throwing shells into the ford and into our camp beyond. One shell alone killed No. Three and the four horses he was holding. The artillery would certainly have been captured had not Colonel Duke fallen, severely wounded by a piece of shell, and been carried off the field unconscious. He was removed by Captain Tom, who, with a detachment, had been sent for him. The Eighth was withdrawn, and crossed without any further interference on the part of the Yankees, who seemed not inclined to renew the engagement.

When the entire command had succeeded in crossing, and during the advance on the little town of Boston, a town on the Lebanon Branch Railroad about ten miles from Bardstown, we were deployed on both flanks as skirmishers until we drew near Boston, then were ordered to Rolling Fork, to notice the movement of the enemy; for they were in line on the opposite bank of the river, and showed no inclination to come over. Re-

maining some time within short rifle range and within speaking distance, we finally returned to the advance and reported the situation to the General. When we entered Bardstown we captured the small garrison stationed there, besides a large and valuable amount of army stores. We remained all night, snugly and safely housed, and supplied by the citizens with everything necessary to the comfort and happiness of a soldier.

Early next morning we started in the direction of Lebanon, by way of the Springfield pike, and reached Springfield very late in the evening. It was cold, and there was a storm of driving rain and sleet. Then commenced a night's march long to be remembered by us for its severity and the suffering it caused. Finding that the enemy had concentrated a large force in Lebanon and fortified it strongly for the express purpose of intercepting our march, the General thought too much of his boys, and perhaps estimated his captured stores too highly, to think of moving against vastly superior numbers, and those numbers equipped with a large amount of ordnance, all strongly entrenched and fortified. "Most assuredly not," said our General.

He did not for one moment intend to advance on their front, as they thought he would do.

No, the programme for the night was quite differently arranged, doubtless to their surprise and disappointment. We fed our stock in and around Springfield, and were on the road a little after dark, headed toward Lebanon. We had decided to pass around Lebanon by taking a side road that passed within two miles of that city, and intersected with the pike on Muldrough's Hill, a few miles south of town. When within four miles of Lebanon our forces bore off on the side road in silence, with part of the scouts in advance, while the others were ordered by the General to make a feint upon the enemy by an attack in front. This was done in gallant style, and the pickets were driven back into town in great disorder; we even charged almost into their main line, then stationed behind breast-works.

Before we left them I imagine they were deeply impressed with the idea that Morgan was advancing on the town in force, instead of marching around it, as he was in reality. The farce was handsomely executed. A few men kept them under arms, and frightened them so that it is not supposed that a man was

put on extra duty for sleeping on his post *that* night. And when daylight appeared we disappeared, and soon after rejoined our command, then six miles south of Lebanon, en route to Campbellsville. After we had reported to the General he sent us to the advance to join the rest of the scouts.

Our accomplished operator, "Lightning"—Captain Ellsworth—was sent with us to tap the telegraph line a short distance ahead. In due time "Lightning"opened his office; that is, one of the boys climbed a telegraph pole and separated a wire, and "Lightning" attached his battery to it.

It was truly amusing to hear the "operator" repeating the dispatches as they went flying through his office. The operator at Danville, for instance, informs Campbellsville that the picket has just been run in by "Morgan," and that he has his traps fixed to leave at a minute's warning. Stanford says, "Morgan is approaching with three thousand cavalry and several pieces of artillery. Send reinforcements." Campbellsville wires to Danville, "Morgan is now before Lebanon, engaged in a hot skirmish"; and tells Stanford, at the same time, "All the troops able for duty have gone from Columbia stockade

at Green River Bridge." To Lebanon, Campbellsville says, "Save a few companies to protect the hospital and the army stores."

From the many conflicting dispatches one might have thought there were fifty Morgans, each Morgan with a force before each town, in ten counties square! In reality, the boys seemed nonplussed, they were reported in so many places at the same time, and doing so many different things. They even doubted their own identity. To satisfy themselves, and to prove that they were not mistaken as to their whereabouts, some of them were found pinching themselves to discover whether they were members of Morgan's Cavalry or not.

Having obtained all the news afloat we mounted and double-quicked into Campbellsville, reaching there a little before sunset, and capturing two or three companies of infantry, three hundred invailds in the hospital, whom we paroled, and also capturing a large amount of commissary and quartermaster stores, and, I might add, a few dry-goods stores, all of which, when the General arrived, were in charge of the scouts.

Meanwhile, our horses had been housed in the hotel and livery stables, and had every-

thing they liked, and plenty of it, before them. The boys, likewise, feasted on the captured stores and the luxuries so bountifully provided by the ladies. "Lightning" was in his office the principal part of the night, being located on a conspicuous woodpile in the center of the street. Early the next morning we were on our way to Columbia, which place we reached about 4 o'clock in the evening, and there we stayed till dark, feeding our horses, as well as ourselves, resting, and shopping at the several dry-goods stores. We did our shopping here because we knew that it was our last chance for some time to come. And here, too, two hospitals, containing about two hundred invalids, with a few well Yankees, were captured and paroled.

At dark we mounted, and were soon on our way to Burksville, on the Cumberland River. This was the last night of the year 1862. Many incidents occurred to remind me of the fact, but they were so numerous that I have not the patience to pen them. It was one of the severest nights we had marched. Ten miles from Burksville we descended into a pleasant valley, through which runs a beautiful creek. The creek was frozen hard. There were many handsome farms and farm-

houses along this stream, and most of these were brilliantly lighted up when we passed them, though it was past midnight. But when we remember the people were sitting up to give the New Year a fitting reception, it was not strange.

We found as many as four houses in which the young people had collected to "trip the light fantastic," and neither the night nor the command will ever be effaced from the memory of those same young people. For, fortunately for the scouts, and unfortunately for those attending the parties, "ladies not excepted," the horses which had carried them to the party carried many of the boys away. Such a temptation could not be resisted by the scouts, especially as the horses were in such good position for leading off.

Was it not almost a "blot" upon the characters of the bold cavaliers, their leaving the young ladies to "foot it home" next morning? It may have been, but as "our" now excellent President so often says, "Not if we know ourselves, and we think we do." I may mention, by way of apology, perhaps, that the next day we would be in Tennessee, and hence in our own lines, and such acts would not be permitted by the Confederate States. Besides

that, when we started on this raid thirteen of our company had been left behind because they were not mounted, and they had our promises that we would bring each a "charger."

Very many were the complaints made to the General, when he passed half an hour later, concerning the horses. He told the ladies, who insisted that their horses must have been taken by some of his men, that if his scouts had really taken their fine riding-horses he would have every one of the men shot without the benefit of a court-martial. It seemed as if many of the ladies believed the General was in earnest, for they, the tender-hearted, afterward begged him to spare our lives, but please send their riding-horses. This he promised to do, I have no doubt.

On the General's reaching the town, about 4 o'clock in the morning, he found us in quiet possession. We had taken it without a struggle at 3 o'clock, when we commenced to cross the river, on our way to Livingston, Kentucky. Nothing of interest happened during the march. The excitement of the raid was fast expiring, and the boys were nodding as they rode along. Tired nature must

have rest, and nature certainly had been severely tested during the past two weeks.

Livingston was gained before dark, and, passing through the town, we camped several miles on the road leading to Smithville, which town was reached, without excitement, on the succeeding day. Remaining near the town over night, the scouts received orders the following morning to march to Liberty, a distance of fifteen miles, which place we reached on the 7th of January, and we remained there, on outpost duty, until April.

During this period, from January 7th to the first of April, we had, for the better part of the time, no support nearer than McMinnville, thirty miles distant, where the General had his headquarters, with a part of his command camped near him, the most of it being stationed at Woodbury and Readyville, and on the enemy's left flank. For the enemy was in possession of Murfreesboro, and "Old Rosey" was in command there. Our company was on his left, and something like twenty miles from Murfreesboro. General Bragg's forces were in Tullahoma.

The stirring incidents, daring scouts, hot skirmishes, and spirited engagements in

which we took part during the winter cannot be related, as I would desire, on account of space. But I will mention a few.

Seldom, if ever, were we idle while our camp was in Liberty. The field which the General had intrusted to our surveillance was so extensive as to keep us almost constantly in the saddle. We watched the movements of the enemy night and day, and we skirmished with him daily, sometimes near Murfreesboro, or near Lavergne, Nashville, and in the vicinity of Gallatin, Huntsville, Carthage, and Lebanon. This was a mammoth undertaking for one company, yet we succeeded in gaining the approbation of our General.

By our vigilance, our daring scouts and rapid movements, we kept the General thoroughly posted as to the whereabouts of the enemy. Very often the report would reach him, "The scouts are cut off!" but he would always reply, "They will cut on again!" Such a thing had so often happened without our failing to report, or without in any way causing us to be detained, that he had no fears as to our success, and our safe return at the proper time, together with all the necessary intelligence. It did not matter how

severe the struggle, how long it lasted, or how desperately it was contested, it was called then, and it will be called in the written history of the great struggle, "only a skirmish." Yet in no part of the service is daring gallantry and real pluck better illustrated than in these hand-to-hand encounters. There is in them a greater display of courage than there is in a general engagement.

Besides all this, it is a deplorable fact that the number of brave comrades killed in "only a skirmish" is not few. Indeed, there are often enough killed to startle those who have had no experience in the "art of killing." This fact is not to be effaced or forgotten when considering these so-called "skirmishes."

Well, now for some of the incidents of those months, incidents which may not be related in their proper order, but which are true.

"Once upon a time" General Morgan, with a small escort, reached Liberty, and, taking a part of the scouts who wore *blue* overcoats, started in the direction of the City of Rocks. Many were the surmises of the boys as to the General's intentions, but most of them came to the conclusion that they were to pay

Nashville a visit in person. But it was all surmise, for he alone knew the purpose. When we came to the river we saw a Yankee scout on the opposite bank, within hailing.

In his quick way the General demanded, "Whose command is that?" They replied, "Morgan's scouts from Nashville. What command is that?" The General replied, in a real New England tone, "Ninth Kentucky Cavalry from Murfreesboro," and added, "Have you any late papers?" When the Yankee officer, whose name was Morgan, replied that he had, the General remarked that he would send some of his men over for them. As the Stone River was very high, we crossed in a ferry-boat, some half a dozen of us, in charge of "Captain Tom." When we gained the opposite bank we rode carelessly up the slope, filed right and left, and enclosed the captain and six of his men before they suspected or had time to say us nay. Of course the late papers were soon in our hands.

There was one man a little distance off whom we could not encircle, and on seeing our action he took wing to flee away, but he was not quicker than one of our scouts who pursued him. It was a hot but short chase,

for the scout's second shot from his six-shooter unhorsed him. He proved to be an Indian, having long black hair. His steed he rode like "a thing of life."

The scout that shot him, and who was warmly praised for his gallant conduct, while disarming him of certain unnecessary articles, espied, unpleasantly near, a line of battle. This line had been formed and left there by the captured officer, who had gone to the ford to make some observations. On reporting this information to the General he ordered us to cross back, with our prisoners. As the ferry-boat could not carry all, three of the boys swam it on their horses. This collision with the enemy probably foiled the plans of the General, for he countermarched, and, after scouting some, returned to camp.

On another occasion, when our company was scouting in the direction of Lebanon, on arriving at the "twelve-mile post" from that place, intelligence reached us that the enemy was in force in the little village of Statesville, which was on our short left, six miles distant. Being on the lookout for specimens of that description, it was soon determined that we would go and see for ourselves. It was a well-known fact that scouts never reported

"what others had seen," but what they themselves had actually seen "with their own eyes." Therefore, we filed off on the road leading to Statesville, advancing at a double-quick pace. The enemy's rear-guard was in sight when we reached the town, but was marching in the direction of Auburn.

Several Rebels who had been badly wounded by the Yankees, were in town, and the female inhabitants were in a high state of excitement, many women running out into the street to intercept our march, and begging and imploring us not to advance farther with such a band, telling us the enemy's force was very large, and included infantry, cavalry, and artillery. However, very little heed was paid to their story, but with "fire-lit" eyes, color in the cheeks, and a terrific yell, such as only Rebels could give, we charged at a pace by no means slow, irrespective of numbers, driving the rear upon the first regiment hurriedly and confusedly. The rear regiment was compelled to face about and form line to the rear in support of its guard.

This was the principal object for which we charged, to cause them to show "an inferior force" their entire number. Before we left them we had the satisfaction of seeing the

number of regiments of infantry, cavalry, and pieces of artillery, all of which took position to the rear in anticipation of a general attack. Our purpose attained, with a parting salute into their main line we disappeared on a left-hand road leading to Alexandria and back to the pike we so recently had left. We galloped away much to their surprise and mortification.

It was five miles to Alexandria, seven to Liberty, making twelve miles in all, and the enemy when we left was within eight miles of either Liberty or Auburn on a road that struck the pike from Liberty to Murfreesboro at right angles and half way between the places, and this was the reason for our haste to report to camp near Liberty, where most of the brigade had arrived the previous day.

When two miles from Liberty we met General Morgan and staff, who had just come from McMinnville. His first question was:

"Boys, where are the Yanks?"

It was a surprise to him to receive for reply:

"General, four thousand, composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery, commanded by General Hall, passed through Statesville

scarce an hour and a half ago on the road intersecting with this pike three miles distant."

Thanking us for such prompt intelligence, he dismissed us with instructions to go to our quarters in town and report to him at daylight.

Armed cap-a-pie, not sooner did the first gray streaks of morning appear in the east than the company were "fronted into line" at the General's headquarters, for duty. On receiving his instructions—ever brief and pointed—we moved off rapidly in the direction of Auburn to execute the orders, "Find the enemy, attack and hold him in check until you are relieved by the brigade which will soon follow you." This done, nothing more would be required of us during the day.

Down the pike we flew at a frightful rate, and soon came in sight of Auburn and, a little farther on, the smoke of the enemy's camp-fires. Yet, without reining our horses, we passed through the town, up the pike, and into a dense cloud of smoke rising from the deserted camp-fires. But, lo! the birds had early flown in the direction of Murfreesboro. Again that oft-repeated command, "Double quick; forward, march!"

Rowels were used eagerly, and our

chargers, with nostrils distended, answered with increased speed. Arriving at farm-houses on the way we were told that the enemy was only a short distance ahead, and that the officers were hurrying their men forward by reminding them that "Morgan will get you," etc.

With videttes in the van we overtook them at Milton, ten miles from Murfreesboro. They discovered us almost as soon as we espied them, informing us "gently" of the fact, with a round of grape and canister shot, and thereby wounding one of the vidette's horses severely. The second shot exploded but a short distance above my head, while I was leading the company, "Captain Tom" being with the videttes.

We pressed steadily on, however, until the advance opened on the cavalry guarding the rear. Then right-obliquing and forwarding into line, leaving our horses in charge of No. Three, we dismounted to fight, deploying as we advanced. The enemy's main force could be seen distinctly just beyond the edge of the town, the rear-guard holding possession of the village. On consolidating with the fire of the advance the cavalry guarding the enemy's rear gave way; but soon after a squad

of "Web-Foots" was seen hurrying up the pike to the post which the cavalry had deserted.

The boys made the discovery quickly, warning each other with, "Look out, boys; here come the Webs!"

We had already gained a position in an open field, protected by a large fence on our left and front, and as the infantry advanced in fours up the pike we opened so hot a fire upon them that they retreated also. At the same time their main force was in an open field, with a regiment on each flank, field and staff in the center, forming one of the grandest "hollow squares" that we ever saw. Their ordnance was stationed on the pike, well supported. It was a magnificent sight and admirably executed. They doubtless believed that we were about to charge them, but we had no such intention.

One of the General's aids, Captain Williams, of South Carolina, informed us the command was near. Until they reached us we were under a terrific fire of shot and shell, with no alternative save to hold our position until relieved. It was a glad sight to us to see the Third Kentucky Cavalry take post immediately on our left and rear, followed

closely by the Second, which formed on our right, and the Tenth, which took place on our extreme left. We knew by this that the General's eye was upon us, and our anxieties were over.

The column advanced, and we were relieved with liberty to act as we pleased. Well, we pleased to go around the enemy and strike him between that place and Murfreesboro, which we did successfully, capturing seventeen flying cavalrymen, the Yankee general's horse fully equipped, exterminating a member of the "Freedmen's Bureau" who was found in arms against his friends and country, and then pursued a detachment of cavalry with a few miles of their main encampment, which perhaps had been sent for reinforcement.

On returning to the scene of action, the firing, which had been very severe, had ceased and we were in some doubt as to how the battle had terminated. But while passing near the enemy he took the liberty of throwing a few shells, without injury to any one, which was good evidence that he was in defiance still. On finding and reporting to the General, he was exceedingly angry; and well might he be—the ammunition had been ex-

hausted, many of his "bravest and best" had fallen, and the enemy was still unconquered.

Our lines went forward with great spirit and gallantry to their rear, but unfortunately we compelled the Yankees to take refuge in one of the best positions to be found anywhere. This was on a hill in shape resembling a pyramid, in the center of a valley, not connected with the neighboring range, thickly wooded and naturally fortified with immense rocks, which afforded ample protection to the enemy. We found it impossible to dislodge him from this position, although our troops fought desperately.

The General justly complained that there was not concert of action, and seemed determined to take them, ammunition or not. But ere the assault began the Yankees were heard loudly cheering, and we knew reinforcements had arrived.

Quickly turning to the boys, the General told them to halloa manfully, and such yells filled the air as were never heard before, I am sure. He then dispatched an aide to the officer commanding his artillery, with instructions to silence the Yankee battery.

In the short space of half an hour nine men were killed and fifteen wounded—surely

a great sacrifice of lives just to silence a battery. But they hushed the Yankee and compelled him to "limber up." This was the conclusion of the battle of Milton.

With sad and depressed hearts we sullenly withdrew and began our march to camp. Foiled, but not whipped, we always remembered it as a blank page in our book of successes. Although the enemy received heavy reinforcements, he had not the impudence or pluck to follow us. Our encampment was reached late, and we all went to sleep without being rocked.

To mention all of our actions would be to write a voluminous history. Such a purpose I have not the mind nor the time to undertake, and if I had you would not, I fear, have sufficient patience to follow my meanderings. I will only "touch and go."

At one time, being advised by a scout that the garrison stationed at Carthage had crossed a large foraging party to the south bank of the Cumberland, we quickly mounted and started in that direction. The outpost which had been pushed forward in case of a surprise was soon discovered on a distant hilltop. A halt was ordered, preparatory to making a charge on horse. This was contrary to our

usual custom, as we generally dismounted to fight. It was plainly seen that the enemy outnumbered us, there being upward of thirty, while our number was scarce twenty-five. But in imagination we were much more.

Dismounting to tighten our saddle girths, buttoning up our "faded grays," and with everything closely rigged, we again mounted and advanced at a brisk canter. We were not perceived until within gunshot. We hoped to close on them before they could form, but although they showed some confusion at our rapid advance, the commanding officer was an old veteran, keeping his men well in hand and pretty steady, and much to our surprise and without our consent gave the command to fire when we were but ten yards distant. And yet the greatest wonder to all was that none received a hurt. They were infantry, without a second shot unless they reloaded, and it was not in our program to give them that advantage, so they came to the position of "charge bayonets," while we reined our horses at a respectful distance beyond their reach. We presented "navies" with the command "Surrender, and ground arms!" which was instantly done, they perceiving our advantage over them.

Putting the prisoners under the protection of some of the company en route to camp, we thought a further little venture might be interesting as well as profitable. On descending into the valley leading into the river we could see trains of wagons guarded by infantry scattered over the various farms, gathering forage.

Seeing some half a dozen wagons on the nearest plantation with only a small guard, we clapped spurs and went, helter skelter, right into their midst, without saying so much as "By your leave, gentlemen." Not a shot was fired, so much were they surprised and frightened. Taking their guns and putting the prisoners in the wagons with pistols unpleasantly near to each driver's head, we moved off at a pace that would rival an express train, before the "Webs" had time to come to the rescue. We were very certain they could not catch us; infantry never did. Liberty was soon in view, and not long after we had the pleasure of turning our spoils and prisoners over to the General.

At another time, while scouting in the vicinity of "old Rosey," we charged a large wagon-train out on a foraging expedition. They had a guard much too numerous for us

to capture, but we successfully ran twenty of their wagons off in charge of their drivers, who were pressed into service, and, though hotly pursued by a larger force, carried them safely to camp.

After no little hot skirmishing, sometimes we could be found on the banks of the Cumberland between Gallatin and Carthage attacking gun-boats; at other times, chasing the enemy down by the Hermitage; then at Murfreesboro fighting with Rosecrans's outpost, or pursuing the enemy's cavalry and frequently being pursued ourselves by forces more than our size. Very often we caused trains to lay over at way stations by disconnecting the rails, and thus secured a variety of "Shoulder-strapped gentry" in connection with other articles of value. When the brigade accompanied us we had always the post of honor—the van.

Not few were the skirmishes on such occasions, for then we were a more saucy and formidable band, knowing that our General was in supporting distance. No slight barrier turned us back when the boys were all along. During the winter's campaign we twice gave up Liberty to the enemy so that we could take position on Snow's Hill, two and a

half miles in our rear, which nature had strongly fortified.

At the first engagement, after a severe contest, we repulsed and drove them almost to their main lines in great disorder. The second ended not so handsomely for us. By a flank movement, with superior numbers, they compelled us to withdraw. But at neither engagement was the General or Colonel Duke with us, and to this our failure may be laid.

We were commanded by Colonel Gano of the Third and Colonel Breckinridge of the Ninth, and it was by them arranged that when the division under General Stanley was advancing upon us that we were to fall steadily back to Snow Hill and there give him fight. We were to act the part of seeming to skirmish with him and, if possible, draw him into our position. When that was accomplished we were to take post on our extreme right and front and watch them to keep them from flanking us.

We perceived, however, that their intention was to flank our left, and we hastened to our lines on top of the hill to report. Arriving alongside of the battery, we dis-

mounted and formed a line in advance of our guns, all the time under a severe fire from the enemy's artillery.

Meanwhile, one regiment after another was seen passing in the direction of our left, we occupying the center. Very soon after the officer guarding our left reported by a courier that the enemy was at his front, the next courier said they were hard pressed, and the third courier from the officer reported that he was compelled to give way before such odds, and not until then was the Third Regiment sent to his support, followed by the Fifth.

It was too late, however, to render the assistance needed or to regain the position thus lost, though not too late to hold the enemy in check until the withdrawal of our forces, which we had commenced to do. This was our only alternative, for we were certainly outflanked.

The regiments withdrew in order, leaving us deployed as skirmishers, in front of where our battery had been stationed, which was now on the way to the rear, where we were soon ordered.

On reaching the road by which we were flanked the guns of the Third and Fifth were

opening sharply, and, not being under orders, "Tom" led us in that direction for new adventures. In a few moments we were in it as hotly as the rest, but to no effect. They had gained the position and it was impossible to dislodge them.

Again, at all hazards, we were instructed to hold the rear, so that the others could move off; but we did not tarry long however, though we stayed long enough to have seven men badly wounded.

Retreating over a mile, we met Colonel Duke, who took command, to the entire satisfaction of all, and formed his line of battle. This was done to no purpose, however, for when the Yankees struck the main road they took the Liberty end, expecting to capture at least a portion of the command. In this they were mistaken, for we had withdrawn in time. They went back to Liberty and encamped, while Duke kept the hill.

The scouts were sent out after dark to watch the enemy's movements. We had not proceeded far before we engaged a force which seemed to be equal to us in number. We had a hot skirmish to drive them back. This force was afterward discovered to be General Morgan and escort, who had just

arrived from McMinnville, and not knowing what had occurred, had struck the road between us and the enemy. He laughed heartily the next morning as we were pursuing the enemy through Liberty.

The enemy thought to hold his ground, but we made it so hot that to save himself he was compelled to give way. However, a part of the rear-guard was captured before they gained their lines. The enemy's force consisted of four brigades, two each of cavalry and infantry, with artillery attached, while we could muster but one brigade and a limited amount of artillery. Such a large force could not be handled successfully by us, and all we could do was to work on their edges.

Before the winter was over this same force met the General and gained a decided victory over him at McMinnville by driving "himself, wife and staff, and one company of couriers" out of town, the brigade being stationed at several different points some distance from his headquarters. Even then he handled them so roughly that they pressed him very timidly.

The General and Lieut.-Col. Martin of the Tenth Regiment were the last to leave

town. Passing down one street the Yankees tried hard to intercept them; as it was, they met the head of the Yankee column, into which they emptied two rounds from their pistols, unhorsing two of them. At the same moment Colonel Martin was shot through and through, near the center of his breast. However, he paid little attention to his wound, for he joined his regiment that evening, ten miles distant.

With these and many more of such adventures the winter wore away, and spring, "more sweet, more gay," returned. The General's brother, Maj. R. C. Morgan, late of A. P. Hill's staff, was ordered to take command of a regiment under General Morgan, which was then forming, and which was afterward called the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry. The scouts, by order of the General, reported to the then Colonel, as our chief said "only temporarily," but we never left him until captured. Our letter in the Fourteenth was B, and we were the Colonel's pets. At the time we were attached to the regiment it was encamped on Oby River, not far from the State line, and about ten miles from the town of Burksville, Kentucky.

There were several new companies in our

regiment whose officers knew very little about military tactics. Company B, because of its long experience, was styled "Veterans." We were required by the Colonel to drill these new companies, which was done daily for several weeks in succession. The sergeants of Company B were oftentimes in command of the battalion on drill; others drilled companies, our corporals commanded platoons, and privates were in charge of sections, with their own company officers in the ranks learning the arts of war, alongside of their own men. I am pretty sure they will never forget the three drills daily during our days of instruction. Company B certainly impressed them with the belief that they were not only veterans, but men of energy and of "long wind." When they had received their education and their "sheepskins" in proof our attention was called in other directions.

Scouting again became our duty, very often making short raids into Kentucky, and patroling the Cumberland generally. I will give you only one of our many expeditions, and that because you will probably take more interest in it, a near relative of your family having been in command.

A great many scouting parties had been

detached to Albany so frequently that it had become a disagreeeable duty, the instructions given them being nearly the same every time. When the time arrived for Company B to go on duty it happened that the Albany scout was again the order of the day. The instructions on reporting at headquarters were not only short, but simple and easily understood. They were, "Proceed to Albany with thirty men, and find out where the enemy is."

Determined to do so, we filed out on the Albany road, but not before Captain "Tom" remarked, "I hope that you will make the necessary discoveries, for not until then will these long marches cease."

Vowing that we would never return save with the intelligence required, we galloped off. Crossing the Oby and Wolf rivers we commenced to ascend the hills beyond, in the severest fall of rain that man ever witnessed, which continued till dark, and when the detachment was within four miles of Albany. The water ran down the sides of the mountain in torrents, and it was with great difficulty that we ascended. Our horses could scarcely keep their feet with such a fall of water against them.

Halting two miles from town and leaving

all but three men and a guide to await our return, we entered with caution the county-seat of Clinton County. Not a light was visible to cheer the wanderers, and all was still as death. The noise made by the clattering of our horses' feet sounded hollow and "passing strange." It seemed as if we were hundreds of feet below terra firma, passing through and exploring some subterranean vil*l*age. Well might it have been appropriately called "the Deserted Village," from its gloomy, desolate, and extremely sad appearance.

After an interview with an old Southerner living near the town, who had nothing reliable to communicate, and finding no enemy, we returned to the place where the rest of the scouts had been left. Having previously decided to send all of the men with the exception of six and the guide to camp under the charge of a sergeant, we selected the best scouts and horses.

Returning again to Albany, we took the Monticello road, with the full and express determination to find the enemy if there was any on top of the ground. When daylight appeared we had far advanced into Wayne County, over which the notorious Yankee

bushwhacker, "Tinker Dave Beatty," ruled with an iron will. Although the actions of some of the inhabitants looked very suspicious, yet our little band advanced without any interruption, but on the alert.

Crossing Poplar Mountain and passing into the valley, we halted to see a friendly doctor; but not until our picket had been sent forward in case of a surprise, for we suspected that the enemy was not far off. Calling to see the doctor we found him absent, but his lady informed us that he had gone to visit a patient near the "Yankee encampment," and would soon return. It was exciting to one's nerves to hear that the enemy was so near.

Mounting our horses we advanced scarce three miles, when we halted opposite a widow's house, whose son was in Wolford's Yankee Kentucky Cavalry. All of the surroundings intimated that the enemy was near, but nothing save a sight of him would do us. Ordering two of the boys ahead for "lookouts," with the intention of soon following, we dismounted to inspect the widow's establishment to see if there was anything about that had Uncle Sam on it, but discovered nothing worth carrying away. I am, how-

ever, convinced of the fact that the widow sent a courier to camp to apprise them of our whereabouts.

Just as we mounted there came the sharp report of a Minie, then another, and still another in quick succession. We soon learned that there was something in that direction that had "U. S." upon it. As proof of that fact, there came the videttes, flying like the wind, from whom I learned that a large force of Yankee cavalry was hotly pursuing them. I quickly instructed the guide and those with me to fall rapidly back to the gap through which the road passes over Poplar Mountain, then gave them orders to dismount and fight upon reaching there and if possible to hold the gap, and I would join them in a short while.

The place selected was one that had been closely observed while passing it, being a position possessing advantages closely resembling the Pass of Thermopylae, so often quoted in history, and where a chosen few, under Leonidas, defeated such multitudes. Do not let my comparisons amuse you too much. I will confess they are sometimes used strangely and no doubt inappropriately; yet there must be some likeness, you will

admit. Nor do I wish you to think the commander of this little band a Leonidas, or the gap in the mountain Thermopylae. Most assuredly not; but think you what it pleases, for it is time to end this topic.

Here come the Yankee cavalry, full tilt, the scouts being already out of sight. But the "Black Horse," which had so often proven himself true, thereby gaining his rider's entire confidence, stood firm, with his head to the foe, violently champing his bit, eagerly and nervously watching the approach of the then over-confident enemy, awaiting the word to go. As they turned an angle in the road, less than one hundred yards distant, we took the liberty of counting them. I counted seventeen, and still they came; and as they came the cry was "Halt! Halt!"—a word with no meaning in this case.

The "Black Horse" was still standing deathly still. The enemy opened the firing about sixty yards off, to which one of Colt's—English—best replied twice in quick succession, and then the gallant "Black," with his rider's permission, executed one of the most brilliant feats in horse history. Rearing up and posing gracefully, he changed his front at one leap, and quick as thought was in a

dead run, followed by the Yanks, firing and yelling, but to no purpose, for the "Black" had the heels on them.

Dropping reins and turning half around in the saddle, several well-directed shots were aimed back when occasion required it and opportunity offered, and the shots seemed to carry some little influence with them. We noticed that those leading the column were not so eager or so particular to use their rowels too often, for fear of getting disagreeably near.

When near the gap, where my men were lying in ambush, I reined up, hoping to draw the enemy on; but the situation of the country looked so suspicious that they held up also. Thinking they would pursue, I again rode rapidly forward, passing through the gap without seeing a man, yet knowing that they were there and on the alert.

But the suspicious foe could not be prevailed upon or enticed to follow a single horseman through, imagining, doubtless, that there was a larger force awaiting them in ambuscade. We remained there for some time, then perceiving that it was not their intention to advance on us, and apprehending

a flank movement, we slowly withdrew on the road to Albany.

Two roads from beyond the gap led into town, and by using one of them we could be intercepted. Knowing this, it was thought wise to leave town over night, and strike the road a mile beyond, which we did with the assistance of our guide.

On reaching Wolf River at midnight we found its banks overflowed, which necessitated our swimming across with our horses. The same condition existed at Oby, and we did not arrive at camp until a little after daylight, when we at once reported all we knew to the Colonel, and then went to our headquarters to rest, having been in our saddles nearly fifty hours. Much to the delight of the scouts, this was the last foray in the direction of Monticello.

Shortly after this occurrence the brigade had a very severe engagement with the same forces at Greasy Creek, near Monticello; but we routed them and drove them across the country so rapidly that quite a number were drowned.

The General soon after this moved his command down to Carthage, crossing the river above at Hardee's Ford. He quietly

advanced on the town, which was garrisoned by a brigade, including infantry, cavalry, and artillery. With his plans for attack almost in readiness, the General would have issued orders for an assault had it not been for the instructions that reached him from General Bragg, ordering him to make his last great raid, which ended so unpleasantly.

I should have first related that the brigade, under the command of Colonel Duke, before the fight at Greasy Creek, made a raid to Alexandria and Lebanon, via Statesville and Beards' Mills, with the intention of cutting Minty's cavalry brigade off from Murfreesboro, forcing him to fight. But he would not stand, except to skirmish and retreat. Company B continued the pursuit until within their lines. It was afterward reported by a Yankee correspondent and published in the *Louisville Journal,* that Minty's cavalry had met and defeated John Morgan near Lebanon, Tennessee, the article also telling of a "gallant sabre charge" the Yankees had made, and what they did not cut into pieces was run out of the country, etc. It was described in such glowing terms that on paper it seemed most terrific. What a pity it was false! All the charges made with their

sabres on that day were not only few, but "very far between" them and us, they using their spurs to make it farther.

When General Morgan withdrew his forces from Carthage to go to the south bank of the river he ordered each regiment to move by different roads in the direction of Burksville, where the command was to be concentrated preparatory to the "gallop" through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. The "gay Fourteenth" marched via Liberty, McMinnville, Sparta, Cooksville, and Livingston, reaching the encampment near the river opposite Burksville on the last day of June, 1863.

As soon as all the preparations necessary to a long march were made, such as issuing rations and ammunition, and providing for the "lame, sick, and lazy," the crossing of the Cumberland was begun on the evening of the 30th of June. The first and second companies—A and B—of the Fourteenth Kentucky succeeded in crossing, although the river could not be contained within the limits of its banks; but it was by a difficult swim. On gaining the north bank we were sent on an outpost that night. It was not much unlike the crossing of the Delaware in the years gone by, the difference being that "the Father of

his Country" had to contend against large masses of floating ice, with his enemy in the rear, while the "horse thieves," upon their horses, and armed and equipped for fight, with the enemy in front, had to swim a boisterous river, covered with large drifts of trees, a feat almost as difficult and far more dangerous than crossing a river in boats, amid the ice.

On the evening of the second day of July our forces—twenty-two hundred strong—had safely, with two exceptions, reached the bank north of the river at three crossings near Burksville. The Fourteenth, meanwhile, had all crossed, and gone to the front in the direction of Glasgow, Kentucky.

You will notice that so far I have, intentionally, omitted to mention the loss of men. Not that I do not remember, but because it would be a sorrowful task, and a subject too sacredly sad for me to handle, since many of them were my intimate friends and loved companions, and doubly endeared to me on my finding them in the same line of battle with myself.

Early in the morning of the second we were withdrawn from the Glasgow road, and passed through Burksville on the road to

Columbia, taking charge of our front in that direction. As our column was passing through town General Morgan detained about twenty members of Company B for special duty. All of the members of the company were eager and anxious to go with their General, but he only had use for the twenty. Soon after the regiment left town, and the now "gay twenty," with the General in front, cantered out on the Glasgow road, on which the enemy had been found in force a few miles from the river, with the object of making a feint in our favor.

Our true line of march was via Columbia, but we wished to make a diversion to impress the Yankees with the belief that our march was to be via Glasgow. Going a few miles, we were met by a Yankee cavalry regiment, who changed front to rear immediately upon the sight of our scout, using their rowels with little mercy. Confusion and the twenty scouts were soon among them, and what the former did not do, the pistols of the latter accomplished.

The actions of one of the boys strangely and particularly impressed me. A few days before the regiment that we were so hotly

pressing had captured and killed this scout's brother. Learning this when pursuing, he was one of the first among them, firing right and left, oftentimes when his navy was against "his man," five of whom felt the effects, while the tears were streaming down his cheeks. I could not help thinking, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

When the enemy realized the smallness of the force that was chasing them, they halted in a strong position and showed fight; but our General, who seemed more like our gallant Captain of old than he had for some time, was too shrewd for them. Quickly detaching a single scout around to their left flank secretly, with orders to fire his gun and navies in rapid succession into their line, proved, much to our amusement, to have the desired effect. Back they flew again, using their rowels as vigorously as before. But we were soon in their rear, making good use of time and pistols. Sabres were useless ornaments in our service. The trooper that attempted to carry one would be forever after a laughing stock for the entire command.

All of the twenty were ahead of the General, who was on his favorite "Glencoe," with hat in hand, cheering the boys with "Charge

them, boys; charge them!"—and right handsomely did they execute his orders.

Yet, on flew the Yankees, and after them went the twenty, in a dense cloud of dust, never halting until we had chased the Yankee cavalry through a brigade of their own infantry then in line of battle and supported by artillery, which the immense cloud of dust prevented us from seeing. We charged them so near that they were afraid of opening on us for fear of doing injury to their own troops.

One of the boys, riding near the General, saw the line first, and caught the reins of the General's horse, stopping him instantly. At the same moment a line of bristling bayonets were pointed out to the General. All saw it, and quickly wheeling our horses, with spurs in flanks, went out in true Indian style, lying flat on our horses, perhaps a little under.

When we had cleared the line so they could open fire, and not fire into their own line, the whole line poured a volley at short range right into us. But "fortune," they say, "favors the brave." Only one man received a wound, Captain Tom of Company B, whose rein arm was broken, and who was afterward, much to his regret, left at Burks-

ville. With this exception we got back to town safely.

At an early hour in the morning of the 3d, we were again in the saddle, en route to Columbia, Col. R. C. Morgan's regiment, the Fourteenth, in advance. This honor the General entrusted to our charge to be kept untarnished. How well the Fourteenth succeeded had best be told by others than myself. My object is to tell you "some" of the events that occurred.

The column passed up the same valley through which we marched the first of the year on our return after the Christmas raid, when a large number of horses disappeared, and the General promised the ladies that he would hang and shoot every one of his scouts, without a court martial, etc., for such uncourtly, ungallant, and unsoldierly actions toward "good Union people." It afforded the members of Company B much sport as they rode by these places of interest.

Gaining the upland, the command halted long enough for the regimental commanders to read "special orders," which were to govern the troops during the march.

The advance moved on to Columbia about noon, where we found a squadron of the

First Kentucky Yankee Cavalry in possession of the town. Driving their pickets in we advanced to the edge of the town, where we rode into line and dismounted to fight.

In a few moments we were closely engaged with the enemy, commanded by a Kentuckian, Captain Carter, afterward killed or shot by a member of Company B. Carter fought his force well, being shielded by the houses; but as soon as he was wounded they retreated. He, with other wounded, fell in our hands. As only a brave man can do, he talked with the soldier who visited him a few minutes before he died, telling the Confederate that he was a gallant soldier and that he shot him in self-defense and while in the service of his country. The gallant Captain surely met his fate soldierly.

Supplying our wants we left town and marched within two miles of Green River bridge (not the railroad bridge), which was defended by a regiment of Yankee infantry inside of a strong stockade. Placing our picket out, we encamped for the night.

The next morning, the Fourth of July, by some error of the A. A. G., two regiments were put in advance of the Fourteenth, and by a further misconstruction of orders they

advanced against the stockade, which on this side of the river was impregnable, and there were obstacles of every description to impede a charge. Nevertheless, our troops hurled themselves against it with great gallantry and fought desperately until the General had them withdrawn. The troops were cut up badly, and many of our "best and bravest" fell in this engagement, among them being Colonel Shenault of the Seventh Kentucky, Major Brent of the Sixth, First Lieut. Chas. Kirtley of the Thirteenth Kentucky, commanding his company at the time, and many other gallant men and officers.

I cannot say who was the author of this movement, which was not a skilful move certainly, for we had to flank it finally to gain the pike beyond. By using our artillery on the opposite side they could have been shelled into submission, beyond reach of their rifles.

The brigade halted to feed at Campbellsville. Mounting again at dark, we did not halt until in front of Lebanon, about three o'clock in the morning. At daylight we advanced on the force garrisoning the town, which was the Twentieth Kentucky Yankee Infantry under Col. Chas. Hanson, a brother of the colonel of the Second Kentucky In-

fantry, afterward a general in our service, killed at Murfreesboro.

The garrison, as we advanced into town, had posted themselves in brick houses, depot buildings, and churches. But forming our line in a circle enclosing the town we moved to the attack. A street fight is one of the most deperate modes of warfare known to a soldier. The advantage is strongly against the storming party.

The Fourteenth charged mounted to within seventy-five yards of the railroad depot, and dismounted under the most deadly fire that we ever saw. The artillery took position on our right, opening on the depot in dead earnest. At every report the boys would cheer, the building tumbling at every discharge. Before the General commenced the assault he sent in a flag of truce to Colonel Hanson, demanding an immediate surrender; but if he would not consent, a limited time would be allowed to him to remove all non-combatants. He would not permit the inhabitants to leave, however, thinking they might prove to be a protection to his force, as we would probably not cannonade the town while the women and children remained. In that the Colonel was badly mistaken. His

troops numbered about six hundred, and all fought desperately to keep the boys out of the houses. But the cavalry would go up and in. Some of our troops would frequently run their guns and pistols through the windows and fire, while others would storm the doors and gain their entrance.

The fight was raging terribly when Thos. H. Morgan, first lieutenant of Company I, Duke's regiment, a brother of the General, while acting aide-de-camp and gallantly bearing orders, was shot through the head, causing his instant death. This happened in sight of the General, who became so enraged at such inhuman fighting that he sent his aides flying with orders to burn and destroy, which soon brought our brutal foe to a sense of feeling.

The whole town was quickly in a blaze and getting disagreeably hot. The engagement had lasted from morning until noon, and but for the burning would have lasted longer, at a great sacrifice of life. The white flag appeared in many places at the same time. Before it was discovered or acknowledged they were nearly "rare done." Everything but hot stoves suffered that day. The troopers, not without cause, were much enraged,

and they could scarcely be controlled by their officers.

During the taking of Lebanon two Yankee regiments were within two miles of the town, but would not and did not come to the rescue. The officer in command was afterward relieved for his timid and cowardly action. It was proven that he was half a day marching seven miles.

When the General was ready to march he privately detached a piece of artillery out of town, in charge of an officer, with instructions to shell the town. The order to mount had been given, but the boys fell slowly into line. However, the explosion of the first shell was sufficient to place all in line, ready for marching, as the General expected.

We moved out on the Springfield road, arriving at that place before night, with the prisoners, who were paroled. The advance halted to feed six miles beyond the town, on the road to Bardstown. The brigade stopped nearer the town. One of the officers of Company B was killed at Lebanon, another captured while en route to Bardstown the night we left Springfield, so that when the advance reached Bardstown I was the only officer in Company B, in which there were seventy-five

men, which kept me pretty active during the trip.

The night's march to Bardstown was one of the darkest we ever experienced. It was impossible to see even your fellow-soldier in the same set riding by your side. We halted near but not in sight of the city, and conferred with Captain Sheldon of Company C, Second Kentucky Cavalry, who had been the morning previous detached on a scouting expedition in the vicinity of Bardstown.

After meeting and skirmishing with, chasing, and being chased by a detachment of the regular Yankee cavalry, he had eluded and followed them, without their knowledge, into town, where, finding them quartered in a livery stable, he formed his line around, and barricaded the streets and alleys so strongly and successfully that they could not get out except at great sacrifice. Under Captain Sheldon's guidance Colonel Morgan dismounted his regiment to go to the relief of Company C, supporting him until morning, when an immediate surrender was asked. The Major commanding, however, refused to comply.

The brigade having arrived about daylight, a piece of ordnance was brought to bear upon the stable, the "expression" of which ap-

peared so ferocious that the Major submitted and hung out his white flag without further hesitation. The Major, a lieutenant, and fifty men surrendered, with as many horses, splendidly equipped.

Feeding and breakfasting, we were soon moving for the "Lew" and Nashville Railroad south of Shepherdstown, and not more than twenty miles distant from Louisville. The head of the column reached the railroad about the hour that the evening passenger train north was due. The General, who was riding with the advance, sent Company A of the Fourteenth to the road on our left to obstruct the cars after they passed. Company B was ordered to intercept them in front.

We had just arrived at the crossing when the train hove in sight. Quick as thought the General had one of Burns's field pieces upon the track, and sent its contents booming down the track, checking the train, and almost instantly the engineer commenced reversing his engine. But Company B, which was rapidly advancing, put a stop to its wild career. The guard on the train, consisting of thirty or forty infantry, contested their ground stubbornly. Getting out on the opposite side from us, they used the train for

breastworks. But, to use a soldier's term, "we went for them," dislodging and driving them into the woods.

After ordering the driver to move his engine up to the crossing, Company B, already formed, escorted her to the General's presence.

Her passengers were principally Yankee officers, field and staff, from whom I fell heir to several useful articles—without their consent, I imagine, if their faces were a true index to their feelings. Nor could I blame them much, for the cavalry boots, No. 6, were splendid, the navies handsome, and the swords and rigging rich and beautiful. Besides all of these, the boys appropriated some valuable property, such as gold and silver watches, meerschaum pipes, greenbacks and specie, etc. The U. S. mail numbered over a hundred sacks, which were turned over to the brigade A. Q. M., with the exception of a few sacks the boys reserved for their own use. The General let all the passengers retain their effects, save the military, and without injury, and ordered the train to return to Elizabethtown.

Burning a stockade and bridge, we continued our march until three o'clock and then

encamped until morning. Late as it was, the boys built small fires to open and examine their mail by.

Hardly a moment elapsed, "day or dreaming night," but what we were capturing the enemy's forces, sometimes in small and often in large numbers. At daylight on the morning of the 7th we were found in the saddle en route to Brandenburg on the Ohio River, and forty or fifty miles below Louisville, Kentucky.

The advance, after a few exciting adventures, marched into the above place just after dark, and found two steamers lying at the wharf, which Capt. Sam. B. Taylor, of the Tenth, who had been sent on that service early in the day, had captured without much difficulty. The steamboat *Alice Dean* was taken while lying at the landing, and soon afterward the steamboat *General Combs* appeared in view, coming up the river. Captain Taylor, commanding the *Alice Dean*, went out to meet and escort the *General* into the wharf, very much to the astonishment of the captain and the passengers.

I could mention, and yet it will be omitted, much that happened during the night and the next morning, or rather the next day, which

was spent crossing over "Jordan" into the "Promised Land."

Upon our arrival we dismounted to form line on the beach until the brigade came up. We then returned to our horses to feed them and to steal a little nod, if such were possible. Some of the boys gave champagne parties that night in the meadow, which doubtless was taken from the stores of one of the steamers; as also were a few other luxuries that had so mysteriously come into their possession. After satisfying their unnatural appetites all took a sly snooze, dreaming of home and of the fair fields beyond the waters.

Tired nature must have its requisite amount of rest; it may be overtaxed for a long time, but sooner or later exhaustion will come, when the body, in spite of all we can do otherwise, will repose. Many have been the times when I would have given worlds, if I possessed them, to lie down in a fence corner with permission to sleep a few hours. But the enemy was in front, and the watchword was "forward, march." After crossing the Ohio we never halted except to feed, to fight, and to destroy U. S. property.

Our balmy slumbers were very easily disturbed by an explosion of a shell in our midst,

thrown from a piece on the Hoosier State side. Burns's battery returned the fire, and at the second shot dismounted the Yankee gun, a splendid rifled cannon, that afterward fell into our possession.

It occupied the entire day of the 8th to effect the crossing, there being many interruptions. Four or five gun-boats tried hard to intercept us, but our rifle field-pieces of longer range kept them at arm's length, and finally compelled them to take shelter behind a point in the river.

Several U. S. transports, loaded with troops, had accompanied the gun-boats down from Louisville, and partly disembarked them on the Indiana side. But Duke's and Ward's regiments, who had first crossed, were on hand to receive them, and drove them pell mell on the boats again, which steamed up the river hurriedly beyond their reach. The *General Combs* and *Alice Dean* ferried all over safely by sunset. One of them, the latter I think, was a U. S. transport. She was set on fire and burnt up. A poor reward for her gallant and faithful service. The *General Combs,* being private property, was liberated with many thanks for her efficient services.

The command that night, which was intensely dark, marched on Corydon. We appeared before Corydon early in the morning of the 9th. The advance, then in command of Captain Hines, moved upon the enemy in front, met their outpost, a company of cavalry, and on exchanging a few shots drove them back into town. Hines' company was the first and Company B the next in order for that day's march; therefore, when his company engaged the enemy, Company B supported him. Regiments when marching have it so arranged that each company has its respective days for marching at the head of the column, it being easier to march at the front than at the rear of a column, and thus they change alternately.

While the advance was passing a farmhouse the proprietor was suddenly seized with a patriotic feeling, and taking down his old fusee deliberately fired into our line, killing one of Hines's men. This enraged the boys, and one of them, who had been riding by the side of the one killed, threw himself from his horse, cleared the enclosure at a bound, and with a chunk of fire from out of the house, set it on fire, leaving the patriotic gentleman in the second story to take care of himself.

I know you have heard many wonderful stories about our burning private property on that raid. If any other than this house was burnt, I am not aware of it. All other property that I saw burning was U. S. Government property, and that we considered our sacred duty to destroy whenever and wherever we found it, especially if we did not have transportation for it.

When almost in sight of town we turned off of the main approach upon a side road, leading to the right and the rear of the town, with the intention of flanking and getting in the enemy's rear, while the brigade assaulted in front.

We had not proceeded more than one-half mile when we noticed three women standing in a yard in front of a house, crying bitterly and wringing their hands as though their hearts would break. The column passed silently and respectfully, but the silence lasted only until they had passed the house, then you might have heard them saying to each other, "Look out, boys, the Yankees are near," and soon all were closely inspecting their arms, capping their Enfields, and arranging navies so as to be speedily handled. Those women,

by their tears, informed us in a simple, but reliable, way that the enemy was close by. Soldiers do not know a truer sign. Anticipation of a battle and the anxiety concerning the safety of some loved one caused those tears to flow. This we well knew by actual experience and observation.

So it happened. We had gone scarce two hundred yards before our line received a terrific and well directed volley from nearly three hundred stands of arms, wounding and killing twelve of our column.

In an instant the line was dismounted, and forwarding quickly into a line of battle charged them with a yell and with great determination, driving them with no little loss from their ambuscade, with little loss to ourselves.

While pursuing them hotly, to within a short distance of the road in the rear of the town, our foe unexpectedly ran into the Third Kentucky, who had flanked the town on the left, and to them they surrendered without conditions. But until the white flag was hoisted we never ceased firing, neither could the Third resist the temptation of giving a broadside to bring them to a stand. The prisoners were taken into town by the Third.

We advanced out the Albany road, and it was not long before we discovered a squad of Yankees, although we remained unnoticed by them. Company B received orders to attack them. By advancing to the brow of the hill we concealed ourselves behind a fence until the enemy ascended quite near, then rising and firing my navy, that being the signal for B to open fire, we poured such a hot fire into them that it caused a stampede unrivaled in war, which I shall never forget if I should live for a thousand years. I will wager that "Harrison County Home Guards" can beat the world running, get them frightened or panic stricken.

Mounting our horses again we marched till we arrived at the forks of the road, four miles from town, where Hines concealed his force, except Company B, in an orchard behind a thick hedge. He then ordered my company to take post in a large log stable, immediately within the fork, with instructions to invite all passersby in, as they arrived.

Upon concealing my men I took position alongside of the road, and as the Yankees came by in twos, fours, and up to companies, hurrying to Corydon to reinforce Colonel Jordan, the commandant, I would step out,

as a representative of the "Home Guards," and take them in charge, or rather in the stable, disarm them gently, and send them under guard to Captain Hines.

This deception was successfully carried on till the firing in town had ceased, when we started to the town with over one hundred prisoners, which, as we confidently supposed, was in the possession of our men. Turning our prisoners over to the provost guard, who had nearly seven hundred to parole, we were soon on the road to Salem, Colonel Dick commanding.

As we advanced every mile had to be strongly contested for. Militia, home guards, and regular troops were on every hill top, bushwhackers and armed citizens behind every tree, and hardly a moment elapsed but you could hear the Minie's sharp report. Everything was in an uproar. Families deserted their dwellings to hide in the woods. Yet nothing stopped us. On we galloped, driving all obstructions from our front, entering the town of Salem some time before night, and capturing nearly five hundred regular soldiers, militia, home guards, bushwhackers, and fighting citizens. It would be difficult to say which was best represented.

When the men had been supplied with a variety of necessaries, such as boots, hats, etc., the advance left Salem, the county-seat of Washington County, and moved out on the road to Lexington, the county-seat of Scott County. We stopped at a little village, four miles from Salem, to feed and rest our wearied horses, and to get something refreshing for ourselves. The main force halted long enough in Salem to feed, and destroy all military supplies, together with the large depot buildings.

During our stay in the little burg some of the boys went into a Dutch shoe shop and purchased a number of pairs of home-made boots, paying for them in Confederate funds. While a portion were buying, others were securing suitable pairs without the Dutch woman's knowledge, who was the acting saleswoman. She at last detected them in the act of shoplifting, and such a cry arose as never was heard before—the most distressing and heartbreaking cries that mortal ever gave vent to. Our commander, on hearing the uproar, and thinking a murder was being committed, came double-quick to the scene of action to ascertain the cause of the sudden alarm. On his learning what the difficulty

was he attempted to pacify the Dutch woman by settling the amount in current funds. But with no success. She would not listen to anything; she was "forever ruined." It was one of the most laughable scenes associated with the raid, and one the actors will long remember.

As soon as our steeds were a little refreshed we mounted and pressed on to Lexington, followed closely by the brigade. As we moved forward there was nothing but a succession of charges It seemed the entire population was in arms, behind every bush the enemy was to be found. Shots flew thick and fast. Dogs howled, horses neighed, cattle lowed, and every living creature was sending forth some distressful and pitiful noise.

Still on we galloped, very often hotly chasing detachments of the enemy and riding them down without a sigh of regret. When within seven or eight miles of the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad we commenced descending from the hills into the valley, meeting parties of from ten to fifty citizens with axes on their way to the highlands to obstruct our line of march by blockading the road with trees. Such orders had been telegraphed to them by Governor Mor-

ton, which news "Lightning" had previously intercepted, and was one reason for our rapid marching. The poor citizens suffered that day in mind, and also, I expect, in pocket, their new axes being sadly treated, so much so that I doubt if they ever found the edge again. We got the edge off them without any difficulty.

Company B formed the head of the column on this day, and when within six miles of the railroad was detached with orders to hasten to Vienna. Putting spurs to our steeds we passed the videttes at a brisk canter. En route we met several parties of wood choppers, hurrying to the blockading-ground.

Passing Company B off as Washington County Home Guards, we urged them forward by telling them that Morgan had passed through Salem. In a very few moments we had charged into Vienna, accompanied by our operator. We found all the inhabitants in the streets at two hundred yards distance. This looked suspicious, for many of them were in Yankee uniforms, which signified to us that it was a solid line of battle. But this was no time to hesitate. Our instructions were to take the town, and into town we went, pell mell, feeling very much like a man who

expected to be shot at; but we were agreeably disappointed, as it happened. There were many soldiers, but all unarmed.

The women were soon crying, begging, and imploring us to spare their children. The boys heard this with amazement, and asked the women if they thought we were barbarians that they should think we could hurt women and children. The men assured them that not a hair of their heads would be injured, nor would they wound their feelings in any way. Quieting them as best we could, we ordered all in their houses excepting the men. These a sergeant with a guard took charge of.

Another sergeant was sent after the U. S. operator, who was found at the house by the side of his Dulcinea, little dreaming that Morgan's men had possession of his office. When Sergeant T. inquired for him he arose, saying he was the gentleman asked for. The sergeant informed him that he had business for him to attend to in his office. On their walk down to the depot he eyed the sergeant closely. The sergeant noticed this, and asked him if he did not think he knew him. He replied, "I am not sure, but I think you are one of Morgan's men."

He was quite certain of that fact a little later, after he had been turned over to "Rebel Lightning," who had some trouble in getting the necessary signal known to the operators. But on seeing a navy pistol presented he was more communicative.

On "Lightning" receiving the necessary news a courier was dispatched post haste to the General, and soon after another. The track was also destroyed on both sides of the town, and when the General arrived all orders had been executed, destroying what U. S. stores had been found there, and burning the depot and railroad bridges.

The command moved on to Lexington that night, where, arriving about midnight, we fed and rested until morning. The "home protection" stationed there left on our approach.

At an early hour the next morning several companies of the enemy's forces marched into town, without knowing who was there. None of our troops was in the town at the time, but General Morgan, with a small bodyguard, the rest of his men being encamped near by feeding. Both parties were struck with surprise, and for some moments all was confusion. However, the General did not

long hesitate before he sent a courier to us to come to his assistance.

Mounting our horses we soon galloped to his relief, though too late to have a tilt with the Northmen, for before we could report they had suddenly disappeared. With such an opportunity, what simpletons they were not to attempt a capture and perhaps be able to carry off our General. Had they been men of nerve they might have accomplished that which would have secured them a brilliant place in Yankee history. Yet they lacked the pluck.

Receiving our instructions the Fourteenth moved off in the direction of Vernon, the county-seat of Jennings County, through which runs the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and also a railroad running from Columbus, a point on the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad, to Madison on the Ohio.

Vernon was reached in the afternoon, where a large force had collected. We deeply impressed them with the idea that we intended to give them battle, but this was only done to draw their attention from certain military supplies, railroad and railroad bridges, the depot, etc., that we designed destroying.

We then continued our march to Versailles, making sad havoc with all railroads and public property, and at the same time our detachments were operating on each flank, by which the Yankees were deceived as to our whereabouts, reporting us very often at as many as twenty towns almost at once. When we reached Versailles the inhabitants made a grand mistake in taking us for Federal soldiers, and not until we were leaving did they learn that we were Rebels. One old lady declared she knew it, had known it all the time. But I am afraid not, if I am to be guided by her actions and from the bountiful way she provided our men with such a variety of nice edibles.

One mile from town a force in ambush fired on the advance, and then ran, we after them full-tilt, giving them fits every jump until the road was entirely clear.

The many towns between Versailles and Hamilton, Ohio, could not be mentioned under several pages, and besides I cannot call them all to mind. Yet I do remember that every town, day, and hour had its stirring adventures. The command was almost worn out, and dead for want of sleep and rest. Yet on and on we marched. Soon Hamilton,

Big Miami River, the canal and railroad were in sight, and while descending the hill a magnificent view was before us. The valley beyond possessed a great variety of beautiful scenery; the town itself was very handsome and beautiful; and the canal, river, and railroad gave the finishing touch to as grand a picture as nature affords. We remained but a short time in Hamilton, yet long enough to exchange some of our wearied horses for some fresher ones. Then passing through we halted to feed beyond the city limits.

Soon the column was moving, and during the night's march passed within seven miles of the Queen City, where a detachment, previously instructed, drove their outpost in, causing unbounded excitement in "Porkopolis." It was without doubt the darkest of all nights. The troops were almost exhausted for want of sleep. Many of them during the night, while asleep, wandered off on some of the many side roads, notwithstanding the officers' vigilance to keep all awake by riding from the head of their companies to the rear and back again, and constantly urging them, if they loved their country's cause, to keep each other awake. Oftentimes I have seen on that raid both man

and horse nodding together, and at such times the horse staggering like one intoxicated. The Little Miami and railroad to Columbus were crossed before the day appeared.

During the next day Camp Dennison was threatened but not attacked. Several hundred wagons were found near by and burnt, as well as a large quantity of other stores. With the advance Company B was again the first, and early in the morning was detached to cut the railroad.

On reaching the scene of operations a detail was advanced toward Dennison, who met the enemy's outpost near a bridge, and, after a sharp and well-fought skirmish, drove the Yankees away, capturing several of their horses fully equipped.

We had scarcely time to put two large ties into a cattle gap like the letter X and to cut the telegraph wire, before we saw a train of passenger cars coming like a whirlwind around a curve. They certainly had seen our main column and were trying to get away. At the first intimation of her approach we disappeared into a cornfield immediately alongside. The train shot past like a blazing meteor, and the next thing we saw was a dense cloud of steam above which flew large

timbers. Our next sight startled our nerves, for there lay the monster floundering in the field like a fish out of water, with nothing but the tender attached. Her coupling must have broken, for the passenger carriages and express were still on the track, several yards ahead. Over three hundred raw recruits were on board, bound for Camp Dennison. They came tumbling and rolling out in every way imaginable.

Company B was in line ready for action, when we discovered they were unarmed, except for a few having side-arms. All submitted without a single shot, and were sent under guard to the General.

Examining and closely inspecting the prize, orders were received to set her on fire. Just before leaving a locomotive came down from Dennison to see what had caused the train's delay; but when the engineer discovered our men galloping to his rear to intercept his retreat, he put his engine back at her utmost speed and escaped capture.

There were but two persons hurt at the above break up, and they were the engineer and the fireman. The former was a little scalded and the latter had a bone fractured. Permission was given to several of his friends

to carry him to the nearest house and liberty granted them to take care of him.

Soon we were again at the head of the advance, after an hour's absence, perhaps. Our main force passed to the left of Georgetown several miles, but the advance, according to instructions, made a flank march and went to the county-seat of Brown County, where we halted to dine, feed, and see the "Lion." We overtook the command at ten o'clock that night and took our position in front.

The next day we crossed the canal leading from Portsmouth to Cleveland, and the Scioto River, marching through Jackson about midday, dispersing a large force of Ohio militia who were guarding the railroad to Ironton and burning depot buildings, railroad and other property belonging to the so-called "Uncle Sam."

At four in the evening we entered the town of Chester in Meigs County, after great difficulty. Every bridge had been destroyed in our front, and at every pass and ravine the road was blockaded and defended by troops in concealment, but we never failed to dislodge and drive them confusedly away. A large number of "blockaders" were captured and, accompanied by a guard, were compelled

to clear away the obstructions that many of them had assisted in making. Poor fellows, they felt their time had come, so badly were they frightened. They would no more halt when we were after them than they could fly. Oftentimes the boys would dismount and go in pursuit of these bushwhackers and command them to halt, but on they ran, like some one that had escaped from the deaf and dumb asylum, never stopping until the boys laid violent hands upon them, holding them fast by main force. Even then they would strive hard to get away, just as some wild animals would do. At times it was difficult to keep the boys from shooting them down for such actions.

Halting in Chester for the arrival of the General and forces, we had a delightful time, certain delicacies having been prepared by the ladies for their gallant and patriotic defenders.

On General Morgan's arrival we moved on to the river at a double quick, never reining our horses until dark, and then we were on the bank of the Ohio. We soon captured the picket of the forces guarding the ford, which consisted of three hundred militia from Marietta, with three field-pieces, and

though strongly entrenched they left the country as soon as they heard of our arrival, leaving their guns in our charge.

Our brigade and artillery did not come up until midnight. It was then extremely dark and foggy, and knowing that we undoubtedly would have to swim a part of the way, at least, across the river, and that it would be extremely difficult to get our battery over it, it was thought advisable to delay until daylight and fair play. I am now confident that had we attempted it very many of our men would have been drowned. Every one was broken down with fatigue, and thus the delay.

Twice during the night I was ordered with twenty of Company B to cross the river in search of flatboats, but failed to secure any. If we had not been under orders, how easily we could have escaped the coming disaster, and yet we never suspected that such would be our fate.

When daylight appeared couriers from every part of the field were seen flying to headquarters. One reported that the rear was attacked, the next our right, and another, our left, and soon the engagement was gen-

eral and hotly contested. Duke, with two regiments, drove General Judah's forces back, but being struck in the flank by another force, he retreated. The enemy, so much our superior in numbers, we being reduced to not more than fifteen hundred, if that, had all the advantages, assisted by small gun-boats that had succeeded in getting above the shoals by a rise in the river. Several Yankee officers informed me afterward that over sixty thousand regular troops, not mentioning militia, home guards, bushwhackers, and armed citizens, were opposed to us on that day. However, until noon, we lost little of our position; but it was very evident that we would have to yield finally, or run for it.

Seeing this, the General knew he would have to sacrifice a part of his force to save the other. While a portion was holding the Yankees in check, under a terrible fire of shot and shell, our General made his escape up the river with the remainder. And for the first time a white flag, the sign of surrender, was seen in charge of an officer going to the enemy's lines.

On sight of the flag the old scouts begged me to lead them out; but this I could not do, except by the permission of my superior offi-

cer, and when I asked the Colonel he refused me that liberty, saying it would be impossible or at a great sacrifice of men. I replied on behalf of the scouts that all were ready and willing to run that risk, particularly when imprisonment with all its horrors was staring us in the face. Still, the Colonel would not consent. Had we attempted without his will, and succeeded in cutting our way out, and he been captured, it would have been called a glorious deed. On the other hand, if he had, through some mysterious way, been extricated, our leaving without orders of our superior would have been branded as desertion. But the fight was over, and we prisoners of war.

I will not continue my sketch further. You are well posted as to events which have transpired since the 19th day of July, 1863, the day of our capture. I have written only a very limited account of what happened, and in a humble way; but if it pleases as well as interests her for whom it was designed, I will be richly and amply rewarded for this feeble struggle.

I will say in conclusion, my dear sister, that this unadorned outline was written and intended for your eyes alone, free from com-

ment, for the memory of comrades gone is sacredly dear.

Very affectionately yours,

FRANK.

N. B.—Not being with General Morgan after the 19th of July, it would be impossible to relate his further adventures.

FRANK.

Completed December 23rd, 1865,
expressly
for a
Christmas Present.

CHAPTER III

PRISON LIFE

We continue the story of K. F. Peddicord's life from memoranda written by him at intervals, and think it proper to introduce some letters written by him while in prison after the Ohio raid.

After the capture the prisoners were taken by boats to Cincinnati, Ohio. While marching through the streets of the city en route to prison, guarded on all sides by policemen on foot, policemen mounted, and infantry, artillery and cavalry flankers, one of the boys quietly stepped out in the dense crowd. Having citizen's dress he escaped notice, and to make matters more secure he walked forward and spoke to one of his company, with, "Hello, Jim! Where was you captured?" Jim understood the situation. The guard ordered, "Stand back there!" and their friend fell back into the multitude and proudly went to liberty again. On went the column to the Female Prison, where they were confined four days. The prisoners were then moved

to Johnson's Island, where they were kept eight days. Soon after this the field and staff officers (68) were put in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, and the line officers (119) were taken to Allegheny City and put in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, where they remained eight months. The men were sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Illinois.

The next move in the spring of 1864 was to Point Lookout, Maryland, via Baltimore and Chesapeake Bay. One of the prisoners, Lawrence Peyton, was killed there in a most cowardly manner by Sergeant Young of the Sixth New Hampshire.

From Point Lookout the prisoners were taken by ocean steamer to Fort Delaware, located on Pea Patch Island in Delaware Bay, where they were confined until June, 1865. The following letters are of interest in this connection:

"Division 27, Officers' Barracks,

"Fort Delaware, Del., December 7, 1864.

"My dearest Sister Lily:

"Again was I made glad, this evening, upon the receipt of your kind letter of the

1st. Having postponed several days in hopes of getting a letter before writing, at last I was successful, and the realization has made me again cheerful. For, to tell you the truth, I was quite sad. There is nothing so depressing to one's spirits as the absence or non-arrival of letters from one's friends, which you will please bear in mind.

"But what added most to my discomfort was not hearing from ———, for in his letter of the 14th of November he wrote me that he would send me a check *soon*. I answered immediately upon receipt, it being the 19th, but have received no answer or check, although I have not yet given up all hopes. With a little assistance of that kind, now and then, we expect to live through the winter, and without it it would indeed be hard living, as prisoner's fare is not very flattering.

"I have several times been reduced to that predicament. This has been the case particularly for the last three or four weeks, since I preferred to pay a few small debts with the five dollars you sent, rather than purchase what I really needed. I miss my coffee most, and therefore I am often hungry, and when once hungry, without some assistance you will always be so, when restricted to a certain

amount of rations. But enough of this; neither space nor restrictions will permit me to say more. I am trusting something may be done.

"Write soon and often, and tell me something of Mummy now and then. Glad to find your last letter some longer, but you can still do much better. Love to all.

"I am, my dear sister,

"Truly your affectionate brother,

"K. F. PEDDICORD."

"Officers' Quarters, Division 27,

"Fort Delaware, Del., December 25, 1864.

"(A ring inclosed.)

"Dear Sister India:

"Your kind letter of the 18th came gliding into my sad and lonely quarters last evening, with a mild and gentle sympathy that steals away their sadness and loneliness ere I am aware. A retrospect of bygone brings to mind, this morning, many pleasing incidents which cause me for a time to forget my present situation. While musing o'er those happy days I can but sigh and say, 'Would I were a boy again!'

"Could our friends have been silent spectators last evening they would doubtless have been surprised and much amused at *our entertainment* in this division. We cleaned up and dressed up early, and at 6 o'clock two sets of boys, in their best—to represent 'ladies,' hats off—or a nice smoking-cap on to designate them, were tripping lively steps to the music of two violins. After dancing, we had songs, and all wound up before 'lights out' (9 o'clock) with a *rat supper*. For if you must know, there are many here who eat them whenever they can get them, and that is frequently.

"While the ball was going on in this (Kentucky) division, prayer-meeting was on in the next. Thus it goes in life. I did not dance; there is no poetry to me in dancing with a man. I thought, while looking on, if the girls could see us, they would say, 'Well, those boys have learned to live without us. They do their own washing, cooking, sewing and dancing.'

"I wrote to you on the 20th, in answer to yours containing ten dollars. I also wrote you the 23d, and enclosed a ring, which, if received,—and I have my doubts,—take an old toothbrush, soap and water, and clean

it, then rub it with buckskin. I send in this the plain one, just finished; it will not quite go on my third finger. I thought that too large. If it doesn't suit you, I'll make another. A friend gave me the one I sent you on the 23d. It is beautiful, I think. Don't you think so?

"Remember me to friends. Love to all. Write me often and longer. The weather looks charming to-day, but not like Christmas of old.

"With much love,

"Your affectionate brother,

"K. F. PEDDICORD."

"Officers' Barracks, Division 27,

"Fort Delaware, 4th January, 1865.

"Dear Sister:

"Glad to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of the 26th (the answer to mine of 16th), but better pleased to find enclosed five dollars ($5). However, that expression conveys but a feeble idea of my feelings and of the heartfelt thanks to you for your sisterly kindness and attention. It put new life into me. I trust that my *three* or *four* letters subsequent to the 16th have all safely reached

you, together with two rings enclosed at different times, and I also hope with the rings you are well pleased. Give one to Sam. If they are not what you wanted, tell me, and I'll try again. I sent Cousin Bell one for a Christmas gift.

"I received yesterday per express a box containing pair of pants, shoes, 2 pairs of socks, hair brush, looking-glass, handkerchief, twelve sheets of letter paper, package of envelopes, small blank book and pencil, soap, two books,—'India' and 'Prince Regent,'—two towels, all of which I am much pleased with. Had the flannel shirts been put in they would have done more good than shoes. I have just had my boots half-soled, and I think they will nearly last me this winter.

"When I went outside to get the package I did not bring the shoes, for the custom is to exchange your old clothes for the new ones. Therefore, I did not trade my boots off, though they are old and they are the best for winter and such snow as we have now. I received a letter dated 26th from Lily yesterday, as quite well, and had received a letter from you, then safe at P———. I also received one from home of the 21st, written by Jennie. All well. Jennie was about going

to Tennessee. I received one from M——, same date, and *very sweet,* written a few moments after *kissing* my mother's eldest, who was never better. The rogue read my last and sent his love, etc. Give my best to all kind friends.

"With much love to Sam, Ernest, Minnie, and your dearest self, I am

"Yours indeed,

"K. F. PEDDICORD.

"I am well, but at this moment very cold from writing. Write often and longer.

"FRANK."

"Fort Delaware, May 3d, 1865.

"My dear Mother:

"My last to you was dated 23d of April, being a response to brother's of the 16th inst. Knowing a kind mother's anxiety for her children, I have concluded not to wait longer for intelligence from home.

"Many startling and sad events have happened since I last wrote, enough to chill one's heart. Our feelings can only be imagined by those who have had the like experience, or, if they could escape without sad and sore hearts, they would not be human beings. The

bravest and firmest spirits are depressed with the mournful facts that have stared us in the face, facts which, at first, could hardly be realized. But the crisis is over, the last vestige of hope has disappeared and passed into oblivion, and we think of it as a word of no meaning. The inconstant world is a cheat, life is a shame.

"The struggle with self has been most trying; and self-respect has left me within the last few days; nothing but the man remains, but a dejected form or counterfeit resemblance of a once proud spirit.

"In the privates' barracks there were over six thousand; in our quarters there are over two thousand officers; all of the former consented, several days ago, to take the oath of allegiance when the roll was called and it was offered. Four or five hundred consented yesterday, myself included, and about one hundred remain yet who have not consented. The majority will yield, I think, in a few days. It could not be expected we would change so long as we had an army in the field; but when the last army had surrendered we knew our last hope had expired. Still, to change so suddenly was 'marrying too soon after death.'

"We do not know how long we are to remain here. I only know we are the most unfortunate people the world ever knew. May God protect and preserve us!

"My love to all, and believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"K. F. PEDDICORD."

"Fort Delaware, May 7th, 1865.

"Mrs. K. B. Peddicord.

"My dear Mother: My heart was gladdened this morning by the reception of your favor of the 1st inst., and though but a few days have intervened since I last wrote you, being the same date of the one just received, I feel it my duty and your desire that I should write you again. Thus, my immediate response.

"It is particularly gratifying to learn of the good health of the loved ones at home, *where I hope to be at no distant day.* But at the present writing I have not the remotest idea *when* we will be permitted to leave. A very small number, by special request of their friends, were furnished with transportation to their homes a few days since. I mentioned to you in my last, that

of over two thousand officers and five or six thousand privates held prisoners of war at this place, all but a very few had then consented to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and that myself was one that *weakened* at the last call.

"Who, but a captive, can imagine our agony and suffering, anxieties and fears, as day after day passed in monotonous gloom? —shut out from the world, and in utter ignorance of the fate of near relatives and my many dear old companions, scattered over the wide extent of the South! With nothing but such desponding reflections to occupy my mind, time hung heavy on my hands, and rendered existence doubly intolerable almost.

"But the great crisis is over, and the brightest faces and the gayest spirits have calmed themselves to be ever afterward mournfully sad. Alas, that so many proud spirits should be broken, but may He who has so far guarded and watched over the unfortunates, still protect us!

"With kindest regards to all kind friends, and love to all,

"I remain, my dear mother,

"Still your affectionate boy,

"K. F. PEDDICORD."

"Merchants Hotel, Philadelphia,

"June 14th, 1865.

"Dear Mother:

"I am free and on my way home. Have a sick friend in charge. Will leave here on the 19th or 20th. By that time he will be strong enough to travel. I can't leave an old and dear companion, mother, although I am longing to see you so much. Love to all.

"I am, dear mother,

" Your FRANK."

CHAPTER IV

AFTER THE WAR

After the war Mr. Peddicord worked on a farm until the spring of 1867, when he moved to Palmyra, Missouri, and on the 22nd of May, 1867, resumed farming, which occupation he followed for twelve years.

In the spring of 1880 he moved into Palmyra, where he kept a hotel up to and part of 1883. After this he filled many positions, being secretary for a number of years of the Subordinate and the County Granges, director and treasurer of The Fair Association, director and secretary Board of Directors of Grange Store. He was second in command of Palmyra Grays, Missouri State Guard; councilman and city clerk of Palmyra, acting secretary Missouri State Sporting Club. He arranged and organized fancy drills, viz: "Broom Brigade," "Flag Brigade," "Little Mackerels Brigade," "Umbrella Brigade," etc.

During the years 1885 and 1886 he filled

a responsible position with Smith Bros., clothiers, in Palmyra.

On July 1, 1887, he went to Hannibal, Missouri, where he was engaged with Jas. M. Nickell, the postmaster, until November 1, 1887.

President Cleveland appointed Mr. Peddicord postmaster of Palmyra in May, 1888, and he took charge of the post-office July 1, 1888, after having been on duty in the office since April 27, assisting the acting postmaster, Geo. B. Thompson.

He was corresponding secretary of the Democratic Club in 1892, and in 1893 was connected with the Empire Drill.

He was bookkeeper and assistant to Mr. Samuel Logan, cashier in First National Bank, Palmyra, Missouri, during 1891 and 1892 and up to February 1, 1893. Secretary and vice-president First Congressional District for the Missouri Confederate Home at Higginsville, Missouri, 1890 to 1896. In April, 1895, he was appointed aide-de-camp to Maj.-Gen. J. O. Shelby, commanding Missouri United Confederate Veterans, to rank as lieutenant-colonel. He attended the Confederate Reunion, Richmond, Virginia, June 30, July 1 and 2, 1896, on Maj.-Gen. Shelby's

staff; also Missouri State Reunion at Liberty, Missouri, August 26 and 27, 1896. He attended nearly all the reunions of United Confederate Veterans, the last one being that of June, 1905.

It is said "variety is the spice of life." Here in this busy life we find spice for a fact, mountains high. Not many have enjoyed this luxury so abundantly. First, the smiling school boy; second, the young tobacconist; third, the young farmer; fourth, the civil engineer; fifth, the soldier and farmer; sixth, the landlord; seventh, the postmaster. Adding the varieties and changes of each we find him successful in the many undertakings of life—but in the "pursuit of wealth," a perfect failure.

Like his father, he attained a high average in all he undertook, firm in the belief that what man had done, man could do.

He was skilled as a horseman, and an educator and master of all animals through kindness and patience. As a marksman, an oarsman, and an all-around advocate of true manly sports he represented the ideal type.

Kelion Franklin Peddicord died August 28, 1905.

CHAPTER V

SOME LETTERS RECEIVED BY MRS. LOGAN

The following letters written to Mrs. India P. Logan after Captain Peddicord's death have been selected from among a number received, and are given here to show the regard felt for him by his friends. Few men, either in public or private life, have left a more honored name than Captain Peddicord, and it gives sincere pleasure to his relatives to quote such utterances.

Mr. F. W. Smith, of Palmyra, writes:

"I hardly know how to begin to speak of the many good qualities of my friend Capt. K. F. Peddicord. He was so pre-eminent in all that goes to make a good man, that mere words or particular reference would fail to describe him and to enumerate all his good traits would require more time and space than is given me.

"Perhaps the most prominent trait of his character was the inflexible fidelity to trust. For a period of nearly a quarter of a century I was intimately associated with him, and for

nearly twenty years a daily companion. I was thus given numerous opportunities to observe his integrity.

"I never knew him to prove unequal to any demand put upon him. He did not study to be true; it was just naturally his nature to carry out to the letter a faithful discharge of every duty.

"Along with this peculiar feature of his character must be added a gentle and kind disposition. He loved the brute kind more than most people love their blood kin. Nothing, absolutely nothing, aroused his indignation so quickly as to see a dog or horse abused. I have seen him take a poor crippled dog in his arms and carry it to a place of safety and tenderly soothe it as a mother would a child.

"Children were beloved most dearly, and though years separated from youth, he never failed to sympathize with all the misfortunes of the school children or to engage in their games and sports, and to so ingratiate himself with them as to cause them to accept him as one of their number.

"His heart went out to the unfortunate man or boy, male or female, against whose good name some scandal attached. He never

talked about people to their disparagement. Truly his motto was, 'If you cannot speak well of them, you can at least be silent'.

"No man ever lived who had a higher regard or a greater respect for women than Captain Peddicord. He was a champion at all times and places. He crowned her with glory and honor; he defended those with whom perhaps he never spoke and praised those he never knew.

"He was quiet in his taste, modest to a fault. He admired the beautiful both in nature and art. He was a student of nature, and learned in many of the mysteries of plant and flower; passionately fond of leaves, he gathered great handfuls, selecting and arranging the most beautiful with care, to give them to some child.

"He had explored the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and preserved many examples of that wonderful product of Nature, and could speak with much interest of his experience in that and many other explorations.

"Of his war record I will not write; but I know he loved his soldier friends, nor did he ever cease to hold in reverence his companions of the great war.

"I write these imperfect expressions as a tribute of the love I had for him. I loved him, and no one could have had a better friend than he was, ever and always, to me and mine.

"FRANK W. SMITH."

The following is from a lifelong friend:

"We called him Captain Peddicord; he called himself First Sergeant, Quirk's Scouts. Whatever his army rank, he was, among men, first of all the elegant gentleman. We did not meet until after the war had closed, our army service being in widely separate fields. On the Board of the Confederate Home, Higginsville, Missouri, we always found him efficient and true to the Confederate soldier, ready to aid the needy comrade in every way that he could. We became quite intimate in after years. He was courteous and companionable, an extensive reader, and versatile in conversation.

"While he was respectful to all, he was especially popular with children and with the younger girls and boys. He had a poetic taste and Shakespeare seemed his favorite author. He often quoted from him. He was not aggressive, but attacks by others upon

his settled convictions did not change them. His ideals were pure and good, and woman was enthroned in the midst of them. I never heard him make a disrespectful remark of a woman in all our intercourse.

"But if he had one distinguishing trait above the others, it was *accuracy*.

"Things must be correct, no matter what the tune or what the work. And this was true of what many would call *little things*. That he was a brave, heroic soldier goes without saying, what he did, and the testimony of comrades is all sufficient. In private life he was kind, considerate, gentle as a woman. His declining years he lived in a quiet, unobtrusive way, true to his friends, true to himself.

"And now he is under the willows sleeping the last long sleep of the valiant soldier. I reverently lay a flower upon his grave, and gladly pay this tribute to his memory.

"T. K. GASH."

From a friend of many years:

"Having had an intimate association with Captain Peddicord for more than a quarter of a century, I feel I am in a position to offer the following tribute to his memory:

"The most striking characteristic that appealed to me was his kindly nature, his even temperament, his loyalty. I have never known a person who was such a model of patience; and having grown from a boy to manhood, almost, under his supervision, I am frank to say that his life was an inspiration to me, and from it I gathered much that will remain with me until time shall be no more.

"He was in truth a historian. I have sat for hours and listened to events that occurred within his knowledge, and wonderful had been his opportunities. He was a civil engineer, and assisted in the building of the Louisville and Nashville Bridge, the one that afterward as a Southern soldier he had helped destroy. And what a soldier he was! I said to him once, after listening to memories of the past, 'Captain, did you ever kill a man in battle?' His answer was, 'Boy, I have shot at many a man'.

"What a master he was! He was the best horseman I ever saw; his control over an animal was remarkable; his voice seemed to do for him what hands often failed to do for others.

"I was with him much in his last days,

when he calmly, patiently waited day after day to be called home. Gently, sweetly, his lamp went out.

"HOWARD P. SMITH,
"Palmyra, Mo."