

Gray Jackets

WITH

Blue Collars

JOHN W. BLACKBURN

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Manufactured In The United States Of America

THE EMBRY NEWSPAPERS INC.
BEAVER DAM, KY.

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Dedication

To my father's father, John Blackburn (1845-1908), (Private, Company "F"
26th Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Inf. USA.

and

To Dudley B. Lutz; my teacher and my friend. From these men I derived my
love of the reading of history. From one through inheritance, from the other
through instruction and inspiration.

Foreword

This is the book that had to be written; there was no escaping it as it was
written with a passion and a love for the men and events which have filled
these pages. Few authors could do better in causing the reader to vicariously
participate in the little known battles . . . in the tender personal moments that
occasionally fleet across the soldier's lives.

John Blackburn brings his characters to life . . . fills them with blood and
breath in this struggle which is as immortal as life itself. His is not just another
"history of the civil war" but is a story of the way it really happened in a
section that is dear to many, loved by more and respected by a few who know
it to be so.

As those who have known the boys from Ohio, Muhlenberg and
surrounding counties, whether one hundred years ago or today ... or tomorrow
. . . will testify to

their heroism, their doubts, their hates and their heartbreaks. These pages not only help us to become reacquainted with those who are our neighbors and friends from the past, but to read between the lines to discover why sometimes our brothers are our enemies and we, theirs.

John Blackburn has the admiration and respect of all local Civil War enthusiasts, who accept his ability as genuine. The results of his extensive research with old time residents of this area, pertinent landmarks and authentic records, bears fruit in these pages and will always endear him to the hearts of those whose interest is in this locality.

He does not hope in this collection to submit all the varied experiences of Company "C", Ninth Kentucky Infantry, but those mentioned herein tend to give continuity to the small part which this group of valiant men played in the history of the rebellion.

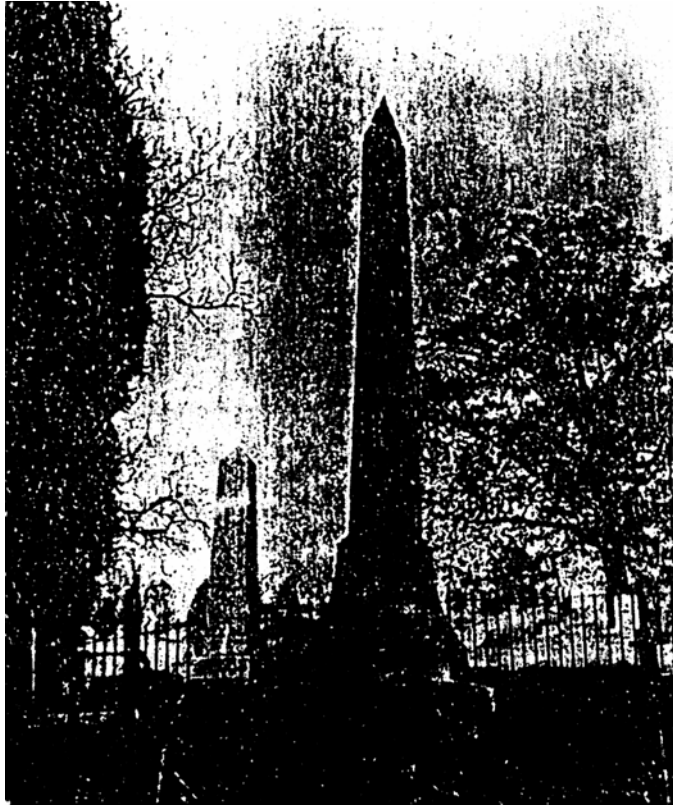
EARL S. REID

May 1962



JOHN K. WICKLIFFE

From a photograph made in 1860 and reprinted by Doris Matthews. John was a native of Greenville and was killed in the fight at Resaca, Georgia on May 14, 1864.



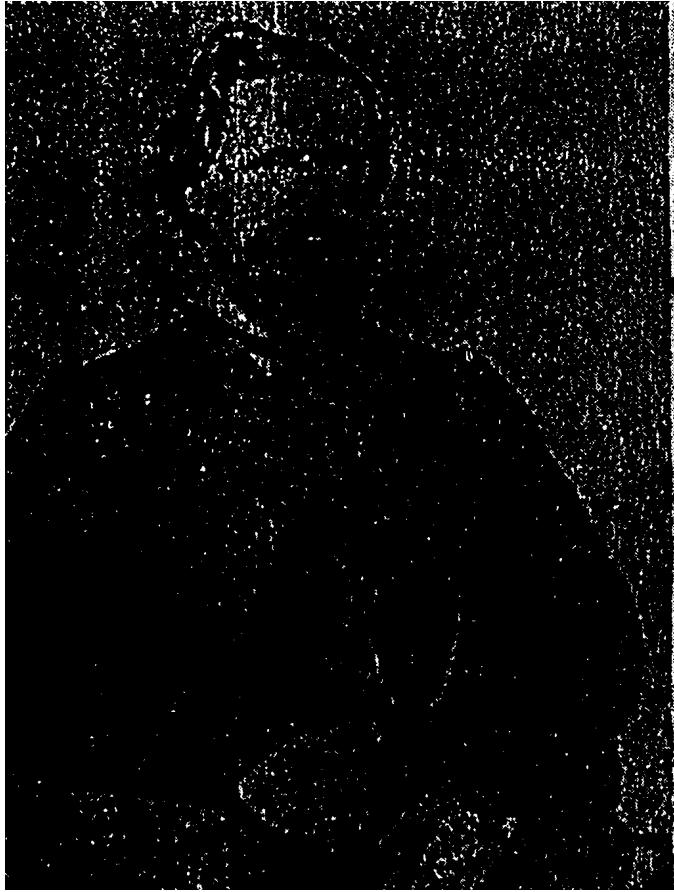
Grave of Dr. John E. Pendleton in Oakwood Cemetery in Hartford.

Photo by Doris Mathews.



Grave of Lute Collins in Oakwood Cemetery in Hartford.

Collins was a Medal of Honor winner and was said by one of his battlefield comrades to be "brave as a lion."



DR. JOHN E. PENDLETON

This picture was made while Dr. Pendleton was a practicing physician in Hartford.

Reprinted by Doris Matthews.

Acknowledgements

In mailing proper acknowledgment of the help which was so generously given me by many people while this book WAS being prepared, I must first mention my close personal friend, Mr. Earl S. Reid, Principal of the Fordsville School. I called upon him many times for information and for advice and he was always willing to help. Mr. Reid and I have spent many hours in discussion of the Civil War and I am much richer because of his willingness to share his knowledge with me. Mr. Reid also honored me by writing the forward to this book.

A writer of a book usually does not fully realize the extent of his indebtedness to others until he begins to make a list of those who have helped. I am most grateful to all who helped me, or who tried to be of help in any way, and if I leave out any name it is by error and not by intent

Mr. Carlos B. Embry, Beaver Dam, Ky., Legislator, Journalist, Editor, Publisher, and Author of "America's Concentration Camps", read the manuscript. He made many suggestions that proved of value and this book is better because I had the advantage of Mr. Embry's counsel.

Many people helped me much by furnishing information about one or more of the boys of Company "C". Mrs. Mary Laura Wooten, Hartford, Ky., gave me much information about Mr. Pendleton and she loaned me pictures and papers as well. Miss Winifred Simmerman, Hartford, Ky., told me much about James W. Ford and his friends and shared with me also very much that she knows of the "War" itself. Miss Simmerman loaned me books and papers of James Ford and as well some of the pictures that are in this book.

Others who furnished me information about the boys themselves and for the most part unpublished material were Mrs. Elsie Bailey, Rockport, Ky., Malcolm Moseley, Whitesville, Ky., Miss Mary Barnett, Owensboro, Ky., Willis Sutton, Fordsville, Ky., Willis Chapman, McHenry, Ky., Mrs. Winnie Hill, Beaver Dam, Ky., and Mrs. Mattie Duff and Mrs. Marie Mitchell, Dundee, Ky.

Not only did people of my home area help but many others did too. M. B. "Mitch" Harris, Hartsville, Tenn., gave me almost a full day of his valuable time and conducted me about the battlefield and surrounding areas where General Morgan made much history during the war. Fred Vaught, Druggist, and Mrs. Beulah Hager, Merchant, both of Hartsville, were most helpful. Mrs. Hager told me the story of the old building now containing her store and Mr. Vaught made available to me a college paper written by his son. This paper is mentioned in detail in the bibliography.

I am further indebted to United States Government personnel at the following National Parks:

Shiloh National Military Park, Tennessee

Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park, Tennessee and Georgia

Stone's River National Military Park, Tennessee

Kennesaw National Battlefield Park, Georgia

This work could never have been completed without the skills and the courtesies of Librarians. I am grateful to Miss Sally Blakely, Regional Librarian, Eighth Region, Kentucky Library Service, for much help and in particular for her kindness in mailing some books available that otherwise I could not have used. In the same sense and to the same extent I am, grateful to Mrs. Reunelle Riley, Librarian of the Ohio County Library at Hartford, Ky. Mr. Roscoe Pearson, Librarian, Bosworth Memorial Library, College of the Bible, Lexington, Ky., made valuable, for my use two books that I could find at no other place. Mrs. Sylvia Mercer, Librarian, Breckinridge County Library, Hardinsburg, Ky., was very helpful. This library is in the Seventh Region of the Kentucky Library Service. Mrs. Alma Newton, Assistant Librarian, City Library, Dalton, Georgia, was very helpful in locating for me material that threw light on the important-relationship the Orphans had with Dalton.

One man aided me in ways that somehow cannot be put in words. This is my friend and Pastor, Robert A. Stivers.

Many others have helped in some way and I regret that there is not space for mention of them all. I am grateful to them because it took the many small items to make the whole.

I must express a special acknowledgment to my wife, Fannie Lee and to my daughter Alice. I, of course, have definite obligations to my employer as well as the necessity of supporting my home and almost all of my writing time has been in the evenings. Because my work as an Insurance Salesman requires many of my evenings my work has been done at times that would otherwise have been spent with my family.

Many Sunday afternoons were spent in interviewing people and visiting cemeteries. Fannie and Alice have

been very patient and have helped me much by taking notes of conversations and in searching for graves. They have accepted, while yet encouraging me, the many interruptions in the fellowship of our home. Fannie and Alice are a very important part of whatever value this book may have.



A group of Confederate veterans:

Standing: left to right:

Stephen W. Rowan, John Chapman, Curg Reid, John Chinn.

Sitting: left to right:

I. P. Barnard, Unidentified, James W. Ford, Unidentified, John Taylor.

The unidentified veteran second from the left in the front row is believed to be a Condit.

The occasion that prompted this picture was a reunion in Louisville around the turn of the century.

The group is a part of a picture of many hundreds of veterans. Lute is wearing the new gloves presented him on this day.

Photograph reprinted by Doris Matthews.



Robert W. Wallace of Paradise. Photograph made in 1865

Reprinted by Doris Matthews.



From left to right: Dr. James Morton, Lute Collins and James Ford. These men served in the Confederate Army and were close friends until death.

These comrades of the Orphan Brigade gathered to celebrate Lute's birthday and walked to nearby Rough River to see the wonder of Schroeter's "Floating Studio." They posed for this picture on this occasion.

Lute is wearing the new gloves presented him on this day.

Photograph reprinted by Doris Matthews.



Dr. John E. Pendleton in Confederate Officer's uniform. Dr. Pendleton served as Brigade Surgeon of the Orphan Brigade and practiced medicine in Hartford for many years after the war.

Photo Reprinted by Doris Matthews.

CHAPTER ONE

They Choose the South

THE NATION was in turmoil in those autumn days of 1861. Young men all over the nation were responding to the colors and were donning either the Blue or the Gray. Fort Sumpter had surrendered to Beauregard in April and in July the First Battle of Bull Run had awakened the country to the horror of battle. Many had considered the war a lark and had entered it in the belief that it would be over in a short time. When Lincoln issued his call for seventy five thousand volunteers many in the North thought that the "rebellion" would be crushed in a short time and with little or no shedding of blood; many others in the South were convinced that one Southerner could whip ten Yankees and Lincoln would be forced to let the seceding

states go their way in peace. Bull Run, or Manassas, changed this thinking on both sides and people came to realize that the war might last a long time.

The issues that brought on the Civil War in America had been discussed throughout the land for many years and most people clung to the hope that the problems could be solved without war. This hope was gone now and men found it necessary to make a decision. They found that the thinking of the man next door, or on the next farm, was so strong that each individual must be either on one side or the other. It was in fact almost impossible to be a neutral.

The thinking of men in relation to the issues of the Civil War broke up many families and caused a great many friendships to end. There was brother against brother, father against son. Many had feelings so strong that strange vows were made. Elisha B. Kirtley, of Paradise, vowed that he would never shave until the Confederacy was established. Kirtley lived for more than fifty years after the war and kept this vow until the end of his life. He also did his best to establish the Confederacy, serving with the Southern Army as a member of Company "C" of the First Kentucky Brigade.

This difference of opinion existed of course in Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties and in the surrounding counties. Men took sides and they started the ride into Hartford, Greenville, Russellville and other centers to enlist. Many were

to become Johnny Rebs and wear the gray of the South while others were to don the blue of the Federals and become known as Billy Yanks. So many of them were never to set foot on their native soil again.

Yes, the boys were coming in. Ignatius Pigman Barnard was coming in from Buford. Samuel Brooks was riding in from Cromwell and Albert Robertson from Ceralvo. Hune H. Harris came from Greenville and Alison H. Kincheloe was making the trip from South Carrollton. Lycurgus T. Reid of Rockport, along with James W. Ford of Hartford and many others from Ohio, Muhlenberg, Hancock and other counties were coming in to join up with the armies of the South.

One boy made a mistake when he came into Hartford. He came from his home in Sunnydale, near Hartford, to enlist with the boys going with Dr. John E. Pendleton. He was filled with zeal and wanted to fight the Yankees but before he realized what was taking place he had been enlisted by the Federals themselves. This boy survived the war and is buried near Sunnydale. It is related that he was never very happy about his lot and could never bring himself to shooting the boys of the South; yet it is to his everlasting credit that he cannot be accused of desertion. Perhaps he felt that since he had made his bed he would lie in it.

This boy who enlisted in the wrong army was William Luther Ambrose. William was born

December 19, 1842 and served the entire war in Company "G" of the 17th Kentucky Infantry (USA). He was never married and was called "Uncle Luly" by his relatives and friends. Ambrose came back to the family farm after the war and lived there the remainder of his life. He was a very religious man, remaining a faithful and active member of the Methodist Church until his death.

William Ambrose was a farmer and a lover of plant life. He cultivated an orchard and berry patches on the farm and spent most of his working time on these projects. On the evening of October 15, 1915, he did not return to the farm house and the family went to search for him. They found him lying among the fruit trees he loved so well and buried him two days later only a few feet away from where they found him. This one who had approached the wrong recruiting officer so long before had apparently died of a heart attack.

William's grave is the latest marked and likely the newest grave, in the Ambrose Cemetery. He lies in a peaceful and quiet place far from the roads and his grave is shaded at all times of the day by many large trees. A very short distance away stand two pear trees and two plum trees, a living memorial to the one who cared for them so tenderly in the long ago.

We speak of these soldiers as boys and they were certainly that! Most people of our time think of the soldiers of the Civil War as being

old men because that is the way we saw them. We watched them in their ever-thinning ranks as they marched proudly to the cemeteries for the services on Memorial Day. We watched them become ever more stooped and we saw their footsteps become ever more faltering as the great conflict receded into history.

All of them are gone now but I like to think that somewhere out there, as they are tenting on the eternal camp ground, they are watching us. I like to believe they know we remember them and that they are grateful. I like to believe that they find much joy in the knowledge that in such as we who have what some call the "Civil War Bug," their experiences will live on and on. I like to let my fancies go free and watch again these boys storm the "Hornets Nest" and the "Crater". Watch them as they once more rush out, with the Rebel Yell ringing out above the roar of the cannon, across that "million miles" of open space with Pickett at Gettysburg. And even too as they rush in fear for the shelter of the cliffs at Pittsburg Landing.

Yes these were boys. They were boys who became men before their time because the battlefield is no place to remain a boy. Many of them became men even as they took the last breath of life.

These boys had to make a decision. I can picture them now before they made the final choice. I can hear their discussion with their

families and friends, and with each other, as they had to decide whether the path must lead to Old Abe Lincoln or to that other Kentuckian, Jeff Davis. I can hear their farewells to loved ones as they started out on the great venture. The great venture was to take the lives of many of them and it was to change the world for all of them.

Let us follow with those that went with the "Orphan Brigade". Let us follow them to Bowling Green and retreat with them into Tennessee and Mississippi. Let us share their experiences.

Let us eat with them and sleep under the stars with them and let us share with them their last moments as they die on the battlefields and in the hospitals. Let us fight with them, too. Let us fight with them from one end of Tennessee to the other and in heat ridden Mississippi and Louisiana. Let us go with them in battle through the foothills and mountains of North Alabama and Georgia to the sea and in the dying months of the war through the swamps of the Carolinas. Let us go with J. Ed Jones to Shiloh and with Craven Peyton to Hartsville. Let us go also with Euclid C. Shull to Chickamauga.

This is not intended to be a discourse on the Civil War itself. It is not even intended to be a history of the First Kentucky Brigade, so often called the "Orphan Brigade" of the Southern Army. The history of the Brigade has been ably written by Ed Porter Thompson and much has been written, by our finest historians, about the

part the Orphans played in the many battles. I do not suggest that this story will throw new light on the great struggle at Shiloh, or at Chickamauga, or at Stone's River; or at any of the other battles in which the Orphans took part.

This is a story of some of the boys who went to the South when our great nation was divided by war a hundred years ago. It is mostly about boys from Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties because they made up most of Company "C" of the Ninth Regiment of the Orphan Brigade of the Confederate Army.

I have refrained from including lengthy details about campaigns and battles, as well as about the many commanders, as I feel that this is another story.

Perhaps it is well that we mention the boys from Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties that were in the Orphan Brigade but not members of Company "C".

Joseph L. Richardson was born in Logan County in 1840 but in later life had very close connections with Muhlenberg County. Richardson enlisted in Company "A" of the Ninth Regiment and took part in the battle at Shiloh. In this battle he suffered such a severe injury to his left arm that it was necessary that the surgeons amputate it and he was discharged from service. Joe Richardson came to Muhlenberg County in 1864 and became a school teacher. In 1874 he was elected County Superintendent of Schools. He left the county in 1885 and lived in

Daviess County for seven years before moving back to Central City. He became interested in politics and is found in 1900 serving as Doorkeeper to the Kentucky State Senate. Later he was elected as Representative to the Kentucky State House. Joseph Richardson and Jennie Morgan were married in 1871. This veteran of the Orphan Brigade died on April 4, 1912 and was buried, in full Confederate uniform, at Elmwood Cemetery in Owensboro.

John Maddox was an Ohio County boy and was a member of Company "A" of the Fourth Regiment. John was in the Battle of Shiloh and in most of the other battles of his Regiment all the way to Jonesboro, Georgia. He was wounded at Shiloh, at Stone's River and again at Chickamauga.

Another boy of the Fourth Regiment was Frank Scott, of Ohio County. Frank was a member of Company "D" and was elected First Lt. when the company was formed. He soon resigned his commission and left the army.

James L. Davidson, also of Ohio County, was a member of Company "G" of the Ninth Regiment and saw much the same places and had the same experiences as those of Company "C". This was also the Company that contained most of the Breckinridge County boys. Davidson was wounded at Jonesboro.

Davidson attained the rank of Fifth Sergeant and after the war settled in Fordsville. He worked at a place the local residents call "The

Old Flour Mill" and was a respected citizen, Davidson and his wife are both buried in the Fordsville Cemetery.

Muhlenberg County furnished more than eight hundred men to the Union Army and more than a hundred to the Confederates. The County even has the distinction of having two Generals, one on each side, with important connections to the County. Confederate General Simon Bolivar Buckner was raised in South Muhlenberg County and was living there at the time he was appointed to West Point Military Academy. Buckner had many friends in Greenville and the surrounding area, most of them being in sympathy with the North.

Union General Don Carlos Buell settled at Old Airdrie after the war and lived there thirty years. Buell came to Airdrie in search of oil but found coal instead and devoted his attention to its production. He died at his home at Airdrie in 1898 and was taken to St. Louis, Missouri for burial. This writer has a connection with Buell and Airdrie because it was the coal at Buell's estate that brought part of his family to Kentucky.

Colonel Robert Martin was a very efficient and very important spy in the Civil War and was in on the attempt to burn the City of New York. Martin was a native of Greenville and is called by some "Muhlenberg County's Number One Hero of the War Between The States".

George I. Briggs was not a native of Muh-

lenberg County, having been born on June 18, 1847, in Williamson County, Tennessee, but he did have important connections with Muhlenberg County in later life. Briggs came to Briggsville, Muhlenberg County, in 1880, and was most successful in the lumber business and as a merchant. He and his wife were active members of the Methodist Church. George Briggs was a soldier in the Eleventh Tennessee Confederate Cavalry and was in many battles throughout the South.

Rolley E. Humphrey was born in Webster County, of Ohio County parents, on December 30, 1842. He has this important connection with Ohio County and he has much connection with Muhlenberg County. Humphrey settled in South Carrollton in 1876 and operated a gristmill for many years. He was enlisted, on October 8, 1861, in Company "A" of the First Kentucky Cavalry where he took part in the Battle of Perryville. He was wounded in the left foot and was forced to accept a discharge in the following spring after Perryville. Humphrey was a Baptist and a Mason.

Still another Confederate soldier, though not a native, became important to the business life of Muhlenberg County. Capt. James Buckner Ryan was born in Bath County, Kentucky, on June 24, 1838, and before the Civil War broke out moved to Nashville, Tennessee. Ryan received a very good education and was well versed in the English classics. He was living in

Nashville when the war came and he entered immediately into the First Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry, having the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. He soon resigned this position though and recruited a company of his own, in which he was commissioned Captain. He and his Company then joined General John H. Morgan and served with Morgan until the end of the war.

In 1870 Ryan sought the solitude and wilds of Kentucky, entering the coal business on Mud River in Muhlenberg County. He organized the Mud River Coal, Coke and Iron Company and was its superintendent for many years.

Ryan was very much opposed to the secession movement but when his adopted state went out of the Union he went out with it and gave of his best for the cause of the South.

Ryan was an active Mason and was a member of Rochester Lodge No. 270. He belonged to no church but insisted always on justice and fair dealing with all people in all matters.

Dr. Moses O. Townes was born in Muhlenberg County on April 6, 1836, and practiced medicine in Beech Grove in McLean County. Dr. Townes was a member of the Fifth Kentucky (CSA) and was in many battles. He was a member of the Christian Church and a Mason.

Many others, including General John Hunt Morgan, General Nathan B. Forrest, and General H. B. Lyon, had connections with Muhlenberg County but details of their activities must be committed here. This must remain for the

most part a story of the boys of Company "C".

Several boys from Ohio County were in the First Kentucky Cavalry of the Confederate Army and these boys will be mentioned later in connection with a battle they fought, along with members of Company "C".

The organization of soldiers that was to become known as Company "C" of the Ninth Regiment of the Orphan Brigade was organized by Dr. John Ed Pendleton of Hartford and he became its first commander, having the rank of Captain. Dr. Pendleton was one of the most distinguished sons of Ohio County. Perhaps it is not exactly correct to call him a son of Ohio County as he was a native of Washington County, Kentucky; yet the county where he spent most of his life has much claim on him. Pendleton had studied at the Medical University at

Louisville before he came to Hartford at the age of twenty.

After the organization of the First Brigade Pendleton was made Brigade Surgeon and he saw much service in this capacity during the entire war. He also served on the board that examined applicants for the positions of Surgeon and Assistant Surgeon. Dr. Pendleton served with the Orphan Brigade until the autumn of 1862 and we find him toward the end of the war with Wheeler following Sherman to the sea.

After the war Pendleton returned to Hartford and resumed the practice of medicine, re-

maining an outstanding man in his profession and in society in general.

There is an amusing story about Dr. Pendleton and his war experiences. He and a comrade called at a home to buy food but were too closely followed by Union soldiers to eat. The lady of the house was able to supply a freshly roasted turkey which she placed in a pillow case and the two hungry soldiers rode swiftly away, their mouths watering in anticipation of the joy of the turkey. It was soon necessary to ford a river and their pursuers were within rifle range. At about midstream Dr. Pendleton saw his companion fall from his horse into the water and went immediately to his aid, at the same time losing his grip on the pillow case. As the two men scrambled up the river bank to safety they watched the precious turkey float down the river. Dr. Pendleton said many years after the war that he could still see that turkey floating away.

The Doctor related that around the camp fires they were often heartened and entertained by a vagabond Italian boy who made unusually beautiful music on his violin. This boy became a musician of some note himself and he was a brother to the famous Patti.

A soldier writing home after the great battle at Stone's River told of seeing Dr. Pendleton on that field and described the Doctor as "The handsomest man my eyes ever beheld."

This great citizen and soldier died in Hart-

ford on January 31, 1897, and lies buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Hartford. A well-known and well-respected citizen of Hartford and a teacher in the Hartford Schools, Mrs. Mary Laura Wooten, is a granddaughter.

John Pendleton Taylor, also of Hartford, is a surviving grandson of Dr. Pendleton.

The boys who cast their lot with Dr. Pendleton and his hopes for the Confederate States of America left Ohio County on September 22, 1861 and crossed Green River at South Carrollton. They went on to Greenville and there were joined by a group of Muhlenberg boys under the leadership of Moses Wickliffe. Wickliffe was elected First Lt. and took part in almost all the battles of his unit until the autumn of 1864 when he became Acting Quartermaster of the Ninth Regiment. He remained in this position until the war ended. Moses was High Sheriff of Muhlenberg County when the war began and he resigned this office to take up the cause of the South.

The combined group of the Ohio and Muhlenberg County boys moved from Greenville to Russellville where they were to be strengthened by other boys coming in from many counties in Western Kentucky and by some from Louisville.

Somewhere along the way from Greenville to Russellville the group of adventurers saw their first member taken by death. George Vickers, of Paradise, was killed instantly when his

double barreled shotgun discharged accidentally. The group had stopped for a rest and as they arose to resume the march the gun fell off a log. The boy with high hopes of seeing a war, the boy with dreams of valor on the battlefield, the boy with so much spirit for the cause he believed was right, became the first casualty in Company "C". George was the first but there were so many to follow.

Of course George Vickers was not really a casualty of Company "C" because he was never enlisted and sworn into service. He didn't live to reach the enlistment station. His name is not listed on the rosters and he never put on the Confederate uniform; yet I like to think of George as one of the boys of the Orphan Brigade. He did not die a soldier but he did die a Southern hero and his death was one of the tragedies of the lost cause.

Vickers was soon followed in death by another. At Russellville Gus Thompson became ill and died in spite of all that Dr. Pendleton and the other physicians could do.

A Greenville boy, John Fletcher Jernigan, was with a patrol working in the Russellville area. The patrol was attacked by a Federal patrol at Whipperwill Bridge and Jernigan became the first of the boys to be under enemy fire. John Fletcher went all through the war and was wounded at least once. After the war was over he returned to Greenville and died there.

In the skirmish at Whipperwill Bridge

Fourth Sergeant Joseph G. Hall was captured but he was later exchanged to fight in other battles.

The boys moved from Russellville to Bowling Green and were there taken into the formation of the unit that was to become famous as the "Orphan Brigade". The great battle record of the Kentuckians was beginning.

Another of the boys was not to see battle.

At Bowling Green, James S. Mitchell, of Hartford, died of disease.

The Brigade stayed in the Bowling Green area until February when the pressure of Federal forces made a retreat necessary. The Second Regiment of the First Brigade had been sent to Fort Donelson in Tennessee and was captured, almost in its entirety, when General Buckner surrendered the fort to Grant.

While in the Bowling Green area the boys were involved in several skirmishes but no great battles. They were not far from home at this time in the sense that we measure distances now, but in 1861 and 1862 travel facilities were much different. Letters from home during January and in early February must have told them that the weather was remarkably gloomy. During the month of January 1862 in Hartford the sun shown but forty five hours and did not appear at all during a period of nine days. There was a wide range in temperature too, as the thermometer ranged from eighteen to ninety three degrees.

When the retreat was ordered the boys went from Bowling Green, through Franklin and Nashville into Murfreesboro. From there they went to Burnsville, Mississippi. This was in February and the weather was very unpleasant. The boys suffered much from the cold during the weeks of this march. They camped at Decatur, on the Tennessee River, on March 14 and were subjected to a severe storm. The men had erected Sibley tents but the wind tore them from their moorings as though they had not been anchored at all and blew them in all directions. All the time the wind was aided by a terrific rainstorm in its destruction of the camp. The rain came down as if poured from buckets in the heavens and articles of every description were flying through the air. There was even a stampede. A herd of cattle nearby was frightened and played havoc among the men and the remaining tents. The boys reported later that, as the cattle ran wildly about the camp, they feared they would become casualties of the animals before they had a chance at the Yankees.

The Sibley tent was an invention of Henry Hopkins Sibley, United States Military Academy, class of '38. Sibley was a Major in the United State Army when war broke out and he resigned his commission to join the Confederate forces. The tents were conical in shape, erected on a tripod, and could comfortably house twelve soldiers with their personal equipment. The tents were excellent shelter but the boys seldom

had use of them because of the inability of the transportation system of the Confederate Army to keep the supplies moving as rapidly as the soldiers.

In the area around Corinth, Mississippi the Brigade became a part of the "Army of the Mississippi", under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston.

When the reorganization was made at Corinth Dr. Pendleton was made Brigade Surgeon and Captain William Mitchell, another Hartford physician, became the Commander of Company "C". Captain Mitchell was to lead his Company of almost new soldiers, freshly clad in new uniforms of gray jackets, with blue cuffs and collars, into its first great battle.

CHAPTER TWO

Company "C" At Shiloh

When the reorganization was made that put Captain Mitchell in, command of Company "C", General John C. Breckinridge became Commander of the Reserve Corps, with Colonel R. P. Trabue being selected to lead the Orphan Brigade. The Ninth Regiment of the Orphans, containing our boys of Company "C", was commanded by Colonel Thomas B. Hunt.

On the afternoon of April 3rd 1862 the Army of the Mississippi was, given orders to march and to be prepared to meet the enemy on the morning of the 5th. It was the plan of General Johnson to attack the armies of General Grant at Pittsburg Landing before Grant should get the added support of the forces under General Don Carlos Buell who was coming from

Nashville to join Grant. The troops of General Breckinridge were to form the reserve and they did not begin to move from Corinth until the early morning of Friday, April 4th.

The plan of Johnson seemed simple enough, but the army was made up of soldiers without ample training in marching, and many difficulties arose. There were only two roads through the dense forests, and a heavy rainstorm made these roads almost impassable. Because of this the troops did not get into position for attack until the late afternoon of April 5th, and the attack was postponed until dawn of the 6th. The Confederate troops camped that Saturday night within two miles of the Union outposts but were not heard or seen by the- enemy.

This delay of twenty-four hours may not seem significant, but on the day the attack was to have been made the first units of Buell's Army appeared on the opposite side of the Tennessee River, just seven miles away.

It is not intended here to discuss battle issues or to take issue with "what might have been", but it is important, in relation to the boys of Company "C", to wonder what might have been the fate of many of them if the attack could have been made before Buell could

add his thousands to the support of General Grant.

The immediate destination of the troops when they left Corinth was a point four miles from Pittsburg Landing and nearly thirty miles

from Corinth. Near this point stood a small log church that was to become immortal. It is unlikely that the boys coming up from Corinth had overheard of it. It was called Shiloh.

Early Sunday morning, April 6, 1862, was one of the most serene and lovely of the season.

there seemed to be a peculiar stillness pervading everything, even the birds and animals. Every creature except man seemed to be drinking in the delight of the sunrise. The men in the area of Shiloh Church and Pittsburgh Landing were not "drinking in the sunrise", and they did not notice that the elevated ridge was glittering in "its dewy robe".

These men were concerned with the coming storm.

The boys of Company "C" had just started to boil their breakfast coffee when the guns of General William J. Hardee began to roar, and the great conflict was on.

It has been said that this great clash between Americans changed the history of America and of the world. Certainly it changed the fortunes of many American boys and the loved ones they had left behind. This struggle brought the American people of all sections of the country face to face with the awful horror of war and the nation was never to be the same again. Every family knew now that the next casualty list might contain the name of their boy and each soldier, whether North or South, knew well that he might never see his home and family again.

The losses in the Battle of Shiloh were staggering and the entire country was shocked. More Americans died in this battle than died in the entire War of Independence. Even Bull Run now seemed insignificant. The Confederates lost 10,699 in dead, wounded and missing. The Orphan Brigade suffered eight hundred forty four of these casualties, representing 35% of its active strength. It must be remembered, too, that the Union Army lost more than 13,000 in dead, wounded and missing. Several of these losses of the Orphan Brigade were members of Company "C".

The Company Commander, Captain William Mitchell, gave up his life here for the cause of the Confederacy.

Upon the death of Captain Mitchell, Lt. Price Newman, of Louisville, assumed command. Newman was promoted to Captain.

Harry Hendricks, William P. Harris, J. Ed Jones, William C. Pendleton, James H. Roll and Elias G. Smith were killed outright during the two days of this battle. Of these boys Hendricks, Roll and Smith were from Paradise. Harris and Pendleton were from Greenville, and Jones was a South Carrollton boy. Another Paradise boy, James L. Walthall, died several days after the battle because of wounds suffered at Shiloh. He is buried at Montgomery, Alabama.

Price Newman had a very close brush with death during one of the charges. The Sgt. Major of the Ninth Regiment, John W. Green of Hen-

derson County, was close by Newman when a Yank fired point blank at Newman. Newman fell and at almost the same instant Green was struck and knocked down. Green was unhurt and continued on in the attack, thinking all the while that Newman had been killed. Later Newman appeared and explained that he tripped over a tent rope and that the enemy soldier missed him.

When we think of the death of Captain Mitchell we must remember also that another Captain from Hartford was killed on the same day and in the same battle. This boy was William Morton who was Captain of Company "A" of the 17th Kentucky of the Union Army. One can not be certain but it is very possible that these two boys were boyhood friends in Hartford in the years before the war. It is likely, too, that the two families of these boys were friends. At least the two Williams grew up together and went out to give of their lives, each in the cause he believed to be right for the society he wanted to live in and bring up a family in. Morton now rests in the old cemetery in Hartford, across the street from Wayland Alexander School, and a monument is erected there to his memory.

John Green described his visit with a boy dying on the battlefield at Shiloh and young Will Pope asked of Green, "Johnny, if a boy dies for his country the glory is his forever, isn't it?" Johnny does not record his answer but it seems he could only have said yes, and some-

how this has to be the same with all the boys of both sides. They died for their country and theirs is the glory forever.

The number of dead at Shiloh was frightening but there were many wounded also. J. Collins of Hartford received a wound here. Collins achieved lasting fame later in the war and much is yet to be said of him. Another boy from Hartford, Monroe Tinsley, was wounded here, as well as one from Louisville. The Louisville boy was William F. Bishop. Afterwards Bishop served as a Regimental Clerk until his capture the following year. D. C. Hay of Greenville was wounded and captured in this fight and takes no further part in the activities of the Orphans. Hay died soon after the war closed. More of the Muhlenberg County boys were wounded. Ben G. Jernigan of Greenville was one of these. Jernigan transferred to the staff of General Breckinridge and served with him during the remainder of the war. Jernigan died in Logan County. Nathaniel R. Letner of South Carrollton was hurt at Shiloh. Nat settled in Owensboro after the war and died there. Henry L. Vickers of Paradise was hurt so badly that he was discharged and sent home. Henry was not to be sidetracked though, and when he was able to work he was employed as a Scout with the Army of the Tennessee (Confederate) and remained in this service during the remainder of the war. After the war Vickers settled in Arkansas. George Ranney of South Carrollton also was

wounded at Shiloh. Ranney has many relatives living in Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties. George took part in all the battles of his company until the spring of 1863 when he was sent home because of illness. He was not able to again take part in any of the fortunes or misfortunes of his company.

Another boy wounded at Shiloh was Martin L. Weeks of Paradise. After the war Weeks became a Minister of the Gospel and was well known in religious circles in Muhlenberg and adjoining counties.

G. C. Carr was a musician and was missing after the Battle of Shiloh. His fate was never known and it is assumed he was killed in the battle and is among the thousands of unknown dead on that field.

Marcellus H. Hay was born January 17, 1839, in Muhlenberg County. He was the son of Wiley S. Hay, Member of the Legislature from Muhlenberg County. Marcellus was a merchant in Greenville and devoted all possible time to the study of law. He was admitted to the Bar and was a prominent attorney in Greenville for many years. Hay enlisted in Company "C" of the Ninth Regiment and was with Capt. Mitchell during the Battle of Shiloh. During this engagement he was wounded in the right leg and was captured by the Union Army and taken to St. Louis. He took a non-combatant parole and returned to Greenville. Hay organized the Bank of Greenville and was its

first President. He married Sallie Brizendine and became the father of two children. The

Hays were members of the Presbyterian Church. The boy who had the honor of being the first one under fire was a part of the infirmary detail at Shiloh and was in many later battles. This was John P. Jernigan.

Second Lt. Hune H. Harris, of Greenville, had an interesting experience on the battlefield at Shiloh. It was during the first day of the fighting that Hune picked up a handsome silk banner. On one side was painted the "Goddess of Liberty" and on the other was inscribed "The Chickasaba Desperadoes" and "Victory or Death". Colonel Hunt, noticing this banner afterwards, said, "The entire command must have been killed for they surely could not have thrown away their colors, after going in to win or die." The Ninth Regiment took the staff to replace one that had been shot in half, but the flag itself was given to General Breckinridge and hung up at Headquarters at Corinth. Perhaps later at other places, also.

When the men were preparing to go into battle on the second morning of Shiloh, Colonel Hunt ordered that all booty be thrown aside. Just as they began to move the Colonel noticed that Henry C. Cowling, or "Unk" as he was known to his comrades, had a large western cheese stuck on his bayonet. John Green relates that Colonel Hunt "almost took the head off"

Unk and made him throw the cheese away.

One of the most heroic defenses ever made in battle was that made by General Prentiss and the Sixth Division, Army of the-Tennessee (Federal) at Shiloh. The spot of his great feat against the Confederate forces faces an old sunken road, has been known as the "Hornet's Nest" because of the great amount of shot and shell that came stinging from it. General Prentiss and his heroic soldiers were never overrun, during the entire nine hours of attack, but were finally surrounded and forced to surrender. Company "C" was a part of the forces attacking this point again and again and it is likely that some of them died here. After the surrender of Prentiss the Orphans were delighted to capture large stores of supplies, including much food and better weapons than they had been using. The "loot" was so great that it prompted Sgt. Major John Green to refer to the Union soldiers as "My friends, the enemy".

Near the "Hornet's Nest" was a small pond and many wounded of both sides came here for water. It is likely that boys of Company "C" came here, possibly wounded and dying and perhaps even their blood helped stain the water to a redness. The blood that turned the color of this water was a mixture of the blood of both

Union and Confederate soldiers and it is worthy of note that it mixed so perfectly that no one could tell what blood was the Johnny Rebs' or the Billy Yanks'. They were still all men and

they were even still Americans.

The boys of Company "C" attacked through the famous "Peach Orchard" at Shiloh. It is said that the bullets clipped off the April peach blossoms so rapidly that it seemed that a snowstorm was raging. How strange it is that such impressions as this are made upon the minds of men, even during the noise and confusion and danger of terrific battle?

The Orphans served as part of the rear guard when the Confederates retired from the field at Shiloh and some of them remained three days to bury the dead of both armies;

Sgt. Major John Green was a member of this detail, and he makes the heartrending statement that "many a mother's darling lay stark and cold". Green told of seeing two soldiers, one from each side of the struggle, lying side by side, and evidently they had killed each other. Green noticed that neither face showed signs of pain or anger. "Had the Angel of Peace come to both of them?" he asks. Green also states, including his enemy in his generous opinion, "The warrior will be rewarded for a patriotic death where they are gone, but I know peace reigns there supreme." Perhaps this statement is typical of what the boys of both sides thought about the other. So many boys found it impossible to hate the enemy in this war.

On the field at Shiloh there is a long grave filled with Southern soldiers. These boys are not buried side by side but in several long rows with

the bodies stacked one upon another. In this one grave there are more than seven hundred of the boys in gray and all are unknown, except to God. The spot is called the "Confederate Burial Trench" and it is one of the most visited in the great park today. This writer stood for a long time in silence looking down at this grave. He tried to imagine who is buried there in those stacks of Johnny Rebs' what their dreams and ambitions had been and what might have been their fate if the course of history had been different—perhaps, if the rain had not come on that fateful night the Johnnies were moving up, or if General Buell had been a few hours later in appearing across the river. There is no earthly way to know but perhaps, and likely too, some of the boys of Company "C" are buried there.

CHAPTER THREE

Down The Mississippi Galley

After the battle of Shiloh the Army of the Mississippi, including the Orphan Brigade, retreated back to the Corinth area and during the remaining days of April were busy reforming their ranks and securing supplies and much needed equipment. A reorganization of command at this time placed young and newly-promoted Brigadier General Ben Hardin Helm, of Elizabethtown and Bardstown, in command of several regiments. The Ninth, of which the boys of Company "C" were a part, was one of these units. Ben Hardin Helm was a brilliant young man and a good officer. All letters from the boys indicate a great respect and love for him. Hardin was a brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, and Lincoln had offered him a commission

in the Union Army. Young Helm refused this offer and went on to die for the South at Chickamauga at the age of thirty-two. So much could be written about Helm—and one must wonder what a long life for him might have meant to Kentucky and the nation.

Some of the boys who were with Company "C" at Shiloh do not appear again. One of these was Elijah Woodford of Ohio County. Another was Charles W. Rothnock who took no further part in the activities of the company. After the war Charles settled in Rockport, but he stayed there only a year or two before going on to Missouri where he spent the remainder of his life. Rothnock was the father of a son named Jesse who is remembered because he was an unusually bright student in school.

Joseph Craig, of Skilesville, Muhlenberg County, died of disease at Tishomingo Bridge, Mississippi, during the move from Corinth, and David Salsburg died somewhere in Mississippi soon after the battle of early April at Shiloh.

The boys were engaged in patrol work during the months of May and June of 1862 but were in no important engagements. They left late in June for Vicksburg to assist Major General Earl Van Dorn in the defense of that important city.

During the stay in Vicksburg the boys again did much patrol work and were in several skirmishes with enemy patrols. They were also subjected to siege by the Union Army and it

was during this siege that John T. Berryman, of Cromwell, received a mortal wound and died in a few days.

While Company "C" was at Vicksburg there was a terrible epidemic of malaria that took the lives of many boys of both armies but it is not recorded that Company "C" had losses because of this.

It is well to keep in mind, in relation to the Orphans being under siege at Vicksburg, that they were not at Vicksburg when General Grant made the attacks that led to the surrender of the city. This took place almost a year later.

The Federal forces were in possession of Baton Rouge and of course the Confederate leaders recognized the importance of regaining this city. General Breckinridge was ordered to Baton Rouge in an effort to secure this point for the Confederacy and the Orphans left Vicksburg on July 27, 1862, enroute to Baton Rouge. Breckinridge was to be supported by the "Arkansas", a gunboat that had held its own in combat with the Northern navy but the engines failed as she moved into battle and she fell into Union hands. Breckinridge was able to take the city in spite of this lack of help from the river.

The Brigade almost lost its beloved Ben Hardin Helm when he was very badly hurt by a fall of his horse in the darkness and it did have others killed and wounded.

Another Cromwell boy, R. Samuel Brooks,

was killed in battle here on August 5, 1862.

Lt. Hume H. Harris was severely wounded at the fight at Baton Rouge and soon resigned his commission. He felt that he could not properly discharge his duties either as officer or private soldier. Hume first came back to Greenville and later settled somewhere in the West. He died somewhere out there.

Joseph L. Jackson of Rochester was wounded at Baton Rouge, as also was J. Luther Collins. Collins had already been wounded at Shiloh. Didward Tinsley of Livermore was so badly hurt at Baton Rouge that he was not able to take part in the remaining battles of the war. James Taylor and James B. Young were also wounded and have mention in the report of Major J. C. Wickliffe. Wickliffe was commanding the Ninth Regiment in the battle at Baton Rouge.

After Baton Rouge the Orphans went to Jackson, Mississippi, arriving there on the night of August 22, 1862. The command was by this time in dire need of new equipment. In particular was this need true in regard to clothing. Many of the boys had no shoes at all and most of them had no shirts. They had patched and re-patched their trousers to the extent that one officer remarked that the clothes and the men would both look much better if they were in separate bundles. While the boys were passing through the streets of the towns and through the countryside the civilians looked at them in

amazement. The boys called out cheerfully that their uniforms were the very latest in military dress. Our uniforms are "light and cool" they said. This condition was very much improved though before the boys made their next move.

In another reorganization of the units in the summer of 1862 the Ninth Regiment along with other units of the Orphan Brigade, came again under the command of R. P. Trabue.

The hearts of the Kentuckians beat high with hope in this August of 1862. They were going home to Kentucky. They were to join General Braxton Bragg and fight with him in their home state and their long-cherished dream was coming true!

During the trip North and East the soldiers who had been captured with the Second Regiment at Donelson once more joined the Orphan Brigade. They had been exchanged and the heroes of Donelson, along with the heroes of Shiloh and Baton Rouge, were to become the heroes together of other battles.

On the night of October 16, 1862, the Orphans camped at Maynardsville, Tennessee, near Cumberland Gap. They had barely moved out into the road the next morning, all hearts beating with joy at the prospect of soon being in Kentucky, when the lead column was halted and the boys were brought back into the camp. There was much rumor but it was not long until the heartbreaking news was known. Bragg was retreating from Kentucky after having met

Buell in the great battle at Perryville.

The dress parade of the old Brigade on that late afternoon was a beautiful and tearful sight, and it proves again the true character of the men who fought in the Orphan Brigade. The Second Regiment, on the right of the road, made the bugle call at the usual hour, and formed in sight of the Fourth, Sixth and Ninth, on the left. The closeness of these three enabled them to form one almost continuous line with little space between. The silence that prevailed in the ranks then was not the silence of restraint— it was the silence of stern manhood bowed down by bitter disappointment. No one chose even to whisper, but they were erect, steady, almost perfect in formation, and handled their arms with a promptness and precision that seemed to speak a manly determination that nothing could conquer them. The burden of every tune from the Regimental bands was "home" and to say that tears found their way down many a bronzed cheek is but to say that soldiers are not always provided with hearts of stone.

A passerby at this time must surely have recognized this as the Orphan Brigade.

On the following morning they turned their tear-streaked faces back toward Knoxville and the following day were back where they had camped the week before. On the 25th of October they were back at Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

CHAPTER FOUR

More Death In Tennessee

An order had been issued in July, by the Confederate Government, to the effect that all men more than thirty five years or less than eighteen years of age should be discharged. This order required some attention and in the next weeks some of the boys of Company "C" were to see their last of the army.

One of the boys that found himself a victim of this order was over age C. Waller Miller. Miller was from Hartford but when he came home he settled in Beaver Dam and lived the remaining years of his life there. During the war Miller had been on various types of details.

Another boy who had to learn that fighting wars is the business of young men was Henry C. Cowling of Louisville. Cowling refused to

return home and went to Augusta, Georgia, where he was employed as a worker in the Ordnance Department. Cowling is remembered as the one that Colonel Hunt ordered to throw away the cheese at Shiloh.

Some had to learn also, as they do in every war, that the fighting of battles is not for those too young. This is difficult, too, when these youngsters have been in battle already. But even these must wait for the years to tell them they are grown up.

Allison H. Kinchloe of South Carrollton was under age. He was sent home and in later years lived and died in Covington.

Yet another one too young to evade the order was Samuel L. Berry of Cromwell. Sam was discharged in November of 1862.

This order also caught up with J. M. Bates, who was too young, and he was discharged at Murfreesboro, Tennessee on November 14, 1862.

There were some at both extremes that, for a time at least, escaped being caught in the discharge orders but young Ignatius Pigman Barnard was not one of them. The veterans of the Orphan Brigade engaged in many types of work in the years after the war and one of the most successful in the business world was Barnard. He was a grandson of the man of the same name who came from Maryland to settle in Ohio County about 1820. The younger Barnard, or I. P., as he was called, joined the Orphan Brigade at the age of fifteen and became a member

of Capt. Pendleton's Company.

After the war I. P. entered business at Beda, teaching school part of the time as well, and about fifteen years after the war became one of the owners and the Superintendent of Taylor Coal Company, near Beaver Dam. He became very closely connected with the Beaver Dam Coal Company, operators of mines at Mc-Henry, Taylor Mines and other sections of Ohio County and in Eastern Kentucky. Mr. Barnard is well remembered in Beaver Dam also because of his long connection with the Beaver Dam Deposit Bank. This bank was first organized by Barnard and John H. Barnes and Barnard became its first President. He was succeeded, in 1919, by Mr. Barnes. Members of the Barnes family are still today (1962) officials of this bank, and the Barnes connection with the institution has been continuous since the founding.

I. P. Barnard married Miss Bettie Bell, an Aunt of Forrest P. Bell of Hartford, on January 23, 1868. I. P. and Bettie became the parents of three children. The only son died many years ago, but the two daughters still live in Louisville.

The mother of I. P. Barnard was Rhoda Brown, daughter of James Brown, who was famous as "Faith Dr. Brown", oldtime practitioner.

Barnard was very active in many organizations after the war and when the Orphan Brigade held its reunion in Louisville, Kentucky in

September of 1901 he was one of the two members of the Executive Committee representing the Ninth Regiment. A portrait of him, made long after the war, shows him in the uniform of a General. Most likely this was some honorary office in a Veterans Organization.

This toy soldier who became a man before his time, and who was a soldier in every respect, died in December of 1930 and is buried in Cave Hill Cemetery in Louisville¹⁰.

The next fight in which we find the Orphans is at Hartsville, Tennessee. This fight took place in early December of 1862 and was preeminently a Kentucky fight. General William S. Rosecrans of the Union Army had stationed small forces at Gallatin, at Castalian Springs, and at Hartsville with the intent of protecting that portion of Tennessee from raids of Confederate Cavalry and at the same time hoping to prevent the Southerners from withdrawing supplies.

General John Hunt Morgan was operating on that flank and he conceived the idea of capturing Hartsville. He was granted permission to make a raid but he was in need of infantry and appealed to General Breckinridge for help. The Second and Ninth Regiments of the Orphan Brigade were detailed to Morgan for this raid and we find the boys of Company "C" again on the march.

One of the reasons for the amazing success of John Hunt Morgan was his ability to strike

swiftly and surely and with surprise. This raid on Hartsville was typical of this trait in Morgan. He traveled nearly thirty miles through snow and ice, crossing the Cumberland River several times, and caught the Federal forces completely by surprise. Some of the Northern soldiers were eating breakfast and some were shaving. In fact, the easy victory caused inquiries to be made even from the President's Office in Washington.

Morgan knew he had to move fast and he used a method of rapid movement of troops that possibly has never been used any other time in warfare. He had his own cavalry and he of course borrowed infantry from Breckinridge. He used what has been called the "ride and tie" method of movement. This was done by having the cavalry ride an indicated number of miles, tie the horses and walk on ahead. The infantry then would catch up and ride the horses until they in turn caught up with the cavalry. The cavalry then would take the horses and ride forward for the designated number of miles. This method was by no means perfect as the fording of the river caused both groups to get wet and the extreme cold weather froze the clothing on all of them. They did reach their target though in much less time than would have been required if the infantry had walked all the way. Morgan managed to slip through the valley below the hilltop camp of the Federals, climb the high hill, and get to less than one hundred yards of his enemy before being

discovered. The pickets at the outposts of course had been killed or captured.

The actual raid was made on December 7, 1862, a Sunday morning, and was such a surprise to the Union soldiers that Morgan was able to capture the entire force.

Young Craven Peyton, a sixteen-year-old Hartford boy who had thus far escaped the order about discharging those under eighteen, was detailed for this mission as Orderly Sergeant to General Morgan. Craven and the General were riding side by side during the attack when a shell struck a gun carriage, blowing it to bits. A piece of steel struck Peyton in the hip and another fragment instantly killed his horse. The wound did not kill Craven outright and the "gallant little fellow", as he was called by Sgt. Major John Green, was captured by Stoke's Cavalry of the Federals and covered by a Union Army blanket. One of Stoke's men took the blanket from the wounded boy, saying as he did so, "I guess this is our'n." This is a bit ironic as Stoke's Cavalry was a Tennessee unit and we find here Southerner fighting and killing Southerner, It was perhaps a Tennessee shell that killed Craven Peyton. In his official report of the battle General Morgan made special mention of this young Ohio County boy.

Craven was taken to the home of a Mrs. Hart, near the field, and soon died. This old house does not exist now but there is a large and beautiful home on the site and it is owned by

Mitch B. Harris of Hartsville. At the rear of the home is an old cemetery that very likely contains the remains of this gallant little soldier from Kentucky.

There were many killed and wounded at Hartsville but Company "C" had only two casualties. One of course was young Peyton. The other was Lycurgus T. Reid, of Rockport, who was wounded.

It has been mentioned earlier that the First Kentucky Cavalry had a very close connection with the boys of Company "C". This battle at Hartsville was the affair that brought them together. General Morgan had command of the First Cavalry and this unit was in the raid on Hartsville.

James S. Morton, M. D., of Hartford, was with the First Cavalry here but he had previously been a member of Company "C" of the Ninth Regiment of the Orphans. He had transferred to the Cavalry.

James Morton was a son of Isaac Morton of Maryland. Isaac came to Ohio County while yet a child and grew up in Hartford. The father was engaged in the mercantile business. Morton graduated from the Louisville Medical School in 1850 and entered practice at Mt. Vernon, 111. He went to California where he was in the mining business, along with the practice of medicine, for seven years. He came back to Kentucky and was in practice at Livermore when the war came. James first was a Second Lieu-

tenant in the Orphan Brigade but later transferred to the Cavalry and was promoted to Captain. He served until the end of the war, was in the great battle at Chickamauga and others, and after the war returned to Hartford to resume the practice of medicine. Dr. Morton served many years on the Board of Health of Ohio County.

Morton had many experiences in the war but one in particular is of much interest. He was captured, along with several others, at Decatur, Georgia. One of the officers managed to escape and led some of his comrades back for a rescue attempt. Morton and the other prisoners were soon released and in turn took the Federals into custody. This all took place in much less than a day.

Another Morton, this time David, was in the First Cavalry. David was a native of Daviess County, having been born in Owensboro on December 20, 1842, and was reared to manhood there before moving to Memphis, Tennessee. It was at Memphis that he joined the Confederate service. Morton was captured when Morgan made his famous raid into Ohio and he was in prison for eighteen months. After his exchange he served the remainder of the war and had the distinction of being in the escort of Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, and other Southern officials when they were fleeing through South Carolina during the last days of the war.

David received a good education, was married after the war to Melvina Barren of Daviess

County, and became the father of five children. Morton was a clerk on the river for many years and also operated a store for a time. In 1877 he located at Sulphur Springs, near where Dundee now is, and became Superintendent of the Springs there. Morton was a Baptist, a Freemason, and a stalwart Democrat.

William Nelson of Ohio County was a minister of the Christian Church, and he served for awhile as Chaplain of the First Kentucky Cavalry. Nelson was discharged in July of 1862 and is sleeping the last sleep somewhere in Ohio County.

One of the officers of the First Cavalry was Jacob H. Westerfield. Jacob was born near Whitesville, Kentucky, in 1837 and grew up on his father's farm. He also became a farmer after he returned from the war and followed this type of work all his life. Westerfield died in 1926 and lies in the Oakwood Cemetery in Hartford. A son and a daughter are still residents of Ohio County. A. B. Westerfield lives in the Goshen area near Beaver Dam and Mrs. Jessie Duke, widow of Ed Duke and mother of Hugh Edward Duke, funeral director and merchant of Dundee, lives in Dundee, Kentucky.

Dillious Perry Moseley was a native of Daviess County and was a member of Company "A" of the First Cavalry. In his journeys through the South, Moseley rode a horse named Red Bird. A son, Elijah of Whitesville, survives and a grandson, Malcolm Moseley, is a teacher

in the Fordsville Schools. Moseley is buried on the old Will Ralph Farm near Deanfield, Ky.

D. P., as Moseley was called, was born at Boston, near Whitesville, on May 10, 1842. His father and mother were storekeepers in the community and were devout Methodists.

In those days before the automobile and television, foot racing was one of the most popular sports and D. P. was known as the champion of the entire area.

This veteran of the Lost Cause died on September 19, 1923 and lies beside his beloved wife, Martha, who had passed on twenty-one years before.

James Larry Midkiff, of Whitesville, Ky., and Joseph Lincoln Midkiff, of Fordsville, Ky., are great-great-grandsons of this old veteran of the Cavalry.

Although he had no connection with the Orphans, it is well to mention another Ohio County boy who was with Morgan in many of his battles. John T. Sutton was a member of the Tenth Cavalry, and he was born in Ohio County in February of 1838. John was taken captive in the fall of 1862, kept three months on Johnson Island, and then exchanged at Vicksburg. He was again taken prisoner when Morgan raided into Ohio and this time stayed nineteen months in custody of the Federal forces. He finally made his escape and returned to Kentucky.

Sutton was very active in the community affairs of Bells Run. Several years after the

war Mrs. Sutton died and later Sutton remarried. He spent the final ten years of his life at Rumsey, Kentucky, and is buried in that area. Sutton has many descendents in Ohio and Daviess Counties. John Sutton of Whitesville and Willis Sutton of Fordsvllle are grandsons. One-year-old Carl Wayne Taylor, grandson of Willis Sutton is a great-great-grandson of the veteran of the raids of Morgan.

One can stand on the high bluff above the Cumberland at Hartsville and look out upon the route that Morgan took for his raid upon the town. The winding Cumberland, now spanned by a modern bridge, flows under the hill where the battle raged so long ago. The route Morgan took after crossing the river near the point of his attack can be seen for miles, and it amazes one looking out across that beautiful valley that the Confederate forces were able to get so close before being seen. Even taking into consideration the fact that the valley was then much more wooded.

The actual battlefield is now much like it was a century ago. An old stone wall has been replaced by a modern wire fence and some of the field is under cultivation. The farmer, as he plows, still turns up minnie balls, pieces of harness, and other reminders of the battle. A large part of the field is now a pasture land and cattle graze quietly over the area where men struggled in mortal combat. The place is so quiet and peaceful that it is difficult to imagine

the noise and death of the guns and the screaming of wounded and dying men. Such is the wonder of nature that it finally erases the scars that are marked upon it by the errors of men.

Hartsville is now a beautiful and busy county-seat town of more than a thousand residents and is situated on the west fork of Goose Creek. There are many modern buildings but there are two business houses that were there at the time of Morgan's raid. One of these buildings is a two-story brick structure that is still in use as a hardware store, but it served as a drug store and Doctor's office for many years. The store is operated by Mrs. Beulah Hager who states that it served as a hospital after the battle. Several boys, both North and South, saw the last of life within the confines of this old landmark of this fair city. An old frame building, not occupied now, stands directly across the street from Mrs. Hager's store.

The stranger in Hartsville is accorded the most cordial welcome and everyone in town seems willing to help the one searching for knowledge of the battle. M. B. "Mitch" Harris, building contractor and farmer and owner of the farm where Craven Peyton died, grew up among many who were in the battle or who lived in Hartsville at the time, and his mind is rich with stories relating to the struggle.

The local newspaper, the "Vidette", meaning "Guard" or "Sentinel", was founded by General Morgan himself and has been in con-

tinuous operation from that time.

Ben Thomas Miller was not in the Orphan Brigade, but he was in the Confederate Army and he had definite connections with Ohio County. Ben was a member of Company "H" of the Eighth Cavalry Regiment and was in the group with General Morgan when that leader made the raid from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, to Muldraugh Hill in Kentucky for the purpose of burning the trestles at that place. This daring raid was successful, and Morgan even was able to make his way back to Tennessee.

Miller was born in Daviess County, Kentucky, and enlisted in the Southern Army from his residence at Philpot. After the war he settled near Cool Springs in Ohio County. Still later he moved to McHenry where he worked in the mines. Mrs. Mary C. Miller still lives in McHenry and she is the only Confederate widow left in Ohio County, as well as being one of the very few in Kentucky. Mrs. Miller is a very charming lady and she is very alert to all that happens around her in spite of the fact that she has been bedfast for more than two years. She says that she is looking forward happily to her ninetieth birthday on June 21, 1962.

Ben Miller is one of the veterans of the Civil War that this writer had the joy of knowing. The old soldier was known and liked by all the generation of the "Twenties" in and around McHenry, and he lies there now in what is called, by local residents, the "Old Fisher Grave-

yard". Miller lived exactly eighty-five years. He was born February 9, 1846, and died in McHenry on February 9, 1931.

A son and a daughter also survive Miller. Allie B. Miller and Mrs. Delia Marie Givens both live at McHenry. Mrs. Givens was a High School classmate of this writer.

Judge Benjamin Newton was born April 8, 1831 'in Washington County, Kentucky but moved to Ohio County when only two years old. Newton was an orderly in Company "I" of the Tenth Kentucky Confederate Mounted Infantry and was with General Morgan on the raid at Muldraugh Hill. Newton was captured in Cumberland County, Kentucky, was exchanged, and then fought with the First Kentucky Infantry. He later again joined Morgan and was again captured. He then swore allegiance to the Federal Government and returned home. Newton was a Democrat and served for twelve years as a County Magistrate. He was later elected to and served a four year term as County Judge of Ohio County. Judge Newton was a Baptist and his wife, Mary Helen Chinn, was a member of the Christian Church.

After the battle the boys of the Orphan Brigade returned to Murfreesboro and settled down to camp affairs. There was one great highlight, though, because on December 13, 1862, President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States of America visited and reviewed the troops in the Murfreesboro area. This was the only oppor-

tunity for many of the boys from Ohio, Grayson and Muhlenberg Counties to see this great fellow Kentuckian.

After the President's visit the boys again turned to camp affairs and prepared to spend another Christmas away from home. It was during this time that the Orphans had the most unpleasant experience of watching one of their number executed by a firing squad. The victim had been convicted the second time on a charge of desertion but the boys thought he should not have been killed. John Green thought, and many others, likely, that clemency might have been used to good effect. This unfortunate boy was not a member of Company "C".

The boys were able to enjoy, at least to some extent, a few days at the Christmas season, but the storm clouds were gathering again. The great Battle of Stone's River was to begin before New Years. In this struggle the Union Army of The Cumberland, under command of Major General William S. Rosecrans, and the Confederate Army of the Tennessee, under command of General Braxton Bragg, contended for three days—December 31, 1862, and January 1 and 2nd of 1863.

During this battle Bragg ordered General Breckinridge to roll up the Union center after the Union right was driven back. When Breckinridge made this attack he met troops from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in hand-to-hand combat, and rifle butts and bayonets were used.

This was on the first day of the battle and the Confederates were driven back. The boys of Company "C" were in this charge. On January 1 the two great armies faced each other across the lines and there was little fighting, but on the following day it was to begin again in deadly earnest.

Rosecrans had moved part of his left wing to high ground across Stone's River, a strong position that commanded the Confederate right. Bragg felt that he must remove this threat, and he assembled his best troops for an assault, timed to take place about an hour before dusk on January 2. The attack succeeded and drove the Union troops in headlong retreat across the river. When General Thomas L. Crittenden, commanding the Union left, saw this action he immediately ordered his chief of artillery, Capt. John E. Mendenhall, to support the infantry.

The feat 'of Mendenhall is one of the great stories of the Civil War and is perhaps the outstanding instance of field combat in the War where artillery was the decisive factor. Mendenhall, with incredible speed, assembled fifty-eight field guns and placed them on the heights above the river, about one hundred yards from the river, and was able to command the route of the Confederate attack. The guns blasted more than one hundred rounds per minute and the result was terrible carnage. In less than an hour 1,800 Confederates fell dead or wounded. In the two armies in this battle there were more

than 23,000 casualties and many of them were of the Orphan Brigade. The Orphans in fact had more than four hundred casualties during the shelling by Mendenhall.

In spite of this awful slaughter, we find that no member of Company "C" was killed outright, yet one of them did die later from wounds received here. This was J. Rolla Austin, of Ohio County.

Richard Green was wounded here and captured and is found no more with the Company.

Another Paradise boy, C. C. Ambrose, was hurt so severely at Stone's River that he was disabled for many months. Ambrose was appointed Third Corporal when the Company was organized and had been in all battles up to this point.

J. Luther Collins has been in every fight up to Stone's River, and he is to be in more, but in this battle Luther achieved lasting fame in the Orphan Brigade. He became one among the many because his gallantry in this great struggle brought him the Confederate Medal of Honor.

Collins, who was called "Lute" by his friends, was a Hartford boy. He was in every engagement of his company from the beginning to the end of the war. It has been noted that he was wounded at Shiloh and at Baton Rouge and he 'is yet to suffer another injury.

The Confederate Government authorized a "Confederate Medal of Honor" and it was to

be awarded to those officers and men who displayed gallantry beyond the call of duty in the field. The medal itself was never struck and the Government, intending to manufacture the medals later ordered that there be made a "Roll of Honor" to substitute for the medal until such time as the proper presentations could be made.

After the battle at Stone's River, Capt. Price Newman, Commanding Company "C", felt that there were more than one boy worthy of the medal, but the order stated that only one could receive it in each battle. Newman was so much in fear that his decision might be unfair that he decided *to* ask the men to make the selection by vote. When the vote was counted Collins won by a very large majority.

During the entire war only seventy-two of these awards were made to the soldiers of Kentucky and all of them to members of the Orphan Brigade.

In a later battle there is another member of Company "C" to be awarded this honor.

Collins and James Ford were close friends during the years after the war and they found much joy in visits together. Ford said of Collins, "He was as brave as a lion". What wonderful tales of the war must have been told during the "get together" of these old soldiers of the Orphan Brigade? How one now wishes those conversations were on record!

J. Luther Collins was a familiar figure on the streets of Hartford for many years after the

war, well within the memory of many Hartford citizens, and he died in that city. He died in 1909 and is buried at Oakwood Cemetery at Hartford.

There is some difference of opinion among historians as to why the First Kentucky Brigade was called the "Orphan Brigade". Some say that it was due to the fact that the boys were never back in their home state as a fighting unit. Others say it was because Kentucky was not a seceding state and therefore not actually a real part of the Confederacy. Many still agree with Lt. L. D. Young .of the Fourth Regiment of the Orphans. Lt. Young wrote, in his "Reminiscences of a Soldier in the Orphan Brigade" that the term "Orphans" came from the anguished cry of General Breckinridge when he witnessed the carnage of his men from the guns of Capt. Mendenhall at Stone's River. Let us quote Lt. Young.

"Contemplating this awful sacrifice, as he rode by the dead and dying in the rear of our lines, General Breckinridge, with tears falling from his eyes, was heard to say in tones of anguish, "My poor Orphans! My poor Orphans!" little thinking that he was dedicating to them a name that will live throughout the annals of time and crown the history of that dear little band with everlasting immortality."

The reader must select his own opinion but this writer prefers the explanation of Lt. Young. Whatever the real reason, this wonderful unit

of fighting men will be known, for all time to come, as the "Orphan Brigade".

When the Confederates left the field at Stone's River the Ninth Regiment, including our boys of Company "C", was assigned the task of maintaining the rear guard.

CHAPTER FIVE

Months Before Chickamauga

When Company "C" left the field at Stone's River it went to Manchester, Tennessee, along of course with the remainder of the regiment. The other units of Breckinridge's forces went to Tullahoma. The Ninth was to be at Manchester for several weeks alone, and it stayed in this area until the latter part of the following May.

During these months the boys settled down to what almost might be called routine camp life. Tents were brought up and even chimneys were added to them. There was much drilling, dress parade and other characteristics of the life of soldiers away from the actual battle lines. Of course the Union army had not retired to the North and was in striking distance at all times and the boys were not completely free.

Yet, they could relax to some extent and there was some entertainment. The townspeople came in large numbers to watch the dress parades, and there were parties in town. The boys had the welcome opportunity for the companionship of girls. Every home in town was open to the Southern soldier. There was music and dancing and happiness for the hardy homesick boys of the Orphan Brigade. John Green related one great party in town that featured the dancing of the Virginia Reel. John said all the boys had a good time, and he added "I don't know for how many matches the foundation was laid this evening."

There were a few skirmishes during the winter and there was one fight of importance. The Orphans had established an outpost at McMinnville and this outpost was attacked on March 25 by the Union forces. The entire regiment marched to the relief of the garrison and chased the enemy away, but some men were killed and wounded and a few captured.

During the winter William F. Bishop was on a patrol mission and was captured. William later escaped into Canada and eventually made his way back to the company. Bishop had been wounded at Shiloh.

Another boy who had been wounded at Shiloh was discharged while the company was at Manchester. This was George Ranney.

William T. Barnett was from Bead, in Ohio County, and he served with the Orphans as a

member of Company "C" from the time the company was formed until the winter at Manchester. Barnett was a descendant, through his mother, of both Joseph and Alexander Barnett, pioneer citizens of Ohio County. When Ohio became a county in its true sense in 1798, Alexander Barnett was one of its wealthiest men, owning 2,672 acres of land, seven horses and four Negro slaves.

William T. developed, during this winter, some sort of intestinal disease and was sent to the hospital in Atlanta. He died there and is among the many hundreds of unknown Confederates buried in that area. His death occurred in February of 1863.

Like so many mothers of soldiers in all the wars of the world William Barnett's mother refused to believe her son was dead. She always held on to the hope and belief that he would someday come home and she died while still looking for him. It seems that people often do not recognize that mothers are casualties of war. Perhaps really its saddest tragedies. I have never seen the name of the mother of any dead soldier mentioned in the reports of the officers of the Civil War. Perhaps somewhere someone has.

William had a younger brother, James Alexander, who hated the North so much that he gave orders that when he died he was not to be buried in a public cemetery because he did not want "any d— — Abolitionists" walking over

his grave. He died in 1866 or 1867 and was buried on his mother's farm. In 1921 an Abolitionist owned that farm, located near Beda.

The Company was losing some men but it was also getting recruits. While at Manchester they were joined by Jerome Williams, a native of Manchester, and by W. C. Lander of Kentucky.

Late in May of 1863 General Breckinridge was preparing to go into the area of Jackson, Mississippi, again. It was expected at this time that the army would go into Kentucky. General Bragg gave Breckinridge the unpleasant task of deciding what troops should go with the Mississippi mission. The General left this decision to the men and they chose to go away from Kentucky with Breckinridge and passed up the opportunity to go into their home state with another leader.

On May 25, 1863, the boys loaded on railroad cars and started the long trip to Jackson. At Jackson they were in familiar country, as they had been there before. They remained at Jackson for almost a month while General Johnston was trying to gather enough force to go to the relief of General Pemberton at Vicksburg;

Pemberton at this time was being hard pushed by Grant. The situation at Vicksburg was so desperate that it was decided that the march to that city should be made, even though it seemed hopeless, and the boys started out on July 1 to Vicksburg. The march of fourteen miles that day

was the most trying ever made by the command. The day was hot, very near suffocating in fact, and the roads were very dry. Dust rose in clouds and the water supply was extremely short of the needs. Many of the boys fell out of the formation and many died of sunstroke.

Before the group of tired and thirsty soldiers arrived at Vicksburg, news came that the city had been surrendered. At this same time the great battle at Gettysburg, far to the north in Pennsylvania, was being decided, and the sun was setting on the hopes of the Confederacy.

The boys went back to Jackson and planned to try to pick up the pieces of the Southern armies and try again to wrest victory out of the almost continuous defeats. On the morning of the ninth of July, Federals were on their way to Jackson and the following morning attacked the garrison there. There was a terrific fight that counted nine wounded in the Confederate ranks and more than two hundred dead, with two hundred wounded, in the ranks of the Federals.

One of the nine that was wounded in the fight at Jackson was a member of Company "C". This was C. K. Jones of South Carrollton. Jones gave his life here in the cause of the South, having died later from the effects of this injury.

Although this was a victory for the South, it was well known to the Confederate leaders that the North would soon have many more men and it was decided to retreat from Jackson to a point near Morton, about fifty miles away. This

was a perilous march and the Orphans as usual took the risky and important task of rear-guarding. The enemy did not appear and the boys made the trip without loss of men. General Ben Hardin Helm, in a letter to his wife described the march:

"As usual, we are on a grand retreat, the sufferings of which, so far as I am personally concerned, are unparalleled in this war. We have to drink water that, in ordinary times, you wouldn't offer your horse; and I have hardly slept out of a swamp since we left Jackson. This is the sixth day, and we have not come much over forty miles. Our retreat is very slow and deliberate."

This letter likely describes the sentiments of all the other boys.

The next move of the boys of Company "C" came because of the need of General Braxton Bragg for help at Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the boys left Mississippi in late August.

On the eighteenth Day of September, 1863, they found themselves camped near a small river with an odd-sounding name. At least the name seemed odd to the boys of Kentucky at that time but they were to remember it well for the rest of their lives, name, Chickamauga.

CHAPTER SIX

Kentuckians Vs. Kentuckians

The great battle of September 19 and 20 of 1863 was fought in the State of Georgia, not far from Chattanooga, Tennessee. It is known in history as the Battle of Chickamauga because it was fought in and around a small river by that name. Two great armies opposed each other here in a fight that each Commander believed to be decisive. The South felt that upon the outcome of this battle depended the fate of Atlanta and all of Georgia. The North felt that this was a great opportunity, perhaps the only opportunity, to cut the Confederacy in two and end the war before the end of the year. On the side of the North was the great Army of the Cumberland, under the command of Major General William S. Rosecrans and opposing this vast array

of military might was the Southern Army of Tennessee, under the command of General Braxton Bragg. The Union Army had forty five thousand men in the field to oppose seventy thousand of the Confederates.

One would like to dwell long upon this great struggle and its many interesting features, but here we are still concerned with the boys of Company "C".

At the battle at Chickamauga "creek" the Orphans are still under the overall command of General Breckinridge who commanded a division and the Brigade itself was commanded by General Ben Hardin Helm. Helm was killed in this battle and his brigade was then commanded by Colonel Joseph H. Lewis. Colonel John William Caldwell was in command of the Ninth Regiment, which is where we find our boys of Company "C", until Caldwell was wounded. The leadership was then taken by Lt Col. John C. Wickliffe.

In the Battle of Chickamauga the Ninth Regiment had two hundred thirty men engaged and their losses in killed, wounded and missing were one hundred two. The Orphan Brigade as a whole lost heavily also, including General Helm. Company "C" might be said to be lucky in this fight for it had only one man killed in spite of the fact that these boys were in the thickest of the fighting. This one was Euclid C. Shull of Paradise. Shull had been in poor health most of the time but had taken part in

several skirmishes and battles.

It is with some sadness that one remembers that on that Sunday morning of September 20, 1863, the church bells of Chattanooga rang out their call to the worshipers even as the men of the Orphan Brigade, and others, of course, prepared to make battle. It was at 9:30 a.m. that the boys moved into the fight; that hour when many of them, were they with home and family, would have been going to the churches across the land. It is ironic also perhaps that these church bells of Chattanooga were ringing the call of worship of the same God of all these boys, Blue and Gray, that were going into the battle that would see them taking each other's lives by the hundreds. We must remember, too, that many of these boys would have been going to the churches of Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties.

Though they had but one killed, the boys of Company "C" had a great many wounded. One of these was James W. Ford of Hartford.

When Dr. Pendleton was organizing the group in Hartford, in preparation for his service in the Southern Army, he was looking for the highest type of men he could find. He well knew young James Ford, a nineteen-year-old boy of promise. Ford was elected Sergeant when the Company was formed and showed such leadership ability that he was soon made Second Lieutenant. James was born in Fordsville on January 25, 1842, and was the son of the man for

whom Fordsville is named, Elisha Ford. The elder Ford has married Nancy Hardwick and the Fords became leaders in the community. Mr. Ford served two terms in the State Legislature and was a prominent businessman. Elisha Ford died when James was only nine years of age and the mother died a year later. When he was fourteen James went to Missouri to live with a sister and during his time away from Hartford went with four other boys to Pikes Peak. The boys worked their way there and back and this was no easy thing in those days. James returned to Hartford in 1859 and enlisted in 1861 with Dr. Pendleton to fight the Yankees.

Ford was in all the battles and engagements of Company "C" and was wounded this one time. He suffered this injury during a desperate charge, a charge in which both sides used bayonets, directly upon the Union works in the second day of fighting at Chickamauga. Several of the boys were hit in this charge and a close friend of Ford, Lute Collins, was wounded almost at the same instant, and right by Ford's side.

After the war Ford returned to Hartford and entered the drug business. Because of his sound judgment, and his remarkable quality of drawing the respect and friendship of people, he became very successful.

It was a pleasant thing for the old comrades of the Orphan Brigade to meet together at the Ford home in Hartford and talk of the old days

with Company "C" and to enjoy the warm hospitality of the home. How one now interested in the adventurer of the Orphans would like (o hear those tales of the war! James W. Ford was a good citizen and most certainly a credit to those standards that made the Orphan Brigade one of the very finest units of soldiers that ever fought in the battles of the world.

On November 12, 1872 James W. Ford and Miss Abbie R. Rowan were united in marriage, and this union of two wonderful people was blessed with one daughter, Jessie.

Miss Winfred Simmerman of Hartford is a granddaughter, and she still lives in the old home where the walls ring with wonderful tales of the travels and experiences of James and his buddies. Miss Simmerman is a gracious hostess, a good citizen of the community, a leader in the activities of Hartford, and indeed a very fine lady. She is endowed with much the same love of history that possessed her famous kin of the Orphan Brigade and is most helpful to the "seeker after knowledge" of the Civil War. Perhaps her knowledge of the war comes naturally. She said she was "teethed" on a Minnie ball.

This veteran of the Orphans, James W. Ford, departed this life on May 27, 1927, and lies in the Oakwood Cemetery in Hartford.

It has been mentioned that J. Luther "Lute" Collins received the Medal of Honor at Stone's River. Collins was also wounded at

Chickamauga.

Another of the boys wounded here was Joseph G. Hall. We remember that Hall was captured even before the boys got into a major fight but was later exchanged. One of the Ohio County boys of Company "C" was a "Pioneer" in the war. The pioneer of the Civil War armies was one who was a specialist in building bridges, clearing roads and constructing many types of equipment used in the armies. In our modern armies we call them "Engineers". They were also called men of the "Sappers and Miners Corps". This boy was William R. Chapman of Beaver Dam. Chapman was born in Beaver Dam on December 6, 1841.

During the war Chapman had an experience that is most unusual. His company was part of the forces following Sherman to the sea when it was detailed for patrol mission. For some reason Chapman was left behind, and became the only member of his company in a fight. Other units were near when the Federals attacked and Chapman rushed over, joined in the fight, and then returned to his "one-man company" duties.

After the war William settled in the southeast part of Butler County where he was married, on January 16, 1868, to Miss Mattie Mason. In 1876 Chapman was appointed Magistrate of the Court of Claims and held this office for six years. Chapman followed the occupation of farming and was very successful at it.

Chapman died on June .7, 1925 and his funeral was conducted at the Beaver Dam Baptist Church by the late Rev. C. C. Daves. Burial was in the cemetery adjacent to the church.

Jim Ford was very active in veterans' affairs and in particular enjoyed the conventions and reunions. He also insisted on taking as many of the other veterans as possible. In May of 1901 he went along with two other boys from Hartford, to the 11th Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Memphis, Tennessee. One of the other boys became very ill on the train during the trip to Memphis and this caused Ford great dismay when he had great difficulty securing hotel rooms in Memphis. He did manage to get one room for the sick veteran and insisted that the third member of his party stay in the room to care for the sick one, while Ford himself sat on the sidewalk all night. The entire Hartford party boarded the first train north the following morning, seeing absolutely nothing of the reunion. Ford missed the address by General A. P. Stewart but, since he was outside all night, it is likely he did witness the great fireworks display on the Mississippi River,

William was a son of Solomon Chapman. The elder Chapman is buried on the John Davenport farm near Beaver Dam. Ed Porter Thompson, the official historian of the Orphan Brigade, recorded in 1898 that Chapman was upholding his calling and also the reputation of

his old command. This member of Company "C" was one of those wounded at Chickamauga.

James W. Yonts, of Muhlenberg County, was third sergeant of Company "C". James was generally in poor health but he fought in many battles and was one of those who suffered wounds in this great fight. James settled in Central City after the war and died there.

It is remembered that while the boys were at Manchester, Tennessee, they were joined by a citizen of that city. Jerome Williams was wounded in the Battle of Chickamauga, and the following Spring he transferred to the Twenty-ninth Tennessee Infantry.

Four more Muhlenberg Countians of Company "C" were wounded at this great battle in Georgia. They were Andrew J. Kirtley and James Weeks of Paradise, W. W. Kirtley of South Carrollton, and John K. Wickliffe of Greenville. James Taylor of Warren County may be added to this list also.

It has been recorded that at Stones River one of the Orphans was awarded the Confederate Medal of Honor. At Chickamauga another boy displayed such courage that he too was awarded membership on this very exclusive Honor Roll. Andrew J. Kirtley at Chickamauga went far beyond those duties normally expected of a soldier in combat and because of his gallantry against an enemy of his beloved Company "C" will have lasting fame among the rolls of the Orphan Brigade.

John Chinn of Hartford not only was wounded at Chickamauga but was also captured by the Union soldiers. John was born in Ohio County on March 31, 1842, and was the first born in the family of Robert S. and Mary Masterson Chinn. John's father died before he went off to war but his mother lived until 1875. John's grandfather, Rolla Chinn, came from Virginia to Ohio County and settled near Hartford and recorded that game was exceedingly plentiful; hundreds of wild turkeys being caught in pens.

John Chinn was married two years after he came home and his wife was Temple D. Sublett of Warren County and this couple became the parents of seven children. From the names of the children it is not very difficult to understand that John was a staunch Democrat.

John enlisted with Dr. Pendleton and fought in all of the battles of his company until his capture, serving most of the time as a teamster.

John M. Chinn died on April 6, 1938, and is buried in Sunnyside Cemetery at Beaver Dam.

Stephen W. Rowan was a member of Company "C" of the Orphans. Stephen was a citizen of Livermore after the war and was in business there, but he was a child of John and Lydia Stevens Rowan, both citizens of Ohio County. Stephen was born in the area of Heflin, a community along the highway between Hartford and Livermore. Possibly both Ohio and McLean Counties can claim this man and either can

proudly do so. Stephen was in all the battles of his Company until he was discharged one month before the war ended. Rowan was a firm believer in the Democratic Party and cast his first vote in 1860, this vote going for John C. Breckinridge. John Green says that Rowan shot a Union soldier during the battle of Chickamauga. The Union soldier had only seconds before shot and killed Lt. Henry C. Boyd of Cloverport, an officer of Company "G", when Rowan settled the score by sending a minnie ball crashing through the enemy soldier's brain.

Rowan was born June 7, 1838, and died on August 8, 1910. He is buried at Pleasant Hill Methodist Church, not far from Highway 136, between Hartford and Livermore.

During the Battle of Chickamauga we find one of the unique situations of war that makes the killings even more heartbreaking than they would be if the enemy were from some foreign shore. The Orphans were on the far right of the line and were opposed directly by the forces of General John Beatty of the Federal army. Beatty was assisted by the 15th Kentucky and we have here Kentuckian fighting and killing Kentuckian. It was in fact a Kentucky bullet that killed Ben Hardin Helm, and it is likely that Kentucky bullets killed many of the Orphan Brigade. Euclid C. Shull was killed here, and perhaps by a Kentucky bullet.

This situation is even more sad when we remember that there were also, with the 15th

Kentucky that fateful September day, boys from the same counties that furnished the Orphans of the South.

CHAPTER SEVEN

South Of Chickamauga

The Confederates won a great victory in the Battle of Chickamauga, but they paid a high price for it. Bragg's Army lost 18,000 men in killed, wounded and missing, while the Union Army lost 16,000. The blood of American boys is still being spilled and much more is yet to be poured out before the United States of America is one nation again.

After the Battle of Chickamauga the Confederates surrounded the Federal forces in Chattanooga by occupying Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and a line between them.

The Orphans were a part of this surrounding force, and they retired to a position a little way over the crest of Mission Ridge two or three miles from the City of Chattanooga. Here

a weary, monotonous and very disagreeable period of two months was passed. The only shelter was, in most instances, a blanket stretched up in the manner of a tent-fly, while the cold autumn rains were almost continuous. To add to this gloom a lack of food caused much suffering among the men. During this time the poorest quality of food was issued and tins in short supply. Food is so scarce in fact that men, in desperation, fight for the corn around the feeding places of the horses and the horses are sent to Bridgeport, Alabama. Along the way ten thousand horses and mules die.

During this trying time the Orphans acquire a new Commander. He is Colonel Joseph H. Lewis, the Senior officer in line for that post. Lewis was immediately promoted to Brigadier

All of the two months that the Orphans are at Mission Ridge the Union forces are desperately trying to break out of the trap and the Confederate soldiers must ever be on the alert.

The plight of (lie Union forces in the Chattanooga area is so desperate that President Lincoln is roused from his bed in the White-House and summoned to the War Department for a conference with the Secretary of War and oilier officials. Plans are made for reinforcements and on November 23, 1863, the first attacks are made. In one of these attacks by the Federals, at Mission Ridge, the boys of Company "C" had two men captured but suffered

no other casualties. These two who were taken by the Billy Yanks were W. C. Lander and John Blazer. Lander had joined the Company during its stay in Manchester. He was later exchanged but Blazer remained in prison until the end of the war.

Tills fight is sometimes referred to as "The Battle Above the Clouds" and is so called because of the fog and mist which surrounded the ridge and obscured it from the observers below. There was no fighting on the top of the mountain and 'it was the next day before the Stars and Stripes were planted on its top.

The Confederates had 361 men killed on Missionary Ridge and retreated toward the South. They lost this battle and they lost here, also, the war. More battles are yet to be fought and more men will die but the way is opened for Sherman to begin his "march to the sea" and the doom of the Confederacy is in sight. Through the Southland the strains of "Dixie" now ring more as a requiem than as a battle cry. In the words of Lee Stratton Anderson, the Confederates have fought through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

All this is important in the lives of the men of Company "C". One now can stand atop Lookout Mountain and sometimes see as many as seven states. The far-sighted, in that November of 1863, might have looked far out and pointed out to the bystander a little Virginia settlement called Appomattox.

It is pleasant to report that the casualties in Company "C", in the charges at Chickamauga, were few but it is astounding to one now walking over the ground where the charges were made that there were not any more killed and wounded. If one now takes the "sell" guided" tour of the battlefield, he drives right between the positions of the Orphans and their enemies on that fateful Sunday morning. Where men once screamed and fell and died, automobiles now cruise as the casual visitor briefly glances at the many monuments and markers that now line the road.

One can also park his car and walk over this sacred spot, and he can picture how the area must have appeared to those soldiers of long ago. The areas where the Rebs made their charges and the defense areas of the Union troops were wooded during the battle and they are wooded today. There is a pyramid of cannon balls to mark the spot where the gallant Ben Hardin Helm fell, but it is in the woods and hidden from sight from the road. A road sign points to it, but only a faint path lends the searcher through the trees and thickets to the spot. The many spots where the soldiers fell during those deathly charges are not marked and one must walk through the woods, in all directions, and wonder where the many boys drew the last breath of life knowing that in any place lie steps lie will not be far from n sacred place. Only one of Company "C", yet so

many of the Orphan Brigade died in those Georgia woods.

Chickamauga is an Indian name meaning "River of Death". How true this came to be along this winding stream, even though the Indians could not have foreseen those fateful September days of 1863.

The Brigade is next found at Dalton, Georgia, about twenty-five miles southeast of Chattanooga, and quietly settled down to winter quarters. The outposts watched each other and; there was some minor skirmishing, but for the most part all was quiet.

At the very beginning of the stay at Dalton, General Bragg asked to be relieved of command and General William Hardee replaced him. General Hardee was a West Point graduate and it is, in his connection interesting to that came about during the Civil war centered note that one of the many strange situations around this officer. Hardee had written a textbook on military tactics and this book was used by both armies. Perhaps it is well to keep in mind also the fact that almost without exception the military leaders of the war, both Union and Confederate were West Point men.

It was also during the winter at Dalton that the beloved General John C. Breckinridge was transferred to Virginia. The boys made every possible effort to go with him but this was not to be. Major General William B. Bate, a native of Tennessee, was assigned to com-

mand the Brigade.

Before he left General Breckinridge made a speech to the boys and assured them that the reason they could not go with him was that they had made too good a record and the government needed such soldiers in the defense of Georgia.

During the winter at Dalton, C. C. Ambrose rejoined his old company. C. C. had been wounded at Stone's River and had been in the hospital until this time, missing of course, the great fight at Chickamauga.

During the Spring before Chickamauga a great religious revival started in the Army of Northern Virginia and by the time the boys of Company "C" had settled in Dalton this revival had spread to the Army of the Tennessee. Many thousands of men, including Jefferson Davis, Lieutenant General Richard S. Ewell, General Bragg and General Hardee, joined the church. One soldier wrote that he witnessed as many as eighty-three men baptized during one service and several other times as many as forty-five. This writer does not know that any of the boys of Company "C" were part of any of these groups but it seems likely that they were.

One of the events the survivors of the Orphan Brigade talked and laughed about in the years after the war was the great "snow ball" fight at Dalton. The entire compliment of Confederate soldiers here this winter of 1863-

64 numbered about eighty thousand men. One early morning when the boys were awakened for roll call they found the ground covered by six inches of snow. Soon after breakfast the snowballs started flying through the air. Imagine thousands of men throwing snowballs! At first the fight was unorganized, each combatant throwing at whomever was within range, but the leaders saw a chance for some clean fun and organized the groups so that the target in each case should be the "enemy". General Cheatham (Major General Benjamin F. Cheatham) lined up his Corps on one side to oppose Cleburne (Major General Patrick R. Cleburne) on the other. During the beginning the snowballs flew back and forth in no regular fashion but military men are not content with a lack of plan. Soon Cheatham's men made a great charge, casting snowballs as they moved, and were met in equal numbers by Cleburne's men.

Curg Reid of Rockport witnessed this great snowball fight with the aid of an officer's field glasses. Since Curg had such a wonderful ringside seat, so to speak, let us listen to his description;

"I beheld one of the grandest pictures that I have ever seen; two corps in full action, the snowballs would roll up like a dense cloud, then subside for awhile, then roll up in another section, the men pushing forward in one place and falling back in another. The cloud of balls rolling to and fro, and the balls were so thick in the air that it was impossible to see the men, but the balls rolled up and subsided like smoke from a volcano."

The great battle of snowballs lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon when the bugle sounded a retreat for both sides. Most of us in Kentucky know that snowballing is much fun but imagine eighty thousand men throwing them!

The boys witnessed another execution at Dalton, also. A man who was at first thought to be a peddler turned out to be a Union spy. He was arrested, tried, condemned and hanged on the public square.

During this winter in Dalton the soldiers fared some better than the people of the town and even shared their food with the civilians. Again, too, the boys were invited into homes, made many friends, and enjoyed the company of girls. No one recorded, as did John Green at Jackson, but likely there were many courtships and marriages among the troops that winter.

Dalton today is a thriving city, and busy Highway U.S. 41 brings heavy traffic across the path the soldiers trod in that winter of '63-'64. Service stations and modern drive-in restaurants line the road, but there is yet an air of romance in Dalton. Many buildings of that long-ago era still stand, and many antebellum, homes are in the area. One can, for a moment, turn his hack to busy "41" and live again in company with: the boys of the Orphan Brigade as they threw the snowballs at each-other in Dalton so long ago.

In a large plot in the City Cemetery there

lie three hundred Confederate and three Union soldiers. All but four of the Southerners are unknown and none of the four are of Company "C". Names like Shiloh, Chickamauga, Stone's River and others stand well in the memory of nil who study the military history of the United States, but other names were of equal importance to the men of the Orphan Brigade. Facing enemy fire at Entrenchment Creek or Resaca was as dangerous as at Shiloh. Many such names became important to the Orphans. Let us fallow still with the boys as they fight their way to Jonesboro.

The Orphans left their winter quarters at Dalton on May 7, 1864, and went as far as Rocky Face Gap before they were attacked by the Federals. In this fight we have no casualties recorded in Company "C".

On May 13th the boys took up battle positions at Resaca where they again met the enemy and this time suffered two loses. We remember that in the autumn before this fight at Resaca that John K. Wickliffe had been wounded. In the clash with the Union forces here at Resaca, John gave up his life in the cause he had fought for so long. John Wickliffe and Curg Reid were side by side, lying behind some breastworks when John raised his head. He was immediately struck by a minnie ball which stuck in his forehead. Reid said that as John raised his head lie attempted to pull him down again and had

his hand on John's head when the ball struck. Curg also held John in his arms, during the few remaining minutes of the life of this boy from Greenville. Another would not see his home again. This sad event look place on May 14, 1864.

The other loss to the Orphans of the Company at Resaca was Monroe Tinsley. Monroe was only wounded, but he took no further part in the activities of Company "C". Tinsley had also been wounded at Shiloh.

Near Resaca is found a "Confederate Cemetery" where several hundred Rebs are buried. Almost all of them are unknown soldiers but a few of them are marked. Only three of those marked are from the Orphan Brigade: Sgt. Bob Herret, Co. "G" of 2nd. Reg., Charley W. Gayley of Co. "A" of the 2nd, and Fred Granger of the 6lh Ky. Since all the remainder of the Kentucky boys are unknown, one can only guess that John K. Wickliffe lies there.

After the clash at Resaca the Confederates continued to retreat southward and the Federals continued to harass them. In the latter days of May the Orphan Brigade was at Dallas, Georgia, and received an attack from Union forces. The Southern leaders decided on an attack of their own, and it was a tragic mistake. Part of the tragedy lay in a mix-up of signals but that is another story. The Kentuckians dashed upon the enemy positions in their advanced line, while a terrible storm of shot and shell met

the charging Orphans. In spite of this the boys made a charge as desperate as that of the famous "six hundred" of another war. The Southerners succeeded in taking the first line but the fire was so murderous that they were forced to withdraw. It was a costly sacrifice for the Kentuckians, but there is recorded only one casualty among the members of Company "C". This was a wound sustained by Curg Reid. It is recorded too as a "severe" wound.

Lycurgus Reid, or "Curg" as he was called by his friends, was a man of many remarkable qualities. He had an amazing memory of events and people that were part of his life and even very late in life could recall names and details. He also, to the joy of those seeking knowledge in later years, took time to write what he remembered. In 1923 he wrote what he termed "Writing Up the Reid Tribe" for a niece in Pennsylvania. In his letter to her he said he had taken quite an interest in the Reid family, not because he prided himself on family ancestry, but for the purpose of knowing what the history of his family was.

Curg was not well educated, if we measure education in a formal sense. He had no certificates indicating particular accomplishments; yet he had a remarkable store of facts and he possessed a wonderful ability to understand people. Curg insisted that he was not well enough educated to write properly the family tree but he did write it. He wrote it well, too.

Curg described the Reid family as "average high in morals, intellect, and upstanding Americanism". Many people who knew Curg must have believed that this was a good description of Curg himself. And many now, reading what lie left on the printed page, would insist that really Curg Reid was a well-educated man.

Curg and a group of his friends crossed Green River, under cover of darkness, at Paradise and only a short distance from where the great TVA plant now is. They went to Butler County where they planned to join General Simon Buckner. They were at Rochester for two days and then joined Buckner's column on its way to Greenville.

Curg and his friends stopped near Greenville to refresh themselves at a large, pleasant-looking farmhouse. As the family and the slaves brought fresh water for the boys, Curg noticed a little fair-haired girl peeking through the pickets of the fence, he said the girl attracted his attention but he did not speak to her and he did not ask her name. Four years after the war Reid located in Greenville and one of his new friends invited him to a weekend in the country. When Curg arrived at his guest's home he recognized the large house as the one where he stopped for water when he was on his way to war. He remembered the little girl peeking through the fence and inquired about her. Curg was immediately introduced to charming and pretty Miss Callie Nash who admitted being the

little "peeper" of long ago. Curg writes that he very often called at the home of Miss Nash after that, but perhaps it is better that Curg tell it himself:

"Then it occurred to me that this girl was about the kind that would suit me for a wife. I laid siege with all the skill I could muster, scheming to head off the many suitors already in pursuit of her favor. I finally hoodwinked her to give me an affirmative answer to the great question. I married the little peeper on May 1, 1871, and up to this good day I have never regretted the winning of one of the most important battles of my life"

Curg adds further that lie and Callie lived as man and wife more than fifty years, in peace and loving kindness.

Some good came from the ill-fated fortunes of the Confederacy. There was this happy marriage.

Curg Reid was born in Ohio County on November 11, 1842. His mother died when Curg was eight and he lived with his grandmother during the remaining boyhood years. The grandmother was a staunch "Wesleyan Methodist" and she taught him the virtues of Christian living. Her influence had much to do with his being a good citizen, a good family man, and a credit to the high standards of the men of the Orphan Brigade.

Curg and his little peeper were the parents of seven children. Curg's sister, Berilla, married another veteran of the Orphans, Oliver P. Hill.

Reid fought in all the battles of his beloved Company "C". He suffered this severe wound at Dallas but it has already been mentioned that he was wounded in the attack on Hartsville.

Curg Reid was typical of that breed of men who fought in the famous Orphan Brigade. Long after the war he wrote:

"I teach my children to honor the men of the Orphan Brigade above all others. I point them out as we meet them as men on whom the country can depend in time of need."

After the war Reid located at Rockport and lived there many years. He joined the many other members of Company "C" who went before him when lie died on June 21, 1924. He lies in the cemetery at Rockport, high above the banks of Green River, and a few miles downstream from the point lie crossed on his way to war.

The road continues to be stained with blood as the Confederates and the Boys in Blue move southward toward Atlanta. The Rebs made a determined stand at Kennesaw Mountain, near Marietta, Georgia. Although there was heavy fighting when General Sherman attempted to storm the Confederate positions on the mountain there is no record of casualties or unusual experiences among the boys of Company "C".

The boys from Kentucky are still finding the last resting place in graves far from the homeland. At Marietta there is yet another "Confederate Cemetery" and some of the Orph-

ans rest there. The Confederate dead were gathered from many places in Georgia and Tennessee and brought here. Many of those that died at Chickamauga are here and these very likely include Euclid C. Shull. So many mothers and fathers in Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties never did know where their boys found this last resting place. The cause was so hopeless and yet the boys continued to fight and continued to die and graves all along the way from Chattanooga attest to their faith in this cause.

The soil of Georgia is made richer by the blood of these brave boys from Kentucky.

In an engagement at Intrenchment Creek on July 22, 1863, Phillip Snapp of Louisville was another to give his life for the dying Confederacy. Phillip had been in all the battles up to this point.

So many have been left along the way as the Orphans marched and fought through the South, and more are yet to be taken. When the boys reached Atlanta, J. L. F. Ambrose of Paradise died from a wound he had received earlier. Somewhere along the way, too, William D. Burney was killed. Burney was from Greenville.

The boys of Company "C" have been fighting since the Autumn of 1861, and we find them now in August of 1864 in the area of Atlanta, Georgia. Their last great battle was at Jonesboro, in Georgia, and about twenty miles south of Atlanta. In spite of the large number of casualties in the Orphan Brigade, Company "C"

had only two and neither of these were killed. One of these was Stephen W. Rowan. Rowan is remembered as the boy who shot the Yankee soldier at Chickamauga just seconds after the enemy soldier had killed Lt. Boyd of Cloverport. The other man to be hurt was Andrew J. Kirtley. Andrew was also one of those who suffered wounds at Chickamauga.

The fight at Jonesboro was terrific and many were the brave deeds on both sides. John W. Green, who is still here in the Ninth Regiment, tells very modestly of a feat or heroism that concerned himself and one of the boys of Company "C". There was a third boy in this as well, and he should be mentioned. His name was John B. Spurrier of Louisville. Our boy of Company "C" was Thomas B. Young of Bowling Green.

Green observes that the air was full of shot and shell and that many of the Confederate wounded lay right in line of this fire. These three boys could not bear to listen to the cries of their wounded comrades and planned to do something, about it. Let John tell about it:

"We for a moment listened to locate these wounded men, each to run to a certain man and help him in. As we dashed across this open field the Yanks just rained bullet at us. The minnie balls were singing in our ears and raising clouds of dust about our feet but each reached his man and got him so he could assist him into our lines. Fortunately both arms of my man were sound. I helped him to a sitting position then had him put his arms around my neck and thanks to Yanks I got him safely our lines without furth-

er wound. I say thanks to the Yanks because if they had kept up that murderous fire while we were slowly and with difficulty bearing our burdens off the both the rescuers and the rescued would certainly have been killed. But we stood up with the wounded and turned to bear them off the field, suddenly the enemy ceased to fire and gave a shout of applause . . . We brought in the rest of our wounded without a shot being fired.

It can be said again that the men of the Orphan Brigade were of the bravest that ever fought.

Anyone who has seen battle is amazed that even one can escape the shot and shell, yet many do. The Orphans have had many killed and wounded and some captured, but there were those that fought all the way from Bowling Green on without being hurt. We are to witness only one more death in Company "C". . .

After the fighting at Jonesboro, in which General Hood and his Southern boys were defeated, the Orphan Brigade became mounted infantry. They became a part of the forces of Wheeler in his efforts to keep Sherman from reaching the sea. The famous march of William T. Sherman to the sea is one of the great and familiar stories of the Civil War and does not need to be retold here. The Orphans and the other "Johnny Rebs" could not stop this march and could slow it but little. We find the Orphans in the latter months of the war doing patrol work in Georgia and South Carolina.

Along the way they had the final recorded death in battle that has been mentioned. This

boy was Fielding Foreman of Hartford. Foreman had been elected Second Lieutenant, on May 14, 1862. He fought in all the battles of his company, all the way from Shiloh to Jonesboro, and received his death wound near Savannah, Georgia, while the company was trying to slow Sherman.

In Jonesboro, Georgia, can be found still another of the many "Confederacy Cemeteries" and still too the boys are "unknown". The site is enclosed by a rock wall and the ground is well kept. The boys who fell in the battle were first buried where they fell but were later moved to this enclosure. Those Southern boys who died in the hospitals later were placed here also and the cemetery is called the "Pat Cleburne Cemetery" in honor of the Commander and the boys he commanded.

On a large monument inside the enclosure one can read:

To the Honored Memory of the several hundred unknown Confederate soldiers reposing within this enclosure who fell at the Battle of Jonesboro August 31 - September 1, 1864.

Also inscribed is this:

Though vastly outnumber they gave their lives to parry the final thrust at the heart of the Southern Confederacy.

No one knows for sure that there are dead of Company "C" buried here.

Most of the boys of Company "C" have been mentioned but there are still others. James H. Faughender of Greenville was First Corporal from the time of organization and fought in all

the battles.

Robert W. Wallace was a native of Paradise. Robert was born October 5, 1829, and died in Paradise on July 15, 1876. For several years after the war he operated a store in Paradise. Robert was married in 1866 to Mary Kirtley, daughter of Elias V. Kirtley. Wallace suffered from lameness and during his army career served mostly as a wardmaster in the hospitals. Robert Wallace lies buried at Paradise, on a hill above the lawn, and in sight of the TVA plant.

Another of the Hartford boys who followed Dr. Pendleton to war was William Fountain Tatum. Tatum was born at Russellville on November 26, 1840, but was living in Hartford when the Civil War began. He was troubled by illness almost all the time he was in the army but still was able to take part in some of the engagements and somewhere along the way through the South was wounded. William survived the war and came back to Hartford where he married Cornelia Austin. Mrs. Tatum lived until 1928.

Tatum was the father of seven children, one of which is living in New Castle, Indiana. This is a son named Gilbert. Another son, Morton, left home at age eighteen and was last heard of in Texas many years ago. It is presumed by the family that he is dead. Still another son was William Fred who was well known in Ohio County as Fred Tatum. Fred was employed by the Highway Department for many years and

lived until the late 1950's. Mrs J. Carl (Winnie) Hill, wife of the Circuit Court Clerk of Ohio County, is a granddaughter of the veteran of the Orphan Brigade. Marion Hill, better known as "Butch," is a great-grandson. Butch is well known in sports circles because of his feats on the basketball court.

After the war William Fountain Tatum returned to Ohio County and engaged in farming near Hartford. He died on May 13, 1896, and is buried at Liberty Methodist Church near Beaver Dam.

James S. Chinn was in most of the battles and somewhere was wounded. Chinn lived before the war in the No Creek section of Ohio County. He married Eliza Sublett and they lived the years after the war in Beaver Dam. Chinn was born May 20, 1838, and died January 13, 1914. James and Eliza are buried side by side in Sunnyside Cemetery in Beaver Dam.

Another Chinn was a member of Company "C". This was Charles T., of Cromwell. Charles was in almost all battles and was wounded twice.

William Thomas Smith was appointed Fourth Corporal when the Company was formed. He was then a mere boy but he served throughout the war and was wounded. After the war William settled in Hancock County and died there.

The first Sergeant of Company "C" was in the thickest of fighting all the way from Shiloh

to Jonesboro but he has not yet been mentioned. He was Alexander T. Hines of Hartford. Hines was born at Hines Mill, now Dundee, in Ohio County. He was a son of Alfred Hines who came from Milledgeville, Georgia, to settle in Ohio County. Alex moved to Hartford and joined the Southern Army with the group that went with Dr. Pendleton. After the war Alex was stricken with what his neighbors called the "Itchy foot" and he went to seek his fortune. He never did contact his family again and his kinsmen in Kentucky did not know what became of him until his death many years later. He had evidently never married because he named a sister in Kentucky as beneficiary on an insurance policy, and upon his death the Insurance Company contacted the sister. Hines had lived these years and died in Salt Lake City, Utah. Hines still has relatives in Ohio County Mrs. Mattie Duff of Dundee, widow of the late Dr. J. A. Duff, prominent physician and legislator, is a niece. Fred Hines of Owensboro is a surviving nephew. We find in this family another of the tragic family divisions of the Civil War period. William Riley Bean, father of Mrs. Duff and brother-in-law to Mines, was with the Union troops that opposed the Orphans at Chickamauga. Oliver P. Hill, of Paradise, was in all the battles and somewhere was hurt. Hill married

Berilla A Reid, sister of Curg, and they settled in Texas. Hill died in Alba, Texas.

Another Paradise boy, John I Mahan, survived the war and died later in the Confederates Home at PccWee Valley, Ky.

We have talked about Craven Peyton. There was another Peyton, and he was from Auburn, Ky. Samuel Peyton was a Fourth Sergeant and he settled in Russellville after the war. Later he went to the Confederate Home where he spent his last years.

William Taylor and John Woodward, both of Ohio County, were in some of the battles.

The Commissary for the Ninth Regiment was Henry Hughes, of Louisville. Hughes returned to Louisville after the war and died there.

The remaining boys who were members of Company "C" of the Ninth Regiment of the Orphan Brigade were James H. Neville of Cynthiana, Ky., L. D. Reed of Paradise, William Taylor of Ohio County, John L. Haylor of South Carrollton, Robert Tyree of Louisville and Al Lynn of Muhlenberg County. Charles Mitchess died somewhere along the way because of disease and Martin L. Weeks of Paradise survived the war to die in Central City. Joseph Ricketts, R. W. Jones, Jesse W. Wallace and M. C. Towns also were in some of the engagements from Shiloh to the end.

Several men died somewhere along the way

without having suffered wounds, achieved particular distinction, or otherwise had reason to be especially remembered by the boys of the Orphan Brigade. One of these was Robert Tyree, mentioned above, who died of disease at Mississippi Springs in November of 1862.

W. M. Ashby is recorded as having died but the time and place is unknown.

Some of the boys had been discharged along the way too. In July of 1862 David Midkiff was sent home because of illness. Henry Midkiff also had the same fate but the time of his discharge is unknown. R. W. Jones was discharged in January of 1862 but the reason is not known.

There were still others who had, at some time during the war, a connection with Company "C". Some of these were J. J. Eubanks, J. F. Floyd, J. W. Frazier, B. W. Hart, Thomas Hole-man, J. E. T. Loving, J. D. W. Loving, J. R. Paris and J. L. Sims. There were still other boys from Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties and in the surrounding areas that were in the Southern Army but not members of the Orphan Brigade. Although this is a story of the boys of Company "C" these other boys were fighting for the same cause and often in the same campaigns and they were in the same veterans organizations after the war. Many of them became fast friends also.

One of the best known names in Ohio Coun-

ty, during all its history, is that of Coleman. William D. Coleman was born in Virginia but came to Ohio County in early youth and became a successful farmer. During the Civil War he fought in the armies of General Robert E. Lee in Virginia and was in some engagements with General John H. Morgan. Coleman was twenty-nine years of age when the war broke out and he was already married and the father of several children. A child born after the war was named Stonewall Jackson Coleman. Coleman said that "he staked all and lost all in the cause of the Confederacy" but it cannot really be said that he lost all as he became a very distinguished and a much respected man in Kentucky. He was defeated twice by narrow margins before being elected to the Kentucky Legislature, in which he served with distinction. Mr. Coleman was a man very active in all projects for the improvement of his adopted county. He and Mrs. Coleman were Methodists in which work he served as a steward for many years. He was also an active Mason.

Henry S. Metcalf was born at Hines Mill, now Dundee, Kentucky on March 22, 1821 and was a farmer by profession. His family owned a large number of slaves. Metcalf enlisted in the Confederate Army and was captured with Morgan during the celebrated raid into Ohio. He escaped and was later a First Lieutenant in the command of Brigadier General H. B. Lyon.

Timoleon Morton was born in Ohio Coun-

ty, near Cromwell, in 1834 and was educated in the schools of the area and at Hartford College. He married Charlotte Turner of Greenville after the war. During the Civil War Morton was in several commands and was in the escort of Jefferson Davis when the President was trying to escape as the Confederacy was falling.

Daniel B. Trout was born in Tumble County Kentucky and moved to Missouri at an early age. When the Civil War started he joined the Fourth Missouri- Confederate Infantry but resigned in a short time. He then came to Ohio County Kentucky and enlisted in Company "A" of Fourth Kentucky Cavalry CSA. He marched with General Humphrey Marshall in the famous campaign into Virginia and was also in Tennessee and Eastern Kentucky and was well known as a brave and fearless soldier. Mr. Trout was a respected citizen in the Cromwell area for a great many years after the Civil War.

J. W. Moseley was a member of Company "A" of the First Kentucky Cavalry, CSA, and was captured at Charleston, South Carolina on December 28, 1863. After the war Moseley served as Assessor for Ohio County and was in this office many years.

All of the boys who served in the First Kentucky Cavalry have a close connection with the Orphans and were in fact commonly known as "Adopted Orphans". At the occasion of the robin-in] of the body of General Ben Hardin Helm at Elizabethtown on September 19, 1884

the Orphans gathered in large numbers. As a tribute of respect several members of the First Kentucky Cavalry came too and they were invited to attend this reunion of the Orphans in official session. During this session the Honorable E. Polk Johnson asked that the Cavalry be taken in as members of the Orphans and his request was immediately voted on and accepted. Mr. Johnson relates that the veterans of the Cavalry have always been proud of this honor.

William H. Westerfield was born December 14, 1842 in Ohio County. Westerfield enlisted late in the war joining the Eighth Kentucky Volunteer Mounted Infantry, CSA and was assigned to Company "A". He served mostly under command of General Nathan Bedford Forrest and was taken prisoner at Selma, Alabama and was soon paroled. He was, at the time of his parole, 684 miles from home and had only twenty-five cents. He started for his home in Ohio County and walked every step of the way.

A veteran of the Confederate Army died at Cromwell on February 15, 1942. This old veteran who passed away while soldiers of another generation were fighting in the far corners of the earth was William Beatty.

This writer remembers that in the early twenties Beatty, who was commonly known as "Colonel" toured the schools of the area speaking of experiences in the Civil War.

Beatty was born July 9, 1842 in New Orleans, Louisiana and was brought up in a Pres-

byterian family.

This writer has not been able to find much information about Beatty but records in the Erwin L. Casebier Funeral Home in Beaver Dam prove without doubt that he was a Confederate Veteran. These records do not however indicate what unit of the army Beatty was in nor of his rank. Legend in Ohio County tells us that he was a real Colonel and was on the Staff of General Lee. Perhaps this is correct but I have not been able to verify it.

Beatty married Sarah Wise of Cromwell and he spent most of his years in Cromwell. He was the last Confederate soldier in many counties around. As is shown by the dates of his birth and death. Beatty lacked only a few months living a hundred years. He is buried at Green River Cemetery near Cromwell.

Desertions were quite frequent in the Civil War and the Generals on both sides were constantly faced with this problem. Of course it is to be expected that it was a problem in the Orphan Brigade. There were many causes for desertion, including of course fear, but likely most of those that deserted did not do so for this reason. Many of the boys simply wanted to go home and they did not think they were doing anything wrong if they did so. It was their assumption, in many cases, that they were freely giving of their services and that they had every right to leave the army when they chose.

Several members of Company "C" deserted

but their reasons are not recorded. I would not attempt to defend this but, in the absence of reasons in the individual cases, I would not attempt to condemn. The boys of Company "C" were volunteers to the cause of the Confederacy. Their state was not a true state of the Confederate Government and it is likely that they felt that anything given to the cause was given out of goodness of the boys themselves and that they were free to cease this service at any time. Many of them, it must be remembered, found it necessary to slip through Union Army lines to find a place to enlist in the Confederate Army. When Curg Reid and his friends were on their way to unite with the forces of General Buckner they were stopped at the ferry at Paradise by Union pickets. Curg and his friends well knew the two Union boys and threatened to shoot them if resistance was offered. The two boys in blue wisely stepped aside.

Most of the boys of Company "C" who are recorded as having deserted had been in many battles and many of them had suffered wounds. I cannot believe they were cowards but of course this was possible in some instances. It is my opinion that the boys deserted, at least in the majority of cases, simply because they felt they were entitled to leave the service when they wanted to; not feeling in the least they were doing wrong to any person or to any ideal.

Many of those of Company "C" that are

listed as deserting at some time of other became useful and law abiding citizens in the years after the war. In fact this writer has not been able to uncover any information about any of them that indicate a lack of value to his community. In all my interviews I had only one of them referred to in an uncomplimentary manner. When I asked about this particular boy I was told "Yes, he was a stockade man", indicating he was confined part of the time to the stockade. Yet, all information seems to prove that this man lived a clean respectable life for more than sixty years after the fall of the Confederate armies.

The Official Historian of the Orphan Brigade, Ed Porter Thompson did not defend the boys who deserted but he refused to name them because he did not have detailed information in the individual cases. As Mr. Thompson felt so does this writer.

The news of the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House was heartbreaking to the Orphans for it signaled to them that their cause was lost. When the additional news came that Johnston, too, had laid down his arms, the men in the ranks realized that the dream of the Confederacy was gone and they began to think of a future that to them seemed even more dark and doubtful than the past had been.

When it was ascertained without doubt that Lee and Johnston had given up the fight, the officers of other units throughout the entire

South began to make arrangements for surrender. General Lewis proceeded to Washington, Georgia, where he was met by General Wilson's provost marshal, and the necessary arrangements were made for the surrender. The arms of the Orphan Brigade were laid aside at Washington, Georgia, on Saturday the Sixth of May, 1865, paroles were received, and the many survivors separated. The Orphan Brigade as a fighting unit was no more, but it will live on in the annals of those who study-the battlefields of the world and in the hearts of all who Jove the stories of deeds of brave men.

The Civil War was of course fought by Americans against Americans and the heroic-deeds were numerous on both sides. I cannot say that the Johnny Rebs were braver than the Billy Yanks and I cannot say that the Yanks were more devoted to their cause and to their flag than were the Rebs. Yet, the human heart is inclined to let a preference slip in. A bit of a prejudice perhaps. I fear that I am guilty because I lean toward the Orphans. They were a great fighting unit. Professor N. S. Shaler, of Washington, had reviewed almost all the armies of Europe and America, and he stated that in his opinion the Orphan Brigade of the Confederate Army was the finest body of fighting men the world had ever produced!

Shaler wrote a tribute in poem to the Orphans and he ended it thus:

"Beaten: nay, victors: the realms they have won

**Are the hearts of men who forever shall hear
The throb of. their far-off drums."**

Yes, I lean toward .the Orphans. They were not military giants from some fairy land or distant shore. They were of Kentucky. They were Luke Collins of Hartford and Peter Daniel of Hardinsburg. They were James Roll of Paradise and Walker Nash of Grayson County. They were also William Mitchell of Hartford and Euclid C. Shull of Muhlenberg County.

The Orphans were of that type that has kept America free. They were of the type that went with Pickett at Gettysburg and with Sherman to the sea. They were of that type that died with Custer at the Little Big Horn. Later we find them with Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill and going over the top in the Argonne Forests of France. Still later we find them storming the beaches of Normandy and in the jungles of the South Pacific and we find them, too, in the snows of Korea.

Like Curg Reid, I think truly that the men of the Orphan Brigade were the type of men on whom the country can depend in time of need.

Most of the boys who survived the war came back to their homes. How thrilling it must have been for all within earshot when these old soldiers got together to talk of the days of Baton Rouge, and of Mission Ridge, and of Rocky Face Gap. How heart breaking, too, it must have been when they talked of comrades they had left on

the battlefields of the South.

All the boys have crossed over the river and are resting in the shade of the trees with Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee and the thousands of others who wore the gray of the Confederacy. They are also resting under the same trees and in the same shade with U. S. Grant and William T. Sherman and the thousands of others who wore the blue of the Union. And in the words of John Green they are resting where "peace reigns supreme."

And now that the reunion is complete for all soldiers of the Orphan Brigade, over on the other side of that river, I wonder what John E. Pendleton is saying to Moses Wickliffe. I wonder if that little group over there is John Fletcher Jarnigan and David Salsburg and John T. Berryman. I wonder if those two there are Stephen W. Rowan and James W. Ford giving I. P. Barnard and Allison Kincheloe a ribbing, all in fun of course, because I. P. and Al were too young in years to remain soldiers of the Orphan Brigade.

Perhaps some day we shall come to know.

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Explanation: The First Ky. Or Orphan Brigade, (CSA) is not included in the index because this story is constructed almost entirely around the activities of this unit. Counties are listed only when they relate to the group and not to indicate birth, residence, or burial places of individuals.

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