Curtis R. Burke’s
Civil War Journal

Edited by Pamela J. Bennett

Contributed by Richard A. Miselhorn

Curtis R. Burke’s journal is a rare example of a southern soldier’s record of his participation in the Civil War as a member of John Hunt Morgan’s cavalry and of his experiences as a prisoner of war. The extant journal consists of 482 legal size—8½ by 14 inches—typewritten pages; there is a four page preface and a daily record from Sunday, October 5, 1862, to Wednesday, June 7, 1865. According to Mrs. Curtis E. Burke, the author’s daughter-in-law, this journal was prepared by Burke in 1914 at the age of seventy-two using his notes—presumably the “journal” to which he frequently refers—and his memories of men and events. Burke dictated the account to a YMCA typist in Indianapolis, where he had come to live with his son, Curtis E. Burke. The original notes have been lost or destroyed, and no further information has been forthcoming about the actual composition of the document which now exists.¹

Substantial portions of the first 214 pages of Burke’s journal have been included in this installment. The major actions cover Burke’s enlistment, along with his father Edward D. Burke, in Morgan’s cavalry at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1862; Burke’s short term as a prisoner of war early in 1863; his part in the famous raid through Indiana and Ohio in July, 1863; and his capture with the majority of Morgan’s men at Buffington Island on the Ohio River on July 19, 1863. More of the conditions and daily life of the soldier necessarily has been omitted from this published version, but there is more than enough to convey Burke’s often acute perception, vivid description, and engagingly subtle humor. Two further installments, scheduled for June and December, 1970, will give Burke’s account of his imprisonment in Camp Morton, Indianapolis, for almost a month and in Camp Douglas, Chicago, Illinois, for almost eighteen months until March 2, 1865.

Burke was like many Kentucky men of southern sympathies who rallied around Morgan when they felt that they must choose a side for which to fight. Morgan in 1857 organized the volunteer militia of “Lexington Rifles”—later a part of the state guard—which Burke says he joined in 1860. According to Basil W. Duke the group under Morgan “was composed of the finest and most spirited young men of Lexington, and soon won a high reputation for proficiency in drill, and in all the duties taught in the camps

¹ Richard A. Miselhorn is professor of oral diagnosis at the Indiana University School of Dentistry, Indianapolis.

¹ Mrs. Burke of Indianapolis owns the surviving journal and it is published with her permission.
of the State-guard, as well as for the intelligence and daring of its members.”

With forty-five or fifty of these men, Burke’s father included, Morgan committed himself to the southern cause as a cavalry commander on September 20, 1861. Duke asserts—as Burke does—that at that time popular opinion around Lexington was in favor of the neutrality of Kentucky in the conflict. Neutrality seems to have been a compromise official position since within the state there was an ambiguous mixture of reluctance to leave the Union and sympathy for the states that could no longer tolerate the alleged coercion of that Union. The state senate resolution of neutrality in April, 1861, reflects this sentiment: “Kentucky will not sever her connection with the National Government, nor take up arms for either belligerent party; but arm herself for the preservation of peace within her borders.” During the summer of 1861, however, recruiting for the Union army began in the state; armed forces were organized; and camps were established. Considering Kentucky’s neutrality void, Confederate General Leonidas Polk invaded the state and occupied Columbus on September 4, 1861. By the end of September the state government was committed to the Union cause, and Morgan with many men of similar opinion had joined the Confederate forces in southern Kentucky.

The name of John Hunt Morgan came to be well known and revered by many southern sympathizers during the Civil War and feared by Union loyalists in the border states of the Midwest where his cavalry carried out its major operations. In Indiana, in particular, Morgan and Morgan’s men after the summer of 1863 were especially infamous and abhorred. For four or five days from July 8 through July 12 or 13 approximately 2,000 cavalrmen under Morgan terrorized the southeastern portion of Indiana before crossing into Ohio and being dispersed by Federal troops seven days later. Accounts differ in the estimate of success of the venture but seem to agree that the major activity of most of Morgan’s men was looting homes and stores along the way. Military objectives were the horses to replace tired mounts and the “bridges and depots, water-tanks, etc., [that] were burned and the railroad [that were] torn up.” For many Hoosiers the raid became and has remained a point of pride and extreme interest because of the conduct of the militia in defending the state and because it was the major encounter on Indiana soil during the war.

Burke’s account of the Indiana raid agrees in substance with the version by Duke, one of Morgan’s staff officers, but the detail of the private soldier’s existence during the arduous venture adds much to the overall view presented by the officer. The relatively moderate conduct of Burke and the men about whom he writes, Burke’s humane concern for the people whom he met, and the practice he records of discrimination in stealing only from those who had deserted their homes, for example, illustrates that the usual generalizations about the conduct of Morgan’s men possibly need modification, slight though it may be. The journal in addition makes absolutely clear how grueling the forced march throughout the raid—from its beginning in Tennessee on June 29 until the defeat at Buffington Island on the eastern border of Ohio twenty days later—was for the common soldier who usually had to forage for himself and his horse along with other difficulties of the march.

Burke’s journal is a remarkable document, valuable for the personal record that it contains of several important years of its author’s life as well as for its record of the conflict of which he was a part. The chronicle of events and the vignettes of people and places provide a fine commentary on the times. Perhaps the most characteristic situation is the family divided by the war: Burke and his father fighting together and imprisoned together several times see and are aided by relatives on the Union side; not infrequently captures the occasion for a reunion of friends and relatives who have been made enemies by their political choices. There are occasional lapses of hindsight but they are few and not obtrusive. Although prepared fifty years after the conflict, the journal manages to convey the immediacy of elation and despair at victory and defeat, of concern and casualness about life and death which are the special fruits of war.
Curtis R. Burke's Journal

PREFACE

I was born in Massi[l]lon, Ohio, January 24th. 1842, and lived in Mt. Vernon, Zanesville and other places in Ohio until I was about nine years of age when my parents moved to Kentucky. My father was in the marble business and we lived in Frankfort and Maysville each about a year or over and then moving to Lexington. My father, E[dward]. D. Burke was a strong Democrat and was elected to the City Council a good many years. January 24th. 1860, my eighteenth birthday, found me a student of Transylvania University where I had hopes of graduating in two more terms. About this time I got permission from Father to join Capt. John H. Morgans Company of Lexington Rifles, belonging to the Kentucky State Guards. My father was a sargeant in the Company. The fun of drilling and turning out with the Company was cut off by my father taking me from school in the spring and sending me over to Richmond, Ky., to take charge of a branch Marble shop there that the foreman (tired by him) had run off and left in trouble. I carried on the marble works until the following spring and then seeing that there was likely to be a war, father ordered me to break up and move the stock to his Lexington shop, which I did, and then went to riding through the adjoining counties collecting for him. We and most everyone around us was advocating the neutrality of Kentucky and I went over to Richmond with the Morgan Rifles to a big drill and peace picnic where peace and neutrality speeches were all the go. But the United States Troops soon after invaded Kentucky soil and put a force at Lexington which made the state guards feel very uneasy. There were strong rumors that the Yanks would take our guns so Morgan and most of his company secretly determined to join the

1 In editing this journal the typscript has been followed exactly except as here indicated. Dates for the entries in the typscript are located on the right side of the page and divide the entries; dates are relocated in the text published here primarily to save space. Only a few very obvious typing errors have been corrected; otherwise the misspellings have been allowed to remain. It is impossible to determine whether these errors are the responsibility of Burke or his typist. Capitalization is also unchanged. Burke's use of the apostrophe in the possessive is quite erratic; the typscript is followed without change. Names of people given within brackets in text are supplied by Burke elsewhere in the journal. Most of this information is derived from a roll call of the scouts of July 2, 1863, given on pages 168-70 of the typscript. Names supplied or identified in an outside source are given correctly in notes. Place names have been corrected with reference to outside sources; the proper spelling or missing letters are indicated in brackets in the first time only that the word appears. Where text has been omitted in the journal published here, events are briefly summarized within brackets. Only if a significant number of pages has been omitted is the number given. These summaries include only events which Burke's journal relates; some information regarding names or places has been added from outside sources when fuller explanation in the summaries seems necessary or desirable. Page numbers from the typscript are indicated in parentheses when the journal is quoted in the summaries.

2 Presumably Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.

Southern Army. Morgan then ordered all guns to be brought to the Armory so one dark night, when I happened to be out of town, father and a good many of the company went to the Armory and packed the rifles and accoutrements, etc., in spring wagons and started them southward secretly with a guard. I did not get back home until the night after the guns left so my gun was left at home where I hid it. I wanted to go but father said that I would not likely be arrested and he wanted me to close up his business for him which I consented to do. Most of the company slipped out of the city one or two at a time for a week or more and rendezvoused at a camp in Nelson County, Ky., which they called Camp Charity. Seven hands out of the marble shop went with Morgan, most of them on fathers horses so that I had to get a few new hands to fill out the orders that were unfilled at the shop. I learned from Mr. Eugene Johns, one of our company that did not go, that he did not get his gun to the Armory before Morgan left, so he hid it at home and if I would call some night he would let me have it. There were a good many Federal Troops in the city then and he was afraid to keep it longer as there had been several calls made by the U.S. Provost Marshall for all the state arms to be delivered to him. I made an arrangement with Mr. Johns to be in an alley at his back fence and next to No. 1 City School one dark night and take his gun, etc. over the fence without seeing him or his seeing me, so that if either of us was arrested I could not swear who gave me the gun. Citizens were not allowed on the street after ten o'clock so I had to go before that time and as the fall nights were getting cool I had a good excuse for wearing a big overcoat. I made my way past a good many Yanks to the alley in the other side of the city near the old Masonic Temple and school house. I soon heard a light step on the other side of the fence and gave the fence a light tap and over came the guns and traps. Neither of us spoke and when I heard the footsteps on the other side of the fence move away I then quickly took the gun-barrel off of the stock and stuffed it down one pants leg and the stock down the other. The sword bayonet I run down my back with the point resting in my hip pocket. The belt, etc., I put around me under my overcoat. I then started out to the street and found that I had to walk slow and pretty stiff, but I passed the Phoenix Hotel and other places where there were crowds of Yanks.

3 The camp was near Bardstown. "On account of the kindness and liberality of the people who lived in that neighborhood, and who supplied its inmates with provisions of all kinds, this camp was entitled 'Camp Charity,' and long will it be remembered." Basil W. Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry (Bloomington, 1960), 31.

4 Burke seems to be in error here. According to Terrell the Provost Marshal General and a bureau under him was established as part of the draft law of March 3, 1863, known as the Enrollment Act. W. H. H. Terrell, Indians in the War of the Rebellion (Indianapolis, 1960), 55-57. According to Duke the order for confiscation of weapons actually came from the state legislature and the military board which it created. Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 55-56.
without being halted, and reached home on High St in safety. I then slipped down in our cellar and wrapped my treasures up in some old carpet and hid them away under a pile of dry dust. This made two Minie Rifles hide in the house, but I was short of ammunition so I got a little lead and a little powder every now and then, as often as I could safely buy it and suitable paper and made enough cartridges to fill a Sheely soap box. I happened to have a pair of moulds to my rifle and I sat many a day at an upstairs window making my cartridges and looking at the Yanks passing about on the street. I managed to get a fair supply of army caps through my little brothers who would beg or buy them from the Yanks. As father went away with the guns I suppose the home guards thought it would be useless to search our house for guns. Sometime that winter father and several others were captured and taken to Louisville and put with the Political prisoners. I went down to Louisville to see him but I did not get to say much to him. He was soon released on petition of the Masons and Odd Fellows and the influence of his brother, Judge Wm. Burke from Canton, O., who was in Louisville as Division Quarter-Master in the Yankee Army. Father came home and went to work as usual. During the spring and summer of 1862 I rode out soliciting and collecting for him. About the first of September I was on a trip over in Mercer County, Ky., near Cornishville trading accounts for wheat, lard, bacon, etc., and storing them away in a rented room in Cornishville. I had gotten two two-horse wagon loads of stuff together and had engaged a Mr. Tumey Debaum to haul the stuff to Lexington in payment of his account, but the day we had set to start, a lot of people came scampering in from Harrodsburg [Harrodsburg], which was some ten miles distant on our road to Lexington, with the news that the rebel army with Morgans command was in Harrodsburg. I was secretly pleased with the news and offered to go to town and see, so I made a forced ride to Harrodsburg and found the town full of Confederate Troops and speaking going on in the Court House. There was also a drum and C. S. Flag going through the streets calling for volunteers. I then heard of the battle at Big Hill and Richmond, Ky., also that General E. Kirby Smith's army had marched victoriously into Lexington, so I hurried back to Cornishville and told what

---

5 This probably refers to the .69 caliber "U. S. Percussion musket, Model of 1841" which was "filled early in the fifties and became the U. S. Minie rifle, .69 caliber." Jack Coggin's, Arms and Equipment of the Civil War (Garden City, N. Y. 1962), 31. There is a discussion of the invention of the Minie ball ibid., 26.

6 Edmund Kirby Smith began an invasion of Kentucky in August, 1862; he won the Battle of Richmond on August 29 and 30 and occupied Lexington on September 1. Morgan's command had been dispatched on July 4 on a raid through parts of Tennessee and Kentucky and joined Smith in Lexington on September 4. The Battle of Bighill, about fifteen miles from Richmond, refers to a Confederate cavalry victory which preceded the Battle of Richmond. Terrell, Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, 190-95, 199-200; Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 294-37.

---

I had seen. Then Mr. Debaum was afraid to go for fear he would be molested and his teams taken as he was known generally to be a Union man. I then told him that if he would go I would be responsible for the safety of himself and teams if he would do as I told him, as I was sure I could get Gen. Morgan's pass or recommendation. Mr. Debaum agreed to this and we loaded up and struck out for Harrodsberg. I had been wearing a Navy Pistol under my coat. This I buckled on the outside over my coat, stuck my pants in my boots, pinned up one side of my black slouch hat and mounted my horse, altogether making a pretty fair looking rebel. I kept along with the teams as guard or forage master, or whatever they choose to take me for, passing through Harrodsberg and simply remarking "Government Teams" at the toll gates, which they meant Confederate Government. We arrived safely at home in Lexington and unloaded. Then I told Mr. Debaum to return through the toll gates the same way that we came, which he did and got home safe. I found Lexington full of Kirby Smith's men. I went to Loud Brothers factory and bought a good piece of jeans for a uniform as I now had a chance to join the Southern Army. I now brought out my Minie Rifles and gave one of them to a friend as I expected father would remain at home this time and let me go. We all rejoiced very much to have the Southern Army with us, but we were afraid they would not be able to hold Kentucky long. I took most of my cartridges down to Morgans ordnance store room. The city seemed to be full of wagon trains moving stores and forage about and it looked like the rebels had plenty of everything.

Mr. Alonso [Alonzo?] Miller from Spencer, Indiana Co., Ohio, a loved cousin on my mother's side of our family, belonged to an Ohio Regiment encamped near Lexington and he came to visit us on a sick furlough. We were very glad to see him and nursed him until he got well. I told him I was getting ready to join the Southern Army and he laughed and advised me to keep out of it, but that did not change my plans.

---

7 Morgan was actually a colonel at this time; he was made a brigadier general in December, 1862. Duke comments that "He had long been styled General by his men, and had been of late [late 1862] habitually addressed in official communications from army headquarters." Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 317. Burke always calls him General Morgan.
morning when a brass band followed by cheering was heard on Main St. I had just finished dressing in my new gray suit to go to church with my cousin, Mrs. Myres, daughter of Judge Wm. Burke of Caton, O. I put on my hat and hurried down town to see what was up, and saw General Humphrey Marshall's army\* passing through in the direction of Harrodsburg. I noticed that the faces of all the southern citizens looked serious and inquiring. I asked what was the matter, some shook their heads and said that the rebels were skedaddling, others laughed and said it was all right, that the army was only gathering for a big fight. One of Marshall's men as he passed seeing me in uniform told me to get my gun and come on. I answered that I would get it soon enough that there was plenty of time. I turned towards home and met old man Thomas Woods who said that he was going to drive his spring wagon with provisions and clothing for himself, two sons and several others, and that they were going as Infantry with an Alabama regiment. He offered me a place with them and said that they expected to start that evening. I began to think things were coming to a pretty pass. I also met several friends with their guns and bundles. They said they were going wherever the army went and would not stay and live among the Yankee soldiers again. I noticed that there were a great many wagons collecting in the streets. When I got home it was about half past eleven and cousin had gone to meeting by herself. Mother gave me a blowing up for treating cousin so and I really felt ashamed of myself but consoled my conscience with the thought that the exciting times would be a sufficient apology for my neglect. I bundled up my things and put everything in shape for traveling, also cleaned my Minnie rifle well and put the sword bayonet away as it was too heavy to carry on horse-back. I went down soon after dinner and found everybody on the move, some rigging up and others hunting for horses, saddles, bridles, etc. It seemed as if every scotch in town was going. Pa had his gun, horse and baggage ready but did not wish to go unless the southern army left the state. I spent most of the evening trotting first down town and then back again after different articles that I thought I would need. During the whole day immense trains of wagons were loaded with provisions, goods, arms and forage, and sent off. I tried to get me a good horse but was disappointed so after supper I went down to the office where the arms and ammunition belonging to John H. Morgan's Brigade were kept, and Chief of Or'd Thos. Taylor and Ass't Ben']. Young had their things all packed up in wagons ready to start. They wanted some more guards so I volunteered to go with them until I could get a good horse to join Dukes Cavalry regiment under Morgan so I went home and bid all good-bye, and took my traps and got aboard one of the wagons. I expected to take the Harrodsberg pike but we were ordered to take the Richmond pike. We drove six miles that night and halted on the side of the pike opposite Mr. Robert Bullock and fed. The night was clear and pleasant so we spread our blankets under a tree in Bullock's front yard and we rested well, it being my first nights sleep in the open air.

[Burke's journal from Monday, October 6, 1862, through Friday, January 9, 1863—a total of seventy-two typed pages—has been omitted here. Both Burke and his father become members of the cavalry regiment recruited by Colonel Leroy S. Cluke during the Confederate occupation of Lexington. Burke spends most of his time foraging quite successfully for his mess on the march through Kentucky and Tennessee. On December 1, 1862, Burke joins the newly formed "Morgan Scouts" (p. 37) under Captain Thomas Quirk. Quirk was from Lexington and many of Burke's friends from Lexington had already joined. He takes part in Morgan's attack on the Federal troops at Hartsville, Tennessee, on December 7.\* On December 22 the troops move out for a raid into Kentucky. On Christmas Day Burke is thrown from his horse during a skirmish and although slightly injured rejoins his company for another attack and chase. It was a profitable day besides capturing a Yankee sutler's wagon, "We stopped at houses all along the road and the ladies would bring out their christmas pies and give them to us" (p. 60). Burke records several other encounters in Kentucky.\* Nolin bridge and stockade, Bacon Creek stockade, Elizabethtown, Muldraugh's hill (where at the spectacle of a burning, collapsing truss "On one of these rocks stood John H. Morgan hat in hand fairly shouting with the excitement" [p. 69]). Burke's command then begins the withdrawal from the state on December 30 going by way of the Lebanon pike to Campbellsville and Columbia. The men cross into Tennessee and reach Livingston on January 3 and finally ford Caney Fork at Silgo Ferry reaching Smithville on January 5. Burke's company moves to Liberty on January 6 and is still there on January 10.]

Saturday January 10th, 1863. Fed and curried my horse. Took him to Mr. Carthages shop and had him shod all round. I took breakfast at the tavern, and wrote till about 11 o'clock, when a couple of ladies drove up to the tavern and put up. They gave Captain Quirk a letter from Adjutant General

---

* Brigadier General Marshall was one of the commanders of the Confederate forces invading Kentucky at this time. Mark Mayo Beattie III, _The Civil War Dictionary_ (New York, 1959), 514.
* For related information see Duke, _A History of Morgan's Cavalry_, 307-15.
* For related Information see _ibid_, 330-42.
McGinnis\(^{13}\) of Morgan's command requesting Quirk to send a commissioned officer and four men as an escort for these ladies as far as the enemy's videttes\(^{12}\) or pickets at or near Murfreesboro under a flag of truce. The ladies wanted to try and get permission to enter Murfreesboro by themselves, and get a mortally wounded brother from the Hospital and return outside of the lines again to us, but if they were refused, we were to escort them back immediately. I took dinner at the Tavern. I had no change and had to owe the lady fifty cents as that was the price per meal. Capt. Quirk chose Lieut. [Frank] Brady, myself, Ed Lonney [or Loney], Henry [W.] Beach and James Hicks to make the trip. We were all willing to make the trip, expecting a fine time. We saddled up, leaving all of our baggage off of our saddles, thinking that we would get back the next night, as it was only thirty miles distant. I left my blue overcoat, so did the rest. Henry Beach borrowed a dyed one that had been blue. We were afraid to trust them in sight of the Yanks. We carried our empty guns with us for fear the company might move while we were away. We made a white flag about a yard square and started. A little boy, the brother of the ladies, drove the buggy and we rode in front. We took the Murfreesboro pike passing through Auburn [Auburn] and Statesville, small villages. About 6 o'clock we halted and put up at a farm house and stuck our white flag in the gate post so that there would be no danger of being surprised without a white flag in sight. We put our horses in the stable and gave them a good feed. In an hour we sat down to a good supper, and after chatting awhile with the family we were shown to a room and retired, and all hands had a good night's rest.

Sunday January 11th, 1863. We rose late and found that our flag had been stolen in the night from the gate post. I came to the conclusion that some darkie had stolen it for a pocket hankercchief. We fed our horses. Eat a good breakfast and saddled up. The lady of the house made us another big white flag on a piece of fishing pole, and we moved on. It was still 16 miles to Murfreesboro. We went to within 3/4 miles of the City when we saw the videttes take down the pike in a lop e towards the pickets who were in the cedars. The pickets came out on the pike and halted us and themselves. They were six or eight strong. Ed Lonney went forward with the flag and told them what we wanted. The Lt. of the pickets sent our request to the city to General Rosecrans,\(^{13}\) and ordered us to fall back about a hundred

\(^{11}\) Captain W. M. Maginis (also spelled Magenis) became Morgan's assistant adjutant general just prior to Morgan's raid into Kentucky in December, 1862. He remained in that position until his death during the raid into Indiana in July, 1863. \(\textit{Ibid.}\), 326, 424.

\(^{12}\) Videttes (or vedettes) are the mounted advance guards of a body of troops. “This guard habitually marched at a distance of four hundred yards in front of the column; three vedettes were posted at intervals of one hundred yards between it and the column. Their duties were to transmit information and orders between the column and the guard, and to regulate the gait of the former, so that it would not press too close on the latter, and, also, to prevent any straggling between the two.” \(\textit{Ibid.}\), 186.

\(^{13}\) Federal General William Starke Rosecrans was at this time commander of the Army of the Cumberland. \textit{Boatner, The Civil War Dictionary}, 708.

\(^{14}\) Following the fall of Fort Donelson in March, 1862, Morgan remained near Nashville, Tennessee, at LaVergne after the Confederate retreat. Duke records the many skirmishes with the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. Duke, \textit{A History of Morgan's Cavalry}, 121-32.

\(^{15}\) “The Colt was the first repeating rifle adopted by the U. S. Government . . . . Revolving rifles were made in several lengths and calibers. Most of the smaller calibers were made with six cylinders.” Coggins, \textit{Arms and Equipment of the Civil War}, 36.
Monday January 12th, 1863. We got up early and made a fire, it was chilly. We thought they would certainly send us some breakfast, but no breakfast came. 12 o'clock nothing to eat yet. We vowed and declared that we would starve the next Yank that fell into our hands. The guards said they were short of provisions themselves, and that a train of provision wagons was expected from Nashville that evening. About 4 o'clock this train arrived. It was a long one. About dusk they brought crackers, bacon, rice, and a candle. I missed my pocket book. The last time I used it was when I bought eggs three nights before in Liberty. I strongly suspected that the Yanks picked it from my pocket. It had about $65 (Confederate money) in it. We made a good fire and laid down and slept well.

[Entries for Tuesday, January 13 through Saturday, January 24, 1863, have been omitted. Burke and his comrades have a not too unpleasant time as captives with the freedom to “sing, dance, or hollow as much as we pleased” (p. 83). Burke receives a visit from his Union Uncle William Burke from Ohio whom he treats “coolly” (p. 83). The captives are also visited by several Lexington friends in the Federal army. Burke spends his twenty-first birthday, January 24, just “writing” (p. 85).]

Sunday January 25th, 1863. Cloudy. Spent most of the day writing. The balance played cards. After supper the guards brought us a bottle and a canette full of whiskey at their own expense. I had never been drunk in my life and I told the boys that I would celebrate my 21st birth day by getting drunk just to see how a fellow felt, and as it would be the first time I would also make it the last time. The boys said all right they would let me know when I was drunk. They and the three guards drank and passed it to me every few minutes. I took light swallows which brought the tears every time, and soon began to feel a numness coming over me and when I spoke it sounded to me like I was down in a cistern, and my fingers tingled. The boys said that when I could not walk a crack in the floor I was drunk. So finally I got so I could not walk the crack. I could steady myself on it, and the boys decided that I was drunk. I spread down a blanket and one of the boys took my jacket for a pillow, and I slept until midnight when I woke up sick in my stomach. I rolled over and threw up on a crack in the floor by my side and took an old newspaper from my jacket to clean the floor, but was still so unsteady that I made a bad out of it and gave it up. Hicks got drunk and danced on our rations of coffee, scattering it and the crackers all over the house. Beach and Lomney were not quite so drunk. Both of the guards and several others were tight also. I went to sleep again and left the balance of the boys singing.

[Monday, January 26 is spent in transit by wagon train to Nashville.]
Tuesday January 27th, 1863. Weather cold and cloudy. We drew light bread. Late in the morning some ladies came to see the prisoners, and took some Confederate money out in the city for the boys and traded it off at the brokers for green-back,\(^{18}\) allowing forty or fifty cents in green-back to the dollar. This was a great sacrifice, but the boys wanted change to buy something to eat. Boys and girls with baskets of pies, apples, cheese, cakes, crackers, and sausage for sale. It was very cool. There was but one stove without fire in it in the room. They would not furnish any wood, so we commenced tearing down the window frames and burning them, and they soon furnished us wood plenty. It was market day and I saw six clean turkeys from a wagon stolen one at a time by Yanks soldiers, hardly an arm's length from the owner. We hollowed and told the owner that the Yanks were stealing turkeys from his wagon, but he paid no attention to us, thinking that we were only joking with him. . . .

[On Wednesday, January 28 the captives are moved to a penitentiary in Nashville which is being used in part as a military prison. Conditions are crowded, but the rations are better; there are women visitors with gifts on Wednesday and Thursday, January 29 as well.]

Friday January 30th, 1863. Weather clear and cool. There is six or eight visiting carriages in the avenue in front of the prison. We had about fifty ladies in the prison chatting and mingling among the prisoners giving gifts and encouraging the men. Whiskey was not allowed in the prison, but the ladies were not to be beaten. They would tie canteens and bottles of spirits to their legs, then when they got in the prison they would step in a side room and take it off. They brought a good many things in their clothes, pipes, tobacco, pencils and paper were distributed freely today. Slept well.

[Very little occurs between Saturday, January 31 and Sunday, February 8. On February 5, however, Burke sees an announcement in the Louisville Journal (northern papers are available every day): “We learn from a Gentleman that Henry Beach, Ed Lonnery and a son of E. D. Burke all from Lexington, Ky. with other of Morgan's men are in the Military Prison at Nashville. They are tired of the war and wish to return home.” Burke says that he immediately wrote home contradicting this statement with the names of the other boys and myself signed to it” (p. 91).]

Sunday February 8th, 1863. Air chilly. We were notified that we were to leave for Louisville, Ky. after breakfast so we bundled up our things and was called out in line and answered to our names and stood an hour in line, then moved under a strong guard into the city to the cars, and they soon started. They were box cars. As we crossed the Cumberland river I saw two gunboats and six or eight transports as we crossed the bridge and whirled on our way. I noticed several small stockades and squads of Yanks camped at the trusses along the railroad. We soon passed the towns of Franklin and Galletin [Gallatin], small places. Next came Mitcheville a small town near the Kentucky state line. The cars stopped half an hour at Bowling Green, Ky. Some of the boys that had green back money sent out and got one dollars worth of bread each and divided it in the car with the boys. I could see the earth fortifications and the Federal flag back of town on our right. We moved on. It was sometime after dark when we passed Munfordville, Ky. The moon came out, and as we passed Nolin bridge I saw the very pannels of fence where I had taken planks to burn the bridge and stockade on our Christmas raid. I thought of the good supper I got at Mr. Movins nearby.\(^{19}\) I noticed that the stockade had not been rebuilt. The car was two crowded to lay down so we all had to sit up and nod. I was a sleep when we passed Elizabethtown and several other places that I wanted to see. I slept but little.

Monday February 9th, 1863. Weather cool. We all got out under guard at a waterling place and got a drink and washed our faces. We reached Louisville about seven o'clock. We passed through a yard where fifty or sixty men were at work fitting out umbers for bridges and trusses to keep on hand for emergencies. We got out of the cars and marched up to Barracks No. 1, and after standing about an hour in the yard we were passed four at a time into a room and were searched. Our spurs, pocket knives and money were taken by the officers in command of the prison. We were then taken to our quarters in a long plank building with bunks on either side. We had to use Ohio river water from pipes and I did not like it. We were marched single file through a room where a negro sat with a lot of meat and bread on a table, and he handed each man a piece of fat meat and bread as he passed out into the yard where we had to stand till the whole crowd had passed through before we could get to our quarters. We went through the same operation for supper. I and Ed. Lonnery made our bed together. I was very sleepy and slept well regardless of the lousy bunks.

\(^{18}\) Burke records these events on December 26, 1862, on pages 61 through 67 of the typescript journal.

\(^{19}\) Greenback was paper money first issued in 1862 by the Federal government in order to prevent a collapse of the Federal Treasury.
the Barracks. We stood in line in the street about an hour, and a crowd gathered. A good many basket hucksters was in the crowd. The Southern ladies would buy them out and send them to the guard line and they would throw us the apples, cakes, etc., as we passed through the street. I saw a gentleman and lady come out in front of their house and wave a large stars and stripes flag at us. We passed it in silence. A few squares [after] on a negro waved a flag at us, and came near getting licked. The guards had to threaten our boys to stop it. I spoke to Clay Goodloe from Lexington as I passed along. We were about two hundred in number. The mud in the middle of the street was shoe top deep, but we had to walk in it till we reached the river where we got aboard of a steam ferry boat and crossed to the town of Jeffersonville in Indiana and marched through town to the railroad. We took cars again, part box and part passenger. I got in the baggage car with plank seats. We changed cars at Seymour, Ind., and changed cars again near Cincinnati. We rode nearly all night. The cars were very much crowded, and I slept but little.

[February 12 and 13 are spent traveling. The train proceeds through Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, to the Ohio River. The prisoners cross the river by steamboat and enter Virginia at Benwood. Burke comments that "It made no difference how short a stay we made at a place the boys was sure to get into an argument with somebody, and we generally left them red hot" (p. 97).]

Saturday February 14th, 1863. Weather cool. We are still in Virginia. The cars run along the bank of the Potomac river. The river looked smaller and shallower than I expected to find it. We asked the guards in the car if we might sing a song. They said they didn't care a dam, crack loose. So we sang The Potomac.26

The guards took the song in good part. I was shown North Mountain. We stopped at Martinsburg [Martinsburg] Station. The people said that the rebels had never been higher up in the country than that place. After leaving here I saw where the railroad had been burned for about forty miles. Every bit was burned, and the rails laid in piles, all warped up. Our train switched off five or six times letting three or four trains of coal pass each time. The engines were all curious looking humbacked concerns. When we came to Harpers Ferry27 I was astonished at the massive ruin of this famous arsenal.

26 Both "The Potomac" and "Maryland My Maryland," which is omitted below, are decidedly pro-Confederacy and emphasize the despotic and subjective nature of the Federal forces.

27 Harpers Ferry arsenal and armory was abandoned and burned by the Federal authorities on April 18, 1861. It was then used for Confederate ordnance. It is perhaps best known in connection with John Brown's raid in October, 1859. Boeke, The Civil War Dictionary, 376, 91.

The buildings seem to have been very large. A part of one of the buildings had been patched up for a store room. The train passed over the new trussel over the Potomac river. It was not completed. They were working on it then. It was a plain timber trussel. I saw the pillars of the old trussel that was burnt down and they showed signs of their being once a splendid piece of work in the shape of a trussel. There was a pontoon bridge just above, made of boats fastened together for wagons and horses to cross on. The tops of the boats were flat and fit close together. As soon as we crossed we were in the State of Maryland, and the beautiful heights were on our left. The guards said we could sing another song. Some sang Maryland My Maryland.

The boys were all in a jolly mood. There was a large Yankee camp on the heights overlooking the ferry. The cars stopped soon after crossing, and the people from the houses on the side of the road brought plates of provisions to the car windows (we were in passenger cars) to the boys. We next passed through Knoxville, Adamsville [present Adamstown?], Mt. Airy, Sykesville, all small places. Ellicott Mills [present Ellicott City], Howard Co. the settlement here is Quaker. The buildings are all large and clean looking. A branch runs near it. It is sixteen miles from Baltimore. Next came the Avaland nail works, a large establishment, then the Relay House or Washington Junction. The basket hucksters were plentiful here. The boys traded some with them. I could see a monument near a bridge on the Washington road, but did not learn whose it was. We passed the Chesapeake & bay and entered Baltimore just before sun down. The cars stopped up in town outside the depot. There was twelve or fifteen boys that followed the cars three squares to where it stopped begging for just one Southern button. An old gray haired man followed us a square for a button. The boys that had Southern State seal buttons cut every one from their coats and gave them away. In a little while some ladies came up with baskets of provisions. A lady keeping a saloon opposite of us gave the boys as much beer and ale in their carogens as they could drink under pretense of giving them water. The police and guards were very strict. The ladies had commenced handing in clothing to our boys when the guards from Ft. McHenry28 came up to take charge of us and stopped it. A gentleman was about to hand in something when he was struck by a Yank who called [him] a damned sesesh and hallowed for the Union. The guards then formed in two lines and we marched between them through several crowded streets. It was about dark, we marched out to Ft. McHenry about three miles distant where we were put in Miserable quarters. I was put with part of the boys in the second

28 Fort McHenry was a Federal military post used for prisoners of war during the Civil War. It is best known in connection with Francis Scott Key's composition of the "Star-Spangled Banner" during the War of 1812.
Burke to comment that “Our company had always acted as an independent scouting company, and since we received orders to report to Dick Morgan’s regiment of part conscript Tennesseans and part Kentuckians, the boys had become careless, straggling and drinking” (p. 136). Burke remains with a wounded man near Livingston from May 1 until he joins the company at McMillens Mill on May 9. The company makes a short move to a camp which Burke describes on June 7 as Camp Pleasant Hill in Cumberland County, Kentucky, about four miles from Burkeville. Discipline is tightened here and much time is spent in regular drill. Burke finally gets a horse but no equipment on May 12; uniforms are issued on May 29; and at last Burke draws arms and equipment on June 8. On June 8 “it was the impression of most of the boys that we were going to make a big raid into Kentucky soon” (p. 152). They move out into Tennessee to prepare for the raid and on June 29 they cross into Kentucky again. Quirk is wounded on July 2; Confederate losses are substantial in the frequent skirmishes and several major encounters which follow. The command reaches Bardstown, Kentucky, on July 5, 1863. On July 6 Burke’s regiment is with General Morgan on a raid on the Salt River stockade northwest of Bardstown; the stockade is found abandoned and a mail train is captured. Burke grabs a handful of letters from an open mail bag—as do others—and opens the letters that night.

Tuesday July 7th, 1863. Weather clear. I opened all my letters by sun up and had been very successful having sixty six dollars and seventy five cents in all in greenbacks which I stuffed in my pocket book with eighty dollars in Confederate money. I found about a dozen different pictures of Yankee officers and soldiers in the letters and kept them, also I did not read a single letter. A good many of the boys had found something, most of them less and some more than I did. We fed our horses from the crib and saddled up and moved off in the direction of Brandenburg. About ten o’clock I went out with our horse detail in hopes of getting a fresh horse as my old C. S. horse began to show signs of giving out. We went about five miles crossing the Louisville pike and stopping at every stable, but with little success. We turned back. I and one of the men rode up to a house and asked where their horses were, they said that they had nothing but colts and old mares in the field. This did not satisfy us so I went to the stable and examined it, but found nothing in it. We asked if they had anything cold to eat in the house, they said yes, and invited us in. We went in and eat a piece of meat and bread, drank a glass or two of milk then caught up with our party of eight or ten. We all stopped at a spring house and got as much milk as we could drink. We had four or five horses, but none that I would swap my tired C. S. Tennessee horse for. We soon fell in with the command. I took one of the fresh horses to lead. We got separated in our attempts to push

28 Colonel Richard C. Morgan was the brother of General Morgan. Burke refers to him throughout as Colonel Morgan. See Duke, A History of Morgan’s Cavalry, 371-72, regarding the new regiment and Colonel Morgan.

24 Duke covers this period and gives some idea of the total troop situation. Ibid., 371-428.
ahead of our regiment. The road was very dusty. I succeeded in passing several regiments when I found myself in a little town called Meadville. The rear guard of the next regiment did not want to let me pass so I had to flank them and go ahead. Just after leaving town (Meadville) I received the benefit of a hard shower of rain. I came up with the General and staff. Not wishing to crowd past I rode leisurely along and soon came up with my regiment dismounted to rest in the woods. I had hardly dismounted and tied my horses when the regiment moved forward again. I led the horses awhile and gave it to Henry [Harrison] White who gave his tired horse to Robert Reeves [or Reves] negro boy to ride. I took my place in ranks again. Ed. [Edward] Colgin [or Colgan] my partner in ranks asked me to let him see a fifty cent greenback bill, I pulled out my pocketbook and showed him one then stuffed my pocketbook down as I thought securely in my pantaloons pocket again. We were riding briskly. We heard that our scouts had captured two steamboats on the Ohio river at Brandenburg. At dusk we halted and dismounted to rest. I learned that we were in sight of the Ohio river. A good many of us hitched our horses and laid down by them in the fence corners. I was very sleepy and took a short nap. I woke up and found that all of the boys except horse holders had marched down into the town of Brandenburg to skirmish with some home guards across the river. They had overlooked me in waking the boys up. They all soon came back without any fighting and we mounted and went into camp in a lot near by. A detail was sent out to get something for us to eat. A corn detail brought in a little corn and I got a few ears for my horse. We made no camp fires for fear of drawing the attention of the Yanks. I made my bed down in a fence corner and was soon asleep. The night air was chilly. A considerable frost (?) fell in the night.

Wednesday July 8th, 1863. Weather cloudy. We fed our horses early and had a slight shower of rain. The bread detail brought in some bread and meat. A shell from the Indiana side of the river passed over our camp and small arms could be heard at the river. We saddled up to shift our position out of range. The lady living next to us was very much scared by the shell and cried out, "Oh is this war! Are you going to have a battle." We moved into a woodland hollow and dismounted to rest. Some of the boys were looking at some greenbacks. I felt for my pocketbook and it was gone. I had an idea at once that it had fallen from my pocket when I put it in after showing the fifty cent bill to my partner the day before. We were

55 Duke records that Captains Samuel Taylor and Clay Merriweather of the Tenth Kentucky performed this task. Ibid., 428, 430. Terrell records the capture of the J. T. McCoombs and the Alice Dean in Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, 214-15.
56 The third man of every four in formation was designated "horse holder" and remained behind the line with his four horses while the rest of the men dismounted and fought. Duke describes Morgan's combat tactics in some detail in A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 174-76.
riding lively and I suppose I did not push it far enough into my pocket, my belt being in my way. I went back to where I slept all night and other places but could not find it and gave it up as lost, which left me without a cent of either greenbacks or Confederate. I took a canteen and walked a short distance to town for water, then went down where our artillery was planted. It was planted by the side of the Courthouse, a square brick building and pointed up stream toward a Yankee gunboat which was standing still just around a bend in full view but out of close range. The Courthouse was on very high ground next to the river making a beautiful position for artillery. The artillerymen were sitting around their steel pieces waiting for the gunboat to come closer. The gunboat looked to me like a steamboat boxed up and painted black with portholes. All this time the captured steamboats Alice Dean and Ben McCombs in our hands, were busy ferrying the command across to the Indiana shore. I then returned to the regiment. One of the boys was telling about the home guards that morning planting a steel piece on the Indiana side of the river and trying to recapture the steamboats and prevent our crossing, which caused the firing that first stirred us up. The home guard Colonel mounted a stumps and cried out, "I demand you to surrender and bring those boats over here in the name of the United States and the State of Indiana!" Some of our boys on the wharf answered "Oh hell old man come over and take a drink." The home guards then let loose with their muskets and fired their steel piece at one of the boats, but the shell struck the water short of their mark, but our artillery then drove them away from their piece before they could fire more than twice. Then two boat loads of our troops crossed and drove them clear off. A couple of our brass pieces was sent up the river on the Kentucky side to watch for Yankee Transports. As fast as the regiments got across they went up the river on their side also to look out for transports. When my regiment's turn came to cross we moved down into town and halted. I tried to get a new pair of boots at a store but failed. We moved down to the boats to go aboard when the gunboat suddenly dropped down stream and commenced shelling us. Our boats dropped down stream of range and our regiment left town again. The stragglers nearly causing a stampede as they crowded past us. We formed in the woods behind the town out of sight. Our artillery soon drove the gunboat out of sight around the bend, then we returned to the wharf again. The boats came up and we were crowded on the two boats besides part of the artillery. I expected every minute that the gunboat would come around the bend and shell us again before we could get across, but we landed safely and a barrel of crackers was issued to us. I was put

27 Gunboats varied greatly because they were often made from other craft and designed for special situations. Many types are illustrated in Coggin's, Arms and Equipment of the Civil War, 132-41.

28 According to Terrell Colonel John Timberlake with one hundred members of the Harrison County legion performed this defensive action. Terrell, Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, 215, 216.

on a detail to help pull the artillery up the bank. We pulled the pieces and casons up about twenty-five yards with ropes. I saw the home guard steel six pound parrot gun that we captured. It was just like our two steel pieces. It had no caxon the ammunition had been brought there in a chest on a wheelbarrow. A house stood near. I was very thirsty and went in to get a drink. I was surprised to find the people gone and everything in complete disorder as if a set of men had been paid by the day to scatter bedding clothes, dishes, etc. over the house and yard. They could not have made it much worse. I went to the cistern. The top had been torn off and the cistern dipped dry. It was getting dark and the cannon pulling detail was dismissed. We found our regiment in a wheat field and got our horses. Then the regiment moved to a crib near by and fed. I learned that when the gunboat run us out of Brandenburg it was done to draw our attention and let two of their transports loaded with infantry have a chance to land a few miles above on the Kentucky shore and get in our rear to attack us, but our brass pieces and men we had hid on the shore kept them from landing and drove them off. I took a short nap on top of the plank fence. Then we were ordered to mount. We went six miles on the Corydon road passing through several of our regiments camped and we camped in a deep grass lot. Col. Dick Morgan camped out with us. Bushwhackers were reported ahead. I made my bed down in the grass and slept very well. The dew fell heavy during the night.

Thursday, July 9th, 1863. Weather pleasant. About sun up we saddled up and moved a few miles and stopped in a lot near a house. We got plenty of corn from the crib. There was a large pond in the center of the lot. Henry Bethsford of company A was wounded in the arm accidently by a shot from a pistol in hands of John Camden of same company who was cleaning it at the time. The boys got all of the meat and bread in the house then got into the milk, butter and preserves in the dairy. On these I made a good breakfast. We had some bushwhackers at the house prisoners and some of the boys scared them very much by telling them that General

29 The parrot was a rifled field gun reinforced with wrought iron and produced by R. P. Parrett of the West Point Foundry. H. L. Scott, Military Dictionary (New York, 1861), 532. A discussion of field artillery with illustrations of weapons, ammunition, and caissons is located in Coggin's, Arms and Equipment of the Civil War, 63-74.

30 The events surrounding the crossing of the Ohio River are recorded in Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 451-54, and in Terrell, Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, 214-15.

31 Duke's description aptly conveys the attitude toward bushwhackers as well as their activities: the bushwhacker "is a gentleman of leisure, who lives in a wild and, generally, a mountainous country, does not join the army, but shoots, from the tops of hills, or from behind trees and rocks, at those who are so unfortunate as to differ with him in politics. It is his way of expressing his opinion. . . . he extenuates its weakness and an unnecessary inconvenience to take prisoners, and generally kills his captives. There were 'Union bushwhackers' and 'Southern bushwhackers' . . . Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 231-32.
Morgan was a going to shoot them. The lady of the house appeared to be in a great stew or fret. I suppose her weight was something near two hundred and fifty. As soon as our horses were done eating we moved on. About ten o'clock the advance guard was fired on by men in the bushes who would fire and run. Our advance guard was from the regiment, each company being represented and were led by Winder Monroe. When we got about three miles from Corydon John Dunn of company D or Capt. Hines was killed from a house. Hurry Hutchison [M. Hutchenson] and several others of my company received orders to burn the house. Hutchison went in and the woman declared that there was no men or arms in the house and begged Hutchison not to burn the house. He paid no attention to her but got fire from the stove and commenced firing the beds and bookcase. In a few minutes the old man and young son came bouncing down stairs and tried to put the fire out. Hutchison attempted to stop the old man and the old fellow then pitched into him and tried to take his carbine from him. In the scuffle Hutchison found that the old man was stronger than he was and determined to use his carbine if he could. He soon managed to get the muzzle of his gun against the old man's thigh and fired. The old man still contended for the gun. Hutchison called to Huston [T.V.H.] Garvin to shoot him! shoot him!! Garvin then cocked his gun and pressed the muzzle against the old man's side. The old man instantly released his grip on the gun and said "I give up." Being weak from his wound he staggered out and laid down in the yard. The flow of blood could not be stopped and the old man soon bled to death. By this time the house was all in flames. The women made a great fuss over it. There seems to have been a good many loaded guns in the upper story of the house for a good many reports were distinctly heard above the roar of the flames. During the above transaction the regiment was halted in the road. We then received orders to go on a scout to the right of Corydon. A guide was furnished us and we took a road to the right through the woods and went a mile or so when the advance caught sight of some bushwhackers and we all put out after them on a double quick. Turning a corner to the right at a house where some women and children were crying I saw a fine pair of boots on the side of the road that some of the boys ahead had dropped. I thought that I would have time to stop and get them so I rode out dismounted and got them. Just then a heavy volley was fired into us from the woods just about stone throw ahead. My horse was restless and before I could mount the rear of my company closed up and dismounted to fight and I could not get to my place in the first section. I was holding my horse five or six bridle reins was partly forced into my hands. The boys thinking that I was a No. 3

22 Captain Thomas Hines had made a preliminary raid into Indiana (see Terrell, Indiana in the War of the Rebellion, 204-208) but rejoined Morgan in time for his more extensive raid through Indiana and Ohio. Hines was captured at Buffington Island and later planned and executed Morgan's escape from the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary. Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 430-31, 480-81, 485, 487-90.

or horse holder. Before I could turn around our boys had taken to the trees. The bullets came pretty thick and low but our boys soon made the work ooo hot for the bushwhackers and they ran taking off their wounded and leaving one man dead on the field. The casualties on our side was M. Johnson got his foot shattered, Charles Bes or Best got a deep graze on the side of his head, both on the advance guard. R. S. Porter of Co. C got a shot in his hand, J. P. Thorp badly wounded in the shoulder. The wounded and a couple of prisoners that we had captured in the skirmish were sent to the rear. Then we all mounted and took a road to the right through the woods on a double quick, the guide keeping in front with the advance and the advance from twenty five to a hundred yards in advance of the regiment. We went about three miles bearing a little to the left when the advance vident sent word back that the bushwhackers were ahead. We galloped into a large stubble field and formed a line in the center of the field on a double quick. As fast as the companies got into line they dismounted to fight, then we double quicked about fifty yards to the top of a little ridge in front of a house which brought us within a hundred yards of a clump of trees where a group of about a dozen mounted men had just ridden up. "There they are give it to them boys" ran along our line. I had a fair shot they broke without returning the fire leaving one man dead. We followed them a hundred yards or so loading as we run. Some got two shots. I did not get a second. We could see the bushwhackers and home guards galloping past us on the pile some distance below us into Corydon. We could see Corydon on our left. Our horses came up and we mounted and went to the pile, then took to the right down the pile about two hundred yards to a house. The regiment formed behind the house in an orchard and company B (My company) dismounted and got in an old log stable on the side of the pile to keep the Yanks from escaping from town on that road as our forces were all around the town and we felt sure of taking it. We had a clear view of the pile for about two hundred yards and good cracks between the logs of the stable to shoot from both below and in the left. I laid a lot of my cartridge in a trough before me hoping to get a chance to use them soon. We waited about half an hour, but one person made his appearance and we captured him and returned to the regiment. There was a dozen or so home guards came up the pile from the country but on seeing us they halted. The boys bellowed to them to come on, that we would whip the robbers and etc. So they took it for granted that we were home guards also so they came right up and were very much surprised when they were informed that they were prisoners in the hands of Morgan's men. There was another lot came in sight and halted. The boys had a considerable argument whether they were our men or Yanks. We all looked so much alike. We knew that there was other scouts out from the command besides ourselves. We tried to call this second lot to us, but they would not come. Some of the boys saw bayonets in their crowd and decided they were Yanks and fired at them
and they broke back. One of the first prisoners said that there was a wagon load of provisions cooked just behind the party that we drove back and that if we had fired we would have captured the wagon. The boys regretted very much not getting hold of the wagon. The prisoners said that they were going to Corydon in compliance with a general order to help drive the rebels out of the country. They were on foot. Some of the officers paroled them to go back home. Then we mounted and moved towards Corydon falling in with one of our regiments coming from the direction that we had come. We stopped at a place where about two companies of the enemy had surrendered and ground their arms. Several of us tried to trade off our old muskets for better guns, but the guards over them would not let us change. We received the news that Corydon had been surrendered, and moved on. As we passed through the toll gate I saw among a scared looking group of women and children the large lady that lived at the house where we fed that morning. She hollered to us “Oh Please don’t kill anybody or burn the town everybody has surrendered.” As we entered Corydon we sung The Bonnie Blue Flag. As we passed through town I noticed that every house was shut up and our men and the prisoners some seven or eight hundred in number were crowded in the streets. The houses were mostly white frame buildings. It is not a very large place but a tolerable good looking place. We took the Salem pike dismounting to fight five or six times in an hour. At one place my company was thrown out as skirmishers and went to a house looking for some home guards that went in that direction. The lady said that about twenty five men just passed the house five minutes before. Several of us got all the cold meat and bread on hand. The lady said that herself and husband had never openly taken sides on either side, but stood neutral. We went no farther but returned to our regiment. At another place the advance came to a halt on a rise in the road. There was some mounted home guards near a house and stable in a bottom, cleared piece of land. My company was sent around the hillside to the left through the woods to get in their rear. The woods was very thick with undergrowth. We could scarcely keep our seats in the saddle riding single file. We got into the position we wished but the game had fled with but two exceptions. The advance fired on them and got their horses. We galloped to the next house and halted till all got up, then moved on passing through the village of Palmyra, Ind. and halted to camp two miles beyond, about dusk at a good looking house. We were all very tired and getting sleepy. Myself, Wm. Gibbons, Henry White and others was called out on a detail for picket before going into camp. We immediately went down the road to the next house about a quarter of a mile and made it our base. There was a cross

---

Footnote: Dated July 9, 1863, the order from Governor Oliver P. Morton required “all able-bodied white male citizens in the several counties south of the National Road” to form in companies and be prepared when called upon to help disperse the Rebel force in the state. Terrell, *Indiana in the War of the Rebellion*, 222-23.

Friday July 10th, 1863. Weather clear. We fed our horses and got some meat and bread. By this time our regiment came up and we took our places in ranks. Our regiment was in the rear of the first Brigade and in advance of the second Brigade. The city of Salem, Ind. surrendered before we got there without much opposition. The courthouse and pavemnt was crowded with home guard prisoners. They were being paroled and turned loose as fast as possible. We got some fresh horses here. I gave up my broken down C. S. horse for a heavy made road pony. Some of our men rigged up a new wagon with new harness and fresh horses and filled it with captured ammunition. We passed on to the village of Canton, Ind. about three miles distant and halted on a side street. We fed our horses from a crib which the boys soon cleared on a double quick. Whenever we stop to feed the boys all break for the corn or whatever we intend feeding on and each get as much as he can carry notwithstanding he may know at the time that his horse will not eat half of his load, but in Tennessee or Kentucky the forage is mostly issued to us and we get twelve ears of corn or two bundles of oats. Tap [J. Tap.] Carpenter got two pair of new boots and gave me one pair of No. sixes. The boys took six or seven pair of boons from a shoemaker shop and when the lady of the place found it out she took on like a lunatic, screaming and beating her head with her fists. Two stores were opened and some things were sold to us, but most of the tricks we got we did not pay for. When one got more of anything than he needed he divided it with the rest of the boys. Part of the boys eat dinner at houses in town, but I was not so fortunate. We had captured butter crackers and cheese issued to us. As soon as our horses were done eating we mounted and left on the Vienna road. Jack [John] Curd was my partner. He was the life of the first section and in fact the whole company. I was generally sleepy and Curd would always wake me up with his nonsense. My pony proved to be too hard a rider for the service, so I gave him up and took Sergeant [W. O.] Tuggle’s Tennessee horse. He was thin and pretty well broken down but a good fast riding horse. Late in the evening we were riding along a high ridge road. The country in sight was hilly. As we were going down hill at the end of the ridge we could see some mounted home guards raising a
dust a half mile ahead in the road on the next hill. The advance guard pitched out after them under spur and we followed at a lively gate. A little beyond the top of the hill we captured a spring wagon and a fine pair of horses. A little farther on a dead home guard lay in a fence corner. The advance guard had charged into a home guard company here and scattered them. We rode a few miles farther picking up some men with axes going to appointed places to blockade the road to stop our onward progress. They were sent to the rear to be paroled. Then the regiment halted and my company was ordered to take the advance to Vienna, Ind. where we were expected to capture a train of cars. It was five miles to Vienna. We started off at a gallop. At every half mile or less we met from two to ten men with axes. We did not stop but sent them to the rear. We captured two more wagons. Our speed enabled us to take everybody by surprise. The people did not know that we were in the neighborhood till they saw us. We charged into Vienna the citizens and a lot of the ax squad were completely surprised and made no resistance. All of the roads were immediately picketed and the stables searched before more than a dozen of the companies had came up. A large Yankee flag hung over the street. We soon tore it down. We went around inquiring for arms and ammunition. Several of us got into a little grocery, but took nothing. I and Ed Looney came across two home guard horses saddled, bridled and hitched to the fence. We tried them and found them unfit for the service, so we left them hitched. I hitched my horse and went to the nearest house to get something to eat. I knocked at the door and found the lady and children crying. They said that we would burn the house. Of course, I went to work contradicting the opinion of our men. I told them that the prisoners we had in town would be immediately paroled and set at liberty. I had cause to suspicion that the head of the family was among the prisoners. They set out a couple of crocks of milk, some bread, butter and preserves. I eat a hearty supper and left the family in a more tranquil state of mind. It was dusk by this time. I rode down to the railroad and found my company dismounted and deployed along the railroad expecting a train of cars. Myself, William [V.] Sloan and three others was detailed to tear up the railroad track a mile from town. We dismounted and gave our horses in charge of the horseholders. Then got a couple of crow bars and set out on foot across the railroad bridge down the railroad. The bushes on both sides was high and thick, just the place for bushwhackers. We went about a half mile and went to work, keeping our guns within arms reach. We took up two rails one on each side in two places, then laid them down putting the ends against the track in the direction that the train was expected and the other ends about eight inches of [f], throwing the rails away to prevent the break from being detected by the engineer. The track was perfectly straight for a mile and the smallest objects could be plainly seen by any light as strong as those carried on the front of locomotives for a long distance. We worked hard, expecting the train every minute. One of the rails fell on my foot in bursting them up which did not feel very pleasant. We started back and saw a fire on the railroad at the crossing at town. At first we did not know what to make of it. We knew that the train would not come into our trap when they saw the fire, but on approaching nearer we saw that our boys were burning the bridge. The hour for the train was passed and it had been given out they had taken alarm and stopped. We mounted our horses then and fell in line. The command had just caught up. We moved off and as we went through town I fell out and took one of the home guard horses that I had tried that evening, and mounted him intending to lead my tired horse till we camped for the night, then give it to some dismounted man. It moved so slow and led so bad that I soon found I was getting behind in spite of my vigorous spurring and whipping. I got mixed up with one of the regiments. I then rode out to one side and mounted my old horse again and lead the other, but the change did not facilitate my progress much as it would not lead well. It came near pulling me off my horse several times, but I determined to hold to it. After riding an hour or so we halted in the suburbs of the town of Lexington, Ind. The report was that the Yanks were in town and we were going to fight them. I let my lead horse go and rode forward to find my company. I fell in and we moved through town without any disturbance and camped a mile beyond in a lane and lot. We had to go a half mile after corn. It was very dark. Most of the boys did not eat at all. I and another fellow went and got some corn. It was as much as I could do to find my way there and back. The camp was in a low wet place. I slept on a pile of rails.

Saturday July 11th, 1863. Weather pleasant. We got up early and saddled up. The report was that the Yanks had passed near us that morning. We went back to Lexington, Ind. and hitched our horses to the fence around the courthouse, then fed them from the hotel stable crib. I learned that the Yankee cavalry had actually entered town very early that morning not knowing that our men had possession of the place, but as soon as they found it out, they left in a hurry, before the Gen. who saw them had time to have them attacked. Lexington is a small place. The courthouse is a plain square building enclosed in a circular white fence. Sergeant [Wm.] Miller and Tuggle bursted open the door of a confectionary store. The company pitched in and soon cleaned it out. I got a box of peanuts, some cakes, candy, cove oysters, cheese, etc. We all got as much as we could eat and store about us. It was late when we mounted and took the Vernon road singing Morgan's Northern Raid Song.
MORGAN'S NORTHERN RAID SONG.

Boom! Boom! hear ye the crash
As our Roving Exile Bands
Chase, with a wild "Hurrah and dash"
The Yankees through the land.

The "Vaulting Saddle" is our home
Our chamber the welkin wide
And whe'ere danger darkest roam
There we are bound to ride.

For "Liberty or Death" we fight,
And woe to those who dare
To wake our carbines flashing light
Or wait their deadly glare.

Our homes beneath the Tyrants hoof
Groaneth in direst pain,
But let his minions stand aloof,
When we shall come again.

Our chieftain, brave as "Desert King,
Roameth where 'ere he will,
And we but wait his clarious ring,
To bound o'er vale and hill.

Our gurdeon is the "fair ones" smiles
That shine along our way,
And we, for them, despise the toils—
That face us night and day.

To horse! To horse! The bugle calls
Inviteth to the field,
When we must meet both "Shell and Ball;
Or to the tyrant yield.

"Hark!" Hear ye the ringing shout
Of those who will be free,
Our glory is the Yankees' route,
Our watchword "Victory".

We halted in a little town called Paris for fifteen minutes. It was very hot and dusty. A man from each section gathered all the canteens in the section and fell out and filled them with water. I fell out several times for that purpose. Once the regiment got a mile or two ahead and I had to do some hard riding to catch up. I noticed several sign boards with familiar names of towns such as, Winchester, Versailles, Lexington, Paris, etc. We halted to rest a few minutes several times. About dusk we came in sight of Vernon, Ind. then took through the woods on our right. It was reported that there was too many Yanks in town to attack the place. General Morgan ordered an old cason to be burned. It was backed into a hollow and a man made a fire around it. In a few minutes it burst with a loud noise, fortunately hurting no person. The man did not examine the cason before firing it and a shell was left in it. At first the boys thought that the Yanks were shelling us from town. We rode a road cut up with gullies. The night was very dark and the boys kept getting into them. We had to call one another to keep together in our places. We halted about midnight, and camped near a house on the right where Col. Morgan put up. We hitched along the fence and made our beds in the corners on the opposite side. I slept very well.

Sunday July 12th, 1863. Weather cloudy. We had a light shower early in the morning. Corn was very scarce, but I managed to get a few ears for my horse. We saddled up and moved on to old Vernon or Dupont, Ind. and crossed the railroad with halting in town, but as we did so nearly all of our regiment broke ranks and went to a depot or warehouse where there was a lot of canvas hams said to be Yankee property, that is government property. We got a ham or two each. We had eat nothing that morning and were hungry. I took a ham and carried it in front of me. As I left I noticed some cars burning. In about an hour or so the yellow began to rub off of the hams on the boys cloths, and they began to throw them away. We were riding lively. Some would cut out a few choice pieces and throw the balance away. I held on to mine for some time longer, then cut a haversack full of the dryest and leanest portions and left the balance on a fence post. Some of the hams were dropped in the road and left, others were given away at houses on the road. We had fine sandy roads to travel on. The horse pressing details never stopped for an hour. As we moved on every stable and lot was searched in sight and some times several miles off of the road. We halted in the suburbs of the town of Versailles, Ind. on Laugherty river [Laughery Creek], and a guard put ahead to keep the boys from going into town till the Gen. and staff were ready for us. The boys wanted to get into town very bad. Some wanted one thing and some another. Everyone wanted something. The stragglers flanked us on the right heavily. I could see them going into town by way of a lane on our right in a gallop. I led my horse through a gap on the right into a deep grass lot and let him graze. I eat a snack of raw ham and bread. In half an hour we moved into town and halted a few minutes in front of a beer saloon. The women gave us all of the cold meat and bread in the house, also some cheese, crackers, and beer. We then moved on. The advance had a little skirmish with some home guards and run them killing one and wounding several. The regiment dismounted to fight several times without getting into a fight. At one place
I went to a house within stone throw and got a piece of meat and bread, and wash the dust off of my face and hands. The regiment commenced moving and I hurried back to my horse. The regiment halted about twelve o’clock near a little village on the railroad in a lot. We hitched to the fence and got corn from a stable. I went to the nearest house to see if I could not bum something to eat, but I was not fast enough, as the house was full of bummers like myself, and they had eaten everything that was cooked on the place. I then tried to get something cooked but was beaten in that also. The women had more cooking engaged than they could do before night. I took a good wash and returned to the regiment. A load of oats was hauled to us, but we had to move before we had time to feed them to our horses. We crossed the railroad and travelled steady all evening and came in sight of the City of Harrison, Ohio. We were on a high range of hills still in Indiana. The road led to the right down the side of the hill. At the foot of the hills run the White water river and a canal. Beyond was the city of Harrison and a large rich [rich?] valley like strip of bottom land, which was cultivated mostly in corn. The finest of the season that I had seen. The scenery would make a splendid picture for an artist. As we wound our way to the bottom of the hill I looked up and back at our long string of horsemen displayed against the face of the hill and felt proud of them. We crossed the river and canal bridge and quietly entered the city. A wagon was seen to leave hurriedly. James [C.] Becker was sent to bring it back. We halted in the main street with orders to keep in our places, but a good many of the boys slipped out and went in search of horses. They and the pressing detail brought in a good many fresh horses. I got a stout heavy made draft horse, and gave my broken down horse to a citizen. The horses were nearly all closed. We left the city and went three miles on the Cincinnati Pike, halted and fed near a house from a crib. McGillet [John McGillic] and Boll [D. R.] Shindler both of my company had a little fight about some cheese that was sent by commissary Henry Moore from town to be distributed to the company, but it was made way with before reaching our camp. Col. Dick Morgan parted them. Ben [Bennet H.] Young cooked for the Col. as there was no person to cook at the house. I went over and eat a good dinner with Ben Young. Commissary Henry Moore went to a little village in sight of us and got some more cheese, then we all had plenty of cheese and butter crackers issued to us. We then moved on passing through some thickly settled country. In some places there was small settlements of neat looking houses mostly inhabited by Dutch. We had good roads to travel on. At one time we came near going to Cincinnati through mistake. We were within three miles of the city, and our advance drove the Yankee vidette into the city. We then turned back and took another road. Our object was to go around Cincinnati. We travelled all night passing through several towns that I did not learn the names of. The boys got so sleepy that they would sometimes go fast to sleep riding along. About midnight Gen. Morgan halted us at a house. The Gen. wished some information. It was some time before the man of the house could be roused, and he wanted to know how on earth we ever got there. Most of us got off of our horses and laid in the fence corners and tied or held the reins while we took a nap. I laid on the hard side of some rails and took a nap, and was awakened by the fence tumbling down on me and my horse, and the next horse fighting over me. When we were ready to start half of the regiment had to be aroused from slumberers that they so much needed. A few strayed off towards the fence corners or other places and were left behind asleep. Every now and then could be heard the wish of some sleepy horseman for only a few minutes sleep. Everybody was kept in ranks.

Monday July 13th, 1863. Weather pleasant. Daylight still found us on the march. The regiment passed through Miamiville, Ohio without halting. Six of us was detailed to stop and collect some axes. We then went to the houses each getting an ax, then double quicked to the front. The horse pressing and burning for something to eat was still carried on. On approaching a house, milk was generally asked for first. We were death on milk. We forded a creek and companies B. and C. took a guide and went down the creek to capture a train of cars. The balance of the command went up the creek. We went a short distance, took down a fence on our left and went through a pasture, then took down another fence and went through a corn field, which brought us to a fence next to the railroad at a cow gap. We dismounted and hitched our horses, then all set briskly to work piling logs, fence rails, etc. into the gap, and cutting the telegraph wires and posts. We had the pile at the gap about three feet above the track and still piling on logs and ties on the rails with a little fire put under them. When someone hollowed “The trains coming mount your horses”. We dropped everything and broke for our horses. I got to my horse picked up my gun and untied my horse. The cars were so close on us that I did not think that I would have time to mount before the cars got to us, and I expected they were full of Yankee infantry who would give us a volley, so I took up a row of corn leading my horse. The corn was higher than my head. As the train passed I looked back and saw the locomotive smash up. My horse got scared and pulled loose from me and went ahead. I was in hopes that he would strike the gap in the fence and go into the pasture, but when I got there I could not find him. I saw Pa without his horse also. He said that his horse had thrown him. Near half of the two companies was without their horses. The cars came on us so suddenly and so fast that they could not get to their horses. I saw that the train was a passenger train with no armed men on it, so I and several others went back in search of our horses. Sergeant Brown of company B. went to the train with a flag of truce and received the surrender of the train and passengers. I found several things that the boys had dropped. A lot of company C’s horses were still hitched to the fence where their
owners had left them. Failing to find my horse there I went back to the pasture and found one of company C. on my horse. I mounted him and rode over to the train to help burn it. The locomotive lay on the right of the track about twenty yards from the cowgap, a complete mass of ruins. I never saw a locomotive so badly used up before as this was. The baggage car was not so roughly handled and the balance of the train was still on the track. The engineer was killed and one or two others wounded by the smash up. Most of the passengers were men on their way to Cincinnati to help defend the place. We let all but a few go where they pleased with paroling them. While firing the cars I got a good bed comfort that was left by one of the would be soldiers, and put it under my saddle. While this was going on a scout of our boys went down to the bridge nearly in sight and run up on eight Yankee pickets or guards playing cards in the bridge. Our boys fired on them and charged them. The Yanks were panic stricken and took to their heels without firing a shot, every man for himself. One man was captured and all eight of the horses. The horses were fresh, all rigged up with new cavalry saddles and rigging. One of the horses was wounded. The bridge was about five miles from Camp Dennison, Ohio. All the boys got together and we went to the regiment. One of the other regiments took a passenger train also, in a short time after we took ours. We passed through several little villages and halted at a stable and got corn to feed on, but provisions for ourselves was scarce. We kept moving a little and halting. Each time we would dismount to rest to make it easy on our horses as well as ourselves. The bushwhackers annoyed us a little by firing on our pickets and pressing details. We moved off and soon passed a deserted Yankee camp called Camp Shady. There was a good many U. S. army wagons in camp. All new with snow white covers on. A detail was sent to burn them. In the next pasture there was a considerable drove of U. S. horses and mules. The pressing detail and others were chasing them around picking out the best. I noticed a fine large brick house next. We were not very far from Camp Dennison. We passed through several small places and came to Williamsburg, a considerable place. We rode in without opposition, and halted on one side of the street. The first thing was to burn for something to eat. I drank three large glasses of milk and got as much bread and butter as I wanted. The stores were closed. The women, children, and citizens generally came to their doors and took a good look at us. The first Confederate soldiers in arms that had visited that part of the country. They gave us something to eat as soon as called on, and sometimes sent it to us of their own accord. Of course the stables were visited among the first things. We opened a store and got a few notions, then moved to a lot in town and went into camp. We had orders to get corn wherever we could find it. We scattered and got corn from the nearest stables. Corn seemed to be very scarce. I unsaddled, took a good wash and brushed the dust off of my cloths. We had been riding hard all day in the dust and looked nearly white. We had plenty of butter crackers and cheese issued to us. This together with some confectionaries such as, figs, candy, cakes, etc. that I eat with Sergeant Miller's mess made me a very good supper. We had orders to stay in camp so I did not go up town as I had intended, but contented myself by currying my horse and making down my bed on the grass. I was very tired and sleepy and went to bed early. I slept very well. The dew fell heavy during the night.

Tuesday July 14th, 1863. Weather pleasant. We again got corn from stables to feed on and made our breakfast on crackers and cheese, then saddled up and left town and passed to our place in front of the command. Part of the command were just saddling up. We did not go far till we left the command by taking a road to the right. The command went straight on. I learned that our regiment (the 14th Ky.) was going on a scout to Georgetown, Ohio. We traveled steady and lively keeping a good look out for bushwhackers. Nothing of interest occurred. We came in sight of Georgetown about twelve o'clock. Sergeant Miller called for volunteers to go on detail. Myself, Henry Beach, Ed Loney, Henry Allen and Tap Carpenter volunteered thinking it was to be Provost Guards in town, which would have given us a good chance to get plenty to eat, also a chance to get in the stores first, but the detail was for picket much to our disappointment and too late to go back. Corporal Ed Loney, Henry Beach and Henry Allen stopped near a house in sight of town. Myself and Tap Carpenter went on guard first. We went back about a quarter of a mile to a fork in the road and took our position. In looking around I noticed something close to the ground on the inside of the fence within twenty feet of me which looked like the face of some person. I hallowed get up there nobody's going to hurt you, and up jumped a young man from behind the fence. We asked him what he was going [doing?] there. He said that he was hiding because he was afraid that we would hurt him. We detained him a few minutes and let him go. Tap Carpenter took a canteen to the next house and got some water and a piece of bread. There was a house on the left fork of the road about three hundred yards off that I kept a close watch on. The women watched us so closely that I began to suspicion the inmates of being bushwhackers. I stayed on picket and sent Tap Carpenter to a good looking house to engage dinner, which we intended to eat as soon as the other two pickets took our places. While he was gone one of the ladies at the suspicioned house brought me some bread and a couple of pies in a newspaper, a favor quite unlooked for. She said that she thought that we must be hungry. I thanked her and she returned to the house. Tap came back and said that he had engaged our dinner. We eat our snack. We detained several citizens half an hour. Nothing of interest occurred. We told them that the whole division would be along in an hour or less, as we were told to do to keep our real situation in the dark. One man run when we halted him, but we did not fire on him.
as he was a scared citizen. We had been on picket about an hour and a
half when Cor. Lonnery came within hollowing distance and told us to come
on in a hurry that the regiment had left town. We were leaving just as the
gentleman that Tap had engaged our dinner of came across the fields to
us and said that he had a good dinner ready for us. We thanked him for
his trouble and told him that we could not stop to enjoy it. We went to
town in a lop. The rear guard was leaving town. We did not stop, but
went on to our company. I did not see much of Georgetown. It appeared
to be a very good looking little place. We halted to rest and Sergeant Miller
go so tight that he could hardly ride at all. On reaching the town of North
Union, O., a citizen shot at John Messick of the advance guard missing him
and killing another citizen. We halted a few minutes and moved on till we
came to the town of West Liberty, Ohio. We crossed a bridge over a
little creek passing through town and camping in a stable lot on the other
side. We got corn from the stable to feed on. I went down to the tavern
and took a good wash intending to take supper but Col. Morgan ordered
us to camp. The bridge that we crossed was [burned?] by order of the
Colonel which all the boys thought was unnecessary as any pursuing force
could easily ford on either side. I got a big water can and filled it, at the same time begging a loaf of bread. Then returned to
camp. A couple of the boys came in with a jar of preserves, a jar of
honey, two crocks of milk, some butter, etc. from somebody's spring house.
We sat down and ate a very good supper. We made people believe that the
whole division would be along in an hour or so to keep them from making
any resistance. I went down with two with Sergeant Simon [S. F.] Ferrill [or
Torrill] of my company to see a lady who had a husband in the southern
army. She gave the Sergeant a letter and we returned to camp. I noticed
by the show bills that was pasted on the blacksmith shops that a circus was
but a few days ahead of us. About dusk we fell in line and moved on.
After riding two hours we took the wrong road and had to turn back half
a mile. Then went down a long rough steep road and came to the Sciota
[Scioto] river and rode along its bank in a deep sandy beach almost in a keen
jump. It was very dark and several of the boys horses stumbled over stumps
and logs throwing them on the sand. We soon got to Jacksville, Ohio where
we found the command camped near the river. Some were sitting around
the camp fires cooking, others were sleeping. We passed through town
leaving the curious sight of the many camp fires sparkling in the darkness,
and camped in sight of town in a lot on the right. I did not see enough
of the town to form an opinion of it. We had nothing for our horses, so we
unsaddled and slept on the grass. The dew fell heavy.

Wednesday July 15th, 1863. Weather pleasant. I woke up and found my
horse loose. Each fellow got a bundle of wheat and fed it to his horse. We
saddled up and took the road to the right from town. The road on both
sides was strown with loose wheat where part of the command had been
feeding. Some times as in this case corn could not be found to feed on and
we were compelled to feed on wheat to keep our horses alive. We were
beginning to be anxious to get on the south side of the Ohio river again for
we knew from what the papers said that there was a large Yankee force
following us some where in our rear. 24 but we felt confident of being able
to keep out of their way. We rode steady all day, stopping near dark at a
farm house and feeding. We had dusty roads again today. We had passed
through several small places that I did not learn the names of. I got a small
piece of meat and bread and as much milk as I could drink. The boys
generally broke into the nearest spring house as soon as we stopped to feed
or camp. After our horses were done eating we moved on and rode leisurely
all night. The boys got so sleepy that they could hardly ride. Once I dropped
my gun. At another time my hat, but as soon as they fell I woke up and
recovered them. We rode on till day.

Thursday July 16th, 1863. Weather pleasant. Awhile after day we halted
in a stable yard and fed. While feeding the command passed us. The
Colonel did not order us to move till he got his breakfast. We then rode
lively being in the rear of the command. About twelve o'clock we came to a
little town on the Sciota river and the Cincinnati and Dayton canal.
At first I thought that the whole town was on fire. On entering the place I found
that our men had fired a canal boat that was in the employ of the U. S.
government, and a mill caught fire from this, and the flying sparks fired a
stable or two. The command, I was told tried to put out the fire on the
mill, but it was a windy day and their efforts were unsuccessful. We halted
half an hour in town. The command had left. The boys got whiskey by the
bucket full. I got a large bottle full to take along but changed my mind
and poured it out, fearing that it might be the cause of somebody getting too
drunk to ride, and be left behind. We all knew very well that all that strayed
too far or got left behind was either killed or captured by the bushwhackers.
We left town and as we were fording the Sciota river the bushwhackers
commenced firing at us from the hills. We had a bad place to ford. As
fast as we got across we formed in line to defend or protect some buggys
and spring wagons containing our sick and wounded while fording. These
vehicles were all captured or pressed on the raid, most of them since crossing
the Ohio river. All got across safe, and as we moved on the firing became
more rapid. Sergeant George [W.] Brown's horse received a shot in the
head. We could see the fence and bushes across the river and canal on the

24 From the time they had crossed into Indiana, Morgan and his men had been
pursued by General Edward Henry Hobson's command. At Buffalo Island of
the force of General Henry M. Judah which had advanced from Tennessee made
a separate attack on Morgan's force while Hobson engaged them from another
direction. Duke indicates that one object of the raid had been to drive Judah's forces
side of the hill where the smoke came from, but we could see nothing to shoot at, and did not fire in return, but rode out of their way in a few minutes. We went about two miles and came to another little town. I stopped at a house to get something to eat and met Pa burning also. The lady gave us her last pie which we divided and rode on. The regiment rode lively till near dusk, when we caught up with the command and commenced crowding past to get to the front. The command halted in another little town. It was dark enough for candle light when we all got past. We then halted in a lot on the left near a large white house. We formed in lines each company by its self one behind another and dismounted to rest. I went to the crib and got a heavy feed for my horse and had some trouble in finding my horse again. I then went to the house and took a good wash to get the dust out of my eyes. Supper was just ready so I then took supper with some fifteen or twenty others at the house. I was hoping that we would all get a good night's sleep when I heard the almost unwelcome order of Mount Your horses, but I was willing to go ahead when the officers thought it necessary. The command had nearly all passed so we had to double quick to get in advance again. We had been in the rear all day. After riding three or four miles at a lively gate we camped on the right of the road in a lot next to a stable. The house where the Colonel put up was opposite. We unsaddled and made our beds down. Ben Young and others got into a dairy and got a lot of put up cherries. I slept well. The dew fell heavy during the night.

Friday July 17th, 1863. Weather pleasant. We fed our horses well again, but found but little for ourselves. We saddled up and moved on. In an hour or two a detail was made from each section in our company to get something to eat for the men. I was one of the detail. We went ahead to the vidette who would not let us pass so I visited the houses as I came to them in the rear of the vidette. A couple of us went to a house and found no person at home, but a couple of little children. We looked into the cupboard and found some milk and a little bread. Then we got into a large jar of honey and eat as much as we wanted. We saw the lady of the house coming and covered up the honey again. When she came in we asked her to cook some bread for us. She willingly went to work at it saying that she was a butternut or a copperhead 28 as the abolitionists called them. The command had nearly all passed and my bread was just put in the oven. I told the other fellow that I could not wait for the bread and he agreed to wait for it. I caught up with my regiment just before entering the town of Jackson. Ohio. We halted awhile in town. I made my report with a hand full of bread. Some got more and others none. There is some fine houses in

28 Both butternut and copperhead were terms generally used during the Civil War to describe an opponent to the Union effort. More precise definitions vary greatly depending on the source.

Jackson, and taking it altogether it is a very good looking place. After standing in the street awhile we moved into a lot on the other side of town and watered our horses at a branch in the next lot. Commissary H. C. Moore brought some hams from town. Co. B drew one but before we had time to divide it among the messes orders came to mount immediately. Several of us agreed to take it turn about carrying the ham. We went to town and took a road to the right, and found more than half of the command ahead of us, so we commenced double quicking to get in the advance again. I carried our ham awhile and gave it to one of the other boys. After two or three more had taken a turn the ham was thrown away. It was too unhandy to carry on a double quick through the crowded road. I understood that the depot and some cars had been burned at Jackson. We rode along near the railroad for some distance. It was lined with burning cord wood. All the cowgaps and bridges were burning also. We got in advance but not without raising a terrible dust, and incurring the displeasure of acting Brigadeir Gen. Basil Duke. We came to a halt near a little town on a branch of the Cincinnati and Marietta [Marietta] railroad. We dismounted to fight. Our advance vidette Thomas Murphy had been dangerously wounded by a shot from some bushwhackers as soon as he entered town. In counting off I came out number three. Our boys deployed forward. A piece of our artillery came to the front. We took the horses in the woods on our left. We saw some home guards in a point of woods. Three or four shells was thrown at them and they left. The boys all mounted and we started to follow them, but the order was countermanded. We moved through the town without further trouble. Soon after passing the houses of some butternut citizens who gave us all the milk, bread, butter, etc. they could raise. They were in favor of Vallandingham for their next governor. 29 The horse pressing detail was still attending to business. We halted about an hour before sun down and camped in a lot on the right near a stable and house. The people had run off and left the house. We found plenty of corn for our horses. The boys got into the house cleaning it of everything fit to eat. I found a comic picture of Jeff Davis hanging on the gallows. The picture was framed and hanging over the mantel piece of the sitting room. One of the boys found a picture of Abe Lincoln in a Magazine and cut it out and pasted it over the picture of Jeff Davis, so as to represent Lincoln hanging instead of Davis. I guess the family raised a howl when they saw it. We made our supper off of milk, bread and preserves. Some of the boys out too far from camp was fired on and six or seven of us took our guns and walked out across the fields a few hundred yards and seeing some citizens we hailed them. They did not answer but started to run. We fired a shot or two at them and returned

29 Clement L. Vallandingham was a prominent Ohio copperhead and member of the Federal House of Representatives until defeated in the fall election of 1862. He was nominated for Governor of Ohio on the 1863 Democratic party ticket but was overwhelmingly defeated. W. H. Van Fossen, "Clement L. Vallandigham," Ohio Archaeological and Historical Publications, XXIII (1914), 256-67.
to camp. Several of us went to a little branch that run through our camp and took a good wash. We unsaddled and made our beds down on the grass, I was glad that we were going to have a good nights rest, but something told me that we ought to ride all night, which would take us to the Ohio river and once across we would be safe. Several of the boys remarked that we ought to keep moving although they were in need of rest. Nothing disturbed us during the night, and I slept fine.

Saturday July 18th, 1863. Weather pleasant. We fed our horses well and saddled up. We moved early passing through the little village of D, where we saw a company of Sappers and miners from our command with axes and shovels. The planks had been removed from the floor of a little bridge in the village by the home guards and hid so we had to go some distance around it to get by. We rode lively till about twelve o'clock when we came to a place in the road that was blockaded with trees cut across the road which brought us to a halt. We were within a few miles of Pome [e]roy, O. on the Ohio river where we intended going. The blockade was in a place where the road run between hills, besides it was defended by a strong force of home guards and bushwhackers to prevent our clearing away the obstructions. While we were waiting orders a lot of us went to a large white house on our right and got as much milk, bread, preserves, molasses, honey, etc. as we could eat and took some to the balance of the boys. The people had run off from home. Where people stayed at home and behaved themselves we did not disturb the house, but where people run away from home we rated them as home guards or bushwhackers, and took everything in the way of something to eat in the house. We waited about an hour and finding that we would loose too much time in clearing out the obstructions we turned back nearly a mile and took a road to our right. The road was in a bottom or valley following the course of a branch. As usual the dust flew in clouds. We did not go far before the advance guard was stopped by a volley from home guards on a high bluff of rocks in a fork in the road. A ridge on our left sheltered us. We dismounted to fight. The enemy's firing sounded as if it was nearing the fence on top of the ridge. So we hurried up to get to the fence first. On reaching the fence we were surprised to find a deep wide valley with the left fork of the road between us and the enemy. We were ordered not to waste our ammunition as they were too far off to do any execution. Their spent balls passed over us once in a while. We fired a shot at a tree to get the old loads out and load fresh again. Co. C. and D. with assistance of Johnson's regiment dismounted and took up the

---

87 "There is attached to the corps of engineers a company of sappers, miners, and pontoniers, called engineer soldiers. . . . In marches near an enemy, every column should have with its advance guard a detachment of sappers, furnished with tools to open the way or repair the road." Scott, Military Dictionary, 545.

88 Colonel Adam R. Johnson's part in the battle at Buffington Island is described by Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 450-51. Johnson escaped capture, collected the remnants of Morgan's troops, and reorganized them in Tennessee in August, 1863. Ibid., 453, 460, 507.

hill on the right and flanked the party at the bluff driving them off. The right hand fork of the road led to the river but it was strongly blockaded. I could see the black clouds of smoke rising from the gunboats and transports on the other side of the hills in front of us. I was surprised to find that we were so close to the Ohio river. We mounted our horses and took the left fork about five hundred yards and dismounted to fight again. We nearly reached the enemy's old position on the bluff where we were ordered back to our horses, the firing had ceased and we moved on the road still following the course of the branch with high hills and ridges on either side. The road was of gravel and a very good one. The rumor was that we were going some distance up the river and cross into Virginia. I began to wish that Gen. Morgan would take us to the river so high up that the gunboats could not get at us. We were bothered a great deal by the bushwhackers firing on us from the hills. In several places I saw them walking leisurely along firing and loading. I heard of several persons being wounded by them. We came to a place where the bridge was destroyed. The planks were taken off and hid and the balance burnt. The branch on both sides of the bridge was filled with fallen trees. The water was two or three feet deep and not running. Our only chance was to fill the branch up and make a solid bridge. Our regiment was dismounted to help the sappers and miners. We carried logs, rails, rocks, and dirt, throwing them in the branch till the pile was well out of the water then took the planks of the old bridge and made a good floor on ours. We cut the bank a little and the bridge was completed to the satisfaction of Gen. Morgan who was present. We had worked like Turks making some citizens living near work also. We mounted and moved on. Every mile or so we would come to places where trees were cut across the road. The advance guard would sing out, Sappers and Miners to the front!! pass it back!! The sappers and miners would pass us in a jump and go to clearing the road. We would hardly stop but pick our way around the obstacle and dash ahead to the next blockade. Sometimes the sappers and miners would be called for in front before finishing their last job. We made all the citizens we could catch help clear the road. In this way the command did not have to wait. At last we got ahead of the blockades and double quicked five miles to the town of Chester, Ohio. We halted in the street and dismounted to rest. We opened a store and found a lot of provisions cooked in boxes and baskets that had been cooked for home guards who were to collect to blockade the roads, but we made good use of all the good things. I got two hats, a few yards of cotton and calico, a new curry comb and brush, a hand full of nutmegs and a few other little tricks. The command coming up we mounted our horses and moved a square down the street and halted a few minutes. One of the boys went into a grocery and brought us out some hard cider. Then we rode hard till dusk when we halted and dismounted to fight. We were told that we were within a half a mile of the Ohio river. The advance guard went ahead. We received no orders to move forward so we laid around by our horses and all came
near going to sleep. The General and staff passed us. We mounted our horses and rode quietly down a lane and halted within a hundred yards of the river. We were ordered not to unsaddle or make any noise. We dismounted and sit or lay in the fence corners holding our horses. Everything was quiet except a shot now and then from the advance guard and a scout from the regiment who were after home guards. Three or four squads of prisoners passed us to the rear. A thick fog arose and the night grew very chilly. I was detailed about midnight with nine others under Lieut. [K. F.] Pettidicord [or Peddicord] to cross the river in a couple of skiffs, and hunt for boats to cross the command in. We went to the river and the fog was so thick that we could not see ten feet before us. We could not see how wide the river was or anything about it. We had a citizen with us but he did not give us any information that was satisfactory. We stumbled around there for awhile and the Lieut. postponed the project till day light. We were chilled through. I could hardly have put a cap on my gun, and we were glad to return to our horses. The boys made a few small rail fires, but were soon ordered to put them out for fear that the Yanks would see them and send a gun boat up and shell us. We could hear the boats puffing away on the river below us. I laid three rails near a deadened fire and slept about ten minutes.

Sunday July 19th, 1863. Weather clear. Day light came slow. We went to a stable and got corn for our horses before the fog had cleared off. After feeding we rode down the river bank four or five hundred yards to a little village called Portland, Ohio where we dismounted to rest. I went to a house and got some bread and meat. About half of the people had left their houses. I had not been in town more than half an hour when a detail of thirty men was called for to strengthen the pickets a few hundred yards below town. Sergeant Miller detailed me for one. We all went to the picket base and halted. We learned that one of our Brigades had taken some earthworks and a piece of artillery a short distance below us. About fifteen prisoners passed to the rear. We were on the river bank. Three or four of us gave our horses in charge of others and went down to the river and took a wash. We heard the boats puffing very plainly and hurried to our horses. Buffington Island lay just below us. In five minutes more a shell burst some distance below us. The next one burst nearer on a bee line with us. We knew at once that the Yanks were shelling us. I dismounted and held my horse. The next shell burst sight [right?] over us about fifty feet high. The boys commenced moving back slow, and I led my horse thinking it safer from the shells. Then two or three of the boats as it followed us up the river shelling us every few minutes. I saw a shell or solid shot strike the ground within two feet of the heels of a horse in the rear of one of the regiments, giving both horse and rider a shower of dirt. On reaching the hills our regiment bore a little too far to the left and got separated from the rest of the command. Myself, Henry Allen, Sergeant Brown and several others in going through the thick woods and bushes got separated from the regiment. We could hear them ahead of us. Sergeant Brown dropped a bundle and as he was leading an extra horse I dismounted and got it for him. The Yanks getting pretty close in our rear, we moved on. I took the lead. We crossed gullies, climbed steep banks, through thick matted undergrowth that I would have thought impossible to do. I felt proud of my horse for the manner in which he carried me through. In climbing a steep bank a grape vine took off my hat and nearly pulled me off my horse. I had to choose between my hat and my gun which I would lose. I concluded to let the hat go and save my gun and went on without going back for it. I reached an open road and found myself alone. I passed several pieces of our artillery upside down in a ditch with the horses out loose. I soon found the regiment. A shell or two passed over us about tree top high showing that the Yanks were determined to shell us as long as [we] were within range. We still had hopes of getting with the balance of the command. The Yanks came up and fired into our rear. Co. A dismounted and fought them till the balance of the regiment reached a rive in the woods, and formed a line. We dismounted to fight and advanced about twenty-five yards. We stood behind trees waiting for the enemy to come up again. There was about two hundred stragglers from other regiments with us. They attempted to get away while we were in line, but they did not go more than a few hundred yards when a sharp fire was opened on them from the front and they came back in a hurry. Nothing coming up in the rear we mounted our horses, but had hardly done so when the Yanks came up and fired into us. We moved back slowly firing a few shots. I saw one Yankee horse loose in their front without a rider. No one hurt on our side. We soon found out that we were surrounded and cut off from the command entirely. Some of the officers by order of Col. Dick Morgan who had been lost and just got with us, raised a white flag in the shape of a handkerchief on a ram rod. I left the regiment and took a road to the left in hopes of getting away. I did not go far till I met three or four of our boys coming back. They said that they had tried to get out on several roads but the Yanks were all around us. I picked up a new hat that was too large for me and went back with them to the regiment. While Col. Dick Morgan was making the conditions of our surrender, we threw away nearly everything that we had got on the raid. All of the pistols were thrown as far into the bushes as we could throw them. Some were thrown away in pieces. I met Pa looking as if he had lost something. I laughed and told him that we were trapped and had better make the best of it. Some of the boys even threw away greenbacks and watches for fear that the Yanks would treat them rough if they found such things about them. We cleared our saddles of everything new. There was enough things scattered through the woods to set up quite a respectable variety store. I got a hat to fit me. Most of us put on what ready made clothing we had on hand. There was some tights or ten left
us with the bold intention of cutting their way out. We mounted our
places and rode four or five hundred yards down the road handing a Yank
our guns as we passed. This made the second gun the Yanks had gotten
from me. We came to where two or three regiments of Yankee cavalry and
and some artillery were in line. We formed in two lines in front of them
and were counted. The boys gave their spurs to the Yanks standing around.
I called a young Yank and told him to take mine off and he did so thanking
me for them. We then dismounted and stood in front of our horses. I
loosened my saddle girl and slipped my bed comfort out knowing that I
would need it to sleep on. I also took my journal from my saddle pockets
and wrapped it up in the comfort, feeling very uneasy for its safety. We
went through a light examination for arms and were marched into a field
near by in the shade. We silently bid our horses good-by as they were led
away. It was very warm and we were all very thirsty. Some of the Yankees
took our canteens to a spring and filled them for us. We were impressed
with the unwelcome fact that we were no longer at liberty to do as we pleased.
We were all in hopes that our being captured would give the rest of the
command ample opportunity to escape from the large army in pursuit. Pa
came across Lt. J. S. Pankey who before the war was one of his best marble
agents in business. Lieut. Pankey said he would do anything he could for
us. He appeared a little tipsy and gave me a fifty cent green back bill and
would not let me give it back. We then marched through the dust back
to our old camp near the river, a distance of three miles. Where we found
Lieut. Petticord and a lot more or [of] our boys. We halted in the middle of a
wheat field with infantry guards around us. I noticed a good many pieces
of artillery also our own pieces that the Yanks got before we could get them
out of the bottom. I saw but one of our men dead on the field, but I heard
that our loss in killed was five. In an hour or two Cols. Basil Duke and D.
Howard Smith with about a hundred more of our command was brought
in. The boys were all sorry that Duke was captured, but they cheered him
when they found he was unharmed. The Yanks issued some fat bacon
and army crackers to us, and I picked up one of their haversacks with a
tin cup and spoon in it. I soon silenced all honest scruples and kept them.
They were just the things that I needed. The guards and by standers
handed us the nearest wheat shocks to sit on and sleep on. I opened three
or four bundles of wheat and spread it on the ground myself. Henry White
and Leven [P.] Young [Jr.] slept on it; and covered with my comfort. It
was a warm one and the only thing in the mess in the way of bedding
I slept very well.

**Colonel Dahney Howard Smith had raised the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry
regiment during Bragg's occupation of Kentucky; he was assigned to Morgan's command in
February, 1863. Ibid., 359.**

Monday July 20th, 1863. Weather pleasant. The first thing that I saw
on rising and looking around was the grim visages of four pieces of artillery
placed in a half circle around us, and so close that I could see down their
polished throats. They had been stationed around us to keep us from
breaking through the guards in the night. Jack Curd woke up rubbing
his eyes and exclaimed in his comical way, “By golly who authorized these
Yanks to take my picture so early this morning.” We had some crackers
and bacon issued to us again. We made little chip fires and cooked our
meat on sticks. Then we were marched into Portland and halted on the
river bank where the Yanks commenced searching us, taking everything
we had. Most of the boys threw away what little they had left. I was
afraid that my journal would be taken from me so I hid most of it in my
comfort and the rest I hid under the sand where I was sitting. The bank
above us was crowded with union citizens and soldiers looking at us, making
it hard to hide anything. Fortunately before it came to my turn to be
searched Major Coffee of Wofford's cavalry came along and stopped the
search, making the Yanks give back the things that they had taken. Major
Coffee was once a prisoner in the hands of Morgan's command and had
been treated well. I found all of my papers again, but three or four days
items of the raid. There was three steamboats at the landing to take us
to Cincinnati. I saw Thomas Wingo carried on board in a cot. Two boats
loaded with infantry passed up the river still on the chase. The last we h[e]ard
from the command they were still skedaddling. They started to ford about
seven miles above but the boats came up and shelled them so that only about
four hundred and Col. Johnson got across and escaped. Some few were drowned
in the river, and Gen. Morgan and the balance struck out into the interior
again. The Yanks said that the river was so low that they could not take
us on there, so we had to walk about seven miles through the dust down
the river. We halted about half way to rest and stayed an hour at the river.
Most of the boys went in wading by permission of the officer in charge of
us. I took a good wash and felt a great deal better. It was late in the evening
when all of us some five or six hundred in number got settled on board of the
steamboats. My regiment was on board the Ingomar. The Starlight and the
Henry Logan carried the balance of the prisoners. We went to the town of
Raven Wood [now Ravenswood, W.Va.] and laid over till day. We slept on deck. The night was chilly.

---

48 In the spring of 1862 after the Battle of Shiloh Morgan conducted a raid into
Tennessee. At Cave City he captured a train on which Major Coffee was a passenger.
He was paroled to seek exchange for a Confederate officer who was a friend of
Morgan. Ibid., 163, 167. Colonel Frank Wofford had been captured earlier in this
same raid. Ibid., 160.