

THE BOYS IN GRAY

Officers of Gen. J. H. Morgan's Command Meet Who Were in the

Northern Penitentiaries—Old Soldiers Greetings—A Gala Day For Old Confederates.

Some months ago a few of Gen. Morgan's command who were confined in the Ohio penitentiary during a portion of the late war, met in Lexington and discussed a meeting of the survivors of that band. It was then decided to invite those of the same command who had been similarly confined in the Pennsylvania to unite in the meeting, which invitation was promptly accepted, and Winchester was selected as the place and August 1st, 1889, as the time for the meeting.

Then all of the Confederate soldiers who now reside in Clark county and those who went from the county into the war were asked to join in the demonstration, and all of Morgan's command and other Confederates were included in the informal invitation subsequently extended. It was further determined that an old-fashioned dinner in a blue-grass woodland would most nearly meet the requirements of the occasion and it was so ordered.

On the evening of July 31st the veterans began to arrive, each train bringing its contingent. The committees were promptly on hand to welcome every comrade with a hearty greeting, and Trost's excellent band was there to add to the inspiration of the welcome.

At 9 o'clock the old soldiers met in the Court House where old acquaintances were renewed and experiences exchanged for some time, when Gen. Duke was called to the chair and Maj. H. F. Stanton and B. F. Curtis were made secretaries.

Following the prearranged program Capt. B. A. Tracy from an autograph book kept by him during the term of his imprisonment, called the roll of his companions in confinement at Columbus, Ohio, and Capt. Leeland Hathaway, from a roll kindly and courteously prepared for him by the present warden of the Pennsylvania penitentiary, (who, by the way was provost marshal of that department during that period of the war), called the names of his associate prisoners and as each was called if he were present, answered and registered his name.

A quarter of a century has thinned the ranks and the mournful iteration of "He is dead," in answer to the call of the well-known names, showed that at least half of each squad have died since they parted at the prison gates more than twenty-five years ago.

The trains brought large accessions on the morning of August 1st, and hand shaking and warm greetings were seen and heard all around.

The committees had badges for all old soldiers inscribed 'Our Comrades' on red ribbon and for the penitentiary parties 'Ohio Penitentiary' and 'Pennsylvania Penitentiary' respectively

After dinner, Capt. Tracy while waiting for regular speakers, spied us near him on platform, and said: "I will introduce to you an honorary Morgan soldier by adoption, Col. Craddock, who knew Methusela and can tell us about the past. "Tell us how it was you agreed to be shot for a Morgan soldier." "Well, you see I had no idea of being shot. Metcalfe, when told by the surgeons, that Henry Bullitt would die if dragged away to prison after his wounds at Cynthiana, said he might stay if some one would agree to be shot if he escaped. I signed to that effect, but I felt I knew my man." "You were in Morgan's company in Mexico, were you not?" "No, sir; I was an officer in his second company, formed for Mexico after he came back from Buena Vista, but it lost place in the draw and I went with Simms." "What command were you in in the Revolutionary War?" asked Capt. Tracy. "Like all the old darkies who used to die, I belonged to Mr. Washington's company."

FALCON'S LETTER.

J. Soule Smith ("Falcon") has a long letter in the Louisville Times, describing the meeting, from which we clip the following:

Let Corporal Tanner pile up the pensions as much as he pleases, the fact still remains that had Gen. Lee ever commanded at one time half the number of the present pensioners he would have subjugated the whole North and made it a province of the Southern Confederacy.

The ladies of Clark county had prepared this dinner, and it was supervised by Mr. A. Gnadinger, of Winchester, the handsome young caterer from Germany, whose Apollo-like proportions would set the Queen of Spain herself atremble with aesthetic delight to look upon him.

There was no lack of woman's witchery there to-day. Mrs. Forsythe, a sister of Gen. John H. Morgan, went up from Lexington with a long-haired daughter, whose lips would tempt a bee in search of honey to linger where her sweet breath made the air more balmy. Gen. Basil Duke's daughter, calm, sedate and beautiful, was the center of a crowd of young admirers. And Col. Hart Gibson brought with him a little maid in whose flowing tresses the sunlight had been so long slumbering that it could never tear itself away, and on whose form the woodland nymphs had lavished all their skill in fashioning a girl more perfect than the best of them. All along the streets were others, smiling, waving handkerchiefs and breathing blessings on the veterans.

If Falcon had seen Miss Tommie Duke at Capt. Hathaway's as she appeared in her riding habit, or in her breakfast attire, he would have been inspired. We had just breakfasted at Mrs. Curry's and in passing next door saluted Capt. Hathaway's guests, when their breakfast was announced. "Col-

onel, you'll repeat your breakfast to escort such a young lady," said Mrs. Hathaway. "I will! I die," we replied.

Mrs. Forsythe has four children—two daughters by her first marriage to Gen. A. P. Hill, and two by Dr. Forsythe—she being a widow for second time. It was the latter who was with her. Miss Lucy Hill, the model beauty, is spending the summer with her father's relatives in the valley of Virginia where, according to Virginia papers, she is a great toast. How memory goes back to the year just before the war when we first met Gen. (then Capt.) A. P. Hill, who was stationed in Washington. His young wife and her sister, Mrs. Gen. Duke, then Miss Tommie Morgan, drew around the modest home of the future great General, many of the bright young men, who afterwards fell, as did Gen. Hill in the war. Poor Ben Johnson, our special friend, for one. In the delirium of death Stonewall Jackson called out: "Send for A. P. Hill." He always relied upon him in battle. As Gen. Hill's soul went upward from the last fight of the war (at Petersburg) how his admirer Jackson must have welcomed him.

on white ribbon; the first of which were given to every comrade and the latter were worn by those for whom they were prepared, so that every soldier knew his fellow and the comradeship which is very near to kinship was all-pervading and engrossing.

Promptly at half past nine o'clock, A. M., the veterans, numbering about four hundred, were formed in front of the Court House by Chief Marshal Capt. B. A. Tracy and his efficient aids, T. J. Haggard and F. M. Bush, and to the martial strains of Trost's Band marched to the beautiful woodland of Col. H. P. Thomson near the city limits. A few who were disabled and the widows of Confederate soldiers were taken out in carriages provided for this occasion.

Though time has tempered the fire of their youth and the dash of twenty-five years ago may be somewhat abated, it was plain to be seen that even now carrying the weight and responsibility of an almost average fifty years, these sturdy veterans would prove a formidable contingent in a discussion of issues which might affect their rights and stir their blood. As a body too, they have impressed themselves on the history of their State to be written for the era of peace since 1865. Statesmen, jurists, advocates, physicians, artisans, farmers, educators, and greatest of all divines, all taking rank with the foremost of their fellows. And if it were not for making the "old boys" vain we would write what everybody and especially the ladies said about their personal appearance. Certainly no finer body of men, in all that goes to make the man, were thrown together.

Arriving at the grounds the informal program was continued. Comrade Rev. John R. Deering, of Lexington, opened the exercises with a prayer full of power and pathos. The occasion made him eloquent and reverent beyond his wont. He was followed by Comrade Rev. Mr. Snead, of Mt. Sterling, whose impressive invocation was delivered in a voice tremulous with emotion.

John E. Garner, Mayor of Winchester, then delivered the address of welcome on behalf of the city, which in conception and delivery was a literary gem and an oratorical triumph.

MAYOR GARNER'S SPEECH.

Soldiers of the Confederacy:

The pleasant duty of welcoming you to our city has been delegated to me. We congratulate ourselves that you have chosen this place to re-assemble after a separation of nearly a quarter of a century. We are glad to meet with you and hear you recount the too few pleasant incidents that grew out of those terrible years.

This, however, is not your first visit. Many is the time from '61 to '65 that you have stolen among us unawares. I use the word stolen advisedly and in the sense of having come unexpectedly.

Our commercial relations with you during the war were extremely pleasant and profitable—on your part, and there are but few of the elderly men present but that have traded horses with you during that period, they always accepting your propositions; you exchanging any horse you might happen to have for any one you might chance to see, that we had failed to conceal.

You will remember, how, contrary to custom, we never over-estimated our horses' good qualities when you proposed to trade, and the candor with which we enumerated age, fault or blemish that would unfit them for cavalry service.

In some respects my position to-day is a peculiar one. I am perhaps, the only person ever requested by the best people of any community to welcome a body of visitors, one of whose