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Mrs. Ras Jones,  
1332 Chestnut Street,  
Bowling Green, Ky. 42101.  
March 24, 1972.

TO:

Re: CIVIL WAR EXPERIENCE - HENRY CLAY STOVALL:  
b. 5-22-1845 Logan County, Ky.  
d. 1-31-1936 " "  
married 9-15-1870 "  
BRUCILLA BOONE ORNDORFF, b. 4-10-1849 Logan Co., Ky.  
d. 6-28-1893 " " "  
Both buried in the Orndorff Family Cemetery  
at "Schley" several miles west of Adairville, Ky.

Several years before he passed away, I took down in shorthand some things Grandpa Stovall told me about his Civil War experience. Apparently, I did not have my notebook and pencil ready when he began talking. Then, the notebook was just laid aside and it was not until August, 1942, that I transcribed the notes.

Here is the story, exactly as related to me by Grandpa Stovall, himself:--

"..... had taken charge of the southern states and robbed the treasury, and had charge of New Orleans, and packed off jewelry and thousands of dollars worth of other things.

Old General Butler was commander in New Orleans, and it was said that he stole a million dollars worth of jewelry, etc. in New Orleans, and shipped it all up to his home.

In Nashville at "The Birth of The Nation", John *My son*, was sitting beside me and asked how I liked it, and I said it was just too natural, it took me back to my soldier days.

I had to go into the war in the first place to keep from being arrested. The country was filled up with guerillas and they would stay mostly in Tennessee and would go over to Alleneville and Elkton, robbing and stealing, and they stayed in the big woods between our house and the bridge. The Yankees found out they were staying down there and would come up to our house for breakfast and feed for the horses, and it got out that I belonged to them. An old darkey, Old Uncle Mac Mason (their family lived down at the

store) - some came to the house -- from Todd County, Cartwrights -- and Uncle Mac heard them talking, and they said they were going to have me arrested for they thought I belonged to the guerillas.

I was about eighteen years old (born 1845 and the war started in 1861), born in an old brick house down south of Dot. I left in the fall of the year and went to West Tennessee. At that time this country was filled full of Yankees. Boys had to go out at night. We enlisted and went through West Tennessee in different squads. We had to do most of our business at night on account of the Yankees.

The first company that went out, about forty of us, left here, went out across the Cumberland River, swam our horses or rowed canoes, and went into West Tennessee. We went from here whenever 15 or 20 would organize and join the army. They would go South and keep on until we had three or four hundred from different parts of Kentucky. Capt. Bates from <sup>? Gallatin</sup> Glasgow had about 40 men with him and they kept going, recruits coming out until we had some three or four hundred men.

In the meantime we had crossed the Cumberland River and we went over to Ft. Donelson and had a fight with the Yankees and I was wounded, shot through the shoulder. That was along about the first of September - the 11th, and the day I was wounded Tommy Jones was shot through the mouth and it came out back of his ear. The Yankees got all the others wounded but me. This man Jones got well and came home, and was at two or three meetings in Springfield. (Believe he was referring to U.D.C. annual picnics. DSJ) Part of his tongue was shot off and he couldn't talk plain.

I was shot with a pistol. The ball hit my arm about middle from elbow to shoulder and came out in my back. They got a buggy, carried me across the river - nearly killed me - and finally got to Paris. The Command going helped me - I was awfully sick and in terrible shape. Went in there and sat by the fire - it was dusk - and after awhile when we got a light one of these girls recognized me and came to speak to me. The big house had four rooms below and four above, and after a while one of the girls told me to come back to another room with a fire, and she helped me back there, and there was an old grandmother there - Grandmother White, and she told Dr. G\_\_\_\_\_ that when he went to dress my wound she wanted to see it. They pulled up a trundle bed before the fire, and although they brought supper I couldn't eat much. This Grandmother White wanted to put a poultice on it. (She) made a big bran poultice and put to my back and shoulder. These wounds had stopped up and I was suffering death with my shoulder, and when she put that on, it opened these places and the bruised blood and corruption began to come out and it eased me so much. Next morning it had drawn out lots of corruption and I was lots better.

Dr. G\_\_\_\_\_ came after breakfast, and when he said something about moving me -- Mr. White had left me there for them to take care of and they let him go on with his command, so he left Doc Doyle to take care of my horse and wait on me. He (Doc Doyle) stayed there a week or two and began running to town to see some girls. Two girls lived there and a young lady from Memphis, and the man across the road had two daughters and a cousin from Memphis, and Doyle got to paying more attention to the girls than to me. Mr. White had a son, Henry White, about 14, and said since

Doyle wasn't any good, to send him to camp and let Henry wait on me, so I sent him.

One of our Lieutenants, Flowers, was wounded accidentally, I think, when we started on that raid. He was staying out about four miles from Paris at Squire Travis', and I had improved so I could ride about, so I rode out one day to see Flowers. When I came back, I saw a buggy standing out down there in front of Mr. White's and recognized that mule. My father and mother had come down there to see me. They heard I was shot right through the body and didn't think I would live. They hitched that mule to the buggy, crossed the Cumberland River at Dover, and the Tennessee River at White Oak Island, left the buggy on that side and hired a buggy on this side, and came on to Paris looking for me, not knowing where I was. They inquired of 'Dick, Tom and Harry' without finding a thing in the world about me. The country was filled up with Confederate soldiers, Forest's men were there. They were sitting there in the buggy in Paris and an old gentleman came down the street and they asked him about a Confederate soldier who was wounded. He said, "Yes, right down here at my brother's. Come on down here and I will show you where he is."

I had gone to see Flowers, and when I came back and saw that mule I had such feelings. I did not know what in the world had happened, and rushed to see what was wrong. They had just come to see me! I was afraid they had been run off from home. They stayed there with me for two or three days.

Brother William (Stovall), the oldest, lived in Obion County. They (Joel and Rebecca (Rickman) Stovall, my parents) told they were going to West Tennessee to see their son, but didn't say anything about two sons.

I had a big roan horse, and since they were going on down to see Brother William, they hitched my horse to the buggy, left the mule, went on and stayed two or three days with him, came on back to see me two or three days, and in the meantime our Command passed. The boys wanted my father to take a letter, but I told him not to, it would get him in trouble. They stayed with me a while longer, came on back, changed buggies, etc., and came on home. There was a negro woman, Elizabeth, a cook who had been there for a long time, and they didn't want the negroes to know they had been to see me, but when they got back the darkies asked about 'Marse Henry'!!

Well, I started from West Tennessee when I left the Whites the first of December (1863 ?) and came to Hopkinsville and made a raid through Kentucky. We had a fight with McCook's Command. We started with 3,000 soldiers; General Lyon and half of them had gone to Princeton. You see, we were sent to cut off the railroad to prevent reinforcements going to Nashville. General Hood was to attack Nashville.

We struck a railroad at (?) <sup>Nabo</sup> Nolin, a little creek, a bridge there, and a stockade to guard the same. We captured the stockade, burned the bridge, and when the train came we captured and burned it. There were soldiers on this train and it was said to be the pay-train going to Sherman's Army in Nashville and paroled soldiers. .... Col. Malone of our regiment, Lt. Col. Smith, Lt. Dick Lyle and Major Baker.

There was a corpse on that train and Capt. Page told me to have that corpse moved off and have the men bring enough rails to pack around the engine and make it burn. We carried the corpse off about 30 or 40 yards and laid it down, and there were Malone,

Lyle and Smith down there in the corner of a rail fence. They had knocked a hole in a safe they had got off the train, and there were green backs and money! There was a car filled with provisions, and when we got the train fired good, I got me a whole lot of provisions and sat on the track eating, and Dick Lyle came along and asked were we disarmed prisoners! He had his hands full of money and wanted me to get him a cartridge box with tin inside to hold cartridges, so he pulled out the tin and filled up the box with new green backs that had never even been folded. He asked me how much I wanted and he gave me \$250.00 in bills which I crammed down in my pocket.

So after we got through burning the train and the camp, Bill Bowling and Ceph Holman had a fight the next morning -- they were all drunk.

I was riding a roan horse I rode from home. It got lame. Dick Samuels got sick (he was from Cross Plains) and we had to leave him, so I left him my horse and took his and gave him \$100.00.

We then went on south across the Cumberland River at Burksville, on through Tennessee, into Alabama, where we were captured on this side of the Tennessee River. All the Command got over except me and about 20 men, and we were captured and sent to Huntsville and put in prison, then sent to Nashville. That was in February. The backbone of the Confederacy was broke (sic) then.

We were finally paroled and given transportation to Russellville. Frank Dalton and I came on together.

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NOTE: There are a few discrepancies in dates in this account dictated to me by Grandpa Stovall himself and in the Affidavit given by my father in 1931 when applying for a Confederate Pension for Grandpa. After the passage of nearly 70 years, Grandpa's memory was remarkably accurate. Too, the stenographer (DSJ) could have let her notes get "cold" or miscalculated the years.

Dates for the Civil War given in my Dictionary: 1861-1865.

Drucilla Stovall Jones