



THE TELEGRAPH KEY

THE OFFICIAL DISPATCH FOR THE MAJOR THOMAS J. KEY CAMP #1920
KANSAS DIVISION, SCV • JOHNSON COUNTY, KANSAS

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March 2022

The Confederate's Corner

By Rick McPherson

Greetings to all compatriots and friends of the **Major Thomas J. Key Camp #1920**.



Our Commander
Matt Sewell

The Key Camp did not meet during February due to the Lee-Jackson Banquet.

The auction held at the banquet served as the fundraiser for the year. Thanks to the generosity of those that participated, and to those that helped put it all together.

Major Thomas J. Key

Camp Officers

Commander

Matt Sewell

1st Lt. Commander

Dan Peterson

2nd Lt. Commander

Lane Smith

Adjutant

Lawson Rener

Chaplin

Walt Schley

Newsletter Editor

Rick McPherson

This month's newsletter includes a memoir written in 1919 by a distant cousin who was forced from her central Missouri home in 1863 as a result of "**General Order #11**".

Compatriots, you are encouraged to submit biographies of your ancestor's service or stories for future publication. Pls!

Also, we wish to express our sympathy's to the family of **Compatriot Milton Wallace** and his wife Carole, both passing away in January from separate medical issues.

The speaker for our March meeting will be Sam Gill who will be presenting "Joe Shelby's Raids in Missouri". We hope you'll join us.



General Order No. 11

Headquarters District of the Border,
Kansas City, August 25, 1863.

1. All persons living in Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mills, Pleasant Hill, and Harrisonville, and except those in that part of Kaw Township, Jackson County, north of Brush Creek and west of Big Blue, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof.

Those who within that time establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station near their present place of residence will receive from him a certificate stating the fact of their loyalty, and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in this district, or to any part of the State of Kansas, except the counties of the eastern border of the State. All others shall remove out of the district. Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

2. All grain and hay in the field or under shelter, in the district from which inhabitants are required to remove, within reach of military stations after the 9th day of September next, will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there and report of the amount so turned over made to district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners and amount of such product taken from them. All grain and hay found in such district after the 9th day of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

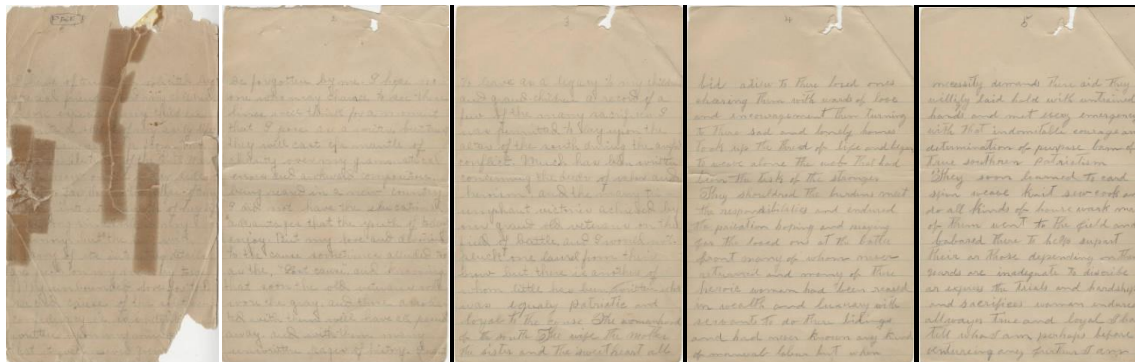
3. The provisions of General Order No. 10 from these headquarters will be at once vigorously executed by officers commanding in the parts of the district and at the station not subject to the operations of paragraph 1 of this order, and especially the towns of Independence, Westport and Kansas City.

4. Paragraph 3, General Order No. 10 is revoked as to all who have borne arms against the Government in the district since the 20th day of August, 1863.

By order of Brigadier General Ewing.

H. Hannahs, Adjt.-Gen'l.

*The following memoir was written by Partheny (McPherson) Horn in 1919 recalling her evacuating Missouri as a result of General Order #11 issued in August 1863 by General Thomas Ewing Jr. She used 61 pages of tablet paper to write her memoir in pencil. I have retyped it, eliminating many spelling and grammatical errors. The [MS] designation seen within this paper means "manuscript". Her memoir reveals the perils forced upon the women of soldiers, who were left behind and shows their strength, determination and resilience. I know it's long read, but here we go. **McP.***



Actual copies of the first five pages written by a 4th cousin Parthenia M^cPherson Horn forced to leave her home near Stockton, Missouri

Memoir of the Life of Theyny Horn written 14 February 1919

I have often been solicited by special friends and my children more especially my children, to write a sketch of my early life, principally my trip from Mo. to Texas in time of the Civil War. I am now on the shady side of life, far down the slope of time. Many interesting events of my life have long since slipped my memory, but the war with many of its interesting details, are fresh on my memory today. My unbounded love for the sacred cause of the southern confederacy is so indelibly [MS torn] written upon my mind [MS torn] that it will never grow [MS torn] be forgotten by me.

I hope no one who may chance to see these lines will think for a moment that I pose as a writer, but trust they will cast the mantle of charity over my grammatical errors and awkward composition, being reared in a new country I did not have the educational advantages that the youth of today enjoy. But my love and devotion to the cause sometimes alluded too as the "Lost cause", and knowing that soon the old veterans who wore the gray, and those associated with them will have all passed away, and with them many unwritten pages of history. I want to leave as a legacy to my children and grand-children a record of a few of the many sacrifices I was permitted to lay upon the altar of the south during the awful conflict.

Much has been written concerning the deeds of valor and heroism, and the many triumphant victories achieved by our grand old veterans on the field of battle, and I would not pluck one laurel from their brow. But there is another of whom little has been written who was equally patriotic and loyal to the cause, the womanhood of the south. The wife, the mother, the sister and the sweetheart, all bid adieus to their loved ones cheering them with words of love and encouragement. There, turning to their sad and

lonely homes took up the thread of life and began to weave alone the web that had been the task of the stronger. They shouldered the burdens, met the responsibilities and endured the probation hoping and praying for the loved ones at the battle front, many of whom never returned. Many of their heroic women had been reared in wealth and luxury with servants to do their biddings and had never known any kind of manual labor, but when necessity demanded their aid, they willingly laid hold with untrained hands and met every emergency with that indomitable courage and determination of purpose born of true southern patriotism

They soon learned to spin, weave, knit, sew, cook and do all kinds of house work. Many of them went to the field and labored there to help support themselves or those depending upon them. Words are inadequate to describe or to express the trials, hardships and sacrifices women endured.

All ways true and loyal, I have to tell who I am perhaps before venturing any further. I am the daughter of Hezekiah and Malinda Rector McPherson. I was born July 8th 1842 in Roane Co. Tenn. in 18 and 51. My Father emigrated from Tennessee to Missouri settling in Cedar Co where by frugality, industry and enterprise, he became the owner of about 1,000 acres of fine farming land, most of which he enclosed and put in a high state of cultivation yielding abundant crops of all kinds of grain and hay. He was also engaged in raising fine stock, principally horses, mules and cattle. Father was a prosperous farmer and had a large and happy family, 4 sons and 7 daughters. He was well and favorably known in the community in which he lived having settled there when it was a new wild country but sparsely settled. There were mostly poor people who were struggling to obtain a little home of their own, some of whom could never have succeeded but for my father said, in the nick of time, for he was generous to a fault. His sympathy, always with the needy, all went well with us. Everything he undertook prospered in his hands until the war came up. That changed the tide a few years previous to the war. There was quite an influx of emigration from the north, principally drunkards, religiously and abolitionists [abolitionists] politically, all opposed to slavery. Everybody knows the main issue of the war was the slavery question. [Abraham] Lincoln made it the race for president and was elected on the platform to emancipate the Negroes and all the world knows how well he carried out his promise.

When the war broke out my father espoused the southern cause and expressed his convictions in no uncertain terms. Where his mind was made up and his judgment fully matured he would advocate these principals of justice and right were any and all opposition. He never once thought of policy when principal was involved. This made him many political enemies who later on did him much injury financially. Unfortunate for us most of our near neighbors were union men or rather abolitionists, all clamoring to free the Negroes. As time wore on and the war clouds were gathering thick and fast, our governor, C. F. Johnson [Claiborne Fox Jackson] a true and southern man seeing that our state rights were being violated, issued a proclamation calling for volunteers for state service. We now fully realized that war was inevitable. Up to this time the conservative element had hoped and prayed that something would yet come up to avert the war but now all hope vanished. Mass meetings were held, speeches made, everybody excited and talking war. Soon the enrolling officers were on the field, forming the men into companies making ready for the conflict.

My father, two eldest brothers and my sweetheart, together with many others, had volunteered and organized themselves into a company and elected their officers. Ten days previous to an order to report

at White Hair for duty, the women met with them to sew, making tents and flags for the company, the men drilling and making ready to go into camp. On the first evening they were allowed to go home with orders to report at the same place early next morning. The women also returned carrying well filled baskets which they spread on the ground in picnic style as on the previous day. The tents and flags finished, dinner over, 14 girls mounted on horse-back, each one representing one of the seceded states, presented the flag to the company which was mounted and drawn up in line to receive it. One of our members, Miss Mattie Williams, later wife of Capt. Fayette Roberts, was chosen to make the presentation, which she did in a very appropriate little speech amid the cheers and hurrahs of that gallant band, known as the "White Hair Company", who swore allegiance to it and the cause it represented. A few minutes later came the sad leave taking.

They were ordered to rendezvous some miles distance and go into regular camps with several other companies already there. They were concentrating the companies and making ready to join Gen. [Sterling] Price who was mobilizing the forces at Carthage, Missouri. H. D. [Hardin Deatherage] McPherson my oldest brother, obtained permission of his Capt. to go home and spend the night with his wife and babe whom he had left at our father's home.

Well, do I remember his conversation as we rode home together? We were talking of the war and the many sad things pertaining to it he said, "Sister, I am not going into this war like many of the young men, who seem to think it is only a little holiday sports and will soon be over, and we will all be at home again, it is a very serious matter with me many of our boys blood will run cold on the battlefield and I feel that I will be numbered with the slain." I said, "Brother, if I felt that way, I would not go." He replied "Yes, I will go, my country calls and duty demands it. But when I part with all of you tomorrow morning I shall part as in death, I never expect to meet with any of you again in this life."

Oh, that sad and lonely night, father and brother Mat [Madison] were both in camp. We sat up and talked until late bedtime, rising early next morning, prepared breakfast so brother could have something to eat before taking his leave. It was 10 miles to camp and the army had orders to move early. He bade us brothers and sisters goodbye. Next he came to our dear old mother, putting his arms around her neck he kissed her goodbye saying "Mother take good care of Lizzie and the baby." He then took his baby in his arms and pressed her to his bosom while he covered her little face with kisses, laying her down he said, "God bless my baby." He now came to his loving young wife, who was standing nearly broken-hearted, he took her in his arms, hugged and kissed her repeatedly, then turned to go, took several steps towards the gate, turning around he came back and embraced his wife again, then walked briskly to the gate, mounted his horse and rode away never to return. In a few short weeks he met the enemy in battle on the 10th day of August 1861, at Oakhill [Battle of Wilson's Creek, 1861] near Springfield, Mo. and was killed.

My father, brother Mat and my sweetheart all participated in the same battle, but neither of them was hurt. The state troops who enlisted for 6 mo. were discharged at the expiration of time and most of them came home for a short time. My sweetheart, Finis C. Horn, to whom I had been engaged about one year, came home with the others. We talked the matter over; both knew the war was only fairly begun, and that he would have to again join the army. But I decided I would rather be left his widow than his intended bride, we were married Dec. 18, 1861. The war was growing worse all the time. The southern forces had been compelled to retreat to the Arkansas line. The federals were raiding and scouting our country and no southern man was safe. Mr. Horne left the first of March going to the southern army enlisting in the Confederate service for 3 years or duration of the war. He was home in Sept. 1862 for a day or two. The next time we met was in Texas in November 1863 whither I had emigrated rather

unceremoniously. My mother and family consisting of herself, 6 daughters and one small son had preceded me 3 months. She having gathered up their bedding and wearing apparel, some flour and bacon, tumbled them and the children into an old farm wagon, hitched a yoke of oxen to it and pulled out for Texas, accompanied by another southern family with about the same kind of an outfit leaving sister Lizzie, my brothers widow, and myself on the old homestead with two little negroes and a crippled negro man who could not walk a step without the aid of crutches. She was afraid to start with them. Lizzie and I intended staying there hoping to be able to take care of mother's things and ours as well. Mother did not dispose of anything in the house or out of doors. We were very soon convinced that we would not be allowed to remain very long. Each day the federals were becoming more and more antagonistic towards the southern families. One of their officials made a speech in Stockton [Missouri] saying he was in favor of driving the southern women and children out of the country, rob them of their sustenance, burn their houses and force them out, if in no other way, strap them astride a hickory pole and get them out anyway.

A little later on they issued an order [General Order No. 11] for all southern families to leave and if for any cause they failed to comply, their houses were to be burned and they driven out. It was this last order that caused me to immigrate to Texas. Sept 6, 1863. I left Cedar, County Missouri in company with 9 other families of the southern confederacy, persuasion bound for Texas.

We rendezvoused at Capt. Johnson's near White Hair on the day previous to taking our final departure for the lone star state. Supper being over and our teams tied to the wagon wheels for safe keeping through the night and our beds made down on the ground under the wagons, the roll was called. The following composing our party; Mrs. Polly Johnson (Aunt Polly as she was familiarly known) and daughter, Mrs. Nettie Williams and 4 small children. Mrs. Wash Johnson and 2 small sons and 4 grown stepdaughters, Mrs. Doe Chenoweth and three daughters, one married, Mrs. Jim Lindsey, Mrs. McKay and son 12 years old, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Joes Hare and small son, Mrs. H. D. [Hardin Deatherage] McPherson and little daughter, myself and 2 small Negro children and a crippled Negro boy about 17 years old.

We proceeded to go into a business conference and discuss the propriety of having a leader; all agreed that it would facilitate our movements and all to our congeniality and pleasure. There was only one elderly lady in our company, Aunt Polly Johnson, who, I suppose was about 65 years old. She was unanimously elected captain and we all swore allegiance to her authority in all things pertaining to our movements. Another one of our reselections was that we would all stay together. If any of our wagons broke down or any of our teams were stolen or otherwise disabled we would camp and assist the unfortunate one in every conceivable manner until we would fall upon some plan to move on.

We had all lived within a radius of 10 miles and were well acquainted, and all had had some experience with the Yankee soldier, for be it understood we were at least 250 miles inside the federal lines. But this being time did not deter us nor weaken our enthusiasm for our much loved cause, the southern confederacy, to which our fathers, husbands, brothers and sweethearts had sworn allegiance and were serving under General [Sterling] Price and [Joseph] Shelby, those grand old veterans whose gallant deeds and glorious achievements have endeared them to all true southern Missourians, peace be to their ashes.

Pardon me and I will return to my subject. We rose early on the morning of the 6th and made necessary preparations for taking our final leave of our dear old homes and everything that pertained to them. We started with only our bedding and wearing apparel and a liberal supply of flour, bacon, sugar, coffee,

and some feed for our teams knowing we could not buy supplies on our way. We harnessed and hitched our teams, everything being in readiness our captain led the way, the rest closely following. All went reasonable well with us, considering our limited experience in driving, until we were about 10 miles from our starting point [when] we came to a very steep down grade at the bottom of which was a considerable creek. Our Capt. halted and gave command to lock our wagons and proceed to carry out the order herself, which would have been the proper thing to do had our wagons been supplied with the necessary locks. You must bear in mind that our wagons were a little out of date, back numbers so to speak such as the Yankee soldiers or the home militia could not appropriate to their public or private use.

The southern woman was always equal to any emergency, knowing our wagons were minus this very essential attachment. Each family, or rather each wagon, for several wagons contained 2 families each, were provided with a log chain as a substitute for the lock. None of us, not even our Capt. seemed to understand just how to manipulate it. Our Capt. proceeded to put the chain around the rim of the wheel and made it fast to the coupling pole instead of the axle. Consequently when she started her team, the wheel was drawn under the wagon, and the result was every spoke in the wheel was broken, the rim dropping over on the ground. It was about 2 o'clock P.M. We all went into camp and several of us sallied forth into the country in quest of somebody who could or would fix the broken wheel, and it was not an easy task. There being but few men at home, and unfortunately for us, they were on the other side politically and had no sympathy for a rebel, as they called us. It was 2 or 3 days before we found anybody who would undertake the job. Finally we located a man several miles out in the back woods who owned a blacksmith shop. We soon made to him our troubles and after much parleying and much persuasion on our part.

The most convincing argument being our financial ability to defray the expenses, in legal tender we were not over stocked, but fortunately possessed some of this much coveted article we had. He went to work immediately [and] in a couple of days had the wheel repaired and ready for the road. The old adage troubles never come single handed was verified in one ease while waiting for repairs on our broken wheel. The first night some thief or thieves sneaked up and untied my team from my wagon wheel and made good their escape with 2 fine mares and 4 mules colts leaving sister Lizzie's team tied to her wagon which was drawn up close to mine. The movement of the midnight Marauders were so stealthy and well planned they did not awake us but the neighing of two mares left soon aroused us. We got up to investigate the cause of their excitement which was proven at once by the absence of my team and the mules. We made a little search in and near the camps thinking they possibly had broken loose and were grazing nearby but a search failed to locate them. Winding our way back to our wagons we laid down but not to sleep, we were too much distressed to sleep. The night wore on and the final day came but failed to reveal the whereabouts of the missing animals. I felt sure the thief or thieves were blue and appropriated the mare mules to their own special benefit, government could not use such stock. But this was not all the trouble in store for us. We were camped 4 miles west of Greenfield [Mo] which was a federal post occupied by the militia. Pardon me but I must say the Mo State Militia, especially Southwest Mo. were the lowest down set of men God ever made. When the war first broke out our best citizens volunteered in the southern army. The next best volunteered in the army and later when the federals were in need of recruits they raked and scraped up all the scalawags and thieves who not have the courage or patriotism to join either army and made militia. The news of our presence in the community must have reached them the day we came, carried perhaps by the thieves who stole the mares and mules. By 10 o'clock the following day a scout of 35 militia came swooping down on that Old hill side where we were camped, charging and yelling like we had been so many Comanche or Apache Indians instead of a lot defenseless woman and children whom they had driven home.

Their first act was to take possession of all our horses which tied off away from our wagons tied to trees. The next thing order was to search our wagons for contrabands goods of which they knew we had none tearing the wagons sheets off. 2 or 3 men would mount the wagons and pitch trunks boxes and everything else they contained to the ground bursting trunks breaking everything breakable and scattering things promiscuously. Others were engaged in ransacking through everything taking such things as Coffee, sugar, soda, salt and [carton] cards of the last article every woman had provided herself with one or more pairs knowing it would be difficult to obtain in the south at any price. It was very essential that each lady supply herself with this most needed article. We southern people had to manufacture all our wearing apparel. These blue coated soldiers took possession of all the above mentioned articles calling them contraband goods. Who ever heard of such things being contraband? Mrs. Wash Johnson and sister Lizzie sought out the Capt. and asked him for their teams. He at first refused but finally consented. They led them back and tied them to their wagons

There were only three horse teams in the company the rest wisely starting without teams. Mrs. Williams had a fine Saddle horse which she often rode rest herself [along] with her sick babe. She asked the Capt for her horse whose name was Quantrill. She answered "You don't need him and we do." She pled with him on behalf of her sick child but he very sarcastically replied "your sick babe will do better in the wagon". Finding all persuasion unable waiting. She proceeded to build a bonfire placing the saddle and blanket and bridle upon it. A dozen or more of us girls joined hands forming a circle around it dancing and cheering as the flames wrapped themselves.

The horse was a gift of Mrs. Williams's brother who had named him after his daring leader [William] Quantrill and the horse had been named in his honor. The blue coated soldiers having completed their work of ransacking and pilfering mounted their steeds and rode away carrying their trophies with them leaving us to gather together our plunder scattered over the hillside and replace as best we could in the wagon. But the more difficult task yet remained. I needed to replace the teams stolen and mating all the ox teams that were unmolested. I at once decided to procure oxen and started out {page 36 and 37 missing}...about midday with the caravan, swinging on to the rope and hollowing "Gee" and "haw" and sometimes "Gee-Haw" with as much importance as a well trained Ox driver. I managed by determined efforts to keep them in the road until we had gone about 4 miles when all at once they become unmanageable and broke the wagon tongue. All halted and grasping the situation went into camps, the unanimous decision being [that] we would have to [get] a workman to make a new tongue. Some of us were on the eve of to find one when Sam, my crippled Negro boy to me saying.....{page 39 missing}

Nothing of any special interest occurred for several days occasionally we met with some minor difficult obstacles which we soon overcame. Our next serious trouble occurred in Arkansas 8 miles west of Fayetteville known as Mount Comfort. One of Sister Lizzie's horses, being crippled and about played out, and my wagon was on the verge of collapse. She and I decided to consolidate our outfit, she leaving the crippled horse and I my wagon. We transferred one trunk and my bedding leaving all else I possessed in the abandoned wagon by the roadside. With my Oxen us and leading the old horse, we were again on the move with lighter spirits and baggage as well. The county was very rough and rickety and grew worse

The nearer we approached the Boston Mountain, the latter we found almost impassable, and by the time we had crossed over them we had 2 or 2 broken wheels. The country, through which we were traveling had been the battle ground for both armies [Battle of Prairie Grove, 1862] and consequently was destitute of both men, shapes experience and circumstances had taught us much. Just as camping and scouting the country for help when we had the misfortune to break a wheel, we would cut down a long

pole and attach it to the front axle allowing it to extend 12 or 15 ft out behind the spindle resting on the pal. Placing the broken wheel in the wagon [we] would drive on until we come to a shop. This plan we carried out in the future of time having two or more. Thus equipped we rocked on very well reaching [Van Buren] in pretty good shape. There we had to cross the Arkansas River. We drove on through the town and down to the river halting on a sandbar. The river was very low and we had to ford it. We felt a little shaky and uncertain about crossing being unacquainted with the ford and knowing the quicksand was constantly changing it. We held a short consultation and decided we would cross in sections all had crossed over in safety, except Mrs. [Chenoweth] and I who were to bring up the rear

She drove in [and] I following when we reached deep water about midway [into] the stream. [The] team refused to go forward turning to the right. And, despite all efforts and force that Mrs. Lindsey the driver could bring to bear they continued in their course until they had broken every spoke out of the front wheel. My team true to their instinct followed in their wake and seeing my efforts to stop them was [unavailing], I leaped into the water nearly waist deep and by using my whip stock freely over their heads succeeded in stopping them in their mad career, but not before they had broken 3 or 4 spokes out of my wheel. The only thing left us to do was to return to the bank from which we had just entered. This I was able to do. Mrs. [Chenoweth] was not so fortunate. Her 3 daughters and myself carried the things out to the bank, hitched the team to the hind axle and dragged the wagon out. Our company who had over went into camps on the opposite bank to await our repairs, the town being occupied by a battalion of federals soldiers. We found plenty of shops and soon located a man who undertook to refills the wheels. While we were camped waiting on repairs one of my oxen sickened and died. As soon as we got our wheels we crossed over the river our companions a team to pull my wagon across. Leading the horse and Old ox we joined our companions who had passed us having so many trials and difficulties it is only natural to suppose.

We would be discouraged and depressed but so many laughable and ridiculous things happened. Most of us really found enjoyment for we were young and full of romance always looking on the bright side of everything. I now recall one incident that will serve to illustrate. While we were camped on the South side of the Arkansas River we had to lead our stock back and forth to water the river as [MS torn] the river as I have before mentioned, was very low. We had to cross a wide sandbar, the girls often joked me about my single team. On one of these daily trips they still teased me. I replied, he is a harmed horse and proceeded to mount him and finding he would allow [such] familiarity. In doing so thus each day, always dismounting on reaching the water edge until one fatal day, the mischievous girls gave him a few sharp raps with their whips sending him forward a rapid gait, ere I could dismount. He plunged in and was soon in deep water; the now thoroughly alarmed girls looked helplessly on. But after slacking his thirst he returned safely -with me to the shore, I riding triumphantly back to camp.

Our must need was to have an ox so all got busy inquiring and hunting for one finally located and traded for one exchanging the horse for the ox. We had camped about a week, all were jubilant that night with the prospect of being able to move next morning, our teams rested and the roads reasonably good. 2nd days travel brought [us] in to the Indian Territory which we entered with fear and trembling not knowing much about Indians. Indeed very few of us had never seen one and all the knowledge we had of them had been obtained from reading their history.

Well, do I remember the first night we spent in this Territory? We camped in a beautiful little valley surrounded by hills and bluffs, rather a picturesque place. We made a fire along the side of an old tree that had fallen down cooked and ate our supper, chatted a while [then] prepared our beds and most all had retired for the night when suddenly we heard a strange whoop not far away. All was now

excitement, this strange whoop was repeated at intervals getting nearer and encircling our camps. Soon a voice called out in broken English, "who make fire?" Mrs. Doe [Chenoweth] be it said to her credit, was the only one in camp who had the courage to speak, she answering "some woman and children". Then came the reply, "who are you", she answering as before. Then came the decisive question "are you north or are you south", she asked us in a low tone, "what must I say"? We hesitated knowing that the question that the Indians were divided on was [that] question and the small Northern faction [who] fought under the black flag. Finally we decided to tell the truth and she replied "South". "Oh me your friend, me your friend" he exclaimed and coming on up to our camp fire our fears vanished for he was dressed in Confederate uniform

The Old log was burning bright and the light had double attracted his attention. The night was chilly and he asked permission to warm himself by our fire which was cheerfully granted. Observing our cooking vessels he made signs that he was hungry. Mrs. [Chenoweth] soon satisfied his appetite with such things as we had left over. He told us that they had encountered a force of Federals that day at Schuylerville. His report was verified, they leaving in such haste they failed to take their tents or cooking outfit. Indeed we found the camps literally strewn with dead horses, company and all kinds of army. We helped ourselves to such things as we needed continuing our journey. Nothing of interest happened for several days. We were making rapid progress in good spirits and camped for the night within 15 miles of a Confederate encampment. Next morning we found to our great consternation both of Mrs. [Chenoweth] oxen sick unto death and unable to travel. We held council and discussed our situation unanimously agreeing best and only thing we could do was to leave Mrs. Chenoweth and push on to the Confederate soldiers for aid. She hardly was consenting to this decision. We all moved out except Mrs. McKay who volunteered to remain with Mrs. [Chenoweth]. We reached the Confederate camps on the second day and called for the Commanding officer who proved to be Colonel Martin of McKinney Texas

We made known to him our troubles. He responded by ordering a wagon and team and 2 men to look after our companies. On reaching them their goods were soon transferred to the big Confederate wagon. Lashing her wagon on behind they were soon in rout to join us who were awaiting our arrival. While encamped here her mother's oxen died again leaving me with a single team. Colonel Martin sent some of his men out and bought from the Indians 3 steers as wild as bucks to replace our teams and detailed men to them, one by the name of Thomas Rector a distant relative of mine. The other by the name of Marus or Marison whose home was in McKinney Texas. Fully equipped we again took up our line of march. As I have fore stated my mother and family had preceded me 3 months. My Father joined them in Arkansas and together they went on to Texas and were now located 4 miles west of Bonham. News reached them that some Missouri families were camped in the Indian Territory without teams and in destitute circumstances. Father, ever ready to render assistance to southern women and thinking that sister Lizzie and myself might be in the company, he borrowed a yoke of large oxen in company [and] with his faithful servant Bill, started at once to give relief. Traveling all day and night they met our caravan about 11 o'clock next day 50 miles from his starting point. Instead of finding us sitting dolefully by the road sides we were with the aid of our new found friends traveling gaily on. We had been in distress but not discouraged. Had all other means failed we would have formed a band of infantry and marched on to Dixie. We knew no such words as fail. We reached our final destination without further delay or serious impediment

Oct 28th 1863 a genuine blue mother introduced us early morning, a warm drizzling rain had been falling when about 2 o'clock we noticed a blue rising in the north. Suddenly the wind veered to the north coming down up on is like a wolf up on its foe holding us in its icy clutches and in almost incredibly short time it was freezing everything. Covered with sleet and ice, Mattie Chenoweth [Martha Chenoweth] and

I, have been walking all day as we had most of the time from [Missouri]. I do not believe I rode in all more than 20 miles. Our clothes wet and all my life never came so near freezing as on that day. Our clothes were freezing us when we reached a fire. After night fall our cloths were frozen on us. Our whole company was suffering but not withstanding our icy introduction we received a warm welcome such only as is given by the frontier men, at the home of Mr. Alan Marlow where Father had taken us all to warm. Upon their generous invitation we spent the night with them. Our company now disbanded all whose relatives or acquaintances going to them for the present. Mrs. [Chenoweth] and Mrs. McKay not having any went with us to my Father home staying there until they could locate their husbands, who like all other southern men had been compelled to leave Missouri. Our arrival brought relief and joy to my mother and family.

While I was making a somewhat perilous trip, some my husband obtained [MS torn] Old pap [Sterling] Price [MS torn] called [MS torn] [MS obscured] and came to Texas to visit me having been separated 15 months. Seldom hearing from each other mail facilities being out often between opposing armies [MS obscured] written their Reminiscences' [Ms torn] only touch a few of the many interesting incidences I experienced to confine myself expressing the truth stating facts as I experienced them. Written, Feb 14 1919, Fort Worth Texas

Rick's note:

The story written by "Partheny" comes at a time when masses of women and children from Ukraine are facing a similar attack upon homes, their freedom, and their safety. We have seen on television the extraordinary bravery of these people. There is no doubt, in 1863, death and destruction was no less traumatic for those who came face to face with perils of war. War stories seldom highlight the difficulties women and children face. Our prayers are with the people of Ukraine and for those that have the ability and guts to come forward, despite politics.



A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF THE WAR—LEAVING HOME





Major

Thomas J. Key Camp #1920

Johnson County, Kansas
Camp Activities



As always, we encourage your participation in your Camp's activities.
*Email **Commander Sewell** for more information on any events you are interested in assisting*



*****NEXT CAMP MEETING*****

Thursday March 3rd

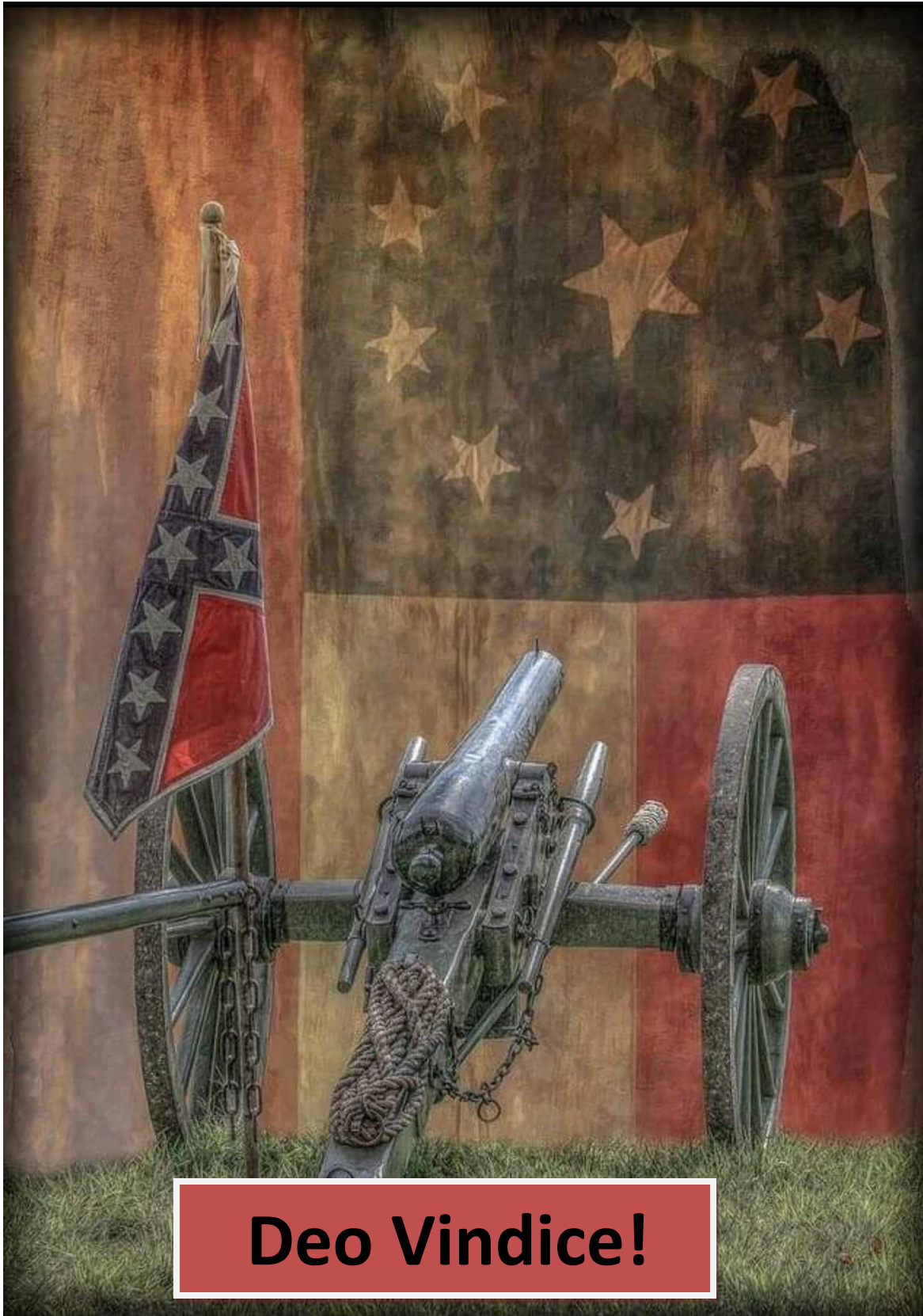
The Key Camp will meet next on Thursday March 3rd at Zarda's Bar B-Q on the southwest corner of 87th and Quivera in Lenexa, Kansas with the official meeting starting at 7:00 p.m. You are invited to arrive early (6:00 p.m.) for BBQ, conversation and camaraderie.

The Telegraph Key is a newsletter published for the Major Thomas J Key Camp #1920 of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV). The SCV is a non-profit organization with a patriotism historical and genealogical orientation and is not affiliated with any other organization. Opinions in this newsletter reflect the views of the writers and contributors and are not necessarily a statement of the views of the SCV, the Kansas Division, the Kansas Brigades, nor any other camp. Comments and articles are solicited.

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Deo Vindice!