

“IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS” A JOURNAL OF THE LIFE AND TIMES

Of JAMES HERVEY DORMAN¹

IN WRITING this brief sketch and general delineation of my humble life, and that of my ancestry, it affords me some pleasure, and will I hope give pleasure to my living Children.

I, James Hervey Dorman, was born on the 7th day of November 1831, on Monday at 7 O’Clock A.M. and as I now remember—and informed by my parents—there was a large white frost on the ground and covering the premises; my birth took place in a round log cabin 18 feet square, with one door and one window to it. The fire place to it was a large old-fashioned one with five feet front and three feet deep with a large wooden arch five feet above the hearth, the hearth was made of a long and wide smooth rock—mother done her cooking in this room. She had two skillets and an oven with lids, in these bread was cooked and meat was fried, one cast iron tea kettle, one large coffee pot, and a nice britanica tea pot, and an iron shovel with a long handle, these were her utensils for cooking, and many a good meal did she prepare. My mother was an excellent cook, and my father provided well—As well as I can remember my parents were very proud of me; I was the first born, and a boy, and my mother was a young mother of 17 years, and my father a handsome, and fine looking man of 28 years, both vigorous and healthy—My Grand-Mother, Atlanta Dorman, was my assistant into this world, and she always thought a great deal of me, and I always showed her great respect; She was a very smart woman. My Father named me on the day of my birth, after an eminent divine James Hervey, Author of *Hervey’s Meditations*; at the time of my birth it had a wide circulation and was extensively read by religious people—It possessed a high religious tone and quite devotional. My Grand-Mother Dorman made me a present of a copy of it, which I highly prized until it was destroyed by fire—The log cabin that I was born in and at that time, contained two bed-steads and beds, one bureau, one mirror, six chairs, cupboard, one large and one small spinning wheel, and one table—One set of clouded, pied or variegated, which had

¹From the manuscript journal, presented to the Society by William K. Dorman, New York, grandson of the journalist. Notes have been supplied by the Editor, but the original spelling and punctuation have been preserved throughout.

in the bottom of each plate a picture of a man on his knees, with his hands clapped together, with the following words as his prayer or thanks: viz.—“Our Father who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread.” My parents taught me to memorize it, and the sentence made a lasting and reverent impression on my mind. Not one of these plates are now in existence, all have met with the common lot of dishes—broken—My mother had two sets of cups and saucers, one was a very fine set for that day. When the grandees and the loved ones came to take tea with us, this extra set adorned the table, and they were muchly admired—One cup and one saucer of said set is yet to be seen intact, without even a small chip off. I hold them as a family heirloom and to go down to the eldest of my male ancestry as long as it is extant. I also have my mothers little spinning wheel as an heirloom, which is to go to my Daughter, I set great store to it—Many and many be the nights that I have seen her spinning on it flax for thread or wool for garments, and at the same sing her favorite song, ‘How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord.’ My brother John has the large spinning wheel and the old loom on which my mother has been known to weave 17 yards of linsy-wolsy a day besides getting three meals and nurse a baby. She was a very industrious woman and could turn-off work rapidly. She actually *loved* to work.

My parents transmitted to me a healthy vigorous constitution, free from any taint of physical disease, transmitted from any of my forefathers. I have never had any disease from the day of my birth until now; and but very little sickness. I never acquired any bad habits or run into any sinful indulgences, or sinful pleasures. I have always economized my health, strength and good constitution. I considered these as God-given blessings, and that it was my duty to preserve them to the very best of my ability; to-day I am strong and healthy, and I thank God for it. When I was a boy, a family medical book fell into my hands, treating of various kinds of disease and sickness and how to cure them, and also how to avoid them. I read the book carefully, and about every fourth page at the bottom in large print were these words, ‘Keep the Head cool, the Feet warm and the bowels open.’ It made a very favorable impression on my mind and I thought there was much in it, and I have observed it all through my life. By the observance of these wise suggestions, with the good constitution given me, with regular habits and *repose* of mind—all blessings from God—I attribute my general good health at my present age—66 years.

By early habit my system has required eight hours sleep out of twenty four, and it is very seldom that the rule is broken, this

rest or repose to body & mind winds me up for the labors of the next day with freshness and vigor. I have never suffered from what is called 'sick-headache.' At my meals I take time to masticate my food well, consequently I have had a good stomach that digests well and for this reason I sleep well. I have taken but very little medicine in my life; my remedies are simple—aseofedita, onions, plenty of cold water and exercise. In raising a family of Eleven children very simple remedies were used if any were sick, it was very seldom that a Doctor was called in to treat any one of the family. Our primitive remedies were Indian physic root, Spignot root, silkweed root, carpenter-square root, Sarsaparilla root, burdock root, wild cherry bark, all for bitters, Jerusalem-moke seed for worms, also reubarb, tansy, elecampane and bitter-sweet, and many other simple remedies. Every body had from one to six remedies for every ailment, except milk-sickness which was almost certain death. In those days neighbors & people were very social and kind to one another and especially if any one was sick much attention was given.

I think that my memory runs back into my remote child-hood days. My earliest remembrance is that I broke a saucer by letting it fall on the hearth, I immediately looked at my mother, who looked at me, and said "son you did not intend to do that." I was then quite small and young. I never was rocked in a cradle or crib, I well remember the cradle that first came into the cabin, I was then about three years old. The first dog pup that I ever owned I called trip. I have a very vivid recollection of him, he was my constant companion and was very fond of me; he was black and handsome. Next to me was my sister Fanny, the difference in our ages was one year and eleven months. She and I were very intimate companions, we romped together and loved each other dearly. I was very proud of the first cap my father bought me, I put it on and around the cabin I started and my sister after me affording her as much pleasure as it did me. And thus we multiplied each others pleasures and divided each others sorrows & troubles. We were Mary and little lamb, together nearly all the time, and if one was in childish pranks, or mischief, so was the other. She was smart, quite pretty and full of life. She is a sister of blessed memory. I love to think of her. She is a loved one gone; 'she lingers in my memory yet, and in my heart she lives forever.'

My Grandfather Kemper gave my mother a mare named Blaze, she is my earliest remembrance of a horse. She was a sorrel with a white blaze down her face, was lazy and good conditioned, she was fond of children and children were fond of her, and could do

as they pleased with her, and she did not care how many got on her back. She was smart and cunning, when the horn would blow for dinner she would stop for the gear to be taken off, and of a hot day she could walk lame. When corn was in roasting condition or milky, she would leave the other horses and go off to herself and jump the fence without moving a rail, eat to her fill and then jump back into the pasture. This privilege was allowed her as long as she lived. She raised a dozen colts and died at the age of 28 years. She was very kindly cared for in her last days and received a decent burial and was mourned by the family as all good family horses are mourned.

My Grand father also gave my mother a cow named pied, she had a bad disposition and I was always afraid of her, for she would hook and kick, and it fell to my lot to drive her up with a long black hickory switch and fasten her in a stall in order that mother could milk her. She took pleasure in keeping me in dread of her and I can assure you that I was glad when she was disposed of.

As I advanced in years I was taught all the rudiments in farming, clearing ground, making rails, building fence, breaking ground, plowing ground, harrowing ground, cultivating corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, tobacco and a variety of other things. I was fond of farming though it was hard work but it was an independent way of making a living. I grew up in the pioneer age that I was raised in, I mean of the country that I was raised in. It was dense forests every where. The woodsmans ax was heard ringing all around, and the timber was heavy, and every Spring of the year we had to swap work with all of our neighbors over a wide scope of country in log-rolling or house-raising. At least twenty neighbors would meet with one neighbor and roll his logs for him into heaps, or raise a house or barn for him, wives and children, all went, the women would have a quilting, and aid in cooking a very sumptuous dinner and assist in aiding at the table; on such occasions the tables were loaded and crowded with boiled & baked hams and the best chicken pies that ever adorned the table of a prince were in abundance, baked hens and turkeys, large dishes of fried fish, great piles of light bread and biscuit, with a superabundance of custard pies, dried apple & peach pies, pumpkin pies, sweet potatoe pies, kershaw pies and raspberry pies and then a superfluity of sweet cakes. And when this is described for one it was the same all around, and everybody loved his neighbor, and no one was in haste to get rich. And all were accommodating to one another, and hospitality to neighbor or stranger was replete. Prayer meet-

ings at one anothers houses was quite frequent and common. Those Pioneers were a noble generation of People. Peace to their ashes, and my God bless their Spirits, I shall never look upon their like again.

All of them have passed away, and have gone to their rewards. Their children and grand children now compose the neighborhood, and the entire country is open and cleared. My Father's Farm was known as Eagle Bluff, Gallatin County Ky. It is 400 feet above the bed of Eagle break. It is so high that you can see a long distance all around. It is only one mile west of Glencoe, and presents a most beautiful view of said town, and you can see the mouth of the Short Line Railroad Tunnel which is several miles east. You can see several miles of Old Eagle break with its romantic scenery; its deep bottoms and high hills. Standing on one of the bluffs in the month of June the scene is simply grand. This farm was once noted for fine tobacco and excellent wheat. The tobacco would take the prize one year with another at Warsaw,—the County seat—for fifteen years. And the wheat would sell for ten cents more on the bushel, on the farm than it would bring in the market price in Warsaw. It was also a good fruit farm—it was a good farm for any thing. The land lays well and its soil fertile, and watered from several springs & rivulets. And then there is the good old well with the 'Old Oaken Bucket' from which I have drank and slaked my thirst many and many a time. When I was growing up on this farm what a good time I had, I worked hard from Monday morning until Saturday evening; there were squirrels by the scores all around, but I cared nothing for the gun longer than an hour, at a time. Raccoons and foxes were in abundance but I took no pleasure in the chase or the fight. But fishing in Old Eagle, was my chief sport, pleasure and delight. My father was very fond of fish, and when he found that I was a good fisherman, I had no trouble to get leave to fish when I would suggest that I could catch a mess of fish 2 or 3 hours. I fished only when the signs were from the head to the bowles, and Eagle then was full of fish, so I almost invariably brought home from 8 to 15 pounds of fish. And gigging season would come—last week in April & first week in May. I would plow hard all day and gig fish on the ripples of Eagle in the night until about 2 O'clock A.M. And would generally bring home about 20 pounds each night, this was highly pleasing to me and to my father.

There was another annual season of pleasure the time for which was in the month of February in each year, and that was opening maple Sugar camps. This was done by tapping a grove of Sugar

maple trees and putting in spiles and catching the sect water in traughs and have a furnace of three large kettles, in which we would boil this water down to Sugar or molasses. The sugar was called 'home-made sugar' and the molasses were called 'tree molasses.' Both brought high prices. Those camps were quite a pleasure resort for young folks when the sugar-making process was going on. It was quite common to remain in the camp until 11 O'clock P.M.

When I was about five years old I was started to my first school and my first School Teacher, I knew the letters a, b, c, and that was all I knew and I was three days learning the rest, and then I soon got through the abcds to baker which was the first lesson in two syllables. We were in Websters old blue back spelling book: later on I could correctly spell every word in it. The house that this School was taught in was an old vacated house sitting up on a hill-side, with two doors, two windows, and a large fireplace. The benches were high off the floor with no backs to them. The floor was puncheon, and the writing desk was a long broad plank, and goose quill pens were all the go. And the ink was made out of indigo at home. Most all scholars became good scribes.

My first teacher was a very lazy man by the name Lewellyn Crouch, he was very fond of playing marbles. He was a large fat man.

The first attempt to a School House in the neighborhood was out of round logs—in a woods,—with a wide door hung on wooden hinges one window, one log sawed out and the space covered with white paper so as to give light on the writing desk; the chimney was a very wide wooden chimney. The house was covered with clap-boards and had a puncheon floor and the benches were high with no backs to them. Scholars became very tired sitting on them. When told to get our lessons we spelled out loud and read aloud. When Christmas came it was the custom to turn the Teacher out and require him to treat to apples and candy; If he hesitated, he was seized, tied and carried down to a deep pool of water in the pretty creek which ran near by, the ice cut and he put under until he would "give up." This was considered a great sport; and sometimes the Teachers enjoyed it.

My Schooling until I was twenty one years old was quite meagre. No regular School House, fit to teach in was built in my neighborhood until I was twenty years of age. Generally some illiterate young man who was out of employment, would take up a school in some old vacant house, or a cooper-shop, or any thing that he could stay in for three winter months, so that he could make his board and clothing. After I arrived at majority I scraped

together \$45.00 and I struck out for College, I knew nothing about how a college was run or managed, my only thought was that it was a place for a young man to get an education and with that one idea I went to Wabash College located at Crawfordsville, Indiana; and there I studied hard for six months. I sawed wood three hours each day, and on Saturdays, in order to pay my way. When College closed—or commencement rather, I worked on farms until the next session began. Thinking I could do better at The Indiana Asberry University, located at Greencastle, Indiana—here I went through two sessions of nine months each, studying hard, and cutting cord wood, and doing all sorts of farm work, and working three hours each day, in order to pay my board; and during the first vacation I taught a three months school getting \$40 — per month: I thought then that I was doing well.

In Sept 1856, I commenced a school at Poplar Grove, in Owen County Ky. and then taught for four years in the Counties of Owen, Gallatin and Boone, giving general satisfaction to all my patrons. Without flattery, I was a popular Teacher; having many more calls than I could accept. As a Teacher, I was faithful and quite industrious, on my feet nearly all the time while in the School Room. I had many grown ladies and young men for pupils.

During this time I studied law at night and on Saturdays, So that in the Fall of 1860, I applied for License to practice Law and obtained them.

When I was small and of tender years, books in the neighborhood were very scarce; my father had a family Bible of large print; Butler's history of the United States, and Bunyans's *Pilgrims Progress*; this was a large Book with many Illustrations in it, with frequent pictures of the Devil; The Old Dragon—in it—the print was of the Old Style. This is the first book that I ever read through. I read it with great interest, and reread it. It made a deep impression on my juvenile mind. They are indellible, they are vivid on my mind to day—Mar 21" 1899—and the pictures are ever before me. Greatheart was a favorite character. I thought said Book was a most wonderful Dream. To me it was a living reality—Serious and Solemn. It has had an influence on my life for good. And from that day to this I have never for a moment doubted the existence of the Advesary, the Devil, and I can now see him in all his assumed forms as he was pictured in said book.

Strange to day that the next book that I read was *Sinbad, the Sailor*, and I went through that with its overwraught stories, and hair breath escapes. It made no impression on me for good or

bad; but it made this impression on me, and that is not to believe every-thing that I read.

My third book was *Robinson Crusoe*; I turned that to an advantage, and have drawn some important lessons from it—especially in politics. My fourth book was Butler's *History of the United States*. I read it with much interest.

Then I swung into Theological Debates, Campbell & Bishop Purcell — Campbell — & Owen. Campbell — & — Rice. Campbell & Rice, reviewed by John L. Waller. Franklin — & — Fischer, Franklin and Merrill. Jeter on Campbellism, Williams on Campbellism — Ray on Campbellism exposed. First became quite a theologian before I became a new creature in Christ Jesus. While in my teens I got hold of a copy of *Aesop's Fables*, and I virtually memorized it. And was quoting them on all occasions. My political views became fixed and settled by reading the life of Thomas Jefferson. I thoroughly imbibed his States Rights and State Sovereignty views. And his Virginia and also Kentucky Resolutions of "/98" as they were and are called, I read until I had them by memory, and I have ever been ready to live and die by and for these principles. Therefore, I have always been a true and unflinching Jeffersonian Democrat and will live and die in the faith of these political Doctrines.

I regard Thomas Jefferson as the greatest political Philosopher that ever lived, and he was at least fifty years in advance of his contemporaries.

I became confirmed in the Pauline Baptist Doctrine of the Bible, by reading Crawford's book called *Christian Paradoxes*—this Doctrine is commonly called Calvinistic—The arguments in the Paradoxes are simply irrefragible. It removed every objection I had to Calvinism, or the Doctrine of Election, or the Sovereignty of God. I next read the *Reign of Grace* by Booth, a very valuable work, and should be read by every Christian in order to strengthen him in God's truth and grace.

The next book was Cole on God's Sovereignty: which very greatly enlarged my views on God as the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, His Reign in Grace, and the Giver of all good. I then purchased Pendleton's *Christian Doctrines*. This Book I have read and reread and set great store to it.

I have since purchased Boyce *Abstract of Theology*,—*Systematic Theology* by Strong; *Outline in Systematic Theology* by Johnson. These books I constantly read with increased delight. I find Theology to be an orderly statement of beliefs concerning God and his relations to his works. The Aims of Systematic Theology, is to

gather from the Sacred Scriptures, true views as to God and as to man in his relations to God. It is to present Christian doctrine in a logical System—Without System there is no Science; without Science, no thorough knowledge. The study of it brings devout joy and deepening sense of responsibility which ought to attend every advance in religious knowledge. The study of Systematic Divinity will but prepare us better to appreciate the separate teachings of Scripture as they stand in their own connection. Systematic Theology is of unspeakable importance to enable one to speak with boldness of assured conviction, giving him a confidence in the great system of inspired truth which no minute criticism can shake.

I also have Alva Hovey's *Manual of Christian Theology*, which I find to be a very excellent work, helpful and strengthening—and deals largely in Christian Ethics.

In Religion, I believe in and hold to the faith as taught by Baptist; I subscribe to the Philadelphia Confession of Faith. And The Seminary breed, as subscribed to and taught at the Louisville Baptist Theological School. I was raised by pious parents, and I was the trusty and reliable boy of the neighborhood but I was not convicted of sin until I was nearly twenty years old. I learned of the death of my youthful friend John Williams, a non professor of religion, who accidentally shot himself. The thought occurred to me, where would my soul be if it had been me. I was under conviction for a month, repent—toward God, and trying to get better, but it seemed that I got worse. I was in a terrible condition and I had no rest day nor night, and I wept most bitterly. On Sunday morning Nov 3rd 1851, I started for Ten Mile Baptist Church, some eight miles distant, with the determination to join said Church ere I returned. I started weeping on account of my sins burdening me down, by the time I got half way, I was relieved of my sins, they rolled away, I felt that I was a new creature, that my sorrows had left me, and then I wept heartily on account of joy, I felt that a change of heart had been wrought in me, I realized that my mind had been enlightened spiritually and savingly to understand the word of God, and to discern Christ spiritually in the Gospel, as my all sufficient and personal Saviour. I realized it as a work of God's free and special grace alone. And so I have believed unto this good day. And shall ever believe that I am a sinner saved by the mere mercy of God in Christ. And thus I give all the glory to a Triune God in my salvation.

I joined the Church and stated my experience. The preachers were John W. Lee, pastor, and P. H. Todd. They concluded to

continue the meeting, and fifty joined after I did. John W. Lee immersed me in Eagle Creek on the 8th of December following in deep running water. Three days after I joined the Ten-Mile Church, I was taken very sick with Pleurasa, and was sick three weeks, in bed. During this time I had a remarkable dream; I dreamed that I had a remarkable and misterious person as a guide, who led me through a vast wilderness of small undergrowth, and very rocky, with a devious path which was rocky and thorny; and after a long and perilous journey in this most uninviting wilderness, I cast my eyes upon a Crystal Palace situated on a mount a considerable distance in front of me. This Crystal Palace, burnished, glittered and glistened in the brightness of the Sun, and I thought it was most glorious to behold. My guide led me to it, and then vanished. The door opened seemingly of its own accord, and there I rapturously gazed upon seven lovely angelic beings, who beckoned me to walk in, which I did, and the room was beautiful to behold. After I had gazed upon said room to my fill, these beings advanced toward another door which opened and they walked into another room beckoning me to follow, and I did so, finding myself in a room more wonderful, if possible, than the first, and this was kept up until I had visited Seven rooms; and as I started toward a door that would lead into another room, these Seven wonderful beings,—all dressed in pure white, and most beautiful to look upon, they with drew in another direction and beckoned me to follow them, but I opened the door that did not of its own accord open to me, and there I was awe struck beholding a large cavity filled with sulphurous smoke, and hearing the groans of the damned in the bottomless pit, when the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. I turned to follow the Seven Faries, the loveliest creatures that it had ever been my pleasure to gaze upon, but they were gone, and I saw them no more. I awoke and found that I had been dreaming; and that I had taken my journey through life, in advance, and that I was left in Paradise and yet I had a knowledge of the condition of Dives. This Dream made an indellible impression upon my mind; It is as vivid to day as it was when I dreamed it. It has done me good it has opened to me the realities of life, and that the Lord ledeth me by his own hand. I am content to follow when He leads.

Since then I have taken an active part in Church work, I was Deacon ten years, and resigned, I was moderator thirteen years, and resigned, I have been moderator of the Concord Association, and frequently made chairman of Ministers Meetings, and frequently on the programmes and always responded. I was generally ap-

pointed to write the Circular Letter, as long as that was kept up. I was Chairman of the Missionary Board of the Concord Association for ten years and resigned, after we had organized and established six Churches. And I am annually a messenger from my Church—Owenton Baptist Church of Jesus Christ—to the Concord Association. I first started the subscription for money to organize and erect a house of worship in Owenton, that was in 1867, I was one of two committee to build said house of worship I gave \$200. to it before I purchased me a home. I have lived to see said church prosperous, and the frame building supplanted by a modernized brick, with all conveniences.

I organized our Sunday School here, on the third Sunday in April 1866, in the Court House, and it has ever since had a continuous existence, and I have frequently been superintendent of It; and when not acting in that capacity, I have taught a class of grown young ladies. I have been a constant worker in the Sunday School Department, and I expect to continue in said work to the end. I love to teach God's Truths to the Young. Miss Lizzie McKay was in my class for ten years, and Miss Fanny Ford has been identified with my Class for twenty years. I have aimed to faithfully teach the whole council of God. I have aimed to indoctrinate my Class in all the Doctrines taught by Christ, and in all Doctrines pertaining to Christ, and I studied diligently to teach his ordinances in Spirit and in Truth, invoking the aid of the Holy Spirit to guide me. I organized our present Prayer meeting in October 1866 at *my* House and it has been continuous and alive to this present day, and trust that and the Sunday School has done great good. I have greatly enjoyed them.

In 1860, I obtained License to practise Law, and on the 4th of March 1861, I located in the Town of New Liberty, Owen County Kentucky, and the Civil War broke out in April following, politics ran high and the whole Country was in a nervous state of anxiety. And soldiers from both sides were on us, and running to and fro, and everything was feverish, and nothing but [war] was talked or thought of. So in 1862 I joined the Southern Confederate Army Commanded by Gen. Robert E. Lee. I first went to Lexington, Ky., and there I was—to my surprise—made Captain of a Company of 69 men. My first move was to Camp Dick Robinson, While there I was ordered to take my Command to go to the farm of Buck Blythe on Tates Creek in Madison County and take charge of 750 U.S. Government Mules and report at Cumberland Gap, all of which I promptly obeyed. There I was relieved of the mules, and I found that I could only muster 17 men, the others

had deserted. I started for Abingdon, Va., with my 17 men, and when I got as far as Camp Reedy Creek, Camp meeting for religious gatherings, it was snowing very heavily. I turned in with my men, I got provisions for man and beast, and Col. Samuel Gaines came along and invited me to his house to spend the night, I accepted the invitation, so on the evening of the 26th day of October 1862, I first entered my future father-in-law's hospitable mansion, but my future wife was then teaching School at Strawberry-Plains. I was sick, and Mrs. Gaines gave me a dose of aescfetida bitters which cured me. I first met with Lizzie Gaines in Nov 1863, at her uncle John Gaines' who lived near Col. Samuel Gaines who lived on Reedy Creek Sullivan County East Tenn. These families, were refined, educated, and hospitable.

I finally reported to Gen. Humphrey Marshall at Abingdon, Va., with 7 men all told. He asked me what I proposed doing? I told him that I proposed to become a high private in front ranks in the Fourth Kentucky Confederate Cavalry,² and let my men go where they pleased. He said this is quite commendable in you, though not expected.

And thus I went through the war and was known as "Captain" Dorman, as "Gentleman" Dorman, and "high private" Dorman in front ranks; as a man who held fast to my Christian integrity. The Historian wrote me up as a gentleman like the gallant Bayard, 'without fear and without reproach.'—See *Kentucky Cavalier in Dixie*, By Mosgrove. A Soldier's life, is a hard life, to say the least of it. He is exposed to all sorts of fighting, and all kinds of weather, loss of sleep, and hunger often, food bad, and often none. Clothing scant. If in camp for a few days it was drill, drill — drill. If on the march it was fatiguing and fighting his enthusiastic pasttime.

I was in 42 engagements in all, had comrades killed and wounded from first to last. But I went through them all without a wound or even a Scratch. Truly the Lord was with me and carried me through dangers seen and unseen. "Though in the paths of death I tread, with Gloomy horrors overspread, My Steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still, My friendly rod shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade." The above is the third Stansa to the song, *The Lord my pasture shall prepare*, which was uppermost through the war.

I was ten days at the siege at Knoxville, Tenn., under Gen. James Longstreet, and we fought day and night, and when the 64 pounder siege guns went off, they seemed like they would lift me

²He enlisted October 6, 1862, as Private, Company C, Fourth Regiment Cavalry, Kentucky Volunteers, Confederate States Army.

out of my boots, and caused blood to flow from the ears of many a soldier. At the Battle of Limestone, I was detailed with a squad of 15 men to go below the enemy and tear up the Rail Road, that being accomplished on our return, we suddenly ran upon a company of the enemy, we wheeled to the right and in crossing a bog I lost my saddle pockets which Capt. Green commanding said company, he got of my Diary and made the following entry "Capt. Dorman played out Sept 1863, Capt. Dorman being killed" and signed by Captain Green commanding Co. of 100, Regiment of Ohio Volunteers.

In the evening the enemy surrendered to us, and I was present when said Capt Green surrendered, took my diary from his side pocket, and made the following entry, "Captain Dorman played in again, and was present at the surrender of Capt Green commanding Co of Ohio Regiment of Volunteers." Said Diary is still in existence.

I was in the Battle at Rye Cove, near Wytheville, Va., where our beloved Major Nathan Parker was killed. I was near him when he fell, I closed his eyes and went on in the Battle to victory. On my return over the field of Battle of four miles, I gave my canteen of water to a wounded Federal Soldier, who seemed to be very thirsty, he thanked me for what I had done for him. The next day we buried our gallant Major with military Honors at Wytheville. His remains have since been lain in Kentucky Soil, near Bedford Springs. I was in a Battle at Blountville—the County Seat of Sullivan Tenn., where I afterward obtained my marriage license. I was in several Battles between Abingdon, Va and Knoxville, Tenn. And from Abingdon to New Market, Va. Battles at Marion, Wytheville, Salt Works and many others. We fought Battles in the Mountains of Kentucky, Two Battles at M't Sterling, June 8" & 9" 1864. On the morning of the 8" we surprised the enemy by charging into their camp before they had gotten out of their tents, they surrendered after a fight of forty minutes. The next morning the enemy surprized us and charged our camp. I slept so soundly that our command had left and the enemy in our camp before I knew it, I struck out afoot and alone, I had not gone far before a fine horse well caparisoned, with two army pistols in front in holsters, [came] from the enemy to me, I grabbed the bridle reins and mounted him. He evidently belonged to an officer. It was not long before I found my command, and then we went into a very bitter fight, of which we got the worst of it. We withdrew, mounted our horses and pulled out for Lexington when we got into a battle. We pulled around to the right and struck the pike for Georgetown,

when we halted and rested until night, then we mounted our horses for Cynthiana, reaching said place just at sun rise, and commenced a battle driving the enemy across the Bridge into the Town, and when the battle ceased I found myself in the midst of the enemys camp breakfast with everything good. I sat down and ate the heartiest meal I ever ate in my life, with the dead & wounded enemy all around me, and the town on fire. In the beginning of the war the first soldier of the enemy that I came upon killed, looked very bloody & gastly, but I had become so enured to war and carnage that I had become used to such sights and the first effect gradually wore off. Such is the result of war. My advice is keep out of war, if you can do it without a sacrifice of principle and honor.

We fought 3 Battles here on the [10] 11 & 12 of June 1864. At Sunrise on Saturday morning we encountered the enemy and drove them into Cynthiana where after a spirited fight and their Col killed they surrendered, five hundred in number. By 10 O'Clock A.M. word was brought us that Gen Hobson with 1000 men had arrived on the other side of the river, the R.R. Bridge having been burned. We recrossed by way of the wooden bridge, and and engaged the enemy of 1000 strong, the fighting was sharp and desperate, and many were killed and wounded. The fight lasted until late in the evening, when our ammunition gave out, we then mounted our horses and with drawn sabres, we played a "bluff game." The enemy tumbled to the racket, and ran up a truce flag—white—and soon it was arranged for Gen Hobson to surrender his entire force of 1000, guns, ammunition and etc etc. Many were killed and wounded. The enemy stacked their guns which were rifled muskets with bayonets fixed. This was a hard fought battle. Many of our brave comrades fell here.

That evening we moved into Cynthiana and went into camp and slept on our arms. The next morning Gen Burnside Struck with 4000 men, and we 1500. The Battle was short and spirited and we were routed, scattered, and many taken prisoners. I swam the Licking River, in order to prevent an arrest, or become a prisoner, for I had a perfect horror of a Yankee prison.

Such are the vicissitudes of an active soldier life. One day flushed with Victory, and the next day chagrined by defeat, ups and downs. One day pushing the enemy, the next day fleeing from them. And the enemy pushing you. The hardships are numerous and vicisitudes are many. Keep out of war unless your cause is a righteous one. —Like ours—

I was married to Miss Lizzie Gaines on the 16th of March 1864, on Reedy Creek, Sullivan Co., Tennessee. Of my command major Parker, Capt Ed O Guerrant, Lieutenant Crit Ireland, and private Frank Crabb were present.

After this internecine the war was brought to a close by the overpowering numbers of the Federal Army. I laid around in East Tenn until the 1st of August 1865, when I struck out for old Kentucky, via Nashville, and I landed at my Father's with my wife and a Silver quarter of a Dollar in my pocket. And on the first Monday in Sept my wife & I began teaching a large School in Verona Boone Co Ky. and taught until the 1st of March 1866, and on the 20th of the same month we located in Owenton, Owen Co. Ky. and I hung out my shingle for the practice of Law, and I kept my office 10 months before I got a case. And I lost that—virtually—my fee was \$10.

Shortly after that I was employed to resist the probate of a will involving \$40,000, in this I was successful and was paid a fee of \$700.

Shortly after this, I was employed in a murder case for a fee of \$1000, in which I was successful, and collected my fee.

After that I had fees to run from \$100, to \$400, but largest fee I ever got was \$1200 in probating a will and the best legal speech of my life was made in this case. I received many compliments from able lawyers. This was known as the "Jo Williams will case."

The law practice at this Bar is very much run down, and has been for several years, the fees are very low, and there are Lawyers here, who personally solicit practice, and will let the client set the fee rather than miss the case. So a Lawyer who practices observing *legal ethics* gets but very few cases. So the practice has run down at the heel. And this has been brought about by so many of our Lawyers playing Shyster, instead of observing Legal Ethics, and dignify the Bar and honor the Law.

In June 1869, the twenty third Senatorial District of Kentucky, composed of the Counties of Boone, Gallatin and Owen, nominated me in convention held in Warsaw as the candidate of the Democratic Party to represent them in the Senate of the State Legislature for a term of four years. This caused me to spend four winters in Frankfort, in which I was very busy in legislative matters, was more regular in attendance & voted oftener than any other Senator during my term. During this term I was Chairman of the Com-

mittee on Federal Relations, on which I made quite a political reputation.³

In 1874, I was elected County Judge for a term of four years. During my Administration I greatly helped the County. I built it one of best jails in the State, Safe and healthy. I improved the Court House and enclosed it with a stone and iron fence. I enhanced its yard by planting vigorous and inviting shade trees, which are ornamental, healthful and pleasant. I also saved the County Thousands of Dollars, by bringing about a great reform in financial matters with the Sheriffs & their Deputies. They had become very corrupt, and were filching money from the County, and failing to settle fair with the County & pay her the money that was due her. My Administration was very much approved by the honest Yeomanry of the County. I was considered the best Judge the County ever had. Of course I encountered opposition from those thieves that I required to settle according to *law*.

I presided as Special Judge in the trial of Dr Massie for Murder of Jesse Honaker, — a very noted case — The trial was conducted with much bitterness of feeling. The public sentiment ran high, and great interest was manifest at the trials. I, first of all, maintained *order*, ruled impartially and gave the cold law, and he was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and is there serving out his sentence.

I have filled various places of honor and trust, and am leading a very quiet, and humble life, consistent in all things, an earnest adherent to Truth in Religion and Politics, always on the side of right, as I in good conscience saw the right. An adherent for honest and fair dealing in all things, and granting to others the same candor I claimed for myself, freedom in thought, freedom in Religion, freedom in Politics, liberty of conscience, and a right to change from an honest conviction. These principles with the observance of the Golden Rule, should govern and control men in their intercourse with one another.

On the 20th day of October 1898, we held a Reunion of the Fourth Kentucky Confederate Cavalry. It was a grand affair, the day was charming and every thing conspired for our good pleasure, there were five thousand people in attendance, and an abundance of provision on hand to bountifully supply all. A good portion of

³J. H. Dorman served in the Kentucky Senate 1869-1873 from the 23rd Senatorial District (Gallatin, Boone, and Owen counties). In the session of 1869-1870, as Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, he made a lengthy report on the ratification by Kentucky of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. This report was ordered to be published and can be found on pages 438-442 of *Journal of the Senate, 1869-70*.

the time was taken up in speech making. I opened by giving the welcome address, which I herewith attach.⁴ When delivered it was considered classical, and was so mentioned in the *Carrolton Democrat*. The Supreme Court of these United States has recently rendered an opinion which is a very Strong States Rights Paper. It stands by the Doctrine that I annunciated in my Speech.

May 30" to June 3" 1900. Well, I have just attended the 10" Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Louisville Ky.

Louisville had done nobly in her matchless arrangements to give said veterans a grand ovation. She fully came up to the measure of all that was expected of her. There were immense crowds of people there on that magnificent occasion, these veterans were from every Southern State. The occasion was a splendid affair. These veterans looked superbly. They looked every inch a soldier, and of the best type of the human race, men who fought for principle, and though overpowered, have through these long years adhered to their convictions of States Rights and State Sovereignty. They will live in the hearts of their Countrymen as long as liberty is cherished or valued.

This is the Grandest Reunion of all, the crowds that assembled on the occasion were simply immense, thousands and tens of thousands of people were present. I don't expect to look upon the like again. We are passing away, and it won't be long before we will all be gone, we average 65 years now, and 10 years more and very few will be left. May the Lord bless our souls, and finally save us in Christ Jesus.

My Ancestry on the Dorman Side of the House—1363, is as far back as I can trace. French History, gives the name of Jean—or John Dorman, as Chancellor of France under King Charles the V.

We next find them in Holland, thence in Wales, England, and Scotland, and this in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, even to the present day.

My Father thought we could trace our ancestry directly from Wales, my Uncle J.G. Dorman, thinks we are from the Scotland branch, both had good reason for so thinking, I think we came from the English branch of the Dorman House. And came to America during the reign of Charles the First and settled in the colonies of Virginia and Maryland. I think the Welch Dormans that emigrated Settled in the Colony of Pennsylvania, and the Scotch Dormans located in the Colony of New York. Those who were of Virginia,

⁴A copy of this address, from *The Owenton Herald* of October 27, 1898, is on file in the Society's library.

Maryland & Pennsylvania were in Religious views, Baptist, and took part in the Revolutionary War, under Washington. Those in New York were Tories, and moved to Canada, where the British Government gave them large tracts of land for their loyalty, and their ancestors are there to day, well to do and respected people. The Virginia and Maryland ancestry of the Dorman Branch, are now located in Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri as well as Virginia & Maryland.

My Grandfather Dorman was named Mathew, his father was named Mathew and his youngest Son was named Mathew.

My Grandfather Dorman was born in Accomac County Virginia, Oct 21" 1771. He married Atlanta Barnes of the same County and State, who was born Feb 13" 1779. Mathew Dorman, died in Aug. 1853, & Atlanta Dorman, died March 7" 1869.

The fruit of their marriage was 1st Peter Dorman Sept 3rd 1803, died Jan 3rd 1873; Lydia Dorman was born March 31", 1805. Samuel Dorman was born May 16" 1807. Archabald Dorman was born Nov 17" 1809, died Feb 26" 1879. John Silas Dorman was born Dec 25" 1811.

Elizabeth Dorman was born March 8" 1814, died Dec 3" 1890. Leah Dorman was born March 18" 1816. Jerubbabel Gideon Dorman was born July 17" 1818, and is living at this time—Aug 21st 1900. Mathew Dorman was born Oct 21" 1821, died, ———.

All are dead except J.G. Dorman, who has just past his 82" year.

Peter Dorman was married to Lucy Kemper in ———, 1830. The fruit of this marriage was James Hervey Dorman, born Nov 7" 1831.

Fanny Chowining Dorman, born Oct 8" 1833

Ann Eliza Dorman, born Oct 18" 1835

John Wicliffe Dorman, born Dec'r 6" 1837

Martin Luther Dorman, born April 30" 1840

Elizabeth Dorman, born March 31" 1843

Emily Dorman, born Nov'r 4" 1845

Lucy Dorman, born March 8" 1848

Henry Dorman, born Sept 15" 1850

Peter Dorman, born Aug 10" 1853

Atlanta Dorman, born Apr 18" 1856

I was married to Elizabeth Gaines, Daughter of Col Samuel M. Gaines and Sarah Gaines on Wednesday at 7 O'Clock P.M. March 16" 1864. In Sullivan County Tennessee. The family was very highly respectable with a very large circle of acquaintances and a large number of noted kinsfolk. The Col was a noted Methodist

Preacher; and belonged to noted families, being of near kin to Gen Edmund P. Gaines, and to quite a host of prominent Southern People. Some of considerable wealth. He and his wife were cousins of the same name. They done great good in their day and generation. Their House was open to all Confederate Soldiers; It was to the weary Soldier rest, aid, comfort and a hospite. And when the War ceased they were virtually "eaten out of house and home." Their hospitality had ruined them financially. And after I moved to Kentucky, I offered them a home and to participate of our hospitality—as I had participated of theirs during the war—which they accepted, and Mrs. Gaines died at my house May 4" 1878. And we burried her remains in the Masonic Cemetary at Ghent, Ky. She was a most excellent Christian Woman.

Her brother, John S. Gaines, an accomplished Southern Gentleman, I think he was the politest gentleman I ever saw—Urbane and hospital to a fault.

Samuel M. Gaines, raised a very interesting family. The Sons and Daughters were Smart & brilliant beyond the average. Dr. Frank Gaines of Carrolton Ky., is a very fine Physician and stands high in his profession. Dr. George Gaines of Warsaw Ky. is equally so in the Same profession. John Gaines is a farmer living in Gallatin County Ky. Maggie Gaines, who is a brilliant woman married Dr. John Grace, who stood high up in his profession, dropped dead several years ago. Sally Gaines, a young woman of excellent traits of character married Dr. ——— Brown, who now lives in Ghent Ky. and is the leading physcian there. Fanny Gaines married Lew McCann and lived in Owenton Kentucky. Has since died.

On March 27" 1896, my Son William Gaines Dorman, was married to Miss Elizabeth Dorman Mason, whom I named before she was a week old, little thinking then, that she would become my Daughter in law. Their Oldest child, a son, whom I named Mason after his mother's side of the House, was born February 21" 1896.

Their second child, a boy, is named William Kennedy Dorman after his uncle J.W. Kennedy of Union Boone Co Ky. Those Boys are very fine indeed, true scions, smart, Fine looking, bright as bright can be. Each one is now a factor. Their individuality is manifest at this early age 4— and 2— William was born Aug. 1898.

Virginia Lee Dorman, was married June 21" 1899 to Mr. J.I. Huggins of Morristown Tennessee. The ceremony was performed at High Noon, in The Owenton Baptist Church by Rev T.S. McCall The President of the Penece College for young ladies, A Baptist In-

stitution. It was the Most Magnificent Wedding that ever took place in Owenton. It was a unique affair. The meeting House was filled to its capacity. The Bride's Maids were Misses Ollie Hartsough, and . . .

James H. Dorman Jr. was born March 29th 1873, from his Seventh Year to his fifteenth he attended The High School in Owenton, and was the newspaper boy for the town, clearing from \$8— to \$10— per month. At the last Constitutional Convention, he was Page to Speaker Cassius M. Clay Jr. receiving \$3— per day. At the long legislature following the New Constitution he was clerk for two committees, for which he was paid \$3— per day. After this he took an Electic Course at Centre Colege, Danville. He then graduated in the Law Department at said Colege, and also [was] examined by the Court of Appeals at Frankfort Kentucky and obtained a Law License.

He has for some time been in Havana Cuba, and is Secretary to the Judge Advocate of Cuba, a position that pays him \$150— per month. His mother has five pictures of him, grouped representing him in all these five stages of him, from Page to Judge Advocate. I call it her "family groupe of her Son James" — It is interesting to look at them. They afford my wife much pleasure.

March 29th 1901. J.H. Dorman.

I was Comandant of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry from 1900 to 1902.

I am now Captain of Major Willis Roberts Camp No 1458.

I was County Superintendent of Public Schools three years and then resigned.

I made an address to the 4th Confederate Cavalry at Bedford, Oldham County Ky on the 7th of October 1903; which I regard as the best of my life.

February 25 1904, this is the birth day of my Grandaughter Jannie Susan Huggins, this is her second birth day but She is only one year old. She very smart, sweet and handsome, and very interesting and attractive her future is quite promising. I wish her much Success, and hope She may be useful in her day & generation.

November, Monday 7th, this is my Seventy Fourth birth day, but I am only Seventy three years old. Thus far the Lord has led me on. Blessed Be His Holy Name. He has led me all my days, days of infancy, and days of youth, days of Strength and of weakness, days of Success and of failure, of joy and of Sorrow, of manhood and of age, days of life and day of death—all the days.

Jesus the very thought of thee
With Sweetness fills my breast;
But Sweeter far thy face to See,
And in they presence rest.

Permit me, while here on earth I stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And when from hence I pass away,
To me thy glory show.

December 25" 1904, this day we comemorated the Lord's Supper, and to me it was a very solemn occasion. We comemorate Washington's birth day but we commemorate our Lord's death, "For as oft as ye eat this bread and drink the cup, ye proclaim the Lords death till he come." Mark 14:24. "This do in remembrance of me." 1 Cor. 11:24,26. "Do this in rememeerance of me." Mat 26:26.

The Lord's Supper is designed to commemorate his death, to confirm the faith and other graces of Christians, and to be a bond, pledge and renewal of their communion with him, and of church fellowship.

January 1" 1905. My Motto Text for this year is 1 Thess 5:18, "In everything give thanks."