

## INTRODUCTION

I visited father a short time before his death, which occurred August 9, 1905, and during that visit we spent many hours talking about the Civil War of 1861-65.

He recounted incidents leading up to that bloody conflict and then related in detail, many of his experiences in preparation for services as a soldier on the Confederate side, and also his experiences in active war service for the period of practically four years, ending with the final surrender in May 1865. He possessed a remarkable memory and told, with great accuracy, the interesting story of that stirring period.

I had previously heard him tell a great deal about the facts as they occurred, and on this occasion, I made extensive notes, all of which enables me to give an accurate historical account of his connection with the Civil War, as he related it.

From frequent conversations held with mother during the latter part of her life, from my own, and from my brother's recollections, I have prepared and here add an account of mother's experiences during that same period.

I trust this bit of history will be of interest to their descendants and friends, of this, and succeeding generations.

December 25, 1921.

Signed  
W. T. Lafferty.

## JOHN LAFFERTY'S NARRATIVE

"The presidential campaign in 1860 created a great deal of bitter feeling and it was evident that serious trouble of some kind was near. In the spring of 1861, it was believed that war was approaching. Everywhere excitement was high, and in our section of the country, along the dividing line between the North and the South, where the people were

about evenly divided over the issues that confronted them, a great deal of intense feeling existed, which in many instances led to serious personal encounters. Conditions were such that every man was expected to definitely take one of three positions, i.e., to remain neutral or to join in sympathy with the South or with the North. Those who chose the two latter positions immediately began their preparations for war service."

"Neighbor was arrayed against neighbor, brother against brother and father against son."

"This presented a situation altogether different from that north or south of us, where the people of each section were united solidly against the other."

In April, Fort Sumpter was fired upon and fell into the hands of the Southern forces, which was the signal for definite action. The sympathizers of each side began holding their separate meetings in little neighborhood groups to discuss the situation and to watch the trend of affairs. The meetings continued until it was seen that war could not be averted.

The summer season being well on, we began our preparations for making up a company to join the Confederate Army. Our first call was for a meeting on the depot grounds in Cynthiana. There being no armed forces in our county such meetings could be held, at that time, without interruptions. Companies were being formed in different places for service on each side.

At our first meeting, John Shawhan, who lived in our immediate neighborhood, and who had been a soldier in the Mexican War, acted as our leader, but we affected no regular organization. We held weekly meetings at that place and were drilled as a company. After a short time we moved our meeting place to what was known as Beech Bottom, now Poindexter Station, which was a more convenient place.

There we increased our activities and kept our camp until September 15, 1861, when we started South to be mustered into regular service. At that time, Federal soldiers had

come into the State and daylight meetings were not advisable. We planned a night meeting, to be held immediately, at the residence of Ben Desha, on the Falmouth road, about two miles north of Cynthiana. After collecting there to the number of about one hundred and twenty-five, all mounted on horseback, we proceeded that night to Dud VanHook's, fourteen miles northeast of Cynthiana, and thence to Al Bryan's place in Bath County, and from there we continued our journey to Esquire Boy's farm on Slate Creek in the same county where we stopped during the day. The second night we went to McCormick's place, now Frenchburg, at the foot of the mountains, and went into camp.

While there we learned that Federal soldiers were in that neighborhood, and for the protecting of our camp we were given our first experience in standing picket. Being raw recruits, the prospect of having the enemy appear at any time, and having pickets at their posts with guns loaded to kill, made the situation rather exciting; but no trouble came to us while there. The next night we left that place and went out by Hazel Green to a farm owned by a widow by the name of Gardner near Salyersville. After remaining there for a short time we proceeded to Prestonburg and went into regular camp on a farm called Garfield's Bottom. We had received some recruits on our journey and while there recruits came to us in great numbers. We organized our company and several other companies were organized and all mustered into service October 1, 1861.

Our company was made up chiefly of Harrison County men as follows:

John Shahan	Captain
William H. (Spike) VanHook	First Lieut.
James N. Frazer	Second "
Charles Fowler	Third "
J. Wash Craigmyle	Orderly Sergt.
Jo Will Shawhan	Second "
John A. Lafferty	Third "
William G. Craigmyle	Fourth "
John S. Lail	Fifth "

William Hall	First Corp.
James D. Lafferty	Second "
Thomas H. Lail	Third "

PRIVATE SOLDIERS

Hiram (Mouse) Ashbrook	James Ruddle
Ben F. Agee	Frances Robertson
John Arthur	Joseph M. Smith
Black	John Smith
David Blankenship	James W. Smizer
Garland Brooks	J. Snell Shawhan
Wm. A. Brown	Hiram W. Collier
Wm. (Button) Burgess	Joshua Courtney
Matthew Busby	James Coleman
Thomas Butler	James H. Davis
Manville Buzzard	John Dawson
Presley Buzzard	Thomas Daniel
Frances M. Carr	Samuel Devers
James Carroll	Wm. Duncan
Fent J. Cleveland	Joseph Duncan
Richard Coleman	Davis Dishman
Joseph Coons	Tapley Jack Ecklar
Wm. Glone	Benjamin Ewing
Robert Groves	Green Evans
Wm. T. Garnett	Perry Fightmaster
John Gaunce	Riley Forsythe
James Godman	John Fogle
Sam Godman	George Fogle
Jo E. Hayes	Thomas J. Kiskaden
George H. Hayes	Nathan Livengood
James Humble	Wm. Lail
Michael Hall	Alex (Dock) McKenney
Archie Hardin	Calvin McKinley
Thomas Hall	Wm. McKinley
James Haynes	Eugene McCarthy
Joseph Henry	Cornelius Murphy
J. K. Hutchinson	George Myers
Rev. James Jenkins	Wm. Miller
Asbury Jenins	John Macousin
Paul King, Sr.	Mathew Messick
Paul King Jr.	James T. Nichols
Joseph Keller	John A. Nichols
James Keller	Patrick Noonan
Peregrine Phillips	Jesse Oldfield
Frank Parks	John Peak
John Patton	James Price
Butler Ramey	Oscar Price
Uriah Ravenscraft	Thomas Sheehan

John E. Snell  
James E. Turner  
George Tandy  
Wm. H. VanHook, Jr.  
Rowland F. Waters

Lycugus Weaver  
Garrett Whitson  
Thomas Whitson  
Wm. Welch  
Polk Ewing

After organizing our company, we drilled hard every day for about one month while in that camp and did some scouting service through the country. We then moved our camp to Pikeville where other companies were organized. Most of the companies composing our body were infantry; but ours, being mounted to do either cavalry or infantry service, was called Mounted infantry.

After we had been in Pikeville a week or so, we received information through our scouts that a strong force of Federal soldiers was coming up Big Sandy River in the direction of our camp. This report created much excitement and for the first time we began to realize what war meant. We promptly began preparations to meet the enemy face to face and try our skill at killing.

As the country around about us was mountainous, we were in position to go out and select a place of vantage on the mountain side where we could take them by surprise and do serious damage to them, as they came near our camp. A detail of one hundred and sixteen men was selected from among those assembled at our camp to go out and engage the enemy from the mountain side. Brother James D and I were of the number selected. Nearly all of our men in the detail were armed with double-barrelled shotguns, and we had prepared cartridges, each containing eleven buckshot, so that such a charge would be very effective at short range. We went several miles from camp to a point on the Big Sandy River called the Narrows, or beyyet known as Ivy Mountain, or Ivy Creek. We left our horses at the top of the mountain in care of a squad of horseholders and went down to a place where we established ourselves behind the rocks, about one hundred feet above the narrow mountain road which had been dug or blasted out of the side

of the mountain. The road was about one hundred feet above the river, was very narrow and extended along in that condition for about two miles. We were completely hidden from the view of those who might pass along on the road.

After a short time, the enemy under the command of General Nelson and numbering about four thousand, came along on that road and filled it full, as far as I could see, with men, wagons and horses. The men, wearing their new blue uniforms presented a grand appearance, marching gaily along, wholly ignorant of our presence. After the head of the column had passed us, Lieutenant Wm. H. (Spike) VanHook, who was commanding us, gave the order to fire, and instantly all of our men fired their double-barrelled shotguns from behind the rocks into the ranks of the enemy and continued firing as fast as they could reload their guns. At no time did we shoot at them more than one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet away. We were so securely protected behind the rocks above them that when we stepped back to reload our guns we were out of all danger; and as we stepped forward to fire, we were only partially exposed for a moment.

Completely surprised by our attack, the whole body became panic-stricken and thoroughly demoralized. Passage forward or backwards, for a time was impossible and they were kept within easy range of our guns. With no escape, they, in a disorganized way, opened fire upon us but with slight effect. We fought for one hour and a quarter and our shotguns with buckshot were so effective at that distance that their losses were one hundred and sixty killed and about five hundred wounded. Our losses were seven killed and a few wounded.

During the progress of the battle when the confusion on the road was at its height, I could see, from where I was located, that a great many of their men and horses fell over the precipice into the river below and I could see the water splash as they fell into



it. No doubt most of them fell over from the effects of wounds and exhaustion, but many were crowded over during the wild excitement.

Our ammunition became exhausted and we were ordered to retreat. By that time the enemy had climbed the mountain at a point about two miles from us and was making an effort to prevent our escape. In retreating from our position, we had to run for some distance over the top of the mountain to the place where our horses were in charge of the horseholders. Each man was making the best possible speed to get back to his horse. The wounded, one of whom was myself, together with our helpers lagged behind our more fortunate comrades, who, upon reaching their horses, started posthaste to make good their escape. The horseholders, having heard that several of our number had been killed, ran also with the unclaimed horses in their possession. The horseholders should have held their post until it was certain that all who were able to return had arrived. However, they had not gone very far before they were informed that others were still behind, and they came back to us in time to enable us to reach our camp at Pikeville in safety. We left our dead behind. I hardly think so small a body of men at any time during the war fought greater odds and did greater execution.

The first man I saw killed during the war was Dr.        of Owen County who fell by my side in that battle. I received two wounds, one in my left hand and one in my hip, and though severe they were not dangerous. The bullet in my hip was not removed.

There was much sadness and sorrow in camp upon our return when it became known that seven of our men had been killed. The report also had the effect to fill each man with a determination to fight the enemy to the bitter end.

We did not remain in our Pikeville camp as the country about us was filling up with Federal soldiers. My wounds did not give me a great deal of trouble and about four weeks

thereafter I was able to report for duty. General Nelson's army was approaching us cautiously, after our fight with them, and some of them came close enough to shoot from the hills across the Big Sandy River into our camp. Our numbers, organization, and equipment were so inferior to their that we broke camp and went through Pound's Gap into Virginia. After a short encampment in that State, during which time we perfected our organization, exchanged our shotguns for army rifles and did a great deal of hard drilling, we returned to Kentucky and had a small engagement with General Garfield's forces on Middle Creek near Prestonsburg. There were but few fatalities on either side in that engagement and we then returned to Virginia and went into winter quarters at Lebanon.

While in Lebanon an epidemic of measles broke out and a large number of our men died during that winter. When spring opened we started on a campaign into what was afterward West Virginia and fought a battle at Princeton. The enemy was commanded by General Cox. Our leader was General Humphrey Marshall, who commanded about three thousand men, including our organization, known as 1st. Kentucky Battalion in charge of John S. (Cerro Gordo) Williams. We won a brilliant victory over the enemy, which was composed largely of imported Germans who had come to this country to join the United States Army. They were brave men but not skilled fighters. They had drilled but little and used their guns as they were taught in their native country. They seldom put their guns to their shoulders in firing but shot from their side and did very poor work. Several of us walked over the field after the battle and saw the trees showing bullet marks on the side from which they fought up as high as forty feet. The same trees showed bullet marks on our side low to the ground, but few being so high as ten feet. They lost many, killed, wounded and captures; our loss was one killed and a few wounded.



We were by this time seasoned to the hardship of war. Leaving West Virginia in the summer of 1862, we again entered Kentucky through Pound's Gap. General Kirby Smith had begun an invasion of Kentucky with his Confederate Army and we were ordered to Paris. We were there for only one night, and were immediately ordered to join General John H. Morgan's forces which were trying to prevent the escape of the Federal General, George Morgan, with his army of ten thousand men, retreating from Cumberland Gap on his way to Ohio, by way of Hazel Green, West Liberty and Grayson. Our Battalion, then commanded by Major John Shawhan, joined General John H. Morgan at Hazel Green and we were able to harass the Federal forces by fighting them almost continually until they reached the Ohio River beyond Grayson where they crossed over.

We were next ordered to Lexington. While on the march to Lexington, we passed through Rowan County and about eight miles from Morehead Major John Shawhan was killed by bushwhackers. We had captured several bushwhackers on the march and after paroling them, let them go. It was our opinion that these men got ahead of us and reached the high bluff from which they shot as we passed along. Major Shawhan was killed and one horse was wounded. Many of our men sprang from their horse and commenced to climb the bluff, but they were checked by the part of our command in front of us, which having heard the gunshot, halted, mistook our men for the bushwhackers and opened fire on them. This stopped the pursuit for a few minutes, and by the time our men reached the top of the bluff, the bushwhackers had gone, leaving behind them one gun, a hat and a coat or two. Some of our men from the front and rear of our lines rode through the hills in search of them, but as they were well acquainted with that mountainous section, they easily made their escape. Mat Messick placed the dead body of Major Shawhan upright before him on his horse and carried it eight miles

to Morehead where we were able to get a spring wagon in which to carry it.

General Kirby Smith, with his entire army, was then marching through Kentucky on his way to Cincinnati over roads that led through Harrison County. We continued our march until we reached Paris, then we who were residents of Harrison County were granted permission to go home for one night only and ordered to take the dead body of Major Shawhan to Cynthiana, where it was buried in the Old Cemetery. We were ordered to report next day at Lexington.

We Harrison County men rode rapidly to Cynthiana, delivered the body of Major Shawhan, October 7, and dispersed to our respective homes where we spent a few hours, which was the only visit made to our homes during the whole war. By hard riding, we reported promptly next day in Lexington. When we arrived there we found that the Battle of Perryville was being fought and we were ordered to proceed at once toward the battle field. We went over the Nicholasville turnpike and soon got within hearing distance of the guns. The battle being about over, we were halted and given orders to be ready to march next morning. When morning came we took up the line of march and were taken back into Virginia where we went into a temporary camp at Abingdon.

By that time we had been in service one year, the term of our enlistment, and a short time later, November 6, 1862, we were discharged. Immediately, with very few exceptions, we reenlisted for the term of four years, or during the war.

All the issues between the North and the South had been well defined by then and well known to all, and we felt our cause was a just one, so we willingly pledged our services anew to the Confederate Government to fight to the end of the war.

While at Abingdon many recruits joined us, a number of them being from Harrison County. We left Abingdon and went to a place called Black's Shop on Stone River, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee where our new organizations

were perfected and we were made a part of General John H. Morgan's brigade. We Kentuckians were organized as the 9th Kentucky Cavalry Regiment, which was composed of about eleven hundred men, and W. C. P. Breckenridge of Lexington was made Colonel. James N. Frazer of Cynthiana was made Captain of our Company, which was designated as Company K in that regiment. The membership of the new company was different from the one we first organized, yet a great majority of our men belonged to our original company.

After our organization we started about November 15, on a raid through southern Kentucky. We had our first engagement at Baden Creek Bridge, just below Elizabethtown on the L. & N. Railroad. It was not a hard one, but it was lively experience for our new recruits. A few days later we had another engagement at Muldraugh's Hill trestle works. We won both and our losses were light. Next day we had another engagement, not much above a skirmish, at Mammoth Cave, and the following day, after hard fighting, in which we lost several of our men, we captured Elizabethtown. Next day thereafter we had a small fight at Rolling Fork, followed by a skirmish at Lebanon, and we then went back into Tennessee. On the raid we had with us about three thousand five hundred men. Our losses were light considering the service done.

We again camped not far from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and rested for a short time. While in campe there we had great difficulty in finding blacksmiths to fo our horseshoeing. I tried my hand at that work and did a fairly good job in shoeing my own horse. Having succeeded better than most others, I favored a few particular friends by assisting them in keeping their horses shod.

After a few days our activities became much more extended and our service was severe. It was evident that the Confederate Government had great difficulty in keeping its armies supplied with the proper equipment.

We had abandoned the use of tents and took care of ourselves as best we could, a great deal of the time without shelter. The weather was cold, and as we moved about from place to place, we slept on the ground near a log fire, wrapped in our blankets. We soon got used to it and continued this practice until the close of the war, two and a half years afterwards.

In December we went back into Kentucky, on a short raid, then returned to Tennessee in time to take part in the battles of Hartsville in December, Stone River and Murfreesboro in January 1863. Many small engagements were had and much raiding was done by us of the Cavalry in that section during the latter part of the winter and in the spring. As summer opened, we continued our activities on a wider scale.

About July 1, our commander, General John H. Morgan was ordered to make a raid into Kentucky, reaching as far as Louisville, but when we started General Morgan decided to extend his raid into Indiana and Ohio, although this extended raid was not anticipated by our chief officer, General Bragg. Before we had gone far into Kentucky, General Morgan ordered our regiment, under the command of Colonel W. C. P. Breckenridge, to do some special service that detached us from the main body. We were directed to again join him before he reached the Ohio River, but the main body moved so rapidly that we were not able to overtake them. They had crossed the Ohio River at Brandenburg, Kentucky, about three hours before we arrived at that place, and had gotten so far ahead it was unwise for so small a body as ours to try to overtake them as they were riding rapidly more than twenty miles ahead of us in the enemy's country. After a short consultation we decided to return to Tennessee and our regiment was soon thereafter attached to a brigade commanded by General John S. (Cerro Gordo) Williams.

We then moved up into southwestern Virginia and had several small engagements,

the greatest being at Bull's Gap and at Saltville. At the latter place our enemy was made up chiefly of negroes who from lack of experience and from fright made very poor soldiers and consequently were defeated with heavy losses.

After a short campaign in that locality we were ordered to General Bragg's army near Chattanooga. A short time after our arrival we fought Bragg's army in the battle of Missionary Ridge, which was one of the bloodiest conflicts of the war. We were defeated but the enemy's losses in his several efforts to storm our position on the Ridge cost him enormously in dead and wounded. While in that locality we suffered extremely during the winter and early spring of 1864. Our supply of food and clothing was almost exhausted. Our good ran so low at one time that our daily rations consisted only of a small allowance of meal to each man; and the meat served to us was from the carcasses of cattle, so poor in flesh that it was not unusual to see one fall from exhaustion while being driven. When any of them were killed for meat we were told to go and help ourselves. The meat was so poor that in cooking it over the fire we could hardly see any grease from it. We could get relief by foraging for the country about us was practically stripped of food stuff and provender for live stock. We were almost at the point of starvation. Such conditions caused many of our men to sicken and die; some deserted and went home; but we, of the great majority, made up our minds to hold on to the end of the war if life could be kept in us.

It was generally believed that our miserable condition was due to the lack of effort on the part of General Bragg to supply us. Feeling against him became intense. He was removed as commanding officer and we then received better food; but it was issued to us very sparingly. A ration for a day consisted at that time of one piece of hard-tack and a piece of meat about the size of

my hand. We would make two meals out of that, and by chewing it thoroughly and drinking a great quantity of water with it, we got along very well. After the change in rations came we did lift service for a month or so and I gained several pounds in weight.

In the early summer of 1864 we became engaged in the long drawn out struggle against General Sherman in his march to the sea. Our army was poorly equipped and the enemy was well equipped. They outnumbered us by many thousands and had reinforcements in easy reach. With these facts well known to us all and with the belief that the success of Sherman's campaign would virtually mean the loss of our cause, we nevertheless prepared to meet the enemy with unabated courage.

Early in May our scouts reported the approach of the great army marching out from Chattanooga and everything was put in readiness to repel them. Our regiment, the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, was dismounted and placed on a bluff to prevent the Federal forces passing through Dug Gap near Tunnell Hill, Georgia. This gap in the mountain range was on the direct line of the enemy's march, the possession of which was necessary to be under his control. We therefore received the first attack of the enemy on his March to the Sea. We fought several hours and kept the enemy back until nightfall when our ammunition became exhausted. To save our ammunition, toward the end of our struggle at the Gap we did effective work by rolling great boulders down the side of the bluff into the ranks of the enemy. We were relieved from our position at night and removed to another part of the battle line. Our Colonel, W. C. P. Breckinridge, has contributed a reliable article on the part of our regiment performed in that particular engagement which was published in Volume 4, page 277, in the Century Magazine publication of the Civil War, entitled, "Battle and Leaders of the Civil War."

That campaign was continuous and we were fighting somewhere along the lines every day until Savannah was reached in December. The



chief engagements which our regiment took part in during that time were: Tunnell Hill, Dalton Resaca, Peach Tree Creek, Red Clay, Snow Hill, McMinville, Atlanta and many others of less severity. In fact there was very little time when we were not in action, doing either cavalry or infantry service.

Long before we reached Savannah we were convinced that the end was near. Notwithstanding these discouraging thoughts in our minds and our suffering for want of food and other necessities, our army kept up the fight with great courage. At one time, before reaching Savannah, the only food we had for several days was roasting ears, and after reaching the sea we lived for a time on oysters only. After a few days stand near Savannah, we retreated up into North Carolina. While there we had engagements at Bentonville, Noonday Church and other places of less importance. But we were in no condition to do effective fighting as our ranks were depleted, our equipment almost exhausted, and our food and clothing were such as we could find in the impoverished country. Soon after we reached North Carolina we learned that General Lee had surrendered and all hope was gone. At that time, President Davis and his Cabinet were moving South and soon reached us. A detail, composed of the remnants of several regiments, one of which was our own, was ordered to escort them further south in their effort to escape recapture. Our journey commenced near Raleigh, North Carolina, and continued through the country to Washington, Georgia. During that time we were being pursued by the enemy and had several small fights in which several of our men were killed, wounded or captured.

That was a mournful procession. Our cause was lost. Our President and his Cabinet were seeking escape from capture and were depending for safety upon an escort made up of as jaded a lot of soldiers as ever undertook to do important service. Gloomy as the situation was, things would occur now and then, as we marched along which had a tendency to cheer up the downcast spirits.

The Attorney General of the Confederate Cabinet, J. P. Benjamin, was not by any means destitute of spirit. He would occasionally get into an apparently cheerful mood and tell a good story, laugh heartily and cheer all those around him. He was an interesting character, short, fat, and was a spectacle riding along on a large horse, fully seventeen hands high, his feet barely reaching below his saddle skirts. He wore a long Prince Albert dress coat which hung down on each side of the horse, and on his head he wore a tall silk hat.

On the march, the Cabinet Officers kept intact, all official belongings, including four wagons, loaded with the funds of the Treasury Department which was made up of one hundred and twenty five thousand dollars in gold and silver money, and gold and silver bullion, representing all told about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides great quantities of Confederate bills. When we reached Washington, Georgia it was seen we would not be able to carry this money out of the country as the enemy was close upon us. Numbering at that time, three thousand all told, we were lined up and the gold and silver money and the Confederate bills were divided among us. Each got thirty two dollars in gold and silver and a great roll of Confederate bills.

At that place the President and his Cabinet left us and started farther south with a small detail of about twenty men.

We turned about with some fight still left in us and engaged in a spirited little engagement at Louisville, Georgia, in which our losses were small. We then marched back into Washington, Georgia, and surrendered to General James H. Wilson, May 1865.

As hereinafter stated, our regiment was organized after the first year's service with Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge commanding, was made up of eleven hundred men, and when we surrendered we had a few less than one hundred to represent the whole regiment. A great many had been killed or died of diseases, quite a number had been captured and were

in Federal Prisons; some were sick or wounded and were in hospitals or private residences, and a few had deserted.

With our thirty-two dollars in one pocket, and the worthless Confederate bills in another, we started for our respective homes immediately after the surrender. By the terms of our surrender we were allowed to retain our horses, saddles, bridles and side arms (pistols); but when we reached Chattanooga our horses were taken from us and we were sent to Nashville where we were required to take the Oath of Allegiance and finally discharged May 22, 1865. We were anxious to reach home and practically all of our regiment started homeward on foot. They made no effort to get their horses which had been left at Chattanooga in the hands of the Federal Forces.

Although I had not heard directly from my family for more than a year, such information as I had received indirectly, gave me reasons to believe that when I reached home I would find all my horse stock gone. I needed horses with which to run my farm, and I had no money to buy them. I therefore left the others of our regiment and went back to Chattanooga with the hope of getting my horse. When I reached there I found thousand of horses which had been assembled there when they were taken from the many organizations of the Confederate soldiers surrendered in that locality. They were standing in dry fields and lots with barely enough hay to keep them alive. I was granted permission to meet General George H. Thomas, who was chief in command, to whom I explained the situation and asked if I might be permitted to take my horse home with me and also those belonging to my comrades who lived in my neighborhood; and I even ventured to ask for two additional horses for myself. He promptly granted my request and had an order issued and give to me to get the horses. I am glad to say of General Thomas, that from the short interview with him, which lasted not more than five minutes and from what I had heard of him from other sources, he was a man of

the highest type and very considerate of the Confederate soldiers who were his captives. I went among the horses until I found those that had been surrendered by our regiment and I found them all herded together. I got my own and those belonging to my neighbors and then I selected two additional ones out of the best I could find in that part of the field and as I was told to do. I looked about to get some one to assist me in taking the horses home and came across a negro boy who had been a camp helper in our regiment and I hired him to help me. We traveled through the country from Chattanooga and took the lot of bony and scarred horses to my home. When I reached home I found all my horse stock had been taken except one black mare, but she and the three I brought home for my own use-each of which proved to be a good one when fattened up-made me two good teams, completely supplying my needs.

When we surrendered our horses at Chattanooga it was expected that our pistols would also be taken and most of our men threw theirs into a well on the outskirts of the city; I hid mine and afterwards took it to pieces, putting parts here and there in my blankets and about my persons and carried it safely through. When I reached Harrodsburg, on my way home, I left it with William Goddard of that place, who kept it until it could safely be sent to me at my home. Many Confederate soldiers were being searched as they passed through Lexington and for this reason I left it. It was sent to me a few months later. I carried that pistol throughout the whole of my war service.

I was never made a prisoner during the war, but Brother James D., who served with me during the whole war, was once captured and after a short time in prison was exchanged and continued his service in our regiment. Brother Thornton served for a while on the Confederate side, but by reason of his age and weight, he was not able to serve through the war. He was not with us but was in service in Virginia. He returned home in 1864, and his presence was made known. Soon

thereafter he was made a prisoner by the forces under General Urbridge, who was in command of the Federal forces in northern Kentucky. Under the notorious retaliatory proclamation issued by that officer, Brother Thornton, with two others, were shot in Frankfort. The bodies of the three were taken up after the war and given conspicuous burial places next to the Confederate monument in the cemetery at that place. A cross is placed at the head of his grave which is at the one corner of the monument, with his name on it. The other two are buried in the same way.

When I went into the war in 1861, we thought it would be of short duration and I left plenty of food stuff to supply my family until the time I expected to return. I rode away on a sorrel race horse I owned named "Bill," and when I came home for the one night in 1862, I left that horse as he was badly used up, and took another sorrel horse I had named "Bald." He broke down after a few months use and fell with me in the road, and I left him. I had several horses after that and had but one killed outright while riding in battle. In a charge upon the enemy near Dalton, Georgia we mistook their strength. As we reached the lines we found they were too strong for us and were ordered back. As I turned to retreat, my horse was shot through the neck and fell, catching my leg under him. My large wooden stirrup saved my leg from being crushed, but it was fastened under him. My other foot was loose and when he fell I placed it against his withers, gave a push and at the same time yelled at him, and in his struggle to get up, I loosed my leg, jumped up and ran after our retreating forces with myself as a target for the enemy's bullets. I ran about one hundred yards and found shelter under the bank of a creek until I reached one of our men who took me up behind him and we rode off safely. My horse in his struggle was able to gain his feet and ran by my side about fifty yards with the blood spurting from each side of his neck

before he fell from exhaustion.

I reached home June 3, 1865, too late to put out a crop for that year. I found the farm stripped of all live stock except one mare, two cows, and one sow and pigs. The farm was in very bad condition, such as might have been expected after four years' neglect. I hired Will Johnson who had been my faithful slave and who had assisted my family the best he could during the war, to help me put the farm in order. I borrowed the necessary money for all my purposes during that year. A considerable part of my farm was covered with timber and when winter came on I made a contract to furnish four hundred cord of wood to G. W. Taylor Distilling Company at \$4.00 a cord, ricked in the woods. Will and I cut and ricked the wood and the Company did the hauling. The contract was completed about April 1, 1866, and the \$1600. paid me furnished amply for repayment of the money borrowed, and enable me to prepare for extensive crops during that year and to supply, to some extent my need of live stock. All went well during the year 1866, I sold my surplus corn at \$5.00 a barrel and fat hogs at \$11. per hundred, and I also sold some additional cord wood to the same party as we continued clearing up our timber lands for cultivation.

After that everything went on normally with us. The disorganized conditions from the effect of the war were soon adjusted and we moved forward as if no losses had been sustained and no privations suffered.

Several war mementos are in the possession of my family which I hope will be kept as keepsakes, such as my army pistol, cavalry saddle, which I used the latter part of the war, parole and certificate of allegiance, some of the Confederate money paid to me for my last service, and a gold dollar I kept sewed in the collar of my uniform during the latter part of the war, which in the event of my being captured and put in a Federal prison might have done me good service in buying something I needed. It was very little, but I could not have hidden a larger coin for fear of discovery; for all who



were captured were carefully searched.

My devoted wife, with our four children endured untold suffering and privation during the four years of my absence, and if a record is made of my narrative, as here given, I hope that some one of our family will make out such a record of the experiences of my wife and children during the same period, so that future generations in our family may know the whole history."

#### OUR HOME EXPERIENCES DURING THE WAR

"When father left home, September 15, 1861, to join the Confederate Army, he was a stalwart young farmer 29 years old. Mother, who had not yet reached her twenty-third birthday, was left behind to assume the responsibilities of caring for their family, which consisted of herself, three children, and a fourth born three months after his departure.

The home on the farm was a comfortable colonial building well furnished, and, as father states in his narrative, supplied with necessaries to sustain the family until the coming of the next crops which were already planned for. The farm was in a high state of cultivation, well supplied with farming implements and all kinds of live stock, usually found on a Kentucky farm in those days. No one expected the war to last more than one year, and father left his family amply provided for during that time.

Grandfather Lafferty resided three quarters of a mile east of our house and Grandfather Henry one mile to the west. Although both were old men, there was some comfort in having them so near.

After father's departure, mother, in her usual quiet and thoughtful way, went about putting things in order, and taking up her new responsibilities as planned by father and herself. They had her cousin, Miss Nannie Humphrey, who was one year older than mother, to come and be with her as a companion. Father's faithful slave, Will

Johnson, who had his sleeping quarters at Grandfather's home, was relied upon to do all farm work and whatever else was necessary to keep the family comfortable. Father and Will Johnson were about the same age and the kindest relations always existed between them. They talked together, as father was about to leave, and when he urged Will to remain at his post until he returned and do his part in supplying the family needs, Will replied, "It matters not what may take place, I will be here when you return unless I die or am dragged away." Faithfully he did his duty during the whole period of the war. Courageously, the two young women kept the house and cared for the four children, with no one to protect them at night save the two old grandfathers and the faithful slaves nearly a mile away.

Though anxious and sad, they got along very well the first year. During the first few months after father left, mother heard frequently from him as letters were sent through the country by messengers who were appointed for that purpose, and she sent letters to him in the same way. Such was the only means of communication as the Confederate mail was excluded from the United States Mail service.

As the Confederates moved farther away and our part of the State became filled with Federal soldiers, the journeys of messengers became more and more hazardous, and consequently receiving and sending letters became less frequent. Being nearly six years of age when my father was wounded in his first battle, I remember well when the news reached our home and the excitement it created. The first news came indirectly, but a letter came soon after with the comforting information that the wounds were not serious. Tears and outburst of grief were frequent during the whole period of the war, becoming more intense as father moved farther and farther away and the communications were practically cut off.

In the summer of 1862, news reached our home that the command to which father be-

longed had been fightin in Virginia, but was then in Kentucky. Two or three letters were received during the summer and we believed father would manage to visit us if the Confederate forces approached near our home. Nothing was certain about the situation until we learned that General Kirby Smith and his army of Confederates were in the state and would likely drive the Federals out. About the time we first received this information, July 17, we got our first thrill of battle, when a small body of Confederate under the command of General John H. Morgan, attacked the Federal forces at Cynthiana.

We had no idea General Smith's Army would come near us, but one morning while we children were playing in front of our home, we were surprised to see great numbers of soldiers coming down the road. We ran to tell mother, who cried with joy when she saw they were Confederates. She hastily proceeded to prepare food for the hungry ones. Will Johnson cut a lot of stove wood and Brother Newt, who was a year and a half younger than I, helped me carry the wood to the kitchen. The two women cooked and passed food out to the soldiers the whole day.

After we saw our road was filled with soldiers we discovered that the old State road, about a mile from us was filled also. The passing of the army, about forty thousand strong, was a great sight as they marched along the two roads all day and well into the night with cavalry, infantry, and artillery corps. When the day was over, we went to Grandfather Henry's home for the night and found about six thousand of the men encamped near there for a few hours, so the preparation and distribution of food continued far into the night.

A few days later we heard that General John Morgan had reached Paris and the command to which father belonged was with him temporarily. We then were assured that he would be able to visit his home. Late in the afternoon of the next day, father appeared at the front fence and our rejoicing

knew no bounds. Mother had anticipated his coming and made preparations for a great feast. Federal soldiers were not far away, north and east of us, and every precaution was taken to prevent his capture. As night came on, Will Johnson acted as guard and kept watch to give alarm should Federal soldiers appear. About ten o'clock that night Will came running into the house, exclaiming that horsemen were coming up the road. Father strapped on his pistol, got his gun and ran into the orchard to await developments. The horsemen proved to be neighbors who had heard of father's presence and were calling to see him. All went quietly the rest of the night. Next morning father got a fresh horse and at sunrise all the Confederate soldiers in our neighborhood, who had come home for the night, gathered at Grandfather Lafferty's home, where Uncle James D. Lafferty had left his family, and immediately thereafter they took leave of their families and friends who had likewise gathered there to tell them good-bye, and went galloping away to rejoin their command. That was the only time we saw father during the whole period of the war. We returned to our home and mother was deeply grieved for father had explained to her that the war would be long drawn out.

During that year Will Johnson had cultivated a fair crop and we were well supplied with food, but clothing was beginning to be scarce. We went through the winter of 1862-63 with no unusual happenings. In the spring following crops were put out, and again we fared reasonably well. During the summer we had a letter from father giving his experiences from the time he rejoined his command to the time of writing.

During the remainder of the year 1863, we encountered our usual hardships and in addition, had occasional visits from squads of Federal soldiers, who came pretending to hunt for father, but in reality to search the house and outbuildings and help themselves to any property they chose to carry off. In the spring of 1864, Federal soldiers had

gathered in our county in great numbers. A camp was located in Cynthiana, one was at the mouth of Mill Creek, a mile away from our home, another was at the railroad bridge near Robinson Station, and still another at Berry. They were seen traveling around the neighborhood in squads nearly every day. The main body of those encamped near us were Home Guards composed of low-class men who had never seen a real war service and who were a constant annoyance to all Confederate sympathizers. During that year they took away all but two of our meat hogs, and our chickens, milked our cows when they chose, and took all the houses we had. They came at intervals, demanding that meals be prepared for them out of our small quantity of food. The meals were prepared. A refusal might have meant cruelty or further depredations.

When the horses were being led away, every member of the family was weeping and begging that at least one might be spared us, but no favor was shown. Sister Tee, though a mere baby, four and one half years old, climbed on the front gate to the barn lot and gave the Home Guards a sound scolding, much to their amusement.

Mother learned that the horses had been taken to the camp at Berry. Next day she borrowed a horse and rode three miles to the residence of Uncle Jame C. King, asking him to accompany her. At the risk of being arrested for aiding a Confederate sympathizer he went with her to the camp where they found the horses. Mother asked an interview with the commanding officer, which was granted, and she then made what Uncle James called an irresistible plea which caused an order to be issued for her to take home with her, her favorite mare, named, "Black!" Two or three days later another squad came and took the same mare to the same camp, but the commanding officer recognized her and had her returned.

General John H. Morgan made a raid into northern Kentucky and again visited Cynthiana and on the 11th of June of that year, where he attacked the Federal forces. The

fighting continued several hours and extended down below Keller's bridge, not far from our home. We went to the front of our home and listened to the noise of battle as it gradually came nearer to us. Mother caught and saddled the black mare and got ready to move farther away, but after about four hours fighting the firing ceased and our retreat was not necessary. The Confederates won the day, and during the afternoon we frequently saw Federal soldiers who had surrendered, running to make their escape.

Next day, Morgan's forces, still in Cynthiana, were attacked by the Federals under General Stephen V. Burbridge and were defeated. During the afternoon of that day, we saw retreating squads of Confederate soldiers running to make their escape.

About two weeks later the decomposed body of a Confederate soldier was found under some bushes on the Moore Farm, about a mile from our house. And within fifty feet of the body his horse was found by Polk Hutchinsin, tied to a sapling in a depression where it had been hidden. It was so near starved it could not stand; it had even eaten the bark off the tree to which it was tied. The body of the soldier was buried in the Stump Graveyard and the horse was saved. I always believed the soldier, either wounded or not, left the road and was in hiding to avoid capture while he might recuperate some before passing on.

Immediately after these battles the Confederates moved away from our section of the State and the various Federal camps were restored. Oppression of the Confederate sympathizers increased and the Home Guards were very cruel. They went to Grandfather Lafferty's home, saying they had orders to take all guns of every kind that could be found in the county. Grandfather owned a squirrel rifle, which he had loaned to a neighbor, and upon his refusal to tell where it could be found, they arrested him, caught a young horse of his, which had only been ridden a few times, and put him on it. They brought him to our house, where they



stopped for a few minutes, and while there kept prodding the young horse with a bayonet, making it difficult for grandfather to keep his seat. He was then 76 years old and mother begged them to stop their cruelty, but in vain. They took him away and had him sent to Camp Chase at Columbus, Ohio. The commander in charge, who was passing through the prison saw the decrepit old man sitting on a stool, and ordered that he be required to take the Oath of Allegiance and be released. When the officer came to administer the Oath, grandfather, rising from his stool said: "Do you insult me? I fought all of this territory in the war of 1812 to drive out the British and Indians. I proved my allegiance, and I will sit here and rot before I will take such an oath! And down he sat. However, the facts were reported to headquarters and he was forthwith released without taking the oath.

About the same time Uncle Thornton Lafferty had returned from the South and was captured and shot by order of General Burbridge as stated in father's narrative. He and two others were ordered to be shot in retaliation for men lost who belonged to Burbridge's command. They were made to stand against a stone fence a short distance from where the present capitol building in Frankfort is located, and to face a firing squad made up from a Kentucky regiment. The order was given to fire and his two companions were killed instantly, but when the smoke cleared away he was still standing unhurt. The Kentucky squad was ordered to reload and kill him, which it refused to do on account of his age and because several Federal soldiers present who were Kentuckians and knew him wanted his life saved. That squad was replaced by one from Michigan and while they were taking their places, the women at Miss Sallie Johnson's home pleaded for the life of this gray-haired old man and called him to run to their house for protection. He started towards them but the soldiers threatened death to the women if they undertook to

shield him. When Uncle Thornton heard the threats he stopped short and exclaimed, "Don't shoot any woman on my account," then deliberately walked back to his place against the stone fence and was shot. The three martyrs lie buried at the foot of the Confederate monument in the Frankfort cemetery, each grave being marked with a cross.

As winter came on, we had little food to subsist upon. Our meals, until late in the spring of 1865, consisted of corn bread, bacon and occasionally potatoes. Instead of coffee we used parched rye and sweetened it with a cheap coarse brown sugar. Enough wheat had been saved to provide biscuits for us once a week.

The end of the war was near and false rumors were constantly being circulated that father was at home. This caused the Federal soldiers to frequently place a guard around our house at night, hoping to capture him. Mother closed all the big house but one large room in which we huddled together for mutual protection, and from sun up to sun down, and sun down to sunrose, the doors were kept locked the the shutters closed.

In that room we slept, prepared our meals over a wood fire and served them upon a small table, continuing in those close quarters until the close of the war. The ordeal through which mother passed during those four years was trying in the extreme, a test that few could have met so patiently so courageously and so tactfully. She was consulted by Will Johnson in all that was done about the farm, and towards the last she was an able director of all her affairs. She had the old hand-loom at Grandfather Henry's home put in condition, got some wool, had it carded at Cynthiana, and with a spinning wheel and reel she spun the yarn, with which she supplied her family with clothing. In all her work she was ably assisted by her faithful companion, Cousin Nannie Humphrey. Neighbors and kinsmen might have given her assistance if they could, but the feeling was so intense that even those who were in sympathy with the union dared not show favor

to families from which members were serving in the Confederate Army for fear of being charged with disloyalty.

Will Johnson deserved the high esteem in which we all held him. He remained faithful to the promise he made father when he started for the war. After the first two years had passed, slaves did very much as they pleased, some left and joined the Federal Army while others went as they chose. Will was married and his good wife and two children were the slaves of Abraham Bowman, who lived near us. When Grandfather Lafferty was in prison, Will looked after his farm also. Federal soldiers and slaves urged him to leave and many inducements were held out to him, but he remained at his post. He frequently said, "I know I can go at any time, and nobody could stop me, but I will not do it." At the close of the war, father made a two year contract with Will to work for him, and at the expiration of that contract he collected his money, made a first payment on a small tract of land, got his family together and went to housekeeping. Father gave him live stock and farming implements and assisted him in many other ways. He lived until 1902 and died an honored and respected citizen. There was another slave connected with our family to some extent, named Susan to whom we were all most devoted. She belonged to Grandfather Henry and was about twelve years old when the war closed, too young to take care of her self when the war closed. She remained with the family until grandfather's death in 1876. And, then she stayed with Grandmother Henry and kept house. When grandmother came to live with us Susan came too, and faithfully looked after grandmother until her death, twenty years after the war. She then married a prosperous negro farmer named Cole Spears, who died in 1916. Susan now lives in Georgetown and is respected by all who know her.

Father and the negro boy who helped him reach home June 10, 1865, with the battle scarred horses he had secured through the kindness of General Thomas. With a beard

all over his face and in his much used Confederate uniform, he was not prepossessing in appearance or easily recognized, since we had previously known him as clean shaven and well-dressed. Our youngest sister, Sue, who feared, rather than loved soldiers, asked mother if that old man was going to stay all night at our home. She was too young to realize the happiness in that reunited Lafferty household. The evening meal was ready when father arrived and we all sat around that supper table, he in his rags, mother in her linsey and the children in their homespun and the first step was taken in beginning life all over again.

After the meal was over we went out to feed the horses and then turned them out to graze. Thin and bony, with saddle sores and wounds and exhausted from their long journey, they were wretched looking beasts. But they were young and rest and good grazing soon fully restored them. Father and mother lived long and useful lives. He was in his seventy fourth year when he died and she was in her eightieth. They reared a large family of eleven children and then brought up two grandsons. They were honest, industrious, God-fearing people, kind parents, hospitable neighbors, and ideal citizens.