



Lot Dudley Young
in later years

REMINISCENCES OF
A SOLDIER OF THE
ORPHAN BRIGADE

by
Lieut. Lot Dudley Young
Paris, Kentucky

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by Lot Dudley Young

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To those who wore the gray and to their children
and children's children, this booklet is dedicated.

FOREWORD



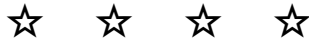
The Richard Hawes Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy warmly recommends Col. L.D. Young's *Reminiscences of the Orphan Brigade* as a most worthy addition to the literature of the South.

It is an interesting recital of the author's personal experiences and contains much valuable historic information.

The Chapter commends Mr. Young, a splendid Christian gentleman – a gallant Confederate soldier – to all lovers of history – and especially to the brave soldiers of the present great war.

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE

by Prof. N. S. Shaler
of the Federal Army



Eighteen hundred and sixty-one:
There in the echo of Sumter's gun
Marches the host of the Orphan Brigade,
Lit by their banners, in hope's best arrayed.
Five thousand strong, never legion hath borne
Might as this bears it forth in that morn:
Hastings and Crecy, Naseby, Dunbar,
Cowpens and Yorktown, Thousand Years' War,
Is writ on their hearts as onward afar
They shout to the roar of their drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-two:
Well have they paid to the earth its due.
Close up, steady! the half are yet here
And all of the might, for the living bear
The dead in their hearts over Shiloh's field –
Rich, O God, is thy harvest's yield!
Where faith swings the sickle,
trust binds the sheaves,
To the roll of the surging drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three:
Barring Sherman's march to the sea –
Shorn to a thousand; face to the foe
Back, ever back, but stubborn and slow.
Nineteen hundred wounds they take
In that service of Hell, yet the hills they shake
With the roar of their charge as onward they go
To the roar of their throbbing drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-four:
Their banners are tattered, and scarce twelve score,
Battered and wearied and seared and old,
Stay by the staves where the Orphans hold
Firm as a rock when the surges break –
Shield of a land where men die for His sake,
For the sake of the brothers whom they have laid low,
To the roll of their muffled drums.

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five:
The Devil is dead and the Lord is alive,
In the earth that springs where the heroes sleep,
And in love new born where the stricken weep.
That legion hath marched past the setting of sun:
Beaten? nay, victors: the realms they have won
Are the hearts of men who forever shall hear
The throb of their far-off drums.

CHAPTER ONE



Kentuckians in Two Great Wars

It is for the amusement and entertainment of the thousands of young Kentuckians now enlisted beneath the Stars and Stripes in the world cataclysm of war for the cause of humanity and righteousness that these recollections and reminiscences are published. The author believing they will enable the “boys” to pass what might otherwise be at times lonesome and monotonous hours.

And while refused by the Secretary of War (by reason of age) the opportunity to participate in the great struggle now raging, it is his province now only to watch their career, to pray for them and their success, for their successful and triumphant return.

And by reason of his experience as a soldier he can enter into fully their aspirations and ambitions and share their hopes, rejoice in their victories and their triumphs. He understands the dread suspense of the impending conflict, the thrill and shock

of battle, the victorious shout, the gloom and chagrin of defeat, the pangs of hunger and suffering from wounds and disease – for he has seen war in all its horrors.

And he knows that when the supreme moment comes that Kentucky blood will assert itself – that her traditional honor will be upheld, her renown glorified anew.

He knows that these inspirations will insure steadiness of step, strength of arm and force of stroke.

He rejoices that the ever assertive blood of the Anglo-Saxon flows through the veins of these young Kentuckians, ready at all times and under all circumstances to be dedicated to the cause of humanity and righteousness.

As will be readily seen, at the time of the writing of these chapters, there was no thought of the great war in which the world is now engulfed and it was mainly a work of pastime and personal satisfaction that they were then written and published. But the suggestion has been made that if published in suitable form for distribution and donated by friends to the Kentucky boys now in service that it might be appreciated by the boys “over there,” some of whom are doubtless the sons or grandsons of those who composed this little band of “immortals” and who contributed so much to Kentucky’s history in the unfortunate fratricidal conflict of almost sixty years ago. Thank God that the animosities of that unhappy period have long since been banished, and there is

now but one thought, one aim, animating the hearts and minds of these sons and grandsons, viz., the overthrow of autocracy and the avenging of the outrages of the Huns – and a readjustment and regeneration of the relationship and affairs of men.

In the changed conditions that confront us today we see the history of the Commonwealth being absorbed by the Nation and almost imperceptibly blended into a Nationalized, Americanized whole.

And whatever of history the sons of the Commonwealth achieve in the great war will be accredited to the nation America, and not Kentucky. And recognizing this unification as a fixed policy of our government, the writer takes advantage of the opportunity in this little booklet (lest we forget) to individualize and compliment the magnificent record of that little band of Kentuckians, known in history as the “Orphan Brigade” and whose achievements form one of the most brilliant chapters in the history of the State and Nation. Hence the publication of this booklet. The writer does not for a moment stop to criticise the wisdom of this change (from the volunteer to the conscript system) and he hopes he may be pardoned for expressing pride in Kentucky’s unexcelled past history. Henceforth it will not be what Kentucky or Ohio accomplished in war, but what the Nation, unified America, accomplished. It will now be “liberty enlightening” and leading the world.

Then let the battle rage and onward move,
Count not the cost nor falter in the breach,
God, the Great Commander,
wields the righteous wand,
And bids you His Love the tyrant teach.

When that shall have been accomplished (should the author be living) he will be tempted to exclaim in the language of old Moses when from Mt. Nebo he beheld the land of Canaan and exclaimed, "Now Lord, I am ready."

In writing these recollections and reminiscences he has aimed as much as possible to avoid aspersions, reflections and criticisms and confine himself to a personal knowledge, which, of course, was more or less limited, because of the restricted sphere of his activities and operations. But he assures the "boys" that his stories, while not classic, are substantially true. He could not afford to, at his advanced age, attempt to misrepresent or deceive, and he hopes the reader will excuse any irregularities in the order of publication in book form for, as previously stated, that was not originally contemplated.

In comparing conditions and surroundings of that day with those of the soldier of today, we find them so radically different as to be incomparable. And for this the soldier of today should be truly thankful, since in the case of these isolated Kentuckians – none of whom could communicate with friends and receive a message or word of cheer from

the dear ones at home – circumstances today are so very, very different. And while you are called upon to meet and face many and more trying dangers, because of the new and more modern instruments of war, you are in many ways much better provided for than were your sires and grandsires. Now when sick or wounded you have every attention that modern skill and science can command. You have also the angelic help and ministrations of that greatest of all help and comfort, the Red Cross, and many other sources of help and aid that the soldiers of the past did not have.

So that while the dangers may be greater, the casualties more numerous, relief has multiplied proportionately. And you are today soldiers engaged in war which has the same meaning it has always had. Because of the gloom and sorrow that now enshrouds the world, it would be well if we could forget the past – for the events of today are but a portrayal of the past, a renewal of man's "inhumanity to man." But it has been so decreed by Him who "moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, Who plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm."

And let us hope – as many believe – that out of "much tribulation cometh great joy." If it were not for a great and wise purpose, how could it be? It is God's will and submission to His will is man's only choice.

So let your spirits as they rise and fall,
Ever cling to the Faith that Right will prevail,
That God will be with you to the end and is all in all,
And no foeman, freedom's banner shall assail.

It is at the instance of the Richard Hawes Chapter of the U.D.C. chiefly that the writer of these recollections and reminiscences has collected and published them.

If in contributing this history of experiences and recollections he shall give in any degree pleasure and furnish entertainment to the "dear Kentucky boys" over the seas he shall feel happy to have had that privilege and opportunity.

He assures them that none more sincerely, more prayerfully hopes for their safe and triumphant return. He knows that this triumph will be the grandest chapter in the world's history and that America will have played her part gloriously in the grand tragedy.

Oh! that he could be one of the actors!

Then will the dark and gloomy days of your absence hallowed by the blood of your lost comrades be made glorious by a triumphant return, the like of which the world has never before seen nor never will see again.

Then will every hilltop and mountain peak blaze with the bonfires of a glorious greeting.

Then will the dear old mother's heart thrill with joy and happiness. Then will the old father say, "Welcome! Welcome! my dear boy, I knew you

would come.” Then too will she who promised, watched, hoped and prayed be found seeking the opportunity to say, “I am now ready to redeem my promise.”

Then will the old soldier (God permitting him to live) who dedicates these lines extend the glad hand of greeting to the noble boys of his acquaintance and say, “Well done, ye noble sons! I rejoice in your achievements, your victories, your triumphs. Welcome, thrice welcome, and again welcome, God smiles and the land is yours. Let justice and righteousness prevail now, henceforth and forever.”

It is conceivable that forty or fifty years hence some of these soldier boys now participating in the great war will find themselves wandering over these fields upon which the greatest tragedies in the world’s history are now being enacted, and it is in full comprehension (because of similar experiences) that the writer can extend the imaginations of the mind to that time.

It will be for him, who may be so fortunate, a glorious day, a thrilling and inspiring reminiscence. To be one of the actors in this stupendous tragedy in the history and affairs of the world; to see, to participate in and realize these grand events is to see things that have heretofore seemed impossible, or inconceivable.

But the times are full of wonders and amazements, and things are happening faster and faster day by day.

If the early history of the writer, read before

the U. D. C., contains matter that would seem more appropriate for a novel, because of its romantic character, he justifies himself by saying that “youth is full of romance” and he believes, yea he knows, that many a brave boy today feels the impulse and touch of these thoughts and suggestions – and not alone the soldier boy, but the modest, timid, retiring maiden whose heart quavered when she said good-bye.