



THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

MAY 1969

Vol. 12 No. 8

102nd Meeting

LADIES NIGHT

DATE: TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1969

SPEAKER: ALLAN JULIAN

SUBJECT: THE REAL MARGARET MITCHELL

PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB

PRELIMINARIES: 6:30 PM DINNER 7:30 PM

COL. 'NED' JULIAN

Old friends are like old wine. You enjoy them more with each passing year. We of the Cleveland Round Table are about to sample more of an old wine. This will be Ned's third trip to Cleveland. Previously he was here on May 9th, 1961 and November 14, 1967.

Ned has since retired as director of the Atlanta Historical Society, yet his background is Hoosier and Union. He was born in Dixon, Nebraska, but considers himself a Hoosier since his parents were natives of Indiana and spent all except brief periods of their lives there. His Grandfather Julian was Chaplain of the 53rd Indiana Volunteer Infantry. His Grandfather Cosgrove was a captain in the 14th Indiana Volunteer Infantry.

Ned entered the Indiana National Guard in June, 1921, and was in military activity until retirement in 1956 when he became director of the Atlanta Historical Society and Margaret Mitchell Memorial Library. He is a member of many orders linked to the military service and the Civil War. He is a past president of the Atlanta Civil War Round Table.

Margaret Mitchell Marsh, the subject of Ned's talk, author of "Gone With The Wind", once autographed a book to him. "Colonel Julian, commanding officer of the last Federal garrison in Georgia. Ned holds the Confederacy in respect and admiration and sees the greatness and grandeur of Georgia's role in the war through objective eyes, unclouded by local loyalties or pride of heritage.

Ned is a booster of Atlanta, which he thinks was far more important than Richmond both strategically and politically he thinks that Georgia's role was at least the equal of Virginia.

WELCOME BACK TO CLEVELAND DEAR OLD FRIEND!!

CLEVELAND BULLETIN BOARD

GAMBLE MANSION

The Gamble Mansion at Ellenton, on U.S. 301 on the Manatee River, is the oldest building on the West Coast of Florida and the only Confederate Shrine in the State.

The Mansion is also designated the Judah P. Benjamin Memorial because of its connection with a dramatic episode in the last days of the War Between the States. In another sense, it is a Memorial to a way of life and a system of economy that were swept away by that war.

The close of the Seminole War in 1842 opened the Manatee country for settlement. Among the planters attracted to the area was Major Robert Gamble, who was supported in his venture of cultivating sugar cane for manufacture into sugar, by his father, John Gratton Gamble of Tallahassee. Major Gamble holdings finally reached 3,500 acres, of which 1,500 acres were under cultivation.

Although still a bachelor, Major Gamble set his slaves to building a home in keeping with the lavish scale of his operations. The Mansion was built between 1845 and 1850. The first part to be constructed was the two-story rear building, containing the kitchen and one other room on the first floor and two rooms above. It was made of red brick as well as "tabby" fashioned into bricks, which were laid up and then the walls were plastered with "tabby". The "tabby" is made of oyster shell lime combined with sand, with shells supplying the coarse aggregate. The two-story Mansion is 93 feet by 43 feet in dimensions, made of red brick with walls nearly two feet thick. Eighteen large pillars, 18 inches in diameter and 25 feet high, support the roof forming upper and lower verandas which extend across the front and two sides. The massive pillars are made of "tabby" bricks, with each pillar brick made pie slice shape to form strong cylindrical columns. The overseer's house, slave quarters and other out-structures were placed at some distance from the Mansion.

The Gamble operations in Manatee were based on a complicated credit structure. By 1857, the plantation's affairs were so involved that it could not weather the panic of that year. It was sold for \$190,000, finally coming into the hands of Captain Archibald McNeill and his family.

Near the close of the War Between the States, Confederate Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin was hidden in the Mansion from Federal troops. With a price on his head and soldiers at his heels, he posed as a "Mr. Howard" here before escaping via a hazardous and circuitous route to England to carve out a second career as a leading member of the English bar.

The McNeill family continued to reside in the Mansion until 1872, when it was bought at forced sale by Major George Patton for only \$3,000. The Patton family finally abandoned the Mansion rather than incur the tremendous expense of keeping it in repair. In 1923, the Gamble Mansion had been vacant for a number of years and was in a terribly run-down condition. However, in 1925, the Judah P. Benjamin Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy purchased the Mansion for \$3,200 and deeded it to the State of Florida. In 1949, the Mansion was placed under the Florida Board of Parks and Historic Memorials, which has restored it to its rightful grandeur.

Today, Gamble Mansion houses one of the finest collections of antebellum furnishings to be found in the South, including Jefferson Davis' wedding bed, Confederate memorabilia, and some of the original furniture of the Mansion. The Mansion is open from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. daily. There is a nominal admission price for adults and children under 12 are free.

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CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE ASSOCIATES

The CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE ASSOCIATES is now over six months old, and continues its efforts to provide an informal and informative international organization for Civil War students of all interests and persuasions. The organization publishes a monthly CWRT Digest of all the happenings among the roundtables.

If you are interested in joining such a group, the yearly dues are \$7.50 which entitles you to various interesting items. See Guy Di Carlo Jr., our secretary, or write the CWRT Associates, P.O. Box 7388, Little Rock, Arkansas 72207.

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THE CIVIL WAR ROUNDABLE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

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THE MORGAN CULT

John Hunt Morgan was a military leader who inspired strong feelings in the hearts of both Northerners and Southerners. It is with this thought in mind that I devote this newsletter to him.

Just as Northern people hated and feared him; so Southerners, and especially Kentuckians, idolized him. The men who rode and fought with him remained proud throughout their lives that they were "Morgan's Men," and in the hearts of many Kentuckians he was ranked with Jackson and the Gallant Pelham, and but little below Robert E. Lee.

Typical of this adulation is a tribute published in January, 1900, in the periodical, "The Lost Cause."

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN

By Mrs. W.L. Davis, of Paris, Kentucky

I feel I express the sentiment of all when I say that there was never a soldier who carried arms under the dear old flag of the Southern Confederacy whose name sends such a thrill through the soul of every Southern sympathizer as the honored name of John H. Morgan. His career and progress of maneuvers and daring deeds is a matter of history, open to the perusal of all the world. But, of course, many of his fearless raids, wonderful escapes, numerous skirmishes, shrewd captures and minor deeds of valor have almost passed from our fading memory. But there are certain incidents and facts that will linger with us as long as we live.

Colonel John H. Morgan left Lexington in the fall of 1861, with a few companies partially recruited, and started for Bowling Green, which was then the headquarters of the Confederate Army. After the second day's march, he encamped in a dense woodland, about two and a half miles from my home, and near Bloomfield, Nelson County, Ky. on the farm of the late John Stone. He remained in this camp about a week, and gave it the name of "Camp Charity," from the fact that he and his entire regiment subsisted during their encampment upon the voluntary contributions of the citizens of Spencer and Nelson counties. This was an intensely rebel Neighborhood, all willing, ready and waiting to lend a helping hand to any and all who espoused the rebel cause. But in those days of civil war, when party lines were so severely drawn, every act of the citizens had to be done secretly and in the dark, for the cry of treason went up loud and long at the slightest thing that seemed favorable to the rebellion.

All sympathizers flocked to his aid and in a very quiet, but determined and diligent way, sent clothing, ammunition, arms, horses, provisions, information and in fact, everything to promote the cause. You remember this was a day of confiscation, and when a band of armed soldiers demanded any thing, that meant to give it quickly, and of this well understood fact we rebels took advantage when we wished to assist our boys.

Quite an amusing incident occurred during General Morgan's stay in "Camp Charity," which shows how this secret aid was carried on without detection. Mr. Stone had a married son living just two miles distant, and this son wanted to contribute beef. Not being willing to trust his son, Eli, with the secret, although he, too, was a true sympathizer, he whispered in Morgan's ear that on the next day, at a certain hour he would send his son to move a very fine, fat steer from one pasture to another, the road leading just by the camp, and that he (Morgan) must be stationed at a convenient place ready to capture the spoil. So, early the next morning, the father said, "Eli, the grass is a little short in the pasture where the fat steer is, and I think you had better move him over to the pasture where the grass is better, and then he won't be so near those hungry rebels." So, the trusty Eli and a negro boy started in perfect good faith early in the morning to slip by the camp before the rebels were out. But the ever-watchful Morgan was making it convenient to reconnoiter his picket lines as Eli and the boy were breathlessly and quietly slipping by. Morgan, glancing around, said, "Hello, young man, you have a very fine, fatted calf, it will make us a good dinner for tomorrow. I will just drive him in camp with your assistance. "Imagine, if you can, Eli's looks as he slowly and sullenly crept back home. As he entered the big gate, he called out: "well, father, don't you think those Morgan thieves stole our fat steer!" "Well, well," replied the truthful old farmer, "just as I expected."

The second night after Morgan crossed the Ohio river, when he made his memorable escape from prison, he stayed all night and a day at the residence of this same Mr. Stone, who piloted him by night to a friend as he proceeded South.

The community around Bloomfield was intensely Southern 1861, hence the ease with which Morgan received supplies.

And with pride, I will add that the first secession flag ever raised in Kentucky was raised in this little town of Bloomfield.

But I must desist, for whenever I discuss this subject I scarcely know where to begin and especially where to end, as every reminiscence, thought, and incident are both dear and interesting to me, as to all who hold dear the memory of the lost cause.

General John H. Morgan was a hero, true, noble, gallant and brave. A truer patriot never lived. Though now the star of his life has quietly and peacefully descended, yet the sun of his fame has risen in unclouded splendor, whose light shall not be extinguished until genius, heroism and patriotism are lost forever in barbarian darkness. Then, as we wave our flag, the red, white and red, let us echo the strains of the old rebel song:

"O, dearest John Morgan, we are covered with gloom
To know that thy body now sleeps in the tomb;
Thy fond, loving heart is forever at rest,
And memory shall water the turf on thy breast."

* * * * *

'A FIEND OF UBIQUITOUS DREAD'

This poem appeared in the appendix of Sally Rochester Ford's Raids and Romance of Morgan and His Men. The book, published in Mobile, Alabama, in 1864, was the first copyrighted under Confederate law.

MORGAN, THE HOPE OF THE WEST

The war-cloud hung lurid and dark,
And terror each soul did assail
When anon with fury it burst,
Sending forth a heartrending wail.
Mothers to their offspring did cling,
Fair maidens did beat on their breasts,
For the hordes and freebooting bands
Of Lincoln did ravage the West.

Hearts in supplication arose,
That God some deliverance might bring,
When lo! a brave leader appears,
Whose advent in chorus now sing;
For no common leader is he;
High towering amongst all the rest,
No brand with such terror does flash,
As Morgan's, the hope of the West.

His advent the Yankees did scorn,
And dubbed him with every vile name,
Guerilla, land-pirate, outlaw,
Whom naught but a halter could tame.
But dearer this leader became
To every Confederate breast,
And never did star brighter shine
Than Morgan, the hope of the West.

To Abe, this brave chieftain appeared,
A fiend of ubiquitous dread;
A whole mint he'd most freely give,
The price of this hobgoblin's head.
For oft while his minions feel safe,
Far, far from this foe to their rest,
Destruction would leap like a flash,--
Tis Morgan, the hope of the West.

Whilst fear, consternation, and dread,
The freebooting hordes sore oppressed

MORGAN THE HORSE-THIEF

(The following was originally taken from The Adjutant's Call, the news letter of the Louisville Civil War Round Table.)

Let no partisan of John Hunt Morgan take offense at the lines here quoted. They are without a doubt the libelous scribblings of an anonymous Kentucky Unionist and bear no relation to the truth. The author probably wrote these lines by way of an alibi to his family for the disappearance of his spavined, sway-backed plug which he had disposed of for a few dollars in order to buy a gallon of mountain dew. The lines, result of the subsequent haze, are given here merely as an example of serio-humorous writing of the times:

Kentucky! O Kentucky!

John Morgan's foot is on they shore,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
His hand is on thy stable door,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
You'll see your good gray mare no more;
He'll ride her till her back is sore,
And leave her at some stranger's door,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

For feeding John you're paying dear,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
His very name now makes you fear,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!
In every valley, far and near,
He's gobbled every horse and steer;

You'll rue his raids for many a year,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

Yet you have many a traitorous fool,
Kentucky, O Kentucky!
Who still will be the Rebel's tool,
Kentucky, O Kentucky!
They'll learn to yield to Abra'm's rule
In none but Johnny's costly school,
At cost of every animule,
Kentucky! O Kentucky!

* * * * *

"THE TOAST OF MORGAN'S MEN"

(the following is taken from the Lexington, Kentucky newsletter in reply to the poem Kentucky! O Kentucky! "The Toast of Morgan's Men" was written by Captain Thorpe, supposedly of Morgan's command.)

Unclaimed by the land that bore us,
Lost in the land, we find
The brave have gone before us;
Cowards are left behind.
Then stand to your glasses, steady;
Here's a toast to those we prize,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And here's to the next who dies!

* * * * *

MORGAN - TRUE SON OF MARS

John Hunt Morgan was a legend in his own time, and poetic tributes to him and his men flowed from Southern pens even before his death at Greenville, Tennessee, September 4, 1864.

One such epic commemorated the famous Christmas raid of December, 1862, in which Morgan's forces, with only two men killed and 24 wounded, slashed through Kentucky, cut Union supply lines, destroyed \$2 million worth of property and took 1,887 prisoners. The poem was published in the appendix of Sally Rochester Ford's Raids and Romance of Morgan and His Men (Mobile, 1864), the first book copyrighted under Confederate law. This poem and Morgan, Hope of the West, were provided the Lexington newsletter by Dr. Lawrence S. Thompson.

GENERAL MORGAN'S KENTUCKY HOLIDAY RAID

It's of chivalrous Morgan I propose to sing,
And of the brave heroes that round him do cling,
Whose valor has thrilled the heart of the nation,
Whose prowess astounds this lower creation;
But 'mongst his brave deeds, that most worthy of praise
Was his dash in Kentuck during holidays.
The enemy held this entire neutral soil,
And each true Southron was the victim of spoil.
The heart of brave Morgan beat high in his breast,
As the plume of the tyrant waved in his crest,
He vowed that his State should be happy and free,
And his watchword was death to all tyranny.
Many brave hearts had flocked to this hero bold,
From that doomed State that to the despot was sold,
Many others, likewise from States further South,
Whose hands they had torn from the gorilla's mouth.
With this heroic band of brave volunteers,
Whose free hearts were strangers to unmanly fears,

He set out for Kentuck with high beating heart,
 Determined to baffle the enemy's art;
 With speed far surpassing the old warrior's code,
 By day and by night we vigorously rode,
 No halting our horses, so weary, to unsaddle,
 That our foeman might have no time to skedaddle.
 We eagerly attacked each bristling stockade--
 For railroad defence these strongholds were made,--
 But they all surrendered, even seven or more,
 And prisoners very numerous, --yea, many a score.
 Thus, by boldly baffling the enemy's wiles,
 Their railroad we destroyed for forty long miles;
 Far had we entered the terror-stricken State,
 Where tyranny guards ever iron-barred gate;
 But the object achieved of this bold foray,
 To the South we'd return without delay.
 The enemy's rage now with fury did burn,
 That to the South they swore we should never return;
 So they fiercely beset us on every hand,
 In hopes of destroying our heroic band,
 Each highway they guarded with a numerous host,
 Each far more numerous than Morgan could boast.
 Destruction seemed certain, and conquest most sure,
 As we appeared now entrapped by the enemy's lure;
 But Morgan was there, whose wits never fail him,
 Who's always at home when dangers assail him:
 By by-ways he led us that cold, deary night,
 And this snarl we escaped by next morning's light;
 Each day and each night it was common to hear,
 "The foe are pursuing--are fighting our rear,"
 The fire we returned, yet right onward we sped,
 Though risks we did run, every danger we fled.
 Thus dangers we escaped and conquest we made,
 In this brilliant Kentuck, this holiday raid.
 Some mishaps we met with, some few men we lost,
 But each gallant life cost the foeman a host;
 A sad mischance occurred to the heroic Duke,
 Who's as bold as a lion, but mild at St. Luke:
 This brave hero, who is scarce less than Morgan,
 Was severely wounded on the cranial organ,
 While repelling an attack made on his rear,
 He fell by a shell that exploded too near;
 But long may he live, a terror to the foe,
 For he will perform all that valor can do.
 One incident more I will here barely note,
 Like that the old Muses so fondly did quote.
 Of brave Captain Treble and another as bold,
 Whose deeds are equal to the heroes of old.
 They met in combat, three champions to two,
 Whom fiercely they fought, and a colonel they slew;
 The others surrendered, but almost too late,
 For the weapons was poised to seal the sad fate
 Of one, the most daring of that vanquished band,
 As prostrate he lay under bold Treble's hand.
 Colonel Halsey fell by brave Eastin's fire;
 The doom of the rest was less fatally dire;
 Was that of prisoners who surrendered in war
 To a foe more generous than tyrants by far.
 But now, having returned to true Southern soil,
 We are calmly reposing after our toil;
 But Morgan, our leader, is still scenting his game

And soon he will have us pursuing the same.
Long, long may he live, this true son of Mars,
And triumphantly wave the Stars and Bars,
And each Southern sister in glory arrayed,
Recline most gracefully beneath its wide shade.

* * * * *

A WOMAN DECIDES

(The following appeared in THIS WEEK, a Sunday Magazine Section. Written by Elsie Singmaster. It appeared on May 9, 1937)

On the Sparta road, west of Knoxville, Mattie Ready saw two blue-clad horsemen approaching. She was singing and it would have been wise to stop, but instead she sang louder:

"on the Cumberland's bosom
the moonbeams are bright
and the path of the raider
is made plain by their light."

She was seventeen and slender. Under her stiff hat with its white plume her black hair had the sheen of rich satin. Even if she had not been singing she could not have ridden on unnoticed. She belonged in Murfreesboro where the sentiment was almost wholly for the South; she was visiting in Knoxville where the sentiment was almost wholly for the North and where there was a Union garrison. Her host and cousin was a Unionist; she had shown to the sentries at the edge of town a permit given to his household. The green April fields and the tender blue of the low hills went to her head; she continued her song.

"and across the wide ripple
and up the steep bank..."

She pulled Jenny well to the right and held her own head higher in the air. The nearer soldier did what she anticipated--wheeled his horse across her path. He was young, with a pleasant sunburned face and blue eyes; his companion was older and more stern. "Good morning," said the young man. Mattie concluded her stanza:

"I see the dark squadron
Move rank after rank."

"Let me pass!" she said sharply. "Where are you going?" "For a ride." "Do you think it wise to ride through the country singing about Morgan, the raider?"

Mattie laughed: "You wish you had one like him. You're more afraid of him than our Negroes are of a Georgia trader; he rides into your army under your very noses."

If the young man was angry his cheeks were too reddened by the spring sun to flush. "Where's your pass?" Mattie took the card from her bosom. "Is this your name?" "No." "Whose name is it?" "The family I'm visiting." "What is your name?" "My name?" Mattie straightened her shoulders. She had another article in her bosom--a small photograph of a tall man twice her age but still in the prime of life, with keen blue eyes and a blond imperial, sitting with one booted leg flung over the other and a broad hat turned up at one side. "My name's Mattie Ready now," she said. "But by the grace of God one day I hope to call myself the wife of John Morgan."

"Do you know him?" asked the older man. Mattie seized her pass. "Not yet," she said, touched Jenny and was gone.

On a rainy night in May Colonel John Morgan patted his beautiful Black Bess on her sleek neck. From behind him sounded the murmur of a song sung by hoarse voices. To sing this song or any other on the Sparta road was perilous, but Morgan's men had no regard for danger. Only a small remnant of yesterday's troop plodded through the rain. Nevertheless they sang:

"on the Cumberland's bosom
the moonbeams are bright

and the path of the raider
is made plain by their light."

Morgan's Black Bess had carried his great frame through other downpours. Rain had flooded the roads as he and a handful of men had ridden to the Cumberland River, burned a steamboat (The Alice Dean) and retreated, singing this same song, the blue patrols close on their heels.

She had carried him while he directed the destruction of railroads before the Northern advance; she had carried him down into Alabama a captain and brought him back through Tennessee a colonel, to the neighborhood of a church called Shiloh where for the first time he had been part of a great and defeated army.

Black Bess was carrying Morgan now from another defeat, not of the army but of his own troop. Feeling secure, he had slept in the Lebanon hotel; careless because of his assurance, his pickets drank in farmhouses. That was why so few now rode on the muddy road through the black night.

Morgan rode ahead, though it was as fool-hardy to separate from his twenty men as it was for them to sing. A wall of fire and steel was closing in on them; he thought of his dead comrades whom he loved, of his mother in Kentucky--what might not happen to her before the end? He thought even of his dead wife and child, of whom he did not often let himself think.

Suddenly, outside the circumference of the singing, he heard voices. Responsive to his hand, Bess moved sidewise into the black shade of a magnolia. "Haven't seen you since that day!" said a voice. "Wasn't she the sassy thing? 'My name's Mattie Ready, but by the grace of God I hope to call myself the wife of John Morgan.'" "And she didn't even know him!"

The pickets laughed and rode away. Morgan smiled, and rode toward his singing men. Mattie Ready--who was she? Probably a visitor in Knoxville, where he himself had Confederate cousins. She was not, he hoped, one of the worthy elderly maidens whose idol he was. Mattie Ready--wat a pretty name! Getting into Knoxville to seek her out would be easy.

It was middle December when, dressed in white silk and lace, Mattie Ready, her hand on her father's arm, walked down the stairway of his house in Murfreesboro. She had long since come home, to contrive out of sparse materials this dress and a few others. Last month Murfreesboro had been a small town; now it was a city. Confederate officers had the best beds, spread gladly with the finest linens; in the fields were hundreds of tents, whose occupants forgot that it had ever rained, or that it would rain again. Great generals were here--Bragg, Hardee, Cheatham, and Polk, who was a bishop. Providence had sent them like the lovely weather, Mattie believed, for her.

Even--though excited to the point of ecstasy, she could not quite take this honor to herself--even President Davis was here. Yet in a sense the honor really was hers; President Davis had come partly to make John Morgan a brigadier general, and partly because tonight she would marry John Morgan!

Mattie held her father back for an instant at the turn of the stairway. In front of the flower-banked mantel stood General Polk, his booted feet showing oddly beneath his bishop's robes. Four white dresses on one side and four generals' uniforms on the other formed a lane; towering above everyone except President Davis, his lips smiling as though he savored a thought secret and amusing, waited John Morgan. Today he was there for his wedding; tomorrow he was to ride again, into Kentucky, with a great troop.

"I, John, take thee, Martha." "I, Martha, take thee, John." "I'm dreaming," Mattie thought. Then John Morgan kissed her. "How long may I have him?" she asked. "Till tomorrow," someone answered.

The dining room doors opened and the grinning darkies began to carve the turkeys and pass the trays on which glasses filled with scuppernong wine clicked together. The clock struck ten and Mattie was laughing gayly; it struck eleven and her eyes were dark with impatience. It struck twelve. "I'm tired," she said, who was never tired.

The echoes of the last stroke lingered as she tossed her bouquet from the landing and went into her room, almost alone of the rooms in Murfreesboro kept for its rightful occupant. She stood motionless until the door was opened again, closed, locked. Through it sounded laughter; through the windows came the loud murmur of the

camp. Then, from inside and outside the house, lifted by one voice, carried by hundreds, rose a song:

"on the Cumberland's bosom
the moonbeams are bright
and the path of the raider
is made plain by their light."

"Why did you choose me?" whispered Mattie Morgan. "How did you find me among all the hundreds that adore you?" "One night when I was riding on the Sparta road, I heard two Union pickets talking." His arms tightened their grasp. "You can't get away, no matter if you are angry. I heard your name. They said: 'My name's Mattie Ready, but by the grace of God one day--!'"

Mattie lay limp with laughter. "Mattie!" said Morgan, at last. "Calm yourself!" But still, against the shouting and the singing, Mattie laughed, the tears running down her cheeks.

* * * * *

McMINNVILLE REMEMBERS MORGAN

(The following taken from GAUS' BUGLE newsletter of the NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST ROUNDTABLE of Murfreesboro Tennessee, March 5, 1963)

1863 saw the War enter its third year. In spite of the fact that all battles had occurred in the South and enemy troops were constantly threatening, Southerners still had time for dreams. In true moonlight and magnolia tradition the South focused its romantic attention on a house in McMinnville, Tennessee. It was here that John Hunt Morgan the Kentucky Cavalier, had brought his bride, Mattie Ready.

The house belonged to Mattie's cousin, Dr. J.B. Armstrong, and it stood about 200 feet northeast of the present Warren County Courthouse. Legend has it that Dr. Armstrong held little sympathy for the Southern cause, and said so. However, in the summer of '62 he recieved a certain amount of "inspiration" from Bedford Forrest and restrained thereafter any vocal expression of his politics. While his house served as Morgan's military and honeymoon headquarters he was definitely pro-Southern.

Local adulation of Morgan and Mattie was complete. They were wine and dined at their every convenience and wedding gifts came to them from all over the South. Heroworshipping boys padded College Street to get a look at Morgan but the admiring adolescent with highest status in this town was L.M. Armstrong, the doctor's son. He was his host.

* * * * *

THE JOHN MORGAN I SERVED UNDER

(The following was written by Arthur W. Andrews, sometime Inspecting Officer Second Brigade, Morgan's Division....It appeared in The National Tribune on January 12, 1939).

Let me correct certain erroneous impressions, particularly that General John H. Morgan was a sort of ubiquitous scout or quasi guerrilla, responsible to no superior and independent of army regulations; an adventurer whom the vicissitudes of war had thrust to the surface. These are great errors.

Some years ago the public was gravely informed that he was living in Oregon under a diguised name. Another enterprising correspondent contributed to the press dispatches the startling information that he was living in New Mexico, of course, under an alias and practicing medicine as a quack doctor.

These stories are the more remarkable when we consider that he sprang from a leading family of Kentucky and was allied by marriage to one very much honored in Tennessee. One of his sisters was the wife of General A.P. Hill, one of the favorite corps commanders of the Army of Virginia; the other, the wife of General Basil Duke.

Morgan began his army career in the War with Mexico as a lieutenant of cavalry in Marshall's regiment. He took part with his command in the battle of Buena Vista.

He entered the army of the Confederacy as a captain of mounted rifles, and from that time held many responsible and prominent positions. He was assigned to the rear guard by General Albert Sidney Johnston on the retreat from Bowling Green, and by Bragg after the fight at Perryville.

His command had then increased to 1,800 cavalry, and he took occasion to show his confidence in his strength and resources on that retreat by recapturing the city of Lexington and swinging completely around the army of General Don Carlos Buell.

In fact, irrespective of army lines, he marched and countermarched over almost every principal road of Tennessee and Kentucky, and though sometimes very roughly handled by the enemy, for the most part appeared to be the child of victory until caught in Ohio.

Praised By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston thus speaks of his promotion: "On Dec. 7, 1862, Col. J. H. Morgan achieved a very handsome feat of arms at Hartsville, where with a portion of his cavalry and two regiments of Kentucky infantry, in all not much above 1,500 men, he attacked and defeated almost twice his number of Federal troops, taking 1,800 prisoners. In reporting this action on the 8th, I recommended his appointment to the grade of brigadier general." (Johnston's Narrative, p. 151).

I trust I have said enough to dispose of these guerrilla stories about this once famous captain of horse, who was promoted, in 1862, on the recommendation of Joseph E. Johnston, and complimented by Robert E. Lee, in a general order in 1864.

It was in the month of September, 1864, that the fragments of what had once been called the "Morgan Brigade" reached Carters Station in East Tennessee, with other troops in retreat toward the Virginia side of the Watauga River. Gen. Crittenden, I believe, was temporarily in command.

While at the station a train arrived from Abington which contained Gen. Morgan and his staff. I met the general at the cars, being then on duty as the acting adjutant of his old command. He addressed me with that familiarity which characterized his interviews with most of the members of the "Old Squadron," and bantered me upon our retreat. As I denied, somewhat seriously, that we were responsible, he replied that he was well aware of that, but said: "We will now go the other way."

We accordingly countermarched in the direction of "Bulls Gap," a railroad pass thru Bays Mountain, fortified by Longstreet the year previous. We reached Greenville about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As we entered the town we were impressed by the quiet of the deserted streets. Many private residences had an abandoned appearance, as if the occupants had fled.

The truth was, these people had no liking for us or our flag. It was the place of residence of Andy Johnson, and its citizens were his neighbors and friends. In their midst stood the little building where he had plied his trade of tailor before he entered the arena of politics, and overcoming the influences of his evil star, rose to shape the policy of a State. Doubtless they had sympathies with the sentiment which he subsequently associated with his name and embodied in a retributive and somewhat cruel policy "to make treason odious."

Halting a few moments at this point, we wheeled to the right and advancing to the north at right angles with our previous movements, went into camp on the Rogersville Road, about two miles distant. Cosby's command camped some distance in front of us and Vaughn's Brigade, which was a strong force, advancing thru the town moved out in the direction of Bulls Gap.

Greenville is picturesquely situated in a valley surrounded with hills. Our battery was placed in position on a slight elevation to the east of the town and commanding it, and Gen. Morgan took up his quarters at a brick residence occupied by a Mrs. Williams within 500 or 600 yards of his guns. The staff with him, so far as I recollect, consisted of Major Gassett, Capts. Taylor and Clay--the latter a grandson of Henry Clay--his adjutant general, recently assigned to him, whose name I do not care to mention, and the adjutant's clerk. It is proper here to state that Morgan had a weakness for comfortable quarters and displayed a fastidious dislike for bivouac.

Late in the afternoon Gen. Morgan, accompanied by a staff officer, rode up to our quarters--that is to say, to our bivouac fire. He never looked better. He was riding "Sir Oliver," a chestnut sorrel, thoroughbred, of extraordinary beauty and power, he

had ridden thru Kentucky and Tennessee on his escape from the Ohio penitentiary, where he was confined as a prisoner of war.

This horse, after "Black Bess," his favorite on the retreat from Bowling Green, always attracted my admiring attention. He somewhat resembled the famous racer "Planet" and had a certain grace of outline without the sacrifice of power rarely observed in horses of his class. In temperament he possessed the steady nerve of noble blood, and on review while platoons galloped by and staff horses plunged, he remained in motionless repose like a horse of bronze.

Morgan, always a striking figure, appeared to great advantage thus mounted. Being above the average height he was of stalwart and well rounded figure, his feet and hands in proportion being rather small. He wore as usual an undress cavalry uniform without insignia of rank, with well-fitting boots and silver spurs. He was always plainly, but extremely well dressed. He needed neither star nor lace--the air of the commander was about him.

He conversed with Capt. Cantrell, who was in command at the time of our force, in relation to the condition of the men, and in reply to a question of mine in relation to pickets, told me no outposts were necessary; that Vaughn was in charge of the front; that the enemy was 12 miles distant and not likely to advance, and that the men should be allowed to rest.

His manner was quite cheerful, but I inferred from a considerable experience of his ways, from his visit, and this night rest, that there was a serious probability of responsible work on our part on the morrow. He made no suggestions, however, looking to any possible movement; as usual, his purposes were shrouded in complete mystery. After a short conversation held with us without dismounting he bade us good evening in his most genial way with the smile that characterized his happier hours, and turning rode down the slope toward the road and disappeared in the gathering twilight, his well-poised figure obeying the elastic movements of the animal. This was our soldier parting; we were to see him no more. The day which had been cloudy with suggestions of Autumn in the atmosphere, with the coming of evening became sombre and threatening; ragged masses of mist descended upon the dusky ridges of the mountain and by dark rain began to fall; fires were accordingly stirred and temporary shelters improvised. It rained continuously thru the night, just after the day had broken. While it was still hardly clear, some rifle shots were heard very distinctly in the direction of Greenville. Considering the well-known position of the forces and the time this was a very unpleasant surprise; every old soldier listened with anxiety.

After a moment's hesitation, Cantrell with sudden decision said, "I believe I will move without orders," and turning to a bugler ordered the "saddle up" call blown, followed immediately by an order for the "assembly." He then mounted his horse and directing me to put the command in proper order of march, rode off at the head of the first company. From time of the first order the whole command were, I think, in the saddle in 10 minutes. We moved off toward town at a gallop. Twelve or 15 minutes later we had reached the position of the battery. We found Conrad with his detachment in column halted across the road.

As we reached him he stated to us that he had learned from stragglers as well as the shots that the Federal cavalry were in town. He did not know the fate of General Morgan, had received no orders, and being posted as support for the guns, was in doubt what to do, but had a mind "to charge the town." I do not recall the language but Cantrell told him to go ahead and he would support him. He at once drew his revolver and giving an order sharply to advance, dashed across our front at double-quick.

We remained a few moments halting before the guns awaiting the result, but heard only a few pistol shots in the distance, but almost at the same instant on the crest of the hill to the west, over which the Bulls Gap Road passes beyond the town, appeared a long and well-displayed line of battle. The line was perhaps 1,000 yards distant. While we were observing it there suddenly arose a tremendous cheer from this opposing force; the impression made by that cry is still upon me. It was in fact, the greeting given to their scout as they fell back before Conrad, bearing the dead body of General Morgan.

The movements of this scout or advance were certainly very closely supported by their main body. Why General Vaughn retired by a flank movement and uncovered the town I have never heard satisfactorily explained.

Immediately after Colonel D. Howard Smith came up and took command and we found our hands full in the effort to save our guns. We, however, retired with them slowly in good order, successfully repelling every attempt for their capture. We received no support till two hours later. As we fell back Major Gassett, of the general's staff, joined us; the remainder were captured.

Apprised for the first time of the enemy's approach by the warning shout of a courier who dashed by in front of the Federal scout, General Morgan hastened out of the house with his revolvers in his hands, but not fully dressed. He was shot down in a vineyard just to the south of his house, a glimpse of which may be had from the cars in passing thru Greenville.

From the lips of the clerk of the adjutant general, I was informed that a report of the enemy's advance was received by the adjutant during the night, but not sent in reading dispatch, that "it is only a scout." I am quite willing to accord to this "Pvt. Campbell," who, as has been stated, was a deserter from the Confederate service, the honor he claimed of firing the fatal shot, but it can not be true that he, unaided, carried away his dead body. General Morgan weighed 180 pounds and was six feet in height without his boots.

There were a number of shots fired. The general's remains were treated with great indignity, and when recovered during the day by flag of truce were found begrimed with mud, and of course, stained with blood. This treatment I would be very loth to charge upon General Gillam, who, besides being a soldier of pronounced ability and courage, I have reason to believe was a man of refinement of feeling and a gentleman. This we put down against his loyal Tennesseeans.

The information which led to this attack upon Morgan's quarters was given by a woman, supposed in our command to have been a daughter of Mrs. Williams. It has been stated however, that she was an ex-variety actress who sought reputation by this exploit. It is a matter of little importance.

The attack was an exceedingly bold and handsome thing on the part of our opponents. This is especially true when it is considered that they were not equally matched with us united, as we subsequently, thru the vicissitudes of war, had the opportunity of showing; for in a night attack, under Breckinridge, we drove them in hot haste from Bulls Gap to Mossy Creek, depriving them en route of all their transportation and artillery.

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THE BALLAD OF BLACK BESS (Anonymous)

Though art and science oft collide
Let art make no apology
For here is proof that art can win
O'er mere mundane biology.

A sculptor came to cast the fame
In metal's mold eternal.
Of Morgan and his faithful mare
And their bold deeds supernal.

The sages of the Bluegrass gave
Advice with clear simplicity.
Their chiefest hero must appear
With faultless authenticity.

And pride flashed in the sculptor's eye
When told of Morgan's prowess,
How oft he conquered in the field
On his good mare Black Bess.

But a Jovian frown now dark'd his brow
As the artist heard this last.
"No hero should bestride a mare!"
Said he, "I am aghast!"

The graybeards showed him that 'twas true,
From Sumter to the Wilderness,
Morgan's fame was won, his deeds were done
On none other than the mare Black Bess.

The artist's mood regained its calm
As was anticipated.
At last there comes the festal day
For which the Bluegrass awaited.

Now is unveiled the statue's face.
The throng's in joyous strife.
"Praxiteles this sculptor is!
It's Morgan to the life!"

The bunting parts now to display
The head of good Black Bess.
The faithful likeness moves the crowd
To cries of happiness.

At last the bunting falls away
And all now stands revealed.
A gasp of horror sweeps the crowd
At what had been concealed.

For down the corridors of Time
And up to Heaven's vestibules,
Morgan fore'er will ride a mare
Equipped with a pair of testicles.

No shadow's on the General's face;
His brow remains serene.
No mark of this great travesty
Is apparent from his mien.

And proud the eye of Good Black Bess
With shamelessness uncanny,
She just ignores the testicles
That hang beneath her fanny.

* * * * *

MORGAN'S BLACK BESS

(The following was an answer to a letter that appeared in a newspaper. It is unfortunate but the name of the paper and the date of the paper were not sent to me)

It was with interest that I read Mrs. Kyle's letter in your paper on November 12, 1959. I enjoy all of her letters in your paper.

However, she errs in saying that General Morgan is mounted on "Black Bess" in his monument on the court house square here in Lexington. At the time Coppini (the spelling doubtful) was modeling the horse he called upon my mother in an effort to locate a photograph of "Black Bess" but none was available. It was then decided to use as a model a horse, as the mare, "Black Bess" was considered too small and would be out of proportion to the figure of the General.

Up to the outbreak of the war "Black Bess" had been the saddle horse of my young uncle, who enlisted in Company "B", Second Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, and died at Bowling Green, Kentucky, about December, 1861. When General Morgan came to Kentucky on his June raid in 1862 he came to my grandfather's home, "Stonewall", in Woodford County, and was given "Black Bess." During the surprise of General Morgan by Yankee troops at Lebanon, Tennessee, "Black Bess" was shot through the fetlock

and General Morgan was forced to leave her in the hands of the Yankees when he and his men crossed the Cumberland River to escape. After the war an attempt was made to locate her but no definite information was ever found as to her fate. However, there was a rumor that she had been purchased by a sculptor in Brooklyn, N.Y., who used her as a model.

Most of the above facts can be found in General Basil Duke's History of Morgan's Command. The rest were related to me by my grandfather.

H.V. McFerran,
Honorary member of John Hunt
Morgan's Command.

Lexington, Ky.

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BLUE AND GRAY HORSE THIEVES
OR
MILES AND MILES OF FRIED CHICKEN
by
LESTER SWIFT, PAST PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND CWRT

Why not tell the story of the Morgan Raid through Ohio from a different angle? This raid of 2500 Confederate horsemen through three states was a case of military disobedience and accomplished nothing, or almost nothing, maybe something. 3000 Union cavalymen had to be used to run the Rebel Fox to earth. A hundred thousand home guards drew a few day's pay and more civilians got a fleeting glimpse of actual warfare than in any other event of the Civil War.

The Army telegraphed ahead that the Union cavalry were pushing ahead with all speed and would need feeding. The troopers said afterward that they traversed six hundred miles of fried chicken. But they grew heartily sick of the roadsides, crowded with flag-waving, frightened rustics, all singing RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG BOYS.

At the Battle of Buffington's Island there were six little tin-clads from the Mississippi Squadron, huffing and puffing and doing their best to prevent the Rebs from crossing the river. But there's no rule to prevent the cavalry from taking pot-shots at the Navy and a deck-hand on the Alleghany Belle suffered "a flesh wound through the glutaeus muscles of the right hip." An embarrassing place to be shot.

Nearly half of the Rebels were captured but Morgan escaped. After the shooting was over both the dog-tired and dusty Johnny Rebs and their captors took the most enjoyable bath they had ever had in their whole lives. A Confederate looked curiously at the Northerners and Southerners bathing together in the Ohio River and then remarked tersely to a Union sergeant that "now you couldn't tell which from t'other."

Morgan and the remnant rode north-east and at Rokeby Lock on the Muskingham River a small boy watched fearfully as the Confederate column rode up the opposite bank. Foolhardy civilians in his front yard opened fire on the Rebels and then he heard some new sound-effects: the whistle of minie balls followed by sharp thuds as they buried themselves in the side of his house.

Major Rue was a seasoned veteran of the Mexican War--much too smart to be fooled by Morgan. He used a country doctor as a guide and in no time at all he had the Kentuckian cornered in Columbiana County. When Morgan surrendered to Rue he gave him his thoroughbred sorrel mare.

Some sort of record for horse thievery was set which has never been broken. It has been estimated that the Johnny Rebs stole a total of 15,000 nags when their original mounts wore out. To be sure, the Union stalwarts appropriated another 10,000 mounts. Of course that is a Northern interpretation of the situation.

At the Cincinnati railroad station, thousands of people gathered to catch a glimpse of the Rebel General. Those close enough saw him take a long pull from his pocket flask. Then, as they marched away, a Union army band played YANKEE DOODLE.

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EULOGY UPON GENERAL MORGAN

General John Hunt Morgan was killed at Greenville, Tennessee on September 4, 1864, and the following day was buried at Abingdon, Va., with military honors. A week later his body was taken to Richmond, Va., where high officials of the Confederacy paid him tribute as his coffin was placed in a vault to await its removal to Lexington.

It was not until 1868 that this final journey could be arranged, and services were held on April 17, 1868, in Christ Church, Episcopal. The following Eulogy was composed by Robert Wickliffe Woolley and richly deserves republication.

"In all the land of the captive there is no spot more sacred than the cemetery which the Virginians call Hollywood. It looks upon the James, which runs toward the sea to mingle its waters and glories with those of the Potomac. On the banks of these two rivers there lived the noblest of their race. By their gurgling waters there now sleep better men than those who live. In that hallowed ground, heroes rest, who escaped the honorable misfortune of the Appomattox. The trees were assuming their new livery, the grass was growing, a few flowers struggling to add their beauty to the holy scene, and, while spring was leaping from the lap of winter, all that remained of the most attractive tenant of Hollywood was taken from its noble society to be returned to the state that bore him.

"If Virginians regret to see such a superb monument removed from the holy city, let them receive consolation from the reflection that there are still sleeping there, in silent graves, heroes sufficient to fill the history of twenty nations with examples, which, ere long may urge the captive to break the chains that bind them and strike once more for freedom.

"As the solemn cortege moves today beneath the shadow of Clay's monument, and by the grave where Hanson sleeps, bearing the dead body of the knightliest horseman who ever drew sword to guard his own and his country's honor, braver than all men, more generous than brave, more merciful than generous, followed by men who had often before followed him where danger was, curious thoughts will arise in the minds of Kentuckians there: Why is this man dead? Flattered by nature with every grace to adorn his person with the power to charm alike manhood and beauty--no rank too high; no society too refined; no place in which he would not have been an ornament--why was this man killed?

"Were there Kentuckians who guided foreign regiments across the state to pillage Virginia, to murder Hanson, Sidney Johnston and Morgan? Perhaps it is well they are dead; but remember, there was no price upon their swords, High rank did not allure their virtues, nor did bribes win their arms to enslave their state. Army commissions covering a foreign scheme to pillage, were spurned as gentlemen spurn dishonor. Better that they have not lived to see the disgrace of the country they loved and served well.

"By the aid of Kentuckians a false Virginian now domineers over once free Kentucky. The voice of eloquence is softened into a whine of complaint. Tones of defiance are hushed into a whisper of cowardice. Timid men sit in high places with too much selfishness to abdicate and too little courage to execute. With Joab's friendship these timid men counsel those who obeyed Johnston, Breckinridge, Buckner, Hanson and Morgan to confess that they are ashamed of the flag they followed. Ashamed of what? The fact of defeat and humiliating conquest is admitted. But ashamed of what? Ashamed that we refused to act with dishonor? Refused to aid foreigners to conquer our own people? Ashamed because bribes could not allure nor danger intimidate? Never! Never! by the glories of Stonewall Jackson and of Lee! Never! by the grand and picturesque death of Sidney Johnston! Never! by the ashes of Hanson and Morgan! Never! by the untarnished sword of Breckinridge will we confess that we are ashamed of the flag we followed.

"Let the cortege move on with its dust. The body was killed in war, but I defy the conqueror to suppress the name that rises from the grave. Tradition will tell it, history will perpetuate it, and song in sweetest music will pour forth its glory from the lips of children, and in the feeble utterances of age. The knightly horseman will be the first picture the father will paint for his boy and the strongest example to urge manhood to honorable action.

"Farewell! Friend of my youth, companion in life, brave, generous, merciful comrade, farewell! Upon the turf that covers you, fair hands will strew immortelles. Beautiful word, for it accords so well with Morgan's name. I will go often to your grave, and I may feel your spirit there, and many more will go with me. Farewell! let the cortege move on! The tears that flow down the cheeks from eyes not used to weeping, come from men who never wept in battle. Let the brave soldiers weep over their dead chieftain."

EDITOR'S NOTE: The majority of this newsletter would not have been possible without the fine newsletter of the Lexington, Ky. CWRT, Burton Milward, Editor. Many Thanks!