

The speeches came before dinner—in other words the dessert was served before the substantial of the feast. Rev. J. R. Deering, of Lexington, a private in Capt. Tom Quirk's scouts, opened the exercises with a most fervent and eloquent prayer. It was heard by the entire audience and was as fitting as could be to the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Sneed, of Mt. Sterling, followed in a short invocation to the God of peace and love. The speeches of welcome were made by Mayor Garner on behalf of the city of Winchester, the Hon. James F. Winn, on behalf of the county, and Capt. Leland Hathaway, on behalf of the Confederate Veterans' Association. Between the speeches the band played "Maryland, My Maryland," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Old Kentucky Home." Gen. Basil W. Duke responded to the addresses in a manner which brought lusty cheers from the throats of the old soldiers. Judge Thomas H. Hines, who was present, was to respond also, but owing to a sudden indisposition was unable to do so. The speeches were all brief and were exactly such as fitted the occasion. Mayor Garner was especially felicitous in his remarks, and though he spoke only five minutes, yet he made the speech of the day, and brought on himself the warmest encomiums of his friends.

After the speaking came the eating, and every ex-Confederate felt in duty bound to lay in a week's supply of rations. There was plenty and more than plenty for the fragments would have kept an orphan asylum for a month. The ladies of Clark county had prepared this dinner, and it was supervised by Mr. A. Gredinger, of Winchester, the handsome young caterer from Germany, whose Apollo-like proportions would set the Queen of Spain herself tremble with aesthetic delight to look upon him. Beef, ham, mutton, chicken, roast pig, and all manner of cakes and pies were in copious quantities, and the dinner was finished up with watermelon. For myself I can only say that I ate like a rebel when I was a rebel. Rebel and carried away more rations than I could have stuffed in my haversack in the olden time.

There is a ball to-night, but I have no heel for dancing, and so came home. To the generous people of Winchester the old soldiers owe an eternal debt of gratitude. For courtesies extended to me I am under special obligations to Marcus Lisle, to Judge Rees, of the Rees House, to Clerk D. T. Buckner and to other friends who made the day a red-letter one in my calendar.

FALCON.

### MORGAN'S MEN AT WINCHESTER.

#### A Most Novel Scene.

These notes were withheld from our notice of the reunion August 1st, because of some additional facts that were expected from correspondence that had not then been received.

During the 83 years' publication of our paper it has never had before to record such a scene as that enacted at Winchester on August 1st. The cream of the beauty, wealth, gallantry and fairness of the world's garden spot met to do honor to numbers of men who had been incarcerated in penitentiaries in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The most interesting occasion was the calling of the roll of prisoners. As each name was called out it was said where he was living and how prospering, or if dead a few words of tribute given. This took place in Court-house evening before reunion.

Capt. Shanks, of Stanford—died in 1878—was Legislator after war.

Capt. S. B. Taylor—died in Illinois—nephew of Gen. Taylor, once President.

Capt. Thos. Hinds. He escaped with Morgan to become Chief Justice of his State. Judge Hinds was present but modestly took little part.

Capt. Campbell died since war at Versailles. "What's his given name?" "Churchill Campbell." He was Lieutenant in Mexican war with Bourbon Blues.

All but one of the ex-soldiers who registered required glasses to do so, and he was bald-headed. His name Thos. Bullitt, of Louisville.

Capt. J. S. Ambrose, Lawrenceburg, Ky., now of Springfield, Mo., where he is a bank President. "He is the only instance of a Morgan soldier becoming a banker," added some one.

Capt. E. S. Dawson, now of Louisville, is the oldest living member of the Ohio party. He is now 75 years old. He was at the reunion as straight as an arrow and walks as nimbly as a boy.

Woody Longmore, the one legged Circuit Clerk, of Cynthiana, hops forward when the romance of Congressman Stone and Mr. Longmore each losing a leg in battle in Cynthiana, and winning a wife in their nurses, is repeated.

Capt. R. D. Logan and Capt. M. D. Logan, brothers, were both present, and two of the largest and finest looking men of the party. M. D. Logan is an M. D., or doctor, but served as fighting officer. He was soldier in Mexican war. Both the Logans are of Danville.

Capt. W. E. Curry—Died after the war, having been Sheriff of Clark county. His widow entertained Captains Ash and Wellington, and J. G. Craddock. Mrs. Curry's home is situated on Upper Main street, near to other pleasant residences, among them Capt. Lee Hathaway's, where Gen. Duke and daughter and son and Col. Dick Morgan were guests.

Capt. L. D. Holloway, "still in penitentiary," was replied. He has long been clerk in Kentucky penitentiary, and is such a capable man that all administrations of that institution employ him. Said Dr. Ford "Craddock, you and I ought to take pride in him, as he went to school to each of us at Seebree's, near Stamping Ground." He is perhaps older than either of us.

"Lieut. Wm. Hays, of Covington, died after the war while in Europe for his health, injured by imprisonment," was said. We added, "Died after his return, but lives in an only child, who bears his full name, and is a prosperous young business man of Cincinnati. His widow, nee Adams, of Maysville, spends much of her time in Bourbon, at Millersburg." Gen. Duke added, "Lieut. Hays was a splendid looking man and good soldier. Although surgeon he drew his sword and also acted the good physician, as many a poor wounded soldier can testify."

Lt. J. W. Hart, of Pennsylvania penitentiary. He's now landlord at Richmond, Ky., and will be here to-morrow. He was always 'here' during the war," added one. He's brother of Bush Hart, of Paris, who during and since the war, all know as game. Their mother was Chowning, of Bourbon, sister and aunt of the well known ex-Legislators.

Of the Ohio penitentiary prisoners, 71 in all, 37 have died so far as known. About 20 were present at Winchester. The 34 living are scattered over eight states, and all of the 34 are prosperous and honorable citizens—one has been Governor and Congressmen of Kentucky, one Chief Justice of Kentucky, one Auditor of State for 12 years, two have been Commonwealth Attorneys in their respective districts, one Register of Land, and 12 have represented their people in State legislation.

Gen. O. Tracy, father of Capt. B. A. and Lieut. C. T. Tracy, was more than sixty years old when he left his home in 1861 for the Southern army, and whilst he was always an Independent, he filled many important positions, and always showed himself in the forefront of every battle that the command he happened to be with went into. He was captured with Morgan's command at Buffington and was offered his liberty on terms entirely honorable, but refused, saying he preferred to die with the boys. He died at Camp Douglass in April, 1864.

#### CRAZED FROM IMPRISONMENT.

Maj. Elliott's name was called; died near Knoxville, Tenn., having lost his mind from effects of imprisonment. He was a native of Pennsylvania, but Tennesseean by adoption. He was Morgan's chief commissary. One of the best informed of men. Maj. Thos. Webber, of Holly Springs, Miss., died in lunatic asylum from his ill treatment in prison. He was one of the most gallant of men.

Capt. Wash Cosby Shane, of Covington, died 10 years since.

Capt. Lee Hathaway said he wrote to the "Warden of Pennsylvania Penitentiary," asking for a roll of the Confederate officers confined there during the war. I added to send C. O. D., and all charges would be paid, and now I apologize to the gallant Federal soldier for having supposed the Warden might be an ordinary mercenary yankee. It turned out that he was a true soldier and refused all pay for the courtesy. He was Provo Marshal when we were in prison, and a gentleman all the time. "Well, that's more than we can say of those in command at Ohio penitentiary," added several. "Oh, boys, you remember old Heavy," said Gen. Duke.

When Dr. David Logan came up to register Gen. Duke grasped his hand saying: "I will shake if you did cause me to be placed in dungeon in penitentiary." It was an intended friendly action that caused the trouble.

Dr. Logan told Gov. McCreary that he could well feign heart disease in order to be exchanged as one of the very ill. So young McCreary tied a string around his neck that gave him the appearance of suffering from heart disease. When the examining surgeon of the Federals came around he said: "Poor fellow, it is not necessary to ask what is the matter with you, as heart disease is very apparent."

Capt. L. D. Hockersmith, of Madisonville, was cheered as he stepped forward to register. He it was, who being brickmason, conceived much of the plan for escape from penitentiary. After he had scaled the walls it was found Gen. Morgan's little valise was left over the wall, and Capts. Hockersmith and Taylor went back over the wall for it. "I never would have gone back over those walls again," remarked a hearer. In nearing Cincinnati Gen. Morgan concluded to drop off the car, but Capt. Hockersmith and his friend decided to put on bold face and pass over to Covington. They were recognized by a boy at hotel, who was their posted friend. Capt. Hockersmith, some time since, published a long account in his local paper descriptive of the plans of escape in which he defended his right to the credit of originating it.

#### CAPT. GUS. MAGEE'S MURDER.

We record with sadness in Kentuckian Gen. Duke's statement of the butchery of poor Capt. Gus Magee, of Cynthiana. Said Gen. Duke, "Capt. Magee was one of the seven who escaped with Gen. Morgan from Ohio penitentiary. Afterwards, while gallantly leading a charge, he was shot from his horse, but only disabled. He was asked who he was, and upon giving his name and command the helpless soldier was butchered—shot dead. All of his comrades wept over the cruel death of one of the most brave, gallant and generous men who ever drew sword for any cause. Those who saw his murder reported to me at once." "Poor Magee was a most generous and unselfish man," remarked Gov. McCreary to us. "He offered me his cell so that I might escape in place of himself."

#### ONE NAME NOT WORTHY TO BE CALLED.

After the roll of those who were in Ohio penitentiary closed, Capt. Tracy said, "There is one name I will not call."

We remarked "there is the name of one gallant soldier who since the war has for many years been a faithful worker on my staff of reporters for the Kentuckian, and I know his name has been accidentally omitted, and that it will be readily called to relieve him of the imputation of being a dishonored one. I mean Capt. Jas. W. Mitchell." Gen. Duke at once paid great compliment to Capt. Mitchell, as did Capt. Tracy, who said in calling names he had neglected to turn last leaf.

This man, whose name was not called, turned traitor and divulged to the keepers a plan on foot to effect an escape, thereby causing five of his comrades to be punished nigh unto death. This man has never shown his face to his comrades since. It is said he died a year or two ago in a State north of the Ohio river.

As Lieut. John Riddle was called he stepped forward to register, and as the imposing form of the 6 footer with his 240 pounds showed up, he was cheered. "Why that was a boy in his teens in the penitentiary, with only 135 pounds," said one.

Maj. J. B. McCreary did not answer to his name, he being out on a canvass of his Senatorial district for benefit of his friend Tevis. He has honored the name of Morgan soldier as Legislator, Governor and Congressman. He was the only son of his father, who begged him to take the oath and leave the service, saying he was so anxious his son should survive the war and perpetuate his name. "You had better not have a representative than a dishonored one," replied the to-be Governor.

When the name of Capt. John D. Hunter was called Capt. Tracy added, "He died some dozen years ago. I met him last week," added Lieut. Wellington. "He's come back again, has he," added Maj. Tracy. "Are you sure you met him," Lieut. P. was asked. "Of course; he was my Captain."

That was a frightful scene, the running away of the horses attached to Jacob Graves' carriage, as they came down Main street from the picnic. Mrs. G. and Miss G. were both thrown some distance in jumping from the carriage, but escaped with only bruises.

Capt. I. L. N. Dickins, now of Virginia, had to ride horseback 25 miles to R. R., and then his train missed connection, so that he did not reach Winchester until the morning of August 2nd. He shed tears when he found the reunion was over and the boys most all gone.