CIVIL WAR DAYS

As the tanks and half tracks from Camp Campbell rumbled through the streets of Hopkinsville, and the city was filled with uniformed men, graybeards and wise-acres were seen to gather together on the street corners and solemnly wag their heads and 'allow' that strange days had come upon this peaceful community. Little did they know or realize that once before, 80 odd years ago, this little pioneer village, struggling in the mud at the crossing of the North- South and East-West trails, had resounded to the tramp of marching men, and that evidences of military might were to be seen on every hand. Nor did they know that one officer, destined to fame as the greatest natural leader on either side developed by the war, actually started his military career in Hopkinsville.

We know very little of local events immediately preceding the actual outbreak of hostilities, but it is not difficult to reconstruct the picture. Our people have always been above the average intellectual level and have delighted to gather and discuss the important issues of the day. Undoubtedly the questions of Free and Slave states of states' rights and Union supremacy were debated on every hand, and, as the months passed, the tempo rose and long before the first shot was fired attFort Sumpter on April 12, 1861, the lines of loyalty had become clearly defined. The

lines of loyalty had become clearly defined. The matter of loyalty in Christian County is an interesting study at even this late date. It is a most significant fact that, although both sides claimed it as their stronghold, it followed almost exactly the pattern of the state. Although there certainly were many exceptions in general, the county was divided into two sections, one sympathetic to the Confederacy, the other loyal to the Union. The sections north of the present US 68, always referred to as "North Christian", was settled largely by hardy pioneers from the mountain sections of Pennsylvania and North Carolina. The section was rough and hilly, the farms small, slave labor could not be used to advantage, consequently the majority of its inhabitants favored the Union cause, and, to this day, they are largely Republican in politics. The rich, rolling lands in the southern half of the county were settled largely by settlers from Virginia, and were ideally adapted to the use of slave labor. The farms were large, the planters prosperous, and so it was only natural that their sympathies were with the South. Hopkinsville being on the border line, as was Kentucky, found itself divided in much the same way. It is still a debated question, but is generally conceded that it was a union town, which fact caused many southern sympathizers in South

Christian to turn to Clarksville as their trading and banking center, vestiges of which linger to this day.

The firing on Fort Sumpter on April 12, 1861 furnished the spark to start the conflagration, and soon thereafter both sides were busy seeking volunteers in Christian County. It is evident that the confederates were the first to become active, for a company calling themselves the "Oak Grove Rangers" was soon organized and mustered into service on June 25, 1861 at Camp Boone, in Montgomery County, Tennessee. The officers were Thomas G. Woodward, Capt., Darwin Bell, 1st Lt., Frank Campbell, 2nd Lt. The roster was filled with many names of families prominent to this day, such as Austin Peay, the Radfords, Buckners, Elliotts, Leavells, and many others. In September 1861 they were ordered to Bowling Green, where the Confederates established their line across the southern part of the state. They were attached to Col. Ben Hardin, Helm's Regiment under Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, as Co. A and B, First Ky. Cavalry. Shortly thereafter, they were joined by another Christian County Company, designated as Co. H, and lead by Capt. H. C. Leavell with T. M. Barker, 1st Lt., W. T. Radford, 2nd Lt., W. M. Bronaugh, Brevet 2nd Lt., and containing such prominent names as W. T. Tandy, W. P. Winfree, W. G. Wheeler, Mark and West Brame, and many others.

In the summer of 1861, the 8th Ky. Cavalry C S A was organized at the Fairgrounds near Hopkinsville (approximately where Attucks High School now stands) with H. C. Burnett of Cadiz as Colonel, H. B. Lyons of Eddyville as Lt. Col. and Wm. R. Henry as Major. Col. Burnett was shortly thereafter elected to the Confederate Senate and Lyons, afterwards Gen. Lyons, took command. As an organization, their career was short. They got into service at the Battle of Fort Donelson where they were captured and taken as prisoners of war to Indianapolis, where Major Henry died. In the fall of 1862, their terms of enlistment having expired, they were exchanged and either returned home or went into service under other commands.

While this was going on, the Federals were not idle. A camp had been established on the farm of Joseph F. Anderson, northwest of Hopkinsville, and appropriately named "Camp Joe Anderson". Here some 500 to 1000 recruits had been assembled, and an attempt was being made to organize under Joseph F. Buckner as Colonel. From its meager supply, the Federal Government had arranged to furnish them with rifles and a field piece as an encouragement to Union resistance in the state. These guns were affectionately called "Lincoln Guns" and their story is an interesting episode in Kentucky history. In September 1861 Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner moved from Bowling Green with 4000 troops to capture and destroy the camp. Only about 500 were in camp when this information was received. They moved out on the Greenville Road, about 3 miles distant, fired their cannon as a signal to those not present, and then dispersed. Union sentiment and organization in Christian County is best described in an authoritative work by Capt. Thomas Speed entitled "The Union Cause in Kentucky";

"The county of Christian particularly calls for special mention as a Union stronghold. It was said to be the second largest slave-holding county in the State. Its land was fertile and its people wealthy. It bordered on the Tennessee line, and might have been supposed to have Southern sentiment. But such was not the case. Its county-seat was the fine old town of Hopkinsville, located in sound of the cannon at Camp Boone in Tennessee, and within hearing of the roar of the guns at Donelson." It was the home of James S. Jackson, who resigned his seat in Congress in August, 1861, to raise troops to suppress the rebellion. His call as published was that he would raise a cavalry regiment for three years or during the war, to consist of ten companies: "none but active, vigorous men and men of steady habits will be received. I intend to make this regiment in all respects equal to the best drilled and disciplined corps in the regular army." Many of his recruits were from Christian County, and the regiment fulfilled the promise. At first under Colonel Jackson and afterwards under Colonel E. H. Murray, it did service with the great armies in all the great campaigns of the West, and wound up its career at the close of the war in the State of North Carolina, where it had gone through to the sea with Sherman's army.

Hopkinsville was noted for its large number of strong Union men, whose influence had much to do with the remarkable Union sentiment which prevailed in that part of the State. Among them was Colonel James F. Buckner, who, as has been related, raised a regiment in the summer of 1861, but which was dispersed before it was armed, the men making their way to Calhoun, on Green River, where they entered other organizations. General Jackson has been mentioned. It was also the home of General Benjamin H. Bristow, who, in the summer of 1861, in conjunction with Colonel (afterwards General) James S.

Shackelford, raised the Twenty-fifth Kentucky Infantry, and led it at Fort Donelson and on the field of Shiloh, and afterward assisted in raising the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, which he led in the pursuit of Morgan, and who, after the war, attained national distinction as Secretary of the Treasury under Grant. Also may be mentioned Colonel Sam M. Starling, who served on the staff of General Crittenden and also with the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; also, Colonel Edmund Starling, who raised and led the Thirty-fifth Kentucky Mounted Infantry; also, Major John Breathitt, Captains William T. Buckner, and John Peland, of the Third Kentucky Cavalry; also Lewis Buckner, Walter Evans, D. M. Claggett, William A. Sasseen, Ned Campbell, Fielding M. Starling, William Poindexter, all of whom were officers in Kentucky regiments.

Among the prominent citizens who were strong Unionists were A. V. Long, Gabriel Long, William Starling, Newton Payne, B. T. Underwood, Joab Clark, Dr. D. J. Gish, Dr. A. B. Weber, _____ Davenport, General D. S. Hays, E. S. Edmunds, Ben S. Campbell, Elder Enos Campbell, Judge H. R. Littell, Colonel C. M. Collins, Rev. H. V. D. Nevius, Dr. E. R. Cook, J. I. Landis, all of whom were men of the first order in the community where they lived.

The Union soldiers who were at any time located for a time at this fine old Kentucky town cherished ever afterwards the recollection of the cordial reception they received and the abundant hospitality and delightful entertainment extended to them. The writer's own experience enables him to testify, and to repeat the testimony of others, that, for genuine, hearty, intelligent, and abiding loyalty to the Union cause, Hopkinsville was not surpassed by any town in the State. While there was some division

of sentiment, devotion to the Union was most decidedly the prevailing feeling of the town as well as of the adjacent country.

There was a similarity between the cities of Hopkinsville and Bowling Green in respect to Union sentiment; and while it is a record fact that General Albert Sidney Johnston reported Bowling Green to be a Union centre, so it is a fact that when the Confederates first entered Kentucky, and were established at Hopkinsville, the officers expressed their surprise to find a Union sentiment prevalent among the people, saying they had come to Kentucky because they had understood the people were with the South. This expression corresponds with the words of General Bragg in his report after his invasion of Kentucky in 1862; "The campaign here was predicated on the belief and the most positive assurances that the people of this country would rise to assert their independence."

No review of the local scene would be accurate without making special mention of James S. Jackson, who, undoubtedly, was the leader of the Union cause in the county. He was a native of Lexington, but had removed to Hopkinsville to practice law. He had served as a lieutenant in the Mexican War. He had been elected to Congress in June, 1861, but resigned his seat and went home to enter the military service on behalf of the Union cause. He raised and led the Third Kentucky Cavalry until August, 1862, when he was made Brigadier-General, and in that capacity he was serving at the time of his death. He was killed at the head of his brigade in the Battle of Perryville October 4, 1862, and his body was brought to Hopkinsville and interred in Riverside Cemetery on March 24, 1863.

But getting back to the mainstream of events - the stage was now set and the shooting war was about to begin. The fall of 1862 saw the entry into Hopkinsville of an officer unknown and unbried as a soldier, but soon to become famous as a hard riding, rough and tumble, cavalry leader, Nathan Bedford Forrest. Forrest was not a highly educated man, but what he lacked in education, he made up in natural ability as a leader and military tactician. As soon as he arrived, things began to happen, and his activities are best described by his biographer, Sheppard, as follows:

"The end of October (1861) saw the whole unit, consisting of eight companies of mounted rangers, assembled at Fort Donelson, one of the twin works barring the vulnerable gap between the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers on the Kentucky-Tennessee border. From here it was, in a few days, called up to Hopkinsville, where Tilghman, the District Commander, had his headquarters, and was entrusted with the duty of observing all the 60 mile wide area between the Cumberland and Green Rivers. Major Kelly (Forrest's right-hand man - a minister of religion from Huntsville, Ala.) had the luck to draw first Federal blood. Detached from headquarters to watch the banks of the Cumberland, he managed to ambush and secure possession of an unsuspecting transport steamer, which, laden with sugar, coffee and other stores, including a welcome supply of blankets, was laboriously puffing up the River. The Union authorities planned to retaliate by raiding a confederate supply store at Canton, 18 miles below Donelson, but some one in the secret kept too loose a guard on his tongue, and, even before the gunboat "Conestoga" had

paid out her cable from Smithland, an energetic citizen, riding hell-for-leather, had brought news of her enterprise to Forrest at Princeton, and the latter was hurrying with his whole command, and a four-pounder gun temporarily added to it, to the threatened village. Scarcely had he placed the bulk of his excited and chattering men in hiding, leaving a small party in the open as bait, when the long, belching funnels and sloping wooden sides of the hostile craft hove in sight as she chugged steadily upstream. Breathless quiet fell: would she send a landing party ashore to snap up the ostentatiously displayed stragglers and fall into the yawning trap? No, the Federal Commodore was a cautious man. He put into the wharf, kept his crew under hatches, while he spied out the land. Then, not liking the looks of it, shoved out into midstream, anchored and prepared for action. His first shell fell plump into the timber stacks which gave effective shelter to Forrest's men; the four-pounder barked back, and first the sharpshooters, later the entire command, joined the duel. Grape and canister, rifle and musket balls whizzed and screamed to and fro across the open water. The four-pounder had to hurry off to a new position, its present one proving too hot to hold, but at length the gunboat seeing no chance of accomplishing its task, closed its ports, swung contemptuously round and steamed away in leisurely fashion. The gleeful young soldiery on shore swore they had killed or wounded all its crew from cabin boy to Captain; they had saved the stores and emerged with credit from their baptism of fire.

On his return to Hopkinsville, Forrest found two new companies waiting to join him, making his rangers 10 companies, or 750 men strong. A few days later he was ordered to take 300 of them and reconnoiter northward toward the Ohio. His report of the expedition is entered in the official records, and it reads like, and no doubt was, a real piece of holiday soldiering, despite the rigorous December weather and the suffering among the raw, poorly fitted troops unused to the bivouac. At Greenville they found some enemy arms and equipment, and, better than that, an enemy soldier in full uniform, a sheepish, grinning boy. After this signal success, they proceeded by way of Madisonville, Providence and Morganfield to the Ohio at Caseyville, up the Tradewater twelve miles to a crossing, and so down the southern road toward Marion, and here befell their first casualty. As they passed by the porch of a substantial house, a lady came running and begged Forrest, in the name of her children, for help; her husband, no man of war, nor even a hot southern sympathizer, had been delivered to the northern authorities by two informers, Akers and Bell, and had been arrested and taken away. Forrest, chivalrous as always, promised that his enemies should pay for their treachery and sought out Bell at his house. As he rode up to the door with Dr. Van Wyck, the surgeon of his regiment at his bridle hand, a shot rang out, and the doctor fell dead. Greatly saddened by this great loss, they passed on by Dycusburg and Eddyville, home to Hopkinsville, after capturing, at Marion, yet another Federal soldier, together with 3 guns and a pistol, the property of a civilian who was killed in the act of firing on them as they passed.

The day after Christmas saw Forrest once more afield on reconnaissance, this time with 300 men over muddy and ice-covered roads, bound, as before, to Greenville and thence to Calhoun on the Green River, where the Federals were reported to be in movement. This news was correct, Brig, Gen Crittenden has just moved his headquarters thither, and, as Forrest left Greenville for Rumsey on the morning of the 28th, December 28, 1861, 168 men of Jackson's Cavalry Regiment under Major Murray, were setting out on a scout to Carrollton, now known as South Carrollton. They met at Sacramento, and, in the ensuing action, Brig. Gen. Crittenden had to console himself with the fact that Murray's men were, after all, heavily outnumbered, had resisted the whole body of the enemy for ten minutes and would have repulsed them had not some "dastard unknown" shouted at the crucial moment "Retreat to Sacramento" had been promptly obeyed. The Sacramento fight was of interest only as a landmark in the history of Lt. Col. Bedford Forrest, and of importance only to the eight young men, six in blue and two in grey, who had answered their last call. After a quiet five weeks at their Camp in Glass' Woods, Forrest and his men received orders on Feb. 7, 1862 to report for duty to the Commandment of Fort Donelson, where they arrived on the 11th. The holiday period was at an end, but the qualities of leadership, which were to make this citizen soldier the military genius which he later proved himself to be, were evidenced at Fort Donelson, where he refused to be a party to the surrender, and, in defiance to orders led his command through the Federal lines to Nashville.

Although during their stay in Hopkinsville, Forrest and his "Critter"Company found few Union soldiers to conquer, they did find one enemy that nearly conquered them. The winter 1861-62 was severe, the troops were not properly clothed or equipped to stand the rigors of a hard winter. Disease broke out among them in their Camp in Glass' Woods, about where Adams' Tourist Camp now stands on the Madisonville Road. With few doctors, no nurses or hospitals, they died like flies. The situation is most graphically described in S. C. Mercer's book, "The Story of a Monument". The description takes the form of a conversation between a local alderman and a visitor on the occasion of the dedication of Latham's Confederate Monument on May 19, 1887, and reads in part:

: "The scene", remarked an alderman, "is very different from those which I saw here from November till February in the winter of 1861-62, twenty-six years ago." "What scenes do you refer to?" asked a visitor. The old man replied: "The scenes which caused the erection of yonder monument and called the crowd here today. It was the death of some two hundred Confederates in hospitals, within two months, during their occupation of Hopkinsville at the beginning of the war, which suggested the monument, and, although hardly a sword was drawn or a musket fired in all that mortality, it is, to my mind, one of the most pathetic stories of the civil war. The deaths were so many that funeral marches soon ceased to be played, and saluted to be fired over the graves. The mortality was more than that of all the epidemics which have visited the town since its foundation. "General J. L. Alcorn, of Mississippi with 3,000 troops of General S. B. Buckner's command, from Bowling

Green, Ky., entered Hopkinsville September 30, 1861, and made his headquarters at the Bank of Kentucky building, whose assets had been taken to Louisville some time before. He was succeeded by General Tilghman and General Clark, the latter of whom remained until the soldiers were withdrawn to take part in the defence of Fort Donelson, where hundreds of them lost their lives. The Seventh Texas suffered frightfully, and was one of the finest bodies of soldiers that I saw during the war." "What caused the mortality here, if there was no fighting?" asked the visitor. "The plague of the camps, 'Black Measles,' as the boys called it," was the reply. "Hopkinsville was first selected as a recruiting station, and after a few weeks the soldiers were taken to more active fields of service, until there remained here only some 1,200 troops. The soldiers from the Gulf States wore light clothes when they came here, and the supplies of the quartermaster's department were indifferent in respect to winter outfits. "Winter arrived, and the soldiers, hundreds of them mere boys - look at that headstone, 'Aged 16 years,' and that one, 'Aged 18 years' - began to suffer from lack of warm clothing and blankets. Then proper medicines and food were wanting. Most of the doctors were young and unfamiliar with the climate and its diseases. While half of the camp were down with measles, cold, drenching rain set in, and death began its work in good earnest. There were so few well soldiers left in a short time that men were sent, still weak and staggering from diseases, to do picket duty. Pneumonia and erysipelas followed. It was a reign of terror."

"Were no regular hospitals established?" was asked. "Yes; ten of the largest buildings in the place were taken for that purpose. You can imagine what the amount of sickness was when you learn that the Ninth Street Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, Christian, Methodist and Colored Baptist Churches, the old Seminary, the Ritter Hotel, South Kentucky College and Baptist Bethel College, and Mr. B. E. Randolph's residence, then General Forrest's headquarters, were all filled with sick soldiers. "Numbers of officers were taken to private houses. An officer of the Ninth Street Presbyterian Church told me that every pew in that church was occupied by a sick soldier. Of course the women did all they could to relieve the sufferers. They organized a society, including nearly every woman in the place, and two of this number were detailed to visit each hospital daily. A lady visiting the Ritter House one day saw twenty corpses laid out for burial. Dr. R. W. Gaines, President of the Kentucky State Medical Association, who was employed in Forrest's command for some time as assistant, states that there were thirteen deaths in three days at Bethel College. "They died like sheep", said one of the visiting committee. Two soldiers were sent one morning to purchase shrouds for two of their dead comrades who were lying at South Kentucky College. On their way back one of them dropped dead on the street, and the other died a few minutes after reaching the college. It was no wonder, when soldiers, too feeble to leave the hospital, were sent to stand guard in the chilly rains and snows of winter nights, coughing pitifully as they shivered in

ragged clothes and almost unshod feet. Several pickets died on guard." "Were they all buried here?" inquired the stranger. "About one-half", was the reply. "One hundred and one lie buried at the foot of the monument, and a comparisten of the statements made by the undertakers, physicians and nurses of the place leads to the conclusion that more than twice that number perished in the mortality of that autumn and winter."

In doing the research for this paper, the writer had a most pleasant experience and interesting discovery during a visit with Mrs. A. J. Reeder of 514 N. Main Street. Mrs. Reeder, who was Miss Lucy Stevenson, was a girl of seven at the beginning of the War, and, during General Forrest's stay in Hopkinsville, his wife, daughter, and their servant, had rooms in the Stevenson home. Mrs. Reeder's memory of the events of the period is exceedingly clear and she tells many interesting incidents, some of which are included in this paper.

Following the fall of Fort Donalson on February 16, 1862, the Confederatesattempt to maintain a line collapsed, and, from then on, their ventures back into Hopkinsville, and in fact into Kentucky, were in the nature of raids for the purpose of securing recruits, and in an endeavor to swing the state to the southern cause. The year 1862 was for the most part quiet in Christian County as active fighting had pushed on further south.

It is not generally known that the famous confederate "Morgan and his Raiders" ever visited Hopkinsville, but it is nevertheless true that they were here in October of 1862. On their return from their second raid into Kentucky, Holland, in his bio-

graphy of John Hunt Morgan, says: "Morgan, screening his movements by scattering detachments throughtthe countryside, moved leisurely through Elizabethtown, came to Greenville in an unseasonable snow-storm and rode on to Hopkinsville, off the track of the Union Army, where he was greeted with every demonstration of pleasure. Confederate flags decorated the homes, crowds thronged the streets, and supplies of all kinds were provided for Morgan and his men. They were among friends and remained for five days. Morgan made several arrests of Union men who had been active in their efforts of persecution against Southern Rights people, but released them all on their promises of good behavior in the future. Detachments were sent out to burn the Railroad between Bowling Green and Nashville, and the branch line to Springfield. Scouts brought in the information that the Union Army, under Buell, was moving south out of Kentucky, while the Confederates, under Bragg, had not yet come up. So, on the 30th day of October 1862, Morgan moved out of Hopkinsville into Tennessee and interposed his thin little force between the Federal forces and Nashville - a handful of men before a rolling avalanche."

The details of the Union Army's first entry into Hopkinsville could not be learned, but it was some time between the time of

Morgan's departure, October 1862, and February 1863. The troops were under the command of Col. Shackelford, who stayed here for a time but later established his headquarters for this section in Russellville. Many interesting and colorful stories of this particular period have come down to us but time will permit relating only a few. It was my good fortune to be permitted access to a series of letters written by a kinsman of the McCarroll family, who was a Union officer on duty here at the time. He relates, in a very charming manner, the carrying out of an order to evict the residents of the ~~John R. Green~~ residence, known then, as now, as the "Steamboat House". He wrote in part under date of February 2, 1863: "Last Thursday, in company with Lt. John Holloway and Capt. McCullough of Major Kennedy's battalion of our Regt., I took formal possession of the Gunboat Dillard in the name of the U. S. forces at this place - said Gunboat to be used as a hospital for our sick. The family of Dillards have been the most rantankerous secessionists in this community. Secessionists "per se" from the beginning, making themselves peculiarly obnoxious as such. Have acted most outragiously, and since our Regt. came here, have taken every opportunity to insult both Officers and privates. Col. Shackelford made old man Dillard take the oath and give bond, and also taxed him to the amount of $600 to reimburse the losses of Union men by the rebels. Col. S. warned Mr. Dillard several times about his daughters' insults, and finally told him that should such insults be again offered he would vacate his house for a hospital and his family removed from town. The warning was unheeded and Col. S. issued his order for the

family to vacate the house (which house is a very fine one and on account of its peculiar shpae and style of architecture resembling a steamboat somewhat has been called the "Steamboat house") by last Tuesday. Tuesday came and the family still weregthere, and declaring that Rosencrans Army couldn't take their "Gunboat" - being bad weather Col. S. said nothing to them til Thursday. Thursday morning I made a visit to his Headquarters and was immediately informed that I was the parson he wanted to take the Gunboat. I asked him if he was in earnest? Yes, he said - you must take Capt. McCullough and a load of the sick soldiers up with you and take possession. Up we went - met Miss Dillard at the door, her father having left home in order to be away at the time of the removal of the family. I thought of the pistol that Miss D carried of forks the "family Coat of Arms". One of the family, tis said, in a quarrel with her better half one day threw all the cups and saucers at his "devoted head", and then seizing a fork, gave him a stab in the back, which is thought to have caused his death, tho' sometime after the occurrance. The house had to be emptied of its effects under Col. S. orders, which fact I stated to the ladies. The scene that occurred beggars description - the kind amiable ladies raved, abused Col. S. and all Lincolnites. I waited cooly 'til the storm had somewhat subsided and then remarked that Col. S. orders to me was to vacate the house if they had not already done so - that I intended to obey orders and if they would behave themselves they could remain and see to the removal of the different articles. Women like however they would talk in spite of my advice,.

A large crowd congregated in the neighborhood to witness the scene. The sick soldiers continued to pour into the house occupying the nice chairs for seats and in the nice rooms. Johnnie Holloway had gone to the house with me for a frolic and was carrying on a gay conversation.with the enraged angels, much to his amusement and those who listened to the conversation. They were very abusive to him at first but his good natured replies soon won them over and he and they were thick as thieves before we got thro and they told him that should Morgan come in and take him prisoner they would intercede for him. The house has been vacated and now occupied by the sick, and the family left for the country on yesterday evening, much to my comfort, as Col. S. told me he would expect me to put them out of town. They had told me that should I undertake to put them out of town, they would shoot me, that they would not be taken out alive. The D's have made themselves so obnoxious that both friend and foe were glad to see them sent outside of our lines. All give me great credit for the successful taking of the Gunboat."

Despite such little unpleasantness, it must have been a very pleasant war, for, on May 30, 1863, our young Lieutenant wrote that they had received orders to report to Gen. Shackelford in Russellville, "but good luck would have it. Strawberries were in season and several parties about to come off, the general permitted us to remain one week, after having received a petition to that effect signed by fifteen young ladies of the city."

It must have been at about this time that the Union officer in charge, being handsome and gallant, was most sought after by the fairer sex. But one southern sympathizing sister found ways to

make obnoxious remarks in his presence. The Colonel, believing in the military maxim that "the best defense is an offense", began at once to pay court to her ladyship. In a surprisingly short time, she became completely infatuated with him, whereupon he promptly jilted her, and 'tis said that she died of a broken heart. Thus adding another casualty totthe list of those wholfell for the lost cause.

As the Union Army increased its efforts to win the war, searching parties were sent out to round up all able bodied males and impress them into service. On one occasion they searched the Guinn home, still standing at the S. E. corner of 12th & Main. Mr. Bud Guinn, being at home at the time and wishing to avoid capture, donned in a night cap and gown and got into bed. The soldiers looked into the room, and, mistaking him for a woman, hastily retreated. Upon reporting, the officer in charge of the detail asked, "Did you see any men?" To which, the soldier answered, "No, but I saw the damndest ugliest woman I ever saw in my life."

As the war moved into its final phase, the acts assumed a more tragic note. In the chronology of important episodes, we now move up to the fall of 1864 when the Union Army was again in Hopkinsville, and this time under the command of Colonel Sam Johnson. Colonel Johnson, undoubtedly, was assigned to duty here for the specific purpose of breaking up the frequent raids made by the Confederates for the purpose of recruiting men and foraging for supplies. If so, he was properly chosen, for he was a man of violent temper, a relentless hater of the south, and was cruel and

bloodthirsty to an extreme degree. He was a Methodist preacher in Logan County before the War, and was connected by marriage with several prominent families in the county. His persecutions and intimidations of local citizens read like a page from the life of the late Adolph Hitler, which resulted in considerable feeling among both northern and southern sympathizers. He had a number of men executed without even a military trial, among whom was Lt. Col. James F. Brewer of the Confederate Army. Colonel Brewer was a son of Joseph A. Brewer who operated two water mills on Little River in the southern part of the county. He was captured while on duty as a cavalry scout, but Colonel Johnson claimed him to be a guerrilla, and, in an outburst of oaths, gave the order, "By God, get a squad and take him down to the river bank and shoot him." Then, remembering another young prisoner named Thomas Bassett from Webster County, he added, "Go down to the jail and get that damned fellow named Bassett and shoot him too, there's no use in taking two bites at a cherry." The execution took place on the bank of Little River on North Main Street. The late Allan M. Wallis, then a small boy, was an eye witness to the shooting. He wrote a very graphic description of the event for Meacham's History, and states that when the two men were commanded to kneel with their backs to the firing squad, Colonel Brewer refused, saying, "I never turn my backs to an enemy, I only ask that you do not shoot me in the face." Colonel Johnson sat on his horse nearby, the order was given and both men fell dead.

Because of these outrages to the southern cause, General H. B. Lyons, with a superior force, was dispatched to Hopkinsville, and Colonel Johnson, taking several citizen prisoners with him, retired to Clarksville in advance of Lyons' arrival. General Lyons found no one to resist him, so he entered the city and promptly proceeded to burn the Court House, which the Federals had been using to quarter troops. General Lyons was known as the "Court House Burner" as he destroyed a total of 12 Court Houses in Kentucky during the later part of 1864. Leaving a detachment of troops under Colonel Chenoweth, he went on to Princeton and burned the Caldwell County Court House the same day. Mrs. Reeder remembers seeing the smoke from the burning building and says that it occurred about 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. She also says that at the Grand Ball, celebrating the rebuilding of the Princeton Court House, General Lyons was the first dancer on the floor. But the Federals were not content to allow the Confederates to remain in the city. One night in December 1864, while Colonel Chenoweth's men were attending a ball at the Phoenix Hotel, word came that General McCook, with a large detachment of men, was approaching by the Russellville Road. The Confederates went out to meet them and near the Western State Hospital they came in contact with a much superior force. In the running fight that followed, several men were killed on each side. The Confederates retreated south in the direction of Pembroke and General McCook came on in and occupied the town. History does not record the fact that the Confederates were ever again in Hopkinsville.

#Across the stage of events, now set for the final act of the War, now strode to his death the colorful figure of Colonel Thomas G. Woodward, Colonel Woodward was a native of New England, probably born in Vermont. He was small of stature and wore his hair in flowing locks that came down on his shoulders. A long mustache and a stubby beard covered the lower part of his face. He was a graduate of West Point and highly educated. Leaving the army he came to Kentucky in 1848 and taught school for ten or twelve years at various points in Christian County. He was teaching at the Brick Church on the Princeton Road, when the war came on and was one of the first volunteers to render his services to the Confederacy. In 1862, according to Perrin's History, he made a dash into Clarksville, and with 200 men, surrounded the college where Col. Mason was encamped with a superior force of Federals. He trained upon it a mock battery of logs mounted on wheels, and demanded Mason's surrender. The ruse worked and Colonel Mason surrendered without a fight. When he was brought into Colonel Woodward's presence and saw the little man with his long, unkempt auburn hair, his drooping mustache and his face as dark as a Spaniard's and his boots coming up to his knees, he laughingly challenged Woodward to go across the street and sit for a picture, saying: "I want to send it North to show to my friends what an insignificant little cuss I surrendered to." Col. Woodward had the picture taken and presented it to Col. Mason1#

However, the Federal authorities did not take the surrender as such a laughing matter, and shortly thereafter, in the Louisville Journal, there was published, under date of August 29, 1862, a

General Order issued by the Secretary of War reading in part as follows: "The following officers of the Seventy-first Regiment of Ohio volunteers, having published a card stating that they advised Colonel Rodney Mason, who has been cashiered for cowardice, to surrender Clarksville to the Rebel Forces, are, by the direction of the President, dismissed from the service of the United States." Twelve names followed.

Colonel Woodward was a fighter - he attacked the garrison holding Fort Donelson but was repulsed. The next day he was attacked at Cumberland Furnace by a superior force from the garrison at Fort Henry. Intrenching his force behind the ruins of the furnaces, previously destroyed by the Federals, he succeeded in defeating his attackers who lost 29 men. Unfortunately Colonel Woodward was given to strong drink and was a most difficult man to handle. As the time under review he had been relieved of his command in the Confederate Army as a disciplinary measure, had gathered a group of followers, and was operating through the county as a guerrilla. He had boasted that he was going to take Hopkinsville, then guarded by a force of about 100 Union soldiers, together with a small number of home guards or policemen. He came in from the South, and at the corner of Main and Fifteenth Streets the small number of men with him halted and refused to follow him. One man rode with Woodward, who was under the influence of liquor, and endeavored to dissuade him from the foolhardy undertaking, as the windows along Main Street were filled with armed men. This man finally stopped and Woodward rode slowly down the street to within a few paces of Ninth Street, when he was commanded to halt. He stopped his horse and was in the

act of raising his pistol to a window occupied by Petton Breathitt, where the First National Bank now is, when a volley was fired at him from the windows of the building on that corner and from the upper windows of the Phoenix Hotel, and other nearby buildings. One bullet struck his horse in the neck and four entered the body of the rider. The horse sank to the ground and Woodward was picked up and carried into the office of the hotel, where he expired within a few minutes. It was well established that the shot that actually killed Woodward was fired by a home guard named Paul Fuller, who was, in after years, killed on almost the exact spot where Colonel Woodward fell. #

The events and details of the end of the war, and of the reconstruction, are lost in the dim mist of the years, but it is safe to assume that, 'ere long, the issues which had divided the community were forgotten in repairing the ravages of war. Regardless of which side your sympathies tend at this late date, we can all take pride in the fact that the qualities of bravery and the deeds of heroism, exemplified by both Union and Confederate soldiers alike, were those which have made this country great. And it is our prayer to Almighty God that these United States, now welded by the fires of war into one Nation indivisible, shall never again resort to any except peaceful means to settle its differences.

by Wallace Henderson,
Hopkinsville, Kentucky