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ADVENTURES OF A SCOUT

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF
CAPTAIN JOHN THOMAS RUSSELL
SCOUT FOR THE UNION ARMY IN THE CIVIL WAR
1861 TO 1865

EDITOR'S COMMENTS

Captain John Thomas Russell, the author of these memoirs, was my Great Grandfather on my Mother's side. This is a collection of articles which he wrote for the Green County Record, a publication which is no longer in existence.

The writings have been kept in the family for many years until it was decided to put them in book form to pass down to his future generations.

They were written in the summer and fall of 1898 when Captain Russell was 49 years of age and serving as Assistant Adjutant General of the Grand Army of the Republic.

After the war, he settled in Green County Kentucky just outside Greensburg, where he owned a lot of timberland and a sawmill and was engaged in the lumber business.

I have copied the memoirs exactly as he wrote them with the exception of a few changes in punctuation to make it easier to read.

Walter W. McVicker

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Captain John T. Russell was born in Lincoln County, Ky. on July 22, 1849 where his Father and Mother both lived until they died. His Great-Grandfather, Abraham Russell was a soldier under Kentucky's first Governor, Isaac Shelby.

Captain Russell entered the United States Secret Service early in 1862, just before he was 13 years old, and served under General George Morgan in the Cumberland Gap Campaign. He then served under Generals Mc Lean and Sturgis in East Tennessee.

He next served under Generals E.H. Hobson and S.S. Fry in Kentucky. In 1863 he was mustered into the 13th Kentucky Cavalry and served as a Scout to Generals Hobson, Stoneman and Burbridge through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia and mustered out at Camp Nelson, Ky. Jan. 1865, immediately after returning from the last campaign through Virginia as a Scout to Stoneman and Burbridge.

Captain Russell was an earnest, energetic worker in the interest of the G.A.R., having held both State and National positions. He served in the department as Chief Mustering Officer, Assistant Adjutant General, and as member of the Council of Administration and Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief. He was a man of pleasing address and had many friends in the order.

CHAPTER 1

Away back in the 17th Century, my Great-Great-Grandfather emigrated from Ireland to the Virginia Coast. My Great-Great-Grandmother was brought over from England to Virginia soon afterwards, with a lot of other girls, who, I suppose had become too numerous in England, and sold for 100 pounds of tobacco to pay their voyage.

My Great-Grandfather was born near Wilks Court-House Virginia, in 1754 and served in the Continental Army under General George Washington. He married at Wilks Court-House, Va. and emigrated to the territory of Kentucky with his Wife and two Children about 1870, settling on the South Fork of the Green River.

He also served under General Isaac Shelby, who was the first Governor of Kentucky, in the war against the Indians, in Kentucky and the Territory of Indiana. He raised a large family of six girls and six boys and died in Lincoln County Kentucky at the age of 84 years.

My Grandfather also raised a family of six girls and six boys and died at the age of 83 years.

My Father raised a family of three boys and five girls and at the time of this writing is still hale and hearty at the age of 83 years. He and his father were born and raised in Lincoln County, Kentucky, and never resided outside of the County.

Myself and one Brother entered the Union Army as members of Company A, 4th Kentucky Infantry, under Col. S.S. Fry, who, afterward became a noted General in the Union Army.

My Brother, at the time of enlistment, was 15 years old and I was 12 years old. Our Regiment was stationed at Camp Dick Robinson in Garrard County. The 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and the 3rd, 9th and 19th, and several other Regiments were stationed at Camp Dick Robinson at the same time for the purpose of recruiting.

At that place, we witnessed many a novel sight, as refugees from the Eastern Kentucky mountains, Tennessee and Virginia, at all times, day and night, in squads of from two to fifty men and boys of all ages, sizes, etc., armed with shot guns, squirrel rifles, single-barrel pistols, corn knives, tomahawks, pitchforks, and some carried a large rock in a long linsey slip to be used as a slingshot.

They were a hard looking set, but they made good soldiers. They had to leave their homes, or be forced to go into the Confederate Army. Some had travelled over 200 miles. After hiding through the day, they would travel by night guided by the North Star, as, armed Confederates had control of every

foot of ground over which they had travelled, and, with organized bands, were scouring the mountains for "Lincolmites", to either force them into the Confederate Army, or put them in prison for treason.

When our Regiment left Camp Robinson, we left two rooms full of refugee guns, pistols, knives, etc.

Many of the refugees joined our Regiment and made servicable soldiers, as none of them were hardly ever sick, or unable for duty. Our Regiment soon had it's quota of men and was mustered into service. All except myself. I was rejected on account of my age and size, but I was determined to be a soldier, and, as no-one objected, I kept with the Army and served as an Orderly to Col. Fry, Gen. Thomas and Adjutant General Shull, and later as a Scout under Gens. Hobson, McClain, Burbridge, Stoneman, Kilpatrick and others whom I may speak of later.

I was well acquainted with, and frequently with Gen's Morgan, Grigsby, Shelby, Hamilton, and other noted Confederate Commanders. I was also acquainted with Champ Ferguson, the noted Guerilla, but I never liked that gentleman.

There was never a better regiment of Cavalry, or a regiment that contained more daring or braver men in either army, than there was in Gen. John Morgan's original regiment of Confederate raiders.

I joined the Scouts who busied themselves running down, capturing and killing Guerillas; this suited me better than anything else. I soon found favor with the Col. of the 13th Kentucky, who used his influence to have me mustered as his orderly. His argument with the Mustering Officer prevailed, and I was mustered in at the age of 13. When fully equipped, I felt myself equally as important as any officer in the Regiment.

My greatest desire being for adventure, It was not long until I was at the front, which was, at that time, along the Cumberland River. We operated from Burnside Point, Ky. to Salina, Tenn. It was Cavalry against Cavalry. We fronted Morgan, who was in command of the Rebel forces. Both Armies were composed mostly of Ky. and Tenn. soldiers, and being an orderly, I was allowed priveledges that few soldiers had.

I soon formed the acquaintance of the most trusty scouts and among them were some daring men who would not hesitate to undertake some of the most foolhardy exploits, in which they seldom failed.

The Chief of Scouts, Wm. Montgomery, had promised me that I might join him in a little fun they might have in view on the opposite side of the river. I offered myself as a tool for anything they might detail me for.

The first thing they found for me to do, was to help burn the Confederates supply quarters, which was in sight of us across the Cumberland, in a large barn, and which we had been taking for a target a few hours of every day for some time. It was too long a range for our carbines to hold up accurately, and we did not interest the Johnnies much.

The night set for burning was a dark one. About eleven o'clock, five of us broke loose two small skiffs, which were locked in trees in a small rough creek, about a half mile from the river.

After passing through some swift, dangerous places, and over rocks, (for our side of the river was a high bluff), we were, after an hour's hard work, in the river floating down as silently as possible, keeping close to our side.

Opposite the Confederate's farm we had previously posted two men to hoot like Owls, which was to mark our place to cross. All was still on the river. Finally, immediately above our heads, the "whoo, whoo ah; whoo, whoo, whoo, ah;" was heard, which almost made me think an owl was sure enough a companion of "Screechie," which was the name we gave to our comrade who played owl.

Myself and companion, who was a daring scout and spy, pulled immediately across to the opposite bank as easy as possible, and the sound of our oars could not have been heard twenty yards distant. The other three stationed themselves as near the center of the stream as possible. With a heavy anchor dropped to the bottom, they took their stand to await the results of our adventure, and to defend, or assist in any possible way.

We also had some men stationed near the top of the bluff, under command of Marsh Hughes, ("Old Screechie") to fire rapidly across the river, providing we were fired on by the Confederates.

The side on which the Confederates were stationed was a low bank rising gradually back for over a mile. About 300 yards from the river stood a farm house and a barn in which was the headquarters and storage place of the commissary and ordinance department for that part of the Confederate army.

At night, they kept a picket line near the river, and at early dawn of the day, it was withdrawn out of range of our guns.

After tying our skiff, we climbed the steep bank, and commenced to crawl through the high weeds toward the barn, keeping an ear open for the skirmishers or pickets.

Suddenly, the scout who was in front, stopped, and I heard

whispering only a few steps away. It was so dark, and the weeds so high we could scarcely see a foot in front of us. The whispering ceased and stillness prevailed. I imagine my heart could be heard several miles away.

Again the whispering commenced and grew gradually into a murmuring conversation, which we had to listen to, for we were too close to the picket line to move. Ten seconds more, we would have been among them, had the scout not heard them.

"What do you think it was?" asked one. "I would have found out d_n soon if it had come much further." And with this he pitched a rock which bounded against my jaw.

"I guess it was a Coon," said he, "or some other vermin; there is plenty of them around here. Anyhow, it was no Yank, for there is not a boat on the river, and they would not be d_n fools enough to swim across."

After a few more words about the length of their beats, and how long before their relief would come, we heard tramping through the weeds, which told us they had separated to make the rounds of their beats.

It is not in accordance with army regulations for guards to walk their beats with their backs to each other, but, Cavalrymen were never noted for good guard, or camp duty. On neither side were the officers of Cavalry so vigilant as Infantry, especially Kentucky and Tennessee Officers.

From the sound of their feet, they had not travelled over 50 yards, when the scout began to crawl again. I kept close to his rear, and in a few seconds we were across the beat, making our way towards the barn.

We soon reached the field where the weeds were low, and when within 100 yards of the barn, The scout stopped and commenced pulling from his pockets some torn and greasy rags, and other inflammable materials which filled my hat.

He then handed me a bunch of matches and said, "Keep a skinned eye and don't let any of them know you are about, if you do, you are a gone gosling."

I hated to venture further, but it was my first call in that line, and I must obey, or take down my sign. I only said, "all right."

I had commenced to think it was a hard task and wished it over with, but I stuck what he had given me in the breast of my cavalry jacket and crawled on until I came to the fence that surrounded the barn lot, where I stopped to listen, keeping close to the ground. I saw two men sitting near the barn on my side, talking. I laid there for some time but could only catch an occasional word of no importance.

Finally, a guard came around and asked them to go to their quarters. This caused a few short words, and the guard proceeded on his rounds saying, "I don't want to tell you fellows anymore, I only want to do my duty." This was a stunner to me, I had not thought of the barn being guarded.

I had first thought of returning to the scout to report the difficulty, but my next thought was to do the work before he made his next round. The two men by this time had disappeared around the barn. I was over the fence in an instant, for I saw my work would have to be done quickly.

I found a large crack, through which I thrust my hand and found that part of the barn was filled with hay. I drew out my inflammable material and placed it in the hay in as good order for a big fire as I could under the circumstances. I then commenced to feel for my matches; I thought I had lost them, but finally found them where no sane man would have put them---in the top of my boot. In looking for them I pulled out all my fuel, which I had to replace, and this was done in a much shorter time than it takes to write it.

By this time I heard the tread of the guard making his regular rounds. I had forgotten all about him and was frightened almost out of my wits. My first thought was to roll away from the place as fast as possible before he could see me, but looking up I could see him between me and the sky. He had turned the corner and was too close.

I threw myself upon my back, pretending to be asleep, still holding the matches in my hand.

He approached, and kicking me said, "Look here feller, ain't you goin' to your quarters; do you want to be tied up?"

Can't you let a feller lie and study about home and friends awhile; I was just thinking about my gal and you have spoiled it all," said I

My voice was trembling, for I was scared, but I saw at once that I had his sympathy. As he turned his head away, he said with a sigh, "Well, a fellow, does enjoy being alone sometimes, but I think you was just about getting into a good nap when I kicked you."

At this time he discovered the matches in my hand, which had brightened up from being grasped and asked what I was doing with them.

" I was just getting ready to take a smoke," said I, "When I laid down."

" Not here," he said; "Don't you know that barn is full of ammunition and guns, beside, our grub is in there; suppose

you would set it on fire, we would be in a hl of a fix; some men have no sense anyhow." This was said very roughly. I then asked him for some tobacco.

" How was you going to smoke without tobacco," said he; " I think you must still be asleep."

By this time I had pulled out a large twist of tobacco from my pocket and said, "Here, try some of this, I've got plenty. Take enough to do you all night."

This pleased him and he thanked me. He broke off a long piece saying, "If you want to smoke pard, get out there on the fence and puff away as long as you please, but don't lay around close to this building. If the sergeant should come along you would be taken in and tied up sure."

With this he proceeded on his beat, and as soon as the sound of his steps died away, I struck a bunch of matches, and after holding my hands around them until I was sure they were all lighted, I thrust them into the tow rags.

There was a quick flash, and the next instant I was over the fence, and with a navy in my hand, was running half bent toward the place I had left the scout.

As I neared the place the flames burst through the cracks and threw a stream of light all around me. I fell to my knees and commenced to run on my hands and knees. I listened, and heard the scout making for the high weeds considerably in my advance.

At this instant a great noise occurred at the barn. The fire had reached some of the ammunition, which had exploded. Immediately the blazes shot up and it was light as day.

This startled the scout so that he jumped to his feet, and I saw him plunge into the weeds just as the whole line of pickets near, emptied their guns at him.

When the volley was fired I also jumped to my feet and made for the weeds. A few moans that I distinctly heard as I passed him, proved to me that he had made his last adventure.

Someone tried to head me off, but I fired on him twice, which stopped him. At this moment a guard fired on me with a pistol close in my rear, but the shadows of the weeds made shooting very uncertain.

I plunged down the bank into the skiff. I was lucky, I thought, to strike it so well, in such a dark place, and in such circumstances. When I struck the skiff I fell full length into the bottom; it was half full of water. The next instant, my pursuer fell full length on top of me, his pistol slipped from his grasp and fell into the river. This weight

broke the skiff loose from the bank and shoved it well into the stream.

He had me down face foremost in the bottom of the skiff, my hands with my pistol still clutched, were under me. submerged in the water. It was hard for me to keep my head above the water, half the time, he seemed so heavy, and so much stronger than myself.

Both oars were lost in the struggle, and we floated down the river well out from the bank, he threatened to choke me to death, while I threatened to shoot him if I got my pistol out.

By this time, the firing across the river from both sides had become general, but it was a midnight fight in which, generally, very few are hurt.

I tried to compromise with my giant adversary, but it was no go. I told him if he would leave me in the skiff, and swim ashore, I would not hurt him. He said he would wrestle with me all the way to Nashville first.

I was wondering what had become of our other skiff, and men, and wishing for them, when, above the scuffle I heard the splashing of oars softly in the water. I was so turned around I could not tell whether they were up or down the river. As they came nearer and nearer, I commenced a very brave struggle, but he held me fast.

At last, he said, "It is too late young man; you might as well give up, there is another boat near us, and I guess we will have you struggling at the end of a rope before this time tomorrow night."

This almost paralyzed me, and if it had been possible I would have jumped into the river and risked my chances. All the horrors of prison life loomed up before me, and then I could almost feel a rope drawing tighter and tighter about my neck, and hear the shouts of the johnnies as they danced around my gallows.

"Is it possible," I thought, "that these men, so brave, in whom I had trusted to rescue me after the worst was done, and the danger passed, had deserted me? Had they left their post at the sound of the first gun?"

I was soon relieved of my suspense by hearing a familiar voice say, "here they are." Soon they were alongside of us, and when they saw the situation, the Reb. was ordered to get off me, which he did, and we were towed to our side of the river. I was mad, wet, and exhausted.

When we got to camp with our prisoner, we took a little lunch and I told my experience of the night and passed a few jokes with the prisoner. I felt much better, he was a jovial,

brave, good natured fellow, and said if he had known I was so small, he would have thrown me out of the skiff and let me go.

He was a Kentuckian from near my own home, with whom I had been a school boy, though he was several years older than I. I understand he died a prisoner at Camp Morton.

We played several other jokes on the johnnies during this campaign, but this was the roughest as far as I was interested.

CHAPTER 2

The Fourth Kentucky, to which I first belonged, was a splendid regiment, and participated in the battles of Mill Springs, Shiloh, Perryville, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Ringold, Lafayette, Lovejoy Station, Atlanta, Macon, Milledgeville, Laverne, Franklin, and Nashville.

Besides, it was in many skirmishes and did as much marching as any infantry regiment in the Union Army. Col. Fry, it's first Col., and Col. Croxton, it's second Col., were both promoted to Generals during the war. The Regiment served 42 months and were mustered out at Macon Georgia.

The Thirteenth Kentucky Infantry was also a splendid regiment. It was raised principally in Green County, Ky. by Col. E.H.Hobson, who was promoted to General for gallantry on the battlefield of Shiloh, and who afterward, commanded two very important raids within the Rebel lines, of which I will speak later.

It's second Col., William E. Hobson, was also promoted to Brigadier General for gallantry when only 18 years old.

This regiment participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Atlanta, Corinth, Huff's Ferry, Resaca, Peachtree Creek, Kennesaw, Jonesborough, and Knoxville, made many unnecessary marches through the mistakes of superior officers and suffered many hardships.

The First Kentucky Cavalry, under Col. Wolford, was, I think, decidedly the best Cavalry Regiment of either army. Under Gen.'s Sturgis and McClain in the East Tenn. they did much valuable service and fought almost every day and night for five months.

The 112th Illinois and 45th Ohio Mounted Infantry, were brigaded with them, both of which were splendid regiments. Col. Frank Wolford commanded the brigade.

General George H. Morgan, commanding the forces at Cumberland Ford, was camped where Pineville now stands, and who was practicing on sheets stretched on the highest mountain peaks preparatory to an assault on Cumberland Gap, sent me to guide a force of 120 men, commanded by Capt. Stone, of the Ohio regiment and Lieutenant Root, of a Ky. Regiment, to capture and destroy a wagon train which was hauling supplies to the Confederates occupying Cumberland Gap and Tazewell.

I had just returned from a trip near Knoxville where I had stayed among the Confederates for twelve weeks, in which time I became better acquainted with them and their situation, than I was with the Union Army.

I reported, among other things, to General Morgan, that a wagon train of 160 six-mule teams had started from Knoxville for Cumberland Gap, loaded with provisions, forage and ammunition for the Confederate Army.

We left our camp at Cumberland Gap just after dark and followed Yellow Creek for some distance, then, crossing Little and Big Log Mountains, we struck Big Creek just below Big Creek Gap, which was many miles to the south of the Confederate forces, and in their rear.

From the mountains near Big Creek Gap we could see for many miles to the south. The wagon train could be plainly seen the morning after we reached the mountain, but was at least 36 hours getting to where we wanted to attack it.

We felt perfectly safe in waiting as there was not a soul living within 20 miles of our camping place and we had not seen but three houses after passing over Log Mountain, each of which had furnished from one to three Union soldiers.

From these we had procured a little fodder for our horses. We lay there watching the train all day, and saw it go into camp for the night about ten miles away.

The next morning we were up early and ready to move. We could see from the mountains that a guard of only 80 men was with the train. We stationed our men in three positions, equally divided so as to attack the train which was about four miles long, in front, rear and flank, in squads of 12 to 15 soldiers.

We attacked them as agreed, in their front, by a force commanded by myself. As soon as they found they were attacked, the guards from the rear commenced rushing to the front, whence they were attacked in the rear and flank. This threw them in great confusion. Some teams ran away while the teamsters and soldiers were, some running and some hiding among the wagons.

Some of the teamsters and wagonmasters were armed with pistols and fought with the soldiers.

After about one hour of severe fighting, some of which was hand-to hand, the soldiers and teamsters surrendered, except a few who got away.

We first destroyed every firearm we could find, then the captured soldiers and teamsters were forced into service.

First, the wagons were pulled close together in groups of 20 wagons each, the mules shot and the wagons set fire, taking care to burn the wagons loaded with ammunition first. This took some time, and gave the Confederates time to attack us in force, those who had made their escape during the battle having given the alarm to the commander at Tazewell.

Late in the evening, and before the work of destruction was completed, we were attacked by a regiment of Confederate Cavalry. We made for Big Creek Gap but were cut off by about 400 Confederate Cavalry who fired upon us from ambush.

They completely blockaded our only chance of retreat. We fought both rear and front until dark came on which was our only relief.

The night was dark and our retreat was made more difficult by the heavy forces by which we were corralled, but the sky was clear and starlit. Capt. Stone had been killed in the days battles. I got Lieut. Root and proposed to plot what was left out of the mountains, which was agreed to.

That night we came to a river which we were afraid to cross and were then about ten miles from the trap in which the Confederates thought they still had us. We could tell by the milky way in the skies that we were travelling toward Knoxville. I was in hopes we would find a gap in which we could cross the mountains in that direction.

Lieut. Root finally concluded to abandon our horses and take it on foot, as the mountains were too steep for the horses to climb.

This, I was not willing to do. He called for volunteers to follow him--only eight men went with him. He reached our lines three weeks later with only two of his men, the other six having been killed.

After separating from Root I turned up the river and when morning came I found myself on Clinch River about 12 miles from where we had destroyed the wagon train the previous day.

I had only 22 men, all the rest of the 120 men, with the exception of the eight who had accompanied Lieut. Root, had been either killed or captured in the two battles we had the day before.

We crossed Clinch River and kept around the base of Clinch Mountain. We aimed to cross Clinch Gap.

One night, a comrade and myself, left the scouts, secreted in the woods near the road that leads through the gap, and crawled on our hands and knees for over a mile until we were within twenty steps of the Confederate vidette, and would have passed him as the night was very dark, but his horse snorted and he jerked him at the same time, telling him to be still. He called his horse a fool, but that horse was not half the fool his master thought him to be. When we found ourselves so close to the vidette, we just turned and crawled back down the road. We had learned what we wanted to know.

We then went to a large farmhouse near Whitesides, and after arresting all the family and guarding them in one room of the house, we took what blankets, flour, meat and corn we could conveniently carry and left, telling the old gentleman that we were Confederates.

The next day we came in contact with a squad of confederates near the Kentucky and Virginia line under Major Day. Here we lost 2 of our men, but we killed one of Major Day's men and wounded eight. They had the advantage of a log cabin in which they were camped.

After a fight which lasted one and one half hours, Major Day surrendered himself and 14 men with arms and ammunition, 16 horses and a lot of provisions. Here we laid over two nights and one day to rest and bury our men.

The second night, two of Day's men escaped taking eight of the best horses we had captured. Major Day, had two days before, sent off 100 men to Morristown Junction, of which I was informed by Union people living in the mountains.

The next day I parolled Day and 14 men. I knew as much about parole as a hog did about Sunday, but I wrote it just like the passes were written which passed soldiers through camp guards, pickets, etc. I gave Day back four of his horses and felt myself a man of great importance. We used the others we captured as pack horses.

I loaded all the provisions and ammunition I could on these horses and burned the remaining with the cabin before I left.

Major Day was stationed at the place I found him, to guard a pass away from Virginia to Kentucky, and to run down refugees who were continually leaving Virginia to join the Union Army in Kentucky.

The Pass or Gap was the only one for miles up and down the Cumberland mountains that could be crossed by wagon, or even horseback, and the one which Gen E.H.Hobson passed through later on his famous raid through the Virginia mountains, which I will try to do full credit to later on.

Later in the evening, just after we had passed through the gap, we were fired on by some guerrillas, and while we were trying to dislodge them, we were fired on from the rear by Major Day, who had recruited and mounted his men and followed us.

In this fusilade, one of our men was killed and two, mortally wounded. We carried our wounded with us until they begged us to lay them beside the road and make our escape, which we finally did.

About sundown, we made a stand to rest our horses and fought

them until dark. Here the guerrillas put in their appearance again from the cliffs of the mountains, but this time they directed their fire against Day's, instead of our men. We learned afterwards that they were union guerrillas, instead of Confederates.

In this melee I understood, that several of Day's men were killed. Day and his men never followed us any further, but the next morning we were fired on again by the guerrillas in which one of our men were killed.

This left me only 16 men. I stationed eight of them so as to interest the Confederates, and with the other eight I went up a hollow and came up in their rear. We took them by surprise and captured their leader and three men. They proved by their neighbors to be Union men, and thought we were Confederates.

We released them, and that night, they came into our camp with their women and children. As we had plenty of provisions, we had a jolly time and a big dance.

Two days after, we arrived at Cumberland Gap and made our report. While we were away, the Confederates had evacuated Cumberland Gap, and our troops had taken possession.

We had been away just seven weeks and were much wiser, if not better men.

CHAPTER 3

I found that all the old Kentucky Regiments which I had been with were advancing on Knoxville, Tenn. under Gens. McLean and Sturgis. After a few days rest, I was sent with a message to General McLean who was operating west and north of Knoxville in a siege against the Confederate forces.

I was sent by him, to Chattanooga, thence back to General Burbridge at Burnside's Point in Kentucky. By this time I had gotten enough of the mountains of Tennessee and Virginia and used every opportunity to get back into Kentucky.

In a few days, after I got to Burnside's, his whole army was ordered to move on to Knoxville.

When we got to a little town known then by the name of Caryville, which was 40 miles north of Knoxville, I was again sent back to Kentucky by the request of General Fry. This was caused by my solicitation. I then went into the Confederate lines where I remained for several weeks, until General Morgan started on his noted raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, and was finally captured by General Hobson.

This act of General Hobson is well known to those familiar with the history of the Civil War.

If General Hobson had been rewarded according to merit, he would stand in the front rank in history, for he was one of the best cavalry commanders in the Union army, and was surpassed by no-one in either army, not even Forrest.

For 24 days and nights he was in the saddle on the memorable Morgan raid, while, his raid to Saltsville, Virginia, was equally as long and fatiguing and he and the rest of us lived on grapes and pawpaws for 14 days and nights. We fought our way into Saltsville, and then had to fight our way out. This, I will speak of more fully later on.

General Hobson went from the blouse of a common soldier in the war with Mexico, to the stars of a General commanding all the troops in southern and western Kentucky in our late war. He merited every promotion he ever received on the field of battle, which was the only way anyone but a West Point Graduate could get it.

Many men in our late war, who drew an officer's pay, should have been in the ranks with the private soldier, while many Privates who marched in the ranks, would have made excellent officers.

Hobson's soldiers loved to obey him. He mixed and ate and joked with us in camp, which few officers would do. I have seen him at home and in camp, as gentle as a child, and I have seen him in battle like a giant, fierce and wild.

On my first trip to General Hobson, I had to pass through the confederate lines, or through a part of Tennessee which was infested with Guerrilla bands. I carried a communication written on tissue paper, inside my sock on the bottom of my foot. The trip was over 200 miles, but I had a good horse.

In the Tennessee Mountains, the first day of my trip, I came upon a squad of Guerrillas at a still house. They were drunk. I was dressed in gray jeans. One of their number, who was not much intoxicated, left the rest of them and rode with me a few miles, asked me a great many questions, which I was very careful in answering.

I told him that I had been to see my brother in the Confederate Army, and was returning home to Kentucky. He praised my horse and said he would like to have him. We soon heard the rest of his crowd coming behind us yelling and shooting their revolvers.

He told me that they would take my horse and rob me when they caught up with me. When I asked him to protect me, he told me the only thing I could do was to hide. We turned off the road and went down on the side of the mountain below a large cliff which hid us from the road. It was nearly night, and was snowing.

We built a fire and he left me saying he would come back and take me to a house somewhere to stay all night, but he had not gone long before I was travelling toward Kentucky. I passed a cabin where several horses were hitched, and a noisy crowd inside. I made a detour around it and travelled pretty fast when I again reached the road.

By this time it had cleared off and the stars were shining, but it was cold. About one o'clock in the night, I was almost frozen, and half asleep when I heard just before me the words, "Halt, who goes there?" It seemed to come from the ground. I answered, "a friend." It was a Rebel vidette.

I dismounted and advanced, I was shaking all over, I was cold, of course, but worse scared than cold, for the excitement warmed me up. The Vidette said he would have to keep me until his relief came around, but I begged him to let me go back home. I told him I only lived a few miles back on the road, and by crying and shaking all I could, he finally let me off, seeing I was only a boy. How glad I was when he told me I could go. I went back on the road only a few hundred yards when I turned off into the woods.

I had found out all I wanted to. I had found their pickets and the next thing was to get around Calf Kill Bluffs where a regiment of Rebels were camped, before daylight caught me.

Such a night I never spent. Over rocks, trees, ravines and

cliffs I went, leading my horse. I was almost overcome with cold and hunger. I had to feel of the trees to tell north from south. I was glad to see daylight brightening up the eastern skies, still, I realized the danger it would bring me.

Just after daylight I struck the road leading north, but, just as I swung myself into the saddle, I heard a noise, and looking back I saw a picket post of eight men. I had struck the road just about fifty yards outside their lines and I was ordered to halt.

This I did not like to do, after suffering so much around their camp, and I didn't do it. I just caught my bridle rein in my teeth and a navy pistol in each hand and half turning in my saddle, I put my spurs to my horse and he soon was at full speed.

The words "Halt !" came three times in quick succession, then came a volley of musketry, the balls whistling high above my head. I threw myself on my horse's neck and pressed him with my spurs.

Just before me loomed a vidette, who I ought to have known I had to pass. He was standing in the edge of the road with his bridle over his arm, his musket at port. I threw both my pistols down on him and fired, his gun went off in the air, his horse started through the woods on a run, and so did the vidette.

After running over a mile, I stopped on a hill where I could see the road quite a distance back, and no-one was in sight.

I then took it easy for the next few miles, and when I felt that all the danger was over, I heard a shot from the rear, and a ball whistled close to my head. I looked back and saw eight men in full pursuit. Then we had a running fight for several miles. I lay down on my horse and fired over the back of my saddle. They finally shot my horse and he commenced giving down as they were gaining on me.

In an old field, when I was hid from them by a hill which I had just passed over, I turned my horse out of the road, intending to take to the woods, but he fell and refused to rise.

It did not take me long to decide what to do. I jerked my ammunition from my saddle pockets and took to my heels over the frozen ground. I crossed the field and struck the woods before they came up to my horse.

I passed under a large cedar tree, its limbs nearly reached the ground, and I was soon climbing it as fast as I could step from one limb to another.

I had hardly reached a safe place when I saw six men start on my track, slow at first, then at a lively gait and I wondered where I would be by that time the next morning. The other two men soon followed, leading the horses. My horse was among them, and I was glad to see him step so lively when I thought the faithful creature dead.

The six men passed under the cedar tree and one of them looked up, but how thankful I was they did not see me.

I often think that the most burdened sinner thanks God some time in his life for some good thing that comes his way; when it seems it could come from no other source. I thanked him, though on an errand against, and for the destruction of my fellow man. Just as the six men passed under the cedar tree, which I was in, a piece of bark slipped from the tree and would have fallen among them if I had not caught it with my knee and held it against the body of the tree.

They were soon out of sight, but I stayed in the tree, and this was not the last one I ever climbed.

After feeling sure they were out of that immediate vicinity I came down half frozen. Though the sun was shining warm, there was a cold wind blowing. I started in a different direction to the one they had taken, for to follow them, I was not content, but to reach our lines, I was full bent.

I travelled through the woods for a few miles and came to some high cliffs. After listening for some time I went below the cliffs and found a very dry shelter where the sun was shining warm. I sat down to listen and think what to do next, but was soon sound asleep, in which condition I saw the finest tables set I ever saw, all loaded down with every edible a heart could wish.

I saw beautiful young ladies and young men dancing, and I was in a warm room and clothed with an officer's uniform. Good things were offered me from the tables by fair hands, and though I was hungry, I refused every offer.

Oh, what a picnic I had in those dreams for which I could never account, without it was because I was hungry, cold, and in danger from which cause I was delirious. It did not seem like a dream, but a vision. I commenced to realize my awful condition. Comrades, both Federal and Confederate can realize the feelings of a hungry man. I sat and thought, then I resolved to have something to eat, if I had to surrender to get it.

I started towards the north guided, until the stars came out, by the setting sun. Night came on and it seemed my hunger increased with every step. I resolved to hunt for some habitation and in doing so, I came to the same spot at least three times.

I again changed my tactics and travelled towards the north, which was easy to do, guided by the milky-way and the north star.

In the latter part of the night I came to a fence, and gazing in every direction, I saw a small light. I started towards it. Sometimes I would lose it, then it would appear again. I passed through briars and bushes until I finally saw a house. When I reached it I found the light issued from the planked window of a negro cabin in the yard of a big farm house.

I listened at the window and the only sound was the snoring of some sleeper. I peeped through the cracks of the boards and saw an old iron grease lamp sticking in the fire jam. I sniffed the fumes from the cabin and knew from the smell that it was occupied by negroes. Then I called in a low tone, "O, uncle, uncle." An answer came: "who dat out dar?"

I told him I was a soldier, cold and hungry, and to get up and let me in. He soon helped me over the high board fence and ushered me into the cabin.

"Massa, I ain't got a speck of fire, sept what's in dis lamp." he said. Then turning to the only bed in the cabin, he called, "Old woman, git up out dat bed and let dis soldier get in der and warm hisself." The old woman got out and I got in, and such a warm place I never felt.

After pressing the old man and his good wife not to let my presence be known to the white folks, who were confederates, and getting their promises to be faithful to their midnight guest, I was soon sound asleep.

How I did hate to get out until the old man said, "Massa's got some bloodhounds here, and dey mout get arter you if dey know you is a Yankee. Massa don like Yankees a bit. His son is a big ossifer in de Federt army, and he's up dar at de house now. Him and some mor ossifers come las night, and dey been habbin a big time wid de white gals shore, and dey won't be outen bed fore de sun is up."

It was just breaking day, and after the old man promised to bring my breakfast to the woods by the time the sun was up, I left, went to the woods and hid myself.

The old colored woman had already left the cabin to get breakfast for the white folks. How I longed to see the sun rise, but I was more anxious to see the old man coming with my breakfast.

The sun finally rose bright and clear and I saw the old colored man sauntering along towards the woods, looking back occasionally, but he had neither basket or bundle. I felt like I could jump on him and eat him up. He came closer and

closer until I finally could see what looked to me like sweat running down through his hair and on his face.

He finally reached me and I said, "Uncle, couldn't you find me something to eat, I am starving."

He pulled off his hat, and it was filled with fried bacon which was shaped with the crown of his head, but I didn't stop to see if there was any negro wool in it. If it had been brought to me on a china platter it would not have tasted better. What I had taken to be sweat running down his cheeks was only grease.

He then commenced to pull biscuits from his bosom. They were buttered, and you never saw a negro so completely buttered, nor a boy more happy than I. He said: "Massa, dis was de bes' I could do; de white folks watch a nigger mighty close these days. De old woman, she put dem in on one side of de stove and I took dem out on de udder; an she say, seems like I never will get nuff bisket for de white folks,' an I say, 'no, an dey don't need em like dat solgar do need em."

He brought me enough to do me two days, and I went away thanking God for creating the negro.

A great deal of prejudice has been shown against the negro, and they have been treated very badly by some people who boast of their civilization and christianity. I will say from experience, that there was never a race of people that would do more for a man in trouble or distress, than the negro race. Both the federal and confederate soldier has found him a true and valuable friend in their time of sore distress. He was always kind, and never betrayed them, they would hide them by day and guide them by night and feed them if they had to steal the food.

God has blessed and will ever bless the negro race for their kindness to the needy, and will curse those who abuse them. I can never forget what they have done for me and for which I shall ever respect them. They harbored, fed and guided me when I was afraid to see the face of my white brother.

I had left the old negro but a few minutes when I met a small colored boy on horseback. He had been to the post office after his master's mail. I told him I was going for a doctor to see some sick folks and his master told me to meet him and take his horse. He gave up his horse without any protest. In those days, colored people never questioned the white man's words, and with very few exceptions, do most anything a white man would command them to do.

He had no saddle, but he had a long jeans overcoat that looked like it belonged to his daddy. I borrowed that also, and within a few hours I was hid among the cliffs, but not until I had thoroughly surveyed the surrounding country from

high points to see the way of the main roads, avoiding every person I met.

At a barn near a farmhouse I found a saddle, and by daylight the next morning I was far on my road, and I thought safe. so I travelled by daylight, but was met just before I reached the Cumberland River, by the Confederate Col. Hambleton, who did not exactly like my looks, and claimed I had not satisfactorily answered some questions he had propounded, but I always thought he just wanted my horse.

He got him, but that night I got away from him, he did not seem to think it necessary to guard me very close, as both he and his men were soon sleeping soundly, except his pickets and the guards over the horses.

I slipped away about midnight, and by daylight the next morning, I was across the Cumberland River and was riding a pretty fair horse which I had found hitched on the road at a farm house.

I guess the fellow was sparking his girl, or the horse was hitched there on purpose for me. It was a Rebel Cavalry horse, and I suppose belonged to one of Col. Hambleton's men who had stopped that evening on the road.

That night, while I was in the custody of Col. Hambleton, one of his men asked me to swap boots with him, which I was afraid not to do. He pulled at my boots until he nearly bursted them and could not get them on. He threw them back at me and asked me what kind of socks I had. when I told him they were dirty and had a hole in them, he did not want them.

Not knowing what they would do with me, I lay down by the fire, and while pretending to scratch my feet, I pulled out the tissue paper dispatch I had been ordered to deliver to General Hobson, chewed it up and spit the pieces in the fire. It was a bitter pill, but I had rather have swallowed it than for them to have gotten it.

I knew the purpose of the message, and it's loss was no great disadvantage to Gen. Hobson, who from the few words I told him, could read the whole story just as well as if he had the dispatch at hand.

The second day after I had made my escape from Col. Hambleton, I arrived at Gen. Hobson's Headquarters and made my report to him. I was still wearing the long tail jeans coat.

CHAPTER 4

Many ex-soldiers now living throughout our great country will ever remember the march from Nashville to Shiloh Church where a great battle was raging between two great armies composed of our own countrymen. It was brother against brother, father against son, Kentuckians against Kentuckians. But I will here give the names of Green County (Kentucky) sons who took part in that deadly struggle, viz:

FEDERAL-General, then Colonel E.H.Hobson, Capt. E.F.Tucker, Capt. S.T.Moore, Capt. D.T.Towles and Comrades H.T.Tucker, R.Henderson, Alvy Calhoun, Shadric Forbis, Wilse Hopkins, H.W.Wilson, Rile and Frank Perkins, Dr. C.D.Moore, Elam Milby, Joe Hall, J.M.Curry, R.G.Gupton, James Brown, Jesse Pervis, J.E.Calhoun, John Walker, James Hagen, John Thomas, James Hamilton, Sam Bennett, John Lowe, R.Hudgen, Vol. Arnett, Robert Holland, Jesse Skaggs, George Ray and Dr. Graham.

CONFEDERATES-Lieut. John Barnett, W.L.Mudd, A.J.Hall, D.L.Smith, Alex Thompson, Charles T.Cox, W.H.Haselwood, H.H.Smith, I. Bell, J.B.Osburn, John H.Risen, drummer boy.

I can say, as one of Buell's army, who were on that memorable march, that Sunday was a sad day to many comrades who had families at home hoping and praying for their safe return.

While we rejoice to know that many of them returned to make good and useful citizens, as they were brave and efficient soldiers, yet, it is sad to know that we left many brave comrades in shallow graves on the field of Shiloh.

When we started, in the early part of the week under light marching orders, there was great speculation among the soldiers and line officers as to our destination.

No-one except the commanding Generals knew where we were going, and while we had some very accurate guessers, yet, many were far from the mark.

On Sunday morning when we broke camp twenty-eight miles from Shiloh, we heard the sounds resembling far off thunder. Some said it was cannons. We, however, soon had no reason to wonder whether it was thunder of cannons, as we were put under forced marching orders.

As we hurried along, and the distance between us and Shiloh grew shorter, the sound of the cannon grew louder and louder. We knew we were marching at quick step into a terrible battle and few words were spoken.

We were thinking of home and friends in far off Kentucky. Every sound of the cannon was a stroke on the heart of the silent marchers. Being an orderly to General Hallocks, I had

an opportunity to hear a great deal of the condition of General Grant's army, which was greatly demoralized in the battle in progress, and to study the disposition of men of all temperaments. Most of them were sad, while some were humorous.

Louder and louder grew the sounds of the deadly conflict which we knew would end the life of many in our ranks, and cause many more to suffer incurable wounds for months and perhaps life.

The question, naturally, was, "will it be me? or will I be buried in a shallow grave, in a strange land, with only my gray blanket for a shroud and coffin. Or will I ever see the rising and setting of another sun?"

Added to the incessant sounds of the cannon came stories that General Grant's army had been cut to pieces, many captured and killed, and the others scattered in every direction. That the confederates were at least one hundred thousand strong, which was very discouraging to an army of only thirty-two thousand men.

Citizens who lined the thoroughfares seemed to appreciate the well formed blue lines as they hurried along. How was it with you comrade? Away down deep in your heart there was sadness. You thought of the wife that bade you the last tearful goodbye; you thought of the little one who prattled around your knee; of the pleasures you had with your childhood associates and wondered if they had gone from you forever.

It meant to you a lonely widow with orphan children to battle with an unfriendly world. You had no picnic thoughts, you were marching into the jaws of death. One after another fell by the wayside, some sick and some broke down from the forced marching, while others were prostrated by shattered nerves. The culls were falling out, but how few there were, under such trying circumstances.

The Thirteenth Kentucky Infantry, General E.H. Hobson's regiment, was in the front when we landed at Savannah, eight miles above Shiloh, late Sunday evening. Their Col. J.B. Carlisle was away on a leave of absence while their Major Wm. Hobson was only a little over sixteen years old. While he was known to be a brave and fearless officer, the regiment was afraid to trust one so young to lead them in such an important combat.

While the line officers were discussing the matter seriously among themselves, an ambulance drove up, and who should emerge but Col. E.H. Hobson.

Crippled as he was, he wore a determined countenance, and when he was asked who would lead the regiment into battle, his answer came prompt and positive. "I will lead my

regiment."

Some protested that he was not able but he only answered, "get my horse; I will lead my regiment, leg or no leg. If my leg was amputated tonight, I would lead my regiment into battle." And he did lead it through the terrible battle fought on Monday in which all Comrades whose names given above, and more, participated.

We found, when we reached Savannah, that what had been said of the terrible demoralized condition of General Grant's army was true to a great degree. there were many we met of his wounded and dying men who gave a terrible description of the day's battle. They reported that the rebels were thicker than flies, and that we could get all the fighting we wanted without hunting for it.

General Grant had his headquarters at Savannah and orderlies were hurrying in every direction. This writer was sent to Pittsburgh Landing early in the evening with a dispatch to General McClernand. The scene there beggared description.

Stragglers from the 53rd, 57th, 48th, 70th, 72nd, and 77th Ohio were squatting or trudging along the narrow, muddy landing. Some were half naked and begging food, and most of them were without guns or any sign of arms. Some bareheaded, some crying, some cursing, while others were in groups discussing their awful condition.

Many officers of small rank were among them. they were greatly rejoiced when I told them that Buell would land eighty-thousand men on the field by the next morning.

I was ordered to tell everyone that asked me, that Buell had eighty-thousand men, though I knew well, he did not have half this number. I also knew that not half of them would reach the battlefield before noon the next day.

General Hobson's regiment was among the first to embark by boat for the battlefield, which they reached about midnight, and encamped, or rather, squatted for the night in the incessant rain, among the dead, dying and wounded from the terrible carnage of Sunday's battle.

What suspense it must have been to many who were not accustomed to such scenes. To listen to the prayers, groans and heart rending appeals all night long, of those who were suffering untold agonies, knowing that it was only what many of their ranks would suffer before the setting of another sun.

Tired, hungry and miserable, some of them fell asleep from exhaustion, to dream of pleasures of home, or the terrible horrors of the struggles so near.

General Hobson had thrown a guard line around his regiment to keep out the stragglers from the defeated army of Grant, with their blood curdling stories which would have a tendency to discourage instead of encourage his men for the conflict that was now sure to come with the dawn.

At the break of day the sound of the long roll, called every man into the line of battle, which moved early, but continuously.

They swept on to the Confederate line of battle which received them with shot, grape and canister. They struck a stubborn line of infantry and artillery, which was afterwards known as the "Hornet's Nest". Major Hobson's horse was killed when General E.H. Hobson's horse was wounded by a bursting shell.

In such places as this, officers of high rank never come. It is even no place for surgeons and hospital attendants.

Who, then, places a canteen of cool water to the lips of the dying comrade, and bathes his aching brow where shells are bursting and bullets are flying thick and fast? Who binds the gushing wound to prevent the tide from ebbing out? Who takes the last dying words of a comrade that it may be borne to his wife, mother or friends amid the carnage of battle, where it is unsafe for a surgeon, minister or attendant to come?

It was you, my comrade, or line officer, not those of high rank or in favored positions. Not those to whom monuments have been built, and to whom large pensions have been granted. Not those who have been retired on large salaries, but you who have borne the burden in the heat of battle, to you whom all honor and praise should be ascribed.

Our line soon forced the Confederates from their position and they commenced giving way on all parts of the field. In the evening, Hobson's regiment charged and captured a battery.

By gallantry on the field of Shiloh of the 13th, it's Col. E.H. Hobson was promoted to Brigadier General while his young nephew, Major Wm. Hobson, was promoted to Col. of the regiment, Lieut. Col. J.B. Carlisle having resigned on account of sickness.

Capt. E.F. Tucker, Capt. S.T. Moore, H.T. Tucker, Richard Henderson and others of the regiment were promoted to higher ranks for meritorious conduct.

We will now leave the 13th Kentucky, which contained a majority of Green County's best, and most honorable sons who served in the army of the Union. Who suffered many hardships and participated in many hard fought battles. They made an everlasting history for themselves which has been published in the history of Kentucky's regiments for the Union, and

which is familiar to many readers.

We will now follow the career of our most popular county-man, Gen. E.H.Hobson, who was unanimously re-elected Commander of the National Mexican veterans at the great meeting held in Indianapolis. He is the right man in the right place, and Green County is justly proud of her distinguished Kentuckian.