The
PRIVATE WAR
Of
LIZZIE HARDIN

A Kentucky Confederate Girl's Diary of
the Civil War in Kentucky, Virginia,
Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia

Edited by G. GLENN CLIFT

THE KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SOCIETY • FRANKFORT • 1963
To the memory of

BLANCHE DIXON BRIGHT

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Preface

The manuscript of the "Diary kept during the War" by 
Elizabeth Pendleton Hardin is contained in two hundred 
and six pages of a partially used, leather bound accounts ledger 
measuring thirteen by twenty inches—each page decorated with 
a portrait of a Confederate general from the long-popular 
Confederate Portrait Album: Civil War 1861-1865.

As indicated in Author's Introduction, it was rewritten from 
day-by-day notes made during the diarist's travels. The date 
or dates of the rewriting have not been determined. Used por-
tions of the ledger contain accounts for the years 1818-1820 only, 
and the portraits from the Confederate Portrait Album very 
evidently were added after the writing of the diary had been 
completed.

The narrative is here presented virtually verbatim, with a 
minimum of editorial mechanics. Contemporary spellings and 
words capitalized for emphasis were retained throughout for 
their historical associations. Inconsistencies in spelling, punctua-
tion, and incomplete sentences, idiosyncrasies of the diary, have 
been altered only when the meaning was unclear. In every 
instance possible, names of persons and places not readily 
identifiable in standard reference books have been noted; others 
insofar as possible were extended in the index.

Because of the length of the original manuscript, explana-
tory notes on the military and political observations of the 
author were inserted sparingly. Such notes as are appended 
are neither detailed nor definitive, the awakened interest in the 
Civil War and the emergence of the Civil War buff—products of 
the Civil War Centennial observance—having obviated extended 
commentary on these subjects.

Lizzie left a second, or "Small Diary," which was not in-
corporated within the present publication. This second copy-
book is represented in eighty pages of a small account book, 
the first fifteen of which have been torn out. Pages one through 
four recount, in handwriting very unlike Lizzie's, the plight of
a Negro, Uncle Len, sold “down the river.” This account was used almost in its entirety by J. Winston Coleman, Jr., in his Slavery Times in Kentucky (Chapel Hill, N. C., 1940). The remaining seventy-six pages of the slender volume contain poems by “Davie Barbour” (Lizzie Hardin). Verses from but one of these, “Cavalry Song, written in 1861 for a Virginia Company,” were copied by Lizzie for inclusion in her war diary.

Miss Hardin’s diary was preserved by Mrs. Blanche Dixon Bright, a daughter of “Jimmie,” and was for many years available to research scholars in the Pioneer Museum at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Mrs. Bright before her death in June, 1962, graciously stipulated that the Kentucky Historical Society would be its publisher, with full publication rights.

I am indebted to many people whose interest, time, and kind assistance made of the editing and production of this book a delightful and rewarding experience. Mr. Richard B. Harwell read the entire manuscript and greatly aided me in eliminating errors. I thank him for his valued help and for the most appropriate and scholarly Introduction he wrote for the book. Particular thanks are also due Miss Patricia Faye Rice, Mrs. Suzanne Layer, and Mrs. Virginia D. G. Clift. For all mistakes and shortcomings which may have attended my efforts, I take entire responsibility.

Frankfort, Kentucky G. Glenn Clift
January 21, 1963
Elizabeth Pendleton Hardin

From a photograph made circa 1858-1866 by Webster & Bro., Louisville, Kentucky
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INTRODUCTION

By Richard Barksdale Harwell

LIZZIE HARDIN belongs to that stout-hearted group of Southern women who left for posterity records of life within the Confederacy. The publication of The Private War of Lizzie Hardin assures for her her rightful place among those patriots of the Southern cause. She well deserves to be remembered along with such women as Constance Cary Harrison, Mrs. Sallie Brock, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor of Virginia; Cornelia Spencer and Catherine Devereux Edmonston of North Carolina; the incomparable Mrs. Mary Boykin Chesnut, the devoted Phoebe Yates Pember, and the youthful Emma Le Conte of South Carolina; such Georgians as Dolly Sumner Lunt Burge, Eliza Frances Andrews, and Josephine Clay Habersham; Parthenia A. Hague and Kate Cumming of Alabama; Sarah Morgan Dawson of Louisiana; and Kate Stone of Louisiana and Texas.

The stories of these ladies are alike in their demonstration of the women of the Confederate States. They are alike as records of hardships, disappointments, and crushed hope. The background of the Lost Cause provides a common denominator for them. But each is more different from the others than it is like the others. Each adds something to the total of what we know of life in the Confederacy. Each has a special flavor, each a special piquancy, each a special poignancy.

In speaking with Lizzie Hardin and her sister on a train inside the Federal lines above Nashville a Federal officer asserted of the Confederates: "And the women are a d--n sight worse than the men." A damn sight worse or a damn sight better, they were certainly more intense than the men in the expression of Southern patriotism—perhaps because they had no actual battles in which to vent their patriotic drives, or perhaps they seem more patriotic, more ardently Confederate because the records of comparatively few of them are available for later assessment.

Extreme ardor for the Southern cause is the mark of Lizzie
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Hardin's journal. Her faith in the right of the Confederate cause never wavered, and her expression of her fervor is intensified by the fact that she was a Kentuckian—a Confederate by choice and not by geographical accident.

It is the very fact that Lizzie Hardin was a Kentuckian that makes her story of unusual interest. Kentuckians are a proud and special people, but they suffer a peculiar group self-consciousness: first, that they are not Virginians and, second, that they were not truly Confederates. Years after the fact of the Confederacy, Kentuckians are likely to be more fiercely Confederate than the citizens of the erstwhile seceding states. Even more years after their state ceased being western lands of Virginia they are insistent on their Colonial origins. The result is a special, Kentuckian patriotism that, despite its somewhat reverse motivation, is a singularly fine type of state patriotism. This patriotism worked in the emotional make-up of Lizzie Hardin. She was intensely proud of her family and its Virginian background. She was defiantly proud of her Confederate sympathies. But, ultimately, she was a Kentuckian, and very, very proud of it.

Because Lizzie Hardin was a Kentuckian her diary is less parochial than those of most of her sister Confederates. Her wartime experiences began in southwest Virginia, shifted to Kentucky, to Tennessee, to southwest Virginia again, to middle Georgia, and, finally, back home to the Bluegrass. There are other records of Confederate women who shifted from one side of the battle lines to the other, but they are usually the records of women who served as spies; there is no record comparable to Lizzie's of the experiences of a gentlewoman who lived on both sides of the lines.

The Private War of Lizzie Hardin is Lizzie's journal as she herself rewrote it after the War. While it is rewritten, there is no evidence that it has in any way been doctored to suit circumstances and every reason to believe that such is not the case. At the beginning of the present Chapter Eight she wrote:
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As I read over the last pages I smile at the tone of firm confidence which marks them. I am even tempted to erase it but I will leave it as proof of that which at this day needs no proof, that self-confidence is the common fault of humanity. And yet when I remember the holiness of our cause, the injustice and cruelty of our foes, the almost unexampled success of our arms against an enemy so greatly our superior in numbers, in wealth, in equipment, in everything but courage and brains, I do not wonder that we were confident, that we deemed the triumphant end not far distant when the struggle had scarcely begun. We were more than confident, we were defiant. We asked only our own but we laughed at the thought that any should be able to take that from us. It was a beautiful fancy, a pleasant dream. I shall never forget the awakening.

The whole of Lizzie’s narrative is a record of that dream—which sometimes became a nightmare—and that awakening—the discovery that “one Southerner poorly armed could not whip six Yankees splendidly equipped” and the brutal fact of the eventual collapse of the Confederacy.

All of Lizzie’s narrative is interesting. Two portions of it are of special interest. The first of these is her account of the life of a Confederate sympathizer residing in Federal territory. Perhaps her detailed story of the expulsion of herself, her mother, and her sister into the Confederate lines is too detailed, but it is a bit of historical source material without parallel: the story of how women, as helpless as they were dauntless, were tried, convicted, and punished for nothing more dangerous than having waved their handkerchiefs at the Confederate cavalry hero John Hunt Morgan.

The second portion of the narrative of particular value is that describing the last days of the War and the first days of peace. When Lizzie had gone with her mother and sister to Eatonton, Georgia, she felt she had been exiled to a provincial nowhere and ceased keeping her journal. She resumed it only
in April, 1865, as the end of the War caught up even the farthest reaches of the Confederacy in the excitement and confusion of a world tumbling down. Here in her pages about the end of the War and her return to Kentucky is fine documentation of the unbowing spirit of the Confederacy, of the Babel of rumors in time of chaos, of the "bottom rail on top" and a world turned upside down. Witness her words of July 7, 1865:

I wish I had the power to describe the state of this country. The Constitution so much waste paper, the civil law a dead letter, slavery in such a condition that neither masters nor Negroes know whether it exists or not, lawlessness of every shade, from the lawlessness of the government at Washington to that of the Negro who steals his master's chickens, and in the midst of it all, between the Southerners and Union people a hatred, bitter, unrelenting, and that promises to be eternal. . . . Everything that reminds me of our life in the Confederacy, or of our struggle, makes me feel that tears would be a relief.

Nearly a century later the unrelenting hatred is, thankfully, gone. But we can still be thankful for Lizzie Hardin's expression of it as a fact of her time. We understand the Civil War better if we do understand it as an expression, however unwarranted, however lamentable, of hatred and not as the labor pains preceding some sort of mystical rebirth of the United States as a nation. The story of Lizzie's private war is an appealing human document, not without its meaning to Americans of later generations. By comparison with later wars, hers was a comic-opera war. (Who can imagine now a war in which prisoners are called upon to awaken their own guards or in which a servant could, on his own, go on an expedition against the enemy, capture two, and report that he was "always ready to die in suspense of his country and if he had had the least insistence could have taken a whole squad"?) Lizzie Hardin's war is a war to remember if only—perhaps one should
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say, mostly—because there must never be another to tear
Americans apart and set them against one another.

Richard Barksdale Harwell

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

THE WORLD to which Lizzie Hardin was born, reared, and educated came to an abrupt and unrecallable end with the surrender, April 9, 1865, of the Army of Northern Virginia, Confederate States of America.

The Private War of Lizzie Hardin is a testament of her faith in that world, the destruction of which she witnessed with her heart—and chronicled with a bitter and unrelenting pen.

Progeny of two of Kentucky’s most cultured and influential families, she was related to and intimately acquainted with all of those who shaped the Commonwealth’s pre-Civil War course, and to many of those who during the conflict served actively in the field or in parliamentary halls with Border State Kentucky or with the Southern Confederacy.

Throughout her travels, as resident and refugee, she saw on every hand the gradual and irrevocable collapse of everything that had meaning to her life—and to the last thin thread of hope steadfastly refused to believe that God would desert her and deliver her beloved “gray jackets” into the hands of her enemies.

In Harrodsburg, Kentucky, typical Border State hotbed of bitter, interfamily political differences, her trials were magnified and her position at length rendered untenable. Surrounded, in a community of less than three thousand souls, by relatives and neighbors of strong Union sentiments; with numerous cousins, uncles, and close friends dedicated for life or until death to the cause of either the North or the South; and hounded even to arrest and imprisonment, she clung blindly and desperately to an infinite love and devotion to the South and a way of life for which she could countenance no substitute.

Born in Harrodsburg twenty-two years before the war’s first shot was fired at Fort Sumter, her roots in ante-bellum Kentucky were deep, and securely anchored to every tenet espoused by the Confederacy.

Stalwart on her paternal side loomed the memory and
faithful public record of her grandfather, Ben Hardin, one of Kentucky's greatest lawyers, state legislator and thrice U.S. Congressman, the last time as a Whig in the Twenty-fourth Congress. His cousin, Martin Davis Hardin, also served in Congress as a Democrat, as did his son, Whig John J. Hardin. John Burton Thompson, Jr., Whig lieutenant-governor of Kentucky 1851-1853, was her uncle by marriage, as was pro-Southern John Larue Helm, the Commonwealth's nineteenth Chief Executive. Confederate States Army General Benjamin Hardin Helm, Lincoln's "rebel" brother-in-law, was her first cousin. The names and records of Kentucky Chinns and Hardins who served in the Union and Confederate armies are too numerous to record. All were extensive landholders and owners of slaves; all had vital interests in and unshakable loyalty to the cause they chose to support.

Aside from the influence of her political background, Lizzie was culturally prepared for the mature decisions demanded of her during the war years. Her father, James Pendleton Hardin, a son of "Old Ben," received the best education available to affluent ante-bellum Kentuckians—aided undoubtedly by his father's large personal library, considered at that time one of the most valuable private collections in the Commonwealth. After graduation from the United States Military Academy, at twenty, he studied medicine at Transylvania University and went on to receive his diploma from a medical college in Philadelphia. Preferring the legal profession, however, he studied law, was admitted to the bar and continued to practice, with every evidence of a brilliant career, until his untimely death at the age of thirty-two.

Her mother, Jane Tandy Chinn Hardin, possessed an even more impressive academic background and during her daughters' formative years was an accomplished school teacher and author (see her biographical sketch, postea).

The Reverend Doctor Joseph Cross, enigma of the entire diary, became Lizzie's stepfather when she was nine years of
age and unquestionably contributed to her well-rounded education. English-born clergyman and author, he was at one time professor of belle-lettres at Transylvania University and had published at least six of his thirteen or more books before the advent of the Civil War. Initially in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1856 a member of the Nashville general conference and its official reporter, he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church one year after the war. He held pastorates in New York, Missouri, Texas, and in 1885 was Rector of the church at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Withal, his influence on Lizzie’s life and thought is not indicated in her writings. In fact, he is not mentioned at all in the some 100,000-word journal.

The Private War of Lizzie Hardin is an epitome of all the hopes, fears, and anguishs suffered by women of all times when their loved ones and their countries have gone to war. Yet because of its primary locale it is more: however sectionally unacceptable the general term, in Kentucky the conflict was in truth a civil war. Here, if in uninhibited form, is a contemporary recording of the trials, the thinking, and the reactions of the people of Kentucky to the political and social forces that engulfed them during and for many years after the war. As such it is unique in the bibliography of diaries authored during the Civil War by those who had only the privilege of “hollering for their candidates (in very secluded situations),” and of venting their emotions in the unrestrained release of their pens.

However opinionated and “unreconstructed,” Lizzie was consistent. In no single instance did she waver, or retreat, from her prejudices in favor of the Confederacy and her abhorrence of all things Union. All else touching her life from “an ever memorable day in November, 1860,” to midsummer of 1865 must remain conjecture. Other than by passing allusions to “our black dresses,” she dismissed the deaths of her sister, Sarah, near Nashville in 1862, and of her grandmother, Mrs. Christopher Chinn, two years later. Of her stepfather, as noted
above, she maintained an imperturbable silence, leaving no clue as to why, and how, "Ma" was faced with the uncommon task of fending for and supporting alone herself and her three daughters throughout the trying war years.

Many persons enter and exit the pages of Lizzie's diary, a goodly number of whom will never be accorded further identity. Those most frequently mentioned, all members of her immediate family, include:

"Grandpa," Judge Christopher Chinn, Lizzie's maternal grandfather, who was born in Limestone (now Maysville), Kentucky, March 10, 1789, a son of Christopher and Milly Chinn. He married May 12, 1811, Sarah W. S. Hardin, "Grandma," and spent his life in Harrodsburg. He was County Judge of Mercer County, Kentucky, at the time of his death, January 9, 1868.

"Grandma," Sarah White Stull Hardin, was born February 17, 1787, daughter of Colonel Mark H. Hardin, "Horseracer Mark," and Susannah Stull Hardin. She was married to Christopher Chinn in Washington County, Kentucky. She died February 10, 1864.

"Ma," Jane Tandy Chinn, mother of Lizzie, was born in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, September 26, 1817, the eldest daughter of Judge Christopher Chinn, "Grandpa," and Sarah W. S. Chinn, "Grandma." On November 10, 1835, she married James Pendleton Hardin, brilliant and well-educated son of Ben Hardin, celebrated Kentucky lawyer, member of the Kentucky General Assembly, and United States Congressman. James P. Hardin was graduated from the United States Military Academy July 1, 1828, and breveted 2nd Lieutenant in the 4th Infantry on July 1, 1832. He served as a Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War, and resigned his commission on December 15, 1832. He died October 26, 1842, aged 32 years and four days, leaving Jane Hardin with three small daughters. Six years later, on July 29, 1848, she married at Shelbyville, Kentucky, the Reverend Joseph Cross, English-born clergyman, educator, and author. Mrs. Cross was an accomplished school teacher for twenty years,
spoke fluently the Romance languages, and wrote with great
ease and charm. During a trip through Europe with Dr. Cross
she wrote letters to the Christian Advocate, the Charleston
Courier and the Nashville Home Monthly. On their return to
the United States, they engaged in teaching at Spartanburg,
South Carolina, where Dr. Cross became, about 1855-58, third
president of Spartanburg Female College. In addition to several
beautiful poems, one of which was inscribed to the memory of
her only child by her last marriage, “Mariana,” she published
several books, all in Nashville, between 1860 and 1870. These
included: From the Calm Center; Heart Blossoms; Wayside
Flowerets; Duncan Adair; Bible Gleanings; Drift-Wood;
Gonzalvo de Cordova, a translation from the Spanish; and Azile,
the last a story partly of southern experiences during the war.
Most of her books were for the young. “Ma” died September
29, 1870.

“Aunt Lucinda,” Lucinda Hardin, was a daughter of Ben
Hardin and sister of Lizzie’s father. She married John Larue
Helm, afterwards governor of Kentucky, and was the mother of
General Benjamin Hardin Helm, Lincoln’s “rebel” brother-in-law.

“Aunt Kate” and “Uncle Riley.” Kate Hardin, daughter of
Ben Hardin and sister of Lizzie’s father. She married March
25, 1840, Thomas W. Riley, a prominent lawyer of Bardstown.
He was her second husband. She had married first July 25, 1835,
George Howell.

“Aunt Mary,” was Mary Hardin Chinn, second daughter of
Judge Christopher, “Grandpa,” and Sarah W. S. Chinn, “Grand-
ma,” and sister of Jane T. C. Cross, “Ma.” She was born July
27, 1820, and married first, October 14, 1847, Dr. Benjamin H.
Bowman, a native of Mercer County and afterwards an eminent
physician of Mississippi, where he died in the prime of life.
He is said to have been the originator of the practice of hypodermic
injections. After the death of Dr. Bowman, Mary Chinn
Bowman married (in 1868) John B. Thompson, Jr., (1810-1874),
Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, 1851-1853. “Aunt Mary” died in 1908.

“Uncle Jack,” was John Christopher Chinn, of Harrodsburg (November 10, 1823-October 29, 1870). He was a brother of Jane Tandy Chinn Cross, “Ma,” and father of “Kit” and “Little Jack.” His wife was Mary Eleanor Pendleton, who died August 20, 1853.

“Kit,” Christopher Chinn, Lizzie’s first cousin, was born June 29, 1848, the first son of John Christopher Chinn, “Uncle Jack,” and Mary E. Pendleton Chinn. He was a brother of John Pendleton Chinn, “Little Jack.” Kit, according to Lizzie’s diary, joined Morgan’s command with his father at Knoxville. He was killed in battle at Saltville, December 21, 1864, and buried at Middle Fork Church of the Holston River, Seven Mile Ford.

“Little Jack,” Lizzie’s first cousin, John Pendleton Chinn, of Harrodsburg (1849-1920), was a son of John Christopher Chinn, “Uncle Jack,” and brother of “Kit.” During the Civil War he served as a member of Jesse’s Scouts, having been a lad of but fourteen years when he enlisted in the Confederate army. He married Ruth Morgan, daughter of George Morgan, of Harrodsburg, a distant relative of General John Hunt Morgan. He won the Kentucky Derby in 1883 with his bay colt, Leonatus. Known later in life as Colonel Jack Chinn, he was a close friend of Governor William Goebel of Kentucky and was with him when he was assassinated. On his death the Kentucky House of Representatives paid him tribute “for his long and successful record in the Kentucky General Assembly,” and as “the soldier, statesman, leader and turfman.”

“Jimmie,” Lizzie’s sister, Jamesetta Pendleton Hardin, was born November 19, 1840, in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and died there in June, 1927. “Jimmie” was educated at Mrs. Tevis’s School at Shelbyville, Kentucky, and later studied in Europe. After the war she married George Wynne Dixon. The couple had four children, of whom Mrs. Blanche Dixon Bright, late owner of Lizzie’s diary, was the third. The family lived in
Memphis, Tennessee, until Mr. Dixon's death, after which the mother and children returned to Harrodsburg.

"Mariana," Lizzie's half sister, Mary Anna Julia Cross, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, March 21, 1853, and died in Houston, Texas, September 19, 1867. She was the only child born to Jane T. C. (Hardin) and Dr. Joseph Cross.

And lastly, "Lizzie," Elizabeth Pendleton Hardin, who was born in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, February 5, 1839, the second daughter of James Pendleton and Jane Chinn Hardin. With her sister, "Jimmie," she attended Mrs. Tevis's School at Shelbyville, known now as Science Hill, and traveled in Europe before the outbreak of war. From 1885 she lived in Harrodsburg, writing, both prose and poetry, painting, and traveling. She never married, presumably never loving anything or anyone as much as she loved "the cause that is lost." She died in the city of her birth on November 28, 1895, and was buried in the Harrodsburg Cemetery.
AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Diary kept during "The War"
Lizzie Hardin

The confusion of war preventing my keeping a regular
diary this has been written more in the form of a narrative—
The entries were made sometimes from day to day at other
times owing to "military necessity" after the lapse of weeks and
once of several months.
CHAPTER 1

"THE CUD OF SWEET AND BITTER REFLECTIONS"

Upon the morning of an ever memorable day in November, 1860, I stood upon an eminence overlooking one of the fairest portions of that fair land, western Virginia. The pen of a Scott only could do justice to the country which lay spread out before me. Hills, covered with the richest verdure and crowned with forests, upon which the bright tints of Autumn were just appearing, swelled as they retreated into wild looking knobs which were lost in the distance in shadowy mountains, among which towered the tall peak of "White Top." And all was bathed in the purple sunlight of an American Autumn. Nature gave no sign of the mighty struggle that day going on which was to shake a mighty Republic to its centre and pour upon these very hills the blood of contending hosts. The people themselves seemed asleep to their danger. As the sovereigns, from the country, trotted slowly in to deposit their votes, the rival claims of Breckinridge, Douglas, and Bell were good humoredly discussed—and with a carelessness which agreed but little with the general belief that Abraham Lincoln would in all probability be the next president of "these United States."

Having been brought up, "according to the strictest sect," an old line Whig, I advocated the cause of Bell; but having only the boy's privilege of "hollering" for my candidate, and being denied even that, except in very secluded situations, I determined to leave the country in the hands of the men, and take a ramble over the hills. So, persuading several young ladies to be my companions, I started off—to go nowhere and for nothing. After wandering about for some time in this delicious uncertainty, we stopped on the top of a small hill to consider the matter, and lay out some map for our travels, which we had already determined should be very extensive. Noticing in the distance a knob of peculiar shape, we chose that as our goal, and with woman's
philosophy took a straight line as our course. The immediate result of which was having to wade through a meadow, which seemed like the half-dried bed of a creek. Then we climbed a fence and ascended a hill by a newly cut dirt road, which made our feet monstrous to carry, and inclined us to ask with the German philosopher, "What is this down here, walking along with me?" Nothing daunted, however, we pushed on, now crossing a creek on the water gate and now half wading another, meeting all along the "Lords of Creation" and amusing ourselves with guesses as to whom they would vote for. At length we struck an open road, and our exertions having made us indisposed for conversation, we wandered on, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflections." Mine turned upon the country, and I wondered if there would really be an end of "this glorious Union," as one might wonder if the days of the great Solomon and the wonderful Prince, of Blue Beard and Aladdin would ever again be known.

However for convenience sake I supposed it would and began immediately to build the most magnificent "possibles" on the war which was to follow. After crossing another creek we began the ascent of an almost perpendicular knob and I tried to fancy how I would feel, belonging to a body of soldiers, ordered to charge up such a hill, under a heavy fire from the summit. I turned the question over in my mind, and concluded, as I swung myself up by the young evergreens, that if I ever succeeded in reaching the top, I wouldn't do the Yankees much damage on the way.

Reaching the summit, I imagined myself in the much more pleasant position of firing down on the enemy, as they attempted to pass the road below. Then I tried charging down the knob, but noticing my accelerated speed, as I neared the bottom, I inwardly hoped I might not be received on fixed bayonets.

After these extensive military operations, our lagging steps were turned upon the homeward march, and I had at length the happiness to reach my own room, with the headache, bruised by a slip from a water gate, weary, wet, and muddy. The United States and myself, after considerable exertions on the part of both, being in much the same condition.
CHAPTER II

"A PERI AT THE GATE"

TWO WEEKS PASSED, and the alarming, but by no means astonishing, news that Abraham Lincoln had been elected president reached us. At first men turned and looked at each other, not knowing what to do. A few—but a very few—were in favor of immediate secession. The great majority seemed to think no important movement would follow the mere election of a Black Republican President. They were then startled to hear that South Carolina had actually withdrawn from the Union.

For myself, I felt as though I had been suddenly struck in the face, and must wait to recover my senses. I had been born and reared in Kentucky, a true believer in her state motto, "United we stand, divided we fall." Her seal, with its two gentlemen of the old school, one in white knee breeches, the other in black, holding on to each other's hands, with a most deadly grip, was wont to awaken in me the most patriotic emotions. The words "Star Spangled Banner," "American Eagle," "Glorious Union" were the "Open Sesame" of my heart. And I honestly believed when "E Pluribus Unum" breathed his last, the world would close down and suspend payment.

And yet, strange as it may seem, my love for the Union arose only from an idea that it was beneficial to the South. I never doubted the will but the power of the North to injure us. Yankees politically and personally (and I called all men Yankees who were born North of Mason's and Dixon's line) were an abomination in my sight. Even in my early childhood I had shocked my more believing companions by calling the Pilgrim Fathers a "humbug." Thus, at first, it was hard to decide which side had the most of justice and reason. Why, I asked, can we not wait for an overt act upon the part of Lincoln? What are we suffering that we have not suffered for twenty years? I do not know that I could enumerate all the arguments which first
convinced me that South Carolina was right. I think it was more a mere statement of facts than arguments. For instance, I heard now for the first time of the Personal Liberty Bills\(^1\) which had been in force in several Northern states for years. This argues great political ignorance, and yet I do not believe mine was greater than that of many other persons at the same time—and they were not always persons of my own sex, either.

At the end of two or three weeks I donned the blue cockade. Various opinions prevailed about the secession of South Carolina. Nearly all of the Union party believed she would ultimately return. The manner of her return was differently considered. One portion of the Yankees were going to whip her back, while others thought that, overcome by the trials and misfortunes of her solitary condition, she would voluntarily seek to re-enter the Union, and musing upon the happy days she had spent with her brethren of the North, would, like

"a Peri at the gate

of Heaven stand disconsolate."

And some of the Yankees began to discuss, with an energy worthy that brave and valiant nation, the tasks which should purchase her re-entrance to that abode made blissful by their residence. One by one the Cotton States with the exception of Arkansas followed the example of Carolina; nor was the excitement confined to them. In all of the Border States the Secession party, though in the minority, was in its daily increasing strength by no means despicable.

Virginia called a convention. Many Union members were elected and in some instances by large majorities, but the state declared as with one voice, that at the first attempt to coerce the Cotton States, she would cast in her lot with them.

Yet party spirit was raging in the Border States. The Secessionists stigmatized the Union men as Abolitionists, and called upon them by all the ties of blood and sympathy, by the past fame of Virginia, and the shame which threatened her, to come

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\(^1\)Enacted by ten Northern states, the Personal Liberty Laws forbade state officers from aiding in the arrest of fugitive slaves, denied the use of their jails for holding these slaves, and ordered jury trials for the runaways. Mark M. Boeckner III, *The Civil War Dictionary* (New York, 1959), p. 644. (This work is cited hereinafter as Boeckner.)
out and take their stand by the side of the South. Many made preparations to sell their property and leave the state if she remained with the Union. "Dixie" became the fashionable song, and the streets were gay with blue cockades.

On the other hand, the Unionists spoke with horror of breaking up the government for which our fathers died. They accused the Cotton States of a monarchial tendency, and declared they would either split up into separate governments like Germany or form a Republic in which all the power would be in the hands of one state (South Carolina).

It was then a triumph to the Secessionists when the seceded states assembled at Montgomery, Ala., formed a Southern Confederacy, adopted with but slight alterations the Constitution of the United States, elected as President Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi (and Kentucky), and for Vice-President, Alex. Stephens of Georgia, prohibited the slave trade, and began to legislate in a calm and dignified manner, which elicited the admiration of foreign nations. Though all this did not satisfy the Union people who cried out against adopting a Constitution which had not been voted upon by the people. The Yankees were expecting Herculean displays when Lincoln should take his seat, or as they expressed it, "when he should swing that long body into the White House." He had already assured them that the "crisis was fictitious and nobody hurt"—and, to make sure that somebody was not hurt, he donned a Scotch cap and cloak, and passed in the night through the city of Baltimore, which, to his alarmed vision, showed signs of blood-thirstiness. He arrived safely in Washington, and, on the 4th March, that long body was swung into the White House, and Scott stationed troops around it, to see that it was not swung out again.

Nine Black Republican Governors set off posthaste to see him about the Southerners, daring to call their souls their own, and received the necessary consolation on that subject. Lincoln then issued his first proclamation, about which one might say, in the words of Cervantes, "Aristotle, himself, could not have told what it meant if he had risen from the dead for that especial

2The proclamation of April 15, 1861, calling for 75,000 militia and the convening of Congress in an extra session.
purpose.” This being the case, the Southern Confederacy did not spend much time in trying to read the riddle, but went on steadily seizing the public property within their borders, until they held all the forts except two or three. Fort Sumter being the most important of these, they began to negotiate for it. Lincoln, while he was really preparing for defense, continued to amuse them with promises until by repetition it became no amusement at all, and they concluded to try what virtue there was in stones.
CHAPTER III

"THE LONG-DREADED, THE HOPED FOR"

I SHALL NEVER forget the cold, rainy morning when someone met me on the piazza and said, "the war has begun." What a thrill it sent through me! The long-dreaded, the hoped for was upon us. The magician who was to free us from a hated Union had lifted his wand! A telegram had been received, "The attack on Fort Sumter began this morning at 4 o'clock. Great bloodshed on both sides." The war had begun! Great God! how many hands were stretched to Thee in that hour for strength!

At twelve o'clock, after several hours of intense anxiety, a second dispatch was received: "A breach has been made in the walls of Fort Sumter." That night, as I sat reading, a faint sound of shouting was borne to us through the closed doors. A gentleman went out on the street and returned in a few moments. "The Confederate flag waves over Fort Sumter!"

The Secession party had hoped that when the difficulty between the two sections came to open warfare, the Unionists would take their stand decidedly with the South; and this hope was of course much strengthened when the first trial of strength resulted in a signal victory to our arms. But the Unionists cried out, louder than ever, against the South, and declared they had plunged their country into a terrible war, without cause, and that the victory was, in fact, no victory at all, being little better than the cruel exercise of power by the strong over weak. The Secessionists in reply said if Great Britain or France had got possession of a fort at the mouth of the Chesapeake, and while promising to give it up were secretly re-enforcing it, no one could have thought it wrong for Virginia to drive them out, nor believe that she violated the most chivalric rule of war by not waiting until their enemies were impregnable before making the attack.
But so firmly, and in the great majority of cases, I believe, so honestly were the Unionists convinced they were right, no argument, no effort, was sufficient to turn them.

Lincoln, however, at this time gave us the desired assistance. He issued his second proclamation,¹ blockading the ports of the Southern states, calling upon the seditious persons to disperse within twenty days, and perhaps thinking moral suasion not quite sufficient for this small affair, calling out seventy-five thousand men, of which number the non-seceding slave states were to furnish their proportion. Thus after the most solemn protests by the Border States, against coercion, they were actually called upon to assist in whipping back the Cottonocracy as the Yankees loved to call the South.

The proclamation reached Abingdon one evening, about dusk, and though it was the stronghold of Unionism, when the morning sun arose it shone on what may God grant a Virginia sun shall always shine, a people who as one man, stretched forth their hands to the Southern Confederacy, and pledged life, honor, all that a man holds dear, to the sacred cause of Southern Liberty. If Mr. Lincoln really expected the Southern people to cut each other’s throats for his benefit, he must have been confounded when one by one the Border States refused the troops he asked. Sometimes, too, not in as gentle terms as the delicacy of his nerves, judging from his trip through Baltimore, required. I think it was the Governor of Arkansas who replied he had no troops for him, and earnestly urged an immediate trip to a “nameless locality smelling of sulphur.”

¹Lincoln’s second proclamation, issued April 19, 1861, ordered a blockade affecting the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. It referred to the proclamation of April 15 as being still in force, but did not specify again the number of men to be called up.
CHAPTER IV

"WITHOUT MUSIC, AND SILENTLY
THE HEAVY TRAMPING"

FOR THE NEXT few days the people were busy forming companies for the service of the Southern Confederacy. It all seemed a dream from which I would soon awaken.

A dispatch was received that Virginia would certainly secede in a day; two days passed and the anxiety became fearful. A Union convention had been elected but it had been by a Union people, and now that the people had changed, would the convention change? One or two days more passed. The candles which had been placed ready to illuminate for the victory of Fort Sumter waited in the windows of many Secessionists, to be lit for the secession of Virginia. A Confederate flag had been raised in Abingdon, and we heard that the people of Richmond had marched to the building in which the convention met and placed a Southern flag over it. Everyone said Virginia must go out, but why didn’t she go? Oh! the terrible anxiety of those days! I had even lost sight of my native state in my anxiety for the state of my forefathers.

At last when our hearts were sick the joyful intelligence came. Everyone seemed intoxicated with joy. Mine was twofold, for I could not doubt Kentucky would follow her mother. We Kentuckians are proud of our Virginia blood.

Nothing was heard for hours but excited congratulations when suddenly, like a thunder-clap, came the intelligence that a mistake had been made. Virginia had not seceded. If I had been in the clouds before, I immediately took my seat in the dust and grieved I was not a Jew, and the comfort of sackcloth and ashes was denied me. But considering that the next most doleful thing, I sat down on a stool, leaned my head upon my hands, and gazed through misty eyes into the fire, while through my teeth I poured forth the “fullness of my heart” upon that
Union convention.

The catalogue of its crimes, which I was giving, was inter-
rupted by someone who told me a little boy wished to see me. 
As I reached the top of the stairs, he called out, “Sister sent me 
to tell you Virginia has seceded.”

I rushed into the room where a friend was sitting crying, 
“She is out! She is out!”

“Who is out?” she asked.

“Virginial” I said, clapping my hands.

She was a Georgian and used to the honor of belonging to 
a seceded state, so she looked at me and laughed and said, “I’ll 
declare!” evidently amused at my excitement.

For the next few days everything was excitement. Like the 
Greeks, we spent our whole time in hearing or telling some new 
thing. One night the streets resounded with shouts and a gentle-
man ran up to tell us that the Virginians had taken Harper’s 
Ferry. Every day, almost every hour, gratified our passion for 
news. The town was in a continual hub-bub, to which the 
enlistment of troops added.

A cold and drizzling rain ushered in the evening when the 
Sumter candles were to be lit for a far greater victory, the inde-
pendence of Virginia. Many could scarcely refrain from lighting 
theirs until dark, while others thought it bad policy to rejoice 
over a victory before the late Union party was fully established 
in its new found faith. I acknowledge I was of the impatient 
party. I didn’t want to hurt the feelings of our new allies, but 
I was very anxious to illuminate. Night came at last, “black 
as a wolf’s mouth,” and with it the illumination which despite 
the weather was brilliant.

Warm in our first love for the Confederacy, even the rain 
could not keep us in, but wrapped in cloaks and shawls we 
walked up and down the streets, admiring the houses, some of 
the most brilliant of which belonged to the late Unionists.

In one bay window was displayed amid the lights a Con-
federate flag.

Tired at length, we returned to look from the porch at the 
boys in the street, who of course, as in duty bound, were in a 
state of ecstatic bliss at the illumination.
While there we heard the regular tramp of feet, and some
one saying it was the Mounted Rifles marching on foot, we bent
eagerly forward to catch the first glimpse of them. Without
music, and silently except the heavy tramping of their feet, one
by one they came. To us upon whom the terrors of war were
just bursting, there was something terribly solemn in the sight.
No one looked around or uttered a word. The fitful blaze from
the windows threw but an imperfect light upon the intense dark-
ness, which shrouded them, and the rain with its slow, sad fall
added to the gloom. The last one raised his cap and waved it
silently over his head, and they passed out of sight, like men
upon some desperate enterprise, who wave their last adieu.
CHAPTER V

"THE PANIC'S FICTITIOUS AND NOBODY'S HURT"

DESpite MANY predictions to the contrary, the secession of Virginia was hailed throughout the Confederacy with the most extravagant joy. Cities were illuminated, cannon fired, and in every way such a welcome given her as became the Old Dominion. In some cases the cannon fired was loaded with tobacco.

Even the soulless Yankees seemed to feel some sorrow at parting from the Mother of States and of Statesmen.

But their sorrow soon turned to wrath. They raved, they howled, they gnashed their teeth. The favorite comparison of Bedlam turned loose could scarcely have done them justice. The Virginians were to be annihilated—wiped out. Their lands and Negroes to be divided among the saintly anti-slavery men. The Potomac was to flow with blood. One editor said we should read in the haggard eyes of the women and cries of the children the price of rebellion. The North seemed as some immense bloodhound, who with distended nostrils and glaring eyes should rush down upon us and tear the shrieking multitudes limb from limb. Already they licked their lips thinking our blood upon them.

From Boston, Lincoln had dictated to him the terms of peace with us. The first article was "One hundred of the arch traitors to be given up and hanged." How Boston blustered! How it bragged! It snuffed the battle, but like the war horse of old, from afar. The chief strength and confidence of the nation was Gen. Scott, who was ready to lead them against Virginia, with the very sword she had given him.

Every Northern paper had some plan for the consideration of the General, by which the South was to be conquered before you could say Jack Robinson. By the first of July the U. S. flag was to wave over Nashville and Memphis; by the first of Jan-
uary they were to return from the Gulf laden with our scalps—and our watches.

The Rev. Dr. Tyng, in addressing those whom he called "Billy Wilson’s Rare Birds," told them "he would venture to say to them that their salvation might lie in the very consecration they had made of themselves to their country," and assured them he would hang a Southerner as soon as he would kill a mad-dog.

It was therefore natural, seeing this pleasant bypath, which the Revd. gentleman had found to Heaven, that many should be anxious to start. Ellsworth’s Zouaves, in particular, could hardly be restrained.

A mob in Baltimore made it necessary to take the troops through Annapolis. By one way or another, they finally reached Washington, from whence various expeditions were sent out, and some of the smaller towns on the Virginia border taken possession of. There was a great deal of burning of houses, stealing silverware, breaking pianos, driving off cows and Negroes. But that was the amount of the war until they reached Great Bethel.

Kentucky had declared armed neutrality. The leading Secessionists in Maryland were thrown into prison. Lyon had been sent to Missouri where he was murdering helpless women and children.

But perhaps the state of the country may be better learned from the following message, which the Richmond Whig says Lincoln sent into his Congress:

Once more, Representatives, Senators all
You come to my Capitol, swift at my call.
'Tis well; for you’ve something important to do,

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2On May 24, 1861, the Kentucky Senate adopted the following resolution of strict neutrality:

"Resolved, That Kentucky will not sever her connection with the national government, nor will she take up arms for either of the belligerent parties; but will arm herself for the one purpose of preserving tranquility and peace within her own borders." *Journal of the Called Session of the Senate of... Kentucky* [May, 1861] (Frankfort, 1861), p. 144.
In this most disagreeable, national stew;
For since I came hither, to run the machine,
Disguised in Scotch cap and in full Lincoln green,
There's the devil to pay in the whole d---d concern,
As from Cameron, Seward, and Chase you will learn.
Yet, though everything here, of a burst-up gives warning,
I'm certain you'll feel it alright in the morning;
So to do as I tell you, be on the alert,
For the panic's fictitious, and nobody's hurt.

I have started no war of invasion, you know,
Let who will pretend to deny it, that's so;
But I saw from the White House an impudent rag
Which they told me was known as Jeff Davis's flag,
A-waving above Alexandria high,
Insulting my government, flouting the sky;
Above my Alexandria (isn't it Bates?)
Retrocession's a humbug—what rights have the states?
So I ordered young Ellsworth to take the rag down,
Mrs. Lincoln she craved it, to make a new gown.
But young Ellsworth, he kinder got shot in the race,
And came back in a galvanized burial case,
But then Jackson, the scoundrel, he got his desert;
The panic's fictitious, and nobody's hurt.

It is true I sent steamers, which tried for a week,
To silence the rebels, down there at the creek,
But they had at Game Point about fifty or more,
Rifled cannon set up, in a line, on the shore.
And six thousand Confederates practiced to fire 'em
(Confound these Virginians we never can tire 'em)
Who made game of our shooting and crippled our fleet,
So we prudently ordered a hasty retreat;
With decks full of passengers—dead heads indeed,
For whom, of fresh coffins, there straightway was need;
And still later, at Gresham's, they killed Capt. Ward
In command of the freeborn, 'twas devilish hard,
But in spite of all this—the Rebellion's a spurt,
The panic's fictitious, and nobody's hurt!
Herewith I beg leave to submit the report
Of Butler, the general, concerning the sport,
They had at Great Bethel, near Fortress Monroe,
With Hill and Magruder, some four weeks ago,
And here let me say a more reckless intruder
I never have known than this Col. Magruder;
He has taken the comfort away from Old Point,
And thrown our peninsular plans out of joint,
While in matters of warfare to him Gen. Butler,
Would scarce be thought worthy to act as a sutler,
And the insolent rebels will call to our faces
The flight at Great Bethel "The New Market Races."
Then supercede Butler at once, with whoever
Can drive this Magruder clean into the River;
And I shall be confident, still to assert,
The panic's fictitious, and nobody's hurt.

'Tis my province perhaps, herein briefly to state
The state of my provinces, surly of late,
Missouri and Maryland—one has the paw
Of my Lyon upon her—and one has the law
Called martial proclaimed through her borders and cities,
Both are crushed, a Big Thing, I make bold to say, it is,
St. Louis is silent and Baltimore dumb,
They hear but the monotone roll of my drum,
In the latter vile seaport, I ordered Cadwallader
To manacle freedom, and though the crowd followed her
Locked up in McHenry, she's safe it is plain,
With Merryman, Habeas Corpus, and Kane,
And as for that crabbed old dotard, Judge Taney
For much, I would put him on board of the Pawnee.
And make his decisions, a little more curt,
For the panic's fictitious, and nobody's hurt.

And now I'd just say what I'd have you to do,
In order to put your new President thro;
First, three hundred millions are wanted by Chase,
He cannot run longer the government face;
And Cameron wants for the use of old Scott
Some four hundred thousand more men than he's got;
Then sixty new iron plate ships, to stand shells,
Are loudly demanded (must have 'em) by Welles;
For England, the bully, won't stand our blockade,
And insists that we shall not embarrass her trade,
But who fears the British, I'll speedily tune 'em,
As sure as my name is E Pluribus Unum,
For I, myself, am the whole United States,
Constitution and laws (if you doubt it, ask Bates),
The Star Spangled Banner's my holiday shirt,
Hurrah for Abe Lincoln, there's nobody hurt!
CHAPTER VI

"AND IF YOU DIE, DIE GAME!"

Perhaps there are few of us who in reading stories of ancient heroism or the romance of modern war have not had some idle thoughts of the role we might have played in similar circumstances.

How often have I dropped the book while my fancy kept time to the warlike trumpet or languished in some prison cell or sent up Te Deums from the bloody field of victory.

But how different the picture when you view it in a nearer light. When war is brought to your door, especially when that war is for independence, it is impossible to lose sight even for a moment of the grandeur and sublimity of the whole, and yet in spite of you there is something ludicrously commonplace in the details.

Instead of arming them like the Spartan women with the words "Return with thy shield or upon it," to make them calico shirts; instead of giving them our hair for bowstrings, to send them needle books and tobacco pouches, and yet never did Greeks or Romans more surely march to death nor die for a nobler cause than did those whom now half laughing and half in tears we made ready for the fight.

Our first preparation in Abingdon was to make blue jeans hunting shirts for the Mounted Rifles. The great object was to have them ready to march the moment the order came, and as no uniforms had yet been determined on for the troops, we seized on the only material of which we could get enough. It was determined to call it a uniform as it was all blue though the company exhibited every shade from the sky to almost black and with all their gallantry no doubt the young men mentally returned thanks that it was only pro tem.

In the pocket of each hunting shirt we had placed a Bible as a hint that it was well to wear them there when bullets were
thickest.

The whole town was given up to thoughts of war—ceremony was laid aside and we went from house to house in a continual hurry of preparation—making garments of all kinds—picking lint, making knapsacks, haversacks, and covering canteens.

The young men donned their shirts of hideous blue, cut off their hair, and went into barracks, sorely harassed by the strict discipline under which they were kept by Capt. Jones (a West Pointer).

To tell the truth we missed them badly from the town, for though in spite of the Capt., they found many a pretext for coming in and the ladies were sometimes invited to attend religious services at the camp. The young men were detailed as escorts, and in spite of the singular gayety which marked all these preparations for war, it was with feelings almost of awe that we sat around the immense camp fires which lit with an uncertain light the hills and the distant mountains and fell with ruddy glow into the faces of the wild, thoughtless boys, as they looked with thoughtful eyes toward the minister, reading of eternal life to them who must so shortly face death.

Southern troops were already coming to Virginia though none had yet come by the R. R. on which Abingdon was situated.

The whole town was then excited by the news that a number would be on the six o'clock train. Everyone flocked to the depot to see them, the military being paraded to give a more imposing appearance to the welcome. There we sat, patiently waiting regardless of the evening sun which poured into our faces. We waited until the sun went down behind the hills and then went home, somewhat cheered by the assurance that we would be better repaid the next evening. The next evening came but with it no soldiers and the next and the next until we were tempted to believe this whole ado about Southern soldiers a myth; until one morning we were awakened by tremendous shouts for “Old Virginia” and answering ones for “the Kentuck boys.” We caught only a glimpse of the passing cars but that was wonderful to us; they were laden with troops. It was only an accident that the first were Kentuckians but how proud I was of it.
The next morning while I was eating my breakfast a gentleman hurried in to say that two or three heavy trains of soldiers would be at the depot directly. Several of us dashed off at full speed and out of breath arrived at the depot a few minutes before the cars.

It was an Alabama regiment. I have rarely seen a handomer or more elegant looking body of men, and very rarely a gayer set. There being but few at the depot and most of them ladies there was no cheering. They laughed at us and called to us to cheer them.

"Little boy," said one waving a Confederate flag, "holler something if it is only "Boo"."

By the time the second train came there was a large crowd collected who shouted lustily while we ladies waved our handkerchiefs. One of the soldiers jumped off with a small flag but the lady to whom he first offered it was so embarrassed she refused it. The soldiers seemed to think it a sign of Union sentiment. I told one of them I would take it. He ran immediately and brought it to me and as I took it the whole regiment then threw up their caps with such a shout as brought the blood to my face.

After this there seemed to be a continual stream of soldiers pouring along the railroad and at every train the ladies were there with provisions and flowers and flags. In return for which we received promises of all imaginable trophies—swords, pistols, flags, &c. One young man promised me a pet Yankee. I assured him I didn’t want him but he insisted and to reconcile me said he would bring him young so I could train him up to suit myself. I petitioned earnestly for a sword but his heart had taken hold on the idea of a pet Yankee and the only compromise he would agree to was one of Mrs. Lincoln’s slippers.

The Abingdon soldiers (of whom there were now three companies) had not yet been ordered off, though impatient and indignant at the sight of so many from other states hastening to the defense of Virginia while they were lying idly in camps. And still the sewing (a woman’s part in peace or war) went on. The intelligence that “our boys” had at last received orders
continually coming through, continually proving false, kept us always in a distracting hurry. I must confess in spite of my devotion to my country I was sometimes forced to exclaim, "Oh Jupiter how weary are my spirits!" and sigh to exchange places with those who could fight, only for a change of work.

And indeed the careless good humor with which these young men prepared for the field was enough to make one envy them. The only fear they seemed to have was that the war would be over in a month or two and they would take no part in it. One little boy was found weeping bitterly because his father would not allow him to enlist. Someone attempted to comfort him by saying that in a year or two he would be old enough and his father would consent. "A year or two," he said with great contempt, "the war will be over then and I won't get to take a single Yankee."

There was great rivalry between the original Secessionists and the late Unionists who should send most volunteers to the field and it was amusing to see in spite of their fusion how they kept up their old jealousies—the great cause of contention was which had brought on the war. There was much to be said on both sides and the arguments were rather more impassioned than logical, and they agreed only in this one point—a bitter and deadly hatred to the Yankees.

Early one morning our little town was thrown into a hubbub by the news that our troops were actually ordered away. Then there was "hurrying to and fro" principally by ladies in sunbonnets who were making such romantic inquiries of the soldiers as, "Have you shirts?—and socks?—and did I put some buttons and needles in your needle book?"

And the young men were crowding to the depot and returning with their arms, buckling on their sabres as they walked down the street, the smallest men always with the biggest sabres. Oh! it was like going to war in earnest! Sometimes we cried and sometimes we laughed but with our best efforts to keep up our spirits there were many heavy hearts. And when we were assembled at the depot, waiting with the soldiers for the cars which would take them off, our gayety gave way. Amid the
immense throng there was nothing heard but the half-uttered blessing, the parting word sobbed out between those who might never meet again—except rising above it all in the strong voices of the soldiers

"No higher honor would I crave
Than to fill a Southern soldier's grave,
Who dies for old Virginia."

As the train left, we walked sadly back to town to say fare-well to the Mounted Rifles who were to leave for Richmond on horseback. We were disappointed however. Their stern captain forbidding them to stop, they passed through only waving us an adieu as we watched them wind up the hill on the other side of the village and disappear from sight.

The next morning the town seemed deserted and silence stricken. I almost fancied the grass had sprung up in the streets during the night. There was an indescribable air of desolateness, simple sorrow without excitement.

The most woebegone objects about the town were the young ladies who had donned sunbonnets instead of the hats hitherto so much in vogue. The demand for pickles was steadily on the increase. Someone asked dolefully how long we supposed the war would last.

"Perhaps thirty years," I said, "like one in Europe."

This struck the group into a ghastly silence broken soon by low voices counting how old we would be "when the boys came home."

"Oh dear," said one, "we'll all be old maids."

Whereupon there was a roar of laughter and each began to exhibit some other of the company at the advanced age it was supposed we would attain before the war ended. One tossed her head with the air of youth to the imminent danger of a set of false curls while another vainly tried to reconcile a set of false teeth to the untutored accents of sixteen.

The small ones it was supposed would be very frisky, the large ones meager and gaunt.

One girl, in order to form a better idea of what her appearance would be, went to see a lady who had already reached the
unfortunate age and that not being satisfactory, powdered her hair and eyebrows. We beguiled the hours too with many stories of what had happened the day "the boys" left and some of the girls in spite of their grief had seen a good deal.

That which afforded us the most amusement was the parting between an Irishman and his wife. The latter was insistent upon accompanying him to the depot though admonished on the way, and not very gently with his bayonet, that she was conferring no favor upon him; at last he went to the desperate length of knocking her down and springing over her body took a short cut to his destination but scarcely arrived there before her. Incensed at her unabated devotion, he took her to a neighboring brickyard and endeavored to lessen it by such a beating as only an Irishman can give his wife. But:

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

And when the train started she too jumped on but was pulled off and the last words she heard from her spouse were, "If I ever git back alive I'll kill yer fer that!"

A great source of aggravation to us was the sight of one or two men whom we thought ought to be "off to the wars." Could they have heard the excoriations, which followed them as they passed up and down the streets, I think they might have been driven to the desperation of exposing themselves to the perils of battle. Some of the ladies were almost ready to go a self-appointed committee to fasten on their unwilling shoulders the much dreaded knapsack. However even these few eventually "screwed their courage to the sticking point" and went.

The first blast of war had unsettled social life and made all domestic employments irksome to even the most quiet and even after the departure of our own troops we found all our amusement in matters connected with this one great subject. Abingdon having been made the rendezvous of South Western Virginia, occasionally from the camps would wander in the sons of Mars. The times being of an extraordinary nature, the common forms were laid aside and when a soldier wanted a garment, a knapsack, or haversack made or a canteen covered he
asked any lady he met on the street to do it for him and this kept us tolerably busy.

Letters soon began to arrive from the absent volunteers and every morning messengers were sent from house to house with them in case some might not have heard.

Rumors too were rife of the near approach of the Yankees, for their papers had threatened that on account of its proximity to the Salt works, the lead mines, and the railroad, Abingdon would be not attacked but taken. The older and more experienced laughed at the idea, believing it impossible for hostile forces to pass the mountain gorges, but there were others who did not intend to miss the excitement of looking for them and persisted in believing they were constantly hovering around us, and we were liable any morning upon opening our eyes to find the town full of them. No matter which side we took we all arranged plans of action, and finally concluded when they did come we would get in a safe place and throw rocks at them.

The time however was drawing near when I must leave Abingdon and one morning amid many exhortations to be back in time to welcome the boys home, I bade a reluctant farewell to that pleasant village.

On my way to Nashville I passed through East Tennessee which was going to fight, bleed, and die for the Union, but I saw little of their Unionism. I did not see the Stars and Stripes once though numerous Southern flags waved from the houses. Of course there was a strong Union sentiment there but the expression of it by flags was prevented by the frequent passage of Southern troops, for from the first the raising of flags had been the cause of much bloodshed. While I was in Abingdon a gentleman of that place who had gone down into East Tennessee with a Southern flag in his cap had been dragged from the stage and the flag shot from his head.

I heard one gentleman in fraternal converse on the state of the country with a teacher from Massachusetts, who was returning home by the way of Nashville, and a young lady on hearing me make some remark to a friend by me turned and gave me an unmistakable look of Union indignation.

There were on the cars seven Frenchmen who had deserted
from the Yankee army. Some of them could not speak English and said they had been made to believe the war was between North and South America. Their account was supposed to be true as of all foreigners the French sympathized most with us. But they were being sent to the Southern coast under the care of a young Creole officer, where there would be the least danger from their treachery if they proved to be spies.

On reaching Loudon we found the R. R. bridge, which is a large one, guarded by two companies, one being encamped at either end, to prevent its being burnt down by the disaffected. All other bridges we passed were guarded by two soldiers. We met numerous trains of soldiers on their way to Virginia.

I was much amused on being told of the parting words of an old lady of this part of the country to her son. It was at one of those impressive scenes which always occur at the departure of troops when mothers were bestowing their last tearful blessing and sisters sobbing in the arms of brothers what might be an eternal farewell.

"Bill," said the old lady to her son, her dry eyes flashing with military ardor, "I want you to fight like a tiger, and if you die, die game!"
CHAPTER VII

"THE AMUSEMENT, THE EXULTATION, 
THE IRREPRESSIBLE JOY"

NASHVILLE I found of course in a state of great excitement, 
the streets bright with the different uniforms of regiments 
hurrying on to Virginia. I missed though the almost hourly news 
and military gossip which floated back from “the front” to Abing-
don. There was a feeling too of security in Nashville which is 
dull to those who have known only the expectation of danger 
without its horrid realities.

My thirst for news was somewhat diminished by the first 
letters I received from the army, for they recorded the disastrous 
defeat of our troops in North Western Virginia and the death 
of their commander, Gen. Garnett. Our forces were not obliged 
to surrender, but wandering about in separate regiments and 
companies through the wild mountains of Virginia and Maryland, 
sometimes almost starving, always barefooted, bare headed, worn 
out, with the rain beating upon them, the poor remnant of the 
command at length reached Monterey, many to die there of 
fever and the effects of their retreat. While Gen. McClellan 
in true Yankee style summoned to the world through his procla-
mination to his soldiers this defeat of twenty-five hundred men by 
twice their numbers as the annihilation of two armies.

This aroused the wildest enthusiasm throughout the North 
and the country re-echoed with the cry of “On to Richmond! 
On to Richmond!” until that was drowned in the terrified cry 
of the Grand Army, “Back from Richmond.”

It was Sunday at noon that I heard they were fighting at 
Manassas. I ran to my room and throwing myself upon my 
knees prayed as one might pray for his life that our arms might 
be victorious. Late in the evening Jimmie and I were walking 
when we met Gen. Hickman, who unable to walk from paralysis, 
was riding in his buggy. We exchanged the meager news that
we had heard. I expressed my anxiety for the result of the battle. Gen. Hickman looked to the setting sun and said in that quietly intense manner peculiar to him, "just about this time how we are thrashing those scoundrels!" Never was truer word spoken by a prophet.

Monday--Tuesday and no news. Tuesday evening at supper a servant told us Dr. McTyeine was at the gate in his buggy with some news but would not tell a word until every soul in the house came out. There was a general rush for the gate where the Doctor, beaming with delight, pulled out an extra and read the news from Washington.

Washington, July 22, Noon. Our troops after gaining a great victory yesterday were repulsed and commenced a retreat on Washington. After this information was received last night from Centreville, a series of events took place here in the highest degree disastrous. Many confused statements prevail, but enough is positively known to warrant the statement that the Federal forces have suffered to a degree which casts a deep gloom over the remnants of the Army, and excites the deepest melancholy throughout Washington. The damage was tremendously heavy on both sides; and on the Federal side it is represented to have been frightful.

The Federals advanced gradually among the masked batteries and were surely driving the Confederates towards Manassas when the Southerners seemed re-enforced by Gen. Johnston. The Federals were immediately driven back, and a panic among them suddenly occurred, and a regular stampede took place. It is understood that Gen. McDowell undertook to make a stand near Centreville but the panic was so fearful that the whole army became demoralized. It was impossible to check them either at Centreville or Fairfax Court House. Large numbers of troops on their retreat fell on the wayside from exhaustion, and the dead, wounded, and exhausted are all along the route to and from Fairfax Court House. The road from Bull's Run is strewn with arms and knapsacks which were discarded by the Federals in order to facilitate their retreat.
While listening to this we were curiously divided between our horror at these scenes of carnage and our joy for our victory. Sentences begun almost with tears ended with shouts of laughter.

After Dr. McTyeine left, others of our friends came in to tell and to hear the great news. The touch of pity that mingled at first with our joy soon melted away and I confess I laughed that night until I involuntarily thought of the Yankees having compared the Southern women to “laughing hyenas.”

The next day the demand for daily papers could not be supplied. Of course as yet they contained only the news of the first part of the progress of the Grand Army, but that made it only the more amusing. The magnificent accounts from correspondents of Southern papers of the appearance of the army. Gen. Scott, though used from youth to military displays, though he boasted he had never led an army but to victory, forgot his gray hairs and “resumed his youth like the eagle” at this sight which some Yankee naively remarked “was, considered merely in the light of a pageant, remarkably successful.”

The flourish of trumpets with which was announced the burning of a barn or the pillaging of a private residence—for the Grand Army by no means “despised the day of small things”—the shouts of joy with which they hailed the slow retreat of the Southerners—the touching sorrow with which they expressed as their only fear they would not meet a foe man worthy of their steel. No one who didn’t see the whole thing when it was fresh can ever appreciate it. Then the amusement, the exultation, the irrepressible joy of the Southerners was indescribable.

But if their first accounts of the battle were amusing, imagine the effects of their lamentations. Some stoutly denied they had been defeated at all, they had only “retired after the fatigues of the day.” Some, utterly forgetful of the grand pageant, declared they had had only a handful of men while ours were hundreds of thousands. The noise of a few wagons, the drivers of which became frightened amid the din of battle between a hundred thousand men, had started the Grand Army. And everyone pitched into poor Greeley right and left for
saying “On to Richmond!” until he declared he didn’t say it at all. Petitions became the order of the day. The Yankees wanted everyone removed from Scott down. And if with their officers they could have removed themselves from the world no doubt Mother Earth herself would have broken forth into hymns of thanksgiving. This was impossible but they did what they could. Every general came in a Napoleon and went out an Arnold.

For several weeks after the battle there was the dead calm which might have been expected to follow such a storm. I began to tire of the “Great Battle of Manassas,” even the swords and handcuffs captured there and brought to Nashville began to lose their interest for me. Until we were again interested by a shower of small victories and the surrender of Fort Hatteras to the Yankees, though we would have dispensed with the last excitement.

About this time we began to feel the effects of the blockade. Coffee became so scarce that few families used even the meanest article. There were many substitutes, rye, potatoes, goober peas, &c. We tried rye but concluded boiled milk was preferable—we called it white coffee and tried to persuade ourselves the color of Java and Mocha was owing to its having passed through the hands of Black Republicans. Many other things ran up in the same proportion until we feared we would have to fulfil our promise to go into the woods and live on roots in order to whip the Yankees.

A new interest too we had in preparing for the sick soldiers. Relief Societies were organized throughout the South, provisions for the sick, bandages, lint, pickles, wines, jellies, clothing, everything in short which could add to their comfort was sent on in boxes. Knitting was the favorite employment of the young ladies. When their lovers were on the tented field it was with their needles they worked out the passions of their overburdened

1“On to Richmond,” a Federal army watchword, was ridiculed in song and conversation. See “Richmond Is a Hard Road to Travel,” by John Reuben Thompson which recounts the parade of Yankee generals and their “on to Richmond” double trouble.” Richard B. Harwell, Confederate Music (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1950), pp. 88, 138.
hearts and pleased themselves with the idea that the socks would be tread on more lightly for the sake of the one who knit them.

At last Kentucky was occupied and war in the West began in good earnest, and I was glad of it though it cost much suffering to the Kentuckians. Men were arrested for their Southern sentiments. Gov. Morganhead was marched through the streets with his arms tied with a rope. The brother of a friend of mine was shot down for expressing joy at the battle of Manassas.

The Kentucky regiments which had been encamped just within the Tennessee line moved up into Kentucky. Troops poured in from all the Southern states and everyone seemed anxious and willing to fight for Kentucky.

There was a camp of instruction on the hill opposite our house from whence one night we were startled by the most tremendous yells and cheers mingled with the rolling of artillery. In a few moments a Negro belonging to one of the officers came over with a message from his master and some of the other officers. They had been ordered to Fort Henry where a fight was going on. There being some bouquets in the house we gave them to the boy telling him to take them to the officers with our farewell and kindest wishes for their escape from the battle. With that momentary gayety, which excitement often gives, we were laughing and making comments to each other on the bouquets and the messages as we sent them.

"Oh Mistus," said the Negro lifting his woebegone eyes from which the tears were streaming, "if you could only see what a fix them young men is in you couldn't be a laughing."

"What is the matter, Uncle," I asked, "haven't they arms and clothes yet?"

"Yas'm they's got them but they has to go right straight

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2 Former Kentucky Governor Charles S. Morehead. He was arrested at Louisville, September 19, 1861, and sent to Fort Lafayette, New York City. Later he was transferred to Fort Warren, Boston, where he was confined until January 6, 1862. He was released on his parole not to enter Kentucky or any insurrectionary state, or to aid the South in any way. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. *War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (Washington, 1897), Ser. II, II, 805-829. (Hereinafter cited as *Official Records.*)
where they is fighting."

The look with which he brought out this climax of horror would have made me laugh if I had had a brother in the company. I afterwards learned from one of our servants, to whom he had confided his sorrows more fully, that he considered himself a "misled" individual, having been made to believe that the term of his master's enlistment and consequently of his service was to be spent on the hill "and dey would jes git old Linkum up dere and kill him."

The war by this time had extended along the whole border and coast. Battles, skirmishes, marching, countermarching, retreating and advancing were all mixed up in what to us civilians seemed inextricable confusion. Nashville had now become the centre of the military operations in the Mississippi valley and the Yankees began to cry "On to Nashville!" as fiercely as ever they cried "On to Richmond!" They counted largely on an innumerable host of Union men with which their imaginations had peopled the South. There were no doubt men in Tennessee willing to assist them for no climate nor blood nor government can make all men honest. So even in the Southern Confederacy there were men whose truth and patriotism were not undoubted. In Tennessee, however, they were principally confined to the eastern portion of the State, where they did us much injury by burning bridges. This was accomplished at night, the sentinels being killed or else intimidated. One brave man named Keelan managed to protect himself among the timbers and fought sixteen men until he killed several and put to flight the rest. He then ran, wounded, bleeding and as he believed dying, to a neighboring house exclaiming as he entered, "They have killed me but I have saved the bridge!" He was fearfully cut and upon examination it was found the timbers which he had used as a protection were hacked almost to pieces. He lived notwithstanding his wounds and was rewarded by both public and private generosity or rather justice.

Another thing which seemed to bring the war still nearer to us was the establishment of hospitals in the city. The largest warehouses were fitted up for this purpose and the private
houses were crowded with sick soldiers. A kinder, more hospitable people to the soldiers than the Tennesseans I have never seen, the hospitals being regularly attended by the wealthiest, the most refined, the most aristocratic ladies of the city. But even this was far from making them desirable places. Imagine a hundred men in one room lying side by side on bunks—all in various stages of various diseases, perhaps seventy-five out of a hundred making day hideous with the hospital cough which resembled the whooping cough and approached the Indian war whoop.

We were kept in a constant state of excitement by flying reports of an approaching battle at Bowling Green. One day all travel on the R. R. was forbidden except to Soldiers, another the women and children were ordered from Bowling Green. Everything that could portend a battle happened in due order. Nothing failed but the battle itself, and for that we are still waiting. When it shall come no one knows, what shall be the end of all these things none can tell. We can only “stand and wait,” trusting to “see the salvation of the Lord.” That it is possible for the Southern Confederacy finally to fail we at least consider an absurdity. The foolish boasting of the Yankees that Nashville shall be taken does not disturb us for in it we see only that pride which goeth before a fall and that haughty spirit which foreshadows destruction.
CHAPTER VIII

"SEVENTY-SEVEN SUNDAYS ROLLED INTO ONE"

As I read over the last pages I smile at the tone of firm confidence which marks them. I am even tempted to erase it but I will leave it as proof of that which at this day needs no proof, that self-confidence is the common fault of humanity. And yet when I remember the holiness of our cause, the injustice and cruelty of our foes, the almost unexampled success of our arms against an enemy so greatly our superior in numbers, in wealth, in equipment, in everything but courage and brains, I do not wonder that we were confident, that we deemed the triumphant end not far distant when the struggle had scarcely begun. We were more than confident, we were defiant. We asked only our own but we laughed at the thought that any should be able to take that from us. It was a beautiful fancy, a pleasant dream. I shall never forget the awakening.

Lord Byron says he awoke one morning and found himself famous. It must have been a surprise. But not greater than mine when I awoke and found one Southerner poorly armed could not whip six Yankees splendidly equipped.

I lay down to pleasant dreams one Saturday night with the triumphant thought that the immense host which pressed upon our little garrison at Fort Donelson\(^1\) had met with its third bloody repulse. When I awoke in the morning my Mother was standing by my bed and I heard the dull booming of cannon from the fort below the city.

"Donelson has fallen," she said. "Don't you hear the cannon?"

\(^1\)Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River was the sole remaining obstacle to a Union advance following the fall of Fort Henry, in early February, 1862. General U. S. Grant successfully assaulted Fort Donelson on February 13, and during the night of February 15, the fort and more than 14,000 men were surrendered. _D.A.B., II, 160._

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I listened stupefied and scarcely comprehending.

I arose and dressed myself and going down stairs found Ma had already left for the city as she had left Mariana there the day before with a friend. The driver being absent she had walked.

I ran over to a neighbor to see what had best be done and there the first signs of the panic met us. Vehicles were standing at the door ready to take away the family, who were still in the house hurriedly gathering together and throwing into trunks and boxes the few articles of clothing which it was possible to take with them. Finding everything in too great confusion for any regular conversation, and hearing from those I met the vague rumors which agitated the city, that the gunboats were expected by four o'clock to shell the city and that the bridge might be burnt in an hour, I determined if possible to reach Ma in order that she might not be alone in the confusion. Some friends urged me not to go as our army was just entering Nashville on its retreat from Bowling Green. But I could not be persuaded that Southern soldiers could be anything but gentlemen. When I reached the main road I found it crowded with our army, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. They were halting to rest, standing, sitting, and even lying at full length on the muddy road. I walked for two miles and a half through their ranks. I heard no oath, no word that could offend a lady. They gave way as respectfully and spoke as politely as though I had met them in my own parlor.

When I crossed the bridge and reached the square in Nashville I beheld a city upon which the foe was advancing. Those who have once witnessed such a scene need no description. To those who have not, no description can give any idea of its wild confusion. The streets were filled with carriages, horses, buggies, wagons, drags, carts, everything which could carry a human being from the doomed city. Men, women, and children, the rich, the poor, white and black, mingled in one struggling mass which gave way for nothing but the soldiers marching through the city.

That amid such numbers there should be some terrified at finding themselves in a position so new and horrible was of
course to be expected, but as a whole the absence of fear amid all this confusion and excitement was a remarkable feature of the day.

In the uncertainty which attends the movements of all hostile forces (especially to those near them) no one knew what was to become of the city. There may have been, indeed there must have been, those who wished it surrendered but it was not my fortune to meet with any of them that day. The women especially were clamorous for the city to be held, though told the attempt might cost the lives of five hundred women and children. On one corner I passed an old man haranguing a small crowd, for it was only a small crowd that could be kept stationary long enough to be harangued that day. He was a large, robust man, exceedingly fluid and excitable, his face almost purple with rage or the violence of his gestures.

I heard him say, "It is no one but the large property holders who want the city surrendered and I will be one to burn his house over the head of the first man who says surrender!"

Of course, womanlike, my admiration for his sentiments was not tempered by any regard for "military necessity."

I was fortunate enough to meet Ma and Mariana on the street and we started immediately for home meeting all along so many of our Kentucky friends retreating with the army that Ma compared it to the day of judgment when our lost friends shall rise and greet us. When we reached the bridge we found our army still crossing, a squad of soldiers being stationed at the entrance to keep off civilians. An officer stepped forward and told us he was very sorry to interrupt us but he had positive orders to let no one pass. We remonstrated warmly, telling him we lived on the other side of the river, that part of the family were already there and we were obliged to go. He was firm as he was courteous. He was sorry "but his orders were from Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston himself." He suggested we should get a skiff and cross. We told him the backwater had so overspread the country that we would be obliged to wade even after we left the skiff. Finally I became desperate and told him I must go over the bridge. My positive assertion of this fact didn't produce the tremendous impression I had anticipated but only
drew from him a gentlemanly assurance that I could not. Here was a dreadful dilemma, an irreconcilable difference of opinion between the officer and myself. I plainly saw it was no use longer to stand there saying must and hearing him say can't. Under the circumstances we couldn't afford a retreat—besides I have a pet prejudice against the Fabian policy so I determined to cut my way through.

"If you don't let us through we will run across," I said, "and you may catch us if you can."

He answered only with a good humored and incredulous smile but a younger officer standing near was very much delighted with the idea of this bold stroke, and in the parlance of the children was "high up" for our attempt.

Just then the "inexorable one," turning to give a command, the young officer whispered to me, "Run!"

I touched Ma, and with only a grateful look to our friend, we dashed past the senior officer who turned in time to see me half across the bridge. We heard the burst of laughter with which he greeted our success as he cried, "If they haven't got over sure enough!"

Two miles from the city at the house of a friend many ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood were collected to see the army pass. We could easily speak to the soldiers in an ordinary tone. I was amused once when on being told that the regiment passing was Col. John Morgan's Cavalry, I said, "I wonder if Dave Hardin is with them," and a horseman immediately wheeled out of line and sprang from his horse. We had not seen Dave since he was a mere boy but recognizing him I ran up and kissed him. Jimmie followed then Ma. Poor Dave could only ejaculate in astonishment, "Good Lord!" thinking no doubt the Tennessee ladies had rather warm manners. His recollection of Ma aided him and he exclaimed, "It's Aunt Janel!" as though his feet had touched terra firma.

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2David Carmell Hardin (1840-1897), Lizzie's first cousin. Son of Rowan and Eliza Ann Carmell Hardin, he was a Lieutenant, C.S.A., under Gen. John H. Morgan. His father, Rowan Hardin (1812-1851), was a son of Ben Hardin. He was Captain in the Mexican War and Charge d'Affaires to Chile. He died (murdered) in Panama City, 1851. Bayless E. Hardin, "Hardin Family," 3 vols. MSS, Kentucky Historical Society.
Like all soldiers the men were ready to talk to the ladies they saw on the roadside. Many did not know that Donelson had fallen. The majority imagined they were coming to the defense of Nashville. Few imagined the sad truth that they were marching to North Mississippi. When they happened to pass in small parties there were many jests exchanged on the subject of their retreat. We asked what was behind them that they were going so fast?—assured them they had made a mistake in the direction they had taken and asked them if they were not ashamed to run and leave us in the hands of the Yankees?

To which an impetuous horseman replied, turning with a solemn gesture from his breast outwards, "Ladies! It is not my feelings!"

Ah me! it makes me sad to look back and remember how we made a jest of what was no jest to us. But neither soldiers nor people seemed to realize the awful import of that day. The uncertainty cast a hopeful light over the scene. A thousand rumors were afloat. Several times it was asserted that Donelson had not fallen—Buckner was there determined to defend it. And we had been so unaccustomed to military movements, at least such as pertinent to retreat, that we could not draw inferences which were very plain to the initiated.

About dusk an officer rode up to get some of the water that servants had brought to the roadside for them. Entering into some conversation with us, the lady of the house invited him to alight and take a glass of wine and afterwards supper—and going into the house we sat around the cheerful fire and listened to the soldier’s stories of camp and field as quietly as though they had been of the Revolution of ’76. My pleasure however was soon interrupted for having been all day without food and standing on the cold, damp ground, so soon as the heat of the fire began to affect me I grew faint and was obliged to leave the room. Which I regretted the more as we afterwards learned the officer who was contributing so much to our entertainment was the gallant Gen. Pat Cleburne. I have since heard him described by those who knew him well as a silent man, uninteresting in ordinary society. This evening perhaps time and circumstances made him less taciturn. He certainly talked a
good deal.

About ten o'clock Jimmie and I started home accompanied by the gentlemen of the house who were joined on the way by two acquaintances, Gen. McCall or McCoy, I did not hear the name distinctly and it was too dark to see him, and a member of his staff. The general was in command of the rear guard camped on the hill by our house and Mr. Hillman told him that as there was no gentleman with us he would be glad if he would tell us exactly what we had to fear during the night. To which the General made the calming rejoinder that he should throw out heavy pickets and if during the night we heard much firing around our place we might know that the enemy had attacked him. Everyone at the time supposed the Yankees were a short distance behind our forces. We voted at home, however, that we were too tired to anticipate danger and undressing went to bed as usual and fortunately no disaster disturbed our slumber. The enemy had not yet appeared when morning, cold, dark, and rainy rose upon the excited city.

To surrender or not to surrender was still the question which agitated the citizens, though I suppose to those having the power to decide, it had long ceased to be doubtful. Many fields of battle were selected by the belligerent populace. Over in Edgefield, three miles back of the city, down the river, up the river, and in every conceivable spot where a gun could be fired, it was confidently affirmed a battle would be fought.

Soon however the conviction fell silently and darkly upon us that Nashville must be abandoned. Terror took hold upon the people and the Texas Rangers "refused to be comforted." I saw one of them, an exceedingly handsome man, with features like an Italian and a mass of light disordered curls falling upon his shoulders.

He hung on the side of his horse like an Indian while he exhorted a crowd upon the pavement to go out and help them fight.

Someone cried out, "We can't get arms."

"Arms, arms!" said the Texan, "fight with clubs, with stones, with anything. Anyone can take my gun and I will fight without it!"
Three hundred Yankee prisoners were marched through the city to the depot. They were the first seen in Nashville and notwithstanding we were in circumstances that might have provoked a crowd to insult, I did not hear a word that could offend except once when a man cried out "Oh you Yankees!" and an officer commanded "Silence!" The blockade and the exigencies of the time compelling our men to wear uniforms of divers colors and cuts, Ma supposed the prisoners were a body of our own men and began waving her handkerchief. Her enthusiasm was somewhat abated when I told her they were Yankees.

The next day the last Confederate regiment marched out of Nashville. They went with drums beating and colors flying as though their retreat were a small matter. "But oh! the difference to me."

And now began the true days of panic and confusion. We were under the control of neither government, but hanging like Mohammed's coffin between Heaven and Hell, "and in the lowest depths, a lower deep still threatening to devour us." Or rather we were like the hero of old, who with his arm fastened in an oak stood waiting for the wolves which should devour him.

They came at last "and the days of darkness were many." Unaccustomed to disaster we almost sank into despair.

Some Yankee correspondent said, "Imagine seventy-seven Sundays rolled into one and a corpse in every house and you will have an idea of Nashville."

Every store and every shop was closed while the people refused to be seen even at the doors and windows of private residences. The Yankees in the most magnificent uniforms, and with bands which made the city echo to hostile airs, marched through the streets tormented and enraged as only a Yankee can be by a total failure to make any impression on the contemptuous Southerners. When on the street we turned our eyes from them if possible, or followed them with looks of silent malediction. We blessed it as a happy omen that when they placed their hated flag upon the state house it was impossible to raise it to the dome. Miserable creatures that we were! We had no pleasure but in insulting our oppressors, but we did not stint ourselves in that. Ladies refused to let even the hem
of their garments touch them and their most polite bows were returned with a stony gaze.

Every day we charmed the weary hours telling how John Morgan the night before had killed their pickets almost within the city itself. These stories certainly lost nothing in our telling but I have never known the name of one man to be such a talisman of terror as was that of John Morgan. Many were the innocent country gentlemen, market-women, waiters at hotels, and chance visitors who were required to prove to the satisfaction of the terrified that they were not the "guerrilla" in disguise. The Southerners said whenever the Yankees were ordered to picket on the south side of the river they had their coffins made. The exploits of Morgan were the first gleam of light that penetrated our darkness, and we worshipped him accordingly. One lady, riding home on a moonlight night, suddenly found herself in the midst of a skirmish and John Morgan rode up to the carriage to assure her of her safety. "Happy woman!" said all of her acquaintances and she appreciated her happiness. Had Richard Coeur de Lion risen from the dead and stood on the other side of the carriage I scarcely think she would have turned her head. On the north side of the river where the Yankees could roam at will they were every day committing all the outrages of which we in our hatred had believed them capable.

A lady who lived near us told me on going home one evening she saw a regiment camped in a woodland by her yard. The commander, Lt. Col. Scott of Chicago, was standing on her steps. She told him his men were burning her fences and she would be glad if he would speak to them.

He said, "Madam, my men are hungry and cold, they must be warmed and fed. We have come down here, we have left our families, I have left a wife and two interesting children. We intend to crush out this rebellion and kill every d--n rebel—even the women and children, that the race may never again be on the earth. And now I want forty or fifty hams for my men."

She told him she did not have so many.

"Then give me the keys to your smoke house and I will see what you have."
Mrs. Moore went in to consult her husband who advised submission. She went back and offered Col. Scott two young bullocks instead of the keys. They were satisfied with this but a number of the officers forced themselves upon her hospitality for the night. In order to accommodate them she was forced to send her daughters to a neighbor’s while she and her husband occupied the parlor sofas. The lady however did not submit to all those outrages with the meekness of a lamb but protested with tears she had never expected to be brought in contact with such fiends, and when in bidding her farewell in the morning one of the officers (named Guthrie) told her he expected the South so soon to be conquered he would eat his 4th July dinner in Louisville.

She replied, “No you will not, but I expect some bird of prey will eat its 4th of July dinner off of you!”

In the newspapers appeared proclamations which I suppose were intended to aid Mr. Lincoln in his great design of “making history.” They called upon citizens to report all depredations committed on private property but a gentleman told me that after having his place torn up, his produce stolen, his house searched, and everything with a lock to a six-inch box broken open, he made complaint to Gen. Nelson (then in command of the city), reminding him that the place having peaceably surrendered he was bound to protect the inhabitants.

Gen. Nelson replied, “I took your city, Sir, with thirty thousand men and d—n it and you. I intend to treat you as I please.”

Mr. Moore went to an officer named Kane (a cousin or brother I think of the Arctic explorer) and represented to him the amount of damage done to the place of Mr. Pitts. Kane asked if Mr. Pitts was not a chaplain in the Southern army. Mr. Moore replied he was but the place belonged to his daughter, having been given to her by Harry Hill. Kane replied he thought Mr. Moore had a great deal of impudence to come to him about the property of a rebel, that the men had not only done right

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"Thomas Lepher Kane (1822-1888), Lieutenant Colonel, June 21, 1861, Brigadier General, September 7, 1862, U.S.A. He was a brother of Elisha Kent Kane, author of Arctic Expeditions and Adrift in the Arctic Ice. Boatner, p. 448."
in injuring the place but were wrong in not burning the house.

I give these instances to show it was not the private soldiers alone who were guilty of these outrages but that they were sanctioned by the officers highest in command. The only thing which had even the appearance of protection was the stationing of a guard of from two to six men at each house which resulted in nothing but the feeding of these guards by the Southerners—an item of some importance to the Yankees as their commissary wagons were so far in the rear that for days after reaching Nashville they infested every house begging for something to eat or else taking it by force. In some few instances they offered to pay but the Southerners universally refused, thinking it humiliating enough to be obliged to feed them without taking their money. A guard was sent to our house but Ma refused to receive it, telling them she had had thousands of Southern troops camped around her without being disturbed and she supposed the Yankees would behave themselves. She fed numbers of them. One offered to pay but she refused his money, quoting to him, "if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

As I walked one day on the square I passed through a crowd of Yankee officers without however looking at them and was surprised to hear someone call after me, "Miss Lizzie!"

I was surprised to hear myself accosted so familiarly and turning was still more surprised to see an old friend from Kentucky. I was on the point of placing my hand in the one he held out when my surprise was turned to horror at seeing he wore the Yankee uniform. It was the first intimation that I had a friend or even an acquaintance in that army.

I drew back and said excitedly, "Never! Never! I'll take the hand of no man who wears that uniform!"

The crowd of Yankees stared in amazement, and one old citizen laughed with delight. I whirled and walked off as fast as possible but my former friend followed and walked by my side. Both of us were silent for a moment and when he first spoke I covered my face with my hands and found relief in a flood of tears. The demonstration was by no means mild—not a la Sophy Streatfield but rather after the violent manner which marked my early childhood. My desire to find utterance for my
indignant feelings at last enabled me to dry my tears.

"Mr. Davis," I said with that gasping accent which proves the truth of the little boy's assertion that a fellow can't choke off in a minute, "I never expected to see you in this uniform! What could have induced you to enter this army?"

He assured me he had gone with those he thought right. "You have gone with a set of Yankee cutthroats," I said with a view to enlighten him, "and I wish every man who has crossed the Ohio River had a bullet through his heart." This was not elegant but only those who have passed through such scenes know how near it drives even a woman to cursing.

I was on my way to a hospital where about thirty of our wounded had been left and I insisted upon his going in and looking at them. He was a Southerner by blood, by birth, and by education and the sight of thirty mangled Southerners in every stage of mutilation was not calculated to increase his devotion to the cause of the Union. He stood in the door a moment and then turned away saying he did not like to look at them. I insisted, telling him it was a good place to make Secessionists, but he would not stay. Even when we are fighting against its ties, "blood is thicker than water." I had seen Yankees stand in that room and looking at those men who might have awakened the pity of a fiend say to them, "Yes, you are suffering a great deal but it is your own fault. You brought it all on yourselves." I saw a little Mississippian one day trembling with rage and pain try to raise himself on the bleeding stump of his amputated limb as he cried to the Yankee comforter bending over him, "Go away from me! Go away!"

When I parted from Mr. Davis he said, "I never want to see any more of my Southern friends."

Poor Dick! kind and generous as many a man who belongs to a better cause, it must have been a strange combination of unfortunate events that drew him into that army. I met two other Kentuckians—Southerners—"with souls so dead, they never to themselves had said, This is my own, my native land."

I did not speak to them but I confess nothing in the war gave me more pain than meeting thus those who had once been friends.
About three weeks after the occupation of the city, Jimmie and I determined to go to Kentucky and spend a few weeks with our grandparents. But a day or two before we started, John Morgan tore up the R. R. and we were forced to go by water on a government transport.

When we went into the city to make our arrangements, at a crossing on the square, I got a little behind Jimmie, and a squad of Yankee cavalry dashing down the square before I could get away, the foremost horse had knocked me on the shoulder with his head and torn my dress with his feet while the whole squad came to a sudden halt, having me so entangled between them and a wagon that I could neither advance nor retreat. The men didn't seem in the least disturbed at my situation and I determined to deny them the gratification of seeing I was frightened. So I stood perfectly still without speaking until a Yankee officer dashed out from a corner and poured on the men such a volley of oaths as I have seldom heard. They obeyed his orders without any astonishment at the way in which they were delivered.

So soon as I could escape I ran back to the corner from which I had started and left them still under that pitiless shower of oaths with which the officer demanded if they couldn't see ladies that they rode over in the street? When the way was clear he told me to come on, as I could cross now without danger of being run over. I am afraid I was not disposed to do him justice for my hatred to his race leading me rather to sneer at his cursing in the presence of ladies than to thank him for his kind interference in my behalf.
CHAPTER IX

"THAT THE OHIO WAS A GULF OF RAGING FIRE"

IT WAS IN the first faint gray of dawn that Ma bade us an anxious farewell with a last warning to us and the gentlemen who took charge of us to "be prudent" and say as little as possible before the Yankees.

After a tedious ride of two miles and a half, part of the way over an embanked road crowded with government wagons, we reached the skiff which was the only means of crossing the river and found we would have to pull for about a mile against the current in order to reach the boat. The morning was cold, a dense fog resting on the swollen river where floated driftwood and the fragments of the burnt bridges. Nothing could be seen but an occasional glimpse of the banks or the huge pillars of the bridge from which trailed the broken wires and woodwork of what had once been the pride of Nashville. It was hard pulling, but at last we reached the boat and were shown up into the cabin.

Everything had that dirty, disorderly, torn-to-pieces look that belongs to a government transport. The ladies' and gentlemen's cabins had been thrown into one, and around the stove, in that part which had once been appropriated to the ladies, sat a motley group of Yankee officers and privates, Yankee women and citizens. As we approached we found them listening with a jubilant enthusiasm as one of their number read aloud the bloodthirsty editorial of the morning's paper. I think it was something from Brownlow. ¹ As he poured forth fierce denunciations against the "hell-born rebellion" I looked at Jimmie and we both smiled. I suppose this was treason from the quick,

¹ William Cannaway Brownlow (1805-1877), a leading Tennessee Unionist. He was elected governor of Tennessee in 1865 and in 1867, both times on the Republican ticket. Boatner, p. 93.
searching look an officer gave us over his paper. After what seemed to us interminable hours of waiting the boat started.

We had been joined by Mrs. Kemper who was also going to Louisville and as we knew nothing of the politics of the other ladies we agreed among ourselves to say “nothing to nobody.” We had, however, abundant opportunity for listening. The rebellion—the rebellion—the cursed rebellion was on every tongue. Our armies, our Generals, our statesmen, and our people were torn to pieces with a merciless fury.

When the clerk came to register our names he asked if my sister and I had not refused the day before to shake hands with a Federal officer, a man named Hunter from Bardstown, Ky., having told the Captain that though an old friend we had refused to recognize him. I told him I had refused to shake hands with Lt. Davis but my sister was not with me and as for Hunter I knew nothing of him except that he was the son of a Negro trader and I had helped him hunt for his wounded brother who belonged to the Confederate Army.

After a while someone remarked that a man from Elizabethtown, Ky., had been refused a pass because the place was not loyal. Mrs. Kemper asked me if the charge was true. Upon my telling her that depended upon the construction put upon the word as I might mean one thing by it and she another, a tall, spare, gray-headed man with the inevitable blue coat buttoned up in chaplainish style, gave me a look. He then proceeded to a table and sitting down began to write. As my irreverent eyes rested upon him I was not conscious that I was gazing upon a portion of that awful machinery which was to “crush the rebellion.” Two or three officers gathered around him in evident admiration. Scratch, scratch went the pen and still we sat by “in fancied security.” At length the machinations of our enemies were brought to a close. The old man raised the paper. The young ones listened breathlessly—and vengeance burst forth in a song. The tune was that of an old Methodist hymn. The pitch rather high and the voice, had it been engaged in a less noble cause, might have been called cracked. I think there were about fifteen verses but I regret I can only recall a fragment of the chorus:
"The rebels are flying
Secession is dying,
Never to revive any more."

It was sung like all fashionable songs, "with great applause." The clapping of hands and stamping of feet rewarding the severe mental labor the old man had undergone for the sake of his country.

One man especially who walked up and down the cabin applauded violently until looking around he discovered us in an uncontrollable fit of laughter and shocked at our levity under this severe reproof he grew quiet.

Jimmie told me during the day that as the passengers were all standing on the guard looking at a gunboat which we passed she heard the clerk say in an undertone, "I would like to see her and all on board sink right there." She found afterwards that the boat belonged to a Secessionist of Louisville who, upon it being seized, refused to command it but sent his clerks and crew along to prevent as much as possible it being damaged. They said even the Negroes were Secessionists. A citizen of Louisville told me he was down in the kitchen for some purpose when a Yankee soldier came in and the cook (a big, black Negro) asked him what he wanted.

"Well," he said, "I don't know as I want anything."

"Den go 'long," said the cook. "We're all Suddern Rights in here and don't want none sich as you!"

Our prudence with a great deal of nursing lasted through the day, though exposed to many violent shocks, but finally gave signs of failing. At supper it tottered visibly in the way of a slight conversation between Jimmie and Mrs. Kemper on one side and a Yankee officer on the other, the latter having announced the capture by their forces of Memphis. I took no part in the conversation and very soon we all left the table. After the officers had finished eating they came up to where we were sitting by our stateroom door and renewed the conversation. Our prudence then gave way entirely. In Texan parlance it "vamosed the ranch." A Captain Markham from Minnesota was talking to me. He was altogether the quietest and most gentlemanly Yankee
I had seen and though we were both extreme in our views we neither became angry. He acknowledged I was right when I said the Union was a great and beneficial thing for them but had never been for us, but justified his fighting against us when we wished to leave it by saying governments ought not to be broken up. A wise reason truly but better appreciated by those who profit than those who suffer by it!

A big, blustering Ohio Yankee, a Capt. Carter, was talking to Jimmie. Their debate was not so quiet.

Capt. Carter said at last, “Oh! I don’t hate the Southerners, I expect yet to marry a Southern girl with 1500 Negroes.”

Jimmie’s Southern blood boiled at the idea. “You marry a Southern girl!” she exclaimed. “Do you think a Southern girl would marry a Yankee?”

At this an officer standing near retired and cursed horribly.

The next morning when we came out of our stateroom there were only two or three officers in the cabin. Capt. Markham sat reading a newspaper. He made one or two moves and finally came over and sat down by us saying he had something to read to us. It was a humourous camp letter from some Southern paper. When he finished reading he talked to us and bore all our fierce Southern sentiments with a quiet good humor which astonished me. I told him he was more like a Southerner in appearance and manner than any Northern man I had ever met. He said his friends sometimes blamed him for not being more excitable about the cause. He seemed quite philosophic.

When we stopped at Clarksville they brought on such a number of sick and wounded that the clerk gave us the Captain’s room, which was on the upper deck, or in “Texas” as it is called. Capt. Markham and Capt. Western, another Minnesota man, were very kind and polite and directed their servants to bring our meals to us. There were several Yankee ladies on board who were obliged still to stay downstairs and take their meals in the cabin, crowded with sick and wounded, and anyone who has ever been in the room with the wounded knows it takes a hungry man to eat there. The ladies were very much offended at the favor shown us and demanded what Union officers meant by such attention to “rebel women.”
I went downstairs once to look at the wounded and was amused at the feminine manner in which one of the ladies and I cut at each other. There was a row of miserable, haggard, wounded men sitting waiting to be taken to their bunks.

"Are those Federals?" I asked.

"No indeed," she answered with a malicious cut of her eye at me, "they are rebels."

"I thought," I returned in a lamb-like manner, "they didn't look like Yankees." I knew those North Western people would rather you should call them devils than Yankees.

I took another look at the rebels—poor fellows! I don't think the Yankees would have been much hurt by my saying they did not look like them. They had passed through the terrible battle of Fort Donelson, their clothes were soiled, torn, and bloodstained, their hands and faces as though the gunpowder had never been washed or worn from them. Many of them had their heads bound up. They did look like a band of conspirators.

We tied up to report at Fort Donelson. Almost everyone went ashore to traverse the battlefield. I was content with a view from the pilot house. I was surprised to find there had been no "fort" there at all but only a succession of breastworks and rifle pits. I heard a great many exclamations of how "we charged them there and they charged us here, they flanked us at that point and we beat them back at this." If I were a man I would not want to command a corporal's guard. To take a gun and load and shoot would exhaust my military capacity.

After the boat started a Mr. Smith, who was from Baltimore but by birth a Northern man, came to the door of our room and brought us some mementoes of the battlefield, pebbles and pieces of cedar. He talked to us some time and expressed the most violent Southern sentiments. He said he had once started to the Southern army but had been caught and made to take the oath. I thought it a poor excuse. As he started below he told us he had no stateroom and was obliged to carry his overcoat on his arm and would be glad if we would let him hang it on a nail just inside our door. He left it there and we saw no more of him.

Day was just breaking when a servant knocked at our door
and told us that in accordance with late orders the boat had run down to Paducah and would go no farther. The clerk advised us to dress as soon as possible and get on a Louisville packet then lying at the wharf. Just as we were ready to leave our room Captain Markham came to the door and told us that he intended taking the railroad from that point but wished first to see us safely on the other boat, where Capt. Western would see that we were attended to.

I was startled on looking up to see once more the broad Ohio. What mingled emotions it called up! Thoughts of Kentucky, of home and friends, of those peaceful days which the tumultuous present seemed to have driven years and years away into the past. While as I thought of those who lived beyond it the hatred of a lifetime rushed hot upon my heart and the remembrance of the blood between them and my native land made me echo the wish that the Ohio was a gulf of raging fire.

As I turned from the river my thoughts took the more practical turn of an inquiry—why Mr. Smith had not come for his coat? Jimmie asked if I didn’t know they had run him off the boat the night before. I turned to Captain Markham. The philosopher was gazing placidly out on the still gray light which overspread the waters.

“Well, whoever did it,” I said, “it was a cowardly thing for three hundred men to bully one.”

Capt. Markham remarked that sometimes a man took advantage of this disproportion in numbers to say things he would not dare say to one man which may be true but I think Mr. Smith miscalculated the people he dealt with if he imagined this would shield him among the Yankees. Mr. Smith it seems had made himself very disagreeable by the character of his remarks. Among other things, he had said a Northern gentleman was no better than a Southern Negro which did seem such an outrageous speech. I could not defend it, though if I could have seen the disgusting length to which the Yankees themselves would take the doctrine, I need not have thought the remark too harsh even when made to them. I told Captain Markham though that rude as the remark was I didn’t think it could be called treason. He said he supposed they only intended to frighten the man.
When we changed to the other boat the Yankee officers were
quarreling vociferously about the high fare, or having to pay
more than one half when they had only gone half way or some
other pecuniary grievance, we could not tell exactly what, but
contented ourselves with laughing over their expostulations.

There being no sick or wounded on the other boat we took
a stateroom opening on the cabin and became thereby exposed
to a galling fire from the Yankee ladies. They talked at us, and
to us, and around us but failed to elicit a single response, I hav-
ing always had a peculiar horror of a woman’s quarrel and
Jimmie and Mrs. Kemper being equally indisposed to skirmish
with these so well skilled in the use of their peculiar weapon.
One old lady from Indiana was a special horror. She looked as
though she might have been considered sharp even in her native
land. Imagine what an appearance of intense sharpness she
presented to Southern eyes. Her favorite mode of defiance was
to collect the Yankees around the piano where one of their num-
bers played while all sang in full chorus the national airs, the old
lady herself joining in with such excess of enthusiasm that her
cap strings quivered with excitement.

In a conversation with someone, I remarked we would prob-
ably return to Nashville by railroad and on being asked if I was
not afraid Morgan would capture the train I said that would
make but little difference as besides a great many friends I had
a first cousin in his command. The old Indiana lady raised her-
self like the war horse that snuffeth the battle from afar.

"Judge Goin," she exclaimed, "John Morgan is nothing but
a murderer and a robber is he?"

"Nothing but a robber and a murderer," answered the deep
bass of the Judge.

"There never was such warfare known among civilized
people was there?"

"Never among civilized people," responded the Judge as
though they were going through the Litany.

"And then Judge," I wish I could put on paper the look
she fixed on me, "and then—to think of their having the impud-
ence to boast to us of having friends and relatives in his com-
mand."
I heard Judge Goin say afterwards, "This secession is a
disease—a disease, Sir. It can be caught in a night. I have seen
people go to bed as good Unionists as there are in the country
and wake up in the morning Secessionists."

I was told all his family had caught the disease and in his
grandsons the type was so violent as to lead them into the
Southern army.

There was a boy on board who excited my curiosity. He
seemed to be sixteen or seventeen years old, and though not a
soldier was the best of friends with the Yankees. He was
travelling with an old Yankee lady whose Northern sentiments
or at least her expressions of them had taken a mellow tint from
the fact that she was stone deaf. The boy was speaking of one
of the officers one day and as I passed him said in an undertone,
"I only know he is a Yankee and I have no use for them, have
you?"

I only laughed and answered, "No," hardly knowing where
to place the boy until I was told he was a Southern soldier who
escaping from Donelson was making his way in disguise to North
Western Virginia with the hope of ultimately rejoining his
command.

The last day of the journey there was quite an argument
in the cabin. An Indiana Captain, maintaining that the only
way now to give a finishing blow to the rebellion, which all
believed to be in its death agony, was to give way to the "higher
law" men. He said the whole army should be permitted to deal
with the people of the South as they pleased and was certain
if, to use his own expression, they would let Indiana loose on
the Confederacy she would soon settle the national difficulty.
Which I suppose meant they would settle themselves on the
plantations after they had killed us. I was surprised to hear
Capt. Markham oppose him for I had rather suspected him of
being a Black Republican, though, as he had been really kind
and gentlemanly in his conduct to us and I had been accustomed
to regard the mere suspecting a man of being a Black Republican
an unpardonable insult, I would not ask him. After the discus-
sion I ventured the question. He said he was. It was the first
time in my life I had heard a man openly avow such a thing, for the men who were not ashamed to carry on a war that would have disgraced vandals, to plunder and to murder us, still called themselves Democrats and Capt. Markham was and still is the only man of that army I have ever heard call himself a Republican.

I asked him then why he had not agreed with his abolition friend. He replied there were different degrees of blackness in his party and his friend happened to be a little blacker than himself. Capt. Western had been a Breckinridge Democrat and said they were once about to hang him in Minnesota for his Southern sympathies but both he and Capt. Markham were black enough to think that when the "rebellion was crushed," that blissful time to which all the faithful were looking with renewed hope, all of our highest officers and most prominent men should be hung. How horrible it was to see the confidence with which they looked to what they believed to be our fast approaching destruction.

There was one officer, Capt. Carter from Ohio, who made himself particularly disagreeable. One night he was so rude that I left the cabin and went to my stateroom. After I left, Jimmie and Mrs. Kemper bore for some time his remarks which were made at us and not to us. At length Mrs. Kemper asked Jimmie if she knew the difference between a "court-martial" and a "court of inquiry." Capt. Carter started. It was his first intimation that we knew he was on his way to Washington to have a sentence dismissing him from the service reversed. He recovered himself in a moment and began again. Mrs. Kemper, being dissatisfied with Jimmie's answer proposed the same question to Capt. Markham very distinctly. This time Capt. Carter gave an unmistakable start, looked at Mrs. Kemper a moment, said nothing and disappeared to his room for the night. The next morning he studiously avoided speaking to us or looking at us though he passed so near once as to trip on Mrs. Kemper's dress. The Yankees, who though they are bitter enough as enemies are worth but little as friends, enjoyed his confusion amazingly. At dinner he had regained his composure and his
impudence and began again his remarks about the South.

"Capt. Markham," said Mrs. Kemper, "is it considered a
disgrace in your army to be court-martialed?"

"I don't know," he said. "Why? Do you know anyone who
has been court-martialed?"

"I have heard of some," was the brief answer which made
Capt. Carter relapse into silence. We were fast approaching
the end of a journey which had consumed three times the time
it should have. We were told that by morning we would be in
Louisville. Capt. Western in speaking to me of the trip said,
"You do hate the Northern people."

I laughed and asked, "Do you really think so?"

"Yes," he answered, "I have never seen anyone who so
detested the whole race."

"Well," I said, "place yourself in my position and your
feelings would be the same. Remember that whether the South
is right or wrong I was born and reared in it. I have not a drop
of Northern blood in my veins. I was never across the Ohio
River but one-half hour in my life. My relations who are able
to bear arms are in the Southern army. I see my country, dear
as it is to me, devoted as I am to its cause, almost overrun by
your army. Do you think my feelings are anything but natural?"

He acknowledged he did not. We then talked for some time
about the war and the relations of the two countries. When
we had finished I said, "Sometimes I fear you and Capt. Mark-
ham will be offended at the very plain expression of my feelings.
You have both been very kind to us and have protected us
against the rudeness of others and I would not like to say any-
thing that would wound your feelings." He said he was not
at all offended and was glad we had had the conversation as
it made him see the matter in a very different light from that
in which he had hitherto looked upon it.

I was amused afterward at a remark Jimmie repeated to
me which Captain Western had made in speaking of the
Southern accent.

"You," he said to Jimmie, "have a very correct pronunciation
and might be mistaken for a pert little Yankee girl but your
sister speaks as though she had been taught to talk by a great big, fat Negro wench."

Jimmie and I both agreed we would rather talk like a Negro than like a Yankee.

Jimmie awoke me very early in the morning and told me we were at Louisville. When I came out I found the most of the passengers had left. Capt. Markham and Capt. Western were waiting to see us safely in the hack. They were going to the United States Hotel, we to the Louisville.

The ladies were still around the stove and made valuable use of these last moments, never reflecting that if their tongues could kill we would have been by that time too stone dead to give even one consoling writhe under the torture.

The deaf old lady was bewailing in a meek manner that the boy had gone off with her pocketbook and left her to make her way alone in this penniless condition. Indiana fiercely comforted her, looking at me all the time as though I had stolen the money.

"I told you so! What did you trust him for?" she poured out. "Didn't you know he was a Secessionist? What else did you expect of him? Didn't you know he would be true to his secession principles and steal your money?"

The old lady had no defense to make. We cast commiserating eyes upon her and wondered how Indiana had found out the boy's politics.

She was just in the height of her enjoyment, rolling the whole affair as a sweet morsel under her tongue, when the boy made his appearance having been gone for a hack to take the old lady to the hotel. We started at the same time, leaving Indiana somewhat under a cloud.

The first glimpse we caught of Louisville the streets were dotted with blue. We must have known they were there but we started at the sight.

"Those horrid blue coats," I exclaimed. "I did hope I would never see one again!"

The hotel too was crowded with Yankee officers and their families. In every part of the house you met them—quick, sharp,
and fidgety. It made me nervous to look at them.

When seated at the dinner table we were surprised to see Mr. Smith enter the dining room. He saw us and the fourth seat at our own table being unoccupied he came up and took it. He immediately inquired how we got along after he left the boat. We told him very well.

"Did you indeed," he said. "Well, you know, I was very uneasy about you. When I left the boat they told me they intended to throw you overboard."

"Then," I said, "they would just have had the trouble of taking me out again for I can't swim 'a lick'."

"Can't you indeed," he said as earnestly as though that would have had great effect if rightly represented to the Yankees.

We then begged him for an account of his adventures which he gave as follows.

While sitting in the cabin after supper the soldiers first awakened his fears by coming near and repeating certain expressions he had used such as "Baltimore drew the first blood and she will draw the last." One asked him if he was a Knight of the Golden Circle. On being answered in the negative he repeated again the obnoxious prediction about Baltimore and telling him they intended to kill him, drew their knives. They yielded however to his entreaties for a moment in which to prepare for death. He had just appealed to a surgeon for protection, who replied he had nothing to do with it, when Bishop Whelan came up and said that as a priest he could not see a man hurried so into eternity and begged a few moments in which to prepare him. This the Yankees also granted but Mr. Smith seemed unable to direct his thoughts heavenward while there was a chance to save his body. He began to grasp the hands of those around him and having the Odd Fellow's grip returned, called on the man by his oath to protect him, while Bishop Whelan commanded an Irish Catholic to sheath his knife. One or two others being found who were Odd Fellows or Masons they succeeded in getting Mr. Smith back to his state room. Bishop Whelan stood in the door which he was about the right size to fill. Mr. Smith hid under a mattress and
by various devices they finally got him off the boat when they
landed at some town. Capt. Carter however followed him to
the hotel and told the landlord he had been run off the boat for
stealing. We asked which of the officers had been engaged in
the attack on him. He declared very naively that he was so
scared he didn't know and added, "I never expected to prove
myself such a coward. I was in Baltimore the day we mobbed
the Yankee troops and though the bullets flew in every direc-
tion I was not frightened. But then I suppose I was excited."
He seemed to think now however he was out of the woods and
could safely holler for when I warned him he was speaking too
loud and would be overheard by the Yankees at the other tables
he replied he was not at all afraid of them now for he had so
many friends in Louisville. I was very glad he had been born
in the North. When leaving the table he said he would get
his hat from the other end of the room and go up to the parlors
with us but I told Jimmie I wanted no such coward to go with
me to the parlor so we went on without waiting. He followed
but we excused ourselves and went to our room where Mrs.
Kemper, Jimmie and I held an indignation meeting and voted
the man had disgraced our party and that too in the presence
of the Yankees and we were tempted to go down and kill him
ourselves.

That evening we told Capt. Markham and Capt. Western
goodbye and thanked them for all their kindness. Capt. West-
ern told me they had introduced themselves to us because they
saw a disposition on the part of some others to be rude and
that he had been called to an account by some other officers
for his attention to rebel women but he told them he never
cared for a lady's politics and besides did not recognize the
right of any officer on the boat to regulate his conduct. It is
very hard for me even in my thoughts to do justice to anyone
born north of Mason's and Dixon's line but I must acknowledge
that in their conduct towards us both of these officers were
gentlemen and as under the circumstances I was willing to accept
their kindness, I have tried to give them full credit for it in my
account of this trip.
We started Monday morning on the Frankfort train, Mrs. Kemper leaving us at a depot not far from Louisville. None but citizens were in the cars and the hated uniform had at last disappeared. It was my first opportunity for observing "armed neutrality" or rather I had not come quite early enough for that, this neutrality being decidedly disarmed. A party, however, of those impressive beings known as female rebels, she adders, hyenas, &c., were getting up a little excitement among themselves telling of some outrages by Yankee soldiers. It was a relief to hear them for the rest of the passengers seemed sunk into a state of apathy bordering stupefaction.

We took the stage from Frankfort. It was crowded but scarcely a word was spoken. Not even a look betrayed they were conscious of the tempest of war and blood which was sweeping the country. I felt as though I was in a funeral procession. As we approached Harrodsburg one man ventured to ask Jimmie (finding we were from Nashville) what the Southern ladies did for fashion books. She told him we needed none having no dresses to make by them.

It was with right glad hearts we sprang from the stage at the "big gate" and running up through the lawn found ourselves with Grandpa and Grandma. We sat down that evening and relieved our feelings. We told them everything mean we knew of the Yankees and they told us everything mean they knew, which included a good deal. Grandma gave us the full history of the Secession party in Harrodsburg from the election of Lincoln and told us of all the speeches made by Roger Hanson and Phil Thompson who were great heroes with her.
A S SOON as it was known we had arrived a host of friends hurried to see us and to hear of their brothers and husbands and sons who were out in the Southern army. No Southern troops had ever been so high in Kentucky as Harrodsburg and they never tired of our accounts of the Confederacy. They laughed heartily when we told them of the manner in which the ladies of Nashville had received the Yankees.

Once in passing the house of Miss Alexander she ran out to speak to me and said, "I hear you ladies made mouths at the Yankees when they came to Nashville, did you?"

"Well, I made one or two," I said.

"Oh," she returned, "I think it was mighty pretty. I wish I had been there to help you."

Jimmie and I were much troubled because we saw nothing now but Yankee papers, filled with accounts of glorious victories, but Grandma comforted us with the assurance that not a word of truth was ever by any accident found in them. We would amuse ourselves often with watching her read the papers and comment to herself, "Ahem! O Yes! I dare say! Well now what liars you are!"

"What is the matter Grandma?" we would ask.

"These rebels! They have the most convenient armies I ever heard of! Before a battle they are poor, ragged, barefooted, starving fellows—could hardly strike a blow to save their lives—and only a little handful of them at that. And as soon as a battle comes on, they jump up out of the ground, thousands and thousands—great big fellows, plenty to eat and to wear and the best arms in the world. Oh! these Yankees will have a harder time whipping them than they thought! When they started for Manassas they were going to whip us right off—that morning. Told their men they needn't take any dinner at all, just tie up
a little something in their handkerchiefs for a breakfast bite. Oh la! they've eaten a many a dinner since then!"

I have never seen such bitter feeling as there was between the two parties. Social intercourse had almost ceased. The Southern party claimed to consist of the old Kentucky families who came out from Virginia and reproached the Unionists with being Yankees and those allied to the Yankees.

The life and soul of the Union Party was Morgan Vance, a man originally from Tennessee but who having married a Kentuckian had settled near Harrodsburg and had for years kept the county in commotion by his law suits with his and his wife's families and all who had any claim to be called friends of either. After such a course of litigation he had many old scores to pay off and mercilessly did he pay them! His remorseless activity made him very useful to the Union party and his acknowledged character very convenient. Were a Unionist reproached with the sins of his party, nothing was better than to bind the whole burden on the shoulders of Morgan Vance, until the Secessionists insinuated their chief objection to him was his name was Legion.

Chiefly through his instrumentality there had been raised for Mercer County two companies known as the "Home Guards." The members were not from Harrodsburg but from the Chaplain hills, a section of the county of such unenviable notoriety that

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1Morgan Brown Vance, a native of Tennessee, was an extensive planter there and owner of the famed Non Cona plantation. He married in Tennessee, 1845, Susan Preston Thompson, daughter of Colonel George C. Thompson, of Shawnee Springs, Mercer County, Ky. Morgan Vance moved his family to Kentucky prior to the outbreak of the Civil War, settling near Harrodsburg. Early in the war he organized two companies of Home Guards in Mercer County and acted as the local Provost Marshal of Harrodsburg in the spring of 1862. On July 21, 1862, Vance's home, together with all the outhouses, were destroyed by fire, presumably started by incendiaries. He was absent from home at the time, "leading a band of patriots in pursuit of John Hunt Morgan." Thereafter, he lived in Harrodsburg, at Shawnee Springs, and in 1868 removed to New Albany, Indiana, where he died in 1871. During the war his devotion to the Union brought upon him and his family suffering and disaster, which did not end until he was finally driven from Kentucky, sacrificing his own and his wife's fortunes. His third son was Dr. [Ap] M[organ] Vance (1854-1915), the first physician in Kentucky to restrict his practice to surgery alone. E. Polk Johnson, A History of Kentucky and Kentuckians . . . (Chicago, New York, 1912), II, 1058-59.
from my earliest recollection I had heard the word "Chaplinch" used as a curt term of contempt even by the Negroes. These men were of course delighted with the idea of regulating the politics of the "town people" and had about as much idea when they were interfering with constitutional liberty as did the horses they ploughed. And the Yankees showed they had a very just appreciation of the spots in Kentucky where the "glorious Union" and the "old flag" would awaken the most enthusiasm when they chose from Chaplin the men whom they "delighted to honor."

These Home Guards usually paraded on Saturday when they would arrest such citizens as had displeased them, it being quite impossible to tell whom the doomed ones would be as they sometimes passed over those who had made themselves most conspicuous for their Southern sentiments and arrested those who seemed most inoffensive. The Secessionists said the secret clue to this seeming capriciousness was the private business affairs of the two parties. If a Southerner held the note of a Union man and the day for payment approached nothing would save the best government the world ever saw but the transfer of the Southerner to Camp Chase.

One evening I was sitting on the porch when Grandpa passed me hurriedly and went into the house returning in a few moments with Grandma. He was pale and excited while Grandma seemed to be expostulating. I could not tell exactly what was the matter though I heard Grandma say, "I wouldn't do it—just be quiet—be reasonable. You will be killed."

"I know that," returned Grandpa, "but I will kill some of them first and I would rather die than those wretches should take me."

"Why don't you do like Mr. Curry," said Grandma. "See how quiet he is. He doesn't think of resisting. If there was any chance for you—but what can one old man do against two whole companies? You had better do like Mr. Curry."

Grandpa said nothing but went into the house, and Jimmie coming out, Grandma told us the Home Guards were arresting citizens. Ten or twelve were already taken and two of Grandpa's Negro men had left their work in town and run to his office to tell him to get home as soon as possible or he would be
arrested. Grandpa had come home intending to resist if they followed him but the only weapon about the house was a double barrel shotgun and Little Jack had that hunting. Grandma hoped he would not come home till night. Jimmie said she didn’t blame Grandpa for wanting to fight. Neither did I but I did not want to see him make a useless resistance which could only end in his being murdered at his own door.

Just then Jack came running up through the yard with the gun. When he reached the porch his great black eyes looked twice their natural size and he had run until he could scarcely talk. He seemed to think we would be charmed to see him with the gun.

"I came as fast as I could," he said. "I was coming home anyhow and as I passed Mr. Curry’s he ran out and said ‘Run Jack run, and take that gun to your Grandpa’." Jimmie and I couldn’t help laughing to see Grandma’s main argument of Mr. Curry fall so suddenly to the ground. After taking the gun in to Grandpa Jack went up town.

Grandpa, though often patient, law abiding, and forbearing until it almost provoked me, was when excited so violent and unyielding that to use a vulgar expression "there was no doing anything with him"—so that it was with small hope of success and only to please Grandma that I went to his room to try to persuade him not to load the gun. There he stood by the window, the gun in one hand and the ramrod in the other, ramming away as though he had a Yankee in the barrel. I knew him too well not to approach cautiously so I asked as carelessly as I could,

"Are you loading the gun, Grandpa?"

"I-I thought I would if I c-could get the a-ammunition!"

He never stammered except when angry so my caution increased as he held out this signal of hostilities. I ventured one or two questions in a mild manner from which I learned he intended to fight the Home Guard.

"Now Grandpa I wouldn’t do that," I said plunging head-long into my remonstrance. "Indeed I wouldn’t. You know I would never object to your fighting if there was any chance
for your life. But resistance is certain death and I don’t want to see you murdered in your own house. Put the gun down Grandpa and don’t load it.”

He said he had no shot yet and made one or two evasive replies. After saying all I could I left him still ramming at that Yankee. I told Grandma what I had accomplished which was nothing, but said I thought perhaps we had better let him load the gun for if he was mad he would fight, that I believed he imagined that old hickory cane of his a rifled battery and I would not be surprised to see him rush out at the Home Guard with that.

“The idea,” said Grandma, “of his wanting to fight the whole Home Guard with one old shotgun and he could never kill anything when he went hunting! Never killed anything in his life!”

“Now Grandma,” said Jimmie, “you know he killed two squirrels once at one shot.”

“Yes once and that was an accident—that was the only time.”

Jimmie and I were quoting various birds &c when Grandpa, unconscious of the precarious state of his reputation as a sportsman, came out and sat down with us. We were asking various questions about the other men who had been arrested, without saying anything of himself, when Jack returned and placing himself where Grandma could not see, displayed in a mysterious manner a handful of buckshot. Then he and Grandpa went into the house and Jimmie and I walked down to the lawn gate to see if we could catch a glimpse of the commotion up town. We could see nothing but an occasional squad of the Home Guard. We agreed that as they would be less apt to come for Grandpa if they thought he would resist, and some of them must know Jack had brought the buckshot, we would stand at the gate and if they came towards it pretend to make signals to the house as though we had been stationed for that purpose. To our great relief though night closed in without their making their appearance.

Sunday morning came but with it no Sabbath in the hearts of the people. Each party had received a new infusion of gall
and racked their brains for words in which to vent their hatred. I do not know what they said of us but if words had had the power to kill Harrodsburg would have been strewn with the dead bodies of the Unionists.

True some of them protested they had nothing to do with the arrests—"They were pained to the heart—they never imagined. It was just Morgan Vance, of whom their party was as tired as ours."

But it happened we had some private sources of information so all the mournful shaking of their heads, putting their hands upon their hearts and casting their eyes toward Heaven went for nothing.

The prisoners, sixteen in number, had been carried off at midnight and the women had no consolation amid their tears but in recounting how they had died "with unaverted face" not exactly though, as Byron says, the wolf dies in silence, for the men had gone to the temporary town prison shouting for Jeff Davis and singing "Dixie" while the women thronged the streets and crowded doors and windows screaming and crying, calling to the men as they passed, exhorting them to be firm—to die in prison rather than take the oath. "Behaving ridiculously," the Union men said but perhaps they would have thought differently had they been the prisoners and their wives and daughters the distracted women who thronged the streets.

One little woman followed her husband around town, bareheaded, her short curls flying back on the air. To all the threats of the soldiers she replied she intended to follow her husband, they could shoot her if they wanted to for at least they would send her before a God from whom she would get justice which was more than she could expect from them!

One of the prisoners had offered to "clean out" the whole Home Guard if they would give him a pistol. A soldier took one from his belt but the man reached so eagerly for it he put it back again. Another dared the Captain to lay down his arms and fight him in the street, but he declined the challenge.

A little boy drew a pistol on the Captain who in turn was about to shoot him when some ladies caught the boy and pulled him into the house, almost tearing his coat off in the effort.
A little boy, the son of a Dutchman, who had hurrached for Lincoln in the street, had been seized by the other boys and carried into a livery stable where they ducked him in the horse trough.

So there were occasional gleams of triumph, even on our side. The most depressed people were the Unionists whose children had been arrested, for they said their Union friends did not sympathize with them and the Secessionists were laughing in their sleeves. For my part I thought it no great pity they should be forced to drink of the cup they had helped to mix. And could not help laughing at one Union mother, who after exhausting her terms of reproach on the man who was taking away her son, called him a "black-hearted Abolitionist."

Though politics were not preached at any church in town yet Jimmie and I refused to go again to the Methodist Church because the preacher was a Union man. On our way to the Presbyterian Church we were told they intended to arrest the ladies as the congregation came out. We went on however determined to risk the consequences. We found everything quiet and orderly as usual. At the opening prayer the minister remembered "those in distress" and came as near praying for the Secessionists as he dared. That was some comfort to us who like Dives, "lifted up our eyes being in torment,"

2 and welcomed even a drop of water. The sermon had scarcely begun when the congregation were alarmed by the shouts and cries of the Home Guard in front of the church. Not knowing but that they had arrested others, Jimmie and I with others rushed out, each fearing for some relative. We found nothing however but a wagon load of soldiers who their work being done got drunk. I will not say to drown their consciences, for I never heard of anything with the exception of cats that being dead needed killing. Even when convinced Grandpa was not among them, I was trembling so from anger and excitement I could scarcely speak.

A Union man came running up to me. "What is it? What is it?" he asked.

"These devils," was all I could answer.

"What does it all mean?" he asked of a gentleman I did not know.

"Devilment, Sir, devilment!" gasped the man not less excited than myself.

The Unionist did not prosecute his enquiries any further and Jimmie and I went home.

In the evening while out walking we passed the house of a Secessionist and, judging from the sounds of laughter whom we would meet, we went in finding as we expected a crowd of ladies comforting their despair by recounting how they had defied the Home Guard even in their hour of triumph.

Mrs. P. came in directly after us. She and all her family were Secessionists, her brothers being in our army. Her husband having drunk until he had no better sense was in the Home Guard.

"Come in," said the lady of the house to her. "Your husband has mine and has gone off to prison with him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pulliam, "I heard one of the prisoners threatened to whip Mr. Pulliam. I wish from my heart he had done it."
CHAPTER XI

"WITH A LIGHTED TORCH FOR PROSERPINA"

IN JUNE Ma came to Kentucky and we found her accounts of Nashville under Yankee rule some relief to the monotony of our life at Harrodsburg, for spite of the hidden and open warfare between the two parties, the place, compared to those towns in the vicinity of the two armies, was exceedingly dull.

News of any kind was to be had only through the medium of the Northern papers and even in that way it came very slowly, having to go through a kind of filtering process at the war department, which rendered it anything but palatable to Southerners. We saw with indignation what we believed to be immense victories for the South dwindle down into undecided skirmishes, and read with disgust their accounts of the immense and enthusiastic Union sentiments in the overrun districts of the South.

There were some few of the Democratic papers from which we could occasionally glean a crumb of truth but these only departed into the paths of truth when by so doing they could inspire the Abolition party. Against the excesses of those who adhered to Lincoln they cried aloud and spared not, but when a Democrat chose to give way to the natural brutality and meanness of a Yankee, he became to the Democratic editors as though he wore the “invisible cap” of the Arabian Nights. Even the infamous proclamation of Butler against the ladies of New Orleans met with no censure from the organs of his party. The Cincinnati Enquirer, the paper universally taken by the Secessionists of Kentucky, remained silent—refusing to blame where decency forbade it to excuse.1

1This was Major General Benjamin Franklin Butler’s sensational Order No. 28, issued during his occupation of New Orleans. When the general found the women of the city deliberately unpleasant to the occupying troops he met the situation by ordering that “When any female shall, by word, or gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." D.A.B., III, 358.
Our gloom though was somewhat enlivened by a great abundance of what was familiarly called "grapevine." That is, secret Southern intelligence. Every day someone had received a letter from the South. We couldn't tell who it was nor how nor from whom it came for that would bring the parties into trouble. But oh! the glorious victories these letters chronicled. Jack the Giant Killer was not more valiant in his day than the South in hers. Occasionally someone who had been South would return and distressed damsels of Southern proclivities immediately rushed to them to know "if the Southern people were really starving" and, kind souls that these returned travellers were, if they knew anyone had they never told us. I have no doubt our feverish anxiety about the South and everything connected with our cause might have seemed very foolish to some persons, but only to those who had never died a slow death from a surfeit of Yankee news.

Some Secessionists about the town had taken the oath to the U. S., and some believed that in their circumstances the best thing was for them to give the Yankees no excuse for troubling them, but yet they could not quite give up the pleasure of annoying the Union people.

One of these met Grandpa one day. "Ah, Mr. Chinmi!" he said, "that affair around Richmond was a sad thing! When I read the account of it I just sat down and cried like a child!"

The Union people could certainly not object to a man's crying when the Yankee army was whipped, and yet they knew if this one cried it was from joy.

There was a Yankee boat blown up on White River and a great many lives lost. On the Sunday after the news came we were walking home from church, some Secessionists in front of us and a party of Unionists behind.

One in front turned around and said, loud enough for the Unionists to hear, "We have had very bad news from the Union army lately."

—More than likely a reference to the engagement of June 17, 1862, near St. Charles. During this action a rifled shot from one of the Confederate batteries penetrated the steam draw of the U.S.S. Mound City, the escaping steam killing and disabling most of her officers and crew. Harper’s Weekly, VI (1862), 418.
We laughed and said, "Very bad!"
"I was very much pained, too," he continued, "to hear of that accident on White River." Then the whole party laughed in the most singular way for people who were pained.

I heard of one gentleman who took the oath and then said to those administering it, "I am a Union man now ain't I?"
"Yes, a Union man," they answered.
"And can say just what I please?"
"Yes."
"Well, then, didn't the rebels give us the devil the other day at Richmond?"

The Negroes were divided in political sentiment. Most of them were like a Negro who exclaimed to another as I passed them on the street, "Yes sur, I'm a Union man, strong as any forty." By which they meant they were opposed to being subjected to white men for they were incapable of comprehending Unionism any further. Others professed to be, and I believe were to some extent, sympathizers with their masters. One evening while walking I was attracted by an excited conversation behind me between two little Negroes.

"Ain't you shamed to say you is agin the Union?" said one.
"No I ain't. I am agin it," returned the other.
"I'll tell Cap'n Rue³ and den you'll deny it."
"No I won't."
"Well you oughter be shamed to be agin the Union," persisted the "loyal" darkey.

I turned around and said, "I'll take up a switch directly and wear it out on you until I make you against the Union."

Ma said she didn't think that would be right, being a clear case of coercion.

I heard of one old Negro who was in the habit of bushwhacking Yankees and guiding Southern spies. Some of the Southern boys asked him why he did it. "Kase," he said, "Massa

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³This could have been George Rue, a native of Mercer County, soldier at eighteen in the Mexican War, and Captain of one of the Home Guard companies in 1862. He was Major in the 9th Regiment of Cavalry, U.S.A., at the time of Morgan's Indiana-Ohio raid. Mrs. Maria T. Davies, History of Mercer and Boyle Counties [Kentucky] (Harrodsburg, 1924), p. 166.
was Suddern. Master was heap older an he was, so he jes do whatever Master tell him."

Ma told us that while in Nashville she obtained permission to visit the political prisoners and prisoners of war who were confined in the penitentiary. After seeing those for whom the visit was specially intended she was introduced to Green Roberts, 4 one of Morgan's Men from Louisville, Ky. He was quite a young man not being more than 18 or 20 but evidently shrewd and active. He said he was among those men taken at Lebanon, Tenn., in the night. The Yankees came into his room and surprised him in bed. He succeeded however in making them believe he was collecting clerk for some large house in Louisville, but just as they were about to release him some Yankee whom he had known before the war came in and he was sent on to Nashville.

Mary Johnson, a young lady who was with Ma, went back that evening to the penitentiary to carry some papers to the prisoners when Green Roberts told her he intended to make his escape, for which purpose he had removed all the fastenings from the inside of one of the windows and only needed that someone should take one nail from the outside. Mary promised to do all she could for him and went immediately to Dr. Ford 5


5 Very probably Samuel Howard Ford, LL.D., born London, England, February 19, 1819. Removing to America when a child, he grew up in Missouri and was licensed to preach there in 1840. Later he removed to Kentucky, securing pastorates in Paducah and Louisville, and in 1853 becoming joint editor (later editor) of the Christian Repository. (In Kentucky he was an early associate in the Baptist Church of S. L. Helm, brother of John Larue Helm.) In the fall of 1861 he left Louisville secretly and threw his lot with the Southern Confederacy. He was a member from Kentucky of the first Confederate States Congress. During the war he was in Memphis, Nashville, and Mobile, Alabama. After the war he continued to edit, with his wife, Ford's Christian Repository, and died in St. Louis July 5, 1905.

His wife was Sallie Rochester Ford, a native of Boyle County, Kentucky, and herself the author of a number of books, one of which was Raids and Romance of Morgan and His Men (New York: Charles B. Richardson, 1864), in which incidents in Lizzie's diary are further described. She died in St. Louis February 18, 1910, aged 81 years. Missouri Historical Review, I (1906-07), 152-153; IV (1909-10), 215.
for assistance. Dr. Ford sent for a mechanic and offered him fifty dollars to remove the nail. The man said he would do it but being himself a Southerner, would take no money for it. The escape was to be made that night and when Mary went home she told Ma who was then staying at Col. Johnson’s.

When Ma went again to the penitentiary she was surprised to find Green Roberts still there. He told her there were more fastenings in the window than he had supposed and he had determined when he was allowed to walk in the yard in the daytime to make his escape over the wall. Ma promised to wait with a buggy for him in the street near by, but he refused to let her expose herself to such danger for him and said beside that a lady in the buggy would attract more attention than a gentleman but suggested she should go to a gentleman named Baldwin. Ma found Mr. Baldwin in a drug store where he was a clerk.

He wanted to know what the penalty would be if he were caught. On being told it was likely he would be imprisoned and the buggy and horse confiscated, he said if the buggy and horse should be taken he had no means of paying for them. But Dr. Ford who just then came in promised to attend to that. So it was agreed that Ma should engage a buggy at the livery stable as if to go out to Col. Johnson’s that evening—that she should promise to send for it at two o’clock.

At the time appointed Mr. Baldwin should get it and go out to the penitentiary to see some of the prisoners and while he was inside and the buggy hitched in the street, Mr. Roberts was to make his escape. In the meantime Ma was to wait on the north side of the river so as soon as Mr. Roberts crossed she could guide him to our house, which was two miles and a half from the river and near Col. Johnson’s.

Ma accordingly crossed over and took her station in a clump of trees at a convenient distance for seeing the ferry boat, which crossed every fifteen minutes; but after several hours of weary and fruitless watching night forced her to go home. When next she saw Mr. Roberts he said the Yankees had watched him so closely it was impossible to escape.
So they finally gave up all hope of seeing him at liberty but this happened to be one of those extraordinary cases so often read of and so seldom seen which are better than all our hopes, for one evening on coming home Ma was met by Mariana who told her a gentleman had come and Mary had taken him down to our house. Suspecting immediately who it was, Ma went to the house and sure enough there was Green Roberts. He had escaped from the penitentiary in broad daylight. The account he gave was not easily understood so Ma concluded he had bribed the guard and wished to conceal it for fear of bringing the Yankee into trouble. After leaving the penitentiary he walked across the fields and came into Nashville. Ma had given him a pretty accurate description of the road from the ferry to our house but he did not know the way to the ferry. He stopped a hack and telling the Negro he intended calling on some ladies he saw in the porch of a neighboring house, directed him to call there for him in half an hour. He then went to the house and representing himself as a Yankee soldier belonging to a camp outside of the city requested permission to rest on the porch. It was given coldly and he sat down.

Soon the gentleman of the house came out and began a conversation with him in the course of which he asked him if they had heard anything lately of Morgan. Mr. Roberts replied carelessly they had no fear of him, they would soon cut him to pieces.

“No,” said the gentleman, “you will not but you may well fear he will cut you to pieces.”

After such unmistakable evidence of the gentleman’s politics, Mr. Roberts considered himself safe in owning he was one of Morgan’s men. The avowal acted like magic on the crowd. They rushed forward, shook hands with him, and offered any assistance in their power. He told them he had engaged a hack but they advised him not to wait for it nor trust the driver. The gentleman then called a little boy and directed him to take Mr. Roberts over to Edgefield.

When they reached the ferry, Mr. Roberts took the boy by the hand, called him Willie, and put a bold face on the matter,
so that he landed unsuspected on the north side.

When he told the boy "goodbye" he said, "Willie, do you know you have saved one of Morgan's men?"

"Yes," said Willie, looking triumphant, "and it isn't the first one I've saved either."

Mr. Roberts succeeded in finding his way to our house by the description Ma had given him of the road. The tenant was a little alarmed at the thought of having him stay in the house but Ma assured him he should be only in the rooms where her furniture was put away and for which he could not be held responsible.

Ma started then in the rain to get a horse and a guide for him which was a more difficult matter than would at first appear, for those to whom she would have most naturally applied were already so suspected and watched by the Yankees that she dared not ask them to assist her. At length however she succeeded in getting the horse from one person and the saddle and bridle from another. She then went to a third acquaintance and asked him to help her get a guide.

Mr. Hunter puffed away at his cigar a moment or two very quietly and then said, "I had a Negro to run away from me two or three days ago. I think he must be about the Bend. Yes, I am pretty certain and I shall go for him tomorrow. I reckon too I had better take a police officer with me."

Ma thanked him and having found out the hour he would start, went back to let Mr. Roberts know that all was arranged.

The next morning Mr. Hunter started for his Negro, taking with him a very vigilant police officer who did not return, but who, Mr. Hunter reported, displayed a singular and horrible propensity upon meeting two Yankee officers in a lonely place to kill them and throw their bodies into the bushes, from doing which he was withheld only by the most earnest and tearful pleading on the part of Mr. Hunter.

During the dull days we passed at Harrodsburg, I was sometimes amused to read in the Yankee papers the horrible stories told of the "rebels." Such as that they buried the Yankee dead face downwards, and dug up their bones to make
trinkets of or their skulls to use as drinking cups.

After these stories had been a good deal ventilated, I got a rough cannell coal ring and enclosed it to the editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* and told him that knowing he had found us out I had determined to send him a specimen of our jewelry manufactured from Yankee bones. A friend had sent it to me from the battlefield of Manassas. I hoped he would prize it, Yankee bones on that field being *very scarce*, my friend had had much trouble in digging for them. He could see from the color of the ring it was made of the bones of a Black Republican. I had some beautiful drinking cups made of skulls of which I would gladly send him one but hated to break the set. I signed the letter Anna and sent it but received no reply. But when the Negro troops were put into the Yankee army I wrote again to the same paper anxiously enquiring the whereabouts of that grand, conservative, Democratic Army that had taken Nashville and which he had so often assured his readers would throw down their arms as soon as the Negro was placed beside them. The letter was rather long and in conclusion I begged him to try on the army the magic of the Arabian Nights where the enchantress sprinkling a dog says, “if you were always a dog, remain so, but if you were once a man return to your original form.” This letter I signed “Lucy” and did not date it but suppose the postmark was very plain, for a few days after I saw at the head of the editorial column “Lucy of Harrodsburg will please excuse us. She is entirely too sharp for this department.”

Having once shared strongly in the childish prejudice that “the last tag’s pizen” I wrote a third note in which I told him, “I had seen his severe remark to me and admired his sagacity in cutting at one who could never sufficiently recover herself to reply. However on this occasion I would say if he hoped in that manner to divert me in my search after the conservative army he was mistaken. I intended still to continue like Ceres, search-

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6In August, 1862, Ben Butler raised the Corps d’Afrique and in the following month the First Louisiana N. G. became the first black regiment in the U.S.A. A temporary “black brigade” was raised in Cincinnati in the late summer of 1862, without arms, to fight Morgan’s raiders. Boatner, p. 584.
ing the world with a lighted torch for Proserpina.” 7 This closed the correspondence.

At one time there was a proclamation read directing anyone hurrhaling for Jeff Davis on the street to be shot down. 8 A boy of twelve or thirteen named Messick had been shot through his body in Danville and a man named Tompkins killed in Louisville for the same offence, so there was little doubt the order would be carried into execution in Harrodsburg. So at last, as someone expressed it, if one Secessionist wanted to speak to another he had to go into a cornfield and put out pickets. But anything the boys suffered in the way of repression was compensated for on those nights, when the moon like a policeman retired until the fuss was over. Then the streets resounded with cries for “Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy” and it was in pain that the officers and friends of the best government the world ever saw rushed from their beds in dishabille to drag the culprits to justice. The next day when the Provost Marshal, Morgan Vance, with other burning and shining lights of Unionism, met upon the solemn business of investigation, notwithstanding the number of their friends who had “run to the window,” none had succeeded in seeing anyone.

I never saw but once (except when men were under arrest) an open violation of the proclamation. That was a boy very drunk who had another smaller than himself by the arm and enforced every word with a blow. “I'm for Davis (thump) Beauregard (thump) Lee (thump) and Johnston (thump).” The boy made desperate efforts to escape this determined and unnecessarily violent expression of his friend’s feelings but in vain.

“You'd better hush! You'd better hush!” he remonstrated. “There is a man now at the corner just waiting for you to pass.”

7Ceres, the Roman name of Mother Earth, the protectress of agriculture and all fruits of the earth, searching for her daughter, Proserpina, the Roman counterpart of the Greek goddess, Persephone.

8General Boyle's Circular of Instruction of June 9, 1862, included: "In times of trouble like these, good, law-abiding men will refrain from language and conduct that excites to rebellion. . . . The offender must be arrested and his conduct reported, that he may be dealt with according to law." The Tri-Weekly Commonwealth, (Frankfort, Kentucky), June 11, 1862.
CHAPTER XII

"AT LAST I SAW JOHN MORGAN!"

THEY SAY the darkest hour is just before dawn and if day did not break on Harrodsburg we had at least a flash of light on our darkness.

About noon Saturday July 12th news reached us that Morgan had taken Lebanon and burned it.\(^1\) As that was but twenty miles distant of course we might expect him any hour. If he had fallen down from Heaven in our midst the joy of the Secessionists or the terror of the Unionists could not have been greater. At the latter we laughed, and tried to quiet the people by telling them our army did not molest private individuals or private property, but they had seen too much of their own men to believe that soldiers could ever behave well. Many of them left declaring they never expected to see again more than the ashes of their homes. Fugitives from Danville came at double-quick through town. The Home Guard, despairing of the safety which lay in their own legs, rushed about frantically in search of horses. A few gallant souls however counselled resistance and I saw old Mr. Smedley running about the streets in the hurry of military preparation—an old musket on his shoulder and a cartridge box which looked uncommonly small and inoffensive, buckled as it was around a person having much more the appearance of a good sized barrel than of a soldier. He said he had but three cartridges but could kill three with them. This hope I suppose sustained him for it was a very warm day for a fat man.

Our next door neighbor, Morgan Vance, had taken down the glorious stars and stripes which he had wreathed with laurel

\(^1\) Morgan captured Lebanon July 12, 1862, after defeating and taking prisoners Lieutenant Colonel Ab. Y. Johnson and a small detachment of the 28th Kentucky stationed there. During the raid Morgan’s men burned the U.S. government warehouse with $60,000 worth of stores. Richard H. Collins, *History of Kentucky . . .* (Louisville, 1924), I, 103. (Hereinafter cited as Collins.)
in honor of McClellan's victory around Richmond. He had packed up his wife, his children, and what of his worldly goods he could and as the old lady said of Time, he had "fugited."

Mr. Wingfield, the Post Master, came to Uncle Jack and with penitential agony said, "Oh! I may have said a good many things—I know I have. But I was excited!"

"This thing has had a most wonderful effect upon the opinions of men," said one, "a most wonderful effect! Why there is Hall. Only the other day he wanted to see every Secessionist going down the street—so—with his hands tied behind him. And now I give you my word he is the most moderate, conservative man in town."

Our joy but not our amusement was somewhat abated by the assurance from members of our own party that Morgan was not within a hundred miles of Harrodsburg. During the evening the excitement began to flag even among the Unionists but the evening stage brought news which freshened the alarm. The driver hadn't seen the "raiders" or guerrillas, as they were termed, but he had heard such accounts of them that he had not ventured into Lebanon for the mail.

It was just dark when we heard this. Ma and Jimmie were spending the evening at Dr. Thompson's but the news was too good to be reserved for their return and Aunt Mary and I both being excitable did not waste time trying to restrain our feelings but rushed off to tell them. On the way we rang Mrs. Pierson's bell and without waiting for a servant ran through to the back porch where we found Mrs. Pierson and cried, "Morgan's coming! Morgan's coming!" Poor Mrs. Pierson was too astounded to speak but stood with upraised hands looking from one to the other. We left her and went up to Dr. Thompson's which was at the edge of town. They were all standing at the gate and were as much astonished as Mrs. Pierson had been to see Aunt Mary and myself rushing up, clapping our hands and crying, "Morgan is coming!"

When we went home our excitement had a slight dash of cold water from Grandpa who said, "Pooh! pooh! it is nonsense! He is not near here!"

"Well," cried Aunt Mary, "I never did see anybody like Pa.
He won't believe anything! Don't you believe they are coming, Pa?"

"No."
"Well! Just listen at that! I never will tell Pa anything again as long as I live. But Pa, don't you believe what the stage driver says?"

"No."
"Well! I do declare! I never will tell you anything again! But you certainly believe the reports the others brought?"

"No I don't."
"Well!" and Aunt Mary in deep disgust gave him over as a hopeless skeptic.

The Home Guard determined at least to be on the safe side of the question and as Morgan, if he should come, would enter town by the Perryville Road on the south side they made haste (with many threats of catching him and his horse thieves, which threats they would no doubt have executed but for the villainous guns of the aforesaid) to leave towards the north on the Louisville road. Nothing was to be heard after night but the continual clatter of horse hoofs.

I was sitting on the front porch alone, about eleven o'clock, listening to these sounds when Kit came and told me the last report was that Morgan would not come through Harrodsburg but through Danville and if he had a horse he would go and join him there. Kit had just passed his sixteenth birthday and was so small and delicate he looked much nearer twelve but he was as hardy as a mountaineer and could scarcely remember when he learned to ride or shoot. I told him if I had a horse he should have it and suggested taking one of Grandpa's but the Negro who attended to the horses had locked the stable and gone off with the key. We walked down to the foot of the lawn to see if we could catch a glimpse of "our retreating foes" but the moon was hidden by clouds so that little could be seen.

While standing by the gate we heard a noise over towards the stable which was in a lot to the right of the lawn. Kit, after making the manly inquiry if I would be afraid to stay by myself, went over to the stable and had not been gone long when I heard
loud voices from that direction and fearing something was
going wrong I ran across towards the stable but just as I reached
the fence Kit bounded over, told me it was all right and ran up
to the house. By the time I reached the steps he was coming
out with a saddle and bridle. I took the bridle and we ran back
to the stable. As there was a fence to climb, Kit was inside and
going the horse before I reached the door. Just as I was going
in I heard a voice at my side say, "Good evening Ma'am." I
turned and in the indistinct light saw a soldier with his gun
and bayonet. It was no time to go back or ask questions so
I just said, "Good evening, Sir," and went into the stable where
in the darkness I managed to find Kit who had hold of a horse.
I asked what that soldier was doing there but he didn't know.
So I advised him to make haste before he attempted to stop us.
It was so dark in the stable we were obliged to lead the horse out
and I felt anything but comfortable holding it by the bridle
while Kit put the saddle on and the soldier sitting by. But he
said nothing to us and like the Confederacy all I wanted was
to be left alone. While Kit was mounting I ran before and
opened the gate.

"Now fly, Kit!" I said. A very unnecessary exhortation when
once he was on horseback.

I went around and got into the lawn from the street. When
half way up it suddenly struck me the soldier was stealing a
horse, too. So I ran across, climbed the fence, and ran down
to the stable again. Fortunately the soldier was gone for it never
once occurred to me that he might choose to shoot me and that
if he had as many as "all King George's horses" taking them off
I could only utter a feeble remonstrance which would have had
as much effect on the horses as on him.

In returning to the house I found Ma and Aunt Mary and
Jimmie had adjourned to the garden. I thought it a singular
proceeding for that time of night, but followed and found them
at the back of it which was on the Louisville road. They were
laughing and seemed in a singular state of enjoyment for such a
lonely, dark place.

As I came near I was greeted with, "Oh! You ought to
have been here! We have had so much fun watching them! They’ve been running, whipping their horses with their hats! But they are nearly all gone! They went so fast their horses’ feet struck fire!”

I went to the fence and peeping through a crack saw a few stragglers of the Home Guard making first rate time up the road. But the affrighted main body which was the height of the fun had all passed.

I proceeded to make confession of my deeds. “What do you think I have done?” I asked in a half conscience-stricken tone. Of course they didn’t know but were very anxious to hear. “I have helped Kit go to Morgan!” That sobered the group down a good deal for Kit was so small no one could tell whether it was right or wrong.

I asked if I had not better go and tell Grandpa at once. It was decided I had but when in solemn procession we reached the door I begged Aunt Mary to take my place. We awaited her anxiously and breathed more freely when she came out and told us Grandpa didn’t care. But notwithstanding that we spent an anxious night with thoughts of “poor little Kit.”

Before breakfast Aunt Mary came up stairs laughing. “I’m right mad,” she said. “Here I’ve been, all night, distressed nearly to death about Kit. So miserable I couldn’t sleep, imagining all sorts of things that had happened to him, and got up this morning by day and went into his room and there he was—sound asleep.”

He had been caught by pickets a mile or two from town and sent back home.

Morning came like a disagreeable matter-of-fact person and put an end to all our hopes. News was brought that Morgan was not in central Kentucky and Grandpa had the pleasure of saying, “I told you so!” which doubtless afforded him more gratification than it did us. We had been the evening before very nearly up in the clouds, having ascended as it seemed to us from the morning’s point of view like the man who lifted himself by the straps of his boots. We came down very quietly and blankly, and were like Calypso when she “ne pourrait pas se consoler.” Hope however dies an easier death than fear and
the Unionists were not quite reassured even by our despair. They had sent out scouts who still persisted in bringing in bloody stories of approaching banditti—or "gyurillas" as they called them. The most prominent figure in these stories was a man shot in the arm. Some had seen him. Some had only heard of him. None knew whether he was one of "Morgan's gang" or some innocent creature who had been shot by them while sitting under his "own vine and fig tree" (if such things grew in the fertile soil of Chaplin). But terrible certainly for peaceful citizens, the man shot in the arm was no imaginary creature but an actual fact, existing within six miles of Harrodsburg. Having the fear of a similar disaster before their eyes the last "scattered remnant" of the Home Guard prepared to leave town towards Louisville.

As we went to church we saw four or five of them sitting on their horses in front of a drinking establishment which was the Union "cafe." One of the men with a view probably of looking as little as possible like a soldier if caught had on a brilliantly flowered dressing gown. As we passed he was addressing a small crowd and dilating wonderfully on that man and his wonderful and unfortunate arm. With his horse's head turned steadfastly towards Louisville he declared they were going out to catch Morgan. Grandpa couldn't resist the temptation of turning around and telling him to go on, he would be certain to catch him on that road.

Once inside the church, the high Gothic windows shutting out even a glimpse of the street, the congregation waiting silently for the minister, one might almost imagine we had only dreamed of wars.

The minister was unusually long in making his appearance and we had begun to be impatient when a distracted looking Union man rushed in and told us to go to our homes as soon as possible for the raiders were at the edge of town. Everyone left the church of course but most of them did not show that desire to "strike for their homes" which the Union man had anticipated. On the contrary we seemed much more attracted by McBryer's Hill from which it was said the troops could be seen.

"Don't be frightened!" one Union friend said to me. I
promised him I wouldn’t.

Carrie Tomlinson asked me to go with her for her little niece who was at the Presbyterian Church and as we walked along we held such disloyal discourse as, “Are you frightened?”

“No. I am only so afraid it isn’t the truth.”

“So am I.”

“Oh! Wouldn’t it be glorious!”

“How I would laugh to see these Union people scared!”

When we reached the Presbyterian Church the congregation was engaged in worship as though nothing was the matter. A group of Negro carriage drivers was before the door and they were pointing out to each other where they could see the cavalry on the hill. As we could not see them we went back towards the Episcopal Church. On the way little Sally asked me what the rebels would do. I told her they were in the habit of eating little children. Like Charles Lamb she was not at all pleased with the idea of having added to her murder the cold barbarity of vinegar and salt, so “some natural tears she shed.” And I of course had to accuse myself of being the most abandoned of story tellers in order that she might not be returned to her good Union grandmother in that disconsolate condition. Her father being in the Southern army probably only adding to the horror of her fate.

On reaching again the Episcopal Church we found all our party gone but Ma who told me Grandpa said we must go home as there might be a skirmish in the streets. I said, “Yes ma’am,” but Ma suspected from my hesitating speech and the impatient and longing glances I cast towards the Perryville Road that Grandpa would not be so fortunate as the man in the scripture who had only to “say to one man go and he goeth.” So she took me by the arm and with a little pulling and a great many exhortations upon the duty of obedience to Grandpa, and feeling allusions to the beautiful behavior of Jimmie and Mariana who had already gone home, she succeeded in getting me part of the way down the street and was no doubt congratulating herself and picturing the honor she should obtain in the eyes of Grandpa when she would make her triumphal entry at the “big gate” leading me captive up the lawn. But alas! for those who take
happiness by the forelock

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

I heard the trampling of many hoofs. I turned and thank
God! once more I saw the grey coats! Ma had me by the left
arm but I waved my handkerchief with the other.

"Don't Lizzie, don't," Ma said. "You are watched!"
"I'll wave it if I die for it!" I cried.

Ma was in despair but concluded to solace it by looking
at the grey coats herself. They say when we hesitate we are
lost. Ma's hold on me relaxed and I am not certain she did not
wave her handkerchief. As the troops came nearer and nearer
the flame of my filial piety sank slowly down. They halted before
the hotel.

Flesh and blood could stand it no longer and I rushed back
in time to hear a short speech from Major Gano9 who told the
crowd he was leading the advance guard of Morgan's command,
he was instructed to say that no private property of either party
should be disturbed—no private individual molested. But no
bushwhacking would be permitted and any persons engaged
in it would be severely dealt with. Gen. Morgan, or Col. Morgan
as he really was then, would be in in the course of an hour and
in the meantime he would request that some of the citizens
might show them a place where they and their horses could rest.

As he stopped speaking shout after shout went up from the
crowd, handkerchiefs were waved, and hats and caps tossed into
the air. I ran out among the horses and was shaking hands
with old acquaintances and questioning the men about our army
and our people when looking around whom should I see but
Jimmie out in the street, too, talking to the men—that pattern
of obedience Ma had been holding up as an example and a re-
buke to me. And there on the pavement looking as happy as
though she had changed her view of the matter entirely was
Ma. Aunt Mary too had sustained her reputation as a fast run-

9Richard M. Gano, Captain Company "A," 7th Regiment Cavalry, May
6, 1863; appointed Major, July 4, 1862; to Colonel, Sept. 2, 1862; trans-
ferred to Trans-Mississippi Department and promoted to Brigadier General.
Report of the Adjutant General of Kentucky: Confederate Kentucky Volun-
teers, War 1861-65 (Frankfort, 1915, 1918).
ner by making the trip from home at a pace that was very un-
charitably commented on by some Unionists who were peeping
through the blinds. And Grandpa was there, too. I have no
doubt his intentions were good when he gave the cruel order
for the homeward march and that like a good officer he would
never order his command where he did not at least intend to
go himself; but he had never seen the Southern soldiers before
and he was but mortal man.

Some citizens conducted Major Gano and his command to
the grounds of the Military Asylum and the people dispersed to
their homes in order to prepare “food for man and horse” by the
time the main body came in.

We decided that Grandpa and Grandma should have noth-
ing to do with the provisions sent from our house so that after-
wards if the Yankees should make any inquiries into the trans-
actions of the day we alone could be held responsible. Fearing
I might take headache Ma and Jimmie told me to remain at
Mrs. Keller’s while they went home to attend to the preparations
there. The time passed rapidly enough. It seemed scarcely pos-
sible that those with whom we talked had been but two weeks
before within the Confederate lines. No doubt we wearied them
with our questions for our curiosity was insatiable.

They told us of their trip through Kentucky—of their en-
counters with the Home Guards, who, they said generally fired
one volley and then retreated—of their fight at Tompkinsville,8
and one of the officers gave me the rivet of a sword belt which
he had taken off a Yankee he killed there. I fastened it to my
watch chain much to the horror of some of my friends who
feared the Yankee’s “haunt,” as the Negroes say, might prevent
my sleeping at night. But I assured them I would only think
when I lay down there was one Yankee the less to trouble me
and sleep all the sounder.

They told us they had been bushwhacked a few miles from

8Tompkinsville was held by a small Federal force and was taken by
Morgan’s men, at daybreak July 9, 1862, after a fight of ten minutes. Four
hundred prisoners were taken together with valuable stores and rifles
sufficient to supply Morgan’s unarmed men. Cecil Fletcher Holland,
Morgan and His Raiders (New York, 1942), pp. 117-118.
town and a bullet had passed through Gen. Morgan's hat just missing his head. It frightened us even to hear of it for Morgan was not more terrible to the Yankees than was to us the thought that he was mortal.

While we were talking, provisions were pouring by to the Asylum and we were not a little delighted to see staunch Unionists who a week before had threatened us for our sympathy with these "horse thieves" now making their weary way toward them beneath loaded baskets which in their devotion they did not even trust to servants.

One old man who had eschewed Secessionists as Job did all evil now came by in loving companionship with one of the strongest of that party, each with his arm through the handle of the same tremendous basket. Even Mr. Smedley had laid aside his formidable equipments with his three death-dealing cartridges and having what is vulgarly called "played out" in the character of the bloody warrior, subsided into that of the commissary.

Mrs. Keller invited us all into dinner but we were too full of excitement and happiness to eat. She was perhaps more full than any of us for she had a son with Morgan. He had been at home in the winter, wounded. One day in the spring he and two or three of his friends had started equipped with poles on a fishing excursion. Whether they still lingered like Narcissus gazing at their "shadows in the brook" or had fallen victims to the wrath of the watery gods was a matter never exactly cleared up—at least to the Union people, until just as we came out from dinner a soldier told us Billy would be in soon, having got a little in advance of the main body. Sure enough in a few moments a real Southern "yell" drew all eyes to the end of the street from whence a steed at its utmost speed bore towards us a soldier who was waving his hat above his head and screaming and yelling like a wild Indian. It was perfectly infectious. The crowd screamed and yelled in answer, until when he brought his horse upon his haunches in front of the door and leaped off, there was such a rush to him he was so pulled and jerked about, so shaken by the men and kissed by the women, that many an old soldier would have thought it a hard battle he fought to get into his mother's door. She mother-like wanted to know the
first thing if he was not hungry, but he said, “the rebels had had so little to eat they had learned to do without it.”

As we were now expecting every moment Gen. Morgan would enter, Ma, Jimmie and myself went with the servants who had the provisions from our house. Most of the ladies followed. When we reached the Asylum Grounds the provisions were all placed under guard with strict orders that nothing should be touched until the rest of the command came in. The soldiers beset the Negroes with entreaties and told them some touching stories of having lived for days on blackberries. But the Negroes had military law as a great fear before their eyes.

The men and boys in the street, the ladies on the terrace stood with eyes bent upon McBrayer’s Hill watching us as anxiously as that miserable one who on the top of a tower heard her sister from below crying, “Sister Ann, do you see any horsemen coming?”

At last they came! Oh! the grand and glorious sight it seemed to us! Eleven hundred Southern horsemen, rushing on at full speed amid the waving of caps and glancing of steel. It sounded as though the shouts of an innumerable multitude rent the air, while from the foremost regiment rose the chorus of the “Bonny Blue Flag.” The men and boys rushed up the road to meet them giving shout for shout. The ladies waved handkerchiefs and threw flowers, and wept and almost shouted too as among the troops they saw brothers and sons and husbands who eighteen months before had left them to strike in the far South a blow for Liberty and old Kentucky.

After making the circuit of the town the troops returned and camped for the day at the Asylum Grounds. It was easy to believe that they had been as they said riding for eleven days and nights without baggage, without commissary stores, and almost without rest. Their clothes looked as though they had been through every variety of rain and mud, of dust and heat, and formed a striking contrast to the glossy new uniforms of blue broadcloth worn by two Yankee officers they had captured, and who jumped down and began to dust their clothes with their handkerchiefs, much to the amusement of the crowd.

An officer from whom I had exacted a solemn promise to
introduce me to Gen. Morgan now came for Jimmie and myself. We made no remonstrance as Capt. Blanchard\textsuperscript{4} marched us around and around the grounds an immense distance in search of the hero. We were finally rewarded by meeting an officer on horseback who was introduced to us as Col. Duke.\textsuperscript{5} I was sorry afterwards that I did not notice him more particularly as his reputation was so great that many ascribed to him the merit of all Morgan’s achievements, but I was much more interested at that time in one who followed at some distance and whom he pointed out as the great cavalry leader.

At last I saw John Morgan! and was not disappointed! He was exactly my ideal of a dashing cavalryman. Tall and well formed with a very handsome face, shaded by light hair and adorned by mustache and beard of the same color. His eyes were blue or grey with a clear and rather cold light in them.

His dress was a cavalry jacket of plaid, blue and black, with grey pants stuffed into high cavalry boots and a broad brim grey felt hat of the style known as sombrero, looped up at one side with a crescent of palmetto. His whole dress was scrupulously clean and neat which accounted for his being so long in making his appearance. I even noticed that the corner of a cambric handkerchief peeped from his jacket pocket. An opal pin surrounded with diamonds was the only thing approaching to ornament in his dress.

His manner struck me as elegant but was very far from having in it that free and easy dash I had expected. On the contrary there was a dignified reserve which amounted almost to shyness.

While talking to him I let my handkerchief fall. He threw himself on the side of his horse and had his hand within an

\textsuperscript{4}Probably Captain William Blanchard, of Morgan’s command. In July, 1864, Blanchard, Major James O. Chenoweth, and other Confederate prisoners were paroled—Chenoweth from Camp Morton, Blanchard from McLean Barracks, Cincinnati—and returned to Lexington to be sent by Gen. Burbridge through the Federal lines. \textit{Official Records}, II, VII, 478.

\textsuperscript{5}Basil Wilson Duke (1838-1916), Morgan’s brother-in-law and a distinguished cavalry leader throughout the war. For a complete account of his life see his \textit{Reminiscences}, published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, in 1911.
inch of it when in the confusion of the moment I picked it up myself. I was so angry with myself for if I had only allowed him to hand it to me I should have preserved it through my life as a memento of that happy day.

Placing my hand on his horse, which was a chestnut, I said, "This is not Black Bess, Gen. Morgan."

He laughed and said, "No, Black Bess has gone up!")

In a few moments a crowd had collected, all of whom were of course anxious to be introduced. He spoke a few words to almost every one. A baby was brought who was named Beauregard. He touched it on the cheek and said, "Beauregard," or as he called it Buregard, "You are better looking than the General."

When Ma spoke to him of the pleasure it gave us to see him in Harrodsburg he replied, "Madam, when I entered Harrodsburg and found that here in the very center of Kentucky the ladies had assembled to welcome me, it was the proudest and happiest moment of my life. Oh! if the men of Kentucky had but the spirit of the women she would long since have been free."

"You have complained," he said, addressing himself to the crowd, "that you had not the opportunity to join the Southern army. We have come to give it to you. We are Kentuckians like yourselves. At the very beginning of the war we gave up our families, and homes, and friends, and property—everything we had to go and fight for the South and we are willing, if it were possible, to do all this again. We have returned, through hostile forces, to the very heart of your state to see if you will join us. How can you stand tamely by seeing your friends engaged in a deadly strife—your women insulted and dragged to prison? It seems to be enough for any man of ______."

Suddenly he became aware of the frightful fact that he was making a speech, a thing he never attempted, and though he had spoken with as much ease as anyone I ever heard, he sud-

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\text{\textsuperscript{6}}Black Bess was captured May 6, 1862, during the action at Lebanon, Tenn., or the "Lebanon races," as Morgan's men termed this their first defeat. Efforts to trace her whereabouts after the war were unsuccessful. Basil W. Duke, \textit{Reminiscences} (New York, 1911), p. 292.
denly became confused, stammered out the wrong word, caught one hand in his horse’s mane, stammered again, gave another twist to the mane and finally found the right word, much I expect to the relief of the horse. But the charm was broken and a few words finished the speech.

The words already spoken though were not like pearls that are trodden underfoot for many a young man came that day

— as jarl should

Sword belted to side"

to give his allegiance and strength of his right arm to the “Stars and Bars.”

Kit’s martial ardor burned up with redoubled fury and he went to Gen. Morgan as a recruit, but the General told him he never took little boys of his size unless their fathers requested it. Kit begged and plead being rather dubious about his father’s consent but Gen. Morgan was firm and I saw him walk off the grounds with Kit swinging to one hand representing his case in very strong colors if I might judge from the pleading looks he was casting up into his face.

Later in the day Kit told me his father had not given his consent but he was going anyhow. Jimmie and I both talked to him and finally went to Capt. Blanchard and asked him if he did not think that little boy too small to go.

“Entirely,” he said.

We then begged he would go and talk to him. Kit was leaning against a house, twisting his handkerchief and trying to keep back the tears.

“My son,” said Captain Blanchard, “do you know what a hard life we lead? On expeditions like this we ride, sometimes two or three days and nights, without sleep, without food, and scarcely have water to drink.”

“I want to go,” said Kit, rolling his great blue eyes at him.

“And then,” said the Captain, “after riding all night in this exhausted condition sometimes at daylight we have to go right into a fight.”

“That ain’t nothing,” was Kit’s response.

When we told Captain Blanchard that though small he
could scarcely remember when he learned to ride or shoot, he gave way to his determination and said perhaps he could stand it. We told Kit that though we would not advise him to go yet if he was determined on it he must let us know so we could see that he had what he needed.

Some of the Union people were all day on the grounds and I heard one lady boast to a soldier, who spoke of the kind reception they had met in Harrodsburg, that the Union people had done as much for them as the Southerners. I don't know what impression it made on the men but we were quite disgusted.

"Look at them!" we said, "how they laugh and talk with our soldiers! Would we behave that way if these were Yankees? Did anyone ever see Southern ladies here when their soldiers were on these grounds?"

One old lady however proved herself a very Spartan against the dashing and insinuating manners of the Southern cavaliers. She came with a servant bearing upon a tray "all the delicacies of the season" and boldly enquired for "those two Union officers who were prisoners, she had dinner for them and wanted to be certain that no rebel touched it."

"Certainly Madam," said one of our soldiers, "just wait here a moment and I will bring them to you," and sure enough in a few moments she had the happiness of seeing those noble defenders of her country (that is the free states which she had probably never seen).

If their appearance pleased, she must have found their appetites entirely satisfactory for they left scarcely a crumb to bear witness of the abundance under which the waiter once groaned. She was happy feasting upon the sight of Yankees faring sumptuously in the presence of hungry rebels. But alas! after passing through what seemed to her dangers great and many, after trusting herself in the presence of ferocious men and throwing defiance into the teeth of the rebels in order to minister "with her own fair hands" to the wants of the defenders of the Union, very small indeed was her reward, for the lion had put on the ass's skin. Two rebels in blue jackets wiped their mouths and thanked her kindly and heartily for the repast. As she with
melancholy steps walked home, the empty dishes in her train, no doubt to her Union friends, the sad procession said "as plain as whisper in the ear":

"Learn hence, ye maidens undeceived,
And be with caution bold."

Late in the evening, while the grounds were still filled with ladies, some soldiers came rushing by towards the lot where the horses were, crying, "The pickets are driven in! Get your horses and guns!"

Some officers who were talking to Jimmie, Carrie Tomlinson and myself, took time to apologize for leaving so abruptly and went to prepare for the fight. Some of the ladies ran from the grounds but many stayed, concluding I suppose, as we did, that as we did not know which way the Yankees were coming, it was impossible to tell whether we ran from danger or into it. We went around and stood on the terrace overlooking the lot where they were mounting. Just as they were ready however it was discovered the alarm was false, and the officers came back laughingly telling us, "they were glad to see we would not desert them in the hour of danger."

At sundown the ladies left the grounds, Jimmie and I going home where we found Ma who told us Green Roberts had been to see her and had given her an account of his adventures after he left Nashville. Several of the command told us he was one of the best of their scouts. Poor fellow! he was soon afterwards killed at Augusta, Ky.

After waiting some time to see the command pass our house we walked back to Mrs. Keller's to find out the cause of the delay. We saw the men mounted in the street waiting for a twelve pounder which had to be mended. They were singing Southern songs.

Aunt Mary told us that Kit had determined to disappear with Morgan's men, leaving his fate a mystery to father and friends. He had no horse but some soldier, who from deep potations was scarcely able to retain his saddle, told him to get up behind him. Some of the older citizens seeing him so perched and thinking his age and mounting unsuited to a military career,
sent runners in every direction for Uncle Jack and one advised
that in the meantime they should take him off the horse but
the others knew his determination too well to attempt it. They
brought Aunt Mary who tried what virtue there was in per-
suasion and found there was none, for Kit with his eyes full of
tears clung onto the man and declared he would go. Aunt Mary
then reminded him he had neither money nor clothes, and she
would not have time to go home and get him any. But he
refused to be frightened even by this. His friend in front
assured Aunt Mary in maudlin accents that so long as he had
a cent Kit should share it. But just then the gentleman brought
forward a more powerful argument—which was Uncle Jack. He
lifted Kit off the horse and landed him on the ground feeling
in a small and juvenile way like Icarus when his wings melted.
Uncle Jack was very angry that he should start after he had
forbidden him but Grandpa, who was suspected of cherishing
a secret hope that Kit would get off, told him to let him alone
and Kit was led off in a melancholy condition by Aunt Mary to
the doorstep where he sat and cried and refused to be com-
forted, even when Gen. Morgan stopped and told him not to
cry for he should go the next time he came through.

The command left just at dusk shouting “Hurrah! for the
noble women of Kentucky!”

“Never mind us,” we cried, “say ‘Hurrah for Jeff Davis!’ for
that is death by proclamation.”

Jimmie went home in such a state of excitement that she
sang several of the Morgan songs for Grandma, including

“Oh you say you’ll subjugate the South
Do it if you can,
We’ll fight you with old Beauregard,
Or any other man,”

and did not remember it was Sunday until the next day at dinner.
CHAPTER XIII

"LADIES, GO UPSTAIRS. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST."

AND THAT next day! with its endless variety of stories we had to tell to each other. We were all assured this was but the forerunner of the glorious day when the Southern army should hold Kentucky. But when we attempted to determine the future course of Morgan, oh! the deceitfulness of men—especially cavalrmen! Each lady had been assured in the most solemn manner by the best informed of the troop that they were going to Frankfort—to Danville—to Lexington—to Mount Sterling—Louisville—any place in short laid down upon the map of Kentucky, and though we were struck with the impossibility of their going to all these places at once, yet no one lady could be made to acknowledge that there could be any mistake in her account which had always been received from an officer who had every means of information.

The Union people too met together in solemn groups at the corners of the street and I noticed whenever I passed them they had just arrived at that part of the story where occurred the words "horse thieves, gang-robbers, guerrillas, &c."

Well, poor fellows! I have no doubt they knew something like pleasure in rolling these words like a sweet morsel under their tongues and they didn’t know much of pleasure about that time. Some of the men too who had been softened into conservatism by the events of the previous day suffered a relapse. Even the Postmaster “who might have said a good many things but he was excited” fell again into that irresponsible condition.

Mrs. Haggin had had two horses taken by Morgan’s men. One of them which had been a great favorite was recognized by the children when the column stopped in front of their door. They ran in and told their mother that one of Morgan’s men was on Kit.

"Is he?" she asked in a surprised tone.
“Oh Ma,” cried the children, “you don’t care—you know you don’t care!”

She quieted them by assuring them she did not and they running back into the midst of the troop threw their arms around the neck of the horse and said, “Goodbye! Goodbye! Do your best old Kit!”

The next day Mrs. Haggin inquired at the post office for letters.

“Morgan and his men stole them all!” cried the excitable Postmaster.

“They are perfectly welcome to mine.”

“And to your horses too I suppose?”

“To them and to anything I have,” she answered leaving the office. But his constitutional infirmity coming on very strongly, the P. M. followed her up the street telling her what horrible things they intended doing to the Secessionists as soon as the troops returned.

I believe men were never kept in better order than Morgan’s on that raid. After they left Harrodsburg even their enemies could say nothing of them except that they had taken horses and the letters from the postoffice, both of which were in accordance with military rule. But on those horses and those letters how the Unionists expatiated, beside recounting many crimes which our men would have committed but for the merest accidents.

“Madam,” said one gentleman, “the Secessionists of Harrodsburg had to go down on their knees to Morgan to keep him from hanging all the Union men.”

“That shows, Sir,” returned the lady, “that the Secessionists of Harrodsburg are better Christians than the Union men for many a time have I seen our men dragged off to prison but I have never seen the Union men on their knees to prevent it.”

One old gentleman rushing out of town the day Morgan came was asked what was the matter.

“The town is full of devils,” he said.

“Thank God!” was the comforting rejoinder. “I wish it would rain devils on Harrodsburg.”

There was much of a disparaging nature to be said of the
little boys "about town." The Union men found something suspicious in the facility with which Morgan's men found the stables where the best horses were kept. One little urchin of six, whose father was a Southerner but his grandfather a Unionist, was convicted of having gone to a soldier and said, "My Grandfather is one of the worst Union men in this town and he called you all d——d rebels. He's got a mighty fine horse. You come and I'll show it to you." Which he proceeded to do but his aunt persuaded the soldier not to take it though he intended to leave a very fine broken-down horse in its place. It turned out "all for the best" at last, for the Yankees sent around and took away from friend and foe the horses Morgan had left.

In the meantime our days of joy were not yet over for the "grapevine" news was glorious. According to it Morgan had really gone to all the places his men told us they would and had taken them all and we were as happy as though he were not at that very moment retreating from Kentucky.⁴ Such is the bliss of ignorance.

Morgan had left in Harrodsburg a Georgian named Fambro who lost his arm the day they entered town. He was the first wounded Confederate who had ever been in the place "and," the indignant Captain of the Home Guard said to me, "if Gen. Washington had risen from the dead the ladies could not have paid him more honor than they show that horse-thief."

The horse-thief was a very quiet, prudent, gentlemanly young man who no doubt fully understood that the honor paid was more to the cause than the man.

His room was continually crowded with visitors. Ladies carried flowers and fruits with their own hands, even more substantial offerings were not entrusted to servants.

"When you have two or three hundred wounded South-

⁴Leaving Harrodsburg, Morgan reached Lawrenceburg on July 15 and proceeded by way of Georgetown to Cynthiana where he met the severest test of the raid when checked by Colonel Thomas J. Landrum. After capturing Cynthiana, he hurried to Paris, July 19, and on to Richmond, Crab Orchard, Somerset, and out of Kentucky on July 28, 1862. He had left Knoxville with fewer than nine hundred men and returned with twelve hundred. Cecil Fletcher Holland, Morgan and His Raiders (New York, 1942), pp. 119ff.
erners here, you will not make them quite so comfortable," said one.

"No I suppose not," was the answer, "but still we will do what we can."

A Southern soldier in Harrodsburg certainly could never have wanted for attention but it is doubtful which gave us the most pleasure, his comfort or the indignation of the Union people. Certainly the latter furnished us the most amusement.

But after all they had the advantage of us. The bayonet is the power of the world. And it was soon whispered they intended to move Mr. Fambro to the county jail. Immediately we began to form plans to defeat them and several of us met for that purpose. The first suggestion was to dress him in women's clothes. Having never seen him standing we had imagined his height below medium and were surprised to hear that he was over six feet. Finding then that in this guise we could more easily pass him for the lover of Omphale than any lady about Harrodsburg, we finally decided to slip him off at night in a spring wagon, which we would change a mile from town for another vehicle and, using other stratagems to prevent pursuit, finally leave him at a house fifteen miles from town where he could be concealed until able to make his way home.

Of course we could trust no Negroes in the business and we would not endanger any gentleman by asking his assistance, so Mrs. Cook and myself were to drive.

After settling all our plans I said, "By the way, Mrs. Cook, we must make up some story to tell in case some of the Home Guard should meet us and ask any questions."

"Story indeed," said Mrs. Cook, with infinite disdain. "We are going into the Chaplin hills where we will not meet more than one or two at a time. We can soon fix them. I have two pistols, I can use one, can you use the other?"

She was in such dead earnest I could not help laughing.

"Come Mrs. Cook," I said. "I can use a pistol and if it were necessary to save the young man's life I would be willing to do it, but you must not expect me to engage in any such wholesale murder as shooting down every man that asks me a
question."

The physician attending Mr. Fambro had promised to let us know as soon as he was able to be moved. But in the meantime the Unionists had begun to suspect our designs. A lady told me one day she had heard we intended to carry him off in the disguise of a woman and that the dress provided was black. To her artless inquiry as to whether it was true or not I returned perhaps as honest an answer as she had a right to expect—that I was the tallest lady dressing in black in the town and I was but five feet, six while Mr. Fambro was six feet, two and asked her opinion as to whether we had not better put pantalettes on him. I believe she thought we had.

The Provost Marshal, for since the raid we had one, watched over him with the deep solicitude of a hen who is doomed to bestow all her care on one chicken. He was affrighted at the idea that this solitary prisoner of war should escape him. The physician having said it might be necessary to re-amputate the arm, but he was fearful the prisoner might die under the operation, the Provost came immediately on a friendly visit to Mr. Fambro and tried to persuade him to have the amputation performed immediately.

Finally all this ludicrous plotting and counter-plotting over a one-armed man who could fight for neither side was abruptly terminated one afternoon by the appearance of eight of the Provost Guard with guns and bayonets, who finding the prisoner unable to stand placed him on a lounge and bore him thus in triumph to the county jail. The ladies hearing what was going on rushed over to the house and viewed the scene with silent indignation, and yet not without some secret satisfaction for we knew they must see the room from which they took him was filled with bouquets of the rarest flowers.

"You had better go home and pack your trunks. They are coming for you next," a lady said to me in the presence of the Guard.

"Well, whenever they want me I am there," I answered.

But the truth was I was not much afraid of being arrested for they had not yet ventured upon such enormity in Harrods-
burg as taking women to prison for talking and if I had done anything worse they did not know it.²

A few days after Morgan passed through town, a lawyer who had the same name as Jimmie and I, but who was no relation and a Union man besides, surprised us with a visit. We were at a loss to know to what we should ascribe so unusual an honor, but soon found that after spending some mellowing hours at an establishment near by he had come to form a defensive alliance with us.

He proceeded to give us a picture of his trials during Morgan’s sojourn.

“The Saturday evening I heard he was coming,” he said, “I left home. My child was very ill and it may seem strange that under such circumstances a man would leave his child but you know self-preservation is the first law of nature. I went first to Morgan Vance’s to see what was to be done. There he was getting ready to go. He had—well, not as many men as Napoleon had but I reckon about twenty of the Home Guard to protect him. I looked at him and thought, ‘Great Heaven! is it possible that he is to go off with all those men and I—a poor devil—to be left here alone?’ I went back home and got my rifle and pistols and bowie knife.”

Grandma said she knew he got the breakfast knives too though he didn’t mention them.

“I went down outside the town to that old sycamore tree on the creek and there I lay all night, it seemed to me all the time hearing the hoofs of Morgan’s horses. Just as I was starting home the next day I heard that hideous yell with which they entered town.”

“Stop,” I said. “Do you know what they were crying?”
“No.”
“Well, it was ‘Hurrah for the noble women of Kentucky’! Is that a hideous yell to you?”
“Oh no!” he groaned as though the recollection was fresh

²On July 1, 1862, General Boyle had inaugurated his war on pro-Southern women by issuing instructions to the Provost Marshals throughout Kentucky “to fit up quarters for the imprisonment of such disloyal females” as they might find it necessary to arrest. Collins, I, 103.
upon him. "That was not the yell I heard. It was like the
yell of wild Indians."

Jimmie tried to persuade him we did have a regiment of
Indians but I think terror had done her worst when she brought
John Morgan in his way.

"Well," he continued, "I met Mrs. Pierson and I asked her
if she remembered our compact that I was to protect her against
the Union men and she to save me from the Southerners. She
told me to go to her house and stay there. But I had hardly
locked myself in a room when someone knocked. 'Who is there?'
I asked. 'A friend!' was answered. I opened the door and saw
Dr. Thompson who said, 'I don't want to force matters but
Morgan is here and we want provisions for him.' Oh me! I was
only so glad to get the chance and in a few minutes had three
baskets full on the way to him."

He then drew a fearful picture of the severities in store for
rebels when the expected Provost Marshal should come and the
Unionists regain undisputed control of our town, and promised
in case we should be disturbed to be our friend, provided we
should assure him that if in the uncertain chances of war he
should fall into the hands of the fierce and vengeful Southerners
we would use our influence for him.

But we only laughed at his threats and his fears and asked
him if his party expected to rely on the execution of martial law
on the men we saw flying before Morgan. We told him our
men would never molest a man for his principles and that if any
act of hostility should make him liable to arrest we would not
consider it right to interfere.

The Provost Marshal did really come in the shape of a little
lawyer named Riley who had lately moved to our county.8 I
have heard that he was a Kentuckian and that he was an Irish-
man. Which account is true I do not know. But I suppose

8William E. Riley, of Springfield, Ky. Shortly afterward (September
20), he was enrolled and mustered as Lieutenant Colonel of the 11th
Kentucky Cavalry, U.S.A. (Resigned July 18, 1863.) After the war he
lived in Washington County, Ky. See also Chapter XXV. Union Soldiers
and Sailors Monument Association, The Union Regiments of Kentucky
(Louisville, 1897), pp. 225, 229. (Hereinafter cited as Union Regiments
of Kentucky.)
Kentucky and Ireland will not for him imitate the seven cities that contended for the honor of having given birth to Homer.

For some time after Morgan's raid the Secessionists enjoyed comparative rest. We were assailed with nothing but words which were found as ineffectual as in the case of the little boy in the apple tree as mournfully recorded in the spelling book. So they longed for the time when they might try the virtue of stones. That time had not yet come. Morgan was indeed out of the state but Kentucky remained like "a vase where roses have once been distilled." It is a common maxim that what has been may be and the Unionists subscribed to it with fearful forebodings. The name of Morgan was borne on every breeze and if all the stories we told of their watchfulness were true it is a matter of uncertainty when they slept or rested their jaded steeds. Perhaps we exaggerated for their terror was our delight and the clattering hoofs of the retreating horses sounded like "music in our ears."

At any rate, as I said, we did for a week or two enjoy comparative rest. But as Morgan with all our clustering hopes faded gradually away we were left like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve. Reversing the scripture order new things passed away and behold! all things were old! Men were again arrested though not as they had been, ten or fifteen in a day, but one at a time. Some thus arrested were the most inoffensive citizens we had.

One old man who could do but little of good or harm to either party, and who had once been arrested and had taken the oath, applied to the Provost Marshal for protection against the guard, some of whom had thrown stones at him. He was told he could have protection by taking again the oath.

"I have taken it once and won't take it again," he said and was marched to jail where he stayed.

It seemed so ridiculous for them to treat with severity a man so inoffensive that Major Davis in his waggish way tried to account for it.

"The soldiers," he said, "had played cards in the courthouse yard until they were tired. 'It's mighty dull boys,' said one, 'let's do something else to amuse ourselves, let's arrest somebody.'"
'Well agreed,' said another, 'let’s arrest Bill Alexander.' 'Oh we've run him off long ago.' 'Well then John Alexander!' 'Why, don't you remember we've got him in jail now?' 'Then let’s go for old man Bunton, he’s handy.'"

Poor Mrs. Bunton dismayed by this sudden raid on her family concluded to apply to Mr. Smedley for an explanation, thinking him one likely to be posted in the intentions of his party.

"Mr. Smedley," she sobbed, "what is the reason they are always after Mr. Bunton? He doesn’t do anything and they are always arresting him! They’ve got him again. Can you tell me what he has been doing?"

"Yes, Nancy, I can tell you what he has been doing. Once or twice if not three times, now listen Nancy, once or twice if not three times when I have been talking to highly respectable gentlemen he has stepped up."

"Oh no! Mr. Smedley he didn’t! He surely didn’t. He couldn’t have stepped up."

"Yes he did. Once or twice if not three times he stepped up! And another thing, Mr. Bunton talks too much—entirely too much!"

"We a-all talk too much," sobbed Mrs. Bunton, "a-all of us. I have heard people say . . . t-that you talked too much Mr. Smedley!"

"None of your impudence, Nancy! None of your impudence!"

"Well Mr. Smedley, I'll tell you what I will do. I can make Mr. Bunton do most anything and if you will just get him out this time I'll make him take the oath and I'll make him swear he never, n-never will step up again."

"Very well, Nancy, if you will do that I will see that he is taken out of jail."

Mrs. Bunton started home pacified but turned back, her face clouded with a new doubt.

"There’s one thing, Mr. Smedley, I would like for you to tell me. When Mr. Bunton passes you on the street how must he do? For if he was to pass without speaking you might call
it impudence and if he was to speak you might—you know you might—s-say he w-was stepping up!"

The hints about the arrest of women became more and more frequent. One morning one of our Negro women came in and begged us to save ourselves by flight, adding that all the Southern women were leaving town. Another day two ladies called and after some time of uncertainty and hesitation told us their object was to warn us. The husband of one was a Union man and had come home loquacious with drink and betrayed the intentions of his party to arrest Ma, Jimmie and me with Miss Alexander, a cousin of our informer. Mrs. Pulliam told us we had between then and ten o’clock the next morning to make our escape if we desired it.

We only amused ourselves with this as with other warnings, pretending to be watching the lawn gate for the first appearance of the guards, and laughing at each other until Grandma begged us to hush for "we might talk about such things until they became true."

Ten o’clock the next morning came and the next and the next but no guards. Walking down the street we saw Miss Alexander who had gone to the country on being warned.

"Haven’t you skedaddled yet?” she asked.

"No, did you?”

"Yes."

"Well then, you must come and teach us how."

"I tried it for a few days,” she answered, “but I would advise you not to learn, it is very tiresome.”

We had very little idea of learning for we believed the Unionists were trying to frighten us from the town and did not intend to accommodate them by leaving.

We were just in front of Mrs. Chenoweth’s and though it was not past ten o’clock, determined to go in as on all important occasions it was chiefly with her we held rebellious council. When we rang the bell we laughingly proposed to each other to put P. P. C. on cards as it might be the last visit the Yankees would allow us to make.

We had been seated with the family but a few moments
when Jimmie was called away. Coming back she told me a gentleman had come to tell us they had arrested Grandpa and Uncle Jack and had gone down for Ma and us. We concluded immediately to go home so that Ma might not have the mortification of going through the streets alone with the guard. About a square off we met Ma walking on the pavement and several cavalry men riding in the street. Ma was walking on quietly but looking awfully indignant.

We asked if she was under arrest.

"No," she said, "but your Grandfather is."

Whereupon Jimmie and I became awfully indignant and leaving Ma dashed full speed up the street. As we came near the Provost Marshal's office we met a Union man who had been a friend of the family. He attempted to speak to us but I felt that I never wanted to speak again to a man belonging to that party, and I suppose Jimmie was in the same mood for we both cried out, "Go away, go away! don't speak to me!" with gestures of such evident horror that he could only fall back and look at us as we ran past and up the steps leading to the Marshal's office. The door was locked but we gave it such a shake that an apathetic looking guard, whom we had passed at the bottom of the steps, looked up and said with a kind of mild wonder, "Why I was told not to let anyone pass here!"

"Where are the prisoners?" we asked.

"At the courthouse."

In a moment we were there too and found Ma trying the force of moral suasion on a guard who had his bayonet across the door. Finding the force very small she changed her tactics and laid violent hands on the bayonet. The guard called for help which came in the persons of another guard, the Provost Marshal, and the captain of a Pennsylvania cavalry company.

Ma told the Provost Marshal she wanted to get upstairs where her father was confined.

He said, "Certainly, Madam, you shall go."

"Then tell this man to take down his bayonet."

"When I get ready," he added, turning off with a laugh, which, I suppose, being considered wit, the rest joined in. We
didn’t enjoy it so much.

Ma stooped under the bayonet and ran upstairs, the Provost calling after her, “You go up under arrest, Madam, and shall not come down while I am in office.”

In the meantime I had arrived at the extreme limit of my patience—never of any great extent—and was insisting rather stormily on being let in. Jimmie stood by but said nothing, only adding her tears to mine. In the course of my remarks I occasionally digressed to express an abstract opinion as to the relative merits of Yankees and Southerners. Also as to the right of the former to drive native-born Kentuckians from their homes. Mr. Cardwell, who was cashier of a bank across the street, came over and begged me to go to the bank and wait until they wanted me.

“I won’t,” was all I answered.

“You will only make matters worse for your Grandfather,” he urged.

“When he is once in the hands of your party, Sir, nothing can make it worse for him,” I answered.

He then asked the Provost Marshal to let us go into one of the rooms on the first floor.

“No,” I said, “I ask no favors of you. I am going where Grandpa is or I will not go to any place.”

Mr. Cardwell again begged me to go to the bank until at last in the midst of my tears I said something I scarcely knew what. Jimmie told me it was, “I have no more confidence in you than in the rest of your party. Go away from me you Union devil.”

“I don’t mind anything you say to me now, Lizzie,” was his only answer.

“You will be sent for at the proper time. There is a right way to do everything,” said the Provost Marshal.

“I wish then you would find it out,” I retorted, “for if there is a right way your party doesn’t seem to know it.”

At these audacious words dreadful was the wrath of the Provost Marshal.

“Take down that bayonet,” he said. “Ladies, go upstairs. You are under arrest.”
Little did we care for being under arrest. We ran upstairs perfectly triumphant at having our own way. Grandpa, Ma, and Uncle Jack were in the room with some other prisoners and the guards.

I sat down by Ma, laughing, and with tears still running over my cheeks.

“Don’t I look like the little girl who ran into church crying last Sunday?” I whispered to her.

“Yes, exactly,” said Ma.
HAVING NOTHING to interest us we examined our prison. It was a very large room, a few benches and chairs in it, a table with some papers on it, and some guns leaning against the wall with bayonets so rusty that if they attempted to run one through me I should have proposed to rub it up first. There too were the trophies of war captured at our house—one old double-barreled shotgun which in times gone by had been the terror of many black birds—but had never before had the honor of frightening men—and one slung shot.

Besides ourselves there were two prisoners, one under suspicion of being a spy of Morgan, the other claiming to be a Lieutenant of Forrest’s command out on parole for a few days. On the table was our indictment, already drawn up, in which the United States was solemnly declared to be versus Grandpa and all his family including Aunt Mary, who was in another county, and Little Jack who was rather young to be endangering the best government the world ever saw. Grandma was the only one excepted in our rebellious house. Now we had all been vs. the United States for some time but were anxious to know the particular reason the U. S. had for assuming its position towards us.

It was a wonderful case indeed. The evening before while we were all sitting in the hall and Grandpa lying on the sofa we heard the reports of two guns. There was some remark about their being very loud and Ma jestingly wondered if Morgan Vance was amusing himself shooting his neighbors. In a few moments, Little Jack, very much excited, rushed in and said Mrs. Morgan Vance¹ had accused him of shooting into their

¹Susan P. Vance, daughter of Colonel George C. Thompson, of Shawnee Springs, Mercer County, and Sarah Hart Thompson, his third wife. She was married to Morgan Vance January 8, 1845. Her sister, Letitia, married Morgan Vance’s brother, William Vance. Carolyn H. Grimes, “Shawnee Springs and the Thompson Family,” MS, Kentucky Historical Society; Danville (Ky.) Tribune, July 24, 1882.
house. Now our places were situated in this way. The place marked i being the ice house, the lots are marked with the names or initials of the owners. Jack said two guns had been fired in to Mr. Head's lot by two members of the Home Guard and he being near the ice house, climbed up on the fence to see what was the matter when Mrs. Vance rushed down and would listen to no explanation, insisting that he had fired the gun. Grandpa told him there was no necessity for him being so excited, no one could seriously suppose he had fired the gun but he had better go and search the place to be certain that no one was secreted on it.

Grandpa received that night a summons from the Provost Marshal, who said he had received a note from Mrs. Vance complaining that a gun had been fired from our premises into hers.

When Grandpa explained the matter to Mr. Riley he professed to be perfectly satisfied and even apologized for disturbing him for a thing so small.

"It makes no difference, Sir," said Grandpa, "at anytime I am under suspicion just write me a note as you did tonight and I will come. All I ask is that I may never have those guards sent for me." Poor Grandpa had such a contempt for the men composing this guard that he could never endure the thought of being taken to prison by them.

The next morning just as he reached the yard gate on his way up town, two of the guard met him and informing him that he was under arrest proceeded to search his person for arms. His pockets were indeed stuffed out until they looked quite monstrous and one might reasonably have suspected him of con-
cealing the contents of some arsenal. But upon examination it proved to be only apples which he was in the habit of carrying with him to give to little girls on the street.

Ma witnessing the scene from the front porch followed the party and in half an hour we were all prisoners in the Provost Marshal’s office where we found an indictment already prepared on the supposition that the whole—or one—or an indefinite number of our respectable family had in broad daylight, sallied out into the wood lot, mounted to the comb of the ice house, and from thence with malice aforethought let fire a murderous volley into the bosom of the peaceful family of Morgan Vance.

Mr. Riley did not make his appearance during the morning which was rather wearisome for though we had abundant subject for conversation we were cramped by the presence of the guard. We walked about the room and ate the apples Grandpa had in his pockets, or amused ourselves watching from the windows the various tokens of rebel sympathy made from the neighboring houses. One young lady, relying I suppose on the deserted condition of the street, sat at the window with her guitar and sang “Bonny Blue Flag.”

At noon the Provost Marshal came up and said he would allow us to go home to dinner, requiring us each to give a verbal parole to return at two o’clock. Grandpa tried again to explain the shooting, telling him everyone in the neighborhood would testify that there had been but two guns fired the evening before, that these two men of the Home Guard said they had fired them, and then asked him how he could possibly sustain the charge made against us.

Mr. Riley certainly forgot he was not speaking to one of his accomplices for he said, “Well, I don’t know how we will fix that, unless we suppose that with the second gun another was fired so precisely at the same time that it seemed to be the report of one.”

Grandpa again tried to explain, but Ma said, “Oh pshaw Pal come on. Mr. Riley knows as well as we do that no gun was fired from our place!”

When we started home, I was very indignant to find that we were followed by some of the guard. I asked Jimmie if she
thought they were guarding us.

"Of course they are," she said.

We walked on in silence but I could not believe they would insult us by sending a guard after taking our parole. So I looked back again and said, "If they are not guarding us I wish they would turn down another street."

"Why do you care if they do send those men after us?" Jimmie asked.

"Oh nothing," I answered, "only—I feel as though I had a sheep on my back and they do look like sheep."

One of them was a horrible looking sheep though for in addition to several natural disadvantages he had on an immense pair of green goggles.

Two of our guard lay down on the grass inside the lawn gate, the other two, of whom the Goggles was one, followed on up to the house, Goggles taking his seat on the front porch and the other going to the back yard. We sent out and invited them in to dinner not wishing our enemies even to sit hospitably at the door while we ate but they had the decency to refuse. After dinner I asked their permission to go up into the orchard and as I came down I gave some fruit to the one in the back yard. Coming up the front steps I asked Goggles if he would have some. He said "no" but I insisted and put some in his hands.

At this Goggles became quite subdued and repentant. "I feel mighty bad about doing this," he said, "me and the Judge has been friends a long time. I wouldn't guard none of his family only they made me do it."

I was rather surprised to hear that "me and the Judge" had been such ancient and particular friends but I thought such poor, ignorant creatures as Goggles worthy rather of pity than anger, remembering the men who led them on.

When we returned to the courthouse, Ma, Jimmie and I went into a jury room opening into the large room where we had been confined during the morning. By shutting the door we were entirely secluded from the bustle of the Provost business. Ma and Jimmie amused themselves reading Great Expectations which they had begun before our arrest. As I had read
it I walked about the room which had nothing in it but two or
three tables. Sometimes I sat on the tables and interrupted Ma
and Jimmie with remarks on “the situation” or surmises as to
our fate. Then I would look out the window. Since morning
it had clouded up and was raining heavily. Across the yard
and through the dripping branches I could see the men upon the
street, sometimes walking up and down, sometimes stopping to
talk, perhaps about us, for once or twice during the evening
Grandpa and Uncle Jack came in to give us some news of the
proceedings and told us the citizens said we should not be sent
to Louisville without first having a trial in Harrodsburg. I didn’t
care much for this for I knew wherever the trial took place it
would only be a sham.

Late in the evening Grandpa came to let us know that we
would have our trial the next day and that we would be per-
mitted to go home for the night, giving bond for our appearance
the next morning, on which bond two Secessionists and one
Union man must go security. Of course we would have felt un-
willing to ask such a favor of any Union man but Mr. Cardwell
had already offered, Mr. Lillard and Mr. Vivian (Secessionists)
offering their names also. Mr. Cardwell came in while Grandpa
was speaking. He shook hands with Ma and Jimmie and with
some expressions of sympathy and a glance at their book said
he thought they took things quietly. He looked doubtfully at
me as though not quite certain how a friendly demonstration
might be received. I jumped down from the table where I was
inelegant enough to be seated at the time, and offering my hand
told him I hoped he would allow me to apologize for what I
had said that morning and would believe that I was not in the
habit of using such unladylike language. He laughed and said
he could overlook it for he knew I was very much excited but
he did not know what the church would do about it. We then
went into the outer room and signed the bond for a thousand
dollars each, “to appear in the morning and answer for com-
plicity in shooting.”

While Mr. Cardwell was signing his name he said, “Lizzie,
I never knew you could curse until this morning.”
“I have already told you,” I said, “I take back what I said this morning.” And then noticing the Provost Marshal by him I added, “What I said to you, but remember, not what I said to anyone else.”

The Provost Marshal enquired if we really intended to be there in the morning.

“If Pa is here,” Ma said, “you need have no fear of our being away.”

We then took some umbrellas the gentlemen had and started home, this time without our guard. As we passed Mrs. Passmore’s the ladies came running to the windows eager to hear from us. We told them the story in as few words as possible, for it was raining. One of them interrupted us several times with, “But say, Lizzie, did you call Mr. Cardwell a Union devil?” and I found that it had been reported in the town that I had cursed most horribly, one young fellow even undertaking to quote the exact words.

Looking from under our umbrella as we passed another door we saw the young man who had been arrested as a spy of Morgan. Though we had remained in the same room with him all morning we had not spoken nor had any of us noticed that he had been released. At this sudden meeting however we all burst into a laugh.

“Are you out?” he asked.

“Yes, on bail till morning.”

“And I am out in the same way. But what did they take you up for?”

“For shooting at Morgan Vance. What did they arrest you for?”

“Just for walking about the streets.”

In what manner they punished this hideous crime, whether he was really a spy or not, or indeed anything further of him except that he was sent on the next day, to some other post for trial, we never knew.

On reaching home we found the house and grounds had been searched three times during the day. Even our trunks and bureau drawers had become objects of interest to “the best government the world ever saw.” One drawer they found full
of letters which they no doubt considered so many tongues to condemn us, for they were immediately carried to the Provost Marshal. Many of them being in French we had the consolation of knowing he never could read them. Though if they had been in the plainest English there was not in them nor in the house from garret to cellar anything that could be tortured into a proof of treason.

“So Aunt Susy,” I said to the cook, “you have had a fine time here today with the guard searching the house?”

“Oh yes ma’am,” she said, “they have been here pretty much all day. They searched the house and the lawn, the yard, the garden, and orchard and then they searched the apples and pears.”

“Did they think there was anything in the apples and pears?”

“Yes ma’am I reckon so. At least they bit them open.”

Their real object in searching the house was to find Kit, who two or three days before had come home from school in a great hurry and had left for the country. An hour or two after he had left an old and most pacific looking man, in whose mild countenance was no hint of arrests or prisons, came to the door near which I was sitting and asked if Kit was at home. I answered that, “he had been here a short time ago but I believed he was gone.”

Did I know where he was gone?

“No, but probably to Mr. Morgan’s where the hounds sometimes met for a fox hunt.” What did he want with him?

“Well, we just wanted him for a witness in a case,” and he walked quietly away not suggesting at all the idea of a spider who had just extended a treacherous invitation to the little fly.

Not thinking it worth while to lament our fate, we amused Grandma and ourselves recounting all the funny things that had happened during the day. The Negroes seemed more disturbed than anyone else, and Grandma told us one of the men had been all evening in the rain walking around the courthouse to gain some intelligence of us that he might carry home.

“Oh Miss Jane,” said one of the women to Ma, “for mercy’s sake don’t let Miss Lizzie and Miss Jimmie be so impudent to
them men! I wish they would let me stay up at the courthouse. I know I would look at 'em so pitiful they couldn't have the heart to do nothing to bring themselves in trouble."

The next morning as we went up the courthouse stairs to our trial, Mr. Hardin followed us, true to his part of the defensive alliance though we had refused to form it. We were kept waiting two or three hours for Mr. Riley, the Provost Marshal. At last the court opened. Mr. Hardin was our counsel, Mr. Riley being judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and clerk. What we were to be tried for was not distinctly stated. I think it was the intention to go on trying us until they found something they could prove.

There was an immense amount of testimony about the shooting but as it was mostly about the marks on the fences and houses and the probable range of bullets, and we were not permitted to finish our copy of the testimony, I will only give the testimony of Mrs. Thompson (Mrs. Vance's mother), Mrs. Vance, and the two members of the Home Guard, all on the part of the government, and of Mrs. Bottoms for us. The statements of Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Vance were taken at their house and from their date it seems the evening before we were arrested.

Mrs. S. S. Thompson states that on this evening about fifteen minutes past six o'clock she was standing in the yard reaching up to the clothesline to remove some clothes when she heard the report of a gun making only the ordinary sound of a musket; that very soon after this she heard the report of a second gun which had the appearance to her of the report of a very large gun which had burst in being fired. The noise was unusually loud for the report of a gun and she heard the whizzing of the bullets or missiles fired and thinks she saw them strike in the bank of the cistern near by her. There was a Negro woman working near by also who from her actions seemed to have been struck by the balls or shot fired, but was not hurt. She heard the missile strike on the house or garden fence. She afterwards saw the indentations on the door of the servant's room where some of the buckshot or smaller bullets with which the gun
was loaded had struck. The report was such as if the sound came from over the brick out-house in Christopher Chinn’s yard.

Sarah S. Thompson

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29 July 1862
W. E. Riley, P. M. M. C. Ky.

Mrs. Sarah S. Thompson states further that between the firing of the two guns there was a strange rumbling sound that she cannot definitely describe. It seemed to be to her the succession of sounds such as might be made by a person going down off the roof of a house from the comb by stepping fast on the heels of his boots with some pointed iron instrument in his hands to protect him from falling.

Also Mrs. Susan P. Vance being sworn states that she was sitting in the house of Mrs. Thompson in the back hall and heard the report of a musket; about fifteen minutes after heard another report much louder which startled and alarmed her, her thinking the gun had bursted. She ran out of the house and found Mrs. Thompson very much frightened and sick and after hearing her statement examined and found the indentation of two balls or bullets in a door of the servant’s room. The sound of the second report was of loud, prolonged, reverberating characteristic, not like an ordinary musket.

Susan P. Vance

Sworn to before me by Susan P. Vance this 29 July 1862
W. E. Riley

Also Peter Brown being called and sworn states that on the evening of the 29th Inst. late in the evening—he can-

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2Morgan Vance’s mother-in-law, Sarah Simpson (Hart) Thompson, eldest daughter of Nathaniel and Susan Preston Hart. Nathaniel Hart (1734-1782), one of the proprietors of The Transylvania Company, was her grandfather. Susannah (Hart) Shelby, wife of Kentucky’s first governor, Isaac Shelby, was her aunt. She married October 1, 1819, Colonel George C. Thompson, of Shawnee Springs, becoming his third wife, Sarah S. Young, The Hart Family in the United States (Memphis, 1882), v.p.
not state the precise time—he and Bascom Head, Jr., at the house of Bascom Head, Sr., in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, went out in the yard behind said house to a small peach tree some five steps from the back door and fired off their muskets, laying the barrels of their muskets in the forks of this tree and firing into the ground some ten steps from where they stood. Witnesses noticed after both firings the place in the ground where the discharge from the muskets made a hole in the earth. He observed that the report of the musket fired by Head was louder than the one fired by himself. He fired first, Head afterwards some two minutes, perhaps not so long afterwards. There was only such time between the firings as was consumed in his walking to see where he had shot and coming back. The lots on which are situated the dwellings of Mrs. S. S. Thompson and Mr. Bascom Head join each other. There is a fence between these two lots made of board, poplar plank, some five or six feet high—never measured it. Close fence, some cracks between the fence however through which one could run their finger. This fence is some 20 yards from the tree at which they stood to fire their muskets. He examined this fence yesterday evening, saw a hole in this fence through which a musket ball might have passed and saw several holes through the plank of said fence, several of which were of the size as if made by the balls shot from a Colt’s naval revolver, and saw one that might have been made by a musket ball and farther down next to Main Street there was another hole through which possibly a musket ball might have passed. All of these holes have the appearance of having been made some two months back. The lots of Mrs. Thompson and Judge Chinn on which are their residences join and there is a fence between them made of plank about the height of the fence between her lot and Head’s. He examined this fence and saw a mark or indentation as if the ball had struck this fence glancing off. This indentation was such as might have been made by a musket ball that struck the fence and glanced off some little piece and has the appearance of
having been done lately. The hole in the fence between Head’s lot and Mrs. Thompson’s farthest from Main Street that has the appearance of having been made by a musket ball is not far out of range from the place where they fired from and the indentation in the fence between Judge Chinn’s and Mrs. Thompson’s lot. This indentation has the appearance of having been more recently made than the hole in the fence between Mrs. Thompson’s lot and Head’s farthest from the street. There is a rock on Mrs. Thompson’s side of the fence between her lot and Head’s near the fence but lower than the hole in the fence. This rock had no mark or appearance of having been struck by a musket ball. From the angle with which they held their guns when they fired them the load from neither of them could have made this hole unless the ball glanced up out of the earth. He examined the place where the loads were discharged by him and Head this morning and did not find any rock and did not find any balls or shot. He made examination for the balls and shot slightly this morning, the ground was too wet to make a thorough examination. The ground above which is the indentation in the fence between Judge Chinn’s and Mrs. Thompson’s lot is some two feet higher in elevation than the ground over which the hole is that is in the fence between Mrs. Thompson’s lot and Mr. Head’s lot. The indentation is some two feet higher above the ground than the hole. This indentation is not over a quarter of an inch in depth and looked as if it had been made by a spent ball. This indentation could not have been made by striking a bullet on the neck with a hammer. The indentation is such as would have been made by the striking of a ball and its then glancing out. Witness made an examination of the indentation on yesterday evening but cannot state before or after the rain. He made the examination in company with Morgan Vance. He would suppose that after the rain the bullet hole would look older than it did before. He would suppose that the hole in the fence of Mrs. Thompson and Head farthest from Main Street is some 8 or 10 steps
from Judge Chinn's ice house and has the appearance of having been fired from Head's side of the fence. He says he held the gun up to his shoulder when he fired and took good aim. He cautioned young Head to do likewise and he did so, that is to aim and shoot in the ground.

One of Judge Chinn's grandsons, he does not remember which, was on the shed about Judge Chinn's ice house and asked him after he had fired and before Head had fired what he was shooting at. He did not see that boy have any gun or pistol. He did not see any of the rest of Judge Chinn's family. If there was any other gun fired at or about the time he and Head fired he did not recognize it or distinguish it. He does not remember to have heard any other gun fired in that vicinity that evening. If any other gun had been fired in that vicinity at or about the time they shot off their guns he thinks he would have heard it. He remained from ten to fifteen minutes engaged in wiping out his gun after they had fired off their guns at Mr. Head's house and then came off up in town and out of hearing ordinarily in the day time of a gun fired in that vicinity. The place where the load fired by Head went in the ground was a little beyond where the load he fired went in. Their guns were loaded with cartridges. The indentation is some thirty or forty yards from Judge Chinn's ice house. The indentation is some fifty yards from the place where they fired off their guns. A musketsball fired from where they stood when they shot would have likely gone through the plank, that is if it was unobstructed, though the line of the fence is such that a ball fired from where they stood to the indentation would strike the fence at an angle. Judge Chinn's grandson, Jack, came over into the garden after Head fired. They fired off their guns in the garden of Mr. Head. There is corn in the garden between where they stood and the shed on which he saw Jack Chinn after he had fired. The corn is some two or three feet high. He saw Jack Chinn pass up the fence between Judge Chinn's land and Mr. Head's lot before either of them fired. Then saw him on the fence or shed as
before stated after he shot and then did not see him afterwards until after Head had shot and they had gone into the house of Mr. Head when he came through the garden of Mr. Head to the door of the house of Mr. Head. After they had fired their guns off and went into the house Judge Chinn also came over to the house and asked them who it was shooting over there. They told him they had fired off their guns. The lot of Mr. Head and the lot of Judge Chinn join with a lane on Judge Chinn’s lot between them.

P. M. Brown

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st July 1862

W. E. Riley

Bascom Head being sworn on behalf of the government states that he has heard the deposition of Peter Brown read over and concurs in the statements made therein and all of them and says they are true except that he remained at the house of his father a half hour after the shooting and that he did not look for the bullets on the morning of the 30th July 1862, and that Mrs. Vance came down to the fence directly after he had shot the last gun and said the bullet had cut off some of the hair of a Negro woman’s head in the yard of Mrs. S. S. Thompson and about the time of the shooting saw a calf rolling down off Judge Chinn’s ice house.

C. B. Head, Jr.

Also Mrs. Julia Bottoms being called by defendants states that she lives near to Mr. Head in the town of Harrodsburg on the opposite side of the street. She heard the reports of two guns last Tuesday evening, late in the evening, but cannot state the exact time, it was very near sundown, and heard but two reports of guns that evening and they were fired about the same place and there was a very short interval of time between the firing. She was at her gate and if there had been any other firing she thinks
she would have heard it. The reports she heard were over about Mr. Head’s premises.

Julia Bottoms

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st July 1862
W. E. Riley

Answers to cross questions are put in with the balance of the testimony so as not to be distinguished. As Mr. Riley was his own clerk and I have no desire to take to myself the honor belonging to another, I will say the purity of grammar and elegance of diction are entirely his own.

A number of witnesses were called for and against us but they could only tell of the various marks on the fences, which were as numerous as their opinions as to how they came there. One can imagine how tiresome it was to sit all day long and listen to such a rigmarole about bullet holes, indentations, fences, out-houses, lots, and rocks. Ma and Jimmie and I sat and ate pears most of the time, Grandma having sent a basketful up by a Negro man who told us he got past the guard at the lower door and on the steps by a bribe of a pear to each.

Mr. Riley afforded us quite an interesting study as he took the testimony. He was a little red faced fellow who sat with his feet on the rounds of his chair making thus a rather unnecessary display of a pair of shoes from which the light summer pants seemed retiring in disgust until the tops of the white socks were occasionally visible. When the testimony pleased him he had an ugly smile on his face and when it did not he had an uglier way of turning so much redder than usual that his face actually seemed to swell—awakening in one the fear that his efforts to fill the position of Provost Marshal might end with the catastrophe of the frog who aspired to the size of the ox.

We went home to dinner with a guard as on the previous day and brought back Little Jack as a witness to prove where Grandpa was at the time of the firing. Though his name was on the indictment he had not been arrested but just as he was being sworn Capt. Hightower came in the room and with his peculiar whine said, “Is this the little boy going to witness?”
When told he was he said, "He can’t, he is under arrest," and threw the warrant on the table.

This we suppose was the manner in which they had intended to arrest us all and thus throw Grandpa off his guard so he would not look for witnesses outside his family.

The next day Mr. Hardin told us he intended to introduce Jack as witness for each of the defendants except himself, and then in turn each should give his or her testimony in the same way. We were very particular in explaining to Jack the nature of an oath, cautioning him to tell nothing but what he himself saw and heard, so that when after being sworn and the first question was asked he turned his great black eyes towards me, who was sitting nearest him, with the look of a man who is about making a desperate plunge into unknown dangers. But he succeeded capitally, giving his testimony in a remarkably clear manner and utterly refusing to be confused by the questions of the Provost Marshal.

At length Mr. Riley began to ask him about Kit whom he was anxious to convict of an attempt to go off with Morgan. Not doubting Jack had been by at the time, he asked him what time of the day he had last seen Kit on the 13th July.

"It was late in the evening."

"Ah! late in the evening! and where was he?"

"In the street before the Methodist Church."

The ugly smile on Mr. Riley’s face increased for he did not doubt it was at this very time Kit was mounted behind his maudlin friend, looking as he clung to his back very much like an animated cartridge box.

"And what was he on?" asked Mr. Riley.

"On?" with a puzzled look.

"Yes, on."

"He was on his feet," said Jack after which Mr. Riley swelled and dismissed him.

Each one of us was then sworn and allowed to testify and each one passed triumphantly through the cross questions except me. I quite disgraced myself, for having gone up to my room after the first fire and neither dreaming of its importance or
hearing of the difficulty with Mrs. Vance until the next morning. I racked my brain in vain to remember anything more. Even when Mr. Riley asked me if Grandpa was in the room at the time I could only say, "I really don't remember for I had never thought of the gun again until I was told we were to be tried for firing it."

Suddenly in the middle of this morning we found ourselves, without other notice than the change in questions to witnesses, on trial for disloyalty to the U. S. Government. The numbers of things which men, of whom we had never heard, had seen us do and heard us say was positively frightful. I hardly think they were fulfilling scripture but they had certainly "seen visions and dreamed dreams" and our rebellious propensities were set forth in such colors as must have made the faithful tremble for their safety while they admired the stability of the government which had escaped our machinations or other designs, for even the fruitful imaginations of the witnesses brought forth nothing upon which to condemn us unless the old sailor adage be true that "good wishes turn to fair winds" and ours were supposed to be wafting the Confederacy on the final triumph. Or perhaps as the Puritan religion does not discard the doctrine of witchcraft, this explanation of our sentiments before the U. S. authorities was to be taken as proof that by some secluded and unholy fire we kept secreted a miserable little figure in blue which descending in waxy currents to the hearth day by day diminished the strength and ferocity of that anaconda within whose tightening folds it was asserted the "cursed rebellion" was breathing forth its last sigh.

When dinner time came I had the headache, naturally enough after being shown so suddenly the vortex of crime into which I had plunged myself. Ma asked Mr. Riley to excuse me from the trial that evening but I declined the favor before he answered and went across the street to the house of a friend where I lay down until they were ready to begin again.

When I returned the family were already upstairs. Some gentlemen were in the yard, one of whom Mr. Riley introduced
to me as Hon. Joshua Bell,* and we all went into the courthouse together.

The evidence already taken was given to Mr. Bell to examine while other witnesses were questioned. One proof of Grandpa's treason was that he had said after the fall of Fort Donelson that the war was not yet over. That may have been treason but it certainly was truth for six months had passed since then and even the Yankees began to despair of closing the war in their favorite time of ninety days.

The Provost Marshal was somewhat startled in the midst of all this by Mr. Bell's putting down the papers and asking for what we were being tried. There was an embarrassed silence for a moment then Mr. Riley suggested he might find out from the evidence given him. My private opinion was that in the words of Cervantes "Aristotle himself could not have told had he risen from the dead for that especial purpose."

Mr. Bell turned over the leaves of the evidence again and said, "I see a great deal here about some indefinite shooting. But you are certainly not trying these young ladies for shooting?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Riley confused, "they are not being tried for the shooting."

I could not but be indignant at such barefaced falsehood and told Mr. Riley to look in the drawer of the table at which he was sitting and he would find the bond we had given to appear and answer for "complicity in shooting." He didn't get the paper but my object was accomplished in Mr. Bell's knowing it was there. No further answer was given to the question he had asked.

Mr. Riley then, in spite of our lawyer's reminder that I had already given in my testimony, insisted upon swearing me the second time, saying he wanted me as a witness to the conduct of my mother and sister the day Morgan was in Harrodsburg. Mr. Bell begged him as we were ladies to allow him as least to go with us to one of the jury rooms that he might advise us.

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*Joshua Fry Bell (1811-1870), lawyer, U.S. Congressman, and Secretary of State of Kentucky before war was declared. He was a member of the Peace Convention of 1861 and a delegate to the Border State convention the same year. Biographical Directory of the American Congress 1774-1949 (Washington, 1950) p. 836.
how far we could be required to testify. Mr. Riley half way consented as though he didn't know how to refuse but after we had started called us back saying he would not allow it. I was really distressed at my position and wanted to refuse outright to testify but my counsel would not allow this. Fortunately just as Mr. Riley was about swearing me, Mr. Bell or Mr. Hardin remarked that I need not testify to anything that would criminate myself. Of course I knew this before but mentioning it just then put something like an idea into my head, and I asked Mr. Riley if it was true that I was not obliged to tell of anything in which I myself was engaged. He said, "certainly." I laughed and told him to go on but of course this only made him think that he could learn nothing from me which was very far from true. He told me on second thought he would not ask me any questions. Notwithstanding we did not even try to defend ourselves on the question of "loyalty," it was astonishing how little they could prove against us—nothing indeed until two or three men swore they had seen us at our lawn gate waving our handkerchiefs to Morgan's men as they left town. Now that "victim of vidders," Mr. Weller, would have been delighted to have occupied our places because we could have proven an alibi—at least Jimmie and I could by establishing the fact that we were at the other end of town waving our handkerchiefs. We concluded to let it pass and share Ma's locality as we did her sin.

"Did you hear them say anything?" asked Mr. Riley.

"I heard one say, 'God bless you!'"

"And what reply did Morgan's men make?"

"They just waved their hats and shouted."

This brought back the day so vividly that we put up our fans and laughed.

"Can't you see them now?" Ma whispered to me.

It was proven then that we had waved our handkerchiefs to John Morgan and this climax of guilt closed the trial. It has been said that there was a time in England when to cry "Vive l'empereur!" was as much as to say "Long live Lucifer!" and to a Yankee's ears "long live John Morgan!" was not a pleasanter sound. Mr. Riley told us it would not have gone so hard with
us had we waved to any other troops, but Morgan was a guerilla.

Morgan it is true held a regular commission and the Yankees themselves acknowledge he treated prisoners with more kindness than any other man in our army did, but this fact secured for us no more favor than it had for his men.

The trial closed with a thrill of horror from these co-laborers with Beast Butler and Tinchin.

Throughout, Mr. Bell had been very kind to us, so much so indeed that several times Mr. Riley was decidedly out of humor. He reminded Mr. Bell whenever he objected to any irregularity that ours was a military and not a civil trial and once said significantly, "That is the evidence Mr. Bell, if you choose to suppress it from the government you can do so."

Mr. Bell took us aside and told us he thought we had nothing to fear from any of the evidence but the waving our handkerchiefs to John Morgan.

"That was a serious matter. But then," he said laughing, "these girls were just waving to their sweethearts."

We told him, "Certainly we were, it was a privilege allowed to the Union girls and I did not see why it should be denied us."

He advised Ma by no means to allow us to be sent to prison. She had no idea what our hardships would be. Ma told him we had no fear of the ordinary hardships of prison and asked no other favor than that the men placed to guard us should be required to behave like gentlemen. Mr. Bell, who it was said had a great deal of influence with Gen. Boyle, promised he would write to him and make this request. I suppose in his letter he forgot to ask that Gen. Boyle himself should act like a gentleman.

Mr. Riley gave us a printed form of the oath of allegiance, telling us that we would be released on taking it but that our answer would not be required until next morning. We had already determined not to take it but thought it not worth while to answer before required and so took the form home and

4 Union General Jeremiah Tilford Boyle (1818-1871) helped organize the defense of Kentucky and was Military Governor 1862-1864. He was a native of Lizzie's home county of Mercer. Boatner, p. 77.
looked over it. The oath was as strong as the English language could make it: to uphold the government of the United States in act and in words, almost in our very thoughts; to pledge eternal enmity to the rebellion and all engaged in it; to give them no assistance nor hold any communication with them directly or indirectly. Finally we swore that we took this oath freely and voluntarily and below, where the name was signed was printed, "The penalty for the violation of this oath is death."

And yet this oath was taken by many who argued that it was compulsory and therefore not binding either legally or morally. Some took it from the fear of leaving their wives and children without protection in a land where we seemed to breathe oppression with the air. Others took it only because they did not choose to be imprisoned and many after taking it went without hesitation into the Southern Army. I think it would have been better had no Southerner ever taken the oath but at the same time I saw some cases—a very few—where I could not but excuse it.

When we appeared next morning at the courthouse several Unionists advised us to take the oath and even pleaded with us to do so. We had no word of encouragement from anyone but an old man, a fellow prisoner, who had been arrested under peculiar circumstances.

There was an order that when the house of a Union man was burned, the Secessionists in his neighborhood should be levied on for its value and the price set upon these unfortunate houses was never under what was just you may be sure. The barn of some man had been burned down. Whether the fire was accidental or the work of an incendiary no one knew; there were similar cases where the people were so uncharitable as to suspect the owner himself. However without being too special in their inquiries about this particular barn, all Secessionists within five miles were arrested and this old man happening to be within that unhappy radius was brought to answer I suppose for the crime of not living further off.

We were really grateful for his encouragement but could not but be amused when Ma met him on the street in the evening.
and he laughed and said, "Well, I had to swear out but you young ones who can stand it, don't give up."

We were at length called to the table where standing in a row we were asked if we had read the oath.

"Yes, we have."

Mr. Riley then asked me what my answer was.

"I don't feel like taking it," I said, looking, Ma said, as though some nauseous mixture had been offered me, the very sight of which made me sick.

"And you?" to Jimmie.

"I will not take it."

"Will you take it?" to Ma.

"Never."

Then it was that Mr. Riley became afflicted and raising his eyes in a compassionate manner to Jimmie and me said he could not bear the thought of sending to jail the granddaughters of Ben Hardin. He had been his political leader and that one (pointing to Jimmie) was so much like him.

Since we would not take the oath we would be sent to Gen. Boyle, whose headquarters were at Louisville. Our further fate was left to conjecture. We had been told there was a prison fitted up for ladies and we supposed we would be sent there. Some friends promised to try and have the order changed to over the lines.
CHAPTER XV

"AND OUR SORROW FOR UNHAPPY KENTUCKY"

IT BEING late in the morning of Saturday we could not start for Louisville until Monday. Mr. Riley did propose to send us in a hack to Lebanon on the next day but finding we would have to wait there for the Monday's train we objected to travelling on the Sabbath when nothing was to be accomplished by it. He told us then to be ready Monday morning to go to Lexington where we could take the cars, and agreed to our choosing the four or five members of the guard who should accompany us. We consulted as to which we should take and Ma suggested Goggles because he was such a horrid looking old fellow. Then we chose young Head because his father was one of the Southern prisoners at Louisville, and he told us he wanted to see him; another told us he wanted to go because he had never seen Louisville, and so we chose him, though he said, "I know they will not let me go when the time comes."

"Then you desert and go to the Southern Army," Ma told him.

And he promised he would.

Ma went out with a guard to make some purchases. She said she had often wondered how royal personages she saw while in Europe felt when attended by their guards, and now for the first time as she saw three men with their guns and bayonets following her she had some idea.

Jimmie and I, having received permission to copy the evidence, were seated writing at the same table with Mr. Riley.

Occasionally men came in to report in pursuance of an order for them to make formal complaint to the Provost Marshal of any horses taken by troops of either army. Though for what purpose the order was given except to be put in the papers I don't know for I never heard of any man's gaining by reporting. It was some amusement however to hear their
depositions and I could scarcely keep from laughing once at the different manner in which Mr. Riley took down the depositions of two men who came together.

After the first one had given the number and description of his horses he was asked who had taken them.

"Morgan's men, Sir."

"Aha!" said Mr. Riley, reading aloud with a gusto which showed he had not forgotten our presence, "these horses were stolen by Morgan's guerrillas."

After the second one gave in his list he was also asked who had taken them.

"The Home Guard."

"Are you certain they were the Home Guard?" asked Mr. Riley, very particular all at once.

"I didn't know them," answered the man, "but they told me they belonged to the Home Guard and others who did know them told me the same thing."

"Taken by men supposed to belong to the Home Guard," Mr. Riley read from his paper.

Late in the evening the tremendous business of preserving the Union in Mercer County had come to a conclusion at least for that week. The courtroom was deserted even by Mr. Riley. No one was there but one miserable guard who with gun in hand got up into the window and got down, walked across the room and came back, and cast despairing glances at Jimmie and me as though he wondered if we would ever be done with that copying. Which indeed we were wondering ourselves for it seemed interminable.

At last Mr. Riley came in, and seating himself at the table, began a conversation as cheerfully as though the scenes through which he had carried us for the past four days had been of a most friendly and agreeable kind. As we had already agreed they should never see that they annoyed us, we laughed and talked too as though we had not a thought for the future. I asked him if the trial was finished so far as he was concerned, and on being told it was, told him I would then like to know for what I had been tried, as I had not been able to make out
whether I had killed a man, burnt a house, or committed high-
way robbery. He began to explain but as his ideas on a plain
subject were not very clear, it was not likely he would give
much information on this.

“You see,” he concluded, “this is about it; in your deposition
you admitted that you and your sister were both good shots!”

“I said we could shoot,” I interrupted, “but I did not say
we were good shots.”

“Well, it is known here that the family of Morgan Vance
are strong Unionists and that your family are just as decided
on the other side. And so we did not know but this was the
beginning of a guerrilla band in our very midst.”

“Well then,” said Jimmie in a tone of relief. “I have found
out at last what is the matter. We are bushwhackers.”

Mr. Riley looked as though that was not exactly the im-
pression he intended to convey but proceeded to the business
that had really brought him to the room.

The guard had been on duty all week, were worn down and
complained of having to guard us down the streets, which they
said was as painful to them as to us; in fine, he wanted to send
us to the county jail. Had we any objections?

“Not the least,” we said as pleasantly as though he had
offered us a suite at St. James.

“Then we could go home with a guard and take supper
before we proceed to the jail.”

We had so accustomed ourselves from the moment of our
arrest to the idea of any outrageous act on their part that we
were almost surprised at the horror-stricken faces of our acquaint-
ances when they found where we were to go.

One lady seeing us with the guard, which was always
dismissed at night when we were out on bond, asked where we
were going.

“To supper first and then to the jail,” I answered.

“Oh! Not to the jail?”

“Yes, the jail.”

She flung her arms around me and burst into tears.

“God bless you!” she said.
“For mercy’s sake don’t say ‘God bless you!’” I cried laughing. “That is what they are sending us to jail for.”

When we told them at home, where Ma and her two guards had already arrived, that we had to go to jail, the white family said nothing but the Negroes, who were already rushing about, getting our clothes in order and packing them up, were dreadfully distressed.

“Oh! Miss Jane,” said one to Ma, pointing to Jimmie and me, “there they are laughin’ and me can’t sleep o’ nights for them. Why don’t you go down on your knees to them men and promise them anything if they will let you stay at home.”

“Ellis, I am ashamed of you,” I said, “born and raised in our family and have no more regard for its honor than to want me to go down on my knees to those creatures!”

“Oh Miss Lizzie,” she answered with the true philosophy of her race, “I ain’t thinking ’bout no honor now. I’m just thinking ’bout you a-suffering.”

Little Jack we found overwhelmed with disgrace and rage. When we left in the morning for the courthouse we did not take him with us thinking they would probably overlook him, as he had not given bond. But after we left he cried and begged to be allowed to go to the courthouse and to prison with us. Not making much impression in this way he grew rebellious and declared if we had to go to prison he would go with us. He was a great pet with Grandma and horrified at his determination, she was obliged at last to whip him and lock him up in her room to prevent his carrying it into execution.

It was dusk when with five of the guard we proceeded to the jail. As we stood on the front pavement waiting for some door to be unlocked we saw a man’s hand and arm thrust from one of the upper windows, endeavouuring so far as the limited space between the bars would permit to make flourishes of a welcoming and triumphant nature.

The lower floor of the jail was occupied by the family and we were taken to a back room generally used I think as a sitting room. The room was very plain but very clean, with three or four windows closely barred. The pallet on the floor, we were
glad to learn, was made from the bedding of the family. The family, that is the female part of it, came in to sympathize with us. They were all Secessionists and were turned out of office the next week for their sentiments. They told us that although they had never before had more than two or three guards at the jail there were no less than fifteen that night; five at one door, five in the hall, and five around the house, all of them, of course, those "worn out" men, consideration for whom had obliged Mr. Riley to send us to the jail.

We found out afterwards that there was great fear of an uproar among the people. And not without some cause, for Grandpa had been secretly told by his friends that if he wanted the jail door torn down he had only to raise his hand and it should be done. But he told them as the Yankees had regiments of regular troops within call, any disturbance would only lead to sacrificing the lives of his own party. A Union man came to him and begged that he would go out and talk to the people to allay the excitement.

Before this Mr. Riley, thinking perhaps Grandpa would encourage violence, had tried to persuade him to leave town, pretending he feared a mob against Grandpa who however was too secure in his own position to be frightened and looking Mr. Riley in the face said, "Sir, I am one of the oldest citizens of this county and I would take my horse today and ride all over it alone. I am afraid of no man in it but one, and I am not afraid of him if he will meet me face to face."

Meantime not knowing the excitement we were causing, Jimmie and I were drumming for Ma's amusement on an old piano in our room.

Someone came with a request from the political prisoners, of whom there were three or four upstairs, for us to sing "Dixie." We refused on the ground that the guard would not permit it. But those at the door saying they would, we sent them to ask the others as we did not wish to begin and be interrupted. Finally with the permission of "the fifteen," we sang some words of a bloodthirsty character I had written and which Jimmie and I had often sung to Grandpa's great delight:
Mount boys! the bugle sounds for war!
And the cannon's roar is heard afar!
   Then away, then away!
   Away for Dixie!

Our noble steeds, impatient to go,
Paw earth with feet that should tread a foe!
   Then away, then away!
   Away for Dixie!

Mount, and away for Dixie!
   Away! Away!
For Dixie's land, we'll take our stand
   And fight and die for Dixie!
   Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll fight and die for Dixie!

They come! They come! Then why delay?
Virginians mount! away, away!
Though we weep for those we leave behind,
We'll grimly smile when the foe we find!

They come! they come! but they shall feel
The force of vengeful Southern steel.
We'll bid the Northern hordes now stand
And right us, with our own right hand!

Farewell! Farewell! Ye mountains blue!
No tyrant's arm shall stretch o'er you!
Draw sword, brave boys! who'll not dare death,
His coward bosom be its sheath!¹

The guard did not express the slightest indignation but said
it was very pretty if it was a rebel song, although we had added
to it two verses from a chorus by a Virginia friend of mine.

¹From "Cavalry Song, written in 1861 for a Virginia Company," by
"Davie Barbour" (Lizzie Hardin). In her "Small Diary," MS, Kentucky
Historical Society.
We'll kill them all from first to last,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Provided they don't run too fast,
With backs to old Virginia.

No higher honor would I crave
Than to fill a Southern soldier's grave,
Who dies for old Virginial

After this patriotic effort we locked our door and gave ourselves up to dreams in which war had no part.

In the morning we had permission to go home with a guard to make preparations for our journey to Louisville. But morning found me with a severe headache and Ma and Jimmie had to leave me. Young Head being on duty at that time, told the rest of the guard he would go with them alone and even took the bayonet off his gun to make it seem less offensive to them.

"Indeed I am sorry I fired that gun," he said to Jimmie. "I am sure I never would have done it if I had known it would have brought your family into trouble."

And I believe he was sincere. Perhaps I was the more disposed to think so because his older brothers were in the Southern Army and his father in a Yankee prison. It was said he himself had joined the Home Guard to escape arrest, but his Mother and Sister were Unionists.

Left to myself, I felt like a real jail bird, a "sure enough one" as the children say, lying on a pallet, sick, with nothing but grated windows meeting my aching eyes when I could bear to open them.

In a little while Mrs. Keller came, at Ma's request, to stay with me. The guard I believe objected to letting in anyone until the jailer's wife told them the lower floor was under her control and she intended to let anyone in she chose. Sick as I was I could not but be amused to see how sorry Mrs. Keller was for me as she sat bathing my head and abusing the Yankees. She remembered her own son was one of Morgan's men and in her indignation she ascribed to him a power which might have justified the fear the Yankees had of them.
“If Billy were here,” she said, “you should not stay in this jail. He would tear it down.”

It was not long before other ladies came and the guards not being able to withstand the jailer’s wife were obliged to admit them. The room was soon crowded and knowing it was my last day with those, with whom for six months I had rejoiced for Southern victories and mourned over Southern defeats, even the painful throbbing of my head could not interrupt our conversation.

I had a great deal to tell them of the trial, to which there had been no audience, and they a great deal to say of outside sentiments of which I knew nothing. We spoke too of our hopes “and fears for our country and her cause and our sorrow for unhappy Kentucky.”

“If you are sent over the lines,” they said, “tell the Southern soldiers for Heaven’s sake to come and deliver the women and children of Kentucky.”

I was up and dressed when Ma and Jimmie returned in the evening. They had been up to the courthouse to finish copying the evidence, for which we had already obtained permission. Since the day before though they had had time for reflection and began to suspect our motive. So Capt. Hightower refused to let us proceed with it, giving very naively his reason, “That evidence could be used against us twenty years from now.”

We had to content ourselves with the little we already had.

“And you needn’t think,” said Capt. Hightower, “you will get out of prison without taking the oath, for you never will.” These were the last words of the gallant Captain to our party.

During the evening we had our door opened and sat in the hall with our guard, the jailer’s family, and several of their visitors. Among the latter was the Captain of one of the Home Guard companies. He began speaking to us about our trial, at which he had been a witness about some unimportant matter. We told him when we saw him come in we gave up for lost as we knew he had once heard us use very strong Southern language.

In speaking of the ladies waving their handkerchiefs to
Morgan he said, "Why even Mrs. Lane here," pointing to the jailer's wife, "waved hers."

"Yes I did," she said, "and when you who were put here to defend the town ran off and left the women without protection what did you expect but that they would make friends with the conquerors?"

"I have no doubt," he admitted, "many women were frightened and waved their handkerchiefs in perfect good faith."

"I am sure I waved mine in good faith," Jimmie said significantly.

Capt. Rue laughed and said he didn't doubt it. He then gave me as his opinion that I was in very bad company when I was talking to Morgan's men but I told him, "it was at least the best I could do for there was none other in town."

We were quite charmed with their having run away on the 13th for it gave us such convenient answers to all their charges. He then told us how absurd had been the attentions of the ladies to that horse-thief (a familiar name he had for Mr. Fambro). On one evening he had almost determined to go down and arrest every one of them, which proceeding I told him I thought would have been worthy of a place in history. In trying to recruit men from the Chaplin hills he had described these scenes that they might know what reward awaited the brave soldier at the hands of the women of Kentucky. Jimmie asked him if he did not fear recruiting for the Southern instead of the Northern army.

After all outsiders had left, Mrs. Lane went with Ma upstairs that she might say goodbye to Mr. Fambro. The first person who advanced to meet her she found to be the owner of the hand that had so triumphantly welcomed us to prison. He was an old man, an Irish shoemaker, who was confined on charges of having shown Morgan's men where Morgan Vance kept the government guns.

"I congratulate you," he said, with a strong brogue. "I congratulate you Madam on your patriotism."

He gave her a history of his arrest.

"One of the Provost Guard come to me shop and says he, Monsheer Powers yer're wanted at the Provost Marshal's office.
I had a great notion to ask him where he borrowed his French but I went with him. When I came to the office 'Mr. Powers,' said Mr. Riley, 'do you wish to spake to me.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I would as soon spake to you as to any man.' Just then Mr. Vance came in and I have the impudence Madam to say he just came in to say me, 'Mr. Powers,' says he, 'I can prove yer' were at my house at 4 P. M. the 13th July.' 'I think it's likely you can, Sir,' says I, 'but you will prove what is not so.' 'But I can prove it by good witnesses,' says he. 'Very probable,' says I, 'but it will be false.'"

When they came down Mrs. Lane asked if I would like to tell the prisoners goodbye. We went up a pair of stairs and entered a place by no means attractive. A long passage rather than room, looking as comfortless as possible, though well lighted by windows grated as ours. Mr. Fambro, who was still unable to sit up, was lying on a bed at the farthest end of the room. Three other political prisoners, Mr. Bunton, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Powers, were confined with him, and I was glad to see he was as cheerful as when surrounded with every comfort.

Opening into the room on one side were three rooms which I suppose were about twelve feet square, though I could see nothing of them but the heavy iron doors with grates in front. In one was confined a man who had killed two of his wife's children and shot two other, and in the next was a Negro who had attempted his master's life. Mr. Fambro, pointing to the third one which had lately had a Negro in it said, "How do you think you would have looked peeping through that grate? That was to have been your room."

"I reckon not," I answered, but to my surprise Mrs. Lane confirmed what he said.

She told me that the day before Mr. Riley had sent her word to prepare that cell for us and though determined from the first that we should be put in a room downstairs, yet to see how far he would go, she sent to him for new beds telling him the one in the cell had been used by Negroes and was not fit for any human being to lay on and certainly not for ladies. He replied they had no money to buy new beds with, those in there
would do for us. Mrs. Lane then proposed the room downstairs to which he agreed.

I could scarcely believe that any—not gentleman—but any man who had even been brought into occasional contact with gentlemen, could order ladies to be given the room and bed once occupied by Negroes.

As we were to leave early in the morning we determined to go to bed before our usual time and as the guard at our door, who were to go on the stages with us, complained of being very tired we told them to lie down and go to sleep for we would waken them in the morning and their Captain would never be the wiser.

Just as we locked our door Mrs. Lane knocked and told us a gentleman wished to see us. On his entering we found it to be Mr. Hardin who had come to give us his last advice. He had been as kind and earnest as possible in his efforts for us throughout the entire affair and though he took a fee for Grandpa and Uncle Jack, refused a cent from us on account he said of the agreement he made with us. This evening he had evidently been spending some time at the "Union Cafe" and was most talkative. He spoke very freely of his party and said they had been watching for a month for an excuse to arrest Jimmie and me. Our insistence on entering the courthouse made no difference as we were already marked.

"Riley took me aside," he said, "to tell me how he did hate to have to send to prison the granddaughters of Ben Hardin. He had been his friend."

Great Heavens! I thought, if that is the way you treat your friends, what do you do to your enemies?! He said Ben Hardin used to praise his speeches. I thought if he had ever praised one of your speeches it was because he wanted you to do something for him.

Mr. Hardin told us his principal reason for wishing to speak to us was to let us know that Gen. Boyle's wife belonged to a family between which and our father's family there was an old feud.

"You see," he said, "she is a granddaughter of Gov. Owaley."
Her father was Sim Anderson. You knew Sim . . ." and then would follow some parenthetical story of Sim until remembering himself he would return again a nos mutos. But though we didn't know Sim, he seemed to have been in his day a wonderful personage for every time his name occurred in the narrative everything was forgotten for his exploits. At last something was said of Mr. Riley.

"Did you know," asked Jimmie, "that he sometimes preached in the Campbellite church?"

"He a preacher?" said Mr. Hardin with comical amazement. "I'll just take my hat now and leave," and so he did, notwithstanding the history of Sim and the Gen. was left in a deplorably unfinished state.

The next morning after dressing ourselves we roused our guard and proceeded with them down home where the stage was directed to call for us and our baggage.

We ate our last breakfast together and then we who were to leave went out to tell the Negroes goodbye. To them the idea of anyone's going to prison when they could stay at home by just taking an oath was incomprehensible. An old woman who belonged to me was in the kitchen.

"Well Aunt Lotty," I said as I saw her sitting lost in a doleful contemplation of the floor, "so you have come to tell me goodbye."

"Yes Miss Lizzie, I'm come to tell you goodbye 'cause you ain't got no sense."

Simeon H. Anderson (1802-1840), native of Garrard County, Ky., state legislator, U. S. Congressman, married Amelia, daughter of Governor William Owsley. Their daughter, Elizabeth Owsley Anderson, was the wife of Jeremiah T. Boyle. The "old feud" refers to the heated controversy of sixteen years before between Ben Hardin, Lizzie's grandfather, and Governor Owsley. Hardin became Secretary of State in the latter's cabinet January 18, 1845, and was removed from the office by Owsley September 1, 1846, because of "his failure, wilful neglect and refusal to reside at the Seat of Government and perform the duties of Secretary . . ." The controversy, one of the most heated that ever took place among public men in Kentucky, involved Jeremiah Boyle among others. It raged until February 18, 1847, when Hardin, having proved constitutional right to the office, resigned. G. Glenn Clift, Governors of Kentucky 1792-1942 (Cynthiana, Ky. 1942), pp. 53-54; The Speech of Mr. Hardin, Addressed to The Committee of the Senate on Executive Affairs in the Representatives' Chamber, on the 12th and 13th January, 1847 (Frankfort, 1847), 80 pp.
“Don’t you really think I have any sense Aunt Lotty?” I asked laughing at this candid expression of opinion to her mistress.

“No you ain’t got no sense,” she answered in a tone of firm conviction, “cause you kin stay and you won’t.”

The stage came. We went to Grandma’s room, took a glass of wine, said goodbye to all but Grandpa, who was going with us, and talking and laughing with our friends went out to the stage. I ran back for something and on the steps of the back porch one of the Negro women was standing, her apron over her face, crying. They were the only tears I saw shed that morning.

As the stage stopped opposite the courthouse, an order was sent for us to get out and wait for the Frankfort stage which would be down from Danville in an hour. As you could take the cars either at Lexington or Frankfort, and the Frankfort stage being the smaller was usually crowded, the only object of this change was to annoy us. Those who have dealt with the U. S. Government know it does not despise the day of small things.

One of the guard we had selected came to the stage window to tell us he was forbidden to go.

“Remember then you promised us to desert to the Southern Army,” whispered Ma.

“And I will do it,” he answered.

We requested to be driven to Mrs. Keller’s as the most convenient place for waiting and many of our friends came there to be with us to the last. They told us Mr. Riley had reported that we had requested to be sent to the jail. Young Head came to tell us he too had been told not to go with us and Mr. Riley in a little while passing the door stopped to let me know that the others were obliged for some reason to stay and that three or four of the guard of whom we knew nothing were to take their places.

“Then,” I said, “none of those you told us we might choose are going?”

“No.”

“Good morning, Sir,” I said and walked back into the parlor, where I confided to Ma that I hoped he had understood me to
mean that he was not a miracle of truthfulness.

Mrs. Keller's house had been searched the night before to see if there was an unusual amount of cooked provisions. It seemed rather unwarrantable for the U. S. Government to assume thus the control of the kitchens as well as the politics of Kentucky, but they hoped in this way to form some idea as to whether Morgan was again expected.

When the Frankfort stage came there was a terrible commotion about getting us all in for besides us and our guards and Mr. Roberts, who was also to be taken down as a prisoner, there were persons from Danville already in who complained loudly of being so overrun by the Harrodsburg passengers, and two of them at least I really could not blame for they were soldiers who had been out to fight Morgan and had been so terribly injured by the explosion of a caisson that, Yankees as they were, I could not help feeling sorry for them as they were lifted out and in by their official friends. The driver declared he could not take so many guards and Mr. Riley had at last to content himself with giving us over to a Captain Mann, while Mr. Roberts had one private with a bayonetted gun to see he did not overturn the government before he reached Louisville. So at last everybody stopped quarreling and we in the stage began making an effort to draw our breath, which was not a very easy matter with the crowd inside.

Ma however managed to draw out one Parthian arrow for Mr. Riley who was standing near.

"I want you to say before we start," she said to him, "whether we went to jail at our request or by your order."

As quite a crowd had collected, Mr. Riley was by no means disposed to answer so pointed a question but after some hesitation he said, "Well—I suppose I might say—by my order."

The people laughed to see him caught and a gentleman in

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"Very possibly Josiah J. Mann, of Harrodsburg, Captain of Company "F," 19th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, U.S.A. The 19th was organized in Harrodsburg in the fall of 1861, almost entirely of Mercer County men. Collins, I, 105, notes that on August 1, 1862: "Three ladies, of Harrodsburg, were brought to Louisville by one Capt. Jack Mann, and put in the military prison."
the stage looking at us said, "I don't think they will make much off you."

The stage having to go for the mail, obliged us to pass through almost the entire town, and though so early in the morning the whole population seemed on the pavements and in every direction our friends were bowing and waving us adieu. So that our departure became a kind of ovation. Far from being despondent, our friends, in spite of their anxiety for our fate, considered it a triumph for our party, as everyone knew we could be released by taking the oath and it had been reported the day before that we had consented to make that submission.

As we passed the lawn gate one of the servants threw in two bundles to Ma, farewell presents from the cook. At the back of the garden, which was the last glimpse we had of home, Grandma was standing waving her handkerchief.

The stage stopped out of town to take up another passenger and as he climbed to the top we saw it was no other than Mr. Vance, who was going down to Louisville to see that the government did not shrink from doing its duty.

A few miles from town we passed a cottage where a girl began immediately to wave to us and said something we could not hear, to an old lady on the porch, who with her back to us was washing vegetables in a pan. She looked around and seeing us with the guard on top the stage dropped her pan and began clapping her hands as joyously as though she had seen Morgan. We found from Grandpa who knew everyone in the county, that the old lady was a staunch "rebel" and was no doubt expressing her joy that we had held out.

We stopped for dinner at Lawrenceburg where was stationed a Yankee regiment, from Illinois I believe. When we came out from the hotel quite a crowd of their officers and men had collected around the stage to see "the prisoners." As we were making our way through them an old gentleman of unusually large proportions came forward and asked us if we were the prisoners. When we told him we were, "Then let me shake hands with you ladies," he said, "for I too am a prisoner."

We learned afterwards that he was from Jessamine County
where he had been for forty years clerk of the county court and had dared to offer himself as a candidate for re-election in spite of an order forbidding any Secessionist to run for office. The state elections were held on Monday, the very day we met him, but the Saturday before they had arrested him.

As they were taking him off in a buggy he rose and said to the crowd that had collected, "Gentlemen I wish it understood I am still exercising the rights of a free man and am a candidate until Monday night."

"Silence!" cried the guard.

"I have said all I had to say," returned Mr. Bomar taking his seat.

After we were in the stage he asked Grandpa, whom I think he had known before, if he too was a prisoner.

A soldier getting in the stage, who supposed himself addressed, answered with considerable scorn, "No, and I hope I will never be unless I am taken on the field of battle."

"Ooh! go along—go along," said Mr. Bomar, waving his hand loftily. "I never speak to such looking fellows as you are."

Owing to its being election day, the little places through which we passed were crowded and whenever we stopped numbers of Grandpa's acquaintances came up to express their sympathy, and we could not help noticing that though Mr. Vance was well known no one spoke to him.

At last to the joy of all we neared Frankfort and as we passed down the road, which is almost a gorge, an old soldier pointed out to me on the overhanging hills the places where their

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4More than likely Herman Bowmar, Jr., of Woodford County, who held the office of Clerk of the Woodford County Court for thirty consecutive years. He died in 1863. He was the father of Captain Joseph Marshall Bowmar, of Morgan's command. William E. Railey, *History of Woodford County* [Kentucky] (Frankfort, 1938), p. 87.

General Order No. 5, issued from Headquarters U.S. Forces in Kentucky, Louisville, July 21, 1862, by command of General Boyle, provided that: "No person hostile in opinion to the government and desiring its overthrow will be allowed to stand for office in the District of Kentucky. The attempt of such a person to stand for office will be regarded as in itself sufficient evidence of his treasonable intent to warrant his arrest. All persons of this description who persist in offering themselves as candidates for office will be arrested and sent to this Headquarters."
sharpshooters were concealed when they expected Morgan.

"And did you think Morgan such a poor commander," I asked, "as to lead his men through such a place to reach Frankfort?"

"If he had we could have killed every one of them."

"But Morgan carries several twelve pounders to shell bushwhackers out of the woods."

"We could have given him an exchange of grape."

"Well Morgan is not afraid of an exchange."

"Then why didn't he come in and fight us?" he asked.

"Why didn't you go out and fight him?"

The old man looked me in the face a minute and burst out laughing. "Well as the little boy said," he answered, "both of us disagreed."

I had heard that the terror of Morgan's name was such that they could not be driven out to fight him. It is certain that their forces remained in Frankfort and Lexington while the country was occupied by Morgan. One of their own correspondents dated a letter from the "Island of Lexington."

We reached Frankfort before the train and had to wait at the depot. Jimmie said, "If we chose to run off from you now Captain Mann, you have no gun to stop us." He threw back the skirts of his coat and showed us two six shooters belted under it.

When the train came we found Aunt Mary on it, determined to go to Louisville with us. We had to sit in the cars for two hours waiting until a portion of the road in front could be mended. This gave time of course for a great crowd to collect and as there was no way of escape we sat and tried to look very composed eating peaches while we listened to their various remarks. Though for the time being I would as soon have been in a circus and been done with it. One man delivered quite an oration, addressed to several around him, but from his frequent glances at us it was easy to tell for whom it was meant. I did not pay enough attention to tell what he said except the text, which was, "When women don't know how to behave themselves they ought to be taught."
Captain Mann had taken a paper and was seated several benches behind us, not seeming at all anxious to be recognized as the guard.

We saw his modest appreciation of his position and that it might not lead him to pass himself off for a private individual, made several accidental remarks to him about where we would stop in Louisville and those six shooters under his coat.

Jimmie whispered to me that there was a young man behind Captain Mann who cast such indignant looks at him she knew he was a Southerner. As so it proved for as the cars started he came up with Aunt Mary and was introduced as Mr. Hodges, when he confessed to some murderous designs against Capt. Mann, which, however, he had stifled so far as to offer him a paper and several other insinuating courtesies, by way of finally opening a conversation with "the prisoners."

He expressed himself so openly Aunt Mary told him she thought he was very bold.

"You wouldn't have thought so," he answered laughing, "if you had seen me the other day getting off the track for Commonwealth's Attorney."

As we neared Louisville he asked our permission to apply for a pass to see us in prison.

"If none but relations are allowed to see you" he said, "I will call you my cousins. My name is Cousin Henry."

Owing to the detention at Frankfort we did not reach Louisville until about eleven o'clock. In the confusion as we went to the omnibus I was separated by a few steps from Ma and Jimmie and did not notice until I saw several persons gazing at me that I had become the object of special attention from Mr. Roberts' guard, who with raised bayonet stalked by my side in military silence. It was all one though when we reached the omnibus, for though large enough to contain fifteen or twenty persons, it had for its melancholy freight nothing but prisoners and their guards. There being besides ourselves several gentlemen whom I did not know, sent from neighboring counties whose inhabitants they were supposed to be leading astray and teaching to plot against Yankee aggrandizement.

The soldiers were seated at intervals among us and scarcely
a word was spoken as we drove to the Galt House, Gen. Boyle's headquarters, where we ladies expected to get out, as we had heard it was the custom to confine ladies there. But after stopping a few moments to report, a man got in the omnibus and coming up to the end where we sat bawled to the driver, "Drive to the military prison!"

Only those who have heard those words know how shocking they are.

Jimmie jumped and said, "Oh! don't cry that out so loud right by me!"

Mr. Roberts who sat by me turned and asked, "Will you order hot beefsteak for your breakfast in the morning, Miss Lizzie?"

"I believe I prefer chicken," I answered, the wheels which were cruel enough to bear us to prison being kind enough to drown out this not too brilliant jest.

Poor Mr. Roberts no doubt felt the full force of it for he had once already spent several months in Fort Warren for an attempt to join the Southern Army.
CHAPTER XVI

"OVER THE LINES"

As we went up the steps of the military prison I unfortunately got my foot through my hoops and being unable to proceed, stopped, holding with one hand to the bannisters, to try and disengage it. A Yankee officer standing above me in the uncertain light thought I suppose I was overcome with terror at the idea of being taken to prison. He leaned forward and begged me to let him help me up. Not wishing to explain I didn't reply and he thinking no doubt I was speechless with grief caught my hand. I tried to draw it away for fear he would pull me forward on my face.

"Give me your hand and let me help you," he said.

"Well, wait until I get my foot out of my hoops," I said in a voice so unshaken by anything but laughter that, disgusted with anything so commonplace, my Yankee cavalier walked off.

Once in the prison the gentlemen were carried to some unknown locality and we were ushered into a large bare room that seemed to be used as an office, where for some time we were left to our own reflections. At length a pair of folding doors which had been closed on our entrance were thrown open with great ceremony and we were told to appear before the Provost Marshal.

We hastened into his august presence and coming to a halt in the middle of the room in a line, a la spelling class, were not overcome by finding ourselves confronted by a small, fair haired young man whose face looked rather familiar to me and who had evidently been "looking on the wine when it was red."

He proceeded to call our names from a paper in his hand which by some chance or intention was the original indictment.

"Mrs. Mary H. Bowman," he said. "Who is she?"
Aunt Mary was horrified at being pointed out.
"I'm not a prisoner!" she cried.

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"But what Mrs. Bowman is this? Who is she?"

"Oh me! I wish I hadn't come here," said Aunt Mary in such a tone of despair that we all laughed.

The Provost Marshal persisted as though he intended to stop the whole machinery of government until he found out. But finally amid ejaculations from Aunt Mary and explanations from the rest, he dropped the paper entirely and became concerned himself.

"I don't know what to do with you ladies. I have no place to put you."

Ma told him she was sorry but we had not come of our own choice. He consulted with his officers which seemed to add to his distress.

"I am sure," he said. "I wish you ladies wouldn't do things to make them arrest you! I don't know what to do! Take them to the United States Hotel and carry guards for two rooms."

Some one suggested that as our baggage had been left at the Galt House we had better go there.

"Well take them to the Galt House," he cried in despair.

We entered our omnibus again and drove to the Galt House where we were invited into supper while rooms were preparing. But just as we were congratulating ourselves on having reached our destination, the officer who had us in charge (Captain Mann had disappeared the first opportunity) came back with fresh orders to proceed to the military prison. We bade Grandpa and Aunt Mary good night and started. As we went out a side door I noticed several men around it but in the dim light did not see they were soldiers until they closed around us, three on each side with a seventh who wandered about the group generally discharging the duties of corporal.

By this time it was midnight and I began to be tired enough to wish for rest. My weariness was increased by the thought of walking the considerable distance which separated us from the prison and by carrying a heavy lunch basket of which Captain Mann had always relieved me when he had charge of us.

"I thought the guard always carried the basket, but I notice they don't ask for this," I said to Jimmie who walked by my side.
"Madam," said the Corporal turning round in a very dignified manner, "will you give me that basket."

"Certainly, Sir," and Jimmie and I laughed though rather "in our sleeves" at the success of the experiment.

It was a dismal walk through the deserted streets where for some reason the gas was not lighted. Not a sound was heard but the regular tramp of the soldiers at our side. No one spoke a word except once in a while Jimmie and I would whisper to each other, "I wish they would stop screwing those bayonets around," and indeed they were brought sometimes in uncomfortable proximity to our heads. We passed no one on our way except at one corner, where a drug store was still lighted. Two gentlemen were standing who gazed in silence until we passed when we heard from one an "Umph!" so emphatic that it spoke volumes.

The officer who accompanied us we found to be the Commandant of the prison and just before we reached that place he gave us the comfortable assurance that he did not know where to put us as there was only a large hall in which were confined one hundred and fifty men. The only way he could think of was to give up his own room to us.

Again we were ushered into the front room and left to ourselves. An officer came in after a while and began a conversation, in which he gave it as his opinion that if Lincoln expected to stop the women from talking he would have to order out more than seven hundred thousand men (the amount of the last call), and told us encouragingly that he knew ladies in Louisville who would give five hundred dollars to be in our places. I thought they would spend their money very foolishly but by this time I was too much out of humor to say anything.

"What is the matter, Lizzie?" Ma asked, "you look out of spirits."

"I'm mad," I said.

"Mad? About what?"

"Because I am sleepy and tired and I want them to stop carrying me from one end of the city to the other, and let me go to bed."

The Commandant of the prison then appeared and invited
us again to follow him and he would conduct us to another house, which I earnestly hoped would be the last. This time we went without a guard as it seemed their desire to show us all the varieties of a prisoner's life. We had not far to walk before we reached a corner house, looking to my horror very much like a third class hotel. The officer rang the bell and after considerable delay the door was opened by a man with a candle in his hand, who seeing ladies immediately retreated to make some necessary additions to his toilet. While we were waiting the officer informed us he was Captain Dillard, 1 with a very particular accent on the last syllable. Also that he was a Tennessean and had assisted at the arrest of the ministers of the different churches in Nashville and was now Commandant of the prison. We were not so much edified as to regret the reappearance of the man whom we had smitten with such confusion.

After going up a flight of steps and down a long passage we arrived at a small, plain room, with our bed in it, where we were to remain, Capt. Dillard regretting to say he would have to put a guard at our door. But if at any time we had anything to complain of just write a note to him. I began my complaints immediately by asking if we were not to have another bed. The Captain, notwithstanding the French accent on his name, was astonished at such luxurious taste. Did we want another? I represented to him that one bed would not accommodate four, for Ma had brought Mariana along with her. He would have another brought and so disappeared. We waited some time and Jimmie applied to the guard for the bed. After some delay a man came in with a small lounge mattress and a comfort on his shoulder and throwing them down in the middle of the floor was leaving when I asked for sheets. Again profound astonishment, but the sheets were promised. I sat down on the bed and waited again until I was so sleepy and worn out I could scarcely keep my eyes open.

1William Y. Dillard, Captain Company "A," Provost Guard of Louisville, October 3, 1861, to October 3, 1862. He was one of the active organizers of the Union soldiers at Louisville early in the war. When the 34th Kentucky Infantry was formed from the Louisville guard, October, 1862, Dillard went with it as Colonel. Union Regiments of Kentucky, pp. 591-592.
"Well, we might as well shut the door and go to bed," I said. "I suppose sheets are things impossible for rebels."

"They are not impossible for rebels nor anyone in a Christian land," answered the guard from the outside of the door. I invited him then to try his powers of persuasion on the waiters and finally the sheets actually came. We locked our door and went to bed, Ma and Mariana occupying the bed and Jimmie and I a pallet on the floor. Fortunately, though the first of August, there were yet no mosquitoes.

After turning off the gas I pretended to think of jumping from the window, speaking loud enough of course for the guard to catch the words. We were scarcely dressed in the morning when someone knocked and as I opened the door a spruce little fellow in the uniform of a corporal put his head in and said, "I just wanted to see if you were all in here."

I closed the door but had scarcely taken my seat by one window when he again came in and stepping over our pallet, which was still on the floor, went to the other window and looked out. I went on paring my nails but when he said something aboutseeing how high the window was I asked him if he was afraid we would jump out.

"Oh, I was just afraid some of you ladies might jump out and hurt yourselves," he said and went out laughing.

Our breakfast was brought by a Negro woman and after it was taken out we waited for some time in vain for her to reappear and put our room in order. At last Jimmie proposed we should do it ourselves as no doubt the Yankees were laughing at the idea of Southern women waiting for a servant when they were under arrest. We had just spread up the bed when the woman did return. There had been some dispute between the authorities and the landlady whether or not a servant should be allowed us. We found, too, much to our relief, that we were in a first class boarding house instead of a third class hotel.

When we opened our door for the day we found our trunks sitting in the hall and the corporal being there I asked him to have them brought in.

"Oh, I don't know. What is in them?" he said.

"Nothing but our clothes and Capt. Dillard told us they
might be brought in."

He looked at them as though they contained several infernal machines and said, "I am afraid to put them in, without knowing what is in them."

"Look and see then yourself," I said offering him the keys. But he drew back from them with a comical look of perplexity. "Oh! I can't look in a lady's trunk," he said and finally calling a servant he himself helped to move them in.

The door was again closed and the turning of the key outside gave us an uneasy thrill. But Jimmie like Oliver Twist, "plucked up a spirit," and said she would be even with them for if they locked us in she would lock them out and so drew the bolt. But the key outside being again turned the inside champion retreated too.

Then followed the important question, how far our liberty was to be interfered with and Ma proposed trying to pass the door. I opposed speaking to the guard, unless necessary, for fear of being insulted. Ma went though and opening the door said in a very quiet tone, "Will you please let me pass?"

"No ma'am," said the guard, "I was told to let no one in nor out of this room."

The blank, astonished manner in which Ma shut the door and turned around threw Jimmie and myself into such a fit of laughter that she was forced to join us. And I kept looking at her and saying in an undertone as if in great terror, "Mister! oh mister! could you please bring us the oath?"

It was late in the morning and yet no summons from Gen. Boyle. Grandpa came though much to our joy. He had a pass to stay in the room just fifteen minutes and to get that he had been forced to go from one office to another until he was quite broken down. Gen. Boyle had told him the papers relating to our case were in the hands of a Captain (McAlpine, I think) and he would abide by his decision. Mr. Vance was still in town doing what he could against us.

After Grandpa left he came back with peaches, confectionary and melons that he had bought at a neighboring stand. The guard permitted him to roll the melons in and handed the other things himself, a part of which we insisted on his keeping.
The guard asked us if they allowed us to have newspapers, said they didn’t allow the male prisoners but he sometimes slipped them to them. He gave us a morning’s paper where we saw duly noticed that “three female rebs. Mrs. Cross and the two Misses Hardin had been brought from Harrodsburg and placed under guard at the Croughan House.”

The guard told us he was a Kentuckian and when we asked if there were many Kentuckians in the army he said, “No, very few. There were a good many Kentucky regiments but they were composed mostly of Dutch and Irish and some of them were raised on the other side of the river.”

We then remonstrated with him for being in an army whose object was to subdue the slave states; told him of the cruelty and excesses of the Yankees in Tennessee and their disgusting affectation of equality with the Negroes. How even their officers were seen with Negro women hanging on their arms. And though we did not exceed the truth, which indeed would have been hard to do, yet the story lost nothing by the tone of unfeigned disgust and abhorrence with which it was told.

We did not hesitate even to ask him to desert to the Southern Army and he promised us if he found when he went to Nashville things as we represented he would. For as yet notwithstanding the oppressions of the Yankees in Kentucky, they were polite enough to keep their doctrine of Negro equality a good deal in the dark and slaves were less tampered with than farther South.

During the morning Uncle Riley came to our room. He had not received the letter Grandpa had written before leaving Harrodsburg but living only twelve miles from the city had seen a notice of our arrest in the morning’s paper, and had come immediately, leaving a note at the depot, where he had read the paper, for Aunt Kate to come on the next morning’s train. After talking to us a while he went out to interest those friends of the family in the city who had most influence.

We saw but few others that day and received no summons

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2Probably Crogan Hotel, Jefferson and Center Streets. Amos P. Parker, Proprietor, 1864. Edwards Annual Director ... City of Louisville for 1864-5.
from Gen. Boyle. Our guards (they were changed every two hours) were invariably polite to us, and we made a point of trying to persuade them all to desert. None of them seemed very much indisposed except one little fellow of about fifteen who told us he heard aplenty of that kind of talk at home. He had one sister who was all the time abusing him for being in the Yankee army.

Just at dusk an Irishman was stationed and the warm weather compelling us to keep our door open he watched with great interest as Jimmie and I walked back and forth talking in a low tone. Once when I was near the door he said:

"And ain’t yer afraid?"
"No, I am not afraid."
"But ain’t yer afraid to be kept here in this room by yourselves?"
"Oh no."
"But what did they put yer here for?"
"For waving our handkerchiefs to John Morgan."
"Waving yer handkerchefes to John Morgan indadel an’ ef he had been on my side I would have done the same thing."

And having delivered himself of this sympathetic opinion he returned to walking his beat.

About midnight I was awakened by a knocking at our door. I got up from my pallet and called to know who it was but without withdrawing the bolt.

"It’s me!" said a voice from the outside in such an unmistakable accent that I knew it must be the guard’s.
"What do you want?" I asked.
"Dis shentlemen in de next room."
"What about him?"
"Something’s ailin’ of him."
"Well, you had better go in and see what is the matter with him."
"Oh! no! You see what is de matter wid him!"
"I don’t know anything about him."
"Yes, you do. I been told let him in and out your room when he please and something’s ailin’ of him."
"Well, go in there."
“No, you go.”

“Oh I tell you,” I said getting out of patience, “I don’t know anything about the man.”

“I don’t know nothing neider,” said the Dutchman, and I went back to bed leaving him to his thoughts which were no doubt bad company.

Wednesday morning Aunt Lucinda came to our room. She had come from Hardin County the day before and had been consulting with those she thought could aid us. She was accompanied by Mr. Barrett, a lawyer of the city whose politics we did not know, and by Gen. Ward8 of the Yankee army. As the gentlemen had no passes they were obliged to remain in the passage and talk across the guard. Grandpa was also in the passage.

Aunt Lucinda was suffering from a violent headache and very much distressed at our situation. She had been to see Gen. Boyle and told him she would answer for us, that the slightest verbal promise not to interfere with “the government” would be as binding as an oath. Gen. Boyle had replied, “The women think they will rule Kentuckys but I will show them they can’t do it while I am military governor.”

“Ah welll” said Grandpa “they have ruled the world ever since it was made and I reckon it is not worthwhile for Gen. Boyle to try to stop it.”

Gen. Ward, who was a Kentuckian, told us his wife was a “far away cousin” of ours and offered to do what he could for us, but Ma must tell him all the circumstances of our arrest. She proceeded to do so and I could not help wondering as she approached the scene at the court house door if she would tell him that I called Mr. Cardwell a “union devil.” She hesitated, but not being able conscientiously to leave it out, that too was told. Gen. Ward turned and looked at me. I was standing

8Undoubtedly General William Thomas Ward (1808-1878), of Greenup County and Louisville. He served as Major in the Mexican War, and before the Civil War was a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives and a Whig in the Thirty-second Congress. Commissioned a Brigadier General in 1861, he served throughout the war. There were many Hardins and Chinn's in early Greenup County. Biographical Directory of the American Congress 1774-1949 (Washington, 1950), p. 1978.
leaning against the door near him and looked back without saying a word until he threw back his head and burst into a hearty laugh. Perhaps he was thinking of that faraway cousin of ours. At any rate from that we launched into a lively conversation in which the Yankees were no more spared than if one of their generals had not been present. We ridiculed everything connected with the trial; told Gen. Ward the next time we would choose a civil one, the military had too much variety as we had been arrested for our conduct to the guard, tried for shooting at Morgan Vance and condemned for waving our handkerchiefs to John Morgan; that we believed they had only arrested us to have someone to exchange for Gen. Prentiss and we thought the U. S. government must be in a shackling condition when there was danger of our pulling it down.

Gen. Ward only laughed at our impudent speeches and Mr. Barrett suggested that if they would only bring Gen. Boyle down to talk to us he knew he would release us.

Gen. Ward finally told us he thought we would be sent over the lines and advised us to take the oath.

"Everyone in the Confederacy will have to take it in seven or eight months, for you will all be overrun."

"Well, at least," said Ma, "we will hold out as long as we can and use the strength God gives us."

He enquired if we had any friends in the South and being told we had a great many, he turned to Jimmie and me and taking a hand of each in his, looked at us with an expression of deep sympathy and said:

"Girls, I am sorry for you! Indeed I am sorry for you."

"We will try to bear it," said Jimmie demurely, delighted at the hope he held out that we would be sent over the lines instead of to prison.

Many of our friends came to see us. The guard, having orders only to prevent anyone from going into or coming out of our room, did not interfere with those who chose to stand in the passage and talk to us. At dinner time however when Aunt

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4Benjamin Mayberry Prentiss (1819-1901), Union general captured at Shiloh and released in October, 1862. Boatner, p. 967.
Kate and Uncle Riley, who had passes to come inside, started to the dining room, the guard refused to let Aunt Kate pass, saying he had orders to let no lady out of the room. It was in vain she showed him her pass, and called upon Uncle Riley to witness, and, after making the man confess he had only three ladies to guard showed him the three in the room. No, he was as firm as a rock until a Negro woman passing added her testimony, when it all became clear as daylight and Aunt Kate went to dinner.

The evening was spent in conversation with our friends. Even when left to ourselves we were by no means despondent. Once, before the war, when I had little idea of ever passing through such scenes, I had told Ma that if I should ever be put in prison I knew no one whom I would sooner choose for my companion than herself, for though I had many acquaintances whose conversation had a more fitful brilliance, I knew no one where the whole kept on with such even interest. And I reminded her now that I was about to prove the wisdom of my choice.

Towards dusk the young man who had given us the newspaper was placed again on guard, and if we had not made a rebel of him he was at least a "rebel sympathizer" for he gave us every opportunity to escape; extending his beat to such a length that he lost sight entirely of the door, and, perhaps disappointed at our not taking the hint, stopped at the door and said, "You could tie your sheets to the bed post and jump out of that window."

When we only laughed at the proposal he said, "I have nothing to do with those windows. I have only to guard the door."

It was almost too dark to see when Uncle Riley came with a gentleman whom he introduced as Col. Dent, Provost Marshal

5Lieutenant Colonel Henry Dent, organizer and commanding officer of the Provost Guard of Louisville. His unit, formed in September, 1861, by authority of General Anderson, performed guard duty in Louisville for a little more than one year, guarding during the period some 151,000 prisoners. Colonel Dent was the first Provost Marshal of Louisville and on August 10, 1862, was appointed by General Boyle as Provost Marshal of Kentucky. Union Regiments of Kentucky, pp. 590-592.
of Kentucky. He had been sent by Gen. Boyle to let us know the conditions on which we would be released.

First, We were to go to Nashville and not to return during the war.

Second, We were to give a verbal promise which was the oath in substance but to which we were not required to swear.

“And the third condition ladies,” he continued, “may seem a very small one to you but I hope you will remember I am only a subordinate in this business. It is—that you pay your own bills at this hotel.”

We were requested to consider those terms before we answered.

Uncle Riley followed Col. Dent into the passage, who after a moment’s conversation returned and said he had not known until that day we were under his jurisdiction, and finding we had been confined to the room, he would remove the guard upon our giving parole not to go outside the house and to speak to none of the boarders about our arrest until we had returned an answer to Gen. Boyle.

We gave the parole verbally and our prospective recruits for the Southern Army were removed from our door.

Thursday morning we emerged from our obscurity to the full splendors of the parlor and table d’ hôte.

We found several ladies in the parlor, who, though they looked curiously at us, said nothing until one seated near me began a conversation upon the weather or some equally interesting and useful subject and then asking how long I had been in the city finally dropped her voice until the sound of the piano drowned it out and asked if we were not under arrest. I told her we were not permitted to speak on that subject. “Well, I can tell you you have some sympathizers in the house,” she said.

When it was known our guard had been removed, we had a succession of visitors which kept us in the parlor all the time, friends of our own and of the family besides many strangers who called to express sympathy for us and our cause.

Few gentlemen called for there was too much danger of their being arrested but we had messages of encouragement from
them and invitations to their houses in case our liberty was extended to the city.

Among the ladies who called was a friend in deep mourning for a brother who had been shot down on a street in Louisville for crying "Hurrah! for Jeff. Davis" after the first battle of Manassas.

A school mate brought us a message from her sister, a girl of sixteen, who herself was afraid to come because she had lately been under arrest. They had threatened to send her to Newport Barracks, where there were none but men, and make her sew for the Yankee soldiers. She held out until they put her on the cars, when the terror of her situation overcame her, and she told them she would rather sacrifice her conscience and take the oath than sacrifice her health sewing for the Yankees.\(^6\)

The same lady told us of two ladies of her acquaintance in a neighboring county who had been frightened into taking the oath by being kept all night in a cavalry camp where though the men were not permitted to enter their tent they could crowd around and indulge in any conversation they pleased. These ladies besides giving bond for ten and twelve thousand dollars, paid one 240 and the other 210 dollars for the privilege of taking the oath.

Another of our visitors was from Arkansas, from whence when her home fell into the hands of the Yankees, she returned to her mother's in Louisville. She told me the Yankees had burned almost every house in her neighborhood, though hers was still standing. She had slept for nights in her clothes expecting every moment the incendiary squad to order her out. The Yankees had taken off her Negroes, drawing their pistols on some in her presence and forcing them to leave her.

Mr. Hodges also came and told us that having twice applied without success for a pass to visit a gentleman friend in prison, and being told on the third application he would be arrested, he had thought it best not to ask to see us.

\(^6\)On July 28, 1862, by order of General Boyle, a prison was prepared at Newport for "rebel females"—where they were to sew for the Federal soldiers. Collins, I, 105.
During the morning we wrote an answer to Gen. Boyle. First, that he might be harrowed with anxiety no longer than necessary on that point, we told him we would willingly pay our hotel bills. We desired him also to see that we had never been taught to regard pecuniary affairs as of such great importance.

We also agreed to leave Kentucky but declined to make any promise whatever in support of the Union.

Grandpa in the meantime had been to see Capt. McAlpine, who told him he saw from the papers no reason whatever for our detention and thought we ought to be unconditionally released. As Gen. Boyle had promised to be guided by his decision, after a great deal of delay he gave Grandpa an order for our release, couched in the following elegant and gentlemanly terms:

"Col. Dent, let Mrs. Cross and her daughters go to Nashville but not to Harrodsburg. If they return to Kentucky without consent from authority higher than that vested in me I will put them in the county jail and keep them. J. Boyle."

Upon presenting this to Col. Dent he put it in his pocket and said, "I have asked these ladies questions and they shall not go until they answer them."

Of course we were not so ignorant of military rules as to suppose he would dare do this without an understanding with Gen. Boyle. And we had no reason afterwards to believe our suspicion unjust, for the next evening after dinner, when there was no one in the parlor but ourselves, Col. Dent appeared and asked for our answer to his conditions.

Ma asked him if he had read our note to Gen. Boyle.

He had. Was that all the answer we had to make?

Yes.

"Then ladies," he said in a voice by no means amiable, "if you have made up your minds, Gen. Boyle has also made up his mind and you may prepare immediately to go to Camp Chase."

We asked when we would probably start.

"Be ready at any hour. One train goes out at eight o'clock
this evening, perhaps you will go then. I have sixty or eighty men to send. Whenever they are ready you will go."

He was evidently disappointed at the effect of this terrible announcement for at the door he turned and said:

"At Camp Chase you will not be at a hotel. It is a field, surrounded by a fence. In it are confined six or eight thousand men. You will not be permitted to stay together but will be placed each in a separate shanty or open tent. It is no place for a lady," said this gentleman who had just ordered us there.

"Then the responsibility is not with us but with the U. S. officers who order us there," I said. "There is no charge against us but that we waved our handkerchiefs to John Morgan."

"There are eight closely written pages of charges against you," he replied.

"If there are you have never proved but that one."

"Madam," he said with the dignity becoming such an announcement, "when an officer of our army makes a charge we require no proof," which shows that his faith at least in that direction was wonderfully developed.

The Colonel started but turned once more and drew his bow for a Parthian arrow.

"Pardon me ladies, but I think for a woman to meddle with politics is ridiculous!" This gentleman we had been told formerly belonged to that class of whom it is said to take nine to make a man. "And the women of Kentucky have driven many young men to their graves," which he intimated was the Southern Army. The other army of course was a very delightful place, though I had looked on a battlefield where to express the number of Yankee dead people said, "You can walk five miles on their dead bodies and wade knee deep in their blood."

Telling us again to be ready at any hour, Col. Dent left. Before he could descend the stairs I ran to the piano, at which he had interrupted me, and performed a very brilliant and defiant piece which would no doubt have shocked Thalberg or Herz quite as much as it did Col. Dent.

Notwithstanding this excessive gayety my heart was throb-bing with rage. And as the Col's. footsteps died away I turned to Ma and said, "I know it is impossible for anyone to know
what they will do until they are tried, but I believe, if they had a pistol to my head, I would let them blow my brains out before I would take that oath."

Ma had persuaded Grandpa and Aunt Mary to return to Harrodsburg for Grandpa looked so miserable and worn out it made our hearts ache to look at him. We told him we thought a great deal of the delay in our case was owing to a desire to annoy him, and it would be to our advantage for him to return. Our friends agreed with us in this. So while we were packing for Camp Chase we rejoiced he was not with us as the news would reach him quite soon enough at Harrodsburg.

In the midst of our preparations a lady came in. "Oh!" she said, "I was in the hall and heard the order and I was so afraid I would find you crying. But I am glad you show them they can't make you cry."

After getting everything in readiness, as we might have to travel that night, I lay down to sleep. I shall never forget the first moment after I awoke, what a thrill of horror passed through me at the thought that we were under orders for Camp Chase. But we had started out with the determination, as Ma said, "to use the strength God gave us," and to show no sign of faltering. And though I confess there was much of earthly stubbornness and passion to fortify my resolution, yet I did pray earnestly to God to give me strength to follow the dictates of my conscience.

At supper we went as usual to the table where we were accustomed to meet with many quiet tokens of sympathy and encouragement.

One of the Negro waiters was particularly devoted to our comfort, and kept up a kind of predatory warfare on all dishes brought for others.

When we returned to the parlor after tea we found quite a number of friends, besides some persons whom we had not met before. Among the latter were the mother and wife of an editor who had been for some time in prison for his Southern sentiments. The wife too had been kept once for three weeks in her room, with a guard at each window and one at the door, she not being allowed to draw the blinds or shut the door. Mr. Martin from Shelbyville was also there, though he told us that upon
being asked when he left home if he would call on us he had indignantly answered, "No, he would go to see no ladies who would wave their handkerchiefs to John Morgan." Which Ma privately informed me afterwards, was all nonsense, as she saw he had on an elegant set of studs that he never wore but on special occasions. It is an open question, his word against the studs.

At any rate he looked very solemn under the thought of our impending fate and invited me to a seat by a distant window in order to argue with me our obstinacy in not taking the oath. Why wouldn't I take it?

It was in vain for me to explain my reasons. He could not understand them and always returned to the question, why wouldn't I take it?

"Because," I said at last, "I was born a Southerner and if God will give me the strength I intend to die a Southerner."

"And do you suppose," he asked, "that we who cling to the Union do not love the South as well as the men in the rebel army?"

"I don't suppose," I said, "that those who fight against the South love her as well as those who fight for her."

Just at this stormy point an old lady came to tell me goodbye, and not Mr. Martin or his politics. She grasped me by the hand saying, "God bless you, my child! You are right. Never give up. Never take that oath."

We laughed heartily as I went through the scene afterwards for Ma and Jimmie, but we all felt they were friends indeed who encouraged us in our hour of trial.

Friday morning we were surprised to see Dr. Palmer for though his first wife had been my father's sister, his being a Union man had prevented our writing for him. Seeing some

7Lizzie's uncle, Dr. Robert C. Palmer of Washington County, Ky. He married first, July 14, 1830, at Bardstown, Emily Hardin, daughter of Ben Hardin and sister of James P. Hardin, Lizzie's father. She died in 1845. Dr. Palmer was Representative from Washington County, 1834; Senator from the same county, 1841-1845, and 1853-1857. His second wife, whom he married May 5, 1847, was Harriet S., daughter of Col. Marshall Key, of Mason County, Ky. Lucius P. Little, Ben Hardin: His Times and Contemporaries (Louisville, 1887), p. 167.
notice of our arrest in the paper he rode a hundred miles on horseback in one night to get to us.

He was by no means pleased on reaching the Galt House to hear of his chief’s gentlemanly orders concerning us, a matter upon which he expressed his opinion very freely to Col. Dent.

“If they have done anything wrong, as I expect they have,” he said, “I would not object to seeing them punished in a proper manner, but Camp Chase is no place for a lady and you know it. Those girls shan’t go there and if you attempt to send them I will not only denounce you in Louisville but will take the stump and go through the state to rouse the people.”

As he repeated this to us, my long pent-up feelings burst forth in a shower of tears.

“Yes, Uncle Robert,” I said, “I have never since my arrest opened my lips to remonstrate at anything they have done. When they arrested me, when they forced me to walk through the streets between bayonets, when they sent me to the county jail . . . .”

“Did they send you to the county jail?” he cried. “Riley send you?”

“Yes,” I said, “I could though forgive even that. But this order to Camp Chase is an insult. It was intended as such more than as a punishment and I will never forgive it. I dare Gen. Boyle or Col. Dent to publish in the city papers the language Col. Dent used in ordering us to Camp Chase.”

Dr. Palmer was sadly divided between his party and his heart.

“Oh Lizzie,” he said, “don’t cry. The reason they treat you so, women always outtalk men and so make them mad.”

Ma was not in the room and Jimmie sat silent, she told me afterwards, for fear if she spoke she would burst out crying.

During the day Dr. Palmer was untiring in his efforts and came two or three times with Judge Bullock to consult with us. At one time Mr. Martin was there too and our cousin, Mr. Hodges, who had been very constant in his visits, came in during the consultation. Dr. Palmer had had a conversation with Gen. Boyle in which they had alluded in a distant manner to the ill-feeling between our family and Mrs. Boyle’s, and the
General was so kind as to observe he would not give Hal Palmer for all the Hardins in the state of Kentucky. To which I was blunt enough to answer I did not think Gen. Boyle's opinion of our family a matter of any consequence.

Dr. Palmer appealed to Judge Bullock to know if he did not think it wrong to order us to Camp Chase.

"All wrong. Entirely wrong, Sir," he answered.

"What do they expect," said Mr. Martin walking up and down the room. "They place themselves in opposition to the government."

We did not expect much and thereby proved the truth of the old saying, "Blessed are they that expect not for they shall not be disappointed."

After Judge Bullock and Dr. Palmer left, Mr. Hodges confessed he had felt rather alarmed on entering the room to find our visitors Union men. He no doubt would have felt more so had he known that Mr. Martin was then making enquiries of Ma.

"Was he a relation?"

"No."

"But he heard Jimmie and me call him Cousin Henry?"

Ma believed we did claim some sort of cousinship.

"Was he a Secessionist?"

"I never ask a man his politics," said Ma, "for no man dare own them in Kentucky."

"No man?" asked Mr. Martin.

"Not if he is a Secessionist."

"Oh!"

After this Jimmie and I, whenever Mr. Hodges came and no one was in the parlor, made a great parade of searching the room, behind the divans and under the tables to assure him no one was listening. After this he would give us the latest "rebel" intelligence, besides telling what people said about our arrest. I think the original intention had been to humiliate us by making us take the oath and we rather astonished them by our refusal. Some thought we would yield at last. Others were of a different opinion. One old gentleman was quite disgusted at our obstinacy and enquired if our mother was not a Hardin as well as our father. On being told she was he gave up.
"You might as well let them go," he said, "for if they all have that old Hardin blood in them you will never make them do anything."

Saturday Dr. Palmer came with the pleasant intelligence that Gen. Boyle had directed him to send Col. Dent to Hdqts. that he might take back the order for Camp Chase and give one for "over the lines."

Dr. Palmer told us that one of the men connected with the Louisville Journal had said in his hearing, "If people are allowed to interfere in this way the government will never be sustained. Just as we had these ladies under orders for Camp Chase here comes Palmer and says they can't go because one is his sister-in-law and the other two his nieces."

We supposed we had been accused with very extensive intrigues for the Confederate government, as the day before we had been requested by Dr. Palmer to write a note to Gen. Boyle saying that we did not know any of the leading men of the Confederacy nor one of their Generals except Gen. Morgan, to whom we had spoken once in the presence of a crowd. That we had lived in Kentucky, quietly, as is usual with ladies, and if we returned home expected to continue the same life. We wrote it of course, it being nothing but the truth, though we were rather surprised at being called upon to state it.

We were quite willing however to leave the right and wrong, the reason and the nonsense of the whole question in its unsettled state provided we could leave Kentucky, and find rest once more beneath the "Stars and Bars."

We thanked Dr. Palmer for all his kindness not only with our lips but with our hearts. Ma told him his going into the Union party was the only thing in his whole life which had been at variance with the laws of chivalry and we all expressed the hope that he would yet come to the ranks of right against might. But no doubt, like our guard, he "heard plenty" of that at home, as his daughters and sister were on our side and he shared the opinion of Gen. Boyle that the women wanted to carry Kentucky by storm.

After dinner Col. Dent came up, not breathing out threatening and slaughter as when last we saw him, but surprising us
with his mildness. And no doubt being surprised at ours, for when I rose and offered him the armchair in which I was seated, he looked as though he were regarding a hyena which had become a well-behaved domestic animal. He told us blandly we could have gone over the lines at any time if he had known we preferred that to Camp Chase. I do not know what he expected to effect by telling this falsehood to those he knew he could not deceive by it.

He brought with him the parole we were to sign, pledging ourselves to proceed through the lines with all possible dispatch and not to give any information as to the number or position of the Federal forces. We were allowed forty-eight hours to remain in Nashville, where we were required to report to the Provost Marshal.

Jimmie asked where “the lines” were. Col. Dent was obliged to acknowledge ignorance, the glories of his military career having been pursued upon the streets of Louisville, but he told us to take the Nashville train and proceed in a Southerly direction until we passed the last Union camp, the last Union tent—until, in fact, the glorious old flag should be lost to sight; when no doubt if we had been of upright frame of mind, we would have found ourselves in extreme desolation, but in our hardened condition we exchanged some secret glances that spoke of anticipations of joy.

Dr. Palmer was obliged to go Sunday morning to Frankfort although we begged him not to desert us until we were out of Louisville. He advised us to send for Judge Bullock who would give us any advice we needed. We did so and Judge Bullock was exceedingly kind and attentive but intimated we were not yet out of danger. He said, “There were several sharp corners yet to be turned.”

We gave to Mr. Hodges copies of the notes &c that had passed between Gen. Boyle and ourselves, that if he heard the case misrepresented he could show these. He told us he had already heard in Louisville that we had been sent to jail by Riley at our own request.

Sunday was spent in feverish anxiety for Monday morning. Ma said if she were to go to Heaven she would be afraid to
meet Col. Dent lest he should deliver an order for her return. She was also alarmed at the fixed manner in which an Ohio lady regarded me at the table. It was reported this lady had said she wanted to take one bath in the blood of Southern women and have a necklace made of their eyes.

"I am sure she has designs on Lizzie's eyes," said Ma.

We were rejoiced Sunday night to see Dr. Palmer again. He had gone to Frankfort in the morning but became so uneasy about us that he returned. And so we slept that night a little freer from care and Monday did come at last.

We had our baggage all ready and our travelling dresses on long before the time, and were waiting in the landlady's room. As I sat running my fingers over the keys of the piano I saw Col. Dent walking backwards and forwards outside the door, reading a paper. It looked like the pendulation of Damocles' sword. Every time he passed the door I expected him to stop and say, "Ladies take off your bonnets, we have reconsidered."

The landlady introduced Col. Wilson who would take charge of our baggage, see we got our tickets, &c. He was a little, Yankeeish-looking man with his head bandaged.

We had seen him a few days before, from our window, when we had made sotto voce the unpleasant remark, "What a pity it didn't go through his head." It was barbarous perhaps but natural. When I see a Yankee writhing with a wound I do, in spite of my hatred, feel sorry for him and have, more than once, done as much to relieve his suffering as if he were a Southerner. But I have never yet been able to bring myself

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8"During the campaign of General Johnston, in 1864, Marietta, Atlanta, and many other towns in Georgia, in the rear of his army, were put in requisition for hospital accommodations; and in the Academy Hospital at Marietta, two ladies of Kentucky—Miss Kate A. Monroe and Miss Lizzie Hardin, assisted also by Miss Mary Monroe and Mrs. Leovy—devoted themselves week after week, until Johnston's movement of the 2d of July uncovered the place, to the care of the sick and wounded, with an untiring energy and an efficiency that won the gratitude of the sufferers and the admiration of all witnesses who were concerned for the welfare of the men sent down daily from the front. And even before they took charge of the hospital, the house which they, with other members of Judge Monroe's family, occupied, was made a hospital of itself, since every available place was crowded, and every possible attention was bestowed." The
to such a Christian state of mind as to grieve for their dead. When I see one maimed for life I think, "You will kill no more Southern men and burn no more Southern homes."

At the depot, while Jimmie went with Col. Wilson to point out our baggage, Ma and I sat in the cars. Mr. Hodges was waiting to tell us goodbye and was the last of our friends we saw.

The cars were crowded with Yankees, officers and privates, returning to their commands. We did not speak to any of them when we could avoid it and having settled in our own minds that Col. Wilson had been commissioned to watch us we were not much inclined to a conversation with him. I asked him if he had been wounded. He said the ball had struck the back of his head and glanced under the shoulder blade from which place it had just been extracted.

"Did Morgan's men shoot you?" I asked.

His answer was more exasperated than elegant. "No, those nasty, stinking guerrillas of Williams's shot me."

He went on to say he was just coming out of the telegraph office, being separated by the length of the town from his regiment, when he found himself surrounded by a hundred men who told him to surrender or be shot. Of course like a brave fellow he told them to "fire away!" Which they did and left him for dead.

When the gallant Colonel's back was turned we laughed a little at this story and thought it rather unfortunate that while a man was defiantly facing a hundred guerrillas he should be shot in the back of the head. Ma thought too that though she could bear with an ordinary degree of courage, yet when a man became so unconscionably brave, she would like for the safety of his fellow men, to see him killed.

The Yankees in the car had some illustrated paper with a likeness of Gen. Morgan sketched by a man whom he had taken

Monroe women associated here with Lizzie were the daughters of Judge Thomas Bell Monroe: Catherina A., born December 10, 1817, never married; Mary Hardin, born August 25, 1820, also single; and Elizabeth A., born December 4, 1828, married Henry J. Leovy. Ed. Porter Thompson, History of the Orphan Brigade (Louisville, 1898), pp. 316-317; James Barnett Adair, Adair History and Genealogy (Los Angeles, 1924), pp. 88-90.
prisoner. It was really a very fine likeness as they were in-
formed by a young man who said he was “pussonally acquainted”
with the great chief.

There seemed some danger in the evening that he would
renew his “pussonal” acquaintance for the cars began to give
signs of uncertainty as to which way they would run or indeed
whether they would run at all or not. They ran backwards and
forwards and stopped and then ran slowly until everyone was
enquiring what was the matter. Some officer said he believed
there was fire in the wheel. Ma and Jimmie and I, in a private
and retired manner indeed, with our heads out the windows
or tucked down on pretense of some lost glove, laughed wickedly
for we suspected where the fire was.

At last the cars made a dead pause and all the soldiers
rushed out.

“What is the matter?” we asked when they came back.

“You’re friends have been at work again,” said Col. Wilson.

“And what have they done?” asked Jimmie.

“Torn up the railroad—blown up the tunnel and captured
the train in front of us.”

“I suppose it is Morgan’s gang,” said a fierce old lady by me.

“I believe it is Morgan himself, madam.”

“Oh-h,” and the lady sank back with the most comical look
of despair.

Well, there was nothing to be done but for our train to go
back to Louisville. As we were near the Bowling Green depot
the cars stopped there for all so disposed to get out. Col. Wilson
strongly advised us to return but we had had enough of Louis-
ville. Some of the soldiers returned, some got off.

They all advised us to go back and asked us if we had any
friends in Bowling Green.

“Not unless Morgan’s men come,” Jimmie said.

A citizen of Louisville whom I knew came up and said he
intended to return but with my permission would introduce a
Captain of the Yankee army who would see that we obtained
rooms at the hotel. I objected and he asked me if it was on
account of his uniform. Just as I was saying, “Yes it is,” the
Captain in question came up and touching his cap asked if I
was Miss Hardin, said he had heard Mr. Barrett speak of me while we were detained in Louisville, and he would be glad to see our party to the hotel.

We had to take a long walk to reach the hotel. I was tired and not very interesting to him and I am sure he was not to me. The only part of our conversation I remember was his telling me as we walked through the town, what devastations the Southern troops had committed in it. They had burned every fence in the town. I could not help telling him I thought the fences looked rather old to have been so lately burned and put up.

He said “good evening” at the hotel door so when we found out that it was undergoing repairs we had to seek rooms at the other house for ourselves. The gallant Colonel having left the useful and joined the ornamental department, was rushing about the public square in a frantic manner which said “as plain as whisper in ear” that if he didn’t pursue John Morgan he intended having the credit of wishing to do so.

There were preparations on all hands for the pursuit, there being some troops stationed at Bowling Green under command of Col. Bruce, John Morgan’s brother-in-law. But the pursuit did not promise to be a hot one as at the last accounts that night they had not started. Our landlady and her daughter came in and gave us an amusing description of the Yankees “under difficulties.”

But morning “showed another sight.” It being by that time certain that Morgan was out of reach of any force that could be sent after him, there was a mighty cry for horses. I saw one poor fellow making haste to get his safely home, but a gun

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Saunders Dewees Bruce, brother of Rebecca Bruce, first wife of General John Hunt Morgan. He was Colonel, 20th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry, when the unit was pursuing Bragg on the Nashville-Louisville march in late August and September, 1862. After the war he removed to New York where he became an authority on pedigree of horses and authored American Stud Book (six volumes), Horse Breeders’ Guide and Handbook, and The Thoroughbred Horse. He was also one of the proprietors of Turf, Field and Farm. He died in 1902. Frederick H. Dyer, A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion (New York, 1959), III, 1206; Who Was Who in America, 1897-1942 (Chicago: The A. N. Marquis Co., 1942.)
being drawn on him he reconsidered the matter and dismounted. Our window overlooked the square so we had a full view of the imposing array of cavalry and artillery as they left the town. Left it to one poor but patriotic drummer who with a fifer pursued the weary task of beating up volunteers for the U. S. A.—volunteers who never came, though the United States called for them with "les larmes dans la voix."

Then a fellow soldier with the glorious old flag came out and accompanied them and at last another drummer and another fifer—but no volunteers.

Late in the evening the martial host returned not with John Morgan but with forty or fifty head of cattle taken from a neighboring farm, and which they afterwards found had been already purchased by their own commissary.

I have always found that the nearer you get to contending forces the less you know of what they are doing. A thousand rumors which do not reach the extreme rear float about those who are nearest the front.

It seemed impossible to find out what damage had been done to the road and how long it would be in repairing. Some said it might be months, all agreed it would be weeks before the cars could run, and in the meantime we must be detained at Bowling Green with the possibility of being ordered back to Louisville. We made every effort to get a private conveyance to Nashville, a distance by the old turnpike of about eighty miles. But it was so uncertain where Morgan was that no one was willing to risk meeting him.

We were almost in despair when a sutler of the Yankee army named Miller came in and told us he had a friend, another sutler, who would take us if he were not afraid Morgan might capture his two wagons and four horses. We promised him if he would take us and we met Morgan we would prevail on our friends in the command to save his horses.

In the evening we went up to the garret to get a good view of the defenses around Bowling Green, thereby causing some uneasiness to some very loyal people who feared we were taking plans of them for the Southerners. Which would have been
love's labor lost as they had made them themselves. We also saw the forlorn drummer and fifer still beating for volunteers with the same success as if he had called "spirits from the vasty deep."

After tea, while we were on an upper balcony, Mr. Miller came to let us know his friend had consented to take us. We then made the final arrangements about the hour of starting &c. He talked some time but did not seem at all easy and at last confessed he was afraid he was watched, that there were, as he expressed it, "some very mean officers there," and they had passed the door several times seeming to be listening to what we were saying. If they were they had little reward for I do not think anything we said was treason, though I cannot say positively as that word had a very extended and by no means definite meaning in the vocabulary of the Yankees.
CHAPTER XVII

"OF THORNS AND THISTLES AND BAMBOO BRIARS"

THURSDAY MORNING found us again on our way, ourselves in one wagon, our baggage in another. They were common army wagons without springs, with the whitest of covers, the bluest of bodies and the reddest of wheels, thereby bringing continually to our remorseless minds the colors of the flag we had deserted and trampled upon. At least though the wagons were perfectly new and the horses such good ones we were quite repentant at having promised to intercede for them if Morgan should capture our train. Our driver was an Ohioan with an unpronounceable Dutch name who told us his brother had left Ohio to join the Southern Army where he was still serving.

When we reached the pickets they did not ask for our pass but merely examined that of the sutler, who told me afterwards many of the pickets only made a pretense, not really being able to read. We thus found out that one of the best ways to pass hostile lines is to bribe a sutler.

Our traveling was of the slowest. The turnpike, having been little used since the R. R. had been completed, was dreadfully out of repair and the sutler very careful of his horses. The want of springs made the jolting so unbearable we stopped at a house and got some hay to put in the bottom of the wagon. We tried too to get dinner there but they refused so coolly that we immediately laid the want of hospitality to the blue jackets of our drivers. However, we were referred to another house where we got one of the best dinners I ever saw, it being in the regular country style of Kentucky. Ma said it was the first time she had ever known being in bad company to be of advantage to anyone.

The old man was a Unionist, it is true, but as we paid for
our dinner we didn’t care for that and when Ma asked him if it should be found the Union couldn’t be preserved which way he would vote for Kentucky to go he said, “Oh! of course South.”

All along the road persons enquired eagerly for news of Morgan, but we knew little more of him than they did, having nothing to rely on but vague rumors that made him hovering about the road we were on, but how near or on which side we could not tell. It was amusing to see the faces of our questioners. Supposing our whole party to be of the same politics, they studiously avoided any expression of opinion, but it was very easy to see they were not overcome with grief at Morgan’s success.

We stopped at one house for water and the gentleman came out with some melons and a great many questions about the raiders. Knowing he thought us Unionists, we tried to make him say Morgan ought to be hanged.

But he would make no other answer than the ambiguous one that, “Morgan was certainly doing a great deal of damage but as for this hanging, he didn’t know. He didn’t believe much in hanging.”

We had been told that about dusk we would cross the Kentucky line and find soon after entering Tennessee a house where travellers were entertained for the night. Our driver kindly told me to look my last at “my old Kentucky home” for I would never see it again. I pointed to the fields on either side of the road, where the corn was already five or six feet high, and told him I expected our army to gather those crops.

“I know you do,” he said, “and that is why the Kentuckians have planted so much, but your troops will never gather it.”

After we crossed the line we became anxious in our enquiries about the distance to the inn. Sometimes it was just ahead, then several miles off, the contraction and expansion being according to no regular rule. The road had become abominable and the first drops of a thunderstorm began to fall. We began too to suspect that whatever the distance to the inn might be it was not very far to Morgan, for though the road was almost without houses we saw numberless horsemen, riding backwards and for-
wards, and heard one call to another, "We meet at the head of the lane." We supposed they were recruits going to Morgan and thought some of his men were with them, though as they had on no uniforms we could not be certain and said nothing to each other of our surmises until one of them threw himself on the side of his horse to pick a switch from the ground.

"They are Morgan's men," I whispered to Jimmie.

"What did you say?" asked the sutler.

I told him I was speaking to my sister.

"I know what you said though," he answered. "You said those were Morgan's men."

"And so they are," I said. "I know them by the way they ride."

"Ohl me," groaned the poor fellow. "I won't have nary horse in the morning." And in fact at one time I thought he was in some danger of having "nary one" that night, for a squad passed and repassed us several times, casting very alarming glances at the horses and very rueful ones at the ladies they were pulling. At last I think chivalry obtained the victory for they rode off, merely making some remark about the storm which was coming up.

This soon became a subject of much more uneasiness than Morgan, for as we rode on, the night came down "black as a wolf's mouth" and terrible flashes of lightning only gave us glimpses of the thick woods on either side of our road. We had ceased to meet anyone or if we met them, to see or hear them, and only strained our eyes to find some light that might lead us to a house. We even feared we had passed the inn. We rode on—and on—and on, nothing above or around but thunder and lightning and a "horror of great darkness." At last the sutler saw a light, which, though it disappeared in an instant, he thought might be in the house we were seeking. He gave me the reins while he went on a scout, from which we feared he would never return as after he left the wagon we could neither see nor hear him.

We waited and waited and finally began to call him but to our dismay there was no answer. I had my head out of the
wagon and must have had my eyes considerably dilated, trying to peer into the darkness, for a sudden flash of lightning made me almost fancy I had been struck blind.

At last a light appeared some distance ahead of us and as it drew near we were delighted to see the sutler and a Negro man and learn we were at the inn we had been so anxiously looking for. The light had made us stop near the Negro cabins and the sutler had met with all sorts of obstacles in the way of ditches and bushes in his search for the house.

We seemed destined to be given over to the colored population that night for on reaching the house not a white person was to be seen, until in showing us up to our room, they started to lead us through one where the master of the house, an old man, was sleeping. We objected to this route and the servants told us their master said his other rooms were already occupied by gentlemen, but if we wished it he would make them get up and come down and give us another room. We thought that would be too selfish so we went up to our room which we had to leave again at daylight in order to pursue our journey.

Early as it was, we found some four or five gentlemen at the breakfast table who were also to leave. After breakfast we all sat on the porch while the sutler and his driver were “hitching up.” There was but little conversation for the times made persons very suspicious of strangers.

The gentlemen ventured to observe that “it would be a good thing if they could catch that fellow Morgan for he was doing a great deal of harm.”

This excited my ire and I said, “Yes, and it would be a good thing too if you could catch that fellow Beauregard—he seems to be doing you some harm.”

There was visible surprise in the whole company at this speech and the old man, turning around at the door, where he was entering, cried out in his peculiar squeaking tones, “Ain’t you all Union?”

“I should think not,” said Ma, “as we are being sent out of the lines for welcoming Morgan.”

“Well I thought you were,” cried the old man in great de-
light, “and this one, I was just certain she was,” singling out Jimmie much to our amusement, thought I could see no reason for it except her fair complexion and auburn hair.

We were then told all the gentlemen were Secessionists going South or to Morgan and that a hundred men had passed in one body the day before, that they were coming by continually in hope of reaching Morgan before he started back.

The old man was so elated that he called out to the two Yankees at the gate, “And you belong to King Abraham do you?”

When we went to the wagon the gentlemen all went to help us in but as one of them took Ma’s hand the old man cried out, “No, no, you young fellows can help the young ladies in if you want to, but please goodness I’ll help the old lady myself.”

Ma got in laughing although he had called her an old lady before her hair was gray.

Unfortunately I had the headache and so spent almost the whole day lying on the hay in the bottom of the wagon, suffering horrible pain from the jolting. When we stopped for dinner, while the others were eating, I enjoyed the luxury of a bed from which however I could hear the old lady recounting to Ma and Jimmie the countless sins of the Yankees. One story, which specially excited her wrath and her triumph, was of how they came one day and took all her cows, and she followed them with such a clang of tongue that at last the officer cried out in despair to know which one she would take.

“Give me the black one.”

“Take it then and go,” he said. And she did take it and drove it back home.

It was sundown Friday evening when we reached Nashville, or rather Col. Johnson’s, two miles from the city, where we bade goodbye to our Yankee friends, who refused to be paid as we had promised to protect their horses.

We found our friends constantly expecting the Southern Army. We tried to encourage them by saying we ourselves had heard the army would be in Nashville in a month.

“A month,” they said. “Oh how can we wait so long?”
As we were retiring that night Mary Johnson asked, "Don't you hope you will hear the cannon before morning?"

We found we could go into the city with the pass we had but in order to come out we must have another, to get which it would be necessary to take the oath. Even children were required to do so and many families on this account had ceased visiting the city. We sent in for passes explaining why they should be given without our taking the oath. One came for Ma but a refusal for Jimmie and me.

Ma found only a clerk in the Provost Marshal's office for which she was glad as she feared Gen. Boyle had intended we should be turned back here. She reported to the clerk and he extended our permission for remaining in Nashville to a few hours over forty-eight, as it was impossible for us to leave Sunday evening.

Dr. Ford who had just been released from prison and given permission to go South, sent us word he would like to make arrangements for all of us to go together. We were very glad of this but before Monday morning he and Gov. Andy Johnson had had a quarrel which came very near being a fight. Gov. Johnson expressed a warm desire to hang John Morgan on one limb of a tree and Dr. Ford on another, and finally sent the Dr. back to prison.

So Monday morning we started by ourselves. The cars were of course crowded with officers and soldiers, and two officers sitting in front of Jimmie and me, after beginning several times a conversation which we failed to carry on, I think suspected our politics for they recounted to each other the terrible things they were going to do to Nashville if the Southerners attempted to take it. Then they went on to speak of the degeneracy of its citizens. One said that on the fourth of July he had walked over the whole city to see what Union sentiment there was and had not seen four U. S. flags besides what were hung out by their own men or families who had followed the army.

"And the women are a d...n sight worse than the men."

"Yes, a doggone sight," said the other who probably had conscientious scruples about saying d...n. He acknowledged
however to some murderous intentions towards those women when they called him to his face "abolitionist." For a Yankee has less objection to being anything mean and more objection to being called so than any man in the world. As some officers behind us sat all the time with their heads on the back of our bench we were forced to sit bolt upright. Jimmie and I moved our seats without awaiting the end of this conversation.

We had determined not to have any conversation with them and so scarcely spoke a word the whole day. Once when we were getting out of the cars one of the officers offered to help Jimmie who pretended not to see the offer. He burst out laughing and said to a companion, "Did you see she wouldn’t take my hand?"

The whole road was lined with all sorts of military defenses which however gave but little protection, if we might judge from the number of half consumed cars that continually met the view.

Late in the evening we neared Stevenson, Ala., and we began to make some enquiries as to the best way of crossing the lines. We were told we would have to stop at Stevenson as the R. R. from there to the Tennessee river was being torn up for repairs. But the distance was only twelve miles and we would have little difficulty in getting across the next day if we had proper passes. They asked me if their authorities had given us passes.

"Not only given them but rather insisted on our going," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Uncle Sam has told us our room is more agreeable than our company."

One looked at Jimmie who was laughing and said, "You don’t seem to mind it much."

"No, not very much," she answered.

Another asked us if we had not gone up to Louisville on a boat last spring and said he had heard Capt. Western speak of us. We soon ceased talking but one officer seemed determined we should begin again. There being no vacant seat near me he occupied the arm of one and made repeated remarks about
Morgan to me. I replied in as few words as possible, until at last my patience and prudence were exhausted and we were all soon in lively discussion of the relative merits of the North and South.

One officer could not understand why a gentleman should not resent a rudeness from a lady as soon as from a man. He asked me what I would think of a gentleman I liked if I should see him submit to an insult from a lady.

"I would think nothing of him," I said, "if he resented it in any way but by his silence."

But he could not be convinced there was any difference between a chivalric and a slavish disposition and said the Southern men were all slaves to the women.

Another expressed a warm desire to see Morgan. He only wanted to meet him face to face once.

"And when you do, may God have mercy on you," said Ma.

At which the Yankee waxed wroth. However when we got out at Stevenson they said goodbye as though our opinion of each other had been quite different. One even wished us a pleasant and prosperous trip, and one told me he was coming to Chattanoogy to see me.

"You are going to do what?"

"I am coming to Chattanoogy to see you," he repeated.

"I suppose you will," I answered, "when our scouts go out and bring you in."

He then asked me, if after the war, I would get him a pass to come and see me. I told him I supposed that after the war there would be no such things as passes.

"But then you might have me killed because I am a Yankee."

"If you will all stay in your own country and let us alone," I answered, "I would not raise my hand to have any of you killed."

We stayed all night at Stevenson but morning found us without any prospect of getting on. In the midst of our uncertainty, a tall Yankee came up and gave us the pleasant piece of information that he was a sutler going to Bridgeport and had been requested by Mr. Miller, whom he had met on the cars, to take us with him.
We seated ourselves on our baggage in an uncovered wagon. A man named John drove us and Mr. Bartholomew (the sutler) rode on horseback. We were in fine spirits. Twelve miles more would bring us to the Southern lines. True, someone had suggested the horrid probability that the Southerners might refuse to receive us, but we determined if we ever got in sight of the grey coats "all King George's horses couldn't pull us back." I felt that the very dogs and cats were dearer for being grey. We were told our cousin Gen. Helm\(^1\) commanded the advance brigade and therefore expected to see him in a few hours. Traces of deserted camps, where the undergrowth had been burned out, and the more disagreeable sign of dead horses and mules scattered along the road, told us we were approaching Bridgeport.

We found no town but only the tents of two Yankee regiments, a railroad depot, one or two houses deserted by their owners and occupied by the Yankees, a mill and the cabin nearby where the miller lived.

We were first taken to the tent of Col. Harrison, who commanded the forces. He examined our papers and told us he would be obliged to telegraph Gen. Buell, who I think was at Huntsville, before he could give us a flag of truce for crossing the river. In the meantime, a Maj. Evans took us to the miller's and left, saying he would return as soon as he heard from Gen. Buell. We were annoyed at the delay, but could do nothing but try to be patient.

There was no one about the house but a tall, middle-aged, red-haired woman, whom Maj. Evans called Mrs. Neighbors. A Negro girl was in the kitchen nearby and the owner of the house, Mr. Haley, was at the mill. As Mrs. Neighbors sat looking

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\(^1\)Benjamin Hardin Helm (1830-September 20, 1863), the "Rebel" brother-in-law of Abraham Lincoln, was Lizzie's first cousin, a son of "Aunt Lucinda" and John Larue Helm. In April, 1861, President Lincoln offered him the post of army paymaster but Helm declined, organized the 1st Kentucky Cavalry and was made its Colonel. He was promoted to Brigadier General March 14, 1862, and commanded in the field until killed at Chickamauga. A statue was erected to him on the spot where he fell. On March 20, 1856, he had married Emilie Todd, daughter of Robert S. Todd and half sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. R. Gerald McMurtry, *Ben Hardin Helm . . . .* (Chicago, 1949), v.p.
out the door at a forge the Yankees had put up, I ventured to ask if she was a "rebel."

"A rebel?" she said with great contempt. "I don't know what you mean. I am Southern but I don't know nothing about rebels."

After coming to this satisfactory explanation on the subject of politics, I asked permission to lie on the bed, as the sun had made my head ache.

When I awoke I found Major Evans in the room conveying to us the unpleasant intelligence that Gen. Buell had ordered us back to Louisville.

I was so overcome with surprise and indignation I sat up on the side of the bed and began to insist that I wouldn't go back, which was very sensible considering I was in their power. I qualified it by saying they would have to send me at the point of bayonet. Ma and Jimmie said the same thing in effect, that they would not give their parole to return.

"I wish I had gone to Gen. Morgan from Bowling Green," I said, "for then at least I would have been in the hands of a gentleman, which is more than I can say when with Gen. Boyle."

Major Evans replied that he had never seen Gen. Boyle but he begged leave to differ with me upon the subject of Gen. Morgan's being a gentleman.

I was just then in the humor of the old woman, who being thrown into a well for insisting that a certain instrument was a pair of scissors, went down with one hand raised, intimidating with her extended fingers that she died as a woman should. But Ma told me to hush and went on in a calmer manner to explain to Major Evans our repugnance to being sent back to Louisville. He told us we need not consider ourselves any longer under arrest. But we cared little whether we were then under arrest or to be re-arrested when we reached Louisville. For we had not forgotten Gen. Boyle's intimation about the county jail, and our confidence in the Yankees was at unusually low ebb even for us. On being told it was impossible for them to act except in accordance with Gen. Buell's orders, we requested to be sent to Gen. Buell. But nothing was determined on when Major Evans left and we heard nothing more from Col. Harrison that
evening though Mr. Bartholomew came to see how we were situated.

The house was right on the river bank and from the window we could see the ruins of the railroad bridge, which our troops had burned in retreating. On the island just in front of us were the Southern pickets and behind them over the thick woods curled the smoke of the Southern campfires and at regular hours the drums could be heard. And there we were, in a Yankee camp, with those hateful blue coats passing and repassing as they came to water their horses. Jimmie said she felt as she did when a child, hearing the music of the circus and not being allowed to go.

After sundown we sat at the door of the cabin (there was a small yard). Mr. Haley, a fat good humored old man, was in the door of an outhouse or office smoking his pipe and telling us how the “Yankees shelled Chattanooga and Chattanooga shelled them.”

Wednesday morning there was some commotion in the camp and Mrs. Neighbors gave it as her opinion that they were making preparations to retreat and that by remaining where we were for several days we would fall within the Southern lines. Indeed we all thought it not improbable that our forces would attack the camp before it could be broken up. We were particularly inclined to believe this from a superstitious idea we sometimes had, that as we had seen everything of the war but a battle we were destined to witness that also.

After breakfast Mr. Bartholomew came and enquired if our fare suited us, and offered to send us anything we wanted from his stores. We told him we were very well satisfied and wanted nothing, though the truth was the country around had been so stripped we had nothing to eat but fat middling with corn dodgers and fried apples. But we were satisfied because to have better fare we would have been obliged to have received it from the Yankees, or allowed Mr. Haley to buy it from them.

Mr. Bartholomew told us not to despair, for Col. Harrison would leave in a few hours and Major Oulds who would succeed him in the command was a friend of his own, and he thought he could persuade him to connive at his slipping us
across the river. So we took hope from our friend once more, though we still kept looking at the smoke across the river and hearing the music when we couldn’t go to the circus.

The pickets afforded us some amusement, for there being a special agreement that they should not shoot each other, they were continually carrying on the liveliest conversations, each of course bawling at the top of his voice. Both sides generally began in a very good humor but as the chief wit consisted in reminding each other of their defeats and privations, it commonly ended with a perfect tempest of oaths screamed over the water.

We could hear only parts of their conversation such as, "Come over, you rebel, and we’ll give you a cup of coffee."

"We have plenty of coffee and sugar to sweeten it too and that’s more than you have got."

"Well we don’t blame you poor fellows. It’s just your leaders we want to get hold of."

"Just the way with us. We don’t blame you poor fellows, we only want to get hold of your leaders."

"Do you remember Donelson?"

"Yes, do you remember Manassas?"

"And Mill Springs?"

"And Great Bethel?"

"Who skedaddled at Corinth?"

"Aha!" cried back the Southerner, “and who is skedaddling now?"

From such conversations it is easy to imagine the end which was always the fastest and loudest part—"You cursed Rebell"—"You d...n, nigger-stealing Yankee!" &c &c ad infinitum.

We were told of a very amusing scene a few days before where a Yankee, denying he was a Yankee, the Southerner called on him to prove it by saying “cow.” The Yankee replied with a great many curses but in them prudently omitted pronouncing the test word.

We were sitting in the yard late in the evening when Mr. Bartholomew again appeared with his friend Major Oulds. He shook his head as he stood behind the Major as though he would tell us to prepare for the worst. As I was sitting some distance
from the others, he came over to let me know the state of affairs while Major Oulds talked to Ma and Jimmie. He put his hat up before his face as though afraid Major Oulds might watch the motion of his lips.

"I can't help you," he said.

"But you must."

"It is impossible."

"Well one thing is certain. We will not go back."

"There is nothing else for you to do."

"But you can help us if you will. You can help us cross the river."

"Indeed I can't. Major Oulds told me this morning I had better mind what I was about, or the first thing I know I will be in trouble."

"But you promised."

"If they find out I have helped you they will confiscate everything I have and put me in prison."

"You must help us," I persisted.

"Well," he said, "I will see if I can do anything."

Major Oulds in the meantime had talked the matter over with Ma and Jimmie. I heard this opening remark: "Col. Harrison has been telling me about you folks."

He didn't seem to have any particular ill will against "you folks," but must obey the order of Gen. Buell. However we might report to the Colonel commanding at Stevenson and he could use his discretion about sending us to Louisville or to Gen. Buell. An army wagon would leave for Stevenson in the morning and he would send us in it. We objected to being placed with a waggoner of whom we knew nothing and told him we would prefer going with Mr. Bartholomew, whose wagon returned Friday to Stevenson. He agreed to this and left us.

Ma asked me what Mr. Bartholomew had said, hoping we could get help from that quarter.

"Did you see me whispering to that Yankee behind his hat?" I asked, and we all burst out laughing at the idea for we had often on the street drawn our dresses aside, that the hem should not touch this abhorred people.

"But what did he say?" Ma asked again and we all agreed
on reviewing the case that our situation was desperate. But we became desperate too as one would readily believe could he hear our plans for escape. We called Mrs. Neighbors in to the council of war and got all the information we could about the country around and the houses where we would be likely to get help. At one time we proposed wading the river, which was very low, but had to give it up because of Mariana, who had been a silent partner of our vicissitudes, and who was so small, being only nine years old, that the water would have come over her head.

I could not enumerate the many wild plans we had. Anyone who has been in like unfortunate circumstances, knows that reason and prudence are not always consulted, and indeed if they were there would be few escapes.

Mr. Bartholomew was consulted several times but he was as much at a loss as any of us and advised us to give up all thought of escape. We proposed then to bribe the pickets but he shook his head in virtuous negation, "They couldn't be bribed." At which we only laughed and told him we would give them any sum they asked.

He at length told us there was a house of a Mr. McFarlane about half a mile from the outer line of pickets surrounding the camp and if, at about sunset, we would walk down to the bank of the river, he would send his driver, John, to show us a point where we could slip through the pickets and reach the house. Accordingly, Thursday evening, we dressed ourselves in our favorite clothes and as many as we could possibly put on (for we knew we would have to leave everything else) and started out for an evening promenade.

Roll call or some other camp regulation had called all the men back towards the tents so that the river bank was quite free from them. We had not gone far from the house when John (I never heard his other name) came riding by on horseback. He said, "Good evening ladies, are you taking a walk?" and without another word rode on down the river, leaving us very doubtful of his meaning. We concluded though he must intend for us to follow and were confirmed in this by seeing him, as he entered a field, look back. We were now some distance
from the house, keeping as close to him as we could, without seeming to follow, for we were afraid someone might accidentally be in a position to see us.

At last John disappeared in a thicket which bounded the open fields. We would follow no further for fear of coming suddenly on the pickets, and because we thought he had made us a signal. We waited therefore for him to return and show us where to go through.

We had a weary time waiting. Our anxiety made the moments seem hours. We went back and walked up and down the bank near the opening which led into the fields. We could hear the pickets talking to each other but the steepness of the banks and the trees prevented their seeing us. The twilight began to deepen and yet John did not return. The men too were returning from their tents and we thought it best to return. There was a camp of Negroes connected with the post and the appearance of some of these hastened us.

Two came walking past and a third riding a horse. The two who were walking were great black, horrid looking creatures even to us who were accustomed to the race. One of them especially looked as though he had just come from the wilds of Africa. The one who rode looked like a genteel house servant. He touched his cap very respectfully and said, “Good evening, Mistus, do you want to get over the river?”

Ma told him we were just taking a walk, which was a melancholy truth, just then, as we had given up all hope of seeing John again. As we were passing the mill we met Mr. Bartholomew, who told us John had returned to his tent by another way and sent him to let us know that there was a double line of pickets out and it was impossible to get through. I believe the double line of pickets is an ordinary precaution when a force is about to retreat, though Mr. Bartholomew tried to make us believe the Yankees had no such intention. Indeed throughout he took the utmost pains to conceal from us any information which could be of benefit to our army.

He again advised us to submit and go back but we persisted in our intention to escape and finally told him that so soon as we passed the pickets, the next day, we intended to jump out of
the wagon and run through the woods, and even if we thought he would fire on us we would rather run the risk of being shot than to be taken back to Louisville.

"Say that to me tomorrow when you leave the wagon," he said, and thereupon we arranged a most thrilling conversation which was to take place, deprecatory and mildly persuasive on his part, fierce and desperate on ours.

The first thing in the morning we put everything we valued most in one trunk, which was to be left with Mrs. Neighbors, so that if the Yankees did fall back we would recover so much at least of our baggage. Then we got a small carpetbag from Mrs. Neighbors and filled it and our two lunch baskets with the few articles of clothing they would hold. Then we heard again from Mrs. Neighbors and Mr. Haley our last directions—the roads we were to take—the houses we were to apply to &c, and with the warmest wishes of both for our success we started forth once more to seek our fortunes, not without some fears that we were building our house "of thorns and thistles and bamboo briars."

At the wagon another of those artless conversations took place between Mr. Haley and Mr. Bartholomew.

"Which road are you going to Stevenson?"

"The upper."

"I should think you had better go the lower. It is the best and shortest."

"Is it? Then John we had better take that."

There was no load in the wagon but our baggage, ourselves, and Mr. Bartholomew, from whose breast pocket was impossibly displayed the papers in reference to us which were to be laid before the Colonel at Stevenson.

We had travelled I think a mile and a half when John (who had said nothing and had been looking very much like a culprit all the way) stopped. Our arrangements depending somewhat on chance, we hardly understood this, but seeing the road forked and remembering our directions, we asked if we had passed the outer line of pickets and if there were no more. Being satisfied on these points, we rose and began rehearsing our parts, which must have afforded considerable amusement to John if
he had any taste for farces.

Ma opened the performance. "We are very much obliged to you Mr. Bartholomew for your kindness, but we do not intend to go any farther with you."

"Is that really so, ladies?"

"Yes Sir, and if you choose to use force, we would rather be shot than taken back to Gen. Boyle."

"I am not an officer and have no arms."

"Well, we have knives."

"Then you are determined to go?"

"Yes we are." (Preparations on all hands for exit and John breaking in in defiance of all dramatic rule.) "Now when you are in the woods, look sharp!"

He had turned around on his seat and faced the inside of the wagon. I stopped and offered him a few gold pieces. But he looked down on the floor, while his face turned very red, and he said, "No, I can't take it. I didn't help you for that."

"I know you didn't," I said, "but we would much rather you would take it."

As he still refused, I put it in his hand. One piece fell on the floor and as he took no notice of it I picked it up myself and again placed it in his hand.

Mr. Bartholomew having deserted his character got out and helped us out. We told him to do what he pleased with our baggage, we knew we would never recover it, and begged him to go on to Stevenson instead of returning to the camp to report us. He said however he knew when he started that there was a bridge broken down on this road and he would be obliged to return, but if we saw anyone coming after us we must run. We promised in good faith we would do this and told him we were going to Mr. McFarlane's whose house was within sight.

John said, "No, go to Mr. Williams. He is the cleverest man about here."

We all shook hands with Mr. Bartholomew who made us promise when we were safe to write him a note, directed to Louisville. The last thing as we walked off John put his head out of the wagon and said, "Now look sharp."
We cautioned Mariana, who was somewhat given to ques-
tions, that she was expected to preserve a religious silence
throughout the campaign. A short walk brought us to Mr. Mc-
Farlane's where we found him standing at the gate with his
children. We managed under pretense of wanting some water
to make him leave them and go to the spring with us. There
we told him our story but alas! he had been caught helping
people over the river and had been placed under bond, so he
dared not help us.

We then asked the road to Mr. Williams's. He had just
pointed the direction when turning around I saw three Yankees
coming. When I said, "There are some Yankees, Ma," she did
not turn her head but marched, with her forces, directly for-
ward up a hill, though not in the direction Mr. McFarlane had
pointed. On we went, not daring to look back. When we had
nearly reached the top of the hill, I took one glance to the side
and saw a Negro woman whom we had left at the spring motion-
ing with her arm as if to show us the direction we ought to take.
We waited until in descending the hill we were hid from the
view of anyone at the spring and then climbed over into a field,
breast high in briars and weeds, and took a straight cut for the
right road. I felt sorry for Ma and Jimmie for though I have
an ordinary fear of snakes they have a most extraordinary fear
of the most harmless thing that creeps. We found ourselves
though climbing the fence on the road without being "snake bit."
Besides the fatigue of walking, an August sun was pouring down
its most fervent heat and as Ma looked around she was horrified
to see my face, usually pale, looking as she expressed it, "like
a purple peony." She said afterwards she almost expected to see
me drop dead.

"Throw those baskets away, Lizzie," she said. "Throw them
away. I would rather lose everything I have in the world than
see you look so."

"Oh! Ma! these are all the clothes we have and I can't lose
them," I replied and so we trudged on, each of us with something
to carry and Jimmie's face not looking much better than mine.

We congratulated ourselves on finding the road very lonely,
with thick woods on each side. We each took a direction to watch, Ma in front, I to the right and Jimmie to the left, all of us looking back occasionally. John’s repeated warning, “Look sharp,” kept singing in our ears and seemed to promise mischief. We talked but little except sometimes to wonder what Grandpa would think to know that we were alone in the woods of North Alabama like runaway Negroes. And I kept thinking of those lines of Gray:

“Still as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.”

We came to a small house or cabin where Ma determined to make some further enquiries for Mr. Williams’s. As she went for that purpose Jimmie and I ran down to a well we saw in the woods nearby. We found the bucket completely covered inside and out with tar but we were too thirsty to be very delicate, so we drew the water and putting our mouths to the black bucket had just finished taking a copious draught when Ma returned looking very conscience stricken.

“It is the first positive story I ever told in my life,” she said, “but I was afraid it would bring Mr. Williams into trouble if I asked for him, so I told the woman we were going to the house of a Mr. Smith and when she asked his first name I said Asa, which was the first I thought of. She didn’t know where he lived so I told her I believed it was near a Mr. Jackson or Williams or something of that sort. Then she said there was a Mr. Williams living near and gave me some directions to his house.”

We comforted Ma with the assurance that she had only executed a stratagem of war. So after walking some distance further we made the same enquiries at another house. The woman asked us where we came from. To which we gave the careless answer, “from farther up the country,” and on her saying something about our walking we added we had started in a wagon but had concluded we would rather walk.

Finding at last the “road to the left,” into which we were directed to turn, we walked a good deal farther and reached a lane at the end of which was a large country house. Jimmie
and Mariana and I took refuge in a black jack thicket while Ma went on a reconnaissance. We were so tired we sat down on the ground in spite of there being no grass. It was not quite comfortable enough to make the time seem short in which we waited for Ma and when Mariana who was nearest the house told us someone was calling us, we did not wait for a second invitation.

At the stiles we were met by a young girl who running up took our baskets and said, "Get over. I don't know who you are but I know we are friends."

We found the house and indeed the whole place completely torn up, the Yankees having taken off the Negroes, the stock, and everything else they wanted. Before we would go in Ma told Mr. Williams it was said the Yankees would burn the house if they found us there.

"Let them burn it," he replied, "they have taken everything else I had, let them take that too if they want it."

The family consisted of the father and mother and four daughters, the sons being out in our army. They still had two Negroes, a man and a woman, who were too old to be of service to the Yankees.

Dinner was over and while they prepared a second for us they made us take off our dresses, which being black would attract attention, and dispensing also with our hoops we were soon a curious looking group in pink dresses with handkerchiefs knotted around our throats instead of collars. Each had too a calico sunbonnet.

As we came out of the room the old Negro woman raised her hands and with a real Negro laugh cried out, "Why law! Them's Williams's gals!"

We had scarcely time to finish our dinner before we were hurried out by the back door and to the foot of a knob, half a mile distant, where they told us that Mr. Williams, who had been up the lane effacing our footprints, had met three Yankees and by various conversational wiles succeeded in keeping them in the yard until we could make our escape. I was so tired every step up the knob cost me an effort and I was glad the thick growth permitted us to stop halfway up.
This same undergrowth had hid many a Confederate soldier who after the retreat of our army watched for an opportunity to cross the river. The Yankees were too much afraid of bush-whackers to follow them and they were fed by the women in the neighborhood.

Mr. Williams's three grown daughters, Sally, Maria, and Louisa, entertained us the entire evening with the histories of our predecessors. Sally told us of one morning when awakening before day she had proposed to her sister that as soon as it was light enough they should prepare food and go on the mountain to search for soldiers who might be concealed there. While they were talking someone knocked on the window, and looking out they saw a man who begged them for Heaven's sake to give him some food for himself and four companions. They had been on the mountain for several days and had at last sent him to seek aid. He was so weak and nervous from hunger that he was almost crying. The girls called their father who told him he would have to wait for food to be cooked but in the meantime gave him some whiskey. In a little while he and his companions had the joy of a full meal and they finally all got over the river. While on the mountain a Yankee had wandered into their camp. We laughed heartily on being told they paroled him and let him go. No doubt he felt his life was "so much clear gain."

As the shades of evening were deepening one of the girls ventured on a scout and returned with the information that the Yankees had gone over the whole place, evidently looking for someone, though they had not told the object of their visit.

When they left, Mr. Williams followed them to the mouth of the lane where he saw the tracks of two cavalrmen. The family were afraid the Yankees would return and wanted to know if we were willing to spend the night on the mountain.

"Yes," we said, "a whole month rather than go back to the Yankees."

Instantly were presented to our minds various mortifying pictures of being led again into captivity, which made us follow with willing steps as the girls led us to the top of the mountain. It was almost dark when we reached it and sat down near a
mound that they told us was an Indian grave, though I inclined to the belief that it was some old Israelite who had been stoned to death from the quantity of rocks I stumbled over. And when I enquired if there were not snakes among them, "Oh yes!" Louisa replied encouragingly, "plenty of them no doubt."

Sally being subject to chills, returned to the house but Louisa and Maria determined to share our fate for the night.

We were so high up we had little fear that anyone would pass our hiding place. There was no moon but a faint light fell from the stars through the thick foliage and we could just see each other moving about in our light dresses, looking so white we might have been mistaken for a group of pensive ghosts, or we were rather like the ghosts of Tam O’Shanter, for we were quite of the merry kind and in defiance of the probable appearance of the spirit of the Indian braves whose bodies lay so near, or of snakes and Yankees. We laughed over our attempts to arrange for a comfortable night. Mariana was to sleep all night if she chose but the rest must sleep and watch by turns. About ten o’clock we fancied we heard the signal used when we were separated in order to find each other. It was a high shrill cry more like the words "Ee-booh" than anything else. We answered but hearing nothing more concluded we were mistaken.

Our sleeping apartment was perhaps better than nothing but only a very little. Whenever I tried to lie down the rocks had the most uncomfortable way of getting under my side and the rest of the company the most provoking way of putting their feet on my head. At last in despair at the hardness of my bed and the uncommon number of my bed fellows I sat up and shared Ma’s watch.

About midnight I heard a noise in the thicket close by that sounded like some animal though I could not tell what. Indeed the noise at first was so faint I almost doubted whether I heard it until Jimmie who was nearest the thicket awoke with a start and said, "What is that?" All waited with considerable anxiety for an answer to the question. Someone suggested a dog but though we whistled and called, it never quickened its pace but continued as though sneaking through the bushes towards us.
"It can't be a man," said one.
"Maybe a wildcat," added Maria.
"Are there wildcats on this mountain?" cried Ma.
"Sometimes there are."

"Oh! That is horrible!" Ma exclaimed in such a tone that in spite of our fright we laughed. But the wildcat being a grave question we considered means of defense. Maria advised us to get our hands full of rocks. I could not see how many the others had but I am sure I was quite weak with the exertion of holding mine up.

Mariana being much frightened Ma sent her ignominiously to the rear of the solid phalanx we had formed. "Go there," she said, "if you are such a coward."

As the animal continued to advance we ceased our finely executed whistles and such enticing exclamations as, "Here! Here! Then! poor fellow!" We awaited the onset of the foe. But Maria becoming impatient sent a rock over my head, which struck the thicket and brought forth a howl so unmistakably canine that we dropped our rocks and enjoyed the joke quite as much as if it had been on someone else instead of ourselves. We reviewed the action in which we were more fortunate than other commanders in not being responsible to "the people." With the exception of Mariana all were complimented on their gallantry. I reported that at one time I had suspected Louisa of an intention to stampede, but Ma decided that as she was not a regular but only a volunteer for the occasion she was not subject to strict military law.

Ma refused to give up her position as guardian of the camp so we all lay down once more to sleep. I was just becoming unconscious of surrounding things when I heard Ma say, "Listen! What is that?"

"Oh me! Ma is that wildcat after you again?" I asked and at the remembrance of our late battle we both burst into such a laugh that the others awoke and joined us. It was well we had something to amuse us for it was a weary time waiting for daylight. In point of length I never knew a night to compare to it.

"I wonder if day will never break again in this region," someone said. "Or if the Yankees have sent it over the lines,"
added another.

However this night was no exception to the rule that the very longest must have an end. The first rays of the sun filled us with a delight that almost converted us to Ghebers.3

We ventured down to the house for breakfast and while it was preparing gave Mr. Williams an account of the night. He was very much amused at the wildcat fight, and accounted for the dog’s being on the mountain by telling us that about bedtime, Sally, taking the Negro man and dog for company, had gone up to carry our supper to us, but the irregular shape of the knobs and the thickness of the woods made it impossible to find us though she made the place quite vocal with “Ee-booh.” She thought once she heard us answer but was at last forced to return. The dog however deserted her and continued the search, which ended so unpleasantly for himself.

We returned after breakfast to the mountain but my head was aching so badly that at eleven o’clock I determined to venture down and depend upon passing myself off for one of Mr. Williams’s daughters if the Yankees came.

At dinner time Mr. Williams declared the danger over and as we were guided entirely by his advice, the whole party came down, very glad once more, in backwoods phrase “to strike the white settlements.”

We found that crossing the river was to be no easy matter. The river was half a mile from the house, and though the Yankees had drawn in the pickets they had formerly stationed at the ferry, yet they were in the habit of sending every few hours a scouting party to see that our pickets who were on the opposite side were holding no communication with the people. The Yankees too had destroyed all the batteaux so we had nothing on which to cross.

Saturday morning Mr. Williams, after an absence of some time, returned and as he approached the door said, “‘Quick’ is the word.” It was a very joyful one for us. We were told not to cross in our own dresses so we all ran about “like mad” gathering up our clothes and throwing them into a sheet which being

3One of the Zoroastrian fire worshipers remaining in Persia after the Moslem conquest.
securely tied was suspended to the end of a stick, and Mr. Williams with it over his shoulder started off, looking like the picture attached to the advertisements of runaway Negroes. Whom we looked like we did not pause to consider.

To me, our way to the river is a confused recollection of walking and running, of draggled skirts, of woods and cane-brakes, and of finding ourselves at last, out of breath, on the bank of the river, somewhat protected from view by a bluff beneath which we stood.

But alas! another disappointment awaited us. Our pickets were on the other side but they had been changed and those with whom Mr. Williams had made the agreement for us to cross had gone back to camp. Mr. Williams tried to persuade these to be equally kind but they were immovable. They had received positive orders not to let anyone cross and could not disobey. It was in vain Mr. Williams bawled across in the most feeling tones that we were ladies. Our voices could not be heard but we urged him to all manner of entreaties, which were the more earnest, as we were expecting every moment the Yankee scouts would discover us. Sometimes we begged, sometimes we sat still in despair. I could not blame our men for the Yankees had adopted this plan a short time before to capture some of them.

At last the heart of one melted and we saw him undoing a skiff. It seemed ages putting out. As it neared our side we saw the man had taken the precaution to put in two guns.

"Jump in as soon as I touch," he cried, "for I can't wait a minute."

Our desire for waiting was no greater than his own and it was with an indescribable joy that we pushed out from shore, and felt the rapid strokes of the oars bearing us "out of the shadow into the sun." Already the dangers through which we had passed began to fade from us, like strange things. This crossing seemed almost like the fulfillment of a prophecy to us, for when in the Yankee camp and all hope seemed shut out from us, one of us had opened a little book determined to look for comfort to the verse for the day. It was, "The gates of the
river shall be opened unto you and the palace shall be dissolved."³

Landing at last, we stood in the midst of our pickets and waved an adieu to our friends who watched us from the north bank. We didn’t hurrah for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy as we had threatened, but after a good deal of tossing of sunbonnets in the air, we cast a last look at the family who had given us cause to remember them forever, and followed our guides to a house nearby. The soldiers insisted on carrying our baskets and bundles for us.

Mr. Edwards, his wife and sister-in-law were living in two rooms, the war having caught them with so much of a new house finished. One of these rooms was given up to us and we lost no time in laying aside our pink dresses. Fortunately Mr. Williams had a married daughter living near and Mrs. Edwards promised to send them to her.

The settlement in which we found ourselves was in a wild little cove of the mountains, very far from the pleasures and annoyances. The houses were mostly of logs. The people were of that simple kind who do not miss the luxuries of which war deprive us. But they dwell in a green spot in our hearts, for in no place did we ever meet with more kindness and hospitality. There was nothing they would not do for us and nothing for which we could prevail on them to receive any compensation.

³Nahum, II, 6.
CHAPTER XVIII

"UNTIL THE WAY TO KENTUCKY WAS OPEN"

AFTER DINNER two officers made their appearance and were introduced to us as Captain Scott, A.A.G. on Gen. Maxey's staff, and Capt. Rice of the cavalry, a son-in-law of Mr. Haley. With them was the sergeant who had commanded the pickets. The latter told us he had in accordance with his duty reported to Gen. Maxey our crossing the river and the General had sent Capt. Scott down to enquire our reason for this breach of military law.

"It was my duty," added the sergeant, "to take you to Headquarters, but as you were ladies I thought I would bring Headquarters to you."

Captain Scott was entirely satisfied with our explanation and offered to do anything in his power for us. He apologized for Gen. Maxey's not coming in person by saying they supposed it some of the women in the neighborhood who had crossed. He promised to be himself at the depot next day to see us off to Chattanooga, where he advised us to wait until Gen. Maxey could send over by flag of truce a polite note which Ma was to write to Major Oulds, thanking him for his kind treatment and making a modest request for our baggage.

Captain Scott was anxious to obtain information of the enemy, but before we would give it, we told him of the parole we had given not to tell the numbers nor position of the forces through which we passed. He assured us the Yankees by refusing to put us over the river had released us from the parole.

We found though he was far better posted on the subject of the enemy's movements than we and were astonished to hear him tell of everything that had happened in the Yankee camp while we were there. Perhaps his information might have seemed nothing in military circles but it was quite wonderful to us.
About our escape we told the truth but only such parts of it as would make it seem that Mr. Bartholomew did not resist our attempt to leave.

The depot, or rather the place in the woods where the cars now stopped, was eight miles off and as we had to ride that distance on horseback, Mr. Edwards and two other neighbors accompanied us Sunday morning.

The day was excessively warm and in addition to riding in a dress bonnet I had lost my gloves. There was little danger of doing any harm to my face for it was already as dark as a fierce August sun could make it, but my hands were almost blistered when we reached Taylor's Store, where we were to wait for the cars.

In times of peace this had been the gay repository of new calicoes and ribbons &c for the country people. But now its shelves were empty and it served the double purpose of depot and Post Office, and we had for our only amusement watching the soldiers who came to have their letters mailed.

It began to be late in the evening and yet no cars. It was taken quite quietly by those around us who said as there were no connections to be made the cars came and went as they pleased. If it had been on the other side of the lines we should certainly have thought Morgan had caught them, but that there was no such obstruction to travel in the South was proven at sundown by the appearance of the train. Captain Scott came down from Headquarters, which was several miles up the road, and returned that far with us. He told us he had already telegraphed to Chattanooga for rooms for us and advised us to wait there until we heard from our baggage.

As we stopped before Headquarters we felt quite at home to see the cars again surrounded by the "grey jackets" who touched their caps respectfully when they saw us look from the windows. I had been, for six months, so accustomed to look away with a feeling of hatred and loathing when I saw a uniform that it seemed strange now to nod and smile in return for military salutes. We laughed too to hear the old, familiar, nonsensical
camp cry, "Here's your mule!"

It was dark when we found ourselves at the Crutchfield House in Chattanooga, where we were told we must have passes from the Provost Marshal before we could be permitted to stay all night. The landlord however, on being told we were the ladies for whom Capt. Scott had ordered rooms, consented to take the passes in the morning.

While we waited for someone to show us to our rooms, Ma confessed to some melancholy forebodings as to the state of the country, if the room we were in was a sample. A long, low room, the furniture of the plainest and barest, its only light one tallow candle which shed a sullen gleam over the ladies and gentlemen who were waiting to be summoned to supper. Our "rooms" too when we were taken to them had dwindled down to one of very small proportions where, from a neighboring room, we could hear the incessant clanger of a female tongue, the possessor of which seemed to be directing the domestic department of the hotel.

We asked the Negro woman if supper was ready.

"The bell will ring directly," she said, "and you had better be there among the first or you will get no supper."

And indeed we found she told the truth, for the ladies being first invited in and seated, at the ringing of a bell, the lower doors were thrown open, discovering a dense crowd of grey jackets, who made desperate attempts to get seats. Those who were forced to wait still stood at the door and as each man finished his supper his place was immediately filled by one of these unfortunates. They must have been hungry indeed to take so much trouble for the supper before us, for it was miserable beyond all suppers that I ever saw.

The presence of this great crowd was soon explained for the whole army of Tennessee was around Chattanooga, just beginning to move across the river towards Kentucky. We went to

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1 See "Here's Your Mule, comic song and chorus by C. D. Benson," a song about John Hunt Morgan and his men. It was published in Nashville by Benson in 1863 and issued under Federal occupation. A last stanza, for Confederates only, was distributed in the trade copies. Richard B. Harwell, Confederate Music (Chapel Hill, N. C., 1950), pp. 77, 120.
sleep that night to the discordant music of the old lady’s tongue. I thought she must certainly die of exhaustion during the night, but when I opened my eyes in the morning her energy was undiminished.

We had forgotten all about getting passes and were rather startled to hear after breakfast that the Provost Marshal was in the parlor, waiting to see us. Our experience with Yankee Provost Marshals had quite taken from us all desire of intercourse with these official personages. Our fears were quieted when we saw Captain Peden, who after telling us it was necessary to have passes in order to stay in the town or walk upon the streets gave them to us, being himself our voucher as we had no acquaintances to whom we could apply.

We went out immediately to purchase some necessary additions to our wardrobes and found guards on every street to whom we had to show our passes. This we took very good humoredly though Jimmie confessed, when she found she had forgotten hers and must return for it, that if the guards had been Yankees she would have been furious.

We went from store to store but nothing did we find but a “beggarly account of empty” shelves. We ventured at last to a candy shop where we bought one pound of candy for a dollar, which seemed so enormous it quite made our heads swim with the thought of the probable state of the country. Our baggage which had seemed no great sacrifice now loomed up in tremendous proportions. How we longed for a sight of those trunks once more!

We found during the day that numbers of our friends from Tennessee and Kentucky were in Chattanooga with the army and we were kept busy giving them accounts of their homes and families. When we were not talking we were at the window watching our cavalry as they rode about the streets. Their uniforms, to which the havelocks from the back of the caps gave a picturesque appearance, their easy, graceful way of sitting their horses and riding was a constant delight, and in our enthusiasm we wished every man in the army would ride past. Which showed either very great love of our country or a very
great love of fine riding for the constant passage of horsemen made the dust intolerable and caused me at every visit to our room the most exhausting efforts with the clothesbrush.

The next day while I was confined to my room with the headache Ma came in and said, “I am so sorry you are sick for Gen. Buckner has called on us.”

Now Gen. Buckner, who had just been released from his imprisonment at Fort Warren, was my especial admiration. So I begged Ma to ask him to wait until I could come in, but my efforts were of no avail. My head throbbed so I could not keep it off the pillow for five minutes together.

It was my habit when suffering with headache to go all day without food and take a strong cup of tea late in the evening. What was my dismay to find there was no tea to be had though Jimmie had been to every store in Chattanooga. I had thought to go without this cup of tea would be impossible, but war teaches us there are but few privations impossible to bear.

Wednesday morning we had another call from Captain Peden who told us that Gen. Bragg had ordered all non-residents out of Chattanooga but that he had obtained permission for us to remain until our baggage arrived, Capt. Scott having already relieved our anxious hearts by telegraphing that he had it.

While Capt. Peden was talking, Ma remarked that a very pleasant looking gentleman had passed up the steps. We were a good deal frightened a few moments after, when told that this pleasant looking gentleman was Gen. Bragg and that he was waiting in the parlor above to see us. Gen. Bragg was so famous

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8Simon Bolivar Buckner (1823-1914), born near Munfordville, Hart County, Kentucky, had been captured at Fort Donelson, held as a prisoner of war, and exchanged in August, 1862. On his return to the Confederacy, he was promoted to Major General and assigned to Bragg’s army in Chattanooga. Mrs. Buckner was Mary Kingsbury, of Connecticut, whom Buckner had married in Old Lyme on May 2, 1850. She died at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, January 5, 1874. D.A.B., III, 234-236: Arndt M. Stickles, Simon Bolivar Buckner: Borderland Knight (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1940), pp. 25, 313.

8General Braxton Bragg (1817-1876), had been appointed April 12, 1862, to the command of the Army of Tennessee, replacing General P. G. T. Beauregard. Bostner, p. 78.
for having his men court-martialed and shot, that a lady friend afterwards asked us if we were not afraid when he got us in the parlor he would say we had taken a chicken from a citizen and execute military law on us. Our consciences were clear on the subject of chickens but we said rather dolefully to Capt. Peden, “If he orders us out of town we will call for you to help us.”

“For mercy’s sake don’t call for me when Gen. Bragg is about,” he said. “Just tell him you will go and when he has crossed the river I will give you permission to stay.”

We were met in the hall upstairs by Col. Garner, who went with us into the parlor and introduced us to Gen. Bragg, a tall, soldierly-looking man, dressed in plain grey pants and hunting shirt, without any mark of rank but a sword. Ma was particularly pleased with the kind expression of his face, but a peculiar way he had of showing his lower teeth when he laughed or talked gave him to me rather a grim look. His manner delighted all of us. Very far from having us “shot to death with musketry,” he told us that hearing of our arrival he would not leave without first coming to welcome us within his lines. The visit was short and when he left we begged him if he entered Kentucky never to give it up. Jimmie insisted they should rather stand until the last man was killed, but Gen. Bragg said there was a good lady in Mississippi who might object to that.

“At any rate,” said Mrs. Buckner who was in the room, “if there is any surrendering to be done, I hope it will not all be left to my husband.”

Gen. Buckner was also in the room but Ma and Jimmie quite forgot I did not know him and there were so many staff officers present I was in deadly fear of not being introduced. After Gen. Bragg left I grew desperate and crossing over took my seat by Gen. Buckner, apologizing by telling him I believed they were all determined I should not know him. He was courteous enough to say he had noticed the oversight and was on the point of coming over to speak to me. He had a handsome face and looked to be about forty though his head was quite grey. His manner was very polished, his dress plain as indeed
was that of all the Confederate Generals I saw with the exception of two.

I was introduced one evening to two handsomely uniformed officers, but not understanding their names when I was introduced, I was surprised after they left the room to hear that they were Gen. Leonidas Polk and Gen. Hardee. My only consolation was I had thought all the time they were Generals for I have never been disappointed in the appearance of a great man. Their greatness always seems to be indelibly impressed upon their faces. But then I cannot say the divine impress is so distinct as to enable me to distinguish between a Brigadier and a Lieutenant General.

I have never been in favor of war for anything but independence, and yet the only hero worship in which I ever indulge is for military men. It may be imagined then how delighted I was to have an opportunity to see so many of the great men of our army. And how grateful we felt for the many acts of kindness received from our officers. True, we had sometimes been forced to receive these from Yankees and had in our appreciation even exclaimed, "Now that was right kind for a Yankee," but when it was a Southerner who placed us under obligation, "Oh it was so noble, so generous, so chivalric, so like a Southerner!"

I shall long remember that week in Chattanooga as one of the most pleasant of my life. But pleasant days are like the butterfly which has scarce time to know it lives and then dies. One morning our trunks were in the hall.

After the dispatch from Capt. Scott, we had heard nothing more of our trunks until a gentleman kindly volunteered to go to Bridgeport for them. They were found on the south bank of the river with a guard stationed over them. Maxey's brigade and Capt. Scott with it was on the other side where they had been for several days skirmishing with the Yankees and gradually driving them from their stockades. Whether the baggage was captured or was sent over by Major Oulds we never knew though we supposed the latter. One trunk, the one left with Mrs. Neighbors, had been broken open and searched but nothing taken from it,
We had not written the note we promised to Mr. Bartholomew as we thought the one to Major Oulds would tell him we were safe.

The month of September we spent in Ringgold, where our hotel accommodations were splendid compared to those at Chattanooga. But we had no lights, except the moon, when it was kind enough to shine, and pine knots at other times. After tea our quiet little group sat on the upper piazza and watched the evening star float up from the tops of the mountains into the cloudless sky or listened to such music as could be executed in the dark.

There were no persons in the place but the surgeons connected with the hospitals and some Tennesseans and Ken-uckians who were making preparations to follow the army. Chattanooga was but twenty miles off but Chattanooga was deserted and had sunk to the level of common towns.

The time was very dull but we met some friends and between reading and sleeping (of which the warm weather required a good deal) and a desperate hunt for hoops in which we were engaged we managed to exist very comfortably.

The hoops we had finally to send to Augusta for, that being the nearest point where such articles of luxury could be obtained. I hailed mine with joy and determined that no pursuit, however hot, should ever make me drop them. "Not even," I declared to Ma, "if Buell is after me and Sherman comes to re-enforce him." 4

We had some military excitement too. The most glorious accounts came from Kirby Smith in Kentucky. Bragg, whose march had at first seemed bewildering, was directing his course thither. Morgan had made a triumphal entry into Lexington.

4 "The only ante-bellum property which Sherman and Thad Stevens left the Confederate woman was her old hoopskirt. They could neither confiscate nor burn, nor set this free. Like slavery, it was so closely connected with her life that it cannot be ignored in her history. It was a special convenience to the refugee women who had to camp in the woods. At night a short pole was set in the ground with a short horizontal cross piece tacked across its top. Over this was stretched the hoopskirt and over it a sheet, and, behold a beautiful, cozy Sibley tent . . . ." J. L. Underwood, The Women of the Confederacy (New York, 1906), pp. 273-274,
The battle of Richmond, the taking of one town after another, the enthusiasm of the Kentuckians, all came confusedly mixed with rumors more glorious than truth. 6 Never had the west known a day so flooded with brightness, and if it gave joy to all Southerners how much more to us, who could in fancy follow the army through so many dear familiar places.

Some of the Kentuckians under Breckinridge were not in Kentucky but we heard were on their way to take Nashville. We determined to go to Tullahoma to be ready to enter as soon as the way was open.

We had to cross the river at Bridgeport in boats, walking across the island. Before getting in the cars on the other side, I went for a few moments to see Mrs. Neighbors who had a great many questions to ask about our escape. I was not less curious to know the opinion of the Yankees in regard to it. She said Mr. Bartholomew had told an awful story of our desperation when he returned, drawing our knives on him &c.

Some of the Yankees came down and enquired if we had not left a part of our baggage with her, when she was obliged to show them the hidden trunk. They asked if we had said anything before we left about making our escape. Of course, all things being fair in war, she did not tell them yes. They left saying they did not believe we could have got away without Mr. Bartholomew having something to do with it.

When we reached Tullahoma we found the place, which was exceedingly small, so crowded it was with difficulty we could get places at a boarding house.

Two regiments and a battery were stationed at the town and on every side were fortifications which had been thrown up by the departed Yankees. Rifle pits seemed to me to be placed in the most unheard of positions, one being immediately in front of our door. One gentleman thought the Yankees must

6Advance elements of General Bragg's troops entered Kentucky September 5, following occupation by the Confederates of Lexington, Versailles, and other towns and villages. Munfordville was captured September 17, and Louisville threatened until the arrival there of General Buell's Federal army on September 25. Hambleton Tapp, Ed., "Civil War Annals of Kentucky (1861-1865)," The Filson Club History Quarterly, XXV (1901), pp. 228-230.
have expected the chambermaids, broomstick in hand, to make an attack upon them.

Our landlady like everyone else had her own stories of Yankee atrocities—among other things that an officer having applied to her for a Negro woman to do the soldiers’ washing and being told that most of the Negroes had left, became very angry and declared if the citizens did not furnish them with Negroes he would impress white women to do the work. I thought that men who had been in the habit “to hum” of “pailing the ceows” might have done their own washing.

We remained only two or three days at Tullahoma. The crowd made it exceedingly disagreeable and the report of Breckinridge’s advance on Nashville had been contradicted. Ma determined to see some friends in Augusta and find a place where we might make our home until the way to Kentucky was open. She would take Mariana with her and Jimmie and I would wait in Abingdon, Va., until she wrote for us.

As we had some friends going as far as Knoxville we started immediately. Knoxville was then the rendezvous of all commands ordered to follow our army into Kentucky and Ma, knowing our fondness for military display, said she expected to hear we had stopped there but we resisted the temptation. Indeed I was delighted with the idea of being once more in Abingdon, and after we crossed the Virginia line, kept peering into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the familiar country. We stopped at the hotel and waited for morning to see our friends, for though this was Jimmie’s first visit, we had several school mates in the place.

The next morning while we were eating breakfast they came over to welcome us and take us to their house, where we exchanged our war experiences. My friends didn’t seem very seriously affected by my trials.

Dosia said, “When I heard of it Lizzie, I couldn’t help laughing. Everybody thought it so horrible and barbarous for the Yankees to treat you so; and I did too, but I told them I knew you had some fun out of it.”

I dropped the strictly indignant tone of my narrative and confessed I had laughed very heartily several times.
The first time I was on the street I saw two gentlemen cross over to speak to me and found they were two whom I had helped equip at the beginning of the war. One had a wound in his neck and the other was bent over on his cane from a shot through his body. I was very glad to see them and especially as the streets were so deserted of the old familiar faces. But unfortunately my first question was, “When are they expected to go back?” meaning of course when they thought their wounds would permit.

“There it is again,” said Capt. Preston. “The young ladies in Abingdon almost meet us at the depot to ask us when we are going back. I believe some of them don’t want us to stay at home until our wounds heal.”

I scarcely felt I was an exile from home while I stayed at Abingdon, for I loved the place far better than Nashville and almost as much as I did Kentuckey. Although sometimes they said some hard things about my native state, I bore it more patiently from them because Virginia was the only state, which being in the same exposed condition as Kentuckey, had acted better.

In October we received news of the battle of Perryville which took place within ten miles of Harrodsburg, the line of the battle really extending within six miles of town. We regretted now more than ever that we had not been permitted to remain at home until the army entered Kentuckey.

We began now to hear confused rumors of its coming out but we refused to believe them. It seemed impossible that misfortune could follow so soon after the glory of the summer. But it seems in this war that all the bad rumors prove true and the good ones are never confirmed. Our first proof of the truth of this was the arrival of speculators who had gone in for goods. They brought out a very scanty stock with them for the hurried retreat of our army gave them little time to complete their pur-

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6General Buell, reinforced at Louisville by troops under General William Nelson, native of Mason County, Kentuckey, marched October 1, 1862, to attack Bragg. The resulting Battle of Perryville, October 8, was the bloodiest fought on Kentuckey soil. The Federals lost 4,211 of 38,940 men; the Confederates 3,396 of 16,000 effective, Boatner, pp. 79, 642-644.
chases. They told dreadful tales of the bushwhacked mountain road into Kentucky, which we thought were intended to excuse the enormous prices which they asked. For a gingham dress, which before the war could be bought for two dollars and a half, they asked twenty. The ladies declared they would wear homespun, but where to get the homespun was the question. There were very few manufactories in the South even for this coarse cloth and these few were engaged for the army.

We began to feel very severely the effects of a blockade on an agricultural country. We could not make even a pin or button for ourselves.

Tea and coffee too were become so scarce they had almost disappeared from the tables of even the wealthiest. Cakes were reserved for weddings and festival occasions and then made of brown sugar. In Abingdon, fifteen miles from the salt works, salt enough could not be obtained to put up meat. Sometimes the coarsest shoes could not be had for love nor money. Kate Mitchell asked me one day if I thought it would be any harm to pray for shoes. I told her as the Lord certainly gave us everything we had, it could not be wrong to ask for what we wanted, and she acknowledged this reasoning had already led her to ask in a general way to be provided with all things needful but she had been ashamed to mention the special articles. A short time after, her cousin, having received two pairs of shoes, sent one pair to Kate, who was very much delighted with this signal answer to prayer.

"You see," she said, "as long as I hinted at them it did no good, but when I came right out and said shoes, I got them."

Soon parties of soldiers began to arrive from Kentucky, many of them new recruits. One of these told us he did not come because he wanted to fight but because the ladies were continually asking him why he was not in the Southern Army.

We heard that Kit had at last come out with Morgan and we could not help rejoicing with him. His father had come too but we did not see them as the part of the army they were with came out at Knoxville.

Kit had made his way to that place alone. He and his father while trying to overtake the command were pursued by Yankees
and separated from each other a short distance from home, but Kit on his trusty little pony had gone through the mountains into East Tennessee.

Humphrey Marshall's brigade was stationed at Abingdon to protect the mountain passes and Floyd with the State line was in South Western Virginia. The first part of December we paid a visit to the salt works. The place looked quite like a village. On every side were erected furnaces, some owned by the company, some by the different States. The mountains were almost stripped of their forests to feed the fires by which these were worked. Almost all of the work was done by Negroes, each State sending its own. Private individuals were allowed to buy the water but the scarcity of wood made this an expensive way of getting salt.

I saw a company of Negroes from Georgia starting home, their time being out. They seemed overjoyed at the thought of leaving the cold mountains of Virginia for the delights of pine knots and guber peas. And as they marched they gave vent to their feelings in a monotonous kind of chant of which the only words were: "We are going home to Georgia! going homel oh! we are going home! Oh! yes homel we are going to Georgia!" Some gentleman, as they passed through Abingdon, threw them some money when they burst forth with renewed energy but no more music. Ma had written for us to come to Eatonton, Ga., where she had succeeded in getting a small school, but just as we had made every preparation for starting we heard that Carter had made a raid into East Tennessee and burned the bridges. However as we had a party of friends who were determined to attempt the trip we concluded to go with them.

It was exceedingly tedious. We went fifteen miles and stopped for the night, as it was necessary to cross the river in the daytime. The next day the cars stopped on the bank and as the river was shallow at this point they had laid a track across, and on top of the track some boards over which the water broke in places. We succeeded in walking it pretty well though about half way across the boiling of the water made my head swim. Being behind the rest of the party I could only stop and put my
hand over my eyes until a gentleman looking back came to my assistance.

There was an engine and one car between the bridges so that we rode the ten miles, in which we were more fortunate than several thousand prisoners we met who were being sent from Murfreesboro to Richmond. The blue coats looked decidedly more agreeable to me than they had in other situations where I had seen them. They did not seem much cast down at being prisoners. The cars moved so slowly we had ample time for observing them. One of them seeing me touched his cap. His face looked familiar but I could not remember where I had seen him.

The second river we crossed upon a flat and felt that at last we were fairly under way for Georgia, though we had once more to stop for some time at a hotel, where I was amused with a discussion between two officers about Kentucky. They finally became so excited that one offered to bet the other one hundred dollars that Kentucky has as many volunteers in the Southern Army as any other state. They actually had the money staked but as they were both acquaintances of mine I ventured to remind them that there were ladies in the room, when they withdrew the bet. I could not but sympathize with the one who stood up stoutly for Kentucky.

“They abuse Kentucky,” he said, “but they never remember how many of her young men have died on Southern battlefields. My father had three sons to come out and I am the only one left.”

At Knoxville we met Uncle Jack who was on his way to the Tennessee army. Kit was with his command and perfectly devoted to camp life. Gen. Morgan gave him permission to stay at the hotel in Knoxville but after a day or two he left, saying he would rather be with “the boys.”

He and “the boys” had queer ways of amusing themselves while in winter quarters. The principal one being to burn down each other’s cabins in the night.

At Cleveland we had all to go into one car where there was a perfect crowd of soldiers. One of these, a Kentuckian, was drunk, and devoted himself to the amusement of the crowd.
He was complaining bitterly that chance was always against a good soldier's making anything by this war.

"You see," he said, "after a battle if there are any fine horses running about or any nice navy pistols lying around loose, it's always one of these ragged, dirty fellows that gets them—never a gentleman."

On someone's reminding him that many of our best soldiers who were gentlemen at home were now ragged and dirty, he said he didn't mean them, but these fellows, who were ragged and dirty at home and went into the army to get good clothes... Everybody laughed at the idea of any man's going into our army to get good clothes. But he insisted that there were such, and everything good fell to them and nothing bad.

"They will go through the whole war and come out without a scar, not even a vaccination scar. But never mind, I will be on the next field. I want to get there just as the battle is over and if I find a dead Yankee I'll cut every button off his coat."

Someone suggested he had better take the coat.

"No, I just want the buttons, for the last time I was at the Spotswood Hotel in Richmond, there was Gen. This one and Col. That one and Major The other with so much gold lace I couldn't get a waiter to look at me. They just thought I was a woodchuck and lived on suction. So the next time I will cover myself all over with buttons and then I reckon I can get something to eat."

Someone told him he would get nothing at Chattanooga.

"Oh well! a fool for luck. My haversack is just on a street."

"But we will get there at night, when all the offices are shut up and we can't find anyone."

"I don't want to find anyone," he said, "just so no one finds me. I will tumble over behind a log and when Aurora gilds the Eastern horizon I will arise blooming and to bloom!"

"What is the matter with you?" was asked.

"Well, I have been eating dried apples and pears and it has given me a fruitful imagination."

We expected at Chattanooga to meet Hardin Helm who, being wounded, had been placed temporarily in command of that post, but we were told by one of his staff who met us at
the depot, that Hardin was in Mobile. We went to the Central Hotel, the Crutchfield House having been taken for a hospital. We had reason to regret this for even the accommodations we had enjoyed there were luxurious compared to those at the Central.

The next day was one of unmitigated rain and starvation. We had no books & the morning paper would not last forever no matter how slowly we read it. The rain not only prevented our going out but cleared the streets so there was little to look at but the dirty streams of water that overflowed the gutters. A lady told us her story which was not cheering as she had come to see her husband and brother, both wounded at Murfreesboro.

We were heartily glad when the hour in the evening came for us to go to the cars. We were obliged to walk through the rain, there being no public vehicles and the streets lacking an inch or two of being quite deep enough for a canoe.

The depot was leaking and having in our impatience started a little too soon we had to wait for Mr. French to find the conductor. At last, wet, muddy, and thoroughly disgusted, we bade farewell to Chattanooga, omitting those regretful glances we had once cast back towards it.

We met some acquaintances on the cars, one of whom was much mortified at being caught with a tremendous ginger cake in one hand and a large half moon pie in the other. He insisted on our sharing his cake. Jimmie would not eat it because it had been bought of one of the cake women at the depot. But twenty-four hours at the Central Hotel had reduced my ideas on such subjects and I took some, apologizing to Jimmie by saying there had been a time when I wouldn’t eat dirt but it was long since gone by.
CHAPTER XIX

"THE FRIGHTFUL CALM"

WHEN WE reached Eatonton we felt as though we had been suddenly dropped from a thundercloud into a spot so quiet and secluded that the crickets grew afraid of their own voices. The frightful calm was added to by the fact that the smallpox had put a stop to all visiting. No one was to be seen, even on the public square. Several streets had ropes drawn across them with the word "smallpox" suspended on a placard. Even though in the dead of winter, the place had a cheerful look from the evergreens and the hedges of Cherokee roses, and the absence of noise and tumult was not at first disagreeable after all the exciting scenes through which we had passed.

But a week or two sufficed to make us sigh for "something to happen." The people too, though kind and cordial as we could desire them, were so different from the enthusiastic and impetuous Kentuckians and Virginians that it made us feel we were cut off from old associations. I almost feared I would turn to a fossil, or I imagined that the whole town might some day be exhumed like a second Pompeii.

One day while sick I apologized for breathing hard.

"Oh breathe as hard as you please," said Ma. "Don't be frightened because it is Eatonton."

A few minutes after, I inquired why she and Jimmie ran to the window and looked out with such lively interest and was told there was a horse actually "cutting up" in the streets of Eatonton, where it was said the pigs dared not grunt or the chickens cackle.

The place however possessed one very great advantage for refugees—board was but twenty dollars a month and provisions in great abundance.

Jimmie and I soon decided upon a diversion and as we had
some friends going to Savannah we seized the opportunity to visit that place.

It seemed like a dream when we one morning opened our eyes at the Pulaski House, right in the midst of war again, for the city was threatened by the Yankee fleet and all non-combatants were ordered out.

We were in terror lest the rain which was pouring down when we awoke should last through our visit and we cast many despairing glances at the swimming streets and the open square where the rain was mercilessly pitting Gen. Greene's monument.

We had however for consolation the knowledge that Gen. Beauregard and staff were at the Pulaski and after breakfast we sat in the parlor and "looked sharp" for the General. And not without reward for in a little time Jimmie said, "There he is. I know him because he looks so like his photographs." And sure enough he came in, looking as though he had just stopped off one of those cartes de visite on which we had so often admiringly gazed.

He talked some time to some ladies who wanted to know if he really intended they should leave the city. His only reply was, "There is my order, ladies," pointing to the morning paper. And when they again asked if he really meant to order them from the city he said laughingly, "I never order my own wife and would not presume to order the wives of other officers."

His face was like a Frenchman, as was his bow, and at times when he was standing, his manner. But his accent was purely American and his manner of talking quiet and composed. He was not so small as I had been led to suppose.

We afterwards had the pleasure of being introduced to him.

We spent the week in Savannah, saw military parades, visited "Bonaventure,"¹ and went down to Fort Jackson where we saw the artillery practice of the fort and surrounding batteries. We stood on the parapet trembling at first with the thought of the cannon near us about to fire and carefully placed ourselves on tiptoe with our teeth a little apart as directed, but after the first fire we lowered ourselves in great disgust and

¹Savannah's beautiful historic cemetery, then relatively new.
said, "Pshaw! Is that all?"

Saturday we subsided again in Eatonton where I had no consolation but in pretending to Ma that I couldn't speak English, which as I couldn't "speak French like a Frenchman or an angel," made my conversation rather limited.
CHAPTER XX

"FOR TWO YEARS AND A HALF A QUIET LIFE"

FROM THIS TIME we led in Eatonton for two years and a half a quiet life, filled with the privations and anxieties common to all in the Confederacy, but marked with no incidents of special interest. In looking over my journal I find no record until in April, 1865. Even the passing of Hooker's Corps in Sherman's march to the sea is not preserved, because on the second day after he entered Eatonton I was taken very ill and was not in a condition to write for two or three months. I will copy however a letter to a friend containing an imperfect account of this and of Stoneman's raid.
CHAPTER XXI

"THE WHOLE OF HOOKER'S CORPS"

My Dear S.

I WROTE YOU a week or ten days ago a letter by flag of truce but have determined to send another today by a more accommodating line; I being one of these diffuse individuals who require a great deal of space to express a very few ideas, and my correspondents somewhat in the situation of the man who had to take three cups of hot water to get one of coffee.

Since you were in this quiet village the Yankees have twice visited us. The first time they had just been whipped at Macon and were trying "to get out of the wilderness." They burned the depot and were firing the courthouse, but someone cried out that Wheeler's men were coming when these gallant incendiaries left so fast that our cavalry found only three of them in town. Two of these escaped but the third having his horse shot rolled over until he got behind one of the large oaks on the public square from whence he threw out his hat, knapsack, and cartridge box. M. Lizzie Grimes who witnessed the scene from her porch said she thought it the most singular proceeding in the way of warfare she had ever heard of, but was satisfied when told the fellow was surrendering and heard a feeble voice from behind the tree calling out, "I surrender!"

Before being chased out however they had time to steal a good deal of jewelry, watches &c and had made such a raid on the Negroes for hats that some of their dark brethern hid theirs and chose to go bareheaded until the Yankees left. They took four watches from the Marshalls besides other jewelry and forty thousand dollars in money that happened to be in their keeping.

Our second visit was from the whole of Hooker's Corps and lasted three days. I was sitting in my room one morning when I was startled by the most horrible trampling of horses,
shouting and firing. I ran to the window and saw a regiment of Yankees dash through town in hot pursuit of three or four unfortunate rebels, who, being at home on "crutch leave" had gone out scouting for us.

They dashed through so rapidly and there was such a confusion of horses and men, firing and yelling, that we could not tell whether they had hurt our men or not.

Amid it all I know you would have laughed to have seen the Negroes scatter, a large crowd of whom had collected on the square to welcome their friends, but not expecting their entrance in such belligerent style. One Negro ran and dropped on the steps of this house crying like a child, and to all attempts to quiet him only answering, "Yes, Mistus, dey is. Dey's gwine to kill us all!"

Another rushed into the yard with eyes like two full moons and by throwing himself backwards with both arms out and one leg extended gave us a vivid picture of one of our men he saw fall when the Yankees fired. We found out afterwards there had really been no one hurt.

The Yankees soon scattered over the town, many coming to this house. One of them threatened to shoot Mrs. Hubert's little girl, not quite three years old. She heard the threat with the utmost unconcern, calling to the dog, "Bite him Joe! I wish ole Joe would bite you!" and confessed to her Grandmother afterwards that she wished the Yankees would come again—"hab so much fun!"

The Negroes told us the Yankees said they would not hurt them, but they must keep away from the white folks for they intended to play the devil with them as soon as night came.

What particular amusement was designated by "playing the devil" we couldn't tell, but Hattie Marshall seemed to have some fearful presentiment for she came to me with hands clasped and eyes piteously raised towards Heaven saying, "Oh I wouldn't mind it if they just won't stick the bayonet through me after they kill me!" It was in vain that we tried to persuade her that if she was dead it would make no difference what they stuck through her. The last I heard was, "I never could bear a bayonet!"
Two drunken Dutchmen came and wanted to know if "dere was any arms in disse house." The first room they went into had two trunks in it and the owner being away with the keys, they went to work with a hatchet. They heaped an alarming amount of cursing on the rebels during the search but in the midst of it an officer was sent for by the family. When he came and began very composedly to help himself to such small articles as he wanted, the two Dutchmen retired to the hall where I found them a few moments after in a glorious humor, having for the time forgotten this wicked war and thrown aside the sorrows of "dare countree." In fact they had found a bottle of whiskey in the trunk and were standing in a corner passing it backwards and forwards, the one who was waiting for his time always pouring forth a profusion of apologies for having to search the house, both in happy unconsciousness of the fact that they were drinking from the bottle with which Mr. Van Epps doctored his sick mule.

Fortunately the weather was miserable, a sleety rain falling all the time so there could be but little burning done. They burned the new depot and several houses around it and the calaboose. They also piled the contents of all the stores in the street and burned them, and destroyed all the drugs they could find.

They took off Negroes, horses, mules, carriages, buggies, jewelry, men's clothes, and ladies' clothes, they made the citizens give up their pocket books, took from the Negroes their little savings and their clothes, emptied the postoffice, and as Bobby Matthews said of his Aunt Jane on the solemn occasion of his baptism, "cut up day."

Mrs. Respass, the grandmother of Miss Dennis (whom perhaps you remember) had a battle royal with one Yankee over the likeness of her daughter who is dead. The Yankee knocked her down four times and she knocked the Yankee down twice. After which she remained victor of the field with one black eye.

They hanged one gentleman near here three times. The last time when he recovered he found himself on the ground and the Yankees disappearing in the distance. In case you should ever be threatened with this unhappy end, I will tell you he says
hanging is not much. He felt only a quick sensation of choking and then utter unconsciousness.

The weather was so terrible that some of the Negroes froze to death between here and Milledgeville and almost all who went off have returned to their masters. One of Mrs. Marshall's who came back says he "don't want to see nuffin more o' dis war." Another who left them after they reached Savannah says, "Seems like dem Yankees is miserable when dey see a nigger not work-ing."

The county court has given one hundred and fifty dollars to a Negro who put out the courthouse when it was fired, and the citizens gave the same sum to a Negro who brought in two Yankee stragglers. One of the prisoners, being a Kentuckian, was loath to be captured by a Negro and cursed horribly on being brought in. But his captor besides his gun had a pack of hounds, and threatened to make them bite in case of resistance.

On being complimented for his courage he said he was "always ready to die in suspense of his country and if he had had the least insistence could have taken a whole squad."
CHAPTER XXII

"AS THOUGH THE SUN HAD GONE OUT AT NOONDAY"

Eatonton, Georgia, April 8, 1865

SOME KIND SOUL, with the hope of bringing comfort to sorrowing humanity, has said that the darkest hour is just before day. Day for us then must be near at hand for surely the future cannot hold a darker hour than this. It seems to me for one whole year we have known nothing but misfortune. From the day last spring when the Yankees found their way through Snake Creek Gap, and began to force Johnston back from North Georgia, we have not seen one ray of sunshine in the Western Department. It is true we knew something of hope when Hood went into Tennessee, but his sudden and disastrous defeat, the march of Sherman through Georgia, the taking of Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, the burning of Columbia, and numberless other places, both in the Carolinas and Georgia, soon taught us how vain our hope was.

And as though the blows of our enemies were not enough, we must also bear the assaults of those who call themselves our friends. Such men as Gov. Brown¹ who consider patriotism and honor of small account unless they lead to power, and who spread joy among the Yankees by their attacks upon the Confederate government. And Mr. Davis, while he has every nerve strained to steer the ship of state clear of the breakers ahead, must find time to watch the sand bars beneath.

If there was anything that could cheer a scene so dark it was that Richmond still was ours, that we had not yet been obliged to give up Virginia, who has borne all the trials and horrors of

¹Joseph Emerson Brown (1821-1894), Georgia’s Civil War governor. Throughout the war he was in conflict with the Confederate government. D.A.B., III, 141-143.
this war with the daring of the Romans, the fortitude of a
Spartan, and the uncomplaining spirit of a woman.

But now, this last blow has come. In yesterday’s paper is
the official announcement of the evacuation of Richmond. After
several days hard fighting the Yankees succeeded in breaking our
lines at Petersburg. Mr. Davis and the cabinet are at Danville,
Va. Where our army is or which route it will take no one knows.
Many think towards Kentucky. If it does, we may see again
our home but I would rather never see it than that misfortune
should happen to our country. It is too horrible to think of Rich-
mond being given up. I have often felt the deepest gloom for our
defeats but Richmond is the first place for which I have shed
tears. I did believe four years of horror and bloodshed had
taught me more fortitude. I think constantly of every example
which can bid me look with unaltering faith to that justice of
God which shall give us a triumphant future. I remember the
Dutch when they fought Philip—Frederick the Great when he
battled with Europe—our own Washington in the sublimity of
his unaltering courage. Yes, all these bid me be strong. All these
tell me how false is the impious boast, so often repeated by the
Yankees, that Heaven is on the side of the strongest batteries.
I know that “the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the
strong.”

April 10. Well! Selma has fallen too or, in the elegant
idiom of the times, it “has gone up the spout.” We have not
yet heard the particulars, indeed I hardly want to know them.
I think sometimes that we may almost congratulate ourselves that
the Yankees by tearing up our railroad have reduced our mails
from two a day to two a week. However the evil we can’t get
in official bulletins we take in the milder form of rumors. Forrest
is captured—Forrest is killed—the people are flying from Mont-
gomery—the Yankees are coming towards Macon—and worse
than all, the newspapers are moving from Montgomery to
Georgia. If when our cities are taken our newspapers would
only discontinue, we might reap some good from our disasters.
A true and enlightened press is certainly the greatest blessing to
a country, but a corrupt press, owned by factious politicians, is
the greatest curse, and when we enumerate all the forces against
which we had to contend in order to gain our liberty, I think
our press will not be among the least of them.

There is an address out by the President of which I have
only heard. He says, I believe, that though he will not conceal
from the people that the giving up of Richmond is a misfortune,
yet Gen. Lee has by being confined to its defense, several times
missed opportunities of striking important blows. He also says
Virginia will not be given up unless it is a military necessity. I
hope indeed we will never give it up—the glorious old state! I
believe men gain strength by standing on its soil. I sometimes
wish I were there now. I hate the rear, with its long-faced citi-
zens who croak, croak, croak, until one might as well be in the
midst of a frog pond. I oughtn't to say that now though, for they
only tell bad news this time and are unusually sparing of abuse of
the President. Late accounts from Savannah say that the Yankees
are being very severe on their Negro friends and have sent sev-
eral shiploads to Cuba. Poor creatures! Some say, "Served them
right for deserting their masters!" But they are so ignorant, so
incapable of being anything else, that I make many allowances
for them. Especially as in leaving their masters it is not one
in a thousand who will try do them any injury. It is hard to judge
them. I believe slavery is best for them, but I can't expect them
to think so. And I reckon after all if I were a Negro I would be
running off too.

I open my journal to say we have just had a rumor that we
have driven back the Yankees from Tuscaloosa. I hasten to write
it before I hear it contradicted.

April 14. Captain Hubert is here now, having just returned
from Johnson's Island where he has been a prisoner for nearly
two years. His account of his life is similar to that given by all
our prisoners who are returning. Of course our prejudices
against the Yankees might lead some to put high color upon
pictures drawn of them, might even make some tell untruths.
But when men who have been confined in separate prisons,
many of them hundreds of miles apart, come home at different
times and by different routes, and all agree in telling that they
were so badly supplied with food as to be forced to eat rats and
dogs, I believe it must be the truth. This manner of keeping
prisoners seems to have been adopted by the Yankees only within the last year. Its object no doubt was to force our men to take the oath, and they succeeded only too well with many. Those who were so released, told their fellow-prisoners they intended to make their way through to the Southern Army. And many of them no doubt will for I have known repeated instances of this kind of dealing. To many persons an oath has lost its sanctity. I wish it was not so. I hate to see the demoralization produced in every way by this war.

I am glad to hear from all prisoners how kind the women of Kentucky were to them. They sent them continually boxes of clothing and provisions, though they were never allowed to have the provisions and very seldom the clothing. Ben Adams was called out once to look at a very handsome overcoat that had been sent him, the Yankees telling him they would not let him have the coat but thought they would let him look at it. It was very common for the prisoners to receive letters from ladies they had never known, calling them brother, uncle &c (for none but relations were allowed to write to them), and begging permission to do anything for them allowed by prison rules.

They tell many funny stories of the Negroes who were put to guard them. Those born and raised in the North were very brutal, but those who had been stolen from the South could not lose their respect for a white man. To try them sometimes, our men would go beyond the dead line when the Negro guard would say, “Now Massa—please massa jes go back. I don’t want to shoot you.”

They told one that we intended to put the Negroes in the army and set those free who would fight.

“If Mas’ Jeff I set me free,” he answered, “I’ll come fight for you, cause I love you but I spise dese Yankees.”

One very cold night Ben Adams heard one of the Negro guards call out, “Corporal ov’de guard! Come here, I’se freez-ing!”

“Oh,” he continued in despair, “I wish I was Mas’ John’s pinter dog—then I know I could be where I would get warm and have plenty to eat.”

Once one of our men, seeing a Negro walking with his arms
folded over his gun, broke past him. The astonished Negro without an attempt to shoot cried out, "Oh! Corporal ov' de guard! Come here! Here's one white man a runnin' away and de Lord knows how many more's c-comin'!"

Another Negro called out to one of our men, "Whar you gwine?"

"To the hydrant."

"Whar?"

"To get some water."

"Now you go back to de barracks, you done told two tales about it," cried the Negro incensed at such duplicity.

We are still uncertain about the army though it is thought it is going to Lynchburg. I try to feel merciful and like a Christian, but sometimes I cannot help half wishing our army could go into the Northern states and make them taste the bitter cup we have been drinking for four long weary years. I suppose it is wrong to feel so but it is a sin one who lives in the desolated path Sherman left behind him is much tempted to.

We have a rumor that Montgomery is evacuated. But it seems to me the darker the day the more strength the people have.

April 18. We had a sad announcement in church Sunday—that next Sabbath would be preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Rogers' six sons who have been killed or died in our army. Six sons lost on the battlefield or in distant hospitals. There are few indeed in this country who will not know how to sympathize with the father, for there is a vacant chair in every house. I scarcely know which are the most fortunate, those who are already certain of their loss or those in whose bosoms hope and despair still contend. Mr. Adams has passed almost a year without being able to learn with certainty the fate of John. Judge Goley, after having long given up his son as dead, has lately seen his name among the prisoners. But he will not allow himself to think he is alive, believing it is some man of the same name.

Sunday too there was a lecture given the young people about a dance that had taken place during the week. Many think the time of such public calamities is not the time to dance.
But when we remember the time of horror is extending into the fifth year, we might well fear that without some diversion we would all die or go crazy. I did not dance last week but I have danced this year and when I think of my country and my own exile life, I feel sometimes if my heart were sadder it would break.

Last night we received news of the taking of Columbus and it is supposed the Yankees will push right on for Macon. Gov. Brown, instead of keeping his militia in the field all the time, sends them home every month or two to attend to their guber peas or to grind up their sorghum, so the Yankees have time to take half the State before he can collect men to resist them. The militia all left for Macon this morning, the Provost guard going too. From the rapidity with which the Yankees move it is thought they cannot number over four or five thousand.

Ma and Jimmie and I have determined if they occupy this part of the country permanently, we will go to Canada if it is possible to get there. Though we can none of us endure the idea of leaving the Confederacy which is indeed

"More dear to us mid her gloom and her showers,
Than the rest of the world in its sunniest hours."

We could go to Texas where they say everything is abundant and cheap, almost fabulously so to us. But then we would never be able to hear from Grandpa, and we feel in his present lonely condition it would be sinful to separate ourselves farther from him.

I intend to gather together all our little valuables so if the Yankees come I can hide them quickly. We have a box of Col. Chenoweth's clothes, which being very resplendent with gold lace and brass buttons, would fare badly if the Yankees should find them. But we make ourselves responsible now for such

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2James Q. Chenoweth (1841–1911). After the war he settled in Harrodsburg, home of his grandmother's family, but soon afterward removed to Montgomery, Alabama, and finally to Bonham, Texas. He was in the Kentucky legislature, 1869-72; District Judge in Texas, and twice in the Texas legislature from Fannin County. In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland First Auditor of the U.S. Treasury. Ed. Porter Thompson, History of the Orphan Brigade (Louisville, 1898), pp. 969-973.
things after the railroad and express fashion—"war risks ex-
cepted."

April 19. Mrs. Hattie Marshall has already engaged the
company of Jimmie and myself for the next visit of the Yankees,
as Mr. Marshall and Lt. Ketner being disabled soldiers will
have to "take to the woods." We have numerous invitations of
this kind from our acquaintances, who seem to think that having
been once under arrest and having escaped, we are up to all
the tricks of war.

Yesterday I saw a Mr. Barber from Kentucky who is just
back from Rock Island Prison. We had a long talk about the
Bluegrass region. He says after we left Kentucky, it was re-
ported that on our way South we met Morgan's troops, and in
our enthusiasm waved not only our handkerchiefs, but jerked
off our bonnets for the same purpose; that we threw our arms
around Gen. Morgan's neck and kissed him, which was giving
us credit for taste as he was a very handsome man but also for
patriotism of a rather faster stamp than we ever boasted.

April 20. We are like the old woman who was "beset and
besot." We were a little comforted yesterday by hearing that
Lewis's Kentucky brigade* had driven back the Yankees march-
ing on Augusta. But this morning we have news that the enemy
have taken Forsyth and are near Macon. To complete the pic-
ture of misfortune, they say there is a cavalry force in Monticello,
coming to Eatonton, which awakens the most anxious solicitude
among the citizens on the subject of horses, jewelry, watches,
and other movable articles. Well, I have but little to lose but
then there is a marked difference between me and that man
of Pope’s who "has but little here below nor wants that little
long." I know too they will tear up our railroad again just as
the cars are beginning to run within twelve miles of town, and
we are hoping to hear that "murtherin stame ingine" whistle
once more. If they do I reckon the company will never have
the spirit to repair the road again, but will leave us for the

*Brigadier General Joseph H. Lewis's command, "The Orphan Brigade,"
of Kentucky, was in the vicinity of Augusta in March-April, 1865. On April
15, the Brigade was repulsed near Columbia and generally was unable to
check Federal units from that time until the war's end. Ibid, 283,436-437.
balance of the war, as poor Mrs. True once described herself, "buried but not dead." After the war perhaps Eatonton will be dug up like a second Pompeii when we shall all be found in the most natural positions; the gentlemen seated in front of Mr. Reed's office with their feet up against the locust tree, while one with his cane is in the act of drawing in the sand a plan of the last campaign as it should have been; the ladies standing upon the piazzas, their lips still seeming to syllable those words, "Sister Ann, do you see any horsemen coming?"

But just here I hear someone in the hall below and catch the words, "Yankees"—"five miles"—"refugees" &c so I must go down and learn the news.—Well, it was Ben Adams who being a paroled prisoner is not allowed to fight except when they can't catch him at it. I found him sitting on the sofa with his rifle and a plate of cake. He is just about escorting the Negroes and mules to the plantation. I helped him eat the cake and advised him to come out of the military jacket he wore as it would attract the attention of the Yankees if he met them. He says when a man rides into town, everyone rushes to hear the news like chickens when crumbs are thrown. The last report is that the Yankees are within ten miles of town. I hear all about the house a dreadful pulling about of trunks and chests and hiding of valuables. The mantua maker has sent me word she cannot be responsible for Ma's dress but will send it to me to take care of until the town is safe. But I must go and prepare to hide my own things.

April 21. The Greeks, whose sole care it was to hear or tell some new thing, should live during this war. I am sure people of their peculiar weakness could not fall upon a more accommodating age. I thought once yesterday of putting down all the rumors as they came in but I found I had proposed to myself an impossibility. They were of every character and every shade, from the positive assurance that the Yankees had not yet left Columbus, to one equally positive that they were scattered all around Eatonton, "thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa."

"Did you hear of those Yankee officers who passed through town?" asked Mrs. Criddle.

"No. What of them?"
"Yes. They came through town today. Mr. Criddle and I met them just out of town and Mr. Criddle asked them what was the news from the Yankees, and one of them sorter laughed and said, oh, he reckoned there were no Yankees about, and I said to Mr. Criddle, 'oh honey don't say another word to them—they are Yankees, they are every one Yankees themselves.'"

Of course we were very much shocked at such undoubted proof of the approach of our enemies. They seemed to have had a bad effect on Mrs. Criddle's nerves for she thought, "We might as well give up. We are already whipped." It was true while there is life there is hope but life was almost gone out of her. The rest of the company rather thought we had a good deal to fight for yet. There was pouring through town a continual stream of Negroes and stock being run off by the planters toward Sparta.

Mr. Bryson came from Macon and said we had forty pieces of artillery there and were preparing for a vigorous defense. Gov. Brown was leaving at the time he left, though some people told him to his face he had better wait and welcome his Yankee friends.

Last night I went to prayer meeting. There were twenty or thirty persons present and as we were at a private house, we first discussed the news. After several hymns, among which was "How Firm a Foundation," and several prayers, we were dismissed, another meeting being appointed for next Thursday night, "provided there was no more excitement than at present."

As we were about leaving a gentleman arrived from Macon with the morning paper and we all waited while Dr. DeJarnette read it.

They did not seem to know much more about the Yankees in Macon than we did, but said Gen. Toombs and some troops had reached the city which it was thought could hold out against a force of eight or ten thousand. There was a dispatch of two victories gained by Gen. Lee and it was said the state of Virginia had offered the Confederacy two millions in specie.

Some one exclaimed, "God bless old Virginial! She is worth all the rest of the states put together!"

I hope we may hear the news from Lee confirmed. What
would we not give for one decisive victory! I often fancy to myself the unspeakable joy of those who woke to hear the old watchman cry, "Twelve o'clock. All's well and Cornwallis is taken!"

Later. Now they say Macon is taken and Lee has capitulated! Was ever any poor wretch so tormented! In spite of myself they worry me so with these reports. I can't stay quiet. I must go to Mrs. Trippe's or some other place and see if there is any truth afloat amid such clouds of falsehood.

April 22. Saturday night. It almost surprises me to look back and see that my last date was yesterday. I feel that I have lived through so much since then.

The rumors of Gen. Lee's surrender grew more and more frequent as the day advanced. Some persons believed it, and even went so far as to say they had suspected as much for a week or ten days. Gov. Brown, we heard, said it was as certain as the surrender of Cornwallis. Judge Nisbet believed it and the congressman from this district. But I did not credit the report for a moment. Gov. Brown had sent the militia home and seemed about surrendering the whole State to the Yankees, with whom many believe him to be in league. Macon had been given up under protest as there was a rumor of an armistice of thirty days. Crowds of soldiers and refugees who had escaped were passing. Drovers of Negroes, horses, mules, cattle, and hogs were pouring through town to seek refuge at some point on the Madison road. Ten thousand rumors were afloat. People knew nothing and suspected everything.

As I came down street towards home, Gen. Lee's surrender was written in grief and dismay on every countenance. No one encouraged me in my obstinate unbelief but some of the ladies and the few disabled soldiers I met. The latter declared they would not believe it if they were standing by to see it with their own eyes. After supper Mr. Van Epps told me he had seen an acquaintance, just from Macon, who said they heard there that Grant had surrendered to Lee. We were just rejoicing when Ma came in to tell us there could no longer be

4 General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865.
any doubt. A government agent had just come from Augusta who said that Lee had certainly surrendered. Davis was in Augusta and had sent for Stephens. All the privates were paroled, the officers kept as prisoners.

Almost everyone in the room burst into tears. Not a word was spoken except when someone sobbed out, “We are not whipped yet! We will fight in the Trans-Mississippi,” or, “I hope we will fight till there is not a man left!”

We hardly noticed that Ma said news had come that Lincoln had been killed and Seward mortally wounded by a mob in Richmond.

Jimmie and I came off to our room but not to sleep. I was stupefied with grief. I could scarcely think. The blank hopelessness numbed my heart. It seemed as though the sun had gone out at noonday.

The hardest thing for me to feel was that God had forsaken us and had given us over to our enemies. I know we are not what we ought to be. We have sinned as a nation and as individuals, but our leaders are men who acknowledge God, who call upon us to beseech Him with fasting and prayer. I could not make it out, but felt like the blind who cannot see the way nor guess the right, but only keep groping for it. And I could only pray God not to let me forsake Him, while under the darkness of his mysterious Providence.

We rose this morning with heavy hearts.

“Oh Jimmie,” I said, “I have sometimes thought the horrors of war could scarcely be supported; but if I could only know this morning that we would fight on, I would shout for joy!”

After breakfast we were too restless and miserable to be still and so went to see Ma. There was scarcely room for hope but some still encouraged us with the story of a soldier who had come from Augusta.

We had a sad family council to determine where we would go if the government made terms. We proposed the South of France, Canada, Gibraltar, Geneva, but finally decided on England as the country was most like Kentucky.

But thank God! others came from Augusta and cast
doubts on the news of the day before. Each hour added to our hope. At last a bearer of dispatches from Lee to Forrest came. He had left Lee on the 11th, the day after the supposed surrender. Others came in who had seen Yankee papers containing the account of the assassination of Lincoln at the Washington theatre by a Marylander named Smith. It is thought to have been done by Marylanders robbed of their property by the Yankee government. Well, poor creature. I sincerely hope he was better prepared for death than we think he was. But for the sake of my country, I cannot but feel glad that he is dead. So just at this point, we close the day—with strong hope of bright days yet in store for our country. Everyone credits the report of an armistice for sixty days. But what is the cause or will be the effect none can tell.

April 24. I am too miserable to write or do anything. Through four long years of blackness, of horror, and bloodshed we have fought the whole world and it seems Heaven itself. The world we expected to fight but, “My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken us?”

April 25. We had rumors yesterday that France had recognized us, and even that she had sent a fleet which had whipped the Yankees in the Mississippi. I know it is foolish to hope but I can’t help it. When I told Jimmie so she said, “Oh! I can’t believe God will give us up!”

If we cannot be independent I hope at least we may be a province of France or England or Mexico or anything rather than to go back into the Union. Even if this last humiliation awaits us, we can go to some foreign land and wait with hope for another struggle for freedom. I am glad I am not old for maybe I will live to see it. How could England and France stand by during these four years of blood and not help us? Well, we will be kinder to them if they ever begin a war with the United States.

General Lee’s address to his army has been published. Lt. Thomas tried to read it to the crowd but burst out crying in the midst of it.

They say Johnston is surrounded and we know with Grant and Sherman both to fight there is little hope for him. If “the
worst comes to the worst” we will go to Kentucky and make arrangements with Grandpa for leaving the country. Dettie and Col. Martin will go to Kentucky with us and we are anxious to hear from the Monroes,5 hoping they too will go so we can go to Europe together. But oh! I can’t give up yet! I think the Trans-Mississippi will save us. I catch at every straw that floats near me.

April 26. I yesterday read an account of the murder of Lincoln and Seward, Seward’s son, and a Mr. Hansell. At least all were killed except the elder Seward, whose throat was cut and we have heard he died since.6 It was a terrible affair and the man or men—for it is not yet known whether one did it all or not—must have had considerable nerve. The idea of rushing into a house where there are eight men, killing three and escaping unhurt is wonderful. But not more wonderful than Lincoln’s assassin springing upon the stage and crying, “Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!”

The assassination was wrong, but to one who lives in the South and has seen the thousands whose blood has been poured out on their own thresholds, the half-starved women and children wandering amid the ashes of their once happy homes, it

5The family of Judge Thomas Bell Monroe, (1791-1865), by birth a Virginian and a near relative of President James Monroe. He was brought to Kentucky by his parents in 1793. Before the war, he was Secretary of State of Kentucky, under his father-in-law, Governor John Adair; compiler of Monroe’s Reports, 7 vols.; United States District Attorney, 1833-34, and in the latter year was appointed Judge of the United States District Court of Kentucky by President Andrew Jackson. He held this office until 1861, when he abandoned his office and adopted State and fled to within the Confederate lines. For a time he remained at Marietta, Georgia, engaged in caring for the sick and such other duties as he could perform. He went to Christian Pass, Mississippi, after the surrender of General Lee and spent the rest of his life here, never again seeing his beautiful home in Kentucky. He died December 24, 1865. His wife was Eliza P. Adair. James Barnett Adair, Adair History and Genealogy (Los Angeles, 1924), pp. 88-90.

6Both Secretary of State William H. Seward and his son, Frederick W., escaped death in the attempt on their lives at the Seward home on LaFayette Square, at about the same hour and minute that Lincoln was shot in Ford’s Theatre. Mr. Hansell was Emrick W. Hansell, State Department messenger who was with Secretary Seward at the time. Carl Sandburg, Abraham Lincoln: The War Years (New York, 1939), IV, 289-290; Official Records, Ser. II, VIII, 886ff.
seems a wrong for which there are many excuses. Little did Mr. Lincoln think when he told Western jokes in answer to remonstrances of the more merciful, that his blood should flow with the torrent he was causing to be shed. And that there should fall upon him the divine anathema against the wicked, "Their sword also shall enter into their own heart."

It is still uncertain who was the murderer. We first heard it was Smith of Maryland. Then Mr. Axhall of Richmond. And when in reading the account yesterday, I remarked the man had certainly an eye for dramatic effect, I was not surprised to hear that he was supposed to be a son of the actor Booth. We hear that he and the man who killed Booth (if there were two of them) have been captured. I hope it is not so.

Just here, hearing voices in the hall, I went down and found Col. Martin who has returned from the army. I think he will remain while this armistice continues. He knows little more than we do. No one knows why this armistice is agreed upon. Some think Grant will declare himself Military Dictator and propose to us to join him in whipping the French out of Mexico. I think we would propose to join the French and whip the Yankees. I was glad to hear Col. Martin say we might yet fight it out in the Trans-Mississippi.

I am so restless and impatient to hear the end of this peace conference. I go through the day, reading a page, trying to play and stopping in the midst of a strain, writing a few lines, and starting out desperately for a walk through the red, dusty roads.

April 27. If we are poor in everything else we are at least rich in rumors. Rumors with which no one can be totally dissatisfied, for they are manufactured to suit every shade and variety of politics from the red-hot Southern rumor that the French have captured New Orleans for us, to the cool impudence of the Yankee assertion that Gen. Lee is devoting himself to the task of persuading all our Generals to surrender their armies.

I had the good fortune yesterday to get hold of a paper, the Augusta Constitutionalist, which through every trial has held out bravely for the South, her cause and her President. There were a great many extracts from Northern papers giving
lengthy descriptions of their glorifications over their victories, which were all in the true Yankee style. At an illumination, on one transparency, was written, "Glory to God who to U. S. Grant'd the victory!" Would it have entered into the mind of any but a blasphemous Yankee to thank God with a pun? Gen. Lee's own house at Arlington Heights was illuminated by the Yankees.

There was also from a Northern paper a flaming announcement of "the first steps towards taking Virginia back into the Union," following it a card from ten or twelve members of the Virginia legislature who had remained in Richmond, calling on absent members of that body as well as other prominent Virginians who are mentioned by name, to come back in order to deliberate on the subject of peace, Gen. Weitzel, Yankee Commandant, promising safe conducts for that purpose. But just below an extract from a later paper says the President has revoked these safe conducts. "He intends there shall be a convention held but does not intend these Secessionists shall be the leading spirits in it."

Seward at last accounts was not dead though his situation was critical. He once taught school in this county; many of his scholars, Mrs. Marshall among the number, still live here. But they seem to have little sympathy for their old teacher. They say he also has two children near here, who in spite of his intense sympathy for their race, are still slaves.

The people of Richmond in spite of the occupation of their city have had a meeting to offer some suitable testimonial to Gen. Lee.
CHAPTER XXIII

"TO HANG FOREVER BETWEEN HOPE AND DESPAIR"

APRIL 28. Still no news that can be relied on though there is a rumor that terms of peace have been agreed upon. We heard once the Yankees had offered us two propositions: First, that we should come back into the Union on the same footing we had before the war and help them drive Maximilian from Mexico; Second, that they should acknowledge our independence and we should abolish slavery in fifty years, and remain neutral in their war with France. Everyone I have seen, even the largest slaveholders, are willing to give up the Negroes in order to secure our independence. If France has come over to help us of course we cannot refuse to aid her; but if she still remains unmoved by our cries for aid, we could have no hesitation in remaining neutral, only wishing in our hearts that she may give the United States a good thrashing.

I believe myself it will end in our gaining our independence, and giving up slavery. Nothing will ever convince me that slavery, as it exists in this country, is wrong, but if it is necessary for our independence, let the Negroes go.

A gentleman came yesterday who says he heard Mr. Davis make a speech in which he declared his intention to hold out to the bitter end, and transfer the war to the Trans-Mississippi if we have to give up this side for a time. I feel I would like to be there too but our means are so limited I suppose we will have either to live within the Yankee lines or go to Canada while the war lasts.

The Negroes are a patient race. With their fate hanging on a thread they go about their accustomed work as quietly and respectfully as before the war. No doubt they are anxious in their own minds, and have many conversations together, but
they never betray it, though some have gone to the Yankees in Macon. I heard Uncle Harry making great protestations to Mrs. Marshall:

"I told you at de very fust I was gwine to stand by you. Dase been here twice, did I tell 'em on you? Den what makes you think I'd eber do it? Think I'd leave my children and you for dem? No, I feels anxious, when dase here, for you and for fear dey might burn our things. But ef a million of 'em was to come I wouldn't go with 'em. No, no Miss Martha, I tells you fust and I tells you last I se gwine to stand by you."

I met one little Negro in the street yesterday who seemed at least ignorant of the difference of race. She was a dirty little black thing about two years old, without anything on but a slip from which the sleeves were torn. In spite of the efforts of two older companions to keep her back, she struggled up to me and insisted on having a very pretty rose I wore in my pin. I took it out and grasping the blossom itself in her hand she toddled off.

April 29. It is impossible to tell what will be the end. Every day brings us fresh rumors. The papers we saw yesterday said it is reported terms of peace have been agreed on, the basis being reconstruction—the Southern states to have all the rights they had before the war, but slavery to be abolished in Missouri and Maryland because their legislatures have already passed acts to that effect. That is, a few of their renegades have passed the acts while their best men were out fighting for the South. Well thank God up to this time at least Kentucky has been spared that disgrace, though the Yankees have tried very hard to influence her legislature to the same course.

I feel like a prisoner at the bar, waiting for the jury to come in with its verdict. Sometimes I wish it was all over. I am glad when the hour for sleep comes and sorry when the sun rises.

If reconstruction is determined on we will leave the country if it is possible. But we may be like thousands and tens of thousands of our miserable countrymen who will not be able to leave.

The soldiers who have escaped say they intend to organize guerrilla bands.

Henry Marshall came home yesterday. The Yankees try
to convince our men that they will all be quite friendly soon, fighting together against the French. But our men are very far from wishing to see the Yankees whip anyone. As one soldier from this place was laying down his gun a Yankee officer said, "Oh! we will soon fight side by side in Mexico!"

"If the Devil was fighting you," answered the soldier with tears in his eyes, "I would help him."

When Alex Stephens was returning some time ago from the peace conference with Lincoln he passed Henry's regiment. One of the soldiers asked him if he would not go now to Georgia and rouse the people to continued resistance.

He said, "No, I am going home to die."

One soldier sang out, "Invite Gov. Brown and Gen. Toombs to die with you."

I wish from my heart he had and they had accepted the invitation.

The Chronicle and Sentinel, Gov. Brown's organ, came out yesterday with the most disgraceful article. Not content with advising submission, it finds time in this hour of national agony to say the war was unnecessary—and expresses other opinions which would be read with more pleasure in Boston than here. He says the people are joyful at the prospect of speedy peace. I have seen nothing but sad faces and tears. Even those who think we ought to submit do not look joyful. The leader of the Constitutionalist exhorts us to go down, if such must be our fate, with a dignity that shall convince the world we deserve success.

I had a letter yesterday from Judge Monroe's family. They say they are paralyzed with the news but can never feel like submitting.

Later. The news is like a Russian bath where you are alternately plunged into hot vapor and thrown into the snow. We hear now that France has certainly taken New Orleans, that an immense French fleet is off Savannah, that the French are at every conceivable point. It not being of course expected that we shall believe more than one of these stories at once. Last and best, we hear the terms of peace include our independence. We have agreed among ourselves that as all are rumors, we
might as well believe the good as the bad. So we will laugh, with a reservation, in case we should find we have no occasion for laughing.

May 1. I believe we have at last come to the conclusion that no one knows anything but that there is an armistice and negotiations are going on. All the terms offered, accepted or rejected, are mere conjecture. We do not know certainly who are our commissioners. Some say Gen. Breckinridge, Gen. Johnston, Gen. Wheeler, Judge Campbell, and Mr. Hunter. It has also been said they have agreed on terms that have been accepted by the Washington government but rejected by Mr. Davis, that Gen. Johnston has disbanded his army and the scene of war is to be transferred to the Trans-Mississippi. Many persons here are already refusing Confederate money which bears very hardly on us who are refugees as we have nothing else. Fortunately everyone we are dependent on is willing to wait until we can get money from home or make some arrangements for paying them. As our board has always been paid monthly and our washing weekly we have no bills. Mrs. Trippe has offered us a home until we can return to Kentucky, but Mrs. Marshall insists we shall stay with her. I don’t know any act of kindness we have ever received that touched me more than when old Aunt Betsey came in and offered to continue doing our washing and wait for us to pay her. She is free and has a large family dependent on her.

May 3. An “extra” was brought to town yesterday containing Gen. Johnston’s order for the surrender of all forces and military stores east of the Chattahoochee, that river separating his department from Gen. Dick Taylor’s. So we are regularly

1The Hampton Roads Peace Conference had been held February 3, 1865. It had failed because the Confederates insisted on independence and because Lincoln and Seward, representing the Federal government, refused any plan permitting the continuance of slavery. The Confederate agents at the meeting were Alexander H. Stephens, C.S.A. Vice-President; Judge John A. Campbell, later Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, later Assistant Secretary of War for the Confederacy; and Robert Mercer Taliaferro, C.S.A. Secretary of War. Boatner, v.p.; Official Records, I, XLVII, II, 1189ff.

2On April 18, 1865, General Joseph E. Johnston signed an armistice with Sherman and surrendered April 26, even though having been ordered south to continue the war. Boatner, p. 441,
given up to the Yankees. Well, it is no worse than I expected and I have at least the consolation of believing that our leaders and our soldiers are not to blame. Gov. Brown and such men as belong to the party of Alex Stephens have certainly done us all the harm they could, but those in whom we trusted have not deceived us.

We will try to return to Kentucky so soon as the roads are open but even the thought of going home gives me no pleasure. It seems to me I am past feeling pleasure in anything. I hope I may never again love anything as I loved the cause that is lost. Oh! if only I could get out of the country. Not to claim any other for my own but only to find a place where I may no longer see the suffering of the South. Some place where we might yet find rest for the “sick heart and world-weary brain.”

May 4. They say the Yankees have already taken possession of Milledgeville and may be here at any time, as the distance is only twenty miles. All government stores are being given to the poor to keep them from the Yankees. Many officers, knowing the order for their surrender was coming, gave them up to the people before it reached them. In Milledgeville, where the orders were received, the returned soldiers charged the government houses and took out everything. In Greensboro, Terry’s Texas Rangers opened the houses and told the citizens if they did not take the things away they would tear down their fences and make a bonfire of the stores in the street. They allowed no one however to take anything except soldiers and soldiers’ families. Someone pointed out to them one or two men who had never been in the army. They took the clothing from them, boxed their ears, and told them if they had been in their places during the war we would never have been overrun.

At prayer meeting yesterday Mr. McDonald exhorted us to submit ourselves to the will of God.

“I do not mean to advise you,” he said, “to submit to all your enemies may do, that is a very different thing from submitting to God.”

I do not know when I have felt as badly as I did yesterday evening. I could scarcely speak without crying and when Mrs. McDonald stopped to speak to me, we were both so full we
could hardly utter a word.

I know that some persons would laugh to hear me say that in spite of all our misfortunes, of all our grief, my faith in our ultimate independence is not shaken. But it is the truth. From the first gun that was fired to this moment I have been animated by a hope—not weak, not wavering—but strong, steady and confident, founded upon the justice and mercy of God, and even though the events of the past two weeks have been like the crash of worlds, I cannot give it up. God will not let such a nation as the Yankees triumph finally. We shall at last be free. Oh! I hope I shall live to see that day. But if I am dead it seems to me I would feel it in my grave.

May 5. There is a rumor that Gen. Lee has been assassinated while visiting his family in Richmond. It seems to me that even a fiend could not hurt him. If he were killed I suppose it was in retaliation for the murder of Lincoln, though I cannot tell why they should think anyone responsible for that deed but the half-crazy man who committed it. There was but one man who profited by Lincoln’s death and that was the one who succeeded to his office and who no doubt was Booth’s accomplice if he had one.

No doubt since the tenth of April Gen. Lee has felt life was worth but little to him, and it is not hard now for any Southerner to reconcile himself to the thought of death.

May 8. I wish sometimes they would bring us no more rumors of foreign intervention. I would rather be left quietly to grief than to hang forever between hope and despair like Mahomet’s coffin, between Heaven and earth. They say France, Spain, and Russia have declared in our favor and are now sending troops to our assistance. I cannot be wild enough to think it the truth and yet in spite of me it awakens a hope so faint that it rather disturbs than comforts me.

We need comfort in this unfortunate place now for we have a regiment of Michigan Yankees quartered here. They came in Saturday night. Sunday evening, being camped in the grove opposite Mr. Trippe’s, the Colonel and three others asked for rooms there “if it would not be particularly disagreeable.”

Mr. Trippe told them, “It will not be particularly agreeable
for I am a rebel of the broadest stripe. But I suppose I can stand it as well as my neighbors,” and upon this cordial response they came.

Ma, who has not spoken to one since they have been in the house, says the Major looks like the wreck of a dog. They all look so to me—the young Adjutant looks like he might be the wreck of a pup. None of the family make the slightest attempt to conceal their feelings and treat them so coolly it would drive anybody but Yankees away. Mrs. Trippe gave them last night rye coffee, sweetened with sorghum syrup, and told them she could do no better as Sherman’s men had taken all her sugar, coffee, and tea.

Little Mary Lizzie DeJarnette was very anxious to see them. “Oh! Grandma!” she cried. “Oh let me go out and see a Yankee!”

“There is one,” said Mrs. Trippe pointing to the Colonel, as though he had been a stick of wood.

Old Father Trippe sits on the front porch and looks over at the camp with the most mournful interest, but never speaks to them. I found him there alone this evening. When I asked if he was still looking at them he said, “Yes, and it isn’t very pleasant!”

“I confess I have seen pleasanter things,” I replied, “but then you know we can’t always have what we like best, or I would have that grove full of dead Yankees instead of live ones.”

He burst out laughing as though he thought that a very good idea but looked around to see if anyone was near enough to hear me.

The Yankees profess the most fraternal feelings and say we will all soon be reconciled to our fate and be rid of our unkind feelings. Perhaps if they could hear the maledictions that follow them as they walk the streets they might have some faint conception of the hatred that fills the Southern heart.

“With the South we are a great nation,” one of them said, “but without it we are not worth a cent.”

They tried yesterday to be very kind, returning all the horses and other things their men had stolen, but I was not convinced that the leopard could change his spots or the Ethiopian his
skin; and last night gave sufficient proof of it as there was a
general disappearance of horses and mules, and when the citi-
zens applied for them this morning, they found a squad, who
had been sent away before day, had taken them off. One old
woman who came to make complaint of depredations, was in-
vited by Mrs. Trippe to come into the room where she could
talk with more ease to the Colonel.

"I'm near enough to him, near enough," she answered from
the door.

After some parleying the Colonel gave her a receipt for
what had been taken from her. She looked at it with great con-
tempt and said, "This is poor retaliation for all my corn and oats."

The camp is crowded with Negroes all the time and the
Yankees can be seen at any time escorting the Negro women
about the town. Jimmie and I have been staying with Mrs.
Hattie Marshall. Her father, Mr. Slade, wanted to bring down
a Yankee guard but Lt. Slade was violent against it.

"Now father, don't bring him here," he said. "I wouldn't
look at him half an hour for twenty dollars in gold. He and I
will fight before nine o'clock if he is in the house."

We went up this morning to see Ma and found three of our
officers at Mr. Trippe's, Captain McDonald of Virginia and one
named Scott of Mississippi, both of Gen. Bragg's staff, and a
Mr. Christenberry of Arkansas. The Colonel had just paroled them
and we of course made an unusual parade over them with the
hope of making the Yankees mad. Even Mrs. Trippe and Ma
helped us load them with flowers and other things which if less
beautiful were more useful.

They kept laughing and whispering to us, "You will have
your house burned—indeed they will burn it."

The Yankee officers, especially the Colonel, looked as though
they would like to kill us. At one time Mr. Christenberry was
absent from the house for some time, but it was not until after
he and his companions had left that we had an explanation
from Mr. Trippe, who described to us a scene of which he had
been a witness.

Mr. Christenberry, finding that a Yankee had taken his
horse and carried it into the camp, followed and demanded it
back. It did not seem a very formidable demand, in the midst of the Yankee camp and especially from Mr. Christenberry who though tall was slender with delicate features and hair that fell in ringlets almost on his shoulders. The Yankee evidently took all things into consideration for even when Mr. Christenberry showed him the terms of Gen. Johnston’s surrender, which allowed him to keep his horse, and said he could prove by the other officers that was the horse on which he had surrendered, he said that made no difference, he intended to keep it.

“Very well, if you choose do so, but that will not be the end.”
“Take your saddle off,” said the Yankee.
“I don’t wait on you, sir; take it off yourself,” said Mr. C. The Yankee did so.
“Now put it on the one you intend to give me.”
“I don’t intend to give you any, I intend to put you as low as a man can get—on foot.”
“No, there is a lower place yet where I will put you,” retorted Mr. Christenberry. “You take my horse after I have read you the terms of surrender and I will put you in hell.”
Mr. Tripple said he showed but little excitement but he fixed his clear blue eyes on the Yankee with a deadly glitter and repeated, “I am in earnest. I’ll put you in hell.”
“Well, my horse is better than yours anyhow,” said the Yankee, “his only fault is he won’t stay in ranks.”
“Neither will mine, at least I’ll answer for it, the man who rides him will not stay in ranks.”
This was making the affair very personal even for a man in the midst of his own regiment, so the Yankee gave back the horse and said, “he believed he didn’t care much for the swap anyhow.”

When Mr. Christenberry came in the house I did not notice he was at all excited though I remembered having seen his hand tremble when he took up a pencil.

The Yankees say they are looking for Mr. Davis and Generals Beauregard and Bragg. Oh! I do pray they may get safely out of the country. I am kept so continually anxious for them. I would crawl from here to Canada on my knees to save them.

They say Bob Lincoln has killed Andy Johnson because
he believes he instigated the assassination of his father. That is just the way for our oppressors to die. I cannot bear that our men should ever have anything to do with assassinations, but if they choose to kill each other it will do us no harm.

May 10. The 10th Michigan Cavalry left yesterday in a state of deep disgust. They made their adieu by telling the citizens, "This was a d----d rebel hole and they were glad to be out of it;" that the women were worse than the men and when they passed them on the street looked at them as though they were so many brutes. What was particularly vexatious, the people would not even quarrel with them but treated them with a disdainful silence. In despair of the white population they intended to give a ball Monday night to the "colored ladies" but the rain prevented. They invited one of Mrs. Marshall’s Negro women but she excused herself on the ground that "She did not like to mix herself up with all sorts of folks." They also called on Mrs. Harwell’s woman but she told them, "She wanted them to know she considered herself as much above them as any of the white ladies did."

Besides the Negroes, I don’t think they met with civility from anyone except the Reid family, who in the hope of protecting their property so far forgot their self-respect as to invite them to dinner.

The commander, Col. Trowbridge, quartered himself and twelve or fifteen others on Mr. Trippe, he and three other officers sleeping at the house, the others only taking their meals there. When they were about leaving, the following interesting conversation occurred between the Colonel and Mr. Trippe:

"I understand Mr. Trippe, that since the beginning of the war you have opened your house to rebel soldiers and would never charge them a cent."

"That is true, Sir."

"Then I suppose, of course, you will treat Federal soldiers the same since peace is declared."

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“Peace? Do you call this peace? Bands of armed soldiers running over our country at will, stealing our stock, tampering with our Negroes, disturbing us in every way? If this is peace we prefer war; and as for my helping to support Federal soldiers, I am like Gen. Lee, I am overpowered. You can come to my house and take what you please. But I will never give it.”

“Then I will pay you in Confederate money.”

“That will not pass now, Sir, and besides as I have lost all my stock, I would rather have an old worn out mule than gold.”

“Sergeant,” said the Col. to one of his men, “I know you have no mule to spare but if you have one to spare leave it for Mr. Trippe. I understand too, Mr. Trippe, that you have some Confederate clothing here.”

“I have, Sir, it was given me for distribution among the poor and our needy soldiers.”

“Then I will appoint you to distribute it.”

“Very well, Sir, if I am allowed to select those who shall receive it I will accept such a commission even from Federal authority.”

“Have you any objection to Federal authority?”

“Not if I am allowed to select those who shall receive the clothing.”

“Then you can give them to my men up here, some of whom are half naked.”

“If they were all half naked I would never distribute clothes to them, and you may select another agent for that.”

So the Colonel himself gave out the clothes though Mr. Trippe succeeded in concealing half from him.

Everyone was glad to see them leave at last, even with the plunder they took off. Ma’s pet aversion, the Major, was quite witty on the occasion of his departure. Someone asked him if he would leave that day.

“Yes I will leave and relieve,” he said, disgusted with the consciousness of telling the truth.

There are still roving bands of from ten to thirty or forty Yankees coming through the town.

Yesterday ten or fifteen of Lewis’s Kentucky Brigade came through town. At the edge of town they passed a squad of about
a dozen Yankees, to whom they explained that they were paroled and disarmed. After they had stopped in front of Mr. Slade's store and were talking to a crowd of citizens, the Yankees put spurs to their horses, unslung their guns, and came rushing down "like a wolf on the fold." When within a few feet of the Kentuckians the commander cried, "Halt! Take aim and keep your guns up!"

Ma and Jimmie and Mrs. Hattie Marshall who were in the store door covered their eyes and rushed back to keep from seeing our men killed; but the Kentuckians took it very coolly, looking their antagonists in the eye without speaking or seeming much concerned, even one who was sitting sideways resting his elbow on the neck of his horse did not move. After holding them thus a moment, the Yankee asked who was commander of the squad. A young fellow of about eighteen or twenty stepped out of the crowd and said he was the commander, that he had already explained they were paroled men and further volunteered the information that he (the Yankee) was a coward.

The Yankees then took down their guns and galloped off, followed by a laugh from the Kentuckians who said, "They thought they would scare us so we would run and leave our horses for them."

Ma called it the "last battle of the war" but said the Yankees did not frighten anyone but her and Jimmie and Mrs. Marshall. Col. Nisbet compared it to the charge of Balaklava.

The Kentuckians amused themselves with the idea that anyone would think they could be made to leave their horses, which were their sole wealth, and on the sale of which they depended for means to go to Kentucky.

We found some of them were going to Harrodsburg and we sent word to Grandpa we would come home, so soon as the road was in order. The men said that they didn't feel they were either whipped or disgraced. They had fought four years for the South and were willing to come out and fight again whenever she called them. They belonged to the brigade at whose head Hardin Helm led the charge at Chickamauga in which he was killed.

_May 11._ A party of Yankees who came through yesterday
stopped Mr. Moseby just out of town and robbed him of his pocketbook and gold ring. He begged them not to take the ring as it had been given to him by his wife before they were married. After riding a little distance they came back and returned the ring though there was a division among them about it.

When the Michigan Cavalry was here, Mary Lizzie DeJarnette begged the guard to take special care of her little duck-legged chicken, "because the Yankees stole all my Grandma’s chickens." He promised her he would shoot the first man who touched it. "I didn’t say anything about my dolls, Grandma," she said, "for I had locked them up in the wardrobe."

We heard yesterday that the Yankee General in Macon had sent a special train for Gov. Brown and had given him half an hour to start. They surely wouldn’t hurt him for there is no General in their army who has done them more good.

May 12. There are several reports as to Gov. Brown’s arrest. One is that Andy Johnson ordered him not to convene the Legislature and threatened if he did to arrest him and all the members. He issued a proclamation convening it in defiance of this order. As calling the Legislature together had been the Governor’s chief amusement for the past four years, I reckon it goes hard with him to be deprived of it. No doubt as he went to Macon, surrounded by twenty-five bayonets, he would have given his darling cabbages to have Jeff Davis and his government again, even without the Habeas Corpus.

They say there has been an order issued for all citizens to take the oath. I do wish the road was finished so we could go on to Kentucky. I am so afraid they will ask us to take the oath and if they do it will be the beginning of endless troubles. These times have taught not to be too confident of what anyone, not even myself, would do; but I do not think they could make me swear allegiance to the United States. We are thinking now of going to South America. Dettie says everytime she sees us we are going to a new place, and indeed we are not very settled. Carlyle says beware of fixed ideas and we follow his advice. We hunt continually for books that can give us information of foreign countries. Each one has certain requirements so that to suit one of us would be hard but to satisfy all would be a tre
mendous task. We study history, geography, travels, and exploring expeditions, we consult our friends and talk to each other, and we find out so many pleasant things about all countries we sometimes grow enthusiastic in our anticipations of our future home. But just then one drops her book and says, “Oh, after all, there is no place like the Confederacy,” and we all sigh... How often we may repeat those words with a keener pain in a foreign land! Why are our days so short and full of trouble?

“Ah! Wherefore do we laugh and weep?
Why do we live and die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! Not I!”

Someone has suggested an idea to Ma with which she is much pleased. That God, permitting us to be overrun, intends to send us out to new countries to carry the enlightenment of the Anglo-Norman race. But I am tired hearing Providence interpreted. We have been told He intended to raise us up a great nation, a peculiar people; and see the end of our hope.

I acknowledge there must be in everything which God permits some wise and good purpose, but what it is we are not to know here where we see “as through a glass, darkly,” but it is a joyful thing to hope we “shall know hereafter.” It gives me a strange kind of pleasure sometimes to think of death as the time when I shall unravel the mystery of my life.

May 13. We hear that the Yankees have captured President Davis.¹ I do pray it is not so but it seems nothing is too bad to happen to us. Some say it is because we have been such a wicked nation. I know we have not been what we ought to have been, but when I see nations ten times more wicked, a thousand times more prosperous, I cannot believe our sins the sole cause of our misfortune.

They have been scouring the country around Eatonton for a week past for the President. They searched Col. Ward’s house from garret to cellar and told him they would burn it down if Mr. Davis were found there.

Mrs. Ward told them she would willingly have her house

¹President Davis was captured near Irwinville, Georgia, May 10, 1865.
burned for the honor of such a guest. They searched Dr. Cartwright’s in the same way, saying at both places that Mr. Davis had been seen to enter, and they have kept a guard around the house ever since.

The Negroes, it is said, are declared free throughout Georgia. Sorrow for the loss of our independence leaves no room for care about such a matter as slavery.

We are very anxious to go immediately to Kentucky as we fear every day they will require us to take the oath in order to leave the state. We hear various accounts about the road. Some say it will be done in ten days, some not for three months. We have determined at last to go in wagons if possible, though they say the country is so full of bushwhackers it is dangerous.

May 15. The capture of the President is confirmed. I wonder if there is any end to our misfortunes. It is no comfort to be told they might be greater for that only frightens me with the thought that if there are any worse they will certainly come upon us.

The Yankees have offered five thousand dollars for Gov. Harris and rewards for several of our Congressmen. 5

May 17. We are in the greatest hurry packing to start home—in all sorts of trouble about wagons, mules, greenbacks, specie, Yankees, &c. The man who was to furnish the wagons and mules has backed out; but we have got a wagon in one place, a driver in another, a mule here and there, until we think we can start. Some of the gentlemen refuse to let us pay for the teams, insisting upon lending them. Everyone seems so kind and thoughtful. We have had a quantity of provisions sent in, as in going over the line of Sherman’s march we will not be likely to find any. We have succeeded in settling all our bills here, including Aunt Betsey’s. She brought us a basket of cakes as a parting gift. I searched my trunks for something to give

her and could find nothing but a pair of shoes, which though coarse, had never been worn, and would answer for one of her grandchildren, and a lace point not very suitable although it was pretty. These however with some clothes from Ma and Jimmie she received with such delight and gratitude that she quite reconciled us to the thought of giving such poor presents.

We have all sorts of difficulties ahead, but each one seems determined to go through with them in order to reach home. By selling some few things we could spare we have added to our slender purse.

Even the thought of going home does not excite me much. I feel as though this war has exhausted my emotions and nothing but the fate of Mr. Davis moves me. That is in such frightful uncertainty I cannot bear to hear it discussed. They say the Yankees at one time threatened to hang Col. Ward if they did not find the President and told Mrs. Ward she could save her husband by telling.

She said, "I don't know where Mr. Davis is, but if I did, and you threatened to swing my husband and me both into eternity the next moment, I wouldn't tell you."

We have all sorts of rumors about orders forbidding refugees to return to the Border States, but know nothing certainly.

One hundred Negroes passed through town this morning about daybreak and some of the citizens have followed them.

Later. One of the gentlemen who has returned gives an amusing account of their expedition. It seems the Negroes were all men who had been employed by the Confederate government and had been started to their homes, papers being given one of their number to prevent their being molested. They had concluded however to go to the Yankees at Macon instead of going home, and had been guilty of numerous small depredations at houses they had passed. When the citizens approached them they fired a volley to frighten them, aiming too high to hurt. The Negroes scattered into the woods in every direction, the one with the papers bounding over a fence and making quick time from danger.

A few however surrendered at discretion. One sat down on a log, quite overcome with the perils of his position.
"Well," he said to his captors, "the ways o natur do 'stonish me outer all reason. Now thars that nigger got our papers and gone to de woods."

The young men, by sending runners with the assurance that the Negroes would not be hurt, finally collected the whole body together and making them fall into ranks told them if they wanted to go to the Yankees at Macon they might do so without disturbance. But if there were any more depredations committed they would follow and kill them all. They then took the philosopher off the log, and placing him in command, directed him to see that the Negroes marched straight into Macon and stayed in ranks. The philosopher, relieved from the apprehension arising from his study of "the way o natur!" became zealous. He got a hickory stick and whacked unmercifully on his companions until he got them all exactly in their places.

"Now," he said, "you stay dat way and march straight to Macon. You're not got to go to no houses nor take nuffin and if I see any of you outer ranks I falls on you and kills you—right dar."
CHAPTER XXIV

"THE BRIGHTEST PART OF OUR LIVES BEHIND US"

HARRODSBURG, KY., JUNE 3. We were so much afraid something would happen to prevent our coming to Kentucky, that to the last moment whenever we said we were going, we took pains to add "if we can." We directed our thoughts constantly to all sorts of horrible obstacles so that disappointment might not sneak up unawares. Thursday morning however after all that fussing and fixing consequent upon starting in private conveyances, we were actually off. Ma and Dettie in a buggy, the rest of us in an open two-horse wagon and the baggage in another wagon. We waved our handkerchiefs to our friends, who had given up their morning nap to see us off, and we said, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy," and left Eatonton behind us—left it with many regrets. We had been there two years and a half, watching with unfaltering hope our struggle for independence and life, and now that our hopes had all come to naught, we returned to our homes with sad hearts, feeling we had left the brightest part of our lives behind us.

In spite of our rough wagons the ride to Madison was not disagreeable. Once we were caught in a heavy thunder storm but with the aid of umbrellas, shawls, blankets &c we kept from getting wet. While waiting under an oak, we were overtaken by Captain Rich Reid and Capt. John S. Reid, in buggies, who said they had been trying all morning to catch up with us and wanted two of the ladies to ride with them. I took a seat with Capt. John S. and for the remaining eight miles had a much pleasanter ride.

At Madison we stopped at the ruins of the depot, and while waiting for the cars Ma, Jimmie and I went over to see Mrs. Porter. The family looked sad as all Southern people do now.
They introduced us to Major Gwynn,¹ Lt. Gentry, Adjutant Hines and several others who would start for Kentucky the next day. Major Gwynn had been Inspector General of Duke's brigade and told me he saw poor little Kit when he fell.

It was a sad thought that when we should all meet at home again our brave little Kit would lie in his soldier's grave, far away in Virginia.

His life after he left Kentucky had been one of daring and adventure, even for a soldier. He soon won the reputation of a good scout and became a kind of pet with the older men. On the disastrous Ohio raid he and his father, with the greater part of their company, were captured while scouting near Harrodsburg. They were taken to Camp Douglas, where they were imprisoned for eight months, when an outside friend bribed a Yankee major to get them out. They escaped on different days and met in Windsor, Canada. After waiting there until they could see Grandpa and Little Jack, they went by ship to Bermuda and waited there for an opportunity to run the blockade. On their first trial they were shipwrecked and had to return to Bermuda, but the second time they succeeded in landing at Wilmington.

Kit had not been back with his command very long, when he was again captured on the morning Gen. Morgan was killed. We received a letter from his Captain telling us of his capture, and that the last seen of him by his companions who escaped, he was running and firing his pistol in the faces of his pursuers.

In about a month however he was included in a special exchange made by Gen. Hood, and on his way to his command came by Eatonton and spent two days with us. He told us the morning Gen. Morgan was killed he had been sent to Hdqtrs. as a courier, and after having emptied from the door of a house the last barrels of his pistol, he ran into a garden, adjoining I

¹Hugh Garvin Gwynn, born in Londonderry, Ireland, June 20, 1839. His pre-Civil War years were spent in Louisville and Munfordville. On June 6, 1862, he was appointed 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant, 23rd Tennessee Regiment, and in September, 1864, Captain and A.I.G. to Brigadier General Basil W. Duke, Morgan's Cavalry, 2nd Brigade. He was appointed Major on December 1, 1864. He died March 18, 1925, in Coronado, California, Confederate Veteran, XXXIV (1926), p. 27.
think the one in which Gen. Morgan was concealed, and hid among the weeds. He described the death of Gen. Morgan though I am not certain that he was looking for him at the time.

Gen. Morgan, finding a woman had betrayed him, rose up and said, "I surrender."

"It is too late," a Yankee replied leveling his gun.

Gen. Morgan had only time to exclaim, "Great God! you don't intend to murder me?" when the man fired and he fell dead.

After this another woman pointed out the locality where Kit was hid.

"I tell you," he said to us, "I made myself as small as possible. I think I was about the size of a coon."

A Yankee however in trampling the weeds stepped on him, when Kit began laughing and came out. They searched him and asked how his pistol came without loads. When he told them he had fired it off preparatory to cleaning, one said, "It is no such thing. I believe he is the very little devil that fired at us from the door." But Kit knowing an acknowledgement would be certain death, stuck stoutly to his first story until they decided to take him prisoner though they said in doing so, "We have a great mind to kill you anyhow." They took from him everything he had that pleased them though he was fortunate enough to save his boots, because after making him pull them off, they found they were too small for anyone to wear.

As they took him off he saw the body of his old commander, stripped and covered with blood, lying on the side of the road. They took Kit to Atlanta where in the course of a month he and Jimmie Harrison (Dettie’s brother) succeeded in making a tunnel and were just ready to escape when told they were to be exchanged.

Two or three months after his visit to us, he fell in a cavalry fight at Saltville, Virginia, shot through the heart. A friend wrote to me that she saw him at Abingdon as he was going up to the fight, looking so gay and full of life she could not feel it possible he could be killed. His father recovered the body and placing it on his horse carried it many miles and buried it with his own hands in a country church yard.
I wanted to ask Major Gwynn many questions about the battle but I could not bear to talk of it.

When the cars came we found them crowded with Confederate soldiers going home. The car in front was filled with Yankees, soldiers from the two armies being put in separate cars. Gen. Bate\(^2\) was introduced and talked to us for some time. He is a middle-aged man, tall, with dark hair and whiskers and blue eyes. Altogether he has a handsome face and a remarkably pleasant smile. He converses well though there is something a little premeditated in his manner of expressing himself. And beautiful women is a favorite subject with him.

It was nine or ten o’clock when we reached Atlanta. The depot was of course gone and we had to get out right in the middle of the street, where nothing was to be seen by the dim starlight but the ruins of Southern homes. After walking some distance we heard that hateful cry, “Halt!” Not the Southern “Haul!” but the quick, sharp Yankee “Halt!” as though they were spitting at you.

“Do you belong to the city?”
“No, we came on the cars.”
“Where are you from?”

None of us knew what to say until a happy thought struck George Van Epps. “Kentuckians and Tennesseans going home.”

“Pass on,” said the efficient sentinels.

Farther on, we found three other sentinels but they were pleasantly entertained hanging on a fence conversing so they let us pass unchallenged.

At length we reached Mr. Van Epps’ house, which was untenanted and unfurnished, but we spread our blankets on the floor and fell down in an exhausted state on them, leaving Col. Martin to kindle the fire and keep it up through the night while George and Allie poor fellows! were obliged to go back and sleep on our baggage, which there was no way of getting off the street that night.

We had nothing to do but to sleep, which we did right soundly in spite of our clothes and our hard bed. It is a right

\(^2\)William Brimage Bate (1828-1905), C.S.A. general. He was wounded three times and had six horses shot from under him. Boatner, p. 49.
good thing to be a lady, though it is tolerably tiresome too sometimes.

In the morning we found a Negro woman on the premises and succeeded in getting a few chairs, and a hot pitcher of tea. This, with the provisions we had and a consciousness that our baggage had at last been safely stowed away in the house, made us quite comfortable.

After breakfast Ma, Jimmie, and I went out to the cemetery to see Gen. Helm's grave. We wished especially to find it that we might tell Aunt Lucinda of its condition. The walk was long and very warm. We found the cemetery unenclosed, and so neglected and overgrown with weeds, that we were worn out in the vain attempt to find the grave, and we were forced at last to return.

When we reached the edge of the city, Ma proposed that she and Jimmie should go to see an acquaintance who she thought could direct us in the cemetery and that I being still weak from recent sickness, should take Mariana, who was suffering the agony of tight shoes, and go home.

I had not walked long before I found I was lost. The sun was so warm and I was already so tired I was really angry when I found I had missed my way. The cause of my confusion too did not add to my good humor. Sherman had so completely burned the place, that turn which way I would nothing met my eyes but a confused mass of chimneys and burnt walls. Occasionally some business sign on a half-fallen wall or some house which had escaped the general conflagration guided me, but in a moment more I would be standing again amid unbroken ruins as much lost as though I were on a prairie or the ocean. I walked up and down the city; I think I must have traversed its entire extent, until I was at last too bewildered to know even the direction in which I should go. I began to laugh at my own perplexity and poor Mariana, in spite of her tight shoes, was forced to join me, although she exclaimed in despair, "Sister Lizzie I wish you were a Mason. I think then somebody would help us for I am sure we are in distress." I intimated we were in a fair way to stay in distress and advised her to prepare her mind for remaining all night in the street.
The place was filled with Yankees and the Negroes who had come to them, to neither of whom we felt like speaking. When I did meet a citizen I did not know how to ask for directions, for having before it was burned known Atlanta pretty well, and being generally able to find my way in a city, I had even neglected the precaution to ask what street the house in which we were staying was situated. I remembered however that not very long after leaving it, I had passed a burnt building bearing on the half-fallen walls, the words "Southern Confederacy newspaper office," and with the desperate hope of finding my way from that, I asked an old citizen to direct me to it. He was very deaf and I had to bawl the question over again and explain that it was only the ruins I wanted to find in order to guide myself home. But when he asked where I was staying, the only idea I could give him of the locality was that it was next door to the Hqtrs. of the Yankee commandant.

"Oh if I wanted to see the Provost Marshal I would find him just down that street."

"Good gracious! I don't want him!" I cried in a tone of such true Southern horror that the old man burst into a hearty laugh and finally showed me the ruins I wanted to find. But I found I was no better off than before. Nothing but ruins on every side, and in the distance floating over them the U. S. flag at half-mast. I remembered having passed that as we came from home and once thought of going straight to it in order to find my way back. But I despised it so that even in my distress I could not make up my mind to guide myself by it. At last when I had reached the very height of distraction and had violent notions of advertising myself or getting the old bell man to ring me up, I met George Van Epps who took me home. Ma and Jimmie were not there and as it had been two or three hours since I parted from them, my first idea was that they too had lost their way.

Col. Martin and Dettie were in a great fever for them to return, for the wagner who had agreed to take us to Dalton had been to say we could not take over fifty pounds of baggage without paying very heavily extra in gold or greenbacks. It was true we had but little baggage, but fifty pounds was too ridiculously small for anybody, at least for any lady, and as for paying
the extra besides fifteen dollars in gold, apiece, to the wagoners, that was simply an impossibility, unless the wagoners could manage to take away from those that had not, even that they had. Gold was scarce in the Confederacy, dreadfully scarce with soldiers and refugees. We had several thousand dollars in Confederate money, which was worth nothing, and a good deal in bank bills that the brokers told us was worth five, ten, and twenty cents.

Ma and Jimmie came after a while and with them some friends who thought they could get us wagons on better terms. While they and the gentlemen of our party were out attending to this, we ladies resolved ourselves into a grand committee on finance. We reviewed our state in its most desperate light and finally resolved to sell some jewelry and other small articles. We employed Aunt Rachel, the Negro woman who stayed in the outhouse, as our agent. But she did not prove a very successful one and we laughed, notwithstanding our embarrassment, to see her come walking back with the things.

We were very little comforted by some vivid descriptions she gave us of ladies she had seen put off the cars because they had nothing but Confederate money. Aunt Rachel though was very entertaining, being talkative and discussing the Yankees with as much contempt as a white woman could have done. She was anxious to know how we “liked the performance” of the wooden bannisters. The Yankees had taken down the iron ones and half nailed up plank in their place. She explained that the Negroes we saw going through the city were being taken out by the garrison to work on the R. R., and that that was nothing to the “niggers” that had gone through. She told us the Yankees did what they pleased in the city, took what they pleased, and killed whom they pleased. In short she was quite willing to give us any information she possessed.

Late in the evening Mr. Thigpen went to the cemetery with Ma and Jimmie and myself. On our way we met a great many Confederate soldiers, singly and in squads, all anxious like ourselves to make their way home. Mr. Thigpen told us that the day before, two Yankees had succeeded, partly under pretence of an order from the Provost Marshal and partly by the powerful
argument of two pistols against his head, in forcing a Confederate Lt. into the stable yard of a house and robbing him. It was near Mr. Thigpen's house and the ladies of the family after witnessing the scene from the windows were almost paralyzed with terror to see one of the Yankees deliberately prepare to kill the Lt. They cried out, "For God's sake don't kill him." The only reply was an order to take their heads in and a threat to kill them if they did not obey. One of them then placed his pistol against the breast of the Lt. and fired. The Yankees then turned and walked down the street quietly putting up their pistols and the ladies ran down to find the Lt. dead.

When we reached the cemetery, over which the cattle were roaming at will, Mr. Thigpen showed us the neatly enclosed square where the men of Hooker's Corps were buried and told us the Yankees had removed the fence from around the cemetery in order to place it around this square and had stolen the beautiful monument which they had erected from a marble yard in the city.

He also showed us the grave of a Mrs. Louisiana McPherson in which the Yankees had buried a dead mule, by way I suppose of retaliation for her name, "Louisiana." The rains had partly disinterred the mule, and I saw the bleached bones protruding from the grave. The poor dust below could not know insult, and those above were too much accustomed to it to feel it very deeply.

We saw the graves of thousands of Confederate soldiers lying as close together as they ever stood on the field of battle. There they lay, unknown, forgotten, neglected, but free.

We found Hardin Helm's grave in a private lot, covered with the withered fragments of what had once been fresh flowers, placed there by some unknown hand. Near him lay a member of his staff, Captain Macauley, who also fell in battle but not at Chickamauga with Hardin, and a grandson of Henry Clay, who had been a member of Gen. Buckner's staff.

Friday night we ladies spent at Mr. Thigpen's. Arrange-

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ments had already been made with two wagoners. They were to carry us and all our baggage to Dalton for one hundred dollars in gold.

Saturday morning we were up, bright and early, and though we did not find our equipages in any way resembling the one Cinderella’s Godmother ordered out for her, yet the invigorating thought that they could take us a hundred miles nearer home caused us to make light of their disadvantages. They were not only common road wagons but the commonest road wagons I ever saw. They were half-filled with bags of corn which was being taken to Marietta where the drivers lived. The gentlemen had agreed to walk the twenty miles until the corn was taken out and the wagons were so small, the covers so low, actually touching the tops of our heads, that one’s energy must have been at a low ebb to make them feel walking a hardship.

As we passed out of Atlanta and pursued our tedious way there was still the same monotonous scene of desolation. The blackened ruins of isolated country houses wearying the eye and saddening the heart. Gen. Sherman says his grandfather was engaged in the African slave trade, and I could believe it was from just such a man he had inherited his nature.

We passed through a great many camps of Negroes, lately enlisted in the Yankee army. Two or three of them in the presence of their white officers were disposed to be very insolent. The first evidence of unkind feeling I have seen in Negroes, and though we pretended not to notice it, it was hard to bear. I afterwards thought that I felt too angry, for there were thousands of the poor creatures who passed us as respectfully as though they had been our slaves. One thing we noticed as remarkable among these Negroes; they were all very black. We did not see six mulattoes.

After riding five or six miles we found our wagons so unbearable we got out to walk, first taking the precaution to pour whiskey in our shoes. We had not however gone far when we saw ahead another camp and returning to the wagons, found we had to cross the Chattahoochee on a pontoon bridge. After this we were rid of the Yankees and Negroes. At noon we stopped in a wood near a delightful spring and took our dinner.
Then, as the drivers wished to rest their horses for two hours, Ma and Mariana went off under one tree while Jimmie, Dettie and I under another spread our blankets and took our siesta.

The evening was still intensely hot when we reached Marietta where we stopped to put the corn out and fix our wagons so we would be in a little less peril of suffocation. The town looked waste and desolate being half burned. Here we "met up," as the Georgians say, with two wagons containing a number of Confederate officers and soldiers. Some of them being the same we had met at Mr. Porter's.

The evening was already cooler when we left Marietta and as we got upon that part of the road which passes over the side of Kennesaw Mountain, I thought I had never breathed anything so delightful as the atmosphere. We took down the cover of our wagon and I sat bareheaded, scarcely being able to persuade myself there could be such a delightful end to such an abominable day.

It was dark when we reached Big Shanty, which seemed at first to consist of one house, but the owner, not being able to accommodate so large a party, showed us another place which seemed the veritable shanty itself, and where we were informed by a fat old woman, the ladies could have pallets on the floor and the gentlemen were at liberty to camp in the yard. All of us to furnish our own provisions, Sherman having been too zealous in his efforts to starve the women and children to leave enough for such a party as ours. We found here some persons from Nashville, who gave us such confident assurance that we would have to take the oath at Dalton, that we were almost frightened back but finally determined to go and see for ourselves.

We found the "fat old woman" quite a character in her way, and disposed to be very kind, though her means were decidedly limited. Our accommodations were of the scantiest, not even including a wash bowl, which the old woman declared she did not possess. "Well just give me anything so I can at least wash my face," I said. She said she could get me some sort of a thing but it was mighty shallow. I assured her encouragingly I knew it would do, but I changed my opinion when she reappeared
with the top of a tin bucket. However we poured water on each other’s hands and managed to take a kind of cat wash that way. The nights were cool enough for fire so we made our own tea and the old woman lent us her cups and saucers, and being too tired to be very delicate, we slept soundly and felt refreshed when we rose in the morning and took our cold breakfast and hot tea and prepared to start.

But just as we were about starting, in came the old woman and enquired where her cups and saucers were. Terrible question, as Victor Hugo would say, when you reflect the cups and saucers could not be found. We all went running about, looking behind everything and under everything and turning everything over, while the old woman stood by and took a mournful view of human nature. She had been a funny old woman but her jests all disappeared with her cups and saucers and she looked with a serious eye on life and the depravity of the human heart. She raked up too from the previous evening her confidence in us in order to more keenly reproach us. “I did not think,” she said, “you would have packed up my cups and saucers.”

But her husband was a cynical old fellow and had seen rascality in us from the first, so he comforted her after the manner of Bildad the Shuhite, “You had no business lending them. I told you you would never get them back.”

Jimmie and I got outside the door and stood there laughing but still in considerable perplexity, when Ma came back from the wagons and told us she had sent the cups and saucers out for the gentlemen, who would return them as soon as they had drunk their coffee. So the matter was “amicably arranged” and we left the old woman, I trust, disposed to entertain her former opinion of our moral character.

We were now passing over the scene of the long struggle between Johnston and Sherman and on every side were seen the defensive works of the contending armies. All of the gentlemen with us had fought through the campaign and their explanations made the whole much more interesting.

Our mode of travelling was so uncomfortable that we preferred much of the time to walk. At one time we did not get in the wagons for six miles. About eleven o’clock we came to
Altoona Heights, and leaving the wagons to toil up the steep road, we went aside to examine the fort, which was nothing more than a rough octagon enclosure where cannon had been planted but in a place seemingly so secure I did not wonder any troops should fail to take it. Col. Dawson, who pointed out to us the positions that the troops had occupied, the direction from which the attack was made &c, bore on his face a lasting memento of the campaign. A Minie ball had gone through his mouth breaking off five teeth and taking off a piece of his tongue. Strangely enough he was but little disfigured by it, the scar on either cheek being covered by his beard and the impediment in his speech amounted only to a lisp. He told us when he was shot he was riding a very wild horse but so soon as he fell forward on his neck, the horse turned and walked as gently off the field as though he were conscious of his master’s condition. As he was lying on the ground and the field surgeons examining his wound, Gen. Cleburne passed and believing Col. Dawson had but a few hours to live, grasped his hand and said, “Goodbye.” They never met again, but it was Gen. Cleburne who filled a soldier’s grave.4

After crossing Altoona River on a flat, we stopped under a solitary tree that could not protect us from the sun and took our dinner.

We were scarcely well under way again when to our horror we discovered one of our mules was sick. That is at all times an unpleasant incident to a travelling party, but in the country over which Sherman had passed it amounted almost to absolute ruin. For a search for the Philosopher’s stone would have been nearly as successful as one for a horse. Fortunately one of the few houses left on the road was near at hand and the owner came down to our assistance, and he and the wagoners proceeded to bleed the mule in the mouth. But unfortunately they did what many more eminent physicians have done—made a mistake. They confessed to having cut too high or too low or too deep or something equally alarming to us for the blood continued to pour from the mule’s mouth. Notwithstanding they stood him

4C.S.A. General Patrick Romayne Cleburne, the “Stonewall Jackson of the West,” went with Hood to Tennessee and was killed at Franklin, November 30, 1864, D.A.B., IV, 190-191.
in the creek and applied various remedies.

At last however we were relieved from the pains of our anxiety and hitching up again endeavoured to overtake the other wagons.

In the cool of the evening we left the wagons and walked over a road whose beauty surprised me. The luxuriant clover fields on every side reminded me of Kentucky but although the fencing was all gone there was no living thing seen upon them, while all along the country was dotted with the blackened wreck of what had once been the homes of these poor mountaineers. And the women and children, to whose simple and innocent hearts these rude log cabins had once been as dear as his palace to the heart of a king, were starving and dying in the strange country to which their brutal destroyers had driven them. Surely of Sherman, God Himself will say, "Let him be accursed!" and ages to come shall roll up the deep "Amen!"

It was almost dark when seeing a village ahead of us we got the cups from the wagons in order to get some water. Near the edge of town we passed a rather large house, but as we were tired and it off the road we concluded to apply at another, but as we entered the town we found only a mass of ruins, amid which two churches only were left entire. Why, contrary to their custom, they had left these churches I do not know.

When at the lower end of town we saw two houses on a back street. They were frame and seemed to have about two rooms apiece. We crossed off the main street and found at one of these houses two women who gave us some water and told us in answer to our enquiries that the place before the war had been named Cassville and the county Cass, but Cass being a northern man, the names had been changed to Manassas and Bartow County, which I believe was the reason the Yankees gave for so completely destroying the town.6

6In the November, 1861, session of the Georgia legislature, Governor Joseph E. Brown approved a bill changing the name of Cass County to Bartow, and the name of Cassville to Manassas. Lewis Cass, for whom they were named, native of New Hampshire, Secretary of State under President Jackson, etc., was noted in the act as "having recently shown himself inimical to the South." Federal authorities never recognized the name of Manassas and Cassville was retained. The change in names is said to have
After we left this place we began anxiously to look for the rest of our company. As we passed a house about two miles from the town, we stopped and asked if we could stay all night, but the house was so full of the unfortunates who had escaped from Cassville that there was no room for us. Some distance farther on we were more fortunate, finding not only a house where we could stay but finding too the rest of our company, who were in vain trying to account for the cause of our delay. Some of the gentlemen were about starting back to see if anything had happened to us. The house was not large and according to our usual style, the ladies had a room in the house and the gentlemen camped in the yard. During the night however a terrific thunderstorm forced everyone to take shelter. Indeed the house itself was scarcely protection against it. Our room leaked so that I was forced to get up and put the wash bowl on my bed.

The next morning was quite an epoch in our journey for we had an abundance of buttermilk for our breakfast, as well as one or two other dishes we obtained from the people of the house. We were all quite worn out with the cold ham and biscuit and gingerbread on which we had lived ever since we left Eatonton, and had threatened many and dire punishments, including the oath, to anyone who should ever mention them to us after we reached home.

On this day we passed two Kentuckians on crutches trying to walk home. Col. Dawson and Major Gwynn and the others in their wagon made arrangements by walking themselves to let the poor fellows ride. We offered to take them in our wagon but the gentlemen would not consent though we walked a great deal from preference. We were overtaken too by some soldiers who had started from Atlanta after we did and had walked all the way.

As usual we ate dinner and took our siesta in the woods. Late in the evening we crossed Etowah River on a pontoon bridge. Here there was a guard stationed who carefully ex-
amined the uniform of all the gentlemen, of whom there were
ten or fifteen, to see if they were wearing any mark of rank.
All these however had been removed and only one, a Lt., still
wore his and had to submit to having his one bar taken from
his collar by the Yankees.

On ascending the bluff on the opposite side of the river
we found ourselves in the midst of Resaca and the Yankees,
for the town was nothing more than a camp.

On the square we were stopped by some small pert Yankee,
looking official in his shirt sleeves and with a pipe in his mouth
which he continued to puff as he leisurely walked about our
team, examining them so curiously that we were quite at a loss
to know his object until we were thrown into consternation by
hearing him say, "Take that horse out. It has U. S. on it." Now
that horse was in our wagon and we were still fifteen miles from
Dalton. The wagoner too was not pleased with the idea of losing
his horse, and gave a great many vain explanations about having
bought the horse from a woman at whose house it had been left
by Sherman's men, who took her fresh horse in its place. The
gentlemen too came up to remind the officer that the wagon
was full of ladies and we were fifteen miles from the railroad.
"It makes no difference, the horse has U. S. on it," was the
only answer.

"Where is the commandant of this post?" enquired Col.
Martin.

"It is no use going to him. There will be a guard here di-
rectly to take the horse away," the officer said.

But some of the Yankees, of whom a large crowd had col-
lected, pointing out Hdqtrs., Col. Martin went over to represent
the matter to the General. We begged the gentlemen to give
them the horse for we would rather walk the fifteen miles than
ask them to favor us. The gentlemen assured us that whatever
happened we should not walk. They asked the officer to permit
us to drive off the square as the crowd of soldiers was not
agreeable to ladies, but he refused, saying he would send the
crowd away which, however, he did not do and we waited in
their midst until Col. Martin returned with orders for the wagons
to go on—two Yankees with guns and bayonets to accompany
our wagon and see that our valuable animal was returned to Resaca the next day.

The soldiers came up and throwing their guns into our wagon proceeded to climb in themselves, but Col. Martin who was in no good humor called out, “Get out, you can’t go in there with the ladies.”

“They must ride,” said the Yankee officer.

Col. Dawson then offered them places in the wagon he was in and the officer agreed, saying it made no difference so they rode some place.

“They can go in our wagon then,” said Col. Dawson, “but understand they don’t go there,” pointing to ours.

We ladies were very much afraid there would be some difficulty and gave a sigh of relief as we drove out of the town, with our two guards following on foot. Col. Martin was walking too and when about a mile from town told us he would get us some water when we came to a house.

“You will wait a long time then,” said one of the guard, “for there is not a d—n house on this road.”

We had seen enough of the devastation of the country not to wish to be reminded of it by the Yankee and Col. Martin’s face blazed with fury as he turned and said, “I want you to remember you were forced on this company. No one invited you to join us. And while you are here you shall respect these ladies and stop cursing.”

The fellow said something apologetically about Col. Martin’s being mistaken as to his cursing.

“I heard you,” was Col. Martin’s only answer.

When we stopped for the night, the Yankees told Col. Dawson they hoped he would remember they were obliged to guard us when ordered. Col. Dawson assured them he knew enough of the duties of a private soldier not to hold them responsible.

Two miles from Resaca we stopped and prepared to camp in the woods. The side of a thickly wooded hill at the foot of which was a stream was the place selected. The gentlemen first built our fire and arranged everything as comfortably as they could for us and then went to another part of the hill to make
their camp.

We proceeded immediately to boil the water for our tea while Jimmie and Allie Harrison broiled the meat on sticks in real camp fashion. Adjutant Hines sent us down some rolls he had bought at Resaca and we had quite a nice supper. Col. Dawson and Major Gwynn shared it with us. We had expressly provided they should bring their own cups but one small oyster can was the best they could furnish. We all sat on the ground or the logs and were gayer than I have been at many a handsome entertainment. I suppose the scene was a very natural and home-like one to a gentleman, but to us ladies it had a refreshing air of romance.

When the gentlemen returned to their camp they sent us their blankets, for the night was cool. We spread some on the ground and covered with the others. Poor Ma was so haunted with the fear of snakes that at first we could not persuade her to lie down. On the way we had passed ten already killed by those ahead of us, and our driver had killed two. So Ma could not be persuaded that they did not infest the whole country as they do the Brazilian forests. It must be confessed our heads were uncomfortably near a brush pile, and just as Ma was at last prevailed to put hers down, Allie or George from their place up the hill was heard to say “Goodness! a frog jumped right on my face!”

After that Ma declared she would sit up all night, but Jimmie and I threatening to keep her company she lay down again saying, “Well I can lie down but so soon as you go to sleep I will get up.”

We lay for sometime awake talking and laughing until Jimmie said, “Lizzie let’s go to sleep.”

“No,” I said. “Ma says she will get up as soon as I go to sleep and I intend to stay awake all night and watch her.”

Ma laughed at this and soon after went to sleep. Long after there was perfect quiet in the whole camp, I lay awake watching the smoke curl through the pine trees and listening to a whip-poor-will that did not cease its melancholy cry all night.

I do not think any of us slept very soundly for we were all up and ready to start by daylight. That is all in our wagon, for
as we passed the others they woke only long enough to laugh at us and one called out, "Oh, I know what makes you so smart. You have a Yankee guard." Our guard walked all the way and behaved themselves in the most exemplary manner.

The thirteen miles to Dalton was a terrible ride, being over a corduroy road that Gen. Johnston had had constructed. It was so broken up as to be almost impassable in places and at last in crossing in shallow stream our mule fell, apparently to rise no more. Nothing in the way of encouragement or expostulation was sufficient to bring him to his feet. We concluded his leg must be broken and we ladies got out and walked on up the hill leaving the gentlemen in an exasperated congregation around the mule. The last I heard was, "Twist his tail!" which must have been too much for the nerves of even such an extraordinary mule for he quitted his refreshing couch and took us on into Dalton, which we found was just ahead. Before we reached it however we passed the Yankee pickets to whom the gentlemen had to show their passes and further on we saw a number of soldiers who were going through with a singular kind of punishment that consisted in walking around a circle. It seemed familiar to our guard who for the first time recovered spirit enough to speak and asked the culprits if they were playing "circus."

We stopped at some little place in Dalton that answered for a tavern, and where at least we had the opportunity to wash and change our clothes. We met here some acquaintances from Nashville who told us they did not think we could possibly pass Chattanooga without taking the oath, the Yankees being particularly severe in their requirements for Kentuckians. We noticed those persons we met, who had been living within the Yankee lines, had a habit of speaking low and looking over their shoulders as though afraid of being heard. When Jimmie spoke of it, one of the gentlemen came towards us and clenching his fist said in a tone of suppressed vehemence, "Yes but I hope to God I will yet see the day when I can at least talk!"

After several tedious hours we started again on our journey, this time in the cars which was certainly an improvement in our mode of travelling, though the cars were mere boxes with temp-
ory benches arranged lengthwise as in an omnibus. They were crowded too with Yankees, who seemed curious about our party and attempted several conversations with us, but we were not disposed to talk to them. Indeed I lost my temper completely the moment I had to get into the car with them. They had a number of northern papers illustrated with scenes from the war. I remember one had two pictures enclosed in a wreath together—one was Christ forgiving sinners, the other the Yankees forgiving us.

George Van Epps was standing near the car door when a Yankee officer, attracted by his gray uniform, walked up and asked in his smart pert way, "Well what do you think of the war now?"

George who is naturally a dignified boy, drew himself up and said, "That is a question, Sir, I don't choose to discuss with you now. Perhaps the day will come when I shall be more willing."

The Yankee returned to his seat while his companions, who with all their vindictive hatred for their enemies, have no sympathy for their friends, laughed at him.

Another approached Col. Dawson, who told him the Southern people would be delighted in case the United States went to war with France or any European power, so they might once more fight against her. Ma said she had never heard of conquerors being treated with such supreme disdain by the conquered.

Fortunately we had not very long to travel together. At Chattanooga we went to the Crutchfield House, where I somewhat recovered my good humor and Ma and Jimmie became the indignant ones, their principal reason being I had the headache and they ordered a cup of tea seven times before any of the Negroes could be persuaded to bring it. The house had changed owners and was in the hands of the Yankees.

When we left for Nashville our party had added to it Major May and Gen. "Cerro Gordo" Williams. We lost several whose road separated from ours. We got into a car with a perfect crowd of Yankees who attended very curiously to all our conversation with each other. We had none with them. They seemed
particularly interested once when we were speaking of State
seals. I remarked I preferred the one of Virginia and thought
the device with the motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," the only truly
heroic one we had.

"Yes," said Major May to the great indignation of the
Yankees, "but I despise de seal of Kentucky with de two old
men hol-ding on to each other's hand."

Sometime after, in speaking to Gen. Williams, he said that
being himself a Frenchman, he would return to Europe to live
and thought he would choose Switzerland because it was a
cheap country, where as soon as he reached home he would take
his wife and children, who were Kentuckians. A Yankee in
front, taking all these plans as an insult to his nation, turned
and gave a look that was intended to quell such treason but
Major May was not easily quelled. He leaned forward, and
with that French intensity no American can imitate, said, "Go
to Switzerland, yes, I go. I wish to God every Sudden man could
go to Switzerland!"

We were detained on the road by an accident to a train
ahead of us and it being night we found it very wearisome.
Major Gwynn, who was an excellent teller of Dutch jokes,
amused us a good deal. There was a Dutch U. S. Major with his
wife who promised to be a great addition to Major Gwynn's
annals of that nation. For a while he was quite furious at not
being able to get a seat, but finally lay down on the floor by
the side of the dirtiest, raggiest Negro, where he slept soundly
until daylight discovered his position to his wife. She was in a
state of helpless distress at his insensibility to her appeals.

"Oh Lars!" she said. "Get up. Everybody sees you. You
are lying right there with a nigger! Lars! do get up! Please
get up! I tell you Lars, you sleeps mit a nigger!" Little did Lars
care for that, but the Negro, finding out perhaps that he was
sleeping with a Dutchman, got up and left.

We found Nashville perfectly blue with Yankees, but as
no numbers can make a Yankee quite free of his apprehensions
at the sight of a gray coat, an order appeared the day we
reached there for the arrest of anyone who appeared on the
street in the Confederate uniform, and forbidding hotels and
restaurants to entertain them. The city was crowded with Confederates who had no clothes but their uniforms and no money to get any other. The citizens furnished many with long linen dusters.

The railroad to Louisville was being repaired and we had to wait several days. Mrs. Moore sent her carriage for us but Ma had already promised to spend the time with another friend. So Jimmie and I went and asked Mrs. Moore to send back for Col. Dawson, who was quite ill from an old wound in the hip which had been irritated by walking.
CHAPTER XXV

"HELL SHALL BE MOVED TO MEET THEM AT THEIR COMING"

WE FOUND ALL our friends in a state of great excitement over the continual arrivals of refugees and soldiers. They seemed as though they could never be satisfied with waiting on us and would, I think, quite have replenished our scanty wardrobes if we had not insisted we were too near our home to accept such things.

We attended a picnic, given ostensibly to the Sunday School, but really to the returned Confederates. No Yankees were there, but alas! our boys were all in citizen's dress and it looked very strange to us who had been so long accustomed to nothing but gray coats. The tables, loaded with delicacies that we had not seen for nearly three years, struck Jimmie and myself with astonishment.

One day I was at the house of a friend in the city, when meeting a very elegant looking gentleman in black, I burst out laughing on seeing it was Major Gwynn. He explained his transformation, "I have stop fighting mit Sigel¹ and preaking up de best government mit de United States. I am bin now a goot Union man. Hurrah for Andy Shonson!"

I told him I was almost afraid for such a loyal man to walk down street with me lest he should be tempted to conduct me to the Provost Marshal's office.

We were troubled about getting passes for Louisville, the gentlemen having always attended to that for us, but the very

¹German-born Franz Sigel (1824-1902), a graduate of the German Military Academy and later a resident of St. Louis, Missouri, was eminently successful in uniting Germans on the Federal side during the war. He was commissioned a Brigadier General, U.S.A., in May, 1861, and saw extensive service throughout the war. The German element he had rallied to the Federal colors had for its slogan, "I fights mit Sigel." Boatner, p. 761.
day we were to start they discontinued the “pass” system and we finally one evening found ourselves at the Louisville Hotel without ever having been even asked to take the oath.

Just as we were ready for supper a servant brought us Dr. Palmer’s card. As we started down I said, “Now Jimmie, let’s remember Dr. Palmer is a Union man and has been kind to us so we must not say anything to hurt his feelings.”

Armed with this good resolution, we went to the parlor where we found Dr. Palmer pouring forth a torrent of abuse against the Yankees that surpassed anything of which we were capable. And we soon learned there were many in Kentucky whose feelings had undergone quite as decided a change.

At the supper table a servant came with the compliments of Lt. Gist who had known some of our friends and would be glad to call on us.

“Which army did he belong to?” we asked.

“The Federal.”

“We don’t receive Federal officers.”

“Oh! That won’t do here. You must see him,” Dr. Palmer said.

But Jimmie and I declared we wouldn’t and the Negro came to our assistance by saying the Lt. had an engagement for after tea but wished to call the next day. We told him then we left very early and could not see him.

The next day we started for Harrodsburg. Everything looked so strange to us. The citizen’s dress of the men, the gay handsome clothes of the ladies, the elaborate dressing of the hair, the little turban hats. But at last we came to a scene that was familiar enough—our old home—but even there it seemed strange without all of the old familiar faces.

June 12. Jimmie and I went uptown Saturday for the first time since our arrival. We looked with some interest on the streets, not only for the sake of old associations, but because the last time we walked them we were guarded by the bayonets of “de best government mit de United States.” There was not as much change as I had expected. Perhaps it seemed so because I had so lately passed through such scenes of desolation. The gap made by the burnt buildings did not seem so great, though
the citizens look upon it as tremendous. The greatest change was in the presence of so many new faces. It was only here and there I saw a remembered one.

I saw Mrs. Hunt who told us of a Texan soldier named Clare she has at her house. He had been for nineteen months at Rock Island prison, and after being released was making his way home when "the authorities" took him up here on pretense of believing him to be a guerrilla. They kept him for some days in the county jail, with several Yankees who were placed there for misconduct, and where he says he suffered more from insult than in the nineteen months at Rock Island. Mrs. Hunt told him he ought not to complain of being confined in that jail for two of the nicest young ladies in the town had once been placed there. He declares when the war breaks out again he will come here for the especial purpose of tearing down that jail.

Mr. Clare was near while we were talking. He is a handsome, gentlemanly looking man. Mrs. Hunt said though she was anxious for us to know him, she was afraid to introduce us on the street. I suppose the Yankees want us all to be like George Akers, who when the Yankee officer insisted on his introducing him to some Southern ladies, declared "on his honor he didn't know anybody in the world, not a soul."

I scarcely felt like myself, standing once more in well-filled stores. The prices though have doubled and sometimes trebled since I was here three years ago. Everything being abundantly ornamented with tax stamps.

We had a great many anxious enquiries made as to the condition of the South and our opinion of her ability ever again to renew the struggle; but they were made in low whispers, for always there was some soldier of the garrison, or some suspected person, hanging around picking up any little crumb of treason that might fall. One merchant, Mr. Matheny, amused me. There was a soldier in the store and Mr. Matheny was continually giving us all kinds of signals for caution and continually finding his feelings "too many" for him and talking away as though no one was near.

Yesterday being Sunday we went to Sunday school. The children sang several little hymns very prettily but I could
scarcely keep from crying when I remembered how different everything was the last time I attended Sunday School.

June 14. Yesterday Col. Chenoweth came home and he has already been troubled by numerous threats from the leading spirits of the Union party here who declare he shall not stay here. He called on us and looked strange without his dress of gray and gold. The soldiers stopped him on the street today and took from him his pistol.

Gov. Magoffin called on us this morning. It made me sad to look at him and think how much he could have done for the South if he had only had the nerve. He gave us an interesting account of his son's escape from Camp Douglas. Among other things, he told us while in Chicago he was told his son had been tied up by the thumbs for an attempt to escape. The Colonel commanding assured him, "on the word of a gentleman and the honor of a soldier," there was not a word of truth in it. When Gov. Magoffin afterwards met his son in Canada he still bore the marks of the thumb screws.

He gave us also an amusing account, which he had from this same Col. himself, of some Georgians and South Carolinians. They smuggled some whiskey into the prison and the whole regiment got drunk. They then called the roll and found all present but a few who were in the hospital and one confined in the White Oaks—an underground dungeon. In a few moments two of the regiment astonished the Col. by appearing at his door and saying "Sir, we are a committee appointed by our regiment to wait on you and demand the release of the young man in the White Oaks."

"To demand his release?" the Colonel asked, bewildered by their impudence.

"Exactly so, Sir," they answered with tipsy dignity.

"You must be drunk."

"That has nothing at all to do with the question, Sir. We are only a committee and would be obliged if you would give us an answer as soon as possible so we may report back to those who sent us."

"And suppose I will not release him, what will you do?"

"Don’t know, indeed Sir, we are not authorized to say."
“What do you think you will do?”

“Have him out in about two minutes. But then, Sir, we are only a committee and don’t know.”

“Well,” said the Colonel, “you are a pretty clever set of fellows and I will order him to be released.”

“Thank you, Sir. We didn’t wish to have any trouble about it.”

The Colonel said he gave way because he saw he would have to kill twenty or thirty of them before he could restore order. “And then,” he added with perhaps a nearer approach to the truth, “I didn’t know but what they had smuggled in pistols and one of them might kill me the first shot.”

_June 15._ I was up at Mrs. Chenoweth’s this morning and she showed me an anonymous letter Jim had received, ordering him to leave town within twenty-four hours and threatening his life if he stayed. Grandpa came in while I was there to advise Jim to stay in spite of their threats. After he left and as I was leaving, Col. Chenoweth came in and showed me another letter he had just taken from the office. He told me the whole letter was not fit for a lady to read but showed me a few lines in which he was given till Saturday to leave, for on that day he (the writer) would be in town with his men. If he wanted to rally his friends, show this letter to the other horsethieves for he wanted a chance to kill every d—n one of them. Jim said he considered me one of that party and would summon me. I told him I had never stolen but one horse, and that from Grandpa, but I would rally.

I begged him not to leave, for I believe it is a set of cowards who are threatening him. They have already almost taken possession of Harrodsburg and unless the thing is broken up, they will in a short time order any family they please out of town. The good old Kentucky has passed away and now respectable men are the only ones who are in danger here.

_July 7._ The Psalmist and I are alike in one respect at least. We both have seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree and the vilest men exalted.

I wish I had the power to describe the state of this country. The Constitution so much waste paper, the civil law a dead letter,
slavery in such a condition that neither masters nor Negroes know whether it exists or not, lawlessness of every shade, from the lawlessness of the government at Washington to that of the Negro who steals his master's chickens, and in the midst of it all, between the Southerners and Union people a hatred, bitter, unrelenting, and that promises to be eternal. I would love to go to a foreign land, where I could at moments feel again something like a Christian. As I can't go, I suppose I might as well do like others and try to make the best of life here. But it does seem too hard. Everything that reminds me of our life in the Confederacy, or of our struggle, makes me feel that tears would be a relief. The only comfort I have is in seeing how quiet the Yankees are about the Monroe Doctrine. They dare not attempt to enforce it for they are weaker with the South than without it. I wish they would try it. I would like to cry, “Vive la France!” I am afraid I would be tempted to cry “Vive Beelzebub” if he were fighting the Yankees.

The “glorious 4th” passed here in a very inglorious manner, the citizens refusing to make any demonstration whatever. As Gen. Fry spoke here on the 8th and declared his intention to place soldiers at the polls during the approaching election, I suppose the men thought there was no use in making a fuss over the day on which our forefathers gained their liberty. At Camp Nelson, however, twelve miles off, the Negroes had a grand jubilee and were addressed by Gen. Fry and old Mr. Smedley.

July 11. The hanging of poor Mrs. Surratt has struck the whole people with horror for everyone believes she was innocent.

When I see the wicked prosper, when I see those who, no matter what their sins may be are so much better than their oppressors, trampled under foot, it almost makes me doubt the faith in which I have been trained. Sometimes I fear I am becoming an infidel. I feel how wrong, how wicked such thoughts are, I try to force myself to believe that “whatever is, is right”; but oh! to live in this land of sorrow and humiliation; to breathe this air of oppression; to see and feel each day, each moment, the triumph of a nation of whom it may be said, as of a nation of
old, "Hell shall be moved to meet them at their coming"; and then to remember that God is omnipotent; that in the twinkling of an eye he could bring to nought all their devices! Sometimes I can't tell what I think or believe. With individuals it may be said the next world will compensate them for their sorrows, or punish them for their sins; but for nations there is no hereafter. Their accounts must be balanced in this world. And what have we for all our tears and blood, our cries, our fasting, and our prayers? The whole nation was bowed before God in fasting and prayer, appointed by our President and government, the day that movement began upon Chattanooga which finally ended in the overthrow of our country. I wish I had the unquestioning faith of a child. I feel like one who is groping in darkness and yet responsible for every step he takes.

The state is terribly agitated now over the approaching election, when they will vote on the Constitutional amendment. For my part I don't care much what they do. I am sick and tired of the country.

They are talking of the annexation of Canada, but I can't believe any nation is so beside itself with fanaticism as to wish to be under the United States government as it now exists.

July 12. Yesterday's papers say it has not yet been decided to give the bodies of Mrs. Surratt, Paine, Herold, and Atzerodt to their friends. Death itself cannot quench the malignity of the Yankees. The government has forbidden Ford's Theatre to be again opened. Every paper contains intimations of fresh evidence having been gained of our President's complicity in the assassination plot, though it is never said what the evidence is. There is no doubt but that they will hang Mr. Davis. I believe he is a good man as well as a great man; and the thought that he must exchange this wretched country for the joys of Heaven should

2A paraphrase of lines from Isaiah, XIV, 9.
3The chief issues of the Kentucky election of 1865 were the Thirteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution and the rights of returned Confederates. The people would approve or disapprove ratification of the amendment in the election of a new legislature, the Kentucky General Assembly having previously refused to ratify the amendment. The pro-South Democrats won the election, maintaining their majority in both houses of the Legislature. Kentucky and Mississippi never ratified the Thirteenth Amendment.
not give us pain. But human nature will assert its weakness in spite of reason, and the thought that he will be put to death is so horrible I cannot bear to hear it spoken of.

July 17. Mr. Lillard told us yesterday he thought there would be a regiment of Yankees sent here, to reinforce the Ohio company who garrison the town, and to control the polls. He says it makes but little difference, for if they don’t keep you from the polls with bayonets, still if you vote to displease them they quarter soldiers on you and take your provisions. The last time he voted they sent him thirty-six soldiers to feed. I begin to believe one form of government is as good as another. They are all good when in the hands of good men, and Satan himself might learn from them when in the hands of bad men. A republic is a fine thing when the machinery is all in order, but that it cannot be when it is clogged up with Yankees.

July 19. I see they still keep up here some of the excitements of more peaceful times. There is soon to come a grand circus and menagerie, which has raised the Negroes and children to a “high pitch.” The trustees compel the show to exhibit outside the town limit and Major Daviess annoys old Mr. Smedley by telling him they wouldn’t let the elephant come in town because they had no tax stamp big enough to cover his back.

I see the 4th July passed in Raleigh, N. C., in a manner disgusting to the Yankees. Not a lady in the town would attend the celebration, and the few men and country women who were there refused to have a procession and allowed the speakers to appear and disappear amid the most freezing silence, and would have no United States flag on the grounds. The loyal blacks however had a celebration more to the taste of the Yankees.

In the procession at Cleveland, Ohio, was a triumphal car in which was a pyramid of seats all filled with beautiful little white girls except the apex, where sat a Negress.

These Yankees are a philanthropic people. They are sending abolition preachers down here to convert us to the true religion. They call them missionaries and I suppose we are the heathen. It is to be hoped our heathenism will not assume that acute form where they eat the missionaries.
July 21. We spent yesterday at Shakertown, and found the people there, though they profess to consider all war a crime, very much divided in their sympathies during this war. They are generally Unionists, but told us our men, although six thousand camped there, did not commit the slightest depredation and showed more respect for religion than any body of men they ever seen outside their own community. When we asked how the Yankees behaved, Aunt Charlotte shook her head and refused any answer but an emphatic, "Oh them Michigans! them Michigans!" Still she reminded me of the fact that Edmund Ruffin, who fired the first gun for us at Fort Sumter, had committed suicide. I told her he was a very old man and had fought in the revolution against England and I had no doubt that was what preyed on his mind.

July 25. Great consternation this morning on the Negro question. Some officer at Camp Nelson sent word some days ago for all Negroes to come and get their free papers. I suppose it is strictly a military proceeding and a part of the martial law under which Kentucky is still kept, as there is certainly no civil law for such abolition of slavery. The Negroes however do not enquire too particularly into the legality of the thing and do not discuss the Constitution so much as the ice cream and cake saloons they expect to set up.

We have still six Negroes left, three women, two men, and a boy five or six years old. The latter came to Jack the other day and asked, "Mas' John, where do free papers come from?"

"Most anywhere," Jack said. "Why Trot? Do you want me to get you some?"

"No Sir, I don't," he answered vehemently, "ole Master says he don't want no free niggers on his place."

After he went to the kitchen, Aunt Ellen and Debby got a piece of newspaper and made him believe it was his free papers and he was free in spite of himself. But Trot tore up the paper and threw it into the yard insisting, "Ole Master said he wouldn't have no free niggers on his place and he wanted to stay and work for ole master." He took the matter so to heart and cried until Grandpa interfered and made them stop teasing him.
The others do not seem so much opposed to the free labor system and Debby assured me the officer who sent the order said that any Negro who did not come within twenty days would be considered a Southern Rights Negro and shot. I thought, notwithstanding some anticipations of the glory of freedom, they desire to attain it in a manner that will not displease us. Martha is not much troubled, not having risen to that intellectual standard where ideas of any kind obtrude themselves upon the brain, and having a day or two ago attended a circus, she finds all her longings for a higher sphere of being satisfied.

We would not however be surprised to see the whole flock take flight someday. Jimmie says when she awoke this morning and heard some of the servants in the yard her first thought was, “Thank goodness! I will not have to go to work today,” which reflection so melted her that when she looked at me asleep she had not the heart to awaken me, but concluded to let me sleep “while I could,” for the time we fear is not far distant when even our Negroes will go to the Provost Marshal and blossom into freedom.

We are all at present studying the geography of Southern France, and hoping at the same time that a war between France and the United States will end in the former adding Texas to her Mexican dominions, so we can live in San Antonio.

July 26. Uncle Charles made a trip yesterday to Camp Nelson with the expectation of returning “as free as anybody,” but he found such a crowd of his “colored brudders of the African persuasion” there that he was forced to return without his papers, which turn out to be only a pass to travel to any point. I don’t know whether the others will go or not, they all being as the Negro said of the white man “mighty onsartin.”

Trot I believe still remains firm in his views of this great question. Indeed his slavery imbues him with the hope of immortality, for when someone spoke to him the other day of dying he said, “Oh! but I won’t die. I can’t die. The white folks wants me to work for ’em.”

July 31. Gen. Palmer has issued an order forbidding certain
persons to vote at the coming election. All who have been in
the "rebel" army—all who have in any way aided those who
were in it or intended going to it—all who have expressed any
sympathy for them or have rejoiced over Union defeats—in short,
no one who they fear is against the constitutional amendment,
is to vote.

Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, who used very strong
language against the government in public speeches and de-
nounced Brownlow as a usurper, because the laws of Tennessee
forbid "a minister of the gospel holding civil office," was ar-
rested and has written from his prison in Columbus, Ky., a very
amusing letter to Andrew Johnson. There are two things in it
amusing to me; first, the wit, and then I do so love to see those
Kentuckians and Tennesseans who deserted the South and
labored with such great zeal for the preservation of the "glorious
union," enjoying the fruits of their labor. They exhibited such
firm, unflinching patriotism in devoting others to destruction,
looked on with such joy while the smoke of Southern homes
ascended to Heaven, and thanked God so heartily amid the tears
and groans and blood of Southerners, it is well enough they
should taste the cup they helped mix.

Aug. 2. The liberty fever has broken out among our
Negroes too. Uncle Charles has succeeded in obtaining his
"pass." He told Grandpa it allowed him to hire himself to whom
he pleased, but on examination it proved to be only a permission
to go to Cincinnati, or in other words, to run off. Grandpa told

4 General Palmer's order, dated Headquarters, Department of Kentucky,
Louisville, July 28, 1865, stipulated that under martial law, prevailing in the
Department of Kentucky, certain classes of persons were under military
surveillance: (1) "all rebel soldiers, whether paroled or not"; (2) all guer-
rillas; (3) all persons "who by act or word, directly or indirectly, gave aid,
comfort, or encouragement to persons in rebellion"; and (4) all deserters
from U.S. service. These classes of persons were "required to abstain from
all interference with elections, and will, if they shall in any manner interfere
therein, by voting or attempting to vote, or by persuading any other person
to vote, or by appearing at the polls shall be arrested and held for military
trial." Published in the Louisville Journal of July 29, 1865. John M. Palmer,
Union general, governor of Illinois, was a native of Scott County, Ky. He
assumed command of the Department of Kentucky on February 18, 1865, but
was relieved by request April 1, 1866. Personal Recollections of John M.
Palmer (Cincinnati, 1901), v.p.
him he would sue any man who hired him. Uncle Charles however seems perfectly satisfied with the consciousness of having the pass in his pocket, and came back and went to hauling wood without any mention of his freedom. Aunt Ellen and Debby say they are so tormented by black and white, who tell them they are afraid to go and afraid to ask our permission that they want to go, in Aunt Ellen's elegant language, "just to keep from being so bully-ragged." They will not go however without Grandpa's consent and his permission to return and work as before. They were considerate enough to propose to go one at a time so we would not be without a cook. Grandpa told them to go, for we see and hear enough ourselves to know how continually the Yankee soldiers and the Negroes who have already left their masters, beg, entreat, and threaten those who remain to make them leave. Their chief argument seems to be to accuse them of cowardice, so that many go, as someone says, merely to save their reputation. The poor Negro cannot even be blessed but by compulsion.

Newspaper correspondents give every day the most dreadful accounts of the spirit of the Southern people. They are still open and defiant in their hatred and disloyalty—they will not plant cotton and they will not hire their former slaves—and they will not do anything their dear Northern brethren want them to do. The Virginians are "sullen and morose" and have elected to city and county offices the bitterest Secessionists. Indeed one man, in offering himself for sheriff, reminded the people he had fought four years in the Southern army.

However as soon as they can bring about Negro suffrage, they expect to control the States. Mr. Chase has lately made the tour of the South, and gives as his opinion that the white man is enervated and demoralized while the Negro is vigorous and progressive. He predicts the rapid rise of a Negro aristocracy. What exactly he means by this jargon I don't suppose he himself knows, except that if the Negro votes, the Black Republicans will retain the power, and if not the Democrats will come in.

Aug. 9. The election farce is over and in spite of the bayonets and threats it is thought the State has gone against the amendment. There was very little drunkenness and fighting, as
the drinking establishments were all closed, but a great deal of trouble notwithstanding. The soldiers stationed at the two precincts in town were Ohioans. They say the upstairs of the courthouse was filled with men, arrested for offering to vote. One Irishman was arrested for saying he would rather vote for a free Negro than for Gen. Fry. The party is very hard to please. They allow a man neither to talk against a Negro nor to express a preference for him. It is like the days of Henry VIII, when a man was burned for being a Protestant and hanged for being a Catholic.

Another man was arrested for talking loud. There were sent to every precinct secret lists of the men whom the judges were expected to keep from the polls. When they challenged Mr. Gaither’s vote he offered to take the oath prescribed by the Legislature, but refused that part offered by Gov. Bramlette. The judges then told him he could not vote. We took down their names, and writing out a statement of the facts, got the men standing by to sign it. Grandpa said the judges looked very uncomfortable, as to keep lawful voters from the polls is a penitentiary offense, and the guilty parties can be prosecuted any number of years from this time. At many places Negroes were

5Speed S. Fry was a Union candidate for Congress from the Seventh District in the election of August, 1865. He was soundly defeated by his Opposition opponent, George Sea Shanklin. The Seventh District included Mercer County. The Frankfort (Kentucky) Commonwealth, August 18, 1865.

6Governor Bramlette in his proclamation of July 19, 1865, noted that this oath was “prescribed by my predecessor [Governor James F. Robinson], and . . . is in conformity with the law.” In the proclamation, Bramlette presented first the Legislature’s provisions for “the purity of the elective franchise,” and followed this with the oath Mr. Gaither refused to take:

OATH

You do solemnly swear that you have not, since the 10th day of April, 1862, been in the service of the so-called ‘Confederate States,’ or in the ‘Provisional Government of Kentucky,’ in either a civil or military capacity, and that you have not given, directly or indirectly, VOLUNTARY AID AND ASSISTANCE TO THOSE IN ARMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OR THE STATE OF KENTUCKY, or those who were intending to join the armed forces of the so-called ‘Confederate States,’ and that you will bear true and faithful allegiance to said Governments of the United States and State of Kentucky, so help you GOD. The Frankfort Commonwealth, July 25, 1865; Acts of the General Assembly of Kentucky 1861-2-3, Chap. 509.
stationed at the polls. A squad of them was sent to Salvisa but the judges refused to open the polls and it was not until twelve o'clock that the voting began under the supervision of white soldiers. At Cornishville the Captain of the Home Guard took possession of the polls and refused to let any Southern Rights man vote until other parties drove him away. Kentucky and Delaware are the only states where the Negroes have not been declared free by some power or other.

Col. Riley, the Provost Marshal who arrested us three years ago, ran this election for Judge of the Court of Appeals and was badly beaten. A few days before the election, the following letter appeared in the Louisville Democrat, too late for the other party to answer, though they wrote to us from Nelson County for a statement of the facts, which we sent besides sending a copy to Washington County.

Washington County, Ky.,
July 31, 1865

Messrs. Editors:

I wish the use of enough space in your paper to defend Col. Wm. E. Riley who is a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals. It is charged that before Col. Riley went into the army, and while acting as Provost Marshal at Harrodsburg, Ky., he arbitrarily caused the arrest of several ladies of high social position, without warrant and without authority for so doing; and among them were the two Misses Hardin, granddaughters of the late Ben Hardin, and also their widowed mother.

I suppose it is true these ladies and others were arrested by Col. Riley's order, but the state was then full of rebel spies and guerrillas and these ladies were notorious and babbling rebels, and in full sympathy with Jeff. Davis; had just returned home from the South and conducted themselves very objectionably and when requested to take the oath flatly refused to do so and Col. Riley had nothing left but to arrest and place them under guard until they could be sent back South. This charge is being extensively circu-
lated in the region of the acquaintances of the late Ben Hardin and to Col. Riley’s prejudice. You will therefore please publish this as a matter of justice to Col. Riley.

Yours &c. Washington.

But the Colonel’s friend could not save him.
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