



Harrison Heritage News

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“IN HONOR OF EVERY KENTUCKY SOLDIER WHOSE LIFE WAS GIVEN TO THE CAUSE”: The Cynthiana Confederate Memorial Dedication Speech of W. C. P. Breckinridge, May 27, 1869.

Wm. A. Penn



Biographical sketch of W. C. P. Breckinridge and review of his dedication speech is on pp. 8-9.

Soon after the Civil War ended, a group of Cynthiana men planned a new city cemetery featuring a memorial where Confederate soldiers throughout Kentucky, including those buried in the North Main Street graveyard, would be reinterred. In 1868, trustees of Battle Grove Cemetery purchased land and the first monument to the memory of deceased Confederates in Kentucky was dedicated May 27, 1869. Dr. A. J. Beale, a Confederate veteran and commander of Cynthiana's Thomas Hunt Camp, UCV, formed a "Confederate Monumental Society" early in 1867, which met at his office to discuss plans to raise money for a Confederate monument.

The trustees of the Battle Grove Cemetery donated a lot, and after funds were raised, the Muldoon Company of Louisville contracted for its construction. Gen. Robert E. Lee and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge were invited to participate in the dedicatory ceremonies, but General Lee sent a letter of regret. On the day of the ceremony, the memorial committee organized a parade of 600 persons that marched from downtown to the cemetery led by Colonel Breckinridge and the officiating clergyman. These dignitaries were followed by officers of the monument association and special guests, soldiers of the War of 1812 and Mexico, Finnell's Cornet Band, ex-Confederate soldiers on foot, horseback, and in carriages, then citizens at the rear. The remains of forty-eight Confederate soldiers surround the twenty-five foot Italian marble monument erected by the Cynthiana Confederate Memorial Association. The reinterment took place in late November 1869, but it was not until 1906 that the individual head stones were installed, sponsored by the Jo Desha Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Although an inscription was chosen at the time of the unveiling, it was not carved onto the stone for thirty years, primarily due to the lingering animosities remaining from the war. Sources: Wm. A. Penn, *Rattling Spurs and Broad-Brimmed Hats* (1995) 168; *Cincinnati Enquirer*, Nov. 29, 1869; Charles W. Feix, *Historic Battle Grove Cemetery*, 13; *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer*, May 28, 1869.

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President Don Wagoner

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President's Corner - Don Wagoner

At our July 17 meeting, Sam Flora, Morgan's Men Association, delivered an excellent and most informative presentation about Confederate General John Hunt Morgan's life. It was gratifying to see twenty-five members in attendance.

Members wanting to take the one-hour, one-mile walking tour of Battle Grove Cemetery hosted by Ms. Sally Kinney fill out the form on the last page of this newsletter and mail it, to arrive not later than August 31 at our P. O. Box. The tour will be on a Sunday afternoon in either September or October - the date will be determined later. Don't miss this opportunity.

September 15 is the absolute cutoff date to purchase the Harrison County, Kentucky, History and Families Book and/or to submit family histories to be included in it. There is no time to waste. Immediate action is required, since there will be no books sold after September 15, 2014. Use the order form on the last page of this newsletter.

I request your attendance to our next Society meeting on August 21, 7 p.m. at Hospice of the Blue Grass Building on Oddville Avenue (1317 US HWY 62E). The meeting room is first floor rear entrance. Our featured speaker will be Brandon Slone, Archivist, Military Records and Research Branch, Dept. of Military Affairs, Frankfort, Ky. This will be a rare presentation from which historians, history fans, and genealogists will benefit. Remember to never miss the chance to learn and enrich your life.

Historical Society Meeting - July 17, 2014

The meeting was held at the new site, Harrison County Hospice of the Bluegrass on Oddville Ave. The meeting was led by President Don Wagoner. Don pointed out the deadline for purchasing or contributing family histories to the new Harrison County History & Families book. He noted that the historical society had a number of new members, and that members should continue to ask friends and acquaintances to sign up and join the society. A membership form is on page nine of this issue. Don reminded everyone of the joint Museum/Historical Society dinner at Biancke's on August 1.

Program: Sam Flora, Morgan's Men Association, spoke on the founding of the organization and discussed as an example of Gen. John Hunt Morgan's Civil War raids, the "Christmas Raid" of December 1862. He explained Morgan's use of scouts, goals of the raid, methods of fighting, and results of the eight-day raid.

Correction:

The author's name was left off the June 2014 (15-05) "You Never Saw Such Running," and July 2014 (15-06) "The Day Morgan Burned Cynthiana" newsletter cover stories. Both were written by William A. Penn.

Welcome New Members

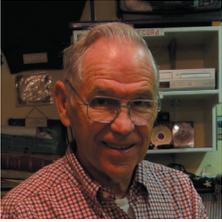
Billy Grayson, Cynthiana
 Judith Rawlings, Cynthiana
 Roseberry, Kenny S., Paris, Ky.
 Jan Turner, Cynthiana

Upcoming Events and Meetings

IMPORTANT NOTICE - Meeting site change through December: Due to construction at the public library, the Charles W. Feix community room is not available for meetings through December 2014. So the Historical Society will meet at Hospice of the Blue Grass on Oddville Avenue, 1317 US HWY 62E. Meeting room is 1st floor rear entrance. Meetings start at 7 p.m.

Aug. 21 - Historical Society - Brandon Slone, archivist, Military Records and Research Branch, Dept. of Military Affairs, will speak on "Kentucky Military Records." <http://www.dma.ky.gov/hr/>.

Sep. 18 - "History of Battle Grove Cemetery" will be the topic of Billy Grayson, superintendent, Battle Grove Cemetery. He will speak about establishment of the cemetery, Civil War activities where the cemetery is today, some "firsts" and unusual events/monuments, dignitaries buried there, and many other topics.



Kenny Simpson, Curator



www.HarrisonCountyKy.US/Museum



ON DISPLAY AT CYNTHIANA HARRISON CO. MUSEUM

Katherine Wilson Doll House

"When I was a little girl, my great-uncle, a doctor in Colorado, came to visit and brought me a doll. She was three inches tall and had an exquisite trousseau. My father thought she needed a house to live in so he built her one. The stairway was most intricate, a masterpiece. They bought available little furniture and Mother made rugs and curtains and stuffed a sofa for the living room.

I have no idea what happened to the doll, but eventually we packed the furnishings away and sold the house to Jane Grinstead. Years later, I ran across the furnishings. I read about Queen Elizabeth's doll house and decided to resurrect mine. I tried to buy it back from Jane but she didn't want to sell. So I bought one as near like the original as possible. After that I bought another tiny item nearly everywhere I went. Most of the more expensive furniture pieces came from a tiny German shop near Pogue's in Cincinnati."

(Loaned by Katherine Wilson)

A correspondent from the Cincinnati Daily Enquirer attended the dedication ceremony and filed the following report which was published the next day. Edited by Bill Penn:

The Confederate Dead: Dedication of a Monument in Cynthiana Battle Grove Cemetery – Address of Colonel W. P. C. Breckinridge - (Cincinnati Daily Enquirer, May 28, 1869)

Yesterday, the exercises attendant upon the dedication of a monument to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Kentucky took place at Cynthiana. Nearly two years ago a number of gentlemen in Cynthiana formed themselves into an association for the purpose of establishing at that point a Cemetery for public use, with the paramount object that here might be gathered and interred the scattered bones of Kentucky's sons who fell in the war for their independence. That object has been attained. By general subscriptions, public exhibitions, etc., a sufficient fund was afterward raised to purchase a monument to be raised within the Cemetery and consecrated to the memory of their fallen braves. It was the dedication of this monument which drew yesterday, at Cynthiana, fifteen hundred of the citizens of that Commonwealth, to do honor to those whose memory they delight keep green. Three-quarters of a mile east of the town, in one of the most beautiful locations of all that fair garden, is Battle Grove Cemetery, so called because it was here, upon this very spot, on the 12th day of June, 1864, that John Morgan met the hosts of Burbridge, and fought his last determined battle. It is a memorable spot to those who are familiar with the terrors of those troublous times. The Cemetery contains forty acres; it occupies a delightful eminence, and standing on its highest elevation, a natural mound, with the ground rolling gently away, in every direction, and has presented on every hand such a delightful view of the blue-lined distant hills, the fertile valleys, and the busy little city, has certainly entitled to the appellation of, Buena Vista. When its artificial lake is completed, as contemplated, and its embryo shrubbery has reached its growth, it will compare favorably with any institution in the land. Already the sale of its lots has amounted to over \$25,000. As yet it contains but few Confederate graves, but one by one, the ashes of Kentucky's soldiery will be gathered to this consecrated spot.

Two hundred yards within the blue limestone enclosure, and just to the right of the roadway which enters through the massive gateway, stands the Confederate monument. It is a beautiful obelisk of variegated marble, twenty-two feet in height, standing upon a solid granite base. Upon the north side, in bas-relief, is the emblematic palmetto branch and laurel sprig, and just beneath is the insignia of war – guns, drums, swords and standards, handsomely grouped. Upon the south side, is a tablet, but without inscription. Like Emmett's epitaph, the inscription is unwritten – the engraver's task in this respect is reserved until another, and as these people believe, a better day. Upon the apex of the monument droops a Confederate flag, beneath the folds of which is disclosed the historic stars and bars [First National Flag, ed.]. It was manufactured in Italy and purchased by Messrs. Muldoon . . . and Co. of Louisville, the contractors, for \$2,200.

At ten o'clock A.M. [a] procession of at least six hundred formed in the town and marched to the cemetery in the following order, headed by Finnell's Coronet Band: The orator for the occasion and officiating clergyman; officers of the Monumental Association; special guests, officers and soldiers of the war of 1812 and of Mexico; the band; ex-Confederate officers and soldiers on foot; ex-Confederate officers and soldiers in carriages; ex-Confederate officers and soldiers on horses; citizens in carriages, on horses, and on foot.

At the highest and most commanding point of the cemetery, the speakers stand had been erected, and tastefully adorned with evergreens and flowers. Sitting here, before the commencement of the exercises, we listened, with interest, to a bronzed old veteran who had rode by the side of Morgan and who was with him when this spot was a field of battle, narrating the incidents of that day of carnage. Off to the right, upon the brow of the hill, was the battle-line formed; underneath a group of trees within a stone's throw, he pointed the spot where the chieftain established his head-quarters, while away to the front was indicated the thinly outlined vale through which poured the sabre charge and flank movement, which brought dismay to "Morgan's men," and victory to the eagles of Burbridge and his six thousand. [Actually, was 2,400, ed.] Here, too, the orator of the day revived the memories of the past as he looked upon the distant bridge "across which he first rode to battle," and the streets he "first beheld the life-blood of the wounded hero."

The exercises were opened by the band playing "Pleyel's Hymn," after which followed an appropriate prayer and invocation by Rev. Dr. Miller, of Covington. General Desha then introduced Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington, who delivered [an] able dedicatory address. As the speaker concluded his oration . . . a number of bouquets were thrown upon the platform by the ladies present. After some hesitation the Colonel said, "It has been suggested to me that I should return thanks to the ladies for these beautiful bouquets. The most fitting return that I can make is to lay them, that I shall do either here or at my home, upon the graves of those stilled hearts who died for the cause we loved so well."

The ceremonies were then ended with a benediction, pronounced by Rev. Dr. Miller, after which it was stated inasmuch

there yet remained upon the monument a debt of \$700, it was desired to raise that amount from those present. The request was responded to by Captain William J. Hargus, of Nicholas County, with a donation of \$100. Horace Miller, of Millersburg, General Desha, H. E. Shawhan, and Jas. Shawhan, of Harrison County, followed with \$25 each, and in less than twenty minutes, \$340 of the required amount was raised – a fact which demonstrated the earnestness and sincerity of those who had gathered there to do honor for their unforgotten dead.

FOLLOWING IS THE DEDICATION SPEECH AS REPRODUCED FROM A PAMPHLET

To read the dedication speech on the following pages, read the top two columns left and right, then the bottom two columns the same, continuing through the speech. This copy is from Bill Penn’s collection, original source forgotten.

A D D R E S S
 AT THE
DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT

IN MEMORY OF
THE CONFEDERATE DEAD,
 ERECTED IN THE BATTLE-GROVE CEMETERY,

CYNTHIANA, KY.,

By the Confederate Monumental Association, and
 Dedicated May 27th, 1869.

BY WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

LEXINGTON:
 Observer & Reporter Print.

1869

A D D R E S S .

When I received the invitation to be present to-day and participate in these solemn dedicatory services, there were many reasons that rendered me reluctant to decline; the affection I feel to many members of your association, the reverence—profound and ineradicable—I bear the knightly dead, the memories of the cause urged me to come and lay my tribute at the base of the monument you have erected. But memories and associations somewhat personal to myself cluster about Cynthiana and Harrison county; associations connected with the dearest of the living—memories of my first service as a soldier. Here upon the very day I enlisted in the confederate army, I heard for the first time the deadly whiz of the mine, the scream of shell and crash of shot; across yonder bridge I first rode into battle, up yonder hill, through a stubble wheat field, down to the stone house, I led my first charge; upon the streets of your town I beheld for the first time the life blood ebbing from the fallen hero upon the scene of his glory. How different are the circumstances surrounding us to-day. Then to fight was our sole duty. Now to weep, to pray, to endure, to perform, not only with fidelity, but with zeal, our whole duty as citizens. But we were recreant to every manly, truthful, and lofty quality of our natures, did we fail to do honor to the country under whose flag we fought, to the cause for which our comrades died, to the comrades who died at our side. Never had soldier more beautiful country nor more righteous cause for which to die? Never had cause or country more heroic and devoted soldiers! Few countries were so favored as were the fifteen Southern states of the American Republic—those forming “The

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South?—in the year 1860. Blessed with a soil of surpassing fertility and a climate of rare beauty and salubrity; traversed by mighty rivers,—natural highways for the transportation of the abundant harvests—to whose very banks reached the great fields, hoar with the rich cotton, golden with waving wheat and delicious rice, or green with the tasselled corn; intersected by stately mountains, whose sides were covered with inexhaustible lumber of finest quality, in whose hearts lay entombed exhaustless mineral wealth, from whose tops leaped and through whose gaps poured beautiful streams furnishing never-wearying motive power, and under whose protecting shadows nestled loveliest valleys, clothed in verdure and wreathed with flowers; stretching from the middle of the Temperate to the verge of the Tropic zone, every flower, fruit and product of each were indigenuous to the soil. The Mexican gulf nestled in her embrace, and the Chesapeake was her *mare clausum*; the Atlantic kissed her feet and paid tribute to the beautiful cities which crowned her shores. The very sky smiled in rarer loveliness over her exquisite scenery and happy homes, and the stars sang sweeter songs over the arbors and twinkled with brighter glee in the bowers of her lovers. Beautiful homes, where every attraction of art and nature were united and where intelligence, happiness and virtue resided, dotted every part of this delightful land. Churches, school houses and charitable institutions adorned every neighborhood, attesting at once the civilization, charity and piety of these happy people. The stately grace of the men and the rare comeliness of the women were equal to the beauties of the homes surrounding them. Contented and cared for laborers prevented the evils of pauperism and removed the distinctions of society—for color not condition, race not wealth was the sole distinction. Glorious memories were the heritage of this land. Inheritors of the glory as well as the names of colonial and revolutionary sires, these people had received with the blood, the heroic courage, the lofty intellect, the dauntless will and unquenchable love of a true liberty—liberty regulated by law—which had characterized their ancestors; who, wresting this magnificent continent from the implacable Indian and then from English domination, erecting here a republican empire, under whose wise care the common property, the common liberty and the common future of all were to be alike protected, had transmitted to their children their own intense love for liberty and inflexible determination to be free.

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darlings of their hearts to this crushing war. And in the throng of women whose presence here is but an outward evidence of the unspeakable devotion, that forms the tenderest page of the history of those four years, each one had personal knowledge of the terrors of those eternal years. Terrible history, as yet unwritten, who can recount its outrages and crimes; glorious history, full of heroism and devotion; sad history, for all ended in failure. No word of denunciation is appropriate to-day. Let us leave to history the epithets that must be written opposite the name of him, who devastated the Valley of the Shenandoah; of him, whose track in Georgia and the Carolinas was marked by solitary chimneys, sentries over destroyed homes and desolate fields, monuments alike of the ruin and the shame; of him, who ruled Kentucky with cruel hand, and filled her houses with mourning—all, all—let them go before the tribunal of posterity and meet their victims face to face before the higher tribunal of God.

To all that man had done in the six thousand years of his progress to a higher civilization and purer christianity to prove that in truth he was created in the likeness of God, and was but little lower than the Angels; much was added for which the race need not blush, by those to whose memory we dedicate this monument.

The contest was a most unequal one—the South fought at every disadvantage. With a white population of less than five million and a half; with an arms-bearing population of less than nine hundred thousand; Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky and Virginia divided; without a regular soldier or a military organization; without a ship or a navy yard; with but few guns, and they of inferior quality, and not a manufactory where any part of a gun or any part of its ammunition could be made; without money or organized credit; cut off from all the world in whose markets she was not allowed to purchase, even the medicines for the sick; isolated from all mankind, and even thrust out from all sympathy; encompassed with vastly out-numbering foes, whose armies, daily recruited from every nation under the sun, were supplied with every appliance of warfare and every possible comfort as well as necessary; every harbor closed by watching war vessels, and every stream occupied by hostile gunboats; her soldiers hungry, ragged and bare-

The lapse of years had brought new issues and created new interests. Side by side had grown with unequal speed two civilizations, and the time came when submission or separation were the alternatives—separation from unfriendly sisters and withdrawal from a broken and despised compact, to which she had been faithful. The mere form of government may not have been changed. Forms of government are but temples in which to worship. Our Temple remained with its columns, vestibule, altar and inscriptions, but a new spirit inhabited its sacred precincts and a new god was worshipped at its altar.

Let us never forget—let us never allow it to be forgotten—that before any ordinance of secession, prior to any act of resistance, the south was deliberately, fiercely, insultingly thrust from share in the government which, with threats and maledictions, was seized to be used against her interests, her property and her honor.

I am not here to-day to apologise, defend or justify; this is not the occasion, nor this the time for assault or defence. But the south went to war from no vain desire for empire, no paltry yearning for power, no miserable itching for office. It is absurd to attribute such an uprising and such a struggle to so low and contemptible motives. The effort to succeed was in exact proportion to the object to be won by success. Independence, National, State and Personal, was a prize worthy the sacrifice of every true heart, and every true heart did offer its sacrifice. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right arm wither in its socket, may she I love and the children born to us turn from my embrace in scorn, when I acknowledge that the cause was not worthy of the people, not worthy of the untold sufferings, the countless hardships, the priceless lives given to it. Dead though it be—forever lost—I loved it with the unutterable fervor of my heart, giving the best years of my life to its service. I will not disown the love or repent the service. Mark him well who would do otherwise and trust him not.

War came, and four years of battle and endurance and sorrow were the price we paid for defeat.

I have not the power to describe those years, nor need I. Around me are men who heard the clash at Manassas, and surrendered honored arms after Appomattox. Armless sleeves and honorable scars attest their valor. Aged men are here to-day who served in Camp Chase or Fort Lafayette, and gave their pride and support—the stalwart

ey to conquer was more than would have purchased every foot of her land, every house in her cities and villages, every slave on her plantations, and all her property of every kind; and the killed and permanently disabled of her enemies amounted to more than her entire armies during the whole struggle. You may search history in vain for a parallel.

The Federal Government, with pious care, have and are gathering together the bones of those who fell under the "Stars and Stripes," and re-interring them in handsome National Cemeteries, with appropriate monumental memorials that will perpetuate their names and preserve the records of their acts and death. It owes this to its dead; and no people ever did, or ever will accomplish any thing worth remembrance, the memory of whose dead are not preserved with reverential sacredness, and their graves adorned with grateful lovingness. It and the various Northern States have taken steps to preserve among the archives in their Capitols, records of every military organization formed during the war, so that each soldier's name and history may remain as long as the government at whose call he volunteered, and under whose ensign he fell. We appreciate and honor the feeling that prompts this. We hope every Federal corpse may be found, and with appropriate ceremonies and memorials re-interring in a proper Cemetery, where in honored silence he may sleep undisturbed until the last reveille of the dawn of the eternal day. To the dead I bear no enmity—upon the grave of the heroic dead, even if living he were an enemy. I have nought to lay but fragrant flowers. But the opponents of these dead were not foreign foes; and the adversaries who could resist with varying fortunes such a government, putting forth all its energies, and defended by such armies, must have possessed the loftiest qualities of men and soldiers. If they be heroes who fell at Manassas, and are now gathered in the National Cemetery, surely they who drove them in flight, who captured their artillery, and crushed their resistance, must also be heroes, and their unmarked graves, scattered in mournful numbers over the hills and in the ravines of that memorable battle-field deserve honor at some one's hand. Ah! at whose? The South accepts this trust. They who laid down their lives with Johnston at Shiloh; who fell in the wild charge with Jackson at

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tangled underbrush of the Wilderness; who encircled with their bodies the dying Cleburne in the ditch of Franklin; who died at their very posts before Richmond:—the heroes of Murfreesboro, Resaca, Atlanta, Fredericksburg, and the numberless battles where richest blood baptized the Star-Crossed Banner, now furled forever:—**ARE OUR DEAD.** No government gathers up their bones with paternal care—no State with maternal pride and grief preserves the records of their glorious lives and sublime deaths. Their Government and States are alike dead. But we, their comrades, and those who loved them and their cause, and our children after us, will year by year strew over their graves the sweetest flowers of spring, wetting the sod over their heroic hearts with our own tears. The dead—the neglected dead of Antietam and Gettysburg:—dead, upon whom cowards have wreaked an impotent revenge:—your bones may be ploughed under the furrow which your blood enriched:—but all the world will listen with rapt admiration as we tell of your dauntless courage and impetuous charge. Your names are written on the hearts of your countrymen; your deeds are a priceless heritage to our children, and will be cherished as long as men worship truth, or women love the brave. Oh! my comrades; Oh! you who cheered us as we departed, who prayed as we fought and welcomed us when we returned!—let us never hesitate to own that every one who died for the South is our brother; and as we dedicate this monument, let us swear that during our lives their graves shall be dear, and when we die we will leave to those who take our places this loving charge—so that as long as the battle-field remains, he that died on it shall be honored. We do this in no spirit of enmity. We bury the animosities, the hatreds, the passions of the Past. We pray the day may come when all the dead may be the common care—lovingly rendered—of all the living. Across these very graves we hold the olive branch. We recognize the death of our cause. We accept the decision of battle. We waged all and lost; and have no unmanly tears or murmurs. But our surrender included no servile degradation. Our dead are to be honored. And this day, in dedicating this Monument, in the sight of God and in the presence of this great audience, I utter what I believe the universal feeling of the South: never will the graves of our dead be left undecorated by us until a common government and a united people treat all the dead alike. Until that day comes, it is our duty to erect these monuments in

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less host she has given to liberty; and upon her brow is now placed the crown of thorns.

If an ungrateful north-west to whom she gave an empire permits a foreign soldiery to lord it over her people and a negro mob to pollute her capitol; Kentucky her fairest and loving daughter, here on the very spot consecrated by battle and shed blood, reverently erects this monument in testimony of love for and of faith in Virginia and her teachings.

The war left the South bankrupt, devastated and conquered. A disbanded and defeated army returned to destroyed homes and starving families. Without credit or money, the ragged and perhaps disabled soldier found his fences gone, his fields grown up in briars and weeds, implements of industry destroyed, beasts of burden butchered, and his house razed to the ground. Bitter memories, insulting espionage, deprivation of political rights, daily abuse of his cause and comrades, his heart manacled with his chieftain in Fortress Monroe, liability to arrest, imprisonment and death, were the protection guaranteed by the parole in his pocket. The bravery upon the battle-field was not equal in sublime heroism, to the manly labor, the uncomplaining patience, the unbroken faith of those immortal paroled prisoners. No threats escaped their lips, no useless repinings over failure wasted their time. With proud, broken hearts the crape-clad women covered the graves of their martyrs with flowers, and as money could be spared from the very necessities of life, the scattered bones have been carefully collected and interred in appropriate cemeteries. Monuments have not yet been erected—upon the tablets of the heart have the names been preserved. The day for inscriptions has not arrived, the future holds it in her womb. But houses have been rebuilt, fences replaced, railroads restored. Fields blossom with rich harvests; the hum of industry, the buzz of labor meets the ear everywhere, and signs of returning prosperity greet the eye. Colleges have been endowed with the scant savings of an honorable poverty; hospitals erected from the deprivations of comfort. It is not unworthy of this sacred occasion to exhort you to remember that we have duties of a like nature. We must adopt the orphans of our comrades—erect homes for their widows—hospitals for the aged poor. We must gather the materials for a true history of their deeds—so that hereafter one greater than Gibbon and more eloquent than Macaulay may construct the true monument to their memory.

This monument is in honor of every Kentucky soldier whose life was given to the cause. *Your son, your husband, your father, your brother*—to him we have reared this memorial. To him, who fell as he fought with Desha at Drainsville; to those who remained at Donelson, prisoners to death; to the sleepers around the

every Cemetery where lies a Southern corpse, in memory, not alone of him who lies buried there, but of every comrade living and dead. If that day comes not, upon those who prevented it, be the miseries resulting therefrom.

Not only is this monument in memory of the gallant dead, but it also commemorates the virtues of the STATES, who gave their lives to the cause; states now dead, but for whom there is a resurrection morn. Ireland, Poland, Crete and Hungary can not find permanent counterparts in this land consecrated to liberty.

You have done well, people of Harrison, in erecting this monument—Kentucky to-day, through you dedicates it in part to the past of her mother Virginia. Virginia her name is the synonym for every lofty quality. No oppression can degrade, no tyranny disgrace her. Around no state do so many and so touching memories gather.

Her history is the most romantic, chivalric and glorious of all her sisters. From her womb have sprung the peers of earth's greatest sons; soldiers, statesmen, orators, patriots, unsurpassed in the chronicles of man. In four years of tremendous war and indescribable suffering, she asserted her ancient supremacy. While she stood, the confederacy stood—when she fell, all was lost. Her sons gave their lives by thousands—the hecatombs of her enemies are numerous in her borders. No murmur was ever heard from her lips. Reluctant she drew her sword. With averted head and weeping eye she stepped into the arena, but her proud sad heart knew no fear. Her drawn sword was never sheathed it fell by her side, when overwhelmed and exhausted by the increasing odds of her ferocious enemies, she lay prostrate before her unsullied and beloved capitol. What memories cluster about her, what jewels blaze in her crown. Disarmed and enchained though she be, amid the throng which crowds the pathway of Time there walks no statesman figure arrayed in more glorious garments; upon her banner is engraved every battle from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, every battle of the second war of Independence, the foreign fields of Mexico; and under them the innumerable fields upon which she met and punished her invaders; in her hands are the scrolls upon which are written the Declaration, the Constitution, the Bills for Religious Freedom and her contributions to republican institutions; upon her phylacteries blaze the names of Washington, Henry, Jefferson, the Lees, Madison, Marshall, Wythe, Clay, Scott, Harrison, Lee, Jackson, Ashby, Stuart, Hill and the death-

little church of Shiloh, where Johnson and Monroe led across the dark river; to those who accompanied Hanson at Murfreesboro, or rode into the spirit-land with Morgan; the devoted who followed Breckinridge at Chickamauga, or fell by the wayside on the long retreat from Dalton; the buried victims of hospitals and prisons; the martyrs, that died heroic deaths on the scaffold, or fell before the bloody orders of those whose very names are not fit to be uttered here; to each and every one of them who sealed his devotion with his life; we here reverently do honor.

We dedicate this monument in the spirit taught us by Kentucky—whose magnanimity was as generous as her soldiers had been brave;—wherever a Kentucky regiment fought during that terrible war, there glory abided; though fratricidal arms were pointed at each others breasts, the invincible courage of her sons high advanced the opposing banners to victory. But she, when peace came, forgetting all but the glory achieved, declaring a true amnesty, erasing from her statute book every harsh law, turned from the past and bade her children be united in their labors for a common destiny of peace and prosperity—alike mother to all, she put her loving arms around all and held them to her great heart. Without bitterness, trying to forget all passion, and bury all hatred, remembering only the glory, heroism and sadness of the past, we here dedicate this monument alike to those who have died and those who have survived—a memorial to the lofty qualities and noble courage of the dead, and a promise of a like devotion in the living. No inscription is engraved upon its entablature—the furled banner of a lost cause drapes it in mourning, and happier times must carve its molts. To-day we only weep and pray—weep for the living rather than the dead—weep for the bereaved, the stricken, the desolate; pray that God may heal the wounds, bind up the broken hearts, and teach us patience that we may quit ourselves like men. His ways are inscrutable. Bowing in reverent faith to His decrees, and recognizing His hand in all things, I cannot believe that all the prayers, the tears, the faith, the endurance, the blood of those four years were wholly in vain. He will unravel the mystery in his own good time—our part is to obey, and though we turn with saddened hearts from the past and enter with firm steps the future, never, never, never will we forget or neglect the dead, who died by us and for us. If we do, may God forget us.

In that future, numerous monuments will be erected to those dead; yea, every national cemetery, every Federal monument, every titled officer, are memorials of our dead. And as their histories recount the deeds of McClellan and Pope, and Hooker and Burnside, and Grant and Sherman, and Buell and Rosecrans, Fremont and Banks, Hunter and Stoneman; they will do honor to our Lee, Johnstons, Jackson, and their broth-

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Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, speaker at the dedication of the Cynthiana Confederate Memorial, May 27, 1869. Photo, public domain, from Klotter, James C., *The Breckinridges of Kentucky* (U. Press of Ky., 1995).

ers. Mayhaps in that future America may erect monuments to Davis and Lee, as England this day will do to Cromwell and Wallace. When that day comes, a great, happy republic, mighty in its perfect unity will guard with omnipotent and pious care a true liberty. If that day never comes, the ocean-bound American Republic will be a creature of history—what will occupy its place, God alone knoweth. In good faith doing our whole duty as citizens, to Him we cau confidently confide the result!



W. C. P. Breckinridge - Confederate Officer, Editor, and Politician

Bill Penn

William Campbell Preston Breckinridge was born August 28, 1837, and died November 19, 1904. His father, Robert J. Breckinridge, a Union cause spokesman and professor in the Danville Theological Seminary, had several connections to Harrison County during the Civil War. His daughter, Mrs. George Morrison, William's sister, helped sew a flag for the 35th Ohio when they camped at Cynthiana in 1861. When Lucius Desha, a state representative from Cynthiana, was being investigated for aiding Morgan and recruiting for the

South, Robert Breckinridge blamed both state and Federal officials of protecting Desha. He made the provocative charge that Adjutant General Finnell ordered the Union commander at Cynthiana not to arrest Desha and that the U. S. marshal purposely let Desha go free. After a legislative committee investigated Desha, an outraged Robert J. Breckinridge wrote in the Danville Quarterly Review: the "whole affair [had] the appearance of being arranged beforehand."

W. C. P. Breckinridge, an attorney, joined the 9th Kentucky Cavalry as a colonel. But his earlier service began during Morgan's First Kentucky Raid in July 1862, when in Scott County, a new company, as yet unarmed, was recruited and placed under his command. At the First Battle of Cynthiana, Breckinridge's Company I may have been initially deployed as horse holders. However, the company captured arms at Cynthiana and participated in the battle. Breckinridge refers to his experience at the beginning of his Battle Grove Cemetery speech: "Here upon the very day I enlisted in the Confederate army, I heard for the first time the deadly whiz of the minie, the scream of shell and crash of shot; across yonder bridge I first rode into battle, up yonder hill, through a stubble wheat field, down to the stone house, I led my first charge; upon the streets of your town I beheld for the first time the life blood ebbing from the fallen hero upon the scene of glory...." [*The stone house belonged to Wm. T. Redmon, and was in the middle of what is Robynwood subdivision, ed.*]

After the war, Breckinridge was editor of the *Lexington Observer and Reporter* from 1866 to 1868. *The Kentucky Encyclopedia* entry for Breckinridge by Dr. James C. Klotter, notes that: "[Breckinridge] became a spokesman for the New

South and for the less conservative faction of his state Democratic party. Denied political office [he ran for governor] initially because of his then-progressive racial stand, Breckinridge became an influential lawyer and outstanding platform speaker.”

Known as “The Silver-tongued Orator,” Breckinridge gave sought-after talks across the nation. John B. Castleman, who also rode with Morgan’s men, wrote that: “He had a voice unexcelled in penetrating musical tone, with flow of beautiful language inexhaustible and persuasive.” At the Battle Grove Cemetery dedication, he embraced the Lost Cause rhetoric of the noble Confederate cause and gallant Confederate soldiers carrying the conquered banner. His speech mentioned the Lost Cause eight times and on several occasions praised the Confederate soldiers as heroes. He characterized slavery as “contented and cared for laborers.” Although he stated “I am not here today to apologize, defend or justify” the Confederacy, he went on to do just that, noting the unequal resources of men and supplies and other “disadvantages” of the South. He also proclaimed, “No word of denunciation is appropriate today” of the North, but did so when he pointed out the ravages of war on the South: “solitary chimneys,” “desolate fields,” and commanders who “ruled Kentucky with cruel hand,” which referred to military arrests of citizens, Home Guards, and martial law. He told the attentive crowd that the Federal government buried Northern soldiers in the new National Cemeteries, but since the Confederate government was dissolved, it was up to private associations, such as the Cynthiana Confederate Memorial Association, to bury the Confederate dead. John M. Cromwell, who later became mayor of Cynthiana, wrote about attending the dedication as a child, but “was too young to appreciate it.”

Breckinridge spoke at other monument dedications, including the statute to the Confederate soldiers in the Lexington Cemetery. He later served in the U. S. House of Representatives 1885-1895 and became an editorial writer for the Lexington Morning Herald. After his death, the popular former Confederate officer received one of the largest funerals in Lexington history since the death of Henry Clay.

Sources: Kleber, ed., *Kentucky Encyclopedia*, 121; Duke, *A History of Morgan’s Cavalry*, 181, 183, 197; Castleman, *Active Service*, 90; Robert J. Breckinridge, “The Secession Conspiracy in Kentucky,” *Danville Quarterly Review* 2 (1862): 383, 384, 385; Keil, *Thirty-Fifth Ohio*, 9-13; John B. Castleman, *Active Service*, (1917) 47; John M. Cromwell, *Cromwell’s Comments*, 39.

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