

## The Brothers' War

Al Fritsch

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## The Story

Joseph Ross Davis (henceforth JRD) (1853 - 1943) was not related to our family by blood, only by good neighborly kinship. JRD was an ancient white-haired neighbor, a retired gentleman dairy farmer with a rather straight back for old age and a slow but determined gait, when he strolled out to visit the neighbors.

But he and my family were also related in the art of storytelling. He regaled Daddy, me, and my siblings during the early 1940s, the time of the Second World War. All of us liked history for it was part of being situated near the historic pioneer town of Washington, in Mason County, Kentucky. He seemed intent on establishing his own record on the "War." We listened with attention for he resembled the shoot of a stressed old oak, striving desperately for some form of new life at the end of the journey. Our family became his ear, willing audience to his quest for verbal immortality.

Davis pioneer history. JRD grew up in the Bridgeport portion of the Orangeburg section of southeastern Mason county at the place where Fleming, Lewis and Mason counties meet. Three Davis residences are listed in the 1876 *Atlas of Mason County*,<sup>i</sup> one of a "Mrs. Davis" is on the Lewis County side of the border, the large brick original homestead. The other two are on the Mason County side of the border: "T. Davis" and "Mrs. E. Davis" (JRD's mom's household). JRD was born into a true Kentucky pioneer farming family<sup>ii</sup> with their neighbors being the ex-Virginia Lees of fame. JRD's two daughters prided themselves on being Daughters of the American Revolution; he married a Glasscock, and the *Atlas* records a residence by that name next to his family place. Davises, Lees and Glasscocks are all buried in the nearby Olivet Methodist Cemetery on the eastern Mason County border.

Early Davis farm. The pioneer Davis farm did not have a registered farm name (less aristocratic), but the original homestead was a large ante-bellum brick house located one hundred feet from what is now called Davis Lane, which connects to County 1237 from Burtonville (Lewis County) to Rectorville (Mason County). The homestead fronts to the north with five upstairs front windows, a central door and porch and four windows downstairs. Ample side and back windows with extended kitchen stretch to the south. When JRD was young, the outbuildings included the quarters for the colored folks, which have now been removed. However, an old tobacco barn is nearby and so is a dinner bell on a cedar post in precisely the place I envisioned when hearing the Davis tales in the 1940s. At a distance of about 500 feet to the west of the homestead is the Davis family cemetery, established according to Kentucky pioneer traditions. Incidentally, it is still possible to establish a Kentucky family cemetery in the 21st century.<sup>iii</sup>

Pioneer Countryside. The Mason County farm land was well known and prized in Virginia prior to the separation of the Commonwealth of Kentucky from its mother state in 1792. The Virginia county, founded in 1788, included land granted as just compensation for Revolutionary War exploits by Virginians. Thus valuable farmlands were awarded to the Lees and Marshalls and other notable families. One branch of the Lee family was adjacent to the Davises in eastern Mason County just as the sprawling General Henry Lee estate was very close to the Lynnwood area where JRD's family would finally settle in central Mason county (see map).<sup>iv</sup> Daughter Edith truly thought the pioneer Davis family to be s worthy of close scrutiny as were the Lees and Marshalls. Why the Davises chose to first settle in that portion of eastern Mason County is somewhat of a mystery since the land, although gently rolling and well drained, is not quite as rich as the land around Washington and closer to the point of entry at Limestone. Was it because of the beech trees?<sup>v</sup>

Washington homestead -- Lynnwood. The 132-acre farm across the road from where I was born and grew up was part of the former George Wood estate which JRD and his wife, Cora Glasscock Davis (1856 - 1933) bought from George Coffey for \$16,500 in early January, 1910, after selling another Mason County farm to Granville Adamson for \$12,000.<sup>vi</sup> The brick house sat perched on a rise that overlooked the surrounding countryside, in fact, at the highest point in the county. It was a multi-gabled, two-plus-story house with several porches, large cistern, lightning rods, and a grove of linden (basswood) trees as well as walnuts, poplars and black locusts. The homestead appears on the 1876 county map and was most likely an ante-bellum structure. At Lynnwood, JRD and Cora lived with their family, and their children continued to inhabit the place for 71 years -- with five family members passing away within that house. Their farm was rolling, deep soiled with underlying limestone, and used for pasture as well as crops of hay, corn, wheat and small grains, hemp, flax, sorghum, fruit, vegetables and burley tobacco. It stood at the headwaters of the four-mile-long Limestone Creek near where pioneer Simon Kenton built a temporary lodging at the "cane brakes."<sup>vii</sup> Grandma Fritsch exchanged land with the Dukes and thus our family became neighbors on the Hill City Road.

The Davis Family. JRD and wife Cora had seven children but no third generation descendants. Arthur, the oldest (1877 - 1956), Mary (1881 - 1966), who did the domestic work at Lynnwood, and Edith, the Forest Avenue School principal and local historian (1886 - 1981), were all unmarried.<sup>viii</sup> Although Paul was married, he apparently had no children. In the Maysville/Mason County archives, more material is collected about prominent daughter Edith than about the rest of the Davis clan combined. Besides being a local educator, she was prominent in revitalizing the pioneer atmosphere of the county with a focus on Washington.

Elder visits. On occasions when his three remaining

children were away from home, lonely JRD would stroll quite slowly down from the ridge to a neighbor's place. As he came near, Mama would say, "Junie, here comes Mr. Davis. Go talk to him on the front porch." It was a welcome break from garden or tobacco work.

On numerous Sunday afternoons when we didn't have company or were visiting others, he would capture Daddy's ear as well, and front porch conversations would ensue with us as mere audience. I relished both his special attention and love of local history, all coming from the mouth of the locality's elder statesman. The front porch was not enclosed as our back porch was, and was thus "outside" the house. It was specifically designated for all tobacco-chewers regardless of social status. Mama never permitted visitors to indulge the habit inside her domain, for sooner or later tobacco users would spit. Better the yard than some part of the indoor stove or a pot.

An informative visitor. Thus we had a great-grandfatherly figure in his straight-brimmed 1920s straw hat, a throwback in our post-depression land from a previous prosperous post-First World War time. Other than the hat and his golden watch chain and high top shoes, I never took special notice of his attire. We could see him coming from a distance and so we had time to prepare a chair for his visit, and sometimes I even put on shoes, but he didn't seem to mind. He preferred a listener. Mama would wipe her hands on her apron and often greet him with a spoon, hoe, or butcher's knife in hand, a gentle reminder that work week meant just that. Both Mama and Daddy were busy people and entertained only on weekends and on Sundays after church which was over at 9:00 a.m. So too, JRD and family attended the Maysville Presbyterian Church which ended services nearer noon. In youth, his Sunday afternoons were times for roamin' about on foot or horse. His visits were an elderly continuation of that tradition.

Namesake? JRD befriended me because I listened intently to his stories and asked respectable questions. He thought I was named after him, but my middle name, "Joseph," was really given after my Godfather, Uncle Joe Fritsch. Daddy said, "Keep ole Joe humored for it makes for better neighbors." Although JRD and I came from different cultures, we still had much in common. Frankly, we never talked differences: age, religion or ethnic origin; he was from up on the hill crest and we from down lower in the terrain; his ancestors came in the Buffalo Trace part of Kentucky in the 1700s and mine were late-comers in the 1800s.

Tailored JRD's stories. Our family was not the only one hearing JRD stories, but he may have tailored them for ready ears. His daughter Edith was more concerned about Revolutionary War stories and the pioneer tradition in which she found her Davis family deeply involved, than about the Brothers' War in the mid-1800s. What she selectively heard from her father repertoire were pioneer stories of heroic early settlement.<sup>ix</sup> We were war kids and JRD had a mission to convey his dislike of war and especially the "War." But his son Keith's continuing mental condition, the permanently wounded (through poisonous gas) First World War

veteran, weighed heavily on him and his family. JRD had experienced the War at my own age -- both of us about eight when the respective wars started in 1861 and 1941. His youthful exploits may have been exaggerated, but the main stories were essentially accurate. What is certain is that JRD was communicating an authentic feeling.

Story-telling. Kentuckians are natural story-tellers. Remember, both President Abe Lincoln and Vice-President Alban Barkley were noted for the art, along with countless others. For some, telling stories means telling small lies or fibs, but Kentucky stories are almost always based on fact, partly containing a moral, remembered well enough to be retold with some degree of accuracy, and with an urgent desire that the listener pay attention to the message.<sup>x</sup> JRD was blessed in old age with many gifts: a sharp memory of youthful events with some confusion of real events from real dream-like visions of that period; a retention of these memories more clearly than more recent ones; and a propensity, characteristic of Kentuckians, to tell these stories later in life to a new and receptive generation as though they happened yesterday. I am one of a dwindling number of Americans who can still recount oral stories from those present at the time of the "Civil War" or "War between the States." While writing this, I spoke to a 92-year old gentleman, Fred Jesse King, near Leicester, North Carolina, who remembered his grandfather, a southern Union veteran. After much searching I'm able to find three who barely remember JRD<sup>xi</sup>, and a few more who remember his daughter Edith, who was also an accomplished story-teller.<sup>xii</sup> Our fragile memories are fleeting and worth preservation efforts. While JRD's stories were haphazardly narrated, I've arranged them chronologically for your sake.

### **The Winter of Emerging Discontent, 1861**

*Kentucky folks feel that they are neither in the North nor the South, for we share traits and influences with and from both regions. In the 1940s, we had school segregation and our colored neighbors had to go to a one-room school two miles away. We still had those cast iron road signs on the Lexington Pike with arrows pointing to Nashville, Tennessee, and Florence, Alabama; we had the decorative ironworks on Third Street in Maysville that looked like little New Orleans. Yet we also looked North for fashion, we listened to WLW in Cincinnati for news and music, we followed the Cincinnati Reds, and our language was a mix of southern Ohio and Appalachian language.*

A hurtful winter. JRD admitted that divisions in our state (Psyche) run so deep that they affect everybody. These splits were really felt in the middle 1800s, a time of holding and selling slaves, harboring abolitionists, working for a Henry Clay compromise, and witnessing churches coming apart over the slavery issue. Kentucky was truly a little north of south and south of north. No one would venture to guess the outcome of the hot discussion. By the start of the War a cleavage was occurring in

country, state, county and family -- and it would take a long time to heal.

True blue. Kentucky epitomized the divided nation in the mid 1800s. Lincoln was from Kentucky, but so was the president of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. General Albert Sydney Johnston was from Mason County, but General U.S. Grant was educated here also before going to West Point. The roads led to the South from old Limestone; but roads also led to the Northwest Territory (the first post office of which was located in Washington, Kentucky). William Clark of Lewis and Clark Expedition fame was well-known in Kentucky and ole Zachary Taylor, a Virginian by birth, was buried in Louisville. Kentucky was the birthplace of Uncle Tom, the slave whose sale inspired Harriet Beecher Stowe to write the novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. President Lincoln later said to her, "Here is the Lady who started this war." Amazingly, the schizophrenia persists down to the 21st century exemplified at various times through territorial conquest, warfare, sports competition, and horse breeding. Both the Confederacy and Lincoln's Union recognized Kentucky's border character and its strategic importance. Lincoln said in late 1861 that he must secure the state for the Union lest the entire nation unravel.<sup>xiii</sup>

A fratricide in the making. Few even remotely dreamed about the nightmare of the years 1861-1865 in our Commonwealth: the family feuds, barn burnings, horse thefts, barricades, false alarms, reports of neighbors being killed or missing, exploits of bushwackers, wounded coming home with no legs or arms, training camps, Confederate prisoners being loaded at the Maysville brick factory to be sent North, paid substitutes for conscripts, gun-running South and slave-running North, and on and on. JRD never used the term fratricidal, but he certainly knew what it meant.

Where sympathies lie. To make matters more complex in a complex state of affairs, young Joe, amid youthful exuberance, switched sides during the course of the four-year conflict. He was always for the underdog and the winning side at the same time, but tended more toward the South until 1863. The flourish of the southern gentlemen fighting for their own states appealed to many Kentuckians with more local than national pride. In the early days, the slavery issue was more an irritant and catalyst rather than a cause of conflict. For JRD, each state should have the right to settle the matter as it deemed best. After his pa's engagement at the Battle of Richmond (August, 1862), and the terrible toll taken at Perryville (October, 1862), it appeared that maybe the Union was best even while deeply hurting, and a decisive Federal victory would stop all that blood-letting.

Mann's convictions.<sup>xiv</sup> While JRD's ma, Lizzie, never ever took sides, his Pa, Mann, certainly did. From fairly early on, Mann saw the mission of the central government in Washington, DC as critical in holding our country together. He didn't vote for native son Lincoln, nor most likely for another native popular

son, John C. Breckinridge, who ran as a Southern Democrat,<sup>xv</sup> and whom cousin Will would serve under in the Confederate 1st Kentucky Brigade. He most likely voted for the Constitutional Union candidate, John Bell, who carried Kentucky on the single issue of preserving the Union. Mann viewed the newly elected Republican administration with dismay and utter frustration. Why not leave matters for the states to work out among themselves? Why not keep Kentucky neutral? The low-hanging clouds of pessimism reigned after the 1860 election, and, starting with South Carolina, southern state after state seceded even before Lincoln was inaugurated. Whither goes Kentucky? Mann's cousins Martha and Will (his farm assistant) seemed to be seceding from their own family, and that filled Mann with righteous anger. Didn't they realize that this was hurting their own mother and the customary peace of the Davis household?<sup>xvi</sup>

### **The Excitement of the Military, Spring, 1861**

*All youths have a sense of excitement about the beginning of a conflict. I will long remember standing at the church steps on December 8, 1941 and talking with fellow schoolmate, Toad Ryan, about the possibility of the Nazi bombing of New York on the day after Pearl Harbor. Youth can get excited, and that was also JRD's experience.*

JRD said that the call to defend the Commonwealth was made by the Governor Magoffin, and his pa and relatives (including both Cousins Will and Edward) were quick to respond. The Home Guards, similar to today's National Guard, were Kentucky's instrument for preserving its neutrality, and both Mann and Will shared for a period a rather unrealistic hope that neutrality would work. Actually, at the time, the State Guard under General Buchner had a more southern leaning. The Home Guard would take some part-time training in this loosely bound unit, where officers were elected by the men and troops were equipped with an assortment of uniforms and equipment.

First drums. On a bright spring Saturday morning in '61 before the shooting war got underway, but after the surrender of Fort Sumter in South Carolina, a hundred or so Mason Countians went off to play soldier. JRD was seven and a half and still small enough to ride in front of his pa's horse, a real twosome, on their spry black riding horse "Annie." Pa was 53 years old and a little beyond soldiering age, but he was filled with a patriotic spirit. The two, along with both Will and his brother Edward, had to rise at the crack of dawn and come west to near Washington at the Guard's gathering place (later Camp Kenton) a mile from that town and about 12 miles as the crow flies from their home.<sup>xvii</sup> Milking was left to Henry, the Davis family slave, whose family had lived on that land since the time of the settlement from Virginia. Like many others who became part of a long-term unspoken relationship, these colored folks regarded themselves as "Davis" family; they readily filled in and helped with farm work when family members had to travel.

The gathering. The practice field was privately owned and was used on occasions for revivals and other public functions. JRD's pa, Mann, had his gun slung on the back of the saddle as well as saddle bags with a blanket for JRD and lunch food for both. Other children would keep Little Joe company, for military training was a local attraction with its bugles and drums. Sure enough, Beth, one of the Wood girls, was also there, and Pa gave her the wartime duty of taking care of JRD. The two had fun running about, sharing a picnic and listening to the military drill orders and the fledgling drum and bugle corps from nearby Washington. Pa, Will and Edward looked so tall and proud in going through the exercises which included the election of officers. JRD mentioned Charles A. Marshall. For them war was romantic and in the spring of 1861 battle deaths were too remote to imagine.<sup>xviii</sup>

### **Torn Loyalties and Pride, Late Summer, 1861**

*My teacher called me a "stubborn German." That hurt with the war on and especially because my grandfather, Peter Fritsch, was an Alsatian who had fought Germans and lost his homeland in the Franco-Prussian War. So were my paternal grandmother, Lena Breiner and my maternal great grandfather, John Fister, Alsatians.*

Connections. Many of my own war experiences occurred after the passing of JRD since he was only alive -- but very much alive -- for a little over half of the total Second World War beginning in September, 1939. During that war period, JRD narrated many of his experiences to us (mainly Daddy and those of us kids who cared to listen).<sup>xix</sup> For JRD, War went from the glory of youth to the permanent horror of contending for a quarter of a century with his son Keith's condition. War was an ongoing internal conflict and had long since lost the glamour acquired from the victories at First and even Second Bull Run, and Fredericksburg. Just as the war was to split his family, it split his personal loyalty, with part of him pulled in one direction and part in another. Perhaps his loyalty to his companion and his aunt's slave, Lonnie, made the deciding point. Lonnie seemed by JRD's estimation to admire him, though Lonnie was every bit his equal in age, physique and intelligence. JRD didn't admit that he was highly influenced by his colored friend in those formative years, and that friend was quietly a dyed in the wool Unionist.

Family differences. His pa, Mann, who was 27 years older than Will Davis (born in 1835), treated Will like a son or younger brother. Mann was offended by some of the things his younger Confederate-siding relative<sup>xx</sup> said and did. As the months of spring and summer progressed, these minor differences became chasms. Will was exuberant, good looking, a dashing horseman, popular in the neighborhood, a show-off and one who could rapidly gain the loyalty of his younger family members. Mann was a responsible hard-working farmer who really had the responsibility for the large family farm. Mann was married and one who became increasingly fundamentalist about the Union's role as the War



dragged on; he was somewhat jealous of his younger cousin's supposed freedom from responsibility. Priscilla babied him, knowing that Will had experienced the death of his own dad in early age. Furthermore, Mann's sister Martha would take Will along with her to Lexington for a few weeks each summer and was trying to get him into Transylvania, but he wasn't college inclined. He liked horses and spent time going from farm to farm in Fayette County learning about breeding and racing of thoroughbreds. He delighted in those trips because Mason County, though an extension of the Bluegrass, did not have the strong horse tradition of the Central Bluegrass.

Family divisions. Internal family conflicts really began to manifest themselves after the nation began mobilizing and after the bloody First Battle at Bull Run on July 21, 1861. The nation was waking up to war with a capital "W." With an immature sense of rebelling late against the family, Will would talk about a triumphant South stretching to the Ohio River, and Kentucky being embedded in this true nationhood and governed by the Articles of Confederation, which existed prior to the U.S. Constitution. In the new ascending South, Republicans would not exist and the Abolitionists would be banned. "Everybody would know his place," Will would say, and that was as close as he ever came to bringing up the slavery issue.

Two different people. Mann probably talked less to local neighbors than did Will, but he read the newspapers. As the year 1861 wore on, he became highly agitated about the way things were going and often took it out on his cousin. Will, on the other hand, remained footloose and fancy free. He talked to those who shared his views and mingled more with folks in the direction of Bourbon and Fayette Counties. It is not recorded how much he traveled about between weekend drills or whether he visited Lexington before his departure for the army. In some way the family was coming to its individual decisions, and cracks were appearing in the unity of their homestead no matter how much Priscilla maintained neutrality. Most likely Will and Edward did not fight over the issue for, since Will stayed with Mann's family, it is likely that the two had less opportunity. Will was trying to be loyal to his inclinations, ambitions and traditions. So was Mann. Each interpreted those traditions in a different light. Never before had they vocally argued on substantial issues. Never before had they raised their voices at such levels that even the colored folks became alarmed and wondered what would happen next.

Goodbye to Kentucky Neutrality. By July the drums and flutes took on a new character. They became the urgent calling for draftees to fill in Lincoln's call for 75,000 military personnel, with future calls soon in store. That appeal reached neutral Kentucky like the rest of the land. Already by July, General William Nelson set up a Unionist camp within the state in Garrard County. McClellan's troops took down the Confederate flag in Columbus in western Kentucky. Confederate Camp Boone had been set

up a few miles south of the neutral Kentucky border, and was actively recruiting young men for the Confederacy and accepting hundreds of volunteers. Camp Kenton near Maysville would be soon turned into a Federal camp.<sup>xxi</sup> The pressure was on to take sides, and finally on September 18th the state legislature declared neutrality at an end. All Confederate forces had to leave the state immediately, but on that very date General Simon Bolivar Buckner led the Confederate Kentucky regiments back into the state to Bowling Green.

Strains on Davis Family Neutrality. Individual households, especially those that were quite well-knit such as the Davis one, suffered along with the state. Brothers were going against brothers and thus the twins, William and Edward, were becoming divided on loyalty. Throughout the summer Buffalo Trace folks were taking sides. The strain was all the more intense in farming communities where those departing were leaving all the farm work to those who remained behind. The sounds of crickets and croaking bullfrogs were being drowned by discussions in stores and saloons and homes and wherever two or more Kentuckians were gathering. And one young hothead Davis was preparing for his own immediate south-bound departure, though he found it impossible to confront his truly neutral mother with the decision. His brother Edward was pondering whether to volunteer for the Union but in a more quiet manner.

#### **Lizzie's Ultimatum, September, 1861**

Lizzie. JRD 's mom impressed him greatly because of her strong will, immense energy, and organizational skills at time of crisis. The entire family had to endure that crisis to a great degree -- and this was something that JRD remembered throughout life. While not the most highly talkative person, still Lizzie had the ability to punctuate her actions with definitive words when the occasion arose. JRD's admiration was really shown in being the only person to call my own mother "Lizzie" (Mary Elizabeth). She personally disdained that title as much as his tobacco chewing. We told Mama, "You remind him of his own mom whom he greatly respected." Like his ma, ours was a good cook, hospitable, hard working and would never take sides on issues. Furthermore, nicknames were a sign of endearment in Kentucky. JRD liked our Mama for her cooking skills. Occasionally, she invited him to come around to the back porch (minus his tobacco wad) and treated him to the cobbler of the season, i.e., strawberry, rhubarb, cherry, blackberry, peach, damson plum, or apple, along with a glass of lemonade. "Lizzie did it again."

Food to be eaten. Like many other Kentucky cooks, JRD's mom and aunt required everyone to eat plenty and to finish things off. Food took time to prepare and its fresh quality was difficult to preserve. True, JRD mentions that the houses had good springhouses where most foods now refrigerated were preserved after meals for a future use. In these springhouses<sup>xxii</sup> the families placed their leftovers, cooked meat, eggs, buttermilk and

other dairy products, pickles, seasonal fruit, and baked goods that are a day or so old. To persuade the growing family or visitors to finish a dish was to provide the opportunity to produce a new one with as much flavor tomorrow and to make certain that none of the hard-earned food was wasted by spoiling.

Words and the first ultimatum. The battle between Lizzie's husband Mann and Cousin Will was destroying a relationship of over a dozen years -- for Will was like a son to Mann. Now it appeared to JRD's ma that after Bull Run, words were moving rapidly to bloody deeds -- and that could affect the local community. Lizzie could do very little to stop the conflict on the national level, but she could call a truce in her own backyard. She didn't like the local Maysville papers, for their bold headlines, which she never had time to get much beyond, These stories over-excited her husband Mann. One way out of this potentially disruptive domestic conflict was to clear the place of newspapers. She announced that henceforth she would turn into tinder any newspaper brought into the house for the duration of the war. That was that -- and it would save hard-earned money as well. Surprisingly, Mann did not object for he respected her sovereign domain -- the home. Her first war skirmish was a domestic unconditional victory.

Second part of the ultimatum. Later in the same summer she put her foot down again when Will precipitated another conflict. Who would break the neutrality of the Davis family first, or, like the Unionist and Confederate actions, had it already been broken? Will was on his way to the bank at Mayslick to withdraw his own cash that he had accrued and needed for departure. Mann guessed this but couldn't bring himself to admit what was happening. His failure at persuasion led to his increasing anger, and that evening Mann spoke heated words at table. Lizzie listened as always with a certain resignation and sadness in her eyes. The newspaper could bring news, but so could those coming by the road. She then spoke up: "Until the end of this War there isn't going to be any talk about it in this household. None by anyone. Period." Mann looked dismayed. His wife's domestic dominion was a local point of conflict: would he obey or redefine dominion over the family? At heart, he was for peace and accepted her word, not even talking about his own war exploits a year later. Mann's silence at this moment was truly golden, and Lizzie's ability to creating domestic silent space was platinum.

Breaking apart. What transpired the next day left Mann even more unreconciled with Will with whom he had farmed so long. It seemed that after packing his effects that evening and before dawn Will was gone. Since he could not face Priscilla, he settled with slipping a note under her door before the first light. It said in words he normally never spoke that he had tears in his eyes because he loved her too much to kiss her goodbye. So much for undramatic departures. But it was more. His roan mare was the frisky young horse that Will generally rode about the countryside, and JRD's aunt agreed more or less that it was part of his patrimony. In fact, no one around the farms seemed able to handle

this animal but Will, who could talk with horses. All were afraid of being kicked by this non-gentle bundle of energy. But one was not enough for Will, for he always regarded a young black mare named "Princess" over at Mann's place as "sort of his" also. Will bridled and tethered Princess behind his own riding horse and away they went towards Bowling Green. That would be his farewell to his home. By full light he was past Mayslick on the Lexington Pike. What ever became of the two horses remains a mystery, but some speculated that both were lost either at Fort Donelson or at Shiloh.

### **Family Fight, Christmas, 1861**

*I told JRD about Mama's family having discord over my Uncle Ed being forced to give up farming for his own invalid Uncle Joe in Fleming County by the arrival of the invalid's own brother, Uncle Louis. This forced Ed to lose his farming exemption and to enter the service by joining the Marines.*

JRD was less reluctant than his daughter to tell of family struggles, though certain unpleasant Mason County Davis war stories were never mentioned.<sup>xxiii</sup> In his youth, the Davis family would get together for extended periods twice a year. It was generally at the early part of winter before the worst weather of January and February would set in. Farm folks could not normally get away in planting and harvesting season, and even slack mid-summer periods would depend to a certain degree on the crops grown and livestock tended. Around July 4th there was that second window of time for visiting. By the mid-19th century Christmas had become family time even though some of the Protestant traditions still avoided Christmas as a sacred feast. That was not true in Kentucky at that time, for the state had no strong Puritan tradition like New England.

Priscilla as Hostess. Christmas was when Priscilla the matriarch would shine. Her decorations, her invitations, her lighting of candles, her selection of the tree and boughs and all that transformed large brick house into a festive place. The nine front windows had candles on the evenings of gatherings, and selected neighbors would be invited throughout the twelve days of Christmas when the Davises were not somewhere else. The cured hog meat would be ready along with the roasted chicken or goose. The apples, pumpkins and mincemeat were turned into pies along with many other sweets prepared during the preparation period in late November and December. Priscilla loved to preside, to make sure all were welcome, made to feel comfortable and pleasantly stuffed, and be entertained with music and singing. The colored folks from the young to the old would wear clean starched distinctive waiting costumes, and were considered an essential part of the festivities.

The home battle opening salvos. The actual Christmas Day or family feast of 1861 was meant to be as grand as ever at Priscilla's place; the ample space of the Davis homestead allowed

more distant relatives and in-laws to come, stay if need be, and bring their own specially prepared dishes and gifts. With meats and certain items being cooked at the main kitchen, and some of the desserts and other side dishes being brought in, it was like a massive potluck. JRD said the Christmas table always "groaned with food." However, on this particular Christmas season, Cousin Martha was ready to break the uneasy neutrality of the Davis homestead. Ordinarily, the family talk had been quite civil on such subjects as herbal remedies, the fruit harvest, the storage bins, the family ailments, who died in the neighborhood, and who was found with the wrong person or object. It was never, never religion or politics. But Martha broke the tradition in 1861 -- "I can't stand how the Union broke the neutrality and sent their troops into our borders."

Breaking up. Mann did not allow this salvo to go unchallenged. Priscilla took an uncharacteristic leave from the room, having already suffered much from the sudden departure of Will a few months back, and the expected departure of Edward at any time. The exchange really did not last long, for the gifts had been exchanged and the meal eaten, so Lizzie suggested that all were tired (they weren't) and should go home. The kids gave final hugs to Auntie and blew kisses to cousins Martha and Nancy. Mann said little and just got his coat and hat, smiled faintly and departed following his family out the door. Never before had a Christmas feast ended so abruptly.

The Davis War parting was not like those in "Gone with the Wind." This is Kentucky, not the Deep South, and here brother can be at brother's throat. There were few love feasts where close relatives met on the field of battle and embraced; many of them carried their divided convictions to the end, sometimes without reconciliation. And JRD's Aunt Priscilla was feeling a heavy heart as she slowly took down the Christmas decorations. The season was meant for family strengthening, and it happened to be the opposite this year. Each dried decoration was carefully stored away for better times, for she had made each one from local pine cones and grape vines, from fresh cedar boughs and mistletoe, from saved red ribbons and dark green sashes. A bitter-sweetness hung over her household as the year 1862 arrived, but would this be a year of more bloody conflict?

#### Horses and Aristocracy, Spring, 1862

*Horses meant much to us during the Second World War, for fuel was rationed, farm machinery impossible to obtain, and so we delayed agricultural modernization and extended the horse economy a few more years. Arthur, JRD's son, had a way of riding a horse as an aristocrat while surveying the farm and the progress of his workers, which made us worker/farmers quite critical of him. Besides, that war in which Americans were reluctantly drawn was certainly not going well in 1942 much like events in 1862.*

From what we gathered in conversation with JRD, 1862 was when people of the Lewis/Mason/Fleming County communities took matters

about preserving property into their own hands. Though the countryside was dangerously divided in loyalty, the menfolks, and womenfolks as well, gathered in small units to devise ways of hiding the most valuable possessions -- jewelry, china and most especially horses. The possible loss of feed or food or fence rails to a marauding army was generally of little consequence, but to lose one's horses would be tragic. Priscilla had made a plan whereby only the loyal menfolks would know and be able to hide the best horses quickly at a moment's notice and to do so in such a way that they would not be easily stolen or betrayed by neighbors who wanted to make mischief.

Horse mentality. Horses are Kentucky's wealth, now as in 1862. The good ones bring enormous prices now in the millions and then in the thousands of dollars. One must remember that, for Kentuckians, horseback riding (not just racing) is widely regarded as the state sport. Will had, like his companions, ridden horses from the time he was a toddler. The difficulty was that horses were both in the blood of many native sons and a source of wealth. People, even churchgoers, bet on the races or at least talked about the potential of this or that horse by name and background. It really was Will's hope to get into the horse business in a far greater scale than that found in humble Mason County. The purses of races at that time ran into tens of thousands of dollars, and horse sales brought in huge sums of money. His dream was an ascendant South willing to put its best money into an agricultural economy crowned by the horse industry.

Will's reasoning: loyal son. Mann's war with his cousin was really over horses, not saving the union and certainly not over slavery. In fairness, the two horses Will took were not the only two riding horses on the Davis Farms at that time, and as JRD admits, Will felt close to both horses and thought they were his ticket for final acceptance by his peers in the Confederate calvary unit that was being formed. For him, only Southern gentlemen knew good horses and how to care for them, and he felt proud of both horses, one of which only he could ride, and the other, his back-up, which was the sign of real affluence. Why bring one when you have trained and cherished two all the time? And besides, he left several horses at both farms on his departure, and afterwards less feed was required than if his two were present.

Mann's position: prodigal son. Certainly the difference in interpretation of the taking of the horses was irreconcilable. Mann saw it as complete selfishness on the part of the younger relative, who would farm but did not seem to have his heart in the enterprise. Had Priscilla not had able-bodied Henry to help with the heavy work, she would have been lost after the departure of Edward for the army. Selfish Will was rapidly shaping up to be the prodigal son, taking from his heritage without so much as a goodbye, and off to spend his fortune (horses) for a crazy cause that would eventually end in disaster. After working with the "pigs" in the south and starving all the while, he would return

to the family's celebration, and Mann would be left tending the livestock all the while.

### **Invasion of Kentucky, Summer, 1862**

*The summer of 1942 when my uncle went off to war was one of the most disconcerting in our collective lives. I followed the war's progress closely. It was the period following the terrible spring defeats of Bataan and the loss of the Philippines, Dutch East Indies, southeast Asia and the actual invasion of islands off the American mainland by the ever advancing Japanese. In truth, the decisive battle and victory of Midway occurred. But in Europe the Nazi war machine was stalled on the plains of Russia with massive battle casualties occurring on a daily basis. And Rommel in Africa was stopped by the British before the Suez Canal.*

First Cynthiana. For Kentuckians living in Civil War times the summer of 1862 was filled with equal uncertainty. The rumors of the exploits of John Hunt Morgan filled the air and caused the first genuine panic, especially around mid-July. The Kentuckian Morgan was the "Thunderbolt of the Confederacy," and came at such speed that it unnerved the lovers of the Union and made all somewhat nervous except some impetuous youth awaiting the opportunity to join his ranks. Morgan's mounts came as close as Cynthiana (30 miles away from the Davises) when his cavalry defeated the local Home Guard at the first battle bearing the town's name on July 17th. It took place generally around the old covered bridge crossing the Licking River. Morgan's ability to play havoc was soon relayed throughout the Buffalo Trace. Morgan meant business and burnt the Cynthiana depot, captured military supplies, and proceeded to destroy Camp Frazier, a Unionist training ground.

Confederate Invasion of Kentucky. When Morgan's exploits were being nationally recognized, General Braxton Bragg's Confederate army was contemplating coming up Kentucky's west side from western Tennessee and simultaneously Kirby Smith's army was moving out of the southern Appalachians and eastern Tennessee. They expected the state to rise up and join their favorite sons Breckinridge and Morgan. Though acting independently Bragg and Smith were heading in a pincers movement towards Lexington or Louisville and then planned to move on as a joint unstoppable force to Cincinnati and points North. Bragg talked about being military governor of Ohio. The strategy of getting ahead of the Union army under General Buell was a good one, if Bragg had had the nerve to carry it out rapidly, but that he did not do -- and thus lost one of the great opportunities for the Confederacy. All the while the people of Kentucky were under more apprehension than perhaps at any other time in the history of the Commonwealth.

August Call to arms. Mann had late summer work to do including topping, suckering and cutting early tobacco, late haying, cleaning out the water pools, and getting some firewood split for winter. It wasn't high harvest time yet, for July to

mid-August contained that lull while the crops grew. At this time the word came: the Home Guard is to reassemble and all with riding horses are to bring them to Camp Kenton. JRD said his Dad took him aside and said he was at almost nine "the man of the house." If any problems such as sick animals should arise he was to go immediately over to Aunt Priscilla's place and Henry would come over. Between JRD and his mom they could get the milking done, for only two cows were producing at that time, and two others were ready to calf. He and his sister Malinda could top the tobacco and help with the garden as well.

Farewell. Lizzie came out and was teary-eyed, but too strong to cry in front of the kids. She had a large cloth poke of food, Mann's blanket, a saddle bag with a change of clothes and the blue wool jacket she had sewed for him with the admonition, "Don't put it on till you have to, for you'll stink it up with sweat. And take care of yourself. You don't have to be the first to charge. Let someone else go ahead of you." Perhaps that was as close as she came to breaking the ultimatum. Mann even seemed a little more teary-eyed as he hugged each of the three walking children and kissed the infant in her arms. And then he was off to war.

Gathering Conflict. Folks guessed that the two Confederate armies were heading for the Ohio River, and Mason and Bracken Counties appeared in the path of their right wing. That was probably the Confederate army that Mann and the Guard company were supposed to check. By the end of August the Federals were pushed aside at Richmond by the independently operating army of General Kirby Smith who seemed unstoppable. And what happened to the Home Guard Company? All had their minds on what was to come and few even mentioned that General Robert E. Lee was invading Maryland in the east. Lizzie kept her own concerns to herself and kept reassuring the kids that all would be okay.

Augusta's turmoil. As the thunder of canons could be heard on the 12th of September over around Augusta in Bracken County, Miss Harrison sent Malinda, Mary and the rest of her students who had come to school that day home early. The entire county knew that Basil Duke, grandson of the respected pioneer doctor from Washington, Kentucky by the same name, was coming as second in command of the Morgan cavalry. Duke's forces appeared on the hills above Augusta and his artillery drove off the Federal gunboat docked at Augusta's Ohio River waterfront. The outnumbered local Home Guard challenged Duke's men, but Duke first offered a truce so his forces could rest overnight. However the Home Guard did not get the truce message and proceeded to kill two dozen including the a Louisville newspaper editor's son by an ambush operation. The Duke's folks responded with determination and even used cannon on the business district killing about a dozen Home Guard. That night a third of Augusta burned, and JRD and family could smell the smoke since they were down wind of Augusta.

September uncertainty. All through August and September



Lizzie led the Davis kids in prayer at bed time for their absent pa wherever he was. Furthermore, JRD was forced by circumstances to stay home from school, though that was rare because his folks valued schooling so highly.<sup>xxiv</sup> The September days passed by and the tobacco did not really get "housed" even though the depleted farm ranks made a noble attempt to put the ripest in more easily reached lower tiers of the barn. The cows got milked but the tobacco, hemp and corn kept growing and ripening in the field in anticipation of Mann's return. Malinda brought JRD some secondhand newspapers that Miss Eliza Harrison passed on for his "reading assignments" when he missed school. He was torn about sharing this information with his worried mom who was bound by her own ultimatum. In fact, he remained silent.

The return. By and by, remnants of the Home Guard returned in late September, and Mann slipped in unannounced, haggard, unshaven, grimy, horseless and gunless. He still had the sweaty jacket, but it was torn. And he had a family happy to see him home and safe. Lizzie found it hard to stick to her ultimatum but only said, "Thank God you are in one piece." Mann smiled, kissed, grunted and went off looking for a dash of wash water and a meal. Nothing was ever said in that household about the Battle of Richmond -- or whether he even fought in it. JRD heard about the horrible Battle of Richmond<sup>xxv</sup> in bits and pieces for it was a part of a campaign that went as far as Lexington and Frankfort, where a Confederate governor was installed -- for an extremely brief period. That campaign would end in early October at the Battle of Perryville, from whence Bragg's defeated army would return wounded but intact to Tennessee.

Farming calls. Early the day after his return, Mann plunged into needed farm work to beat the frost. Henry helped as always, and all the womenfolks pitched in, even Priscilla now in her sixties. Lizzie and JRD milked cows, hilled in garden root crops, got in the potted herbs, split firewood and helped with the tobacco in their spare time. "We left calves sucking the cows later that fall." Mann worked from dawn to dusk and, though the Kentucky customs were strict about Sabbath work, he even spent his Sundays in that autumn harvest season of '62 in the fields.

### **Back to School, October, 1862**

School for all. Though there had been much missed school in September, by the next month JRD was back to the normal school routine. He could not understand the contradiction in the attitudes towards him and Lonnie. His parents bend over backwards for his education, and yet Lonnie, who was bright and eager to learn, could not go to school. JRD deplored this fact and tried some personal tutoring as was also occurring under religious auspices in various parts of the South. With Lizzie's blessing, he would take Lonnie over some of his own lessons when they were under the maple tree with the swing rope in good weather, and in his own bedroom when weather was too rainy or cold. Lizzie would reward them with some cider or cookies at lesson break and give a

smiling encouragement. In fact, Lonnie was generally just a little behind JRD and seemed to grasp things so very rapidly that it frightened the tutor.

Carrying on. Older boys stayed home for greater parts of that autumn, but JRD was told by his parents he must get an education even in hard times. Cows in the morning and cows at night were enough. From about 8:00 to 3:30 it was school which Lizzie insisted that he and later on his siblings attend to make up for her limited schooling.<sup>xxvi</sup> JRD tried to reciprocate because he liked school and wanted to keep up on current events at a time where there were no modern electronic media. He was news-starved, and so he begged Miss Harrison to allow him to see all back issues. She happily obliged and left a stack on the library shelf in their one-room school and the door unlocked until mid-1863 when vandalism became too widespread. JRD abstained from occasional recesses to page through the newspapers. He once asked Miss Harrison for permission to take home a rather large map of the Eastern United States so he could follow the war as it progressed. He later inserted such unknown places as Wilderness, Kernsville, Cedar Creek and Stone Mountain on it's surface, because the map was devoid of many of the names being made famous by the Civil War.

Called to order. When once a student commented on the war's progress, there were claps and some catcalls. Miss Harrison stopped and looked sternly at the class of about twenty eager faces, which she knew belonged to people of divided loyalty. She said there was never to be a demonstration of support or dissent again or she would both punish them with her stick or paddle in class and send a note home -- and she knew the parents would do the same. For her, war was serious business and it took discipline to run a school in divided Kentucky. To prove how serious it was she instructed the students on how they were to follow signals given by the different types of church-bell ringing at the Olivet church: remote alarm, alarm is near or present, alarm is over.

Revelation. Though quite inquisitive, JRD never asked his pa about his role in the Kentucky campaign. JRD was even uncertain if Mann have fought at Richmond. JRD searched his father's jacket pockets and looked at the folder where Mann kept his papers and IOU slips in the stripping room adjacent to the main barn. His careful search uncovered an unusual paper; JRD opened it and found a scrawled note which read something like this: "Mann Davis is paroled and promises from ever taking up arms against the Confederate States of America." A Confederate colonel or an assistant signed this but the name was undecipherable. Probably the slip allowed Mann to pass through lines and to return home. And that might also explain what happened to his horse, gun and knapsack. So he had been a prisoner of war and released as a parolee on good behavior. In truth, Mann never really admitted this, nor did he ever again attend Home Guard meetings. JRD commented that "Pa was a man of

his word, even his paroled word."

### **Neighbors Hurt as Well, November, 1862**

*We heard that poor Lucille Comer, a widow in Washington, had lost her son in the Second World War after she had endured the loss of her husband in the First. Mama felt so bad that she went to the memorial Mass for the young deceased man. Now a small banner with a gold star was on the Comer door. We recalled the story of JRD's neighbor whose place was trashed during the War even though she was a widow whose only child was missing in action at the time.*

JRD recalled Widow Jones who lived down the road and within sight of the Davis place. Her son had gone off at the same time as Will but was serving in a different Confederate unit most of the first part of the war. The Widow made no major deal about it, and had to milk her two cows and told folks at church she didn't know how she would get hay in that year without Tom. Lizzie promised her that she would have someone over when the hay was ready, even if she must divert Mann from his own pressing farm work. Mann had objected with a frown, but Lizzie had a strict rule among others and that was to help people in need without asking too many questions. And Mann didn't ask questions.

That November morning while JRD was away at school Lonnie came to the kitchen door and told Mizz' Lizzie that Widow Jones' house had been trashed and villains had painted on the planks out front the word "Sesh." Lizzie told him to return when Little Joe got home from school, and she would have some things to take over to the Widow. She baked a cake, got a loaf of bread and some of her favorite preserves and put them all in a cloth flour sack. JRD wondered what was happening when he saw Lonnie and his dog. He liked free time, but Ma told him to get the whitewash can and brush and go over to Widow Jones and repaint the white front planks. JRD objected, "They'll think I'm sesh too. Maybe Lonnie can do it."

His mother turned and stared at him, "Don't ever use that word around here. The woman is in need and we must help her out. Now both you and Lonnie do the painting. We are all one people."

So they toted the sack of food with its hand-written note and the paint equipment and off to Widow Jones. She was cleaning up the place and trying to repair a shed door when they got there. Tears came into her eyes as she opened the sack and read the note. "That's good Lizzie. And Tom always kept the fence painted and everything so spruced up around here."

While repainting, the boys noted that the place really was trashed. In fact, the vandals had pushed over the outhouse at an angle where she couldn't use it and they had scattered fire wood around. The painting went fast, and Lonnie suggested that they extend their help. Widow Jones gave them a glass of water each and some buttered cinnamon rolls. Both boys restacked the wood

without much trouble, but they couldn't budge the toilet. They dispatched the rolls and promised they'd get help for the toilet. They hurried back, found Henry, and he said, "I'll get right over after I finish this." Sure enough, before the sun set Widow Jones' place was back to normal.

### **News from Will, Christmas, 1862**

That second Christmas of the war was as good as could be expected. Both Will and Edward were away, the first in the South and the second in southern Ohio for the time being. JRD would get the different war Christmas celebrations all confused in his mind but he did remember that Martha brought to her mom a gift from Will. He had apparently gotten an ornamental object made from sea shells while in Mobile which seemed a great distance from Tennessee, but it did make sense. The Orphan Brigade did not return to Kentucky during the 1862 invasion but had been in Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama before settling down for much of the autumn near Murfreesboro. During that relatively battle-free period, Martha and others from Lexington had made personal visits to the troops because they were able to travel through the lines. The aristocratic lady folks of Lexington even attended the John Hunt Morgan wedding at the end of the year.

Martha said she found Will in surprisingly good spirits and quite trim and fit. Besides the gift for Priscilla, he sent the family a long Christmas letter which was read with all listening in utter silence. "Pa was not mentioned, but all of us kids were, for Will had a special liking for us." He had apparently been wounded in the spring at Shiloh though he showed no visible wounds, and after that he had suffered from a fever from the water or mosquitoes near Vicksburg, and then the brigade had the great disappointment of getting back within sight of Kentucky at Cumberland Gap, but were called to central Tennessee. He said his spirits at the time of writing were low and his hopes high to see all the family in the coming year when the Confederacy would return to Kentucky. Pa uttered a guffaw, and then tried to retract by clearing his throat. Martha said that Will heard that back the previous winter in another portion of his Brigade, a fellow soldier (probably Oliver Steele of Henderson County),<sup>xxvii</sup> had the horror of watching his own wounded and captured brother from the Federal army die in front of him. She said Will had nightmares that he would meet Edward on the battlefield.

### **Freedom for Some, January, 1863**

*We told JRD we went past the Rankin House in Ripley, Ohio, a few weekends back and he told of discovering part of the Underground Railroad.*

President Lincoln had emancipated some of the slaves through a proclamation, declared right after the battle of Antietam in late September, 1862. The official Emancipation Proclamation followed on New Year's Day, 1863. It applied to all captured territories

in the states in rebellion. The proclamation did not apply to Kentucky nor other slave-holding border states. Lonnie knew about it as did most of the colored folks throughout Kentucky. There was an air of expectancy among the colored folks and yet little spoken openly to the white people who were terrified about emancipation.

Yes and no to slaves. Priscilla's household had a slave family, though the term "slave" was never used, and the people were regarded as part of an extended family with some privileges. Henry's family shared in the garden produce to the degree needed; he got chicken feed for their hen house; they got hand-me-downs both from others in the Davis family and neighbors who had the right sizes; they congregated at their own church but also had all of Sunday off to the degree possible. Henry made his own "long green" chewing material from the tobacco supply; they shared in the hog killing and many of the products (often what was not always liked by the white Davis family such as brains and "chitlins"<sup>xxviii</sup>); they got added money from digging ginseng, selling a few chickens and gathering blackberries and walnuts.

This was hemp and tobacco country and both were labor intensive at that period. However Mason County was too close to the Underground Railroad to risk a large number of slaves. Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had made an escape a few miles away, and many others escaped across the Ohio River over the years. The colored who still lived here were regarded as benevolent retirees who did a little and expected their livelihood -- and got it in this part of Kentucky. Pa said they must always provide for the colored folks when they are old or sick or in need. Priscilla and family considered it their Christian duty to live up to these obligations. They all recognized that there was no future in slavery because it was so uneconomical in the long run. They more or less followed the reasoning of Kentucky's Henry Clay, though the Great Emancipator had been dead for fifteen or more years. Let's free them as soon as possible, but it would be best to get our fair compensation.

Roamin' and discoverin' In late winter the two boys were out roaming about on foot on a Sunday afternoon, when they came near a spot near the Ohio River Road (present Kentucky Route 10) where a small hut had been built along side a creek bed. JRD wanted to investigate. Lonnie, in an uncharacteristic manner, said they should go on. JRD insisted and with reluctance Lonnie followed. From inside the small building came noises as though people were talking in a hushed manner, and they were trying to quiet a baby who was whimpering. From the speech JRD knew they were Afro-American. He was puzzled and Lonnie pulled at him and said -- "It's part of the railroad." JRD said, "Are you crazy, boy. There's no railroad around here."<sup>xxix</sup> It was the "underground railroad" of which Lonnie knew more than he did. JRD said he was willing to keep it their secret. However, a little later the sheriff raided the building and questioned the family who owned the property.

### Winter was Hard, 1863

*Winters are never easy in Kentucky, especially with cold penetrating rains and sleet storms, the need to feed and sometimes water livestock, fetch fire wood, carry out ashes, go to market on slippery roads, find additional winter clothes and bedding, get the proper amount of green vegetables, and survive colds and other ailments. January is "dying month" for the elderly and infirm. It is the time people unearth the mounded root crops in the fields; uncover the collards for one last mess of greens; look for the early shoots of dandelion; and bring out the canned, pickled, salted and dried foods from the root cellar and springhouse. With proper planning and good luck there is always some fresh eggs and milk products, fresh hog meat and wild game for burgoo, and maybe in good years a slaughtered head of beef to share in the community.*

The alarms of the previous summer (1862) were repeated and the battle casualties were intensifying this winter with little letup from the fall campaigns. Fredericksburg in December had been a tragic defeat for the Union in the East. Murfreesboro (Stone River), a bloody draw, started the year off, and other engagements occurred on land and sea throughout the South. The year 1863 was quickly shaping up to be a bigger slug fest than the previous year. Federal plans were being made throughout the winter for a spring offensive to divide the Confederacy in half at the Mississippi River and then in quarters by a march into Georgia. Alarms periodically sounded throughout the Bluegrass state, for General John Hunt Morgan's organized raiders and other groups were moving from Tennessee at will. The Federal units guarding railroad bridges and supply centers seemed powerless.

Mann talked quietly with Priscilla and others on how they would hide their horses in the cover down near the North Fork of the Licking River. They developed a place for storing hay and water containers down at a pen which could be quickly constructed from piled rails taken to the chosen spot. The conversation never got around to Mann's parole, yet all knew that it was in effect or he would be practicing with the Guard. Some of the parolees were honoring the slip, but many were ignoring it and returning to military service as soon as possible. In one sense JRD knew more than other family members; he approached his pa when the Morgan raids were expected. Would he (Mann) fight? "I saw the slip in the stripping room and I know you want to obey." Mann looked shocked at his son; so he knew. "I didn't tell anybody." Here was the only family member who really knew Mann's dilemma, for the rest only suspected it. Mann would fight bushwackers or Union vigilantes, but would he fight the Confederacy?

Mann raised his eyebrows and then slowly shook his head no. "It's my word. I'm goin' to keep it."

### Rough Times on the Farm, Spring, 1863

*During the Second World War we had to make it with far fewer farm workers and far more crop production than the previous decade. We knew that JRD had two colored hired hands, Skinny and Noah Connors, of whom I was so bold as to ask JRD whether they knew about the War (some eighty years before). He said in a defensive manner that they were free to go if they liked, but they wanted to live at Lynnwood in fullness of their years and take care of the dairy. Of course, a few years after JRD's passing, old dependable Noah would put his dead groundhogs (the fruit of his night hunting) in the milk cans in the dairy cooler, and they were mistakenly hauled with other milk cans to the Maysville Carnation Plant; there they were dumped with neighbors' milk into the big hopper and thus contaminated the entire batch. That was the end of the Davis dairy.*

Farm protection. From the spring of 1863 through the same period in 1865, times throughout Kentucky were rough, with Confederate raids, guerrilla struggles, and bushwacker attacks when people least expected it. Every county endured widespread war-related violence of some type. Farm families had to contend with lack of personnel due to military service, and to this was added the extra burden of protecting property and especially horses. Mann and others regarded themselves as fighters even when not on Home Guard duty. Saving the horses from marauding bands never ceased to require extra attention, especially since part of the concealment was from mean-spirited neighbors who might report hiding places. The nervousness reached a very high pitch in the Buffalo Trace region in the spring of 1863 when a Confederate raiding party of 300 men entered the county on the way to strike Maysville on June 14th. Years later JRD was unable to distinguish this from other raids because they or rumors brought one alarm after another. He just remembered having to care for the horses on almost a moment's notice. The dinner bell alarms of the countryside gave the signal to rise from bed or table or field and immediately take the horses to relative safety. After a while it wasn't much fun.

The War farm. JRD mentioned how hard it was during the War for his pa and relatives to handle hundreds of acres with only Henry as an adult male helper. However, as a prosperous farmer,<sup>xxx</sup> Mann planned very well, grazed many head of livestock and raised corn, hemp, sorghum, tobacco and wheat for flour along with fruit and vegetables, chickens, hogs and horses. As the war progressed they moved more towards corn meal instead of wheat and cut back on the labor intensive crops requiring more manpower.

Women at war. Kentucky farm women rose to the occasion of the Civil War and, along with the younger boys and girls, did much gardening and orchard harvesting, berry picking, caring for and dressing chickens, making sausage and helping with the meat smoking and salting. They also took care of housekeeping and general yard pruning and work, helped with the cow milking; weeded, hoed, topped, suckered, cut, housed, and stripped tobacco; assisted with making and cooking down the sorghum molasses; sowed,

hoed and shucked corn; hilled in root crops for winter; did the marketing on Saturdays often without the men folks; peddled excess produce; and (with the help of colored older folks) nursed, fed, and scrubbed a flock of kids. With the growing youth, both white and black, they would care for a flower garden, cut weeds, and plant and care for potted herbs throughout the winters. It is unclear how many women split firewood since this was a task for older youth and men in the off farm work season; the wood was usually stacked neatly months in advance of actual use. Domestic tasks were far more difficult in Civil War times than during the Second World War: mending was done without a sewing machine, washing without a washing machine, and ironing without an electric iron. Hitching and driving slow moving horses was more difficult than was jumping into a car and traveling all-weather roads in the 20th century.

Men at work. JRD said that the Civil War home front was largely "manned" by women. There were fewer men folks around, for so many of the able-bodied had volunteered or were drafted. One or two adult males per farm were more than average, and these two helped neighbors as well. It was the man's job to plow, till, cut trees and brush, fix fences and roads, mow the hay, rake it with a simple tool, stack it, bring it to the barn loft, plant and house tobacco, lower it from rails in late fall and strip it and take it to market. They had to cut and shock the corn and hemp, cut out the hemp seed and send both dried hemp and seed to the Maysville processing plant, maintain the health of the livestock, shoe horses, burn plantbeds, fix the late winter hotbeds, feed and water animals in winter weather, and spend some spare time in the year splitting wood. All of these tasks were also performed by women when no males were about. However, they required more exertion and had to be done without the better horse-drawn or internal-combustion-engine equipment of the 20th century. The horse economy continued into the Second World War, and farm work would not change drastically until just after JRD's passing.

Hemp again. In 1942, hemp-growing was allowed again in Kentucky as an economic necessity after our principal source in the Philippines fell to Japanese occupation. Hemp was back! JRD had to chuckle when our neighbor, Archibald Church, Jr., found it hard to get the hemp crop cut, dried and processed. "Well they don't have that many colored folks (slaves) to do it for nothing anymore." Hemp was outlawed in the 1930s thanks to DuPont but ostensibly due to the plant's relationship to marijuana (hemp undercut synthetic fibers such as rayon). Hemp was reintroduced in our part of the country at the start of the Second World War. This did not occur, however, on the Lynnwood farm; JRD and son Arthur knew too well how hard it was to cut the tall seed-bearing plant by hand very close to the ground to save as much fiber as possible. And cutting the stuff always occurred on hot Indian summer days.

**The Bells of Summer, July 5, 1863**



*We knew the July 4th fireworks were restrained in wartime and recalled JRD's mention of the middle July 4th celebration during the Civil War years.*

Divided churches. The first Sunday of July, 1863, was a jubilant time for the Unionists throughout the United States. Federal victories had occurred at both besieged Vicksburg on the Mississippi and at Gettysburg in south central Pennsylvania. The telegraph wires hummed and church bells first in Maysville and then throughout the county announced good news. Certain chimes meant success, and certain meant the ever frequent funerals and memorials. On that day in early July bells rang joyfully in many but not all of the county churches.

Churches were split within certain denominations such as the Methodist church, which broke into the South and North groups. South church bells tolled; North bells chimed. Kentucky Protestant congregations had split apart over slavery. Sardis and Mayslick both had split congregations. Most of the Davises went to the Union favoring Olivet Methodist Church near Rectorville where some Davis members are buried.<sup>xxx1</sup> Will didn't take sides and was unchurched but baptized from youth. Mann was not a deeply religious person and tended his horses and talked to other horse tenders outdoors before dutifully coming in for the latter part of the service. The colored folks used to go with white ones and sit in a separate section, but in recent years had taken to home meetings or their own segregated Baptist churches.

On Saturday, July 4th, JRD had heard the distant Maysville bells pealing ever so faintly and wondered why on Saturday. But on that Sunday morning the story was clearly known through the rapid spread of news, first by telegraph and then by word of mouth -- a decisive victory in that small Pennsylvania town and splitting of the South into west and east section at the Mississippi. The Davis' pastor prayed for a final victory. JRD, like his mom, could only think of the blood involved and wondered what victory really meant. Did it mean the war would be over more quickly and that soldiers such as Edward and Will would be homeward bound? Or did it mean several more years of blood and grief?

Gus Parker's Barn Burns that Evening. Early summer days were long and as that July holiday weekend ended with mixed emotions. No fireworks were heard for all powder was needed for the war effort. Lizzie's bountiful supper was the sign she considered the Fourth a day of celebration. Little Mary, keenly observant, saw the smoke first in the distance to the southwest. She knew it was big news and hurried over to the front porch where most of the family was just relaxing on a hot Sunday evening, seated behind the screen of clematis which was beginning to be covered with pungent white flowers.

"Pa, fire on the other side."

Mann was puzzled but hurried around and held up short. "Parker's place," he said. "It's too late to go, kids. I bet he's sorry for mouthing off about Southern victories. And besides," Mann said trying to redeem himself, "tobacco barns are built with plenty of air space in the siding, and so it is hell fire for a few minutes and then out."

"Dad, let's go." Little Joe pleaded. "It's Independence Weekend."

"No, barn burnings are not something to celebrate. Anyway, Gus' got it coming to him. He could have kept his mouth shut but didn't. And they say he furnished two horses to the Morgan army."

"Well Will took our horse also."

That hit a very raw nerve and Mann showed his irritation by adding as he went back around the house and listened as dinner bells were ringing alarm across the countryside even from the big house, and some horsemen were riding fast in the direction of the fire. "They won't do any more than piss on the embers."

#### **A Birthday Discovery, October, 1863**

*We kids spent much time roaming around the countryside in those early years, but we always did it on foot or on the county roads by bike. And we covered much territory in relatively short periods of time. My brothers and friends once uncovered a Civil War sword and scabbard, which was eventually given to the Albert S. Johnston Museum in Washington, KY. Readers may find it incredible that young kids would be allowed such freedom of movement. However, in our rural parts of Mason County, youth roaming about were an accepted tradition, provided they did not damage stationary property. Wildlife and loose articles were another matter.*

JRD spoke of roamin' about with horses. Though he and his friend often traversed territory on foot, on occasion his folks would allow a riding horse to be used -- perhaps on special occasions such as a birthday. That most likely happened at JRD's tenth which occurred on or near October 13, 1863. On October 10th, a Saturday before, he and Lonnie had a whole day and did not have to endure half of a Sunday consumed by supposed pious service. The boys most likely equipped the horse with bridle and a horse blanket for saddle, and rode off taking turns being driver. At their rear was slung a container of water on one side balanced by a rope tied to an ample lunch which Lizzie had provided.

Lexington Pike. The destination was Mayslick, which would be about ten miles away as the crow flies from their homestead. It would be difficult to plot their exact course even using the rudimentary wagon trails and roads as shown on the 1876 *Atlas of Mason County*. The likelihood is they were trying to make the Lexington Pike's covered bridge rather than Mayslick, for the pike

was the major route going from the River to Lexington and the traditional migration route of many central Kentuckians.<sup>xxxii</sup> It was also the route along which smuggled military supplies passed to points South, since the sea blockage was becoming effective. Just as slave runaways had a railroad going north for the past two or three decades, so during the War, guns and equipment flowed over this route to the chronically-short South.

Ambitious tour. JRD and Lonnie were planning a round trip of about twenty miles and knew the route through studying maps with Miss Harrison's help. They went by wagon routes and macadamized roads, not by following downstream the meandering North Fork of the Licking River. Had they followed the stream, they would have come to the Lexington Pike's covered bridge which would only have a year of life before Morgan's raider would burn it down. They most likely came through Polecat Pike and over the wagon route connecting to the Fleming Pike near Wedonia, and on over through Helena towards the crossroads at Mayslick. During autumn, grand roamin' (with a horse) was pleasant for there were no horse flies, mosquitoes, heat or copperheads. The only disadvantage was the shortened length of day but, if they started at the break of dawn, not uncommon for farm youth, they would get back before dark.

Discovery. Quite near to Mayslick they stopped for lunch and spotted a nearby sinkhole -- sinkholes are frequent in this highly karst limestone territory. It was overgrown with pokeweeds and their bright red berries, along with briars. The disturbance around the edge may have meant red foxes or groundhogs. To their amazement the boys made a discovery, a major one worth maybe a thousand or so dollars. Upon approaching with caution they discovered a covered canvas package. Guns! Muskets! U.S. Issue weapons! At least fifty of them all individually wrapped with canvas. What did it all mean and in such a neat pile. "Wow! What if we got one for Pa, for he needs a gun since he lost his last fall? We won't take one for the homestead though. Aunt Priscilla would want to know more. And colored folks aren't allowed to have guns."

Lonnie protested, "Pappy is allowed to use Mizz Davis's gun to shoot hogs because he's got a steady hand. Why not take two? Come on. And besides, black folks are now in the army."

JRD showed some restraint, "Boy, we could get in big trouble, so let's just take one. It is hard enough getting it all the way without people askin' on the way."

Thus their trip was shortened before Mayslick, and now they had the problem of returning over the nearly ten miles without someone asking about the gun. So they hid the gun lengthwise along the horse's back with their legs straddling the gun and let the canvas covered barrel hang out the rear. They arrived at nightfall after hiding the weapon nearby, and they retrieved it the next afternoon when no one else was watching. Then they

slipped the gun into Mann's tobacco stripping room, though they thought they heard footsteps. It noise turned out to be a hen making a nest on the dust floor. That evening they saw Mann taking the gun to the house. For years, JRD had a bittersweet experience each time he saw the words "U.S. Government" stamped on the gun at the rack where it was stored. Mann asked no questions and JRD told no lies.

### **The Vigilantes Come, November, 1863**

*During the Second World War, Halloween pranksters were becoming quite destructive by knocking down our mail boxes and pulling the corn shocks apart, spreading corn stalks all over the Wood Lane and other roads. Daddy told a JRD story that was more than mere Halloween pranks.*

Reality. During the great scares over invasions of the Commonwealth, Union vigilantes sought to take it out on the Confederate sympathizers in Mason County. Priscilla told her brother-in-law Mann that Unionists might come because they knew that Will had joined the Confederate forces. She never talked politics in public, realizing the dangers involved in a divided part of Kentucky. In fact, each household, including JRD's home, kept two emergency desk drawers of money, one Confederate and one Federal in case of extreme need.<sup>xxxiii</sup> In this last half of the War things were getting quite bitter. Barns were being burned, fences torn down, cattle shot or stolen and general lawlessness was starting to prevail. Folks had to take matters into their own hands and support their weaker neighbors as well as care for themselves.

Preparations. Priscilla was a good planner and so she had started to develop a rather elaborate alarm plan for instant help in case of attack. The main barn was near the road (now Davis Lane) and others were scattered in less prominent but safer locations. In case of emergency they would ring the trusty dinner bell with preset signals for various degrees of attack or the direction from which it might be expected. Late one evening just at about dusk when the autumn air was crisp and a frost was on the way, Mann and family heard the dinner bell ringing from the big house. JRD was sent to ring a short response that the message was received. Mann primed the new gun and JRD begged him to go along.

"Stay back, Little Joe!" <sup>xxxiv</sup>

His father put on his jacket, grabbed the lantern and lit it, and went down the driveway, gun in hand. JRD followed him, interpreting "staying back" to mean just behind him. When he heard JRD behind him, Mann turned and said, "It's going to be dangerous."

"I was up beside him in a wink and went along with my sassafras stick, for if anyone touched Pa I would whip him. We looked into the distance over around Orangeburg and we could see

several fires and could hear shouting in a distance." The lights were shining in some of the windows of the main house meaning that Priscilla and her people were ready and watching -- and had even armed Henry and Lonnie to help stave off the Unionist irregulars.

In the hurried excitement, Pa gave JRD the lantern to hold as he gathered a pile of limestone slabs so well known in our country and, checked the priming on the long gun, and then all was ready.

He heaved one rock over to the road cut with its gravel side and said, "If they come and stop, I'll shoot, and then you throw rocks to put them off guard. Try to hit the bank, and they'll think we are over there rather than here. I'll be trying without light to prime and shoot a second shot. If not, I still have the loaded pistol just in case. But the first shot should scare their horses since none of their animals are battle-tested and can scare easily. After throwing some rocks, duck behind this old oak just in case they start shooting. You've got it?"

"Yes sir, Pa," was a military type response to orders.

Mann set the ammo down on the rock, and rehearsed all his steps that would occur in the dark and waited for the horses and riders and their torches. "I was on his left, ten feet away near the big oak and with my trusty pile of rocks. Then we could hear distant horse hoofs, and he blew out the lantern, and all was dark for it was on the dark side of Hunters Moon. We could hear the late crickets and it was getting chilly, and then six or so horses came closer and closer with people excited about an additional burning. They bore down on us and soon pulled up reins at the drive to the big house. Getting to the barn meant crossing the fence or going up the drive a short way and going through the gate. Suddenly there came the roar from Mann's gun. Their horses bucked and showed alarm and one went dashing eastward towards Tollesboro. While Pa was busy preparing for his second shot, JRD pitched his four rocks, and then shots rang out from the big house; Aunt Priscilla and household were opening up a volley from their vantage points."

The horses bucked, and one night rider yelled, "Let's get the hell out of here. They're shootin' from all sides."

"At this, one rider who had left his horse unfettered, while trying to open the gate, became a perfect target. Pa sent a shot near the horse and away it flew down the road leaving the rider quoting Shakespeare, 'My kingdom for a horse.' The bewildered aspiring arsonist tossed the torch harmlessly into the pigweeds and jumped on the rump of the leader's horse, and away they sped.

Pa was preparing for his third shot when another volley rang out from the big brick house. Pa said only a few words, 'Just to defend my orphan kin and a lost cause.'

### **Uncertain Christmas, 1863**

*The Christmas of 1944 turned out for us to be bittersweet*

due to the horrible and unexpected Battle of the Bulge.<sup>xxxv</sup> We followed the news accounts, but simply didn't expect in that last major fight that the war in Europe would be over by the next May. That Christmas we prayed for those Americans in danger in eastern Belgium and surrounding territories. Part of the surrounding territories was that part of Alsace (Dumbach) from which my grandparents came from and which was devastated in early 1945 during the reconquest after this battle.

JRD did remember certain details about the Christmas of 1863. Priscilla delivered her great meal while all added in potluck fashion to the table. Lizzie brought some special baked goods -- cornbread, cookies, and pumpkin, dried apple and mincemeat pies. Cousin Martha would always have Lexington-made puddings and candy along with oranges when available, but that wasn't always the case during the War. Cousin Nancy would make some prepared vegetables and pickle dishes: corn pudding, pickled beets and watermelon, beans, and cooked squash and prepare a special fruit punch for the occasion. And Aunt Priscilla had the roasted chicken, gravy, and potatoes and all the rest.

Remembering those at War. Again for the third war Christmas the young fighters were away, Edward now in what had become West Virginia and Will somewhere out there in the South. Will's last letter through Martha said he was thinking of Kentucky very much and remembered his mother's meals with great fondness -- more of a connection with his past than he normally wrote. During the prayer period before the meal, first Priscilla offered a general prayer and then one by one all prayed for Edward and Will, the quick resolution of the war, and for prisoners of war who suffered much on both sides -- all prayers were war-related. Mann was silent but Lizzie answered an audible "amen" to each prayer petition.

Christmas programs. After the meal all the younger children were called upon to perform something that they had prepared for days before. Malinda played on the piano; JRD recited a Christmas poem with few hitches; Little Mary sang a simple Christmas song; and even the infant Mann voiced some few words to which he was primed for the day. Cousin Martha who had arrived a day or so before would do her Christmas thing. She admitted that the war was not going smoothly for her cause, but that should not stop us from celebrating. Amazingly she may have been the only one for the Confederate cause who was positive that bitter winter. Will still had enough influence to get a monthly letter through the lines to Martha. He went under an alias, a secret she guarded with her life. She told how Will was wounded and was now recovering somewhere in Alabama -- "but he is just rearing to return to duty." Then she shared all the year's letters, laying them out on the table for any to read who wished.

Clothing gift. JRD noted that his mom had been darning men's socks and a scarf all fall in her spare time in the evening. Still she did not give them to any of the men present. Her gift

wrapping bore no name. He saw her hand the package to Cousin Martha and say a few words. He came up to his ma and simply thanked her for thinking of Cousin Will all that fall. She looked long and hard for she was not one to fib or deny what she had done. Will had lived with them for a dozen years after her marriage to Mann, and she regarded him as sort of an older child. Mann would have objected if he knew. All she said was, "Little Joe, you always know too much."

After the present exchange JRD went up to his Cousin Martha when others were talking among themselves and asked whether he could have his cousin Will's address. "Please, please. I will mail letters through my school teacher."

Martha looked at him somewhat puzzled and then grabbed him and hugged him. "It could be a shared secret," she said, "but I can't on my life. Instead, you send a letter to me and I'll make sure it gets to Will. Now don't let your pa know, and don't let him know you are writing through me either. I don't want his anger either."

Martha enjoyed a monopoly on Confederate information and none of the other Unionists in the room would want to risk writing to Will for fear of Mann who had strong feelings about him taking the horse and not saying a proper "goodbye." JRD said that he would write with questions but Cousin Will could answer with a code. "Any mention of weather would be for me. Have him say one or other of the following sentences: "I'm alright Little Joe" is "The weather is what I have expected;" "I miss you Little Joe" is "The weather is not what I have expected." In fact, "any mention of weather is for me and so, when you share letters with Aunt Priscilla and all of us, and we all read the letters, I will know he got my notes."

Cousin Martha pressed into his hand a dollar, more money than he had ever had in his life. "That is for postage for your teacher when you write to me. I know she doesn't make much money and can't afford too much additional cost to teaching." JRD was not one for kissing his cousins beyond coming and going, but he gave her a slushy kiss and added that she was always his favorite. And he guarded their secret. Several essays that winter were to his cousin, and he would seal each in an envelope and give it to Miss Harrison to post. Martha's words haunted him, "Keep mouth shut, shut. Now that's a real Christmas gift."

#### **Winter of Shortage, January - March, 1864**

*We were talking about the ration cards we used during the Second World War and JRD just laughed. Mama would trade the meat stamps for sugar stamps because we had all the meat we needed except for an occasional treat of bologna. With the sugar she was able to continue making her preserves and plum marmalade for her famous puddings that required plenty of sugar.*

"I know we have rationing today," JRD said, "but we're

country folks and don't get hurt like the city ones do. In fact, it is harder on us now in the 20th century than it was during the (Civil) War. Then we were horse-powered totally. Of course, we still haul some of the tobacco to the auction warehouses by horse.

But only Amish ride in buggies, and gasoline is now rationed. In fact, back in the War we had it fairly good. The winter of '64 was tough but more in the Deep South than here. There, flour was fifty dollars a barrel and poor folks almost starved. We had the raids but we had plenty of food, even coffee from Cousin Martha. We had all kinds of food -- winter squash, shuck beans, dried smoked apples, sorghum. You name it. We killed a dozen hogs and divided the meat, even giving some to the down-and-outers in Maysville."

We kids kept thinking of Cousin Will down in Georgia with little to eat. Cousin Martha got some boxes of food down to him, but we don't know how."

### **The Thundering Herd, June 11-13, 1864**

*D-Day (June 6, 1944) was a time of great rejoicing both at our home and throughout the greater community. In talking about war experiences, Daddy told about the late JRD's Morgan Raid experiences in the aftermath of the second Battle of Cynthiana in mid-June, 1864. Others have confirmed from daughter Edith's accounts that requisitioning of horses was a major concern of the Davis family and that hiding those horses from roving pillagers was a general challenge facing their neighborhood.*

What a weekend! Market Day was generally on Saturdays when crops were not pressing. For JRD that could involve a trip to Maysville on Saturday and church on Sunday with the rest of the day off for "roamin' about", if not out visiting relatives and friends. That weekend of the Morgan raid JRD hid the horses. Three facts are certain: the family did not go to market that weekend; they did not go to church either; and northern and southern sympathizers alike were deeply concerned about the property (horses) with the Raiders so close. Morgan's men would speed through, exchange fresh horses for worn-out ones left as substitutes, and take surplus horses for pack animals. They towed the spare ones behind regular mounts. Residents knew that Morgan traveled light and lived off the land and that meant their food, feed and horses.

Horse hiding: A Saturday story. What every farm manager wanted was to hide all horses at time of greatest risk and to use them precisely when the risk subsided. In the planting season of June, tobacco, hemp, corn and hay all needing attention at one time, to use or hide horses took utmost precision -- for successful farming is always a challenging occupation, and never so much as in June of 1864. Mann conferred with Priscilla and Henry to enlist all including the young ones in getting the horses in from the pasture, taking them to a hiding place, and horse-sitting so they would not make telltale nickering -- which they did less of as they became more familiar with the hiding place and



even looked forward to being pampered with shelled corn.

Neighbor horse also. Neighbors wanted to take care of Widow Jones, and so Priscilla insisted that the Jones' horse, which often came over to the boundary fence to be near his equine friends on the other side, would be allowed to use the hiding place. She was informed about the time that week when the covered bridge over the North Fork was burning. Widow Jones knew we'd be over on a moment's notice and would not keep the horse too long, for she needed that horse for weekly trips to town and church.

Second Battle of Cynthiana. The reports on Saturday told everyone that the Morgan forces were in Harrison County about thirty miles away -- and they could also be coming this way. During that fast-moving week the raiders had been in Mount Sterling to the east and Lexington to the south. In the first town there was a bank robbery of \$70,000 due to bad discipline and poor sorting of travel associates. If verbal rumor was not enough, the distant thunder of the cannon told the story even more vividly. Apparently JRD later found out that the battle went back and forth with many Federal prisoners taken at one point and then by Sunday a major battle, which Morgan's men lost. Staying home from market or church that weekend was due to hiding horses. And the supposed reason for the Morgan trip was to bring back to horse-short Virginia 5,000 Kentucky horses.

Corralling the horses. On Saturday, Lonnie shelled enough corn kernels to fill two medium-sized pokes. Then he and JRD had to lug the shelled grain to a barrel that was part of the hiding coral. They toted down the feed along with some rain gear just in case. By mid-day they had brought in all horses that were to be hidden, but deliberately left four of the older work horses in two barns so as not to arouse undue attention, nor make the horse-raiding parties do any more than pity the lack of animals at the particular farm. JRD said he and Lonnie rode "Gene," Widow Jones' buggy horse, over to the makeshift corral. And they were told to hurry because some of the Morgan forage parties were seen in and about the back roads.<sup>xxxvi</sup>

Told to stay and watch. Though JRD and Lonnie would have liked to roam about to find and talk with raiders, still a less dramatic task awaited them -- horse-sitting. JRD said that Mann and Henry deliberately hoed their respective gardens to give a sense of normalcy to the countryside. While history was being made that Saturday to the immediate west, JRD spent the afternoon keeping seven horses comfortable by brushing them, killing horseflies, watering them, and pampering them with shelled corn. Undoubtedly the older men remained close to the house to protect the women folk in this predominantly Unionist area. By Sunday evening the defeated Morgan raiders passed through that portion of southern Mason County on their way back to Virginia. Those who observed the condition of the fleeing raiders mentioned how grimy and battle-worn they looked. Mason County was a rich plum for the taking.

Rumors and daydreams. During and after the Morgan Raid the Davis family heard many rumors, which imaginative JRD was able to construct into daydreams. He told of the Morgan Raid as though an eye witness, but most likely the only action he saw was a cloud of raiding scouts at a distance. His home was too removed from the main route of the retreating troop. JRD spoke of events at Sardis (15 miles away) as though he was there: a town of bewildered people, the dust storm of the arriving battle-worn raiders looking for food and liquor, the watering of many horses on the main street, their bursting into residences and the Pyle's General Store, their carrying out bolts of calico while still riding horses from the store, their hoof marks left on the floor to this day, their racing with the bolts unraveling in the breeze, and the arrival of General John Hunt Morgan.<sup>xxxvii</sup> Other members of the Davis family had nightmares. It is highly likely that the men folks took turns in the corral all night when JRD and others tried to sleep.

Sunday night. No one slept well that night. Mann was with the horses and Lizzie took JRD and his siblings (his older sister Malinda, little sister, Mary and infant Mann) and have them all stay in the master bedroom on the bed or on a mattress thrown on the floor. In later years it must have seemed embarrassing for a growing boy to have done so little on a night known in the local Mason County accounts for stealing, brawls, murder or rape. Would Mann have fought this massive number of invaders at his own house had they come this far out of the way? It is highly possible also that the main house occupants and the slave families shared the cellar area and were barricaded in for protection by the men folks as was done in some other residences; but JRD never mentioned this except to add, "We bolted down everything in sight." On that night the Raiders came through the Buffalo Trace and most likely spent the late hours in a fitful sleep before an early get away the next morning. They departed towards Virginia with bottles of liberated liquor and sacks of food of every sort, including recently plucked chickens and sides of pork. And this occurred just before the ending of the colorful career of John Hunt Morgan.<sup>xxxviii</sup>

#### **An Escapee Comes Past, August, 1864**

*In 1943 during the middle of the war we would go down to watch the German prisoners of war play their game of "football" or soccer. We felt sorry that they were confined to the fenced in area of the Wall Ball Park. However, they were fortunate to have been transported all the way across the Atlantic to help labor-short farmers and seemed to be enjoying their stay in the United States far removed from the ravages of war.*

JRD related a story of how one summer morning Mann, with pitchfork in hand, came to the kitchen door. At his side was a bedraggled, unshaven, middle-aged fellow with long brown hair and a hollow-eyed look of someone who hadn't eaten lately. The kids were all at the table eating breakfast and Lizzie was finishing

serving them and fixing to do the wash outdoors that day. She had already started the washing kettle fire, and she hoped to beat the noon day heat.

Harboring escapees. Mann confessed, "I don't know what to do with him. He was sleeping in the hay loft and I know exactly where he came from -- the Brick Works."<sup>xxxix</sup>

"No sir-r-r!," said the helpless fellow with a pitchfork at his back, but his Deep South drawl spoke otherwise.

Pa was irritated. "Don't mess with us. Your kind are gettin' away all the time and then passin' all hungry like down the road heading south."

Lizzie went to a closet and got an old pair of Mann's pants and a shirt and came back.

"Hey, what on earth are you doin' with my clothes?" pleaded Mann.

"You never wear 'em and you won't thin down in a long time, so let's give the poor soul something other than the rags he has on. He might pass through Kentucky a little faster. Take him, Mann, behind the shed and have him put them on and I'll get him some food. And take the pitchfork and throw his lice covered clothes into the fire out there." Lizzie had a way of correcting bad situations quite rapidly. Mann was grumbling as he got the fellow dressed knowing his wife knew best. "Little Joe, take him out this bar of lye soap and wash pan there and get some water so he can clean off his hands and face." At her house and at meal time Lizzie was in complete control even in '64. "Then fetch him a cup of buttermilk from the springhouse. His stomach may need it."

Breakfast for beggars. JRD said Mann had prodded the Reb to get dressed and wash up. In coming around the corner they found the vegetable "canning" table with an old stool in front and a plate and the cup of buttermilk. JRD's Ma had placed a setting for the helpless fellow, who was now all spruced up and even slicking down his hair with his moist hand. In the meanwhile she had already dumped a load of dirty family clothes into the simmering kettle where the fire was dying down after burning Johnny's old rags. The fellow Mann kept calling "Johnny" (for Johnny Reb) sort of smiled when he saw the fat back on the plate with some eggs and cornbread. Most likely that would have been Lizzie's breakfast, because she generally ate up leftovers after the kids were fed. The fellow dispatched the meal wordlessly, knowing everything said could be used against him. Mann stood back like a family sentinel with the pitchfork in case there was any funny play, and, looking anxiously at the sky, wanted to get on with the farm work.

Let him go? When finished, Mann said thinking out loud, "I

should turn him over to the deputy sheriff." The fellow looked up in half alarm.

"I ain't goin to hurt anybody. I ken make Alabama in a few days, if I meet enough good folks like you uns." Johnny looked with begging eyes at Lizzie, expecting that she was his salvation from recapture.

"Mann won't hurt you because we've had too much hurt already, and he's got farm work to do. Little Joe, get me a hunk of cornbread for him, for he can't live on blackberries which are almost over now. Everybody gets' hungry by dinner time." She had noted that his soiled hands had berry stains when he arrived.

Johnny Reb took the cornbread and sort of backed away, with one eye on Mann still holding tightly to the pitchfork. Lizzie finished the episode with her usual refrain in charitable giving, "Say a prayer for us."

#### **Political Rallying, October 22, 1864**

*In 1944 I was filled with anticipation over whether Tom Dewey and the Republicans could beat Roosevelt that autumn in his famous fourth-term presidential attempt. We recalled the JRD story of his first political rally in the autumn of 1864.*

Politics, Kentucky-style. Early pioneer Kentuckians were always highly involved in politics at all levels of government. Some at that time took their voting seriously. Local elections involved individual personalities, but interest extended to statewide offices and even the national scene. The election of 1864 was a confused and difficult one for all citizens, but especially for youth like JRD. Lincoln had not been a majority candidate in 1860 and got few votes in the state of his birth. The 1864 election looked as though it could be just as close after a half million war deaths, countless injuries and a conflict that fewer and fewer people could stomach. The Peace Democrats were advocating closing the whole thing down and giving the South its independence. The Union Democrats were going along with the President but with strict reservations. Things were brightening up for the Union cause with the recent fall of Atlanta and the start of the raids by Phil Sheridan into the Confederate Breadbasket in Virginia. Peace was distant but was now being seen as possible. And Lincoln was identified with a repressive military rule in Kentucky which no one liked, whether Unionist or Secessionist. The reprisals and arrests and executions were taking their toll on the Kentucky electorate.

Mason County's major rally. Governor Bramlette, the Union Democratic governor since the previous year, and former Governor Robinson of the same party<sup>x1</sup> were main speakers at the October Mayslick rally, and Mann felt it a duty to attend. Mann persuaded Lizzie to make it a rare family day. "If we milk real early, we can get there before the noon rally and be back about dark."

Lizzie liked a change of scenery but was resigned to the fact that politics was a man's sport. She had gathered a whole list of things from spring water and rain tarp to blankets for the kids and a lunch as well as a supper in the large picnic basket which she had. Mann, a reasonably good weatherman, pronounced no rain the evening before. He could predict the day's weather with great accuracy by the smell, feel, taste, sound and sight.

Others were also on the road to Mayslick in an assortment of conveyances and on horseback. Folks were coming from as far away as Fleming and Bracken Counties. They were friendly enough with smiles and hat tipping to women and salutations. Some had flasks with water and stronger stuff; others were ready for quick sales of a variety of items. The sheriff and his deputies were also out in force expecting that crowd control would be a major problem on that bright autumn day, especially after everyone got fired up with politics and liquor. It was a pronouncedly pro-Union gathering of those who now felt vindicated. However, a few lingering Confederates could do mischief. JRD said some two thousand showed up, more than at any other gathering ever held in Mayslick.<sup>xli</sup>

Worth remembering. JRD could not remember any of the speeches but they were strongly pro-Union and enthusiastic. Local politicians were gladhanding everyone, for the national election was only two weeks away. The Governor spoke, but from their vantage point, JRD said he simply couldn't hear. Mann was up ahead of his parked wagon by several hundred feet with the dense standing crowd. Lizzie and the kids had stood for awhile on the wagon seat and tried to listen, but she gave up in a short while and busied herself in caring for kids. The horses were fed and watered. JRD said that throughout life, the smell of horse urine reminded him of that Mayslick political rally. JRD begged his ma and went to stand next to Mann, and hung to his pa's pocket, but without hand-holding at an advanced age of eleven. He pretended to listen but spent time studying the gestures of the others standing around, punching each other, trading drinks and spitting tobacco juice. Each politician saw a bright future and urged people to get out and vote. After each talk the crowd would shout and clap.

About 3:00 Mann broke away from the talks which were in high gear. The kids were rounded up, and Lizzie was anxious to beat the congestion of horse-drawn conveyances after this immense crowd. Once on the road, Lizzie pulled out from the supper basket hoecakes and new jelly with late pears and apples and the remains of the lunch, enough to keep everyone contented on the four-hour ride back. They arrived back just after autumn darkness and were exhausted but invigorated and found Henry had milked the cows. Mann tried to explain the complicated politics all the way back, why he was Unionist but not for Lincoln. Though he had reservations about playboy General George McClellan, part of Kentucky's occupational agony had been caused by the unpopular Lincoln administration and the low-down methods of a General

Burbridge and other military commanders within the Commonwealth.<sup>xlii</sup> Kentucky thus would go solidly Democratic in early November.

### **The News, February, 1865**

*In the last part of the Second World War we got word that our neighbor Derwood Baird was missing in action. We got in the car and went over to console Mrs. Baird. It hit her and her husband quite hard and he later took his life over his troubles. This brought back the reports JRD heard about his cousin.*

Endless war. JRD undoubtedly wondered when it would ever end. Armies were stalled at the Petersburg Line near Richmond during that last winter of 1865. Gradually Sherman was making his way through South Carolina and then North Carolina. A gradual pincers was closing on the Confederacy. JRD knew more war news than his folks, for he kept up on the news from Miss Harrison's newspapers stacked on the school library shelf. During the entire war and even in summers she dutifully took the paper each week and replenished the supply at the now locked school (due to vandals).

She confided to him where she hid the key, behind the Lady's outhouse door. JRD slipped in and read events and updated his map, plotting blue lines for Union and red ones for Confederates.

More and more people could not bear to read the casualty reports, since 600,000 would have had died by 1865, besides the many wounded and missing and prisoners.

The News. Will had been reported wounded and then reported missing and then one day in early 1865 Mann got the letter from Martha bearing the news that Will was reported by her friends to have died. It would not reach the Maysville newspapers because Will never went under his own name or gave his rightful place of origin. The best interpretation was that Will was protecting his family. Mann suspected that he went under an assumed Lexington person's name in order not to be identified or to pretend to be a person of higher status than a mere resident from Mason or, even worse, Appalachian Lewis County. Mann was permanently angry with Will, but somehow the news of Will's death hit him quite hard. JRD thinks he cried over the news. No matter the anger of the past, it should have never come to this.

Breaking the news. Martha had written that Will died for his cause -- "a lost cause" said Mann, as he folded the letter tearfully and slowly started the torturous journey to break the news to his grieving mom who had said only the night before that she thought something terrible had happened to one of her own. Priscilla and the whole household took Will's death quite hard, since many thought Will had done wrong in going off to the Confederate "Calvary." JRD chuckled and said it had been Calvary for all concerned, his only mention of anything theological that I could ever remember.

Bring him back. "Where was Will buried?" Priscilla pleaded

with Mann to go when they could find out and bring his body back to Kentucky for burial in the family plot where she intended to be placed some day (24 years later). Mann promised he would do it in time, in a gracious act of consoling kindness to all other family members. He returned to his house and immediately and laboriously wrote a letter to Martha. JRD had the task of going to the Bridgeport post office and mailing it, and he remembered well because such correspondence was seldom sent from his own home. In due time, Martha replied that after the conclusion of hostilities (even she was looking to the end with hope) she and Lawrence (her fiance') would find Will's body and bring it back to the home soil for burial. First the civilian trains would have to start running again on schedule.

### **The Final Gasp, Spring, 1865**

JRD told his favorite War narrative over and over. It must have been in those pivotal months of April and May, 1865. Richmond had fallen, Lee had surrendered at Appomattox, Lincoln had been assassinated, his long funeral procession had moved across America, and Honest Abe was finally laid to rest at his adult home town, Springfield, Illinois. The nation was crying with happiness and sorrow all at the same time. Soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic had their final parade in Washington, and then the entire army was mustered out. It was two months of immense movement and transition.

JRD told how the kids were all around the kitchen just before supper (Mann was still in the field) when a troop of hungry horsemen (it wasn't clear from which army) approached. This unsightly lot appeared at the door and demanded food. Lizzie held her cool and was always willing to give food -- even for a half dozen? One saw the half-eaten smoked Easter ham still unsliced on the bone sitting in a platter in the middle of the table. The rascal stabbed it with his sword and lifted it right past Lizzie's astonished eyes. Amazingly she did not object but seemed to say, "Well, if you're that hungry, take it." The troop was soon off with little other damage, and so ended the Easter celebration of 1865.

### **Bringing Will's Body Back, 1868**

*In mid-summer, 1943 we suffered a dual loss. Our Grandpa passed away suddenly while cutting weeds in back of his barn. He went down working. But that death in August followed another, that of Joseph Ross Davis in mid-July. I always thought the loss of both a great-grandfather and grandfather in one summer was a bit much for a youngster of ten. In fact, no other set of deaths really affected me as much as these two. I can vividly remember the Sunday after Grandpa's funeral when the family got together at the "home" place and detailed how they as a group would send a letter ahead of others to the Marine, Uncle Ed, and exactly how it would be worded -- as though the wording would soften the hurt of Grandpa's sudden passing.*

On to Georgia. The reunited United States was now "the" and not "these" United States. Things were changing, not back to an ante-Bellum status but to an expanded vision of a wounded but freer society. Those were the Johnson administration years (1865-69) and near impeachment, the Klu Klux Klan, the Grant two terms and (1869-corruption (1869-77)), and other things recorded in the history books. However, JRD only talked about two other post-war events. JRD said his Aunt Priscilla wanted to bring Will back to Kentucky. Thus she communicated with Martha and footed the total funeral bill. Martha regarded it as a family mission to find out where Will was buried in Georgia. She reactivated her secret Orphan Brigade contacts and, from correspondence with his comrades in arms, found the folks who cared for him in his final illness. From them Martha was able to locate the grave site. Martha and now husband Lawrence gave Priscilla details about when the body would arrive in Lexington, along with the price of the round trip tickets to Georgia and funeral charges. She would telegraph further details when they started back north with the casket and remains.

Awaiting word. Mann was willing to abandon farm work only in slack times and when others could help with chores. The Will affair was a delicate matter, but Mann resolved to comfort Priscilla as much as possible and do his duty, leaving aside the prodigal son imagery of former years. The son was now returning to his grieving mother wordlessly. Mann had been alerted by Martha to await the final instructions and they came by post from the Maysville telegraph office. "Train from Atlanta via Knoxville in Lexington on July 26th. Will's coffin at funeral home at Paris on 27th."

Chuck wagon time. Mann hitched the well-shoed horses to their chuck wagon and off via Mayslick he and JRD went to Paris, a distance of about forty miles. The road to Paris was the Lexington Pike, which was tough enough but Mann was relieved that he did not have to fight the congestion of Lexington's 20,000 people. Mann and JRD traveled the macadamized and partly toll road going through part of Fleming County and past the Bluelicks Battlefield site.<sup>xliii</sup> They traveled through Nicholas County over the dry creek bed near Ellisville and on over the red cedar-covered ridge past the toll house through beautiful Millersburg in Bourbon County and on to the county seat of Paris. Twice they stopped at Priscilla's expense. They made Paris on the third day as had been planned.

They spent the evening with Martha and Lawrence and apparently stayed over at a famous stone Paris inn and had a dinner and happy conversation, for JRD liked Cousin Martha very much. At the meal she commented with a bit of sarcasm that her family seemed to "want Will more dead than alive." Martha was very pregnant, which could have put the actual year as 1868. In her mind, war hostilities were behind them and the nation and family were trying to establish their own peace. She noted that



some Democrats even were talking of running Robert E. Lee for president to heal the scars of American divisions.

Will's Funeral. Mann asked Priscilla to honor one of his own requests if he would fetch Will's remains. "Don't have a military funeral or an honor guard. Let's do it quietly." Martha assured them that an honor guard had sounded taps and given a salute at the Columbus, Georgia, station. Priscilla wanted the body badly enough that she gave her word that the burial ceremony would be quite brief and subdued. But she did wonder whether "Jane" could come. Who was Jane? It was amazing that throughout the war Jane's name never entered the family conversation. It now became evident that Priscilla always knew that Will had a girlfriend here in Kentucky and that she lived nearby and even received word from him on occasion. If Mann knew, he never admitted it, for the friction had been great in this brothers' war.

A sweetheart's confidence. Jane Tolle was a very pretty, local single girl who was engaged to another at the time of the funeral. She must have been about 16 years old when Will was still in Kentucky and now a respectable 22, was accompanied at the funeral by her fiance'. JRD vaguely remembered most of his family funerals, especially at the home place burial site. However, at this one he approached Jane and introduced himself as Will's cousin -- but Will was like his older brother. JRD wondered whether she had kept Will's war correspondence. She was dismayed and her eyes said more than her mouth in front of her fiance. "Yes, but..." She had no intention of sharing them with a brash 15-year old. She probably misinterpreted his actual interest in family history with a desire to pry into Will's past amorous life, maybe due to parental pressure. To JRD this was a verbal frontier, only he should have chosen a more opportune time for the request. However, JRD calculated that it would be harder to obtain such letters from a married person; he believed in "making hay while the sun shines." He never saw any such letters.

### **The Cholera Epidemic of 1873**

*In 1942 we told JRD we had been at St. Patrick's Church for the feast of the Assumption (August 15th) and that triggered his only specifically Catholic story.*

Father John Hickey. JRD said he had the deepest respect for a Catholic priest who his family had known for years. Father John Hickey, a tobacco farmer living near Lewisburg, had been both a circuit rider (similar to their own early Methodist Asbury and other pastors/riders) and farmer. He resided on a nearby farm from 1864 to sometime into the 20th century. Lizzie would stop by his residence when heading in that direction and leave him some preserves on occasions when she thought Catholics might have a special event -- JRD said it was the day after Halloween. Pa even sold Hickey a horse at a very reduced price after the event that endeared him to Mason County folks.

Epidemic. In 1873 there was a terrible epidemic of cholera, which scoured the entire population about every other decade. Father Hickey did not follow the example of the local people and stay indoors. JRD said the Davis family and others simply hunkered down and stayed home from market and church and everything until the "all clear" signal was given. They lived off the land and took care of the nearby old folks and that was it. No school, no nothing as the best protection against catching the dreaded disease. Rumors flew of entire families devastated. Father Hickey was not the stay-at-home type. He was both a caring Christian and a single person suited to taking risks, thus giving his saintly service a pragmatic perspective. Father John saddled his horse and rode over to Millersburg, which was in Bourbon County about 20 miles away and part of his circuit covering eight counties. He ministered to folks regardless of their religious beliefs and thus applied himself to burying the dead when other relatives and neighbors were too afraid to help.

### **An Afterthought**

This is a feeble attempt to convey a sense of spirit and understanding on the part of an eye witness to the Brothers' War. Joe Davis passed on a tradition to us, even though I have not done justice to his style and feeling. Writing is simply not storytelling, but it is better than letting the contents and intentions of the teller go unnoticed in a world of busy people, computer games and television. Are we going to be a generation who simply forget our oral traditions? While we want peace, we may fail to see the power in relating how war affected ordinary people caught behind the battlelines. Certainly, it would be better to record our elders when their memories are fresh. I regret my neglect in recording various storytellers including my own dad. With greater sensitivity to the wealth of what ordinary human beings do in their lives, we hope more diligent efforts in documenting popular history and wisdom will be undertaken in the future.

### **Endnotes**

i. Found in *The Towns of Mason County -- Their Past in Pictures,*

Jean Calvert and John Klee, Maysville and Mason County Library Historical and Scientific Association, 1986.

ii. The Davis Family Tree (My construction)  
Francis md. Katherine

Children:

Nancy Lucy Thomas Ruth Welsh Rezin Samuel  
Zachariah

Matthias md 1788  
Rachel Maynard  
(1765-1852) (1767-1858)

Children:

<u>Rezin</u> (1798-1848) md <u>Priscilla Parks</u> (1800-1899)	<u>Maynard</u> md <u>Elizabeth Ross</u> also: (1807-1872) (1825-1905) "Mann" "Lizzie"	<u>Amos</u> (1790-1820) Nancy Prudence Melinda Lucinda Curlinda (1806-1828)
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Children:

Amos (1825-?)	Malinda (1852-?)
Nancy (1830-?)	Joseph Ross (1853-1943)
Martha (1833-?)	Infant son & daughter (1856 d)
Edward (1835-?)	Mary (1858 -?)
William (1835-1864)	Maynard Jr (1860-?)
	Infant daughter (1862)
	<u>Oscar</u> (1863-1882)
	<u>Marshall Clayton</u> (1867-?)

Underlined are recorded as buried in Davis Cemetery. This cemetery is hard to completely evaluate due to its current unkept condition (personal observation in October, 2003). It is doubtful that the *Genealogical Reports, Kentucky State DAR, 1979-80* p. 146 compiled by Mrs. Robert Colwell, Rebecca Bryan Boone Chapter, is totally inclusive.

iii. The Davis home is still occupied and is in reasonably good condition -- better than the second home at Lynnwood. However, the family graveyard is another matter. The nearby neighbors, the Breezes, pointed out the spot which I would never have found without their help. Graves included JRD's mother and father (Maynard and Elizabeth), uncle and aunt (Rezin and Priscilla), grandparents (Matthias and Rachel), uncle (Amos), and children of aunt (Prudence Tolle), and Mann's consort (Jane R. Davis) (1843-1871) among others.

iv. When I was visiting and researching the original Davis homestead, neighbors thought I should be looking into the Lee homesteads which were the better known historically, and which

local pride was more focused upon. They were surprised I focused on this lesser known family. Some five homesteads in the vicinity were of the Lee family. Perhaps the Lees, who were cousins of Robert E. Lee, are worth further investigation -- but much has been written already about that prominent early American family. In his project to carve locally important people, Daddy's unfinished statue at the time of death was of Robert E. Lee.

v. Edith said the choice was due to wanting "beech trees" but that is somewhat of a family's light-hearted explanation. It is highly likely that the proximity to Springdale, a disembarking point ten miles upstream from Limestone and the prior choice of the Lee Family would have had some bearing on the selection. Besides, it may have seemed the best opportunity for the Davises from their quick review of an unsettled land where Indians were still considered aggressors.

vi. A story had circulated that the George Wood estate had been lost in the 19th century through an effort by a family member to try to corner the lard market from the combined Swift & Armour Company. At the time I knew JRD, in his declining years, the farm was not owned by him but by his children Mary, Edith and Arthur who purchased it from the estate probated after Cora's death. They bought the tract for \$102 per acre or for \$13,488.50 on April 20, 1934.

vii. The cane (the only American species of bamboo) lands were quite extensive in Kentucky during pioneer times and covered wide areas around the early settlement of Washington. Only a remnant of these lands exists in parts of central and south central Kentucky. Since livestock regarded the bamboo shoots as a delicacy, the species had essentially disappeared in heavily-grazed Mason County by the mid-nineteenth century.

viii. The other siblings were: Keith (1893 - 1971) who had fought in the First World War and was gassed and spent the rest of his life in a Lexington Veteran's Hospital (Edith was always pained by her brother's condition and spoke of it as a "mental" hospital); Henry A., who was first to die (1884 - 1928) of whom little is spoken or written; and Paul (1880 - 1959) who was a Louisville & Nashville Railroad accountant (these three are also buried in the family plot at the Maysville Cemetery; and Russell who disappeared right after receiving some of his inheritance money. He was on his way to St. Louis. Nell Jo Marshall, a close friend of Edith, says that she tried all means including the Salvation Army of locating him but was unable.

ix. Edith admitted to friends including Nell Jo Marshall that she did not know why her Davis ancestors came to Kentucky and then settled in the border area of Lewis/Fleming/Mason Counties rather than in the better lying Washington/Mayslick areas. She had far

more appreciation of cultural roots and how they were more aristocratic than her humbler neighbors, though JRD never regarded himself in that manner. Part of her local interest involved the period when Washington was converting from a run-down little village to a renovated tourist attraction with about two dozen log cabins and many older homes. Edith and her friends, especially Mrs. Andrew Duke, were in the forefront of this movement.

x. I find that story-telling need not be precisely exact, only quite realistic, but that the moral of the story must be accurate.

xi. My sister, Dorothy, remembers Joe Davis for his thick white hair. My brother Charlie says he also barely remembers him. I asked my mother on her 93rd birthday who called her "Lizzie," and she replied instantly "Ole Joe Davis." By her mid-95th year she could not remember him.

xii. Edith Davis was better known for her stories about Mason County history with a focus on Revolutionary War times. My Aunt Anne Holland Schumacher recalls that Edith told about Indian attacks at their home. However, such would have been impossible in the late 1880s. She either was talking about the Tobacco Wars of that time or she was talking as though she was a part of a pioneer family that did experience these attacks a century earlier.

xiii. Did Lincoln exaggerate his birth state's importance? Rather, he proved to be a master strategist as president and he never forgot his state of birth. Prior to the war he returned on occasion to visit his best friend's family, the Speeds of Louisville, and he returned to court and marry Mary Todd, of an aristocratic Lexington family. As state after state seceded, Lincoln often returned to the theme of preserving the Union and preserving Kentucky as a cornerstone of that Union more because of what he knew than out of bias.

xiv. The Genealogy Indices list JRD's father's first name differently: "M. Davis" (1840 Lewis County); "Mann H." (1850 Lewis County); "Marion H. " (1860 Lewis county) and "Man H." (1870 Lewis County, Tollesboro district). The gravestone lists Maynard in the Davis Cemetery and his father Matthias' will lists Mainard. His nickname "Mann" is used here.

xv. John C. Breckinridge had a most interesting life moving from Whig to Democrat, a veteran of the Mexican War, won congressional seat held by Henry Clay, got the vice-president nomination, first for any executive office to actively campaign, became vice-president under Buchanan from 1857-61, ran for president against his old friend Lincoln, only one of four presidential candidates

to poll equally from both North and South, elected to the Senate, stood for neutrality, was ordered arrested on Sept., 19, 1861, joined the Confederacy and made a general, and made the first commander of the 1st Kentucky Brigade. He served as a general throughout the war.

xvi. Davis is a common name in Kentucky. JRD and family were not closely related to that other famous Kentuckian, Jefferson Davis.

In fact, the future president of the Confederacy was born at the other (western) end of Kentucky on U.S. Highway 68, while JRD lived at a place only four miles from where the long highway entered Kentucky on the east. JRD would say he was not "upper crust," while President Davis was -- though they were social-status-wise fairly close. They both came from white slave-holding rural folks with English backgrounds who had come as settlers in Kentucky from the Atlantic coast. Both families looked to Transylvania University as a place to educate their young ones.

xvii. JRD told Daddy that the place was at the "Old Country Club" which was located on the western portion of the Pete Glasscock Farm. It was a logical meeting place, being far more centrally located than the Germantown Fair grounds serving Bracken and Mason Counties but to the western extreme of the county. It is also possible that the assembly place for some practices was a mile away at the Charles Marshall homestead. Nell Jo Marshall, a direct descendant by marriage, says that archaeologists have unearthed considerable numbers of artifacts including buttons and coins to the south of the homestead in which she resides. She showed me a number of these artifacts including dated coins of the period.

It was a custom for Kentucky military commanders during the Civil War to assemble and even billet troops on their own premises, and that was undoubtedly done at the Marshall homestead during the course of the war. Did it happen from the start?

xviii. Giving the middle initial often occurred for more illustrious characters in a county where people had either full formal names or crazy nicknames. Charles A. Marshall, the military leader in the county, was a direct descendant of blue blood friend of George Washington, Thomas Marshall, the father of Supreme Court Chief Justice John Marshall. By the time of the Civil War, Charles A. already had become known for attempting to convert farm products to something useful through the Maysville Linen Company which was making cloth from native hemp and flax. He was known for his inventiveness which was characteristic of that gifted family; he was also known to have experimented with "Chinese" rather than common "Russian" hemp, of which Kentucky was the principal American source. Charles actually entered the regular army and was commander of the Kentucky 16th stationed

nearby by the end of 1861.

xix. Daddy was a great story teller as well and would retell a story as we drove along in exactly the same manner as he would when we would take the same trip again. He never tired of retelling, and this is part of the reason those of us who are less gifted can remember some of these tales. How many of the JRD stories are originally those he heard and recounted is difficult to determine. While I heard some from JRD, I heard many from Daddy, the gifted local story-teller.

xx. The exact relationship with Will is uncertain though he was the same age (twin?) of Edward and thus Mann's nephew.

xxi. Camp Lee is spoken about at the end of the year as the recruiting camp for the 16th Infantry Regiment. That was also three miles from Maysville and could have been a mile or so away from Camp Kenton which was near the original Kenton Station.

xxii. I was unable to locate the springhouse on or near the original Davis household in Lewis County.

xxiii. No one of the Davis family mentioned the notorious Richard Davis who was also from the Maysville area. He was a bushwacker or one who attacked unsuspecting travelers in parts of Kentucky and confessed to a priest that he killed 76 people. His only regret when captured in June, 1863, was that he did not reach his goal of 100. He was later executed in Memphis.

xxiv. The National Census of 1860 indicated that JRD had been in school for "at least one year" meaning he started at age five or younger by the time of summer of that year. The National Census of 1870 showed that he was still in school at age 16.

xxv. Most people are unaware of the terrible Union defeat at Richmond. Civil War expert Shelby Foote is quoted in *War in Kentucky: From Shiloh to Perryville*, by James Lee McDonough (University of Tennessee Press, 1994, p. 145, as saying it was the episode nearest to a Cannae -- in which Hannibal virtually destroyed the Roman Army. The tactics and one-sidedness of the clash are indeed reminiscent of that event. Of 6,850 Confederates only 451 were casualties of which 78 were killed. Of 6,500 Federal troops 206 were killed, 844 wounded, and 4,303 were captured or missing or over 80% of the fighting strength.

xxvi. The 1860 Census shows her as well as Mann as being literate and so we can guess that they had some schooling. The 1870 census shows JRD still in school at age 16 (as well as three of his siblings), which means the Davis parents were affording their children as much schooling as possible given the limited

educational systems of that time.

xxvii. William C. Davis, *The Orphan Brigade: The Kentucky Confederates Who Couldn't Go Home*, (Stackpole Books, 1994)xxvii. p. 68.

xxviii. "Chitlins" or chitterlings are the small intestines of hogs which were cleaned and fried in deep fat with proper seasoning as a delicacy by many Afro-Americans. It was a custom well after the Second World War to give those who wanted them all such parts of the hog during the butchering event.

xxix. The area was near where the Chesapeake & Ohio tracks would later be laid, but as of then there was no railroad into Maysville.

xxx. Mann would have been regarded as a rather middle to upper level property holder from both the 1860 and 1870 census which estimated both property and personal worth. In 1860 his fixed property was valued at \$3,300 and personal property at \$8,000; in 1870 his fixed property was valued at \$15,000 and personal property at \$5,000. However, one wonders about the accuracy of these estimations.

xxxi. Edith Davis willed \$500 to the Olivet Methodist Church, a congregation which celebrated its 200th anniversary at the turn of the millennium. This beautifully built and located church sits on a prominent hill in eastern Mason county with a very large cemetery surrounding it. Most likely it was the seat of Davis religious worship, though they changed denominations when moving to Lynnwood. What JRD's contributed to this change of churches is unknown.

xxxii. The Lexington Pike is essentially today's Scenic Route U.S. 68, and was a major thoroughfare during settlement times and through the Civil War period just when railroad routes were gaining in importance. Desiring to reach that Pike as a day's goal would have been a suitable target for youth living at a distance, as did JRD and his friend Lonnie.

xxxiii. The family desk was treasured by Edith Davis as one of her prized possessions and was thought to have gone to a relative, Leo Rae Davis of Champaign, Illinois along with the family Bible. I have been unable to locate either although I did some Internet and phone searching. It has been over two decades since the property transfer. The enormous number of Davis people in this country makes this search quite difficult.

xxxiv. At this point JRD changed the tone of his story-telling. I suspected this was a possible flight in fantasy and it was most likely a vivid dream of that night while worrying about the safety of his pa and grandpa's extended family which included the



residential slaves.

xxxv. The Battle of the Bulge was a final winter offensive thrown by the German Army after the western Allies had moved through much of the Lowlands and up to the German border. The final gasp of Hitler's War caught the Americans and others by surprise and resulted in a large indentation in the fighting lines -- thus the Bulge. In fact, the entire nation of Luxembourg was recaptured by the Germans, the only nation conquered twice by the Nazi war machine. It came as a real downer to all the people who were expecting that the soldiers would be celebrating a bitterly cold and snow-covered Christmas in relative peace before the final conquest of Germany in 1945.

xxxvi. Though the Davis family did not live on a direct route used by the Morgan Raiders, still the people knew that marauding parties were known to range over a ten-mile belt on either side of a route traversed by such a large cavalry unit. And this vicinity was within such a conceivable belt.

xxxvii. The Hunt and Morgan names would be even more prominent in the 20th century due to financial fame in both families, banking by the Morgans and oil and transportation by the Hunts.

xxxviii. John Hunt Morgan was killed after being shot by Private Andrew C. Campbell of the 13th Tennessee Cavalry (USA) at Greeneville, Tennessee, on September 4, 1864. At the time of this Mason County raid he was to live less than three months.

xxxix. The walled kilns in the brick works to the east of Maysville were used as pens to incarcerate Confederate prisoners in the cordoned off areas before shipping them further North to the prison camps at Columbus and elsewhere.

xl. Governor James Robinson was raised to the office of governor in August, 1863, in the most bizarre circumstances. The regular governor Magoffin had been elected in 1859 but was regarded as too Southern in sympathy. He was willing to resign under certain conditions in August, 1863. Since Lieutenant Governor Linn Boyd had died in office and Speaker of the House, John F. Fisk, did not meet Magoffin's conditions, Robinson was elected to that post, made governor, and the ex-speaker returned to the post in a matter of days. Robinson stayed on until the next regular election in 1863 which was won by Union Democracy candidate Thomas E. Bramlette who dissociated himself from the Lincoln Administration and hoped an end of war would mean the removal of hated policies and measures. Reference: Lowell H. Harrison, *The Civil War in Kentucky*, (The University Press of Kentucky, 1975), p. 82ff.

xli. Historical records said "over a thousand."

xlii. McClellan lost to Lincoln in the national vote count, but he certainly won in Kentucky 61,478 to 26,592 and the separate soldiers' vote 3,068 to 1,205. Kentucky gave Lincoln 30.2% or the lowest of any of the 25 states participating in the election. Reference: *The Civil War in Kentucky*, p. 87.

xliii. The Bluelicks Battlefield was well known to early Kentuckians. Here the Boone party was surprised and defeated by a contingent of British and Native Americans. The Battle of Bluelicks was actually fought after the peace was called forth by the warring parties of the Revolutionary War and is often called the last battle of that conflict. Today the battlefield is a state park in Robertson County.