Curtis R. Burke's Civil War Journal

Edited by Pamela J. Bennett
Contributed by Richard A. Misselhorn*

In this fourth installment of his Civil War journal Burke completes his account of his approximately thirty-two months as a Confederate soldier and prisoner of war. This final segment of his record covers just over five months; Burke's last eight weeks as a prisoner in Camp Douglas, Chicago, his exchange trip in March, 1865, to Richmond, Virginia, his subsequent wanderings with his friend Henry White until just after the close of the war, and his return to Lexington, Kentucky, in early June provide the narrative framework.

Burke has shown in the previously published material that he often has an eye for significant detail and a terse manner of relating incidents that aptly indicates the amusement, distress, anger, or somewhat stoic indifference that he feels. This ability is more often evident in the material related after his release from prison. Reading through this part of the journal one can almost experience Burke's emotions as he nears and finally becomes a part of the South once more. The hardships of the exchange trip are lightly treated; places evoke memories of family and former times; cheering, singing, and reunion with other returning prisoners show clearly the forbearing joy of the soldiers. Burke is curious about the South and explores, making clear his pleasure at the beauties of the southern spring and the benefits of freedom. Typically amusing is his almost naive bravado at putting off the rumored hardships of Libby Prison in Richmond; typically southern is his racial attitude evident in his recorded remarks about blacks and black soldiers in particular.

His record in places is idyllic—picking flowers and settling down in a wild strawberry patch—in places is romantic—his attempt at courtship and his trip on the Mississippi River, for example. Mainly, however, Burke's journal straightforwardly and simply records a poignant picture of how the defeated South appeared to him. Burke returns to the South just before defeat comes; his disbelief at Richmond's evacuation and his determination to continue the fight in Texas reflect the spirit usually attributed to the South during the Civil War. But as he witnesses Jefferson Davis' flight, takes part in the final payment of troops, and continues through the South with

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*Richard A. Misselhorn is professor of oral diagnosis at the Indiana University School of Dentistry, Indianapolis. Dr. Misselhorn owns the existing journal and it is published with his permission. Burke's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Curtis E. Burke of Indianapolis, indicates that Burke after the war was in the monument business in Versailles, Kentucky, and was married three times. The two children of his first marriage are deceased; Curtis E., the only child of his second marriage is also deceased. Mabel E. Burke to Pamela J. Bennett, April 9, 1971.
White, the desolation and destruction, the prevalence of Yankee troops, newspaper reports, and the lack of jobs make clear the extent of the defeat suffered. Burke’s lament after White’s sister rejects him is “another ‘Lost Cause’ on my shoulders,” and it is probably representative of the frustrated hopes of many such young men. When his only hope is to return to Kentucky, Burke finally takes the Oath of Allegiance—the merely formal recognition of an end to his rebellion—in order to get transportation home. His final overwhelming concern, however, seems to be for his Confederate uniform. He ends his journal with two poems typical of the sentimental, heroic spirit of the southern rebellion—hopeless yet gallant.

It would be incorrect to attribute too much importance to this journal, even though it is somewhat unusual in the mass of Civil War materials. Many Hoosiers will find the Morgan’s Raid portion most interesting; there are apparently some new, or previously unpublicized, details about Camp Douglas; perhaps, information about Burke’s experiences will provide an occasional insight for some researcher. But Burke himself always returns as the central interest—a young man experiencing unforgettable episodes of his life. Like many other veterans his later life was probably marked by his memories of the war, but Burke had the concrete reminder of his “journal.” Near the end of his life he returned to that account and no doubt experienced anew the events he had lived through decades before. The last entry for June 7, 1865, ends with obvious summation, but here as elsewhere it is difficult to tell—and not really worth speculating—where Burke’s original “journal” merges with reminiscence. Such distinctions are not ultimately important. Burke’s account—whether colored by time or not—must stand as a significant contribution to the diverse record of that conflict compiled by statesmen, officers, citizens, and common soldiers from both the North and the South.

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1 In editing this journal the typescript has been followed exactly except as here indicated. Dates for the entries in the typescript 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. When possible without distortion, Burke’s lists have been paragraphed and appropriate punctuation has been added. Reproduced notices, songs, and documents in the journal have been set here in reduced type. Only a few obvious typing errors have been corrected; otherwise misspellings have been allowed to remain. Confusing spellings usually have a suggested alternative in brackets. Capitalization is unchanged. Burke’s use of the apostrophes in the possessive is quite erratic; the typescript is followed without change. Obvious repetitions have been omitted. Names and place names supplied from an outside source are corrected in brackets in the text or given correctly in notes. Where text has been omitted in the journal published here, significant events are briefly summarized within brackets. These summaries include only those events which Burke’s journal relates. Page numbers from the typescript are indicated in parentheses when the journal is quoted in the summaries. A row of spaced periods indicates that entries have been omitted and that summaries have been judged unnecessary. The consistent dating readily indicates the total time lapse of both summaries and omissions. Notes are entirely omitted for various names and events which could not be adequately identified.
prisoner who enters a forbidden area to recover clothes blown from his window at the convalescent ward; the shots missed him but wounded the leg of the man inside the convalescent ward. Burke mentions on January 7 that letters from home are urging the men to go out on the oath of allegiance because exchange is hopeless. By the eighth Burke indicates that they have almost given up hope of extra rations promised by Confederate General William N. B. Beall in December.

On the tenth "Some of the know-nothings overheads that arrived a few days ago from every where came to our barrack. They professed that they were citizens of the U. S. and did not know what they were imprisoned for" (p. 292). Several men get merry on plantation bitters bought illegally from the sutler on January 12. Also Burke indicates on this day that "Prisoners are going out on the oath pretty lively in the last few days" (p. 293). There are further punishments devised; one very simply is standing in line on a foot outside in the cold. On the eighteenth Burke records that "A new mule has been made for the prisoners benefit. It is about fifteen feet high and twelve feet long. It looks like a big treatle, and is about two inches wide on top, rather too sharp to ride comfortably, besides there is no stirrup and the legs are allowed to swing clear and free" (p. 395).

Tuesday January 24th, 1865. Weather cold. It is my 23d birthday. I and Henry and our nearest neighbors (Jo R. Jenkins and Aom. T. Boulware) joined funds for a big dumpling dinner. I made the dumplings, etc. I put a lb. of butter and a lb. of sugar and some spice in our sauce. Our Bill of Fare was as follows: Boiled Beef, Bean Soup, Soft Bread, Salt, pepper, vinegar. Delicacies. Dumplings with sauce, Ginger cake [with sauce], Vinegar Pie, Apples. We invited one of the cooks. Out of 31 large apple dumplings I and Henry eat 5 each and the other three eat 4 each, leaving 8 for breakfast. We have

2 The report of the special commission to investigate this incident is in The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies (70 vols., Washington, 1880-1901), Ser. II, Vol. VII, 66-67. The set cited hereafter as Official Records. In the record of the date of the incident is January 7 at 9 A.M. Only one guard was investigated and cleared of negligence in the matter.

Beall had been paroled by the Federal Government to handle supplies for Confederate prisoners of war. During January, 1865, he was plagued with rearrests by the Federals, generally misunderstandings about his duties, and difficulties with the shipment of Southern cotton which was to pay for the supplies. By February 6 Beall reported that a shipment of supplies was sent to the prison at Elmira, New York, even though procedural problems continued. The cotton was finally received and sold and supplies were sent to prisoners at various stations. See for example ibid., Vol. VII, 13-15, 21-32, 39; Vol. VIII, 114, 123-24, 132-35, 152-92, 218, passim. On September 14, 1865, Beall addressed a letter to Confederate prisoners of war reporting on his mission and giving a chart of supplies sent to Federal prisoners; he asked newspapers to copy the communications. Ibid., Vol. VIII, 152-92, passim.

4 "The old reliable [home remedy] for general purposes was the bottle of bitters concocted according to various favorite recipes from dawberry, cranberrys, wild cherry, yellow poplar, or saripallis—stewed, crushed, distilled, and cooed with witch hazel leaves, cider, whiskey, or brandy, and sumac or bitter roots... These bitters were good for choler and jaundice, 'Yaller jenders,' phthisic (tuberculosis), whooping cough, colds, colds, coughs, colds, colds, colds, colds, colds, colds, colds...

Buley, The Old Northwest: Pioneer Period, 1815-1850 (2 vols., Indianapolis, 1950), 1, 261. The prisoners had managed to get a prescription from the doctor for the bitters and improved their opportunity with "about a dozen bottles" of the contraband substance. "Plantation Bitters" probably is brand.

heavy exchange rumors again. We paid our spare bread for washing. There are a great many who wash clothes for something to eat.

[Beare records two more forms of punishment: roll call outside in freezing weather and acting circus on the barracks' rafters "to the amusement of the guards and prisoners" (p. 397). "We are pleased to see an announcement in the papers that a general exchange will commence about the 1st of February" comments Burke on January 26 (p. 397).]

Friday January 27th, 1865. Weather cold. It was announced that letters for money, clothing etc. would be approved at the express office today by Lt. Fife. A string of 300 or more soon formed at the express office and stood shivering in the cold waiting for their turns to go in. I took our frozen beef and bread and with the aid of a few onions and potatoes made a big mess of hash. We had to cook it on the sky of the coal stoves as we would be severely punished if the guards caught us. I put Henry on picket while I did the cooking. The prisoners are still going out on the oath pretty lively. The boys in our barrack cry out "Another states gone out", every time they see a fellow going out on the oath or "the dog" as some of them call it. We sang Yankee Doodle.

Sunday January 29th, 1865. Weather pleasant. Inspection in the house consisting of a thoro cleaning of bunks and about five minutes attention in line in the center of the floor. Six guns were fired near sunset and about 40 or 50 citizens in line marched in the prison square to examine the quarters. They did not stay long as they were hurled out by the guards for fear they would converse too freely with the prisoners. About midnight two patrol guards came in our barracks and caught one of the men sitting by one of the stoves smoking, and made him climb up on one of the rafters and act circus. He was sitting astraddle of the rafter to blow. After performing numerous feats, when I gave Henry a punch in the short ribs to wake him up to

5 The prime movers in effecting this general exchange of prisoners apparently were General Ulysses S. Grant and Robert Gould, Confederate agent of exchange. After many delays and mechanical problems of transportation and delivery, paroled prisoners in significant numbers actually began arriving at their own lines in early February. Grant expected mutual delivery of about 5,000 prisoners per week on each side. See Official Records, Ser. II, Vol. VIII, 150, passim. A man who took the oath of allegiance was usually freed and allowed to return to live in territory within the Federal lines. In a parole a man gave his word that he would not fight until exchanged. A man who was exchanged was free to fight again and Direct exchange sometimes took place in the field between commanding officers. In a general exchange between the two governments prisoners were paroled and delivered to the enemy's lines at specified points; a declaration of exchanges was eventually made covering all men in a certain period of time, which was dependent on the number of prisoners delivered.
see the performance. I pointed to the actor and whispered to him to look and keep quiet. He looked rubbed his eyes and looked again and said "That is nothing but some body's old cloths hanging there". But he soon discovered his mistake as the guard ordered the performance to go on. Just then someone woke up and not knowing that a guard was in the house spit on the floor. The guard immediately ordered him out of his bunk and made him take the place of the man on the rafter who was glad enough to get off. The second actor performed about half an hour and was dismissed. Soon after all had quieted down a prisoner in the barrack by the name of Wm. Berry, an Alabamian was caught stealing bread from the kitchen which caused a little disturbance.

Monday January 30th, 1865. Weather pleasant. I received a letter from Uncle H. S. Bishop of Cleveland Ohio. The men in the barrack after consulting over the bread robbery case turned Berry over into the hands of the cooks, who decided to strap him. A barrel was brought in and put in the center of the floor and Berry was laid across the barrel with his pants down. Bolin Roberts took the strap and struck him 22 times making him beg considerably. He was then dismissed and walked to his bunk and went to bed looking very sullen. Just before the retiring bugle blew I got so very hungry that I had to bum something to eat from my friends, as we were out of provisions and money. A lively set of guards visited us at night.

Tuesday January 31st, 1865. Weather pleasant. There is still a little ice and snow on the ground. It appears that the patrole guards that were on duty last night were drinking rather too freely and treated a good many prisoners badly. They went the grand round. Commencing at barrack No. 1, but did not find any pretext to punish anyone till they came to barrack No. 5 where some persons was talking, and the men in the whole barrack (some 200) were roused out of their bunks and formed in a line in front of their barrack for an hour standing on one foot, and several guards walking in the rear of the line to give any person a rap across the shoulders that was unlucky enough to be caught with his foot down. Several men in the same barrack were caught sitting at the stove. They were made to put their feet in the second bunk and their hands on the floor, and in this position they were whipped with belts by the guards just as a negro would be whipped or worse. Nos. 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 18, 19, were very roughly handled. All of the men in one whole barrack was made to stand out awhile and then bare themselves and sit on the snow and ice till they melted through to the ground. There were 10 or 12 men
whipped altogether in the same manner as those in No. 5. At last the guards came across a big double fistled rebel who refused to be whipped, and said he would die defending himself. They shook their pistols in his face and told him that he was too willing to die, then left him and their sport ceased. A committee for the prisoners informed the authorities of the conduct of the guards, but no satisfactory response was returned, which occasioned considerable excitement among the prisoners. Some were for charging the camp. About 40 or 50 men took the oath and went out, preferring to take the oath rather than submit any longer to the brutal treatment they as prisoners of war were compelled to undergo. There has been seven men shot for various trivial offenses this month.

[Two men in Burke's father's barrack receive a strapping for stealing on February 1.]

Thursday February 2d, 1865. Weather muddy and rainy. The prisoners are still leaving on the oath. There is a rumor in camp that Davis & Co. were coming to Fortress Monroe to meet Lincoln & Co. on a peace mission. The papers are smuggled into the barrack nearly every day and taken to James McDavitt in my barrack (No. 27) who is a clear reader to read to the crowd, after placing pickets out to watch for the patrol guards, and when one comes too near the alarm is given and the paper immediately disappears and the crowd disperses till the picket says "All's right". We have almost ceased to pay any attention to the many exchange rumors and peace propositions, as they have so often proven of no benefit to us. The committee of four in behalf of the prisoners, went out to Chicago on parole to see about the Confederate supplies expected in a few days, socks, drawers and blankets.7

(There is much activity about a prisoner exchange. Missourians are asked on February 6 to refuse the exchange and go out on the oath. That night men from Kentucky are asked also, "and not a man said no to the exchange question" (p. 402). The next day Tennessee men are asked to choose oath or exchange, and Missouri men are signing paroles. "The Yanks are flying around camp with rolls, and it really looks as if an exchange was about to take place at last" (p. 402). On February 8 Burke indicates that the Yankees are "Still tempting" them with the oath. He reports with pride the names of only five Kentucky men that ask for the oath while 109 express the desire to be exchanged.]

Thursday February 9th, 1865. Weather cool. We received a new order in relation to the spit boxes, as follows: Any person caught spitting on the floor or the outside of any of the boxes had to take the box and wash it out, and if it got full before he (the prisoner) caught anyone else spitting on the floor he had to wash it out again, but if he caught any person that person had to clean and take charge of it till he could catch some one else. The guard always put the first man to watch in the morning at roll call. Four men were put on, one to each box. The men that are able and willing to go on exchange at the hospitals are being paroled today. It is rumored that the prisoners will leave in squads of 500 and the first 500 leaves tomorrow. There has been but little shooting lately.

Friday February 10th, 1865. Weather pleasant. Pa came in from the hospital to see me but the guard would not let him stay five minutes. Pa gave me an old letter but the guard had to read it first. The reb workmen are building a large frame chapel in the Federal square. There was no prisoners sent off today as rumored there would be.

Saturday February 11th, 1865. Weather pleasant. A new order was issued that no crowd will be allowed in the streets larger than five. The guards try to prevent the men from visiting their friends in other barracks as much as possible, and men are often punished for being out of their own barrack. About forty or fifty went out on the oath. Some of the men are beginning to lose faith in the exchange altho the papers say that it is a general exchange. The boys are singing Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys are Marching.

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6 Official monthly returns for Camp Douglas indicate numbers of released prisoners as follows: November, 1864, 19; December, 1864, 167; February, 220; March, 217. How many went out on the oath of allegiance cannot be determined. In February Colonel Benjamin J. Sweat, commander of Douglas, is told that prisoners who decline the exchange and offer to take the oath are not to be released until a specified time in the future. Sweet complains that many more would take the oath if they could be assured of release. Apparently the time for release was not until May 8 when General Orders, No. 55, ordered that prisoners could take the oath, be released, and receive transportation to their homes. Ibid., Vol. VIII, 499-1000; Vol. VII, 210, 219, 220, 538. This question of release on the oath is complicated by a lack of explanatory documents. President Abraham Lincoln proclaimed the oath of allegiance and amnesty on December 8, 1863. Because of abuses and questions he declared a second amnesty proclamation on March 6, 1864, in which prisoners of war were specifically excluded from amnesty except on special application. Ibid., Vol. VI, 680-82, 1113-14. After March, 1864, there still seemed to be confusion according to items in the Official Records, and Burke certainly has indicated that men have been going out on the oath. The harsh treatment that Burke refers to was indicated and condemned as general practice in northern camps in a report by the United States Sanitary Commission, March 3, 1865, which investigated prisoner treatment by both the North and South. Ibid., Vol. VIII, 837-51.

7 On February 15 Beall reports that supplies had been forwarded to Douglas and other prison camps. Ibid., 229.
The men have been busy for three or four days making haversacks for the exchange trip. The night became very cold and windy.

Monday February 13th, 1865. Weather pleasant. Nearly all of the Missourians and the 2d Ky. about 500 were called in line with their baggage. Their names were called and counted, and they were marched into some barracks vacated for the purpose, and searched for overcoats, blankets, etc. Eight of the kitchens were pressed to cook beef for them, and boiled beef and army crackers were issued to them for five days, in which time they were expected to be in the confederate lines. They marched out rejoicing.* A lot of Confederate clothing arrived in camp and was held by the prisoners committee for distribution. I took my oil-cloth and made a carpet bag and haversack, preparatory to an exchange trip.

[On February 14 the Yankees are calling the names of Kentucky men who will be paroled; Burke's name is not called.]

Friday February 17th, 1865. Weather pleasant, overhead and sloppy underfoot. After roll call we were all called to the express office and in a few minutes part of us were sent back to our quarters and a few of the balance were paroled. Just before dinner the whole camp was called out in line and all of the men that wanted to take the oath were requested to step to the front. Still tempting us. Fourteen men stepped out from our line representing five states. They took their baggage and were moved over to the oath barracks in another part of camp, by themselves. They came back for their dinners but the boys thinking they were gone for good, had eaten all of their dinner up. About 1400 prisoners in all want the oath instead of going on exchange. Prisoners are signing paroles pretty lively today.

[These men are being exchanged for the Yankees.]

Monday February 20th, 1865. Weather pleasant. There is a considerable stir in camp. Another squad of 500 started on exchange after going through the same that the other squad did. They were a fine looking set of men. I bought 50cts. worth of note paper for my journal as I expected paper might be scarce in Dixie.

*Official monthly returns from Camp Douglas indicate that 1,600 prisoners were sent for exchange in February and 1,452 in March. At the end of March there were still 7,165 prisoners at Douglas. Ibid., 1000-1001.

Thursday February 23d, 1865. Weather pleasant. The Kentuckians that had not signed the paroles were all called to the express office after roll call. My name was called at last and I signed my name in three places as quick as possible. Henry White received $20 from his sister and friends and we commenced living well again. The Yanks raised thunder after dark, mistreating the prisoners. I suppose they got their whiskey in town yesterday and are spreeing on it tonight.

[Dr. Burke's friend, White, trades identities with another man so that he can use his sutler's money and leave with Burke in a later exchange group. Burke and the other men are laying in provisions from the sutler for their expected exchange trip.]

Sunday February 26th, 1865. Weather cool. There was no inspection. I spent most of the day writing. The men are all ready with their haversacks, etc. for the journey. The tailors, shoemakers, ring-makers, toothpick makers, and washmen still do a very good business. Chas. Byrnes [Byrnes] had to ride the Male awhile for talking after the retiring bugle sounded.

Monday February 27th, 1865. Weather cool. At roll call we were ordered to get ready for exchange as soon as we got breakfast. After a hearty breakfast we packed our carpetbags and haversacks. Most everyone took a fine quilt or comfort for bedding on the trip. Some took private blankets, but blankets were not much used as they were generally taken from the prisoners in the search. I took a quilt and one of my blue blankets thinking that if I could pass with the blanket it would be very useful to us. I stopped at the sutler's and took up the balance of an order on the sutler. Our names were then called and we were put in line and as fast as a hundred men were called they were marched under guard into empty barracks where we staid till dinner when we were called out to be searched and receive rations. Before falling out, however, I was so convinced that my blanket would be taken that I left it in the barrack rather than give them a chance to take it from me. Some of the boys cut their blankets up and made overshoes out of them. We came out in line in the same order that we went in, that is a hundred at a time. The order was given "Rear rank open order, march! halt! front rank about face! prepare for inspection of baggage!" Then all carpetbags and haversacks were opened and blankets, etc. unrolled. Then the examiners came along up the line taking all overcoats, blankets and extra clothing except a change of underclothing. Then some "Kroumen" came around with

* Among Federal leaders there was great agitation that Beall's supplies to prisoners were serving the ultimate purpose of flooding well equipped Confederate
army crackers and boiled beef neck and shinbones. Hiram Arnett remarked to some of the boys that refused to take any meat that they had better draw their dog. One of the guards over heard the remark and raised a terrible fuss over it, but could not tell exactly who made the remark. We drew about thirty crackers and a piece of meat about the size of my double fist. We were then ordered to an “Attention, front rank about face! rear rank close order march! squad right face! file right march!” and into the barracks again we went. Some of the men got permission to return with a guard to their old quarters to get articles left behind in the excitement of preparation. We managed to raise enough fire in the stoves to boil our coffee for supper. Henry White’s name or the name he was answering to (James McConnell) came so low on the roll that he was put in with the squad in the next barracks from where I was. We remained in the barracks under guard all night, making the best we could of our short allowance of bed clothing, but the boys talked as much as they pleased after the retiring bugle blew. They were ordered several times to keep less fuss, but it did no good. The principal subject for discussion was, “Why did we not leave this evening?” The guard could not inform us. Some snow fell during the night.

[On February 28 Burke’s group returns to quarters apparently because of lack of transportation.]

Thursday March 24, 1865. Weather pleasant. At roll call we were again agreeably surprised by being ordered to prepare for exchange. We were soon ready. Most of the boys flourishing empty haversacks or “war bags” as a lady in Tennessee called them. Our names were called and we were marched back into the empty barracks as before. About 11 o’clock a.m. we were ordered in line and researched again. This time there were three Yanks came up each line. The first had slips of paper and a pencil. He took each man’s blanket, comfort or quilt and put his name, company, and regiment on one of the slips and handed it to the second Yank, who had a paper of pins to pin the slips on, and handed the blankets, etc. to the third Yank, who gave him an armful threw them in a pile. Some person had curiosity enough to ask what it was done for, and were told that we would be too crowded in the cars with them, but that they would be put in a separate car and we would get them again, but notwithstanding these

troops after the exchange. Grant expected that supplies would go to prisoners not exchanged but indicated that blankets could be taken away from any man exchanged if necessary. William Hoffman, Federal commissary general of prisoners, indicated that blankets should not be taken. Ibid., 227, 237, 238. No authority for this stripping of prisoners has been located.

fair promises most of us were satisfied that we would never see them again. Yet we could see no reason or excuse for the outrage. Some of the boys comically ordered their blankets, etc. checked to the Spotswood, American and other Richmond Hotels. While in line I saw a patrol guard have about twenty men in line standing on one foot. One of them got out of balance and dropped his foot, and the guard collared and jerked him out of line then kicked, struck and slapped him for a few minutes and shoved him back into line again with an oath and told him to see if he could’t hold his foot up. I heard a whispered vengeance on all sides from the boys. We were then marched back to the barracks where we remained till 2 o’clock p.m. Then we were marched out again and drew some soft bread and boiled beef. Jos. and Alfred Stanhope of Co. A tried to smuggle themselves into our squad but the guards detected them and they were sentenced to wear a barrel till the last squad left. Pa got permission to bid me good-bye, and we were marched into the Federal square where we waited for the regiment that was to guard us on the trip. They came at last, a rough looking crew. The 48th Missouri, commanded by Lt. Col. Kirby, who with most of his men were rebel deserters from Price’s army and elsewhere. As we marched out of the gate into the open country the boys had to give vent to their feeling, by giving three ringing cheers, singing Dixie.

We had a muddy walk to the railroad near half a mile, where there was a train of third class cars. I and Henry got together in the car next to the locomotive. We did not get to see much of the City altho I would have liked very much to have passed through it as we were in sight of it so long. The cars made good time. After dusk the guards were very strict and would not let us look out. About ten o’clock Henry complained of being very sleepy and put his carpet bag on the floor and sat on it with his head in my lap. I did not feel very sleepy. We had just left a station and had not regained a full headway when all at once there was a sudden jar and the end of the car was stove in giving us a complete ducking from the tender. A good

10 The majority of exchange deliveries from the north were to go via Baltimore, Maryland, and then by steamer to points on the James River. Confederates then moved the paroled soldiers for reception at Richmond. Ibid., 198, 351. The Spotswood Hotel was Jefferson Davis’ temporary quarters when the capital of the Confederacy was established in Richmond in 1861. Louis H. Manarin, ed., Richmond at War: The Minutes of the City Council, 1861-1865 (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1966), 46. This is a fascinating and well edited document, and the book contains many excellent photographs of Richmond.

many were thrown from their seats breaking the backs and inflicting sundry bruises and scratches. One of the guards at the door next to the tender was bruised severely and grunted around for a while. I was held so firmly in my seat that my hat was the only thing that moved out of its place. We soon learned that we had come in collision with a passenger express train that was behind time. Their locomotive and baggage car was thrown entirely off of the track and mashed up badly. Their engineer was killed instantly and several others severely wounded. We had no serious hurts on our train. Our locomotive remained on the track, but was very much damaged. As we were going slow and had the heaviest train we were not shocked as much as those on the other train. It is just 32 miles from Chicago. Our engineer saw the other train coming and reversed the engine and jumped out waving his lamp, but they were too close together. In about two hours we were taken back to the next switch by another locomotive where we remained all night. The water was standing all over the floor which soon became mud.

Friday March 3d, 1865. Weather pleasant. A fresh locomotive and baggage car came up and the train except our car was attached to it. We were moved into the other baggage car, which had no seats or other accommodations. We got the corporal of the guard to buy us sausage, cheese, crackers, etc. at some of the stations where the train stopped long enough by paying or giving him permission to buy himself a plug of tobacco. Several of the guards in the other cars collected a lot of money from the prisoners in their car to buy whiskey, provisions, etc. and kept it.

Saturday March 4th, 1865. Weather cloudy. We passed through Indiana in a hurry stopping at Ft. Wayne and other places. We passed Massill[ion], Ohio, my birthplace before I knew it and soon reached Canton where Uncle Wm. Burke lives, but it was drizzling rain so that there was but few around the depot. With the guard’s permission I inquired of a little boy about my friends. He knew them, so I took a South Carolina Staff button and wrapped it up in a slip of paper with my compliments and threw it to him requesting him to take it to the house, which he promised to do. The train did not stop long. Our course through Illinois and Indiana lay mostly through low swampy land, but it is better in Ohio. In the evening we came to Wellsville [Ohio] on the Ohio river. Henry bought a couple of pounds of sugar from one of the guards at 20 cents per lb. We had a good chance to buy apples and improved it. The apple boys would sell out large baskets full in a few minutes. We then started down the bank of the Ohio river to Ben Wood, Virginia [Benwood, West Vir-

13 West Virginia was admitted to the Union in 1863.
14 Burke and four others were arrested at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, by Federal soldiers under Gen. William Stars Reesecuna, commander of the Army of the Cumberland, on January 11, 1863, because of a misunderstanding about flag of truce procedures. They were imprisoned at Nashville, made an exchange trip by train over much of this same territory, and returned to Confederate lines on February 18. See Pamela J. Bennett, ed., “Curtis R. Burke’s Civil War Journal,” Indiana Magazine of History, LXV (December, 1969), 292-300.
sundown. The cars stopped in the suburbs and we were kept in the cars. I could not get to talk with any person. I had relatives in the city and would like to have seen them or slipped off and went to their house. I tried to give the guards the slip intending to report at Fort McHenry in the morning if successful, but we were too closely watched. Some persons outside had a lot of bread, cheese, crackers, etc. distributed among the prisoners. An hour after dark we fell in line and marched three miles to Ft. McHenry. We were marched into the first enclosure of the Ft. and an officer came up and said all of the quarters were full, there being a squad there ahead of us from Camp Chase for exchange. Then we were all crowded into as small a place as possible and told to make the best of it till morning. The ground was muddy and the breeze from the bay was very chilly.\textsuperscript{14} The supernumerary guards took the boys in turns after water, etc. The guards helped them to hook some wood from the Federal quarters and we proceeded to raising enough fire to make plenty of coffee. I had a gallon tin bucket we used for that purpose. The guard line was so close that we did not have much room to settle in, but the men moved around in a circle like a herd of cattle to keep warm. The fires were not sufficient. I walked around most all night, stopping once in a while to rest and doze sitting on my bucket, but when I was about to roll off in the mud, I would go to walking again.

[More prisoners arrive on the eighth and finally they all board a steamer, the \textit{Thomas A. Morgan},\textsuperscript{15} and begin the trip south, running all night. On the ninth they pass Fort Monroe and enter the James River.]

Friday March 10th, 1865. Weather cool. Pontoon bridge was opened and we passed through on our way up the river winding our way through the fleet of boats till we came to Akins Landing where we anchored within stone throw of a large steamer with a squad of prisoners (mostly officers) from Fort Delaware.\textsuperscript{16} They arrived just before us. We crowded on our deck and those on the other steamer did the same on their deck and then came the congratulations

\textsuperscript{14} Camp Chase was a Federal prison camp west of Columbus, Ohio. \textit{Boatner, The Civil War Dictionary}, 117. Fort McHenry fronts on the Patapsco River not the Chesapeake Bay as Burke indicates.
\textsuperscript{15} Information on this and other steamers mentioned is available in \textit{Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion} (20 vols., Washington, 1894-1921). The set is cited hereafter as \textit{Official Records—Navy}.
\textsuperscript{16} Akins Landing, or Varina, was a major transfer point for paroled prisoners. According to Ould "The Federal steam-boats which bring our prisoners stop at Varina. This point is some four miles from our lines, and the prisoners are either marched or transported to Boulware's Wharf, which is nearly on the dividing line of the opposing armies." Difficulties because of high water apparently were a continuing problem during February and March. \textit{Official Records, Ser. 1}, Vol. VIII, 352, passim. Fort Delaware was a Federal prison camp in Delaware.

of officers and men long separated by prison life. Most of the prisoners on both steamers belonged to Morgan's command. Men were enquiring for their officers and officers for their men, and who \textit{died} in prison or took the \textit{oath} and who didn't. So for an hour we yelled at each other till they and we had to go ashore. Our guards became even more speculative as we were about to leave them than they had been on the trip, offering to buy rings, toothpicks, breast pins, and other trinkets and to sell blankets, canteens, haversacks, knives, etc. for greenbacks. They did not seem to like the idea of being so close to our lines, and were very much afraid that they would be ordered to escort us to our lines, where they might be recognised. There was a very few very clever fellows among them, but the majority of them were hard cases. We were counted off as we marched to land with the other squad who had reached the top of the bank ahead of us near a planter's house, then occupied as army quarters. I noticed here as at City Point and other places the country was covered with small new plank quartermaster or houses, interspersed here and there with tents. Large quantities of supplies were visible both in boats and in store houses. A squad of cavalry with the worst looking set of horses I ever saw any cavalry use, took charge of us, the two squads of prisoners numbering about fifteen hundred men. We were informed that we would have to walk three miles before we got out of the Federal lines, where our boats would take us for Richmond. We started off, the men expressing themselves willing to walk. The ground was muddy making walking very disagreeable, as the sticky clay so peculiar to this part of the state accumulate to such weight on our feet as to impede our progress very much. Our feet looking like patent mud workers for brick yards, but for all this we were so eager to get within our lines once more that we kept the horses half of the time in a trot. Up to the time we landed I had not noticed any negro troops, but after we left Akins landing I saw nothing else. All of the forts and earthworks were manned by them. They flocked out to see us as we passed, and I never saw a blacker set of negroes in my life. They beat the "Ace of Spades". I noticed wherever there was a yellow man he was a sergeant or corporal.\textsuperscript{17} We all halted at the picket line two miles and a half from Akins Landing, to wait for the officer in charge to come up with the Flag of Truce so that rebel pickets would not fire on us as we advanced. I was very thirsty and pulled off one of my gloves to get a drink from a gully near by before the men muffled it up, losing one of my gloves in the operation. We were then within a few yards of the picket base where some fifteen

\textsuperscript{17} The term "yellow man" indicates a mulatto. A good source on the Negro during the Civil War is Dudley T. Cornish, \textit{The Bible Arm: Negro Troops in the Union Army}, 1861-1865 (New York, 1956).
or twenty black soldiers, and a mean looking white man (their officer) sat around a small fire on some logs. In a few minutes the officer stepped out and called the names of the next relief. One of the darkies became very mad, and buried his bayonet in the ground up to the muzzle of his gun swearing that it wasnt his turn to go and he would not go, and I noticed that he did not go. We could see a good many earth works on the south side of the James that the guards said were Confederate works. After waiting an hour the officer with the flag came and we moved on half a mile beyond the pickets and halted and all the guards except the officer left and three deafening cheers arose from the crowd (I thought almost loud enough to be heard in Richmond) at being from under guard once more. Some of the retiring guards did not like it and one of them remarked that we had better hollow while we were able for after we lived on corn cob meal and water a while we would not hollow much. Col. Hatch of C. S. A. our commissioner for exchange came up in a buggy and was received with immense cheers. Then we sang Just Before the Battle Mother.

As soon as he could quiet the men he made us a short speech, welcoming us back as a band of tried and faithful adherents to the Southern Cause, who had refused to take the Yankee oath, and was sorry to inform us that the river was so high that he could not bring the boats to us, that we would have to walk three miles up the river. (Cheers and cries of all right, and sang Jine the Cavalry.

And as soon as we were on board he would issue us rations, the same that Lee's army have been receiving for the last twelve months. Then the men moved forward again at a brisk walk cheering as they went. We soon reached our pickets, the Federal officer turning back. The pickets had small works to shelter themselves, ditches with logs or rocks on top of the earthworks. Then came the regular earthworks protected by Averdefree Shiver defreees torpedoes and a ditch as far as one could see on either side. The torpedoes were on ground very close together in a line between the Averdefrees and the Shiverdefrees each having an upright stake which had apiece of red flannel on it.

Some of the men remarked that the red flannel was to draw on the negroes. The Johny Rebs were very glad to see us and had a good many questions to ask, but we did not stop as we had still a long muddy tramp before us. We passed a good many formidable earthworks. We were out of sight of the river and I saw a portion of the crowd cutting across the country and learning that they were going to see Fort Darling (Drury's Bluff) I joined them, but we all struck the river too high up and as we did not have any time to lose we did not turn down to see it. We were traveling through very rough country, fortified and partly cleared. The gullies and branches were full from the recent rains giving us some trouble in fording them. In some places the undergrowth was pretty thick, the timber having all been cut away. We passed several places where darkies were building log houses for 1866 winter quarters. They were one story about 12 ft. square, rock chimneys, and built in rows making streets. I asked one of the blacks how he would like to shoot at a Yankee negro, and he replied that he would like it very well if the Yankee nigger did not have any gun, as he would rather live with the rebels than the Yankees. The crowd became separated and scattered all over the country for a mile, all making for the bridge across the James River, where our boats were reported to be. Soon the smoke stacks came in sight and we lived up a little. Altho I had walked very fast I found a good many on the bridge ahead of me. There was one large and one small transport awaiting us. The bridge had been partly taken away in some way, and the deficiency supplied by pontoons that swing back to allow boats to pass. The men came straggling in from different directions, but no one was allowed on board till nearly all had arrived, then we were counted onto the boats each man receiving a piece of corn bread and bacon as he stepped aboard. I got aboard of the large boat which started first, raising the new Confederate flag amid the cheers of the men. We passed through the bridge and up the river. The other boat soon followed. Our corn bread and boiled bacon I thought much sweeter than the hard crackers and raw bacon that we had been drawing. A black man came around with a basket of fine apples selling them at five dollars apiece (in Confed money) like hot cakes. We had a pleasant trip and fine scenery. I saw a large spool driving machine and some small boats. In an hour and a half we came in sight of the Capitol and the Timbokazo Hospital.


20 Fort Darling was a Confederate battery at Drury's Bluff seven miles south of Richmond on the James River. It protected Richmond from naval attack from May, 1862, when constructed, until the end of the war. Ibid., 292.

21 The Chimborazo Hospital was "a medical marvel of the war... perhaps the largest hospital (5,000 beds) ever built in the world. During the course of the war, some 76,000 men were treated there." Stewart Brooks, Civil War Medicine (Springfield, Ill., 1960), 46.
and soon after landed at the wharf at upper part of the city where a large crowd cheered us as we landed. We were requested to go to camp Lee where we would be provided for, but most of us thinking that we could do better for ourselves, left the crowd and struck out up in the City to see what we could see. I got separated from Henry White (my partner) and knocked about the streets like a country greener. I fell in with some of our boys about dark and went to a private boarding house kept by a Mr. Saddler where there was a lot more of my regiment. I secured a cot on the floor for the night at five dollars, and took a walk in the city. I found it to be quite a large city. Stores were all close on account of its being Confederate Thanksgiving day. I heard some ladies sing the Picket Guard. 22

I soon left the crowded streets and returned to my boarding house. Several of the boys had ordered supper at fifteen dollars each, but most of us fell back on our rations for supper. I soon retired, but did not rest well as there was three in the bed.

Saturday March 11th, 1865. Weather pleasant. I saw a crowd of Morgan's men going to Camp Lee to draw rations. I was not in need of rations but concluded to go with them hoping to come across my partner. I had not seen him since I lost him on landing. About one mile and a half to the westward of the city brought us to the camp, where there was already a great many of our and other returned prisoners assembled. Camp Lee is on a rather level piece of ground with a long building for soldiers and a good many out houses scattered around, officers quarters, commissary depots, etc. I joined the crowd at the registering office and after a good deal of crowding I registered my name to draw rations as I seldom miss the chance getting out of that crowd. I joined the crowd at the Commissary's where after waiting for nearly two hours my turn came for rations. I drew a piece of warm corn bread about four inches square and one and a half inches thick and a piece of boiled pork about two inches square, also a half pint of raw beans and a little salt. Securing my rations in my handkerchief I next joined the crowd at the paroling office, where after getting pushed and crowded around for about an hour I

22 Davis proclaimed this day of thanksgiving on January 25, 1865. James D. Richardson, ed. and comp., A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Con- federacy including the Diplomatic Correspondence, 1861-1865 (2 vols., Nashville, 1905), I, 567-68. With some slight differences in wording the text given is that of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night," a poem by Lamar Fontaine which was quite popular as a song during the war. Henry M. Wharton, War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy, 1861-1865 (Philadelphia, 1904), 27-28.

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signed and was given the following furlough, also $44 dollars (Confed-
 Freed for one year's service.23

Headquarters Department of Richmond,

Special Order

In obedience to instructions from the Secretary of War, the following named men (paroled prisoners) are granted leaves of indulgence for 30 days,
(unless sooner exchanged) at the expiration of which time, those belonging
to commands serving north of the Southern Boundary line of North Carolina
and in East Tennessee will report immediately to them, if exchanged, other-
wise, they will report, to Camp of Paroled Prisoners, Richmond, Va. All other
paroled prisoners, except those whose commands are serving within the limits
above mentioned, will also report, at expiration of their furlough, to Camp of
Paroled Prisoners, Richmond, Va.

C. R. Burke,
Co. B. 2d Ky. Cav.

Paid 12 months from April 30th, 1865.

W. R. Price,
Capt. & A. Y. M.

Quartermaster will furnish transportation.

By order of Lt. Gen. R. S. Ewell,
Jno. S. Turner,

On learning that Quirks Scouts or Company B. 14th Ky. Cav. was not
recognized I gave my name in as Co. B. 2d Ky. Cav. as above, as most
of my company were doing. It seems that the 14th Ky. Cav. was not
known or recognized at Richmond. I suppose because it was a new
regiment. One of the many railroads running into Richmond run
right by the Camp and there was a very small engine and a passenger
train attached plying between camp and the city.24 It left camp every
half hour. The fare was one dollar. I only had to wait a few minutes
for the train, and was soon in the city again. Some how I got lost and
I missed my lodging place and could not remember the name of the
gentleman of the house nor could I find any of the boys that were
staying at the same house. In my search I came to the conclusion that
there was a good many pretty girls in the City by the number I saw

23 In the Confederate army a private's pay was $11 per month until June, 1864,
when it was raised to $15 per month. John C. Schwab, The Confederate States of
America, 1861-1865: A Financial and Industrial History of the South during the
Civil War (New York, 1901), 132.

24 In late November, 1862, John Hunt Morgan formed some of his men "into a
company of scouts, to be attached to no regiment. Lieutenant Thomas Quirk was
appointed to command them." Basil W. Duke, A History of Morgan's Caushey
(Bloomington, 1960), 208. Burke joined the scouts on December 1, 1862, according
to his journal. Bennett, "Curtis R. Burke's Civil War Journal," LXV, 291. There
were five railroad lines into Richmond: from the north the Richmond, Fredericks-
burg and Potomac and the Virginia Central, from the east the Richmond and York
River, from the south the Norfolk and Petersburg, from the southwest the Rich-
mond and Danville. Angus J. Johnston II, Virginia Railroads in the Civil War
(Chapel Hill, N. C., 1961), 199.
on the streets. Finally I came across one of the boys going to the house about dusk, and he piloted me back to Mr. Saddlers. I found that the boys were calling on their rations for supper. I gave my raw beans to the cook of the house to boil my coffee for me and falling aboard of my camp corn bread and bacon I soon lost my appetite. I again enjoyed my crowded cot and about midnight I heard troops passing through the city churring loudly, but I did not get up to see them.

[On the twelfth Burke finds White, and they spend the day drawing rations and sightseeing around Richmond. Burke attends church in the evening: "I was a little surprised at the appearance the congregation presented. Everything was in order. The ladies and citizens generally were dressed fine. The officers and soldiers scattered through the large congregation looked neat and clean, and except when the eye rested on the soldiers it would appear like times of peace and even then fancy might paint them as the noble participants of some grand gala day instead of the battle heroes of a most bloody war. On close observation many sad faces might be seen, some mourning the loss of friends slain in battle, others regretting keenly the prospects of Confederate defeat and I suppose not a few lamenting the hard times and scarcity of provisions. Flour I believe was selling at one hundred dollars per barrel and other things in proportion" (p. 252).]

Monday March 13th, 1865. Weather pleasant. After diving into our rations for our breakfast, I left Henry White at the house and struck out for E. J. Picot's drug store and got my baggage. Our provisions were all right. I then visited a market house to see what I could find. The place was small but I suppose there are others in the city. There was a very good supply of vegetables. I bought a hat full of half rotted apples for $3 (Confed.). As we were going to leave the city soon for somewhere, I concluded to see all of the city I could. I visited the famous Libby prison and found it to be a plain three story brick cotton warehouse. Entering the office I learned that all of the Yankee prisoners had just been sent off that morning, but obtained permission to go through the house. Each floor was bare except here and there a small table and a good deal of old clothing and rubbish scattered about over the floor. The place was not a paradise of cleanliness, yet I have quartered (as a prisoner) in places in comparison to which Libby was a paradise. Their back windows gave them a fine view of the James River. One of the guards said that there used to be good bunks all through the house but the Yanks whittled and broke them down and burned them. They were replaced and again were destroyed, after which they were never replaced. I next went to Castle Thunder and found a more comfortable looking place, but saw no prisoners. Next visiting the capitol, I saw a very large bronze statue of Gen. Washington and other smaller statues in the small but well regulated park surrounding the capitol building, which stood on a slight elevation. As congress was in session I entered and ascended to the gallery of the senate chamber. The room looked neat and plain. A very fine life size painting of Gen. Lee hung back of the President seat. The members were quietly discussing some question relative to army appointments. I staid but a few minutes, visiting the house of representatives also. I saw some beautiful paintings at a picture gallery in the city, one of them representing Mosby preparing to make a dash on a Federal wagon train.26 I then took the train for Camp Lee and arrived just in time to draw rations. I have forgotten to mention the crowds of hucksters and peddlers that infested the camp. Women with pies, cakes, meat and bread, etc., children with apples, peanuts, etc. and old nigers with traveling bars (jog in one hand and a wine glass holding about six thimbles full in the other) at three dollars a drink, generally apple brandy. I indulged in a glass, but could not determine whether it was good or not. Others, better judges after trying half a dozen or more glasses pronounced it excellent. There was several sheds occupied by darkies who had stoves up and hot meals on tables at their doors. A plate pretty well filled was worth five dollars. Puddings and dumplings seemed to be the favorite dishes, but a mixed dish could be had at some of the tables containing chicken, bread, and vegetables. I tried a plate of the dumplings at two dollars and thought them fine but wondered if they were made

26 Libby Prison was the warehouse of Libby and Sons, ship chandlers, before the war. Only officers had been held there and it was notorious for abuses of the prisoners and bad living conditions. After use as a temporary shelter, Boetner, The Civil War Dictionary, 482. There are various documents concerning Libby throughout the Official Records and numerous prisoners' accounts. Also see William Best Hemmell, Civil War Prisons: A Study in War Psychology (New York, 1964; first published, 1930), 114-32, passim. Castle Thunder was a converted tobacco warehouse used for political prisoners. "Occasionally holding spies and criminals charged with treason, it had an unsavory reputation, and its occupants were charged with unnecessary brutality and cruelty," Boetner, The Civil War Dictionary, 131. There are references throughout the Official Records. An equestrian statue of George Washington in Capitol Square was designed by Crawford and cast in Munich, Germany. It was dedicated in 1858. Manarin, Richmond at War, 269. Samuel Mordecai gives an account of its planning and completion in Richmond in By-Gone Days (2nd ed., Richmond, 1880; republished, 1946), 340-44. Business of the Confederate Senate session for this day is recorded in Journal of the Congress of the Confederate States of America, 1861-1865 (7 vols., Washington, 1945-1956), IV, 696-702. Both houses met for the first time in regular session on March 18, Confederate Partisan Rangers wreaked havoc with their guerrilla warfare in Virginia from January, 1863, to the end of the war. Boetner, The Civil War Dictionary, 570-72.
clean. Then we all fell in line and answered a roll call and I then took the next train for the city of Richmond and on reaching Mr. Saddlers I wrote a letter to my brother at Lexington, Ky., and gave it to a Mrs. Hardin Helm, who said she could get it through the lines. After over hauling my haversack for supper I went to a theatre up town that had been built during the war and saw a full house and a good play; admission two dollars. I then returned to my lodging and was glad to find that I had all of the cot to myself, so I rested well.

[On the fourteenth Burke and White decide to go to Abbeville, South Carolina, on their furloughs because they are tired of Richmond and have never been south. They leave by train on the fourteenth but get off at Roanoke to investigate the death of Burke’s cousin, the Reverend John Burke, son of William Burke of Canton. They reach the plantation of the Reverend John T. Clark, where Burke’s cousin had lived and was now buried. They are received quite well, and the next day Burke sees the grave and hears the story of his cousin’s death in defense of a Confederate held bridge: “thus a brave Christian youth of northern parentage and raising, gave his life for the cause of the Southern people, which he conscientiously believed to be right. I do not know whether he knew that his father was a division Quarter Master in the Yankee army in the west or not” (p. 435). The Clarks persuade Burke and White to remain for more of their furloughs, and the men spend several restful and pleasing days. On March 21 Burke records a welcome news item: “The good news in a Southern paper that my squad of paroled and furloughed Rebs had been exchanged, and we would be expected to report to our commands as soon as our furloughs run out” (p. 437).]

Monday April 3d, 1865. Weather pleasant. After breakfast I and Henry White were very agreeably surprised on receiving a nice pair of socks apiece, sent us by Miss Eliza Simms an admirable kind hearted young lady in the neighborhood. God bless her and may longlife and happiness attend her. I suppose she must have heard us say that we intended to leave in a few days. There is exciting news a float that Richmond is being evacuated, but we are not prepared to believe it yet, as we don’t know of any cause for it. Mr. Clark let me read a letter that he had received from my cousin Mrs. Rob’t M. Delaplain of Wheeling, W. Va. She is a sister of the late Rev. John Burke. I and Henry White walked seven miles over to Clover depot on a scout to learn the news. And the first thing we heard was that Anderson’s corps and Pickett’s division was cut off and retreating towards Kurkesville and that Wise’s Brigade was cut all to pieces.

[To be continued...]


29 Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Courthouse on April 9, 1865. Boather, The Civil War Dictionary, 822. Davis fled south and was captured with his wife and family on May 10 in Irwinville, Georgia. He was held in Fort Monroe for two years, finally released on bail after not being brought to trial, and never prosecuted. Ibid., 226. Davis tells his story in In the Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government (2 vols., New York, 1881), II, 675-706. Documents relating to the pursuit and capture of Davis are located in the Official Records, Ser. I, Vol. XLIII, Pt. 1, 513-57. Alfred J. Hanna tells of the dispersal of Davis and his cabinet in Flight into Oblivion (Bloomington, 1959; first published, 1868).
Sunday April 16th, 1865. Weather cloudy. We cooked our breakfast at the camp fire and at last we got aboard of a train on the North Caroline R. B. The engine, backing and pulling train, the tender which was in front filled with wood was crowded with unarmed men and the box cars were full inside and on top. I and Henry White getting inside about the center of the train. About seven miles from Charlotte N. C. we had a terrible accident. The car I was in stopped suddenly with a jerk right middle of a trestle across a branch and I looked out quick to see what was the matter, and saw the tender and engine off the track and the men and wood scattered around on the ground. We dropped our baggage to the ground then got out of the ca on the trestle and climbed down the timbers to the ground, and going forward we saw that the engine and tender had just gotten off of the trestle when they struck a loosened rail and left the track and plunged down the embankment. The engine plunged into the ground and turned partly over, but the tender broke loose and rolled over and down the hill over the men that were on it. The engineer was almost cut in two laying dead pinned under the wheel of his engine. I think the firemen was also killed. Those men nearest that were unhurt had already picked up the dead and wounded and laid them on the grass near by. There was about 12 dead and 15 or 20 wounded. Everybody seemed excited and there was a cry for doctors, so I told Henry that we had better run to the nearest house and have a runner sent to Charlotte for doctors. He agreed, and we ran about half a mile down the railroad to the first house, where we got a man on horse to ride into town. After which not caring to go back to look at the sickening sight, we concluded to walk on into town, but before we got there our hard new shoes had rubbed our feet so sore that we could hardly walk. An extra train went out to the wreck consisting of an engine and several cars to bring in the dead and the wounded. A lady gave us supper while we related all about the wreck. We then went uptown and got permission to sleep in a porch.

Tuesday April 18th, 1865. Weather still pleasant. We have concluded to stay here for a few days to see how things are going. There are so many wild rumors from Gen. Johnson30 that nobody seems to know which way to go. The Yanks are evidently closing in on us. We went to the commissary and drew one day’s rations each, which was charged up to us on our furloughs as follows:

Three Rations,
C. H. Elms,
A. Com.

We did not tramp around much today on account of our tender feet. The town is getting full of stragglers. We slept in the porch.

Wednesday April 19th, 1865. Weather pleasant. We got an old black woman to make us some coffee and cook some bread and paid her some of our rations. There is a startling rumor afloat that President Abe Lincoln has been killed. That he was assassinated last Friday the 14th at a Theater. I was sorry to hear that an enemy had fallen in that way and I heard expressions of regret freely expressed on all sides. It was announced that there would be speaking and a large crowd gathered, when President Jeff Davis and Gen. G. F. Beauregard addressed as saying that they were extremely sorry to hear of Mr. Lincoln tragic death. That no one regretted it more than they did. They were glad to see so many of our soldiers still loyal to the Southern cause, and hoped the dark clouds of adversity would be dispelled, but come what will to be patient and honorably accept the inevitable; that they could not foretell future events. They were frequently cheered during their remarks and we concluded from their remarks that every man was expected to look out for No. 1. Yankee raiders have been burning the railroad bridges near here so that some of the trains can’t leave here. We hear rumors of an armistice, and that flags of truce have been flying around in all directions which looks like things are coming to a close. We got permission to sleep on the floor at the hotel and it is well we did for it rained very hard during the night.

Thursday April 20th, 1865. Weather bright and clear. We got our breakfast from our haversacks. It is reported that Gen. Johnson and asked for an armistice on April 13 and surrendered on April 26. Bostner, The Civil War Dictionary, 127.

1. Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth at Ford’s Theatre, Washington, on April 14. Accounts of Davis’ conduct at Charlotte are various. It does seem, however, that Burke in substance agrees. There was receipt of a telegram announcing Lincoln’s death and it was read to a crowd of people; Davis at some point expressed regret at the assassination; Davis at some point complimented the Confederate soldiers and, according to Duke, made “a manly, courageous appeal to the people to be true to themselves.” Duke, A History of Morgan’s Cavalry, 572. See also, for example, Davis, The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, I, 653; Dunbar Rowland, ed., Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist: His 14; IX, 156-59.
his army will have to surrender. The soldiers are leaving town fast. We put down our blankets, etc., in a front porch early on account of guards patrolling the town after dark and demanding passes.

Friday April 21st, 1865. Weather pleasant. We saw a Yankee flag of truce come into Headquarters on business, but could not learn what it was. Col. Chas. Thomas and Major J. R. Viley of Ky., also Gen. John C. Breckinridge were on hand. I joined a crowd and heard a late Northern paper read. I hear that the soldiers are all ordered to leave Charlotte.

They miss one train but finally get places later on the twenty-second. On the twenty-third they get as far as Chester, North Carolina, by train and then strike out on foot towards Shelton. On April 26 they arrive in Alton and remain there the next day. Burke mentions on the twenty-sixth that "The Northern papers are already talking of reconstructing the South, so I suppose we are done for" (p. 447). Prices in Alton are typically high: $10 for dinner, $5 for a pint of sorghum molasses, and whiskey for $10 per drink or $100 per gallon in Confederate money.

Friday April 28th, 1865. Weather pleasant. We are anxious to get away from Alton. We hunted up the Commissary and drew two days' rations each, of flour, bacon and salt. It clouded up and went to raining, and seeing a train on the branch railroad to Abbeville, twelve miles distant about ready to start, we boarded it presented our transportation tickets and were soon in Abbeville our objective point. We put up at the Abbeville Hotel and took a walk over the town to see the sights, and some of Morgan's command Judge Monroe, Wm. Messick and others met us and said that they were going on South perhaps to E. Curby Smith's command in Texas. We learned that grub was pretty high at the hotel, so we took our rations to a house and had them cooked, but they were badly cooked. We then found some kindling and coal and made a fire in our room, as it was damp and chilly. We eat our own rations for supper in our room, where we slept on a mattress on a square bedstead.

Saturday April 29th, 1865. Weather clear and pleasant again. We drew on our haversacks for breakfast in our little room. The hotel was crowded with soldiers, mostly officers. We then took a walk visiting the Episcopal Church and a fine flower and plant garden. This is a great town for flowers and they seem to grow to perfection.

Sunday April 30th, 1865. Weather clear and warm. The old darkie brought our clothes while we were eating our breakfast. "Massy here's de clos. All dere aunty? "Yes guess dey is. What's your bill? "Folteen dollars. Ebray tings so hi, can't ford to di ti fo les." We paid her with Confed. money and after breakfast we put the things in our baggage and found six pieces missing, so we went to see the old darkie about it. She said, "Fo de lawd massy Ize stonished. Dem clos must blow of de line, or some dees pesky or religus nigs in dis hear cality mus stab stole dem clos. I gmwne to quire royz an ef I fine um, I'LLotch um rite tu yer, so I'll. Ize onest if I ar black." So we gave up the things as lost and dropped the matter, and returning to our room we brushed ourselves up the best we could and went to the Episcopal Church. We owned a prayer book apace so we joined in the services. After which we returned to our room and eat our dinner snack and then walked out to see some of the beautiful flower gardens. In one of them we heard Miss Lu Buchannan sing several charming pieces. We then went to the commissary and drew three days' rations each. Some people next door to the hotel spent most of the evening practicing hymns. It is reported this evening that the armistice that has been enforced for several days has been broken or expired. I don't know which. At any rate things are on a war footing again and we'll have to "shoot Luke or give up the gun" if we meet any armed Yanks. At night we went to the Presbyterian Church and heard a good sermon and some good singing.

Monday May 1st, 1865. Weather pleasant. Many day in the land of flowers. We took our rations out to a house to be cooked, allowing them to be "told" (as the miller's say) for pay. The town is quite crowded with soldiers and refugee citizens from further North. Gen.
Van’s command of cavalry passed through town. Gen. B. Duke with the remnants of Morgan’s cavalry is expected tomorrow with Jeff Davis and we hope to meet many old comrades.\(^{24}\) We got our cooked rations and I gave one of the hotel waiters a new cotton handkerchief for a quart can of hot coffee. Gen. Hopkins puts up at our hotel. People are badly worked up and a good deal scared for fear the Yanks will make a raid on the town. A good many marines, officers and sailors are arriving from the east. We took several in our little room to sleep with us.

Tuesday May 2d, 1865. Weather pleasant. About two thousand mounted men, the remnants of several commands and a good many army wagons loaded with army supplies of all kinds, passed through town. President Jeff Davis and Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge arrived and were received with loud cheering. We found a good many of our command and Capt. Williams tried to get horses to mount us, but failed. Horses were in great demand. Fidel Clarer of Lexington, Ky. left us to try to make his way through to Kentucky. Yankee cavalry raiders are reported twelve miles from town. A mixed lot of cavalry men charged the depot and forced the guards to let them have all of the clothing and provisions they could carry. I and Henry went to Judge Monroe’s to see Maj. Lewellen\(^{25}\) and Capt. Tom Quirk about getting mounted, but they could not find any extra Confederate horses. A good many of the Navy officers are taking the back track east again, and it looks like a general “skedaddled” is about to take place. A car with some ammunition blew up near the depot through carelessness. I sold a pair of fine boot legs that Clarer left me for fifteen dollars and paid the hotel clerk that amount for the use of our room. We are passing a better night since the sailor crowd has left us in full possession again. We heard troops and wagons moving all night.

\(^{24}\) General Van is presumably General John C. Vaughn whose brigade along with four others, including Duke’s, escorted Davis from Charlotte to Abbeville. According to Duke at Abbeville these commanders informed Davis of the hopelessness of prolonging the war, and the forces split up to arrange for their own escape or surrender. At Woodstock, Georgia, bid by General Breckinridge to return to their homes, Duke disbanded the last of “Morgan’s men” on May 8. Duke had during this time forbid unmanned soldiers from continuing to Woodstock. Duke, A History of Morgan’s Cavalry, 1865, p. 178.\(^{25}\)

\(^{25}\) Probably this is Captain D. R. Williams designated Morgan’s acting inspector in July, 1862. Ibid., 414. Major D. H. Llewellyn apparently was part of Morgan’s original force and was quartermaster in the summer of 1862. 1866, 170.

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in gold, fifty dollars and upwards according to rank” (p. 452).\(^{26}\) The command moves out to Washington, Georgia.

Friday May 5th, 1865. Weather warm. After eating breakfast we boarded the train for Barnet Junction, but it was detained until nine o’clock before it got off. In the front car was $20,000 in silver bullion in charge of a guard. On arriving at Barnet Junction we all got off and a crowd of the men talked strongly of charging the bullion car saying that it would fall into the Yanks hand and they might as well have it, but a Major Moore, G. O. M. finally talked them out of it. Telling them that the Federal authorities had agreed that if it was left it should be used for the benefit of the sick and disabled Confederate soldiers in the hospitals, and if they would let it alone he knew it would be so used. The men reluctantly left it, and a train for Atlanta came and we all boarded it. We had not gone far before we switched off and two trains loaded down with armed Yanks and unarmed Rebs passed us going towards Atlanta. The Yanks are in possession of Atlanta\(^{27}\) and we feel a little queer about going there, but guess we won’t be hurt. It is 95 miles to Atlanta, and when we were 58 miles from Atlanta we passed a long train filled with Yanks headed east. We passed several towns and arrived safe at Atlanta late in the evening, and I made my bed on some planks in the depot. There was so many Yanks around I thought I had better keep close. There was several showers during the night. I did not sleep much.

Saturday May 6th, 1865. Weather pleasant. I got up very early and took a walk up town to see what Atlanta looked like. I found it a ragged looking place. It looked like it had been roughly handled. A lot of houses had been burned. I returned to the depot and the boys were just getting up. We eat a snack from our haversacks and the boys went out to see the town. I bought a Louisville Courier for one dollar (Confed. money). We don’t know which way to go as the railroad is torn up from here clear to Dalton, a hundred miles. Some talk of footing it towards Knoxville, Tenn. They say everything has surrendered except old E. Kirby Smith and army in Texas. Some talk of trying to get there, but its a hard long trip. The Courier says the jigs up with us. The Yanks here are very civil and we all get

\(^{26}\) Duke apparently misdates the event but says that “the men were paid ... with a portion of the gold brought from Richmond. Each man got from twenty-six to thirty-two dollars—as he was lucky.” 1866, 576. The amount of money actually brought from Richmond is disputed, but one account of the transport of the money (mainly silver) indicates that almost $10,000 was paid out to Confederates at the Savannah River location on May 4. According to this account a straight division of the money was made: men, officers, and government officials each received $36. Rowland, Jefferson Davis, Constitutionalist, IX, 24-34.

\(^{27}\) Sherman had occupied Atlanta on September 2, 1864. Boonter, The Civil War Dictionary, 33.
along well together. We went to the Provost Marshalls office and took the following parole.

Headquarters, Cavalry Corps
Atlanta, Ga. May 6, 1865.
I, the undersigned Curtis R. Burke a Private of the second Regiment of Ky. Cav. Vols. do solemnly swear that I will not bear arms against the United States of America or give any information, or do any Military duty whatsoever until regularly exchanged as a prisoner of war.

Curtis R. Burke.

Description: Height, 5 ft. 8 in.; Hair, Auburn; Eyes, gray; Complexion, dark.
I certify that the above parole was given by me on the date above written on the following conditions: The above named person is allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by the military Authorities of the United States, so long as he observes this parole and obey the laws which were in force previous to January 1, 1861, where he resided.
Will G. Lawless,
Capt. Provost Marshal
C. C. M. D. M.

I put my parole in my pocket and going out on the street I met Fidel Clarer and went with him to his boarding house kept by Mrs. Puckettes. He gave me a pair of pants to reduce his baggage and then he left with a crowd going to Dalton, Ga. We drew rations and put them out to a house to be cooked. We eat our supper and went to bed again at the depot. During the night I heard some Yankee Cavalry and Artillery passing, singing. We've whipped the Confederacy, aha, aha, etc.

Sunday May 7th, 1865. Weather pleasant. We got up early and eat breakfast, as we intended to leave Atlanta, and went for the rations we left to be cooked. Then four or five of us struck out from Atlanta on foot for Dalton, about one hundred miles distant, for the railroad was still torn up for that distance. It had been rebuilt as far east as Dalton up to that time. We walked seven miles and came to the Chattahoochea [Chattahoochee] river, which we crossed on a flat boat, the bridge having been destroyed. I saw a great many deserted earthworks, such as rifle pits and forts and other signs of the Battle and seige, on the way. We moved on to Marietta and found most of the place uninhabited and in ruins. We stopped here to rest and eat some dinner. Doc Garret caught up with us here and took dinner with us. He said that Gen. Duke's command had disbanded at Augusta, Ga. We then walked on eight and a half miles to Big Shanty taking it more leisurely gathering flowers and fine strawberries from the gardens where the tall chimneys were about the only thing that remained of what was once fine well improved country residences. Not a panel of fence left. All turned out into one vast waste, with

many bones of cattle, mules and horses picked by the buzzard, scattered here and there. The sights were distressing to look at. The destruction was complete, but these people who were brave enough to fight for their rights may be noble enough to forgive. We stopped to eat our supper luckily right in a fine wild strawberry bed that helped us out with our supper. We then found a porch to sleep in. We were very tired having walked about twenty-seven miles that day in the hot sun.

[The men continue "on through the wilderness of waste" on foot receiving food from Yankees and citizens along the way and sleeping on porches and in sheds.]

Friday May 12th, 1865. Weather a little cool and very windy. We rose before sunrise and eat a hasty breakfast and struck out for Dalton, Ga., ten miles off. While passing on our way we saw several squads of men repairing the railroad. We arrived at Dalton at half past eight o'clock a.m. and went to the office of a Yankee Lieutenant and presented our paroles to get transportation tickets. He took the papers saying that he would see about it. We joined a crowd of Confeds that had collected in town and were sitting around the courthouse waiting for transportation tickets. I went to the sutler store and bought a quire of note paper for my diary and found his prices very high even for greenback money. I had sold several articles I could spare for a little greenback change, but I and Henry still had our sliver money intact, tied up in our old socks. We heard that every man would get a transportation ticket to his home, so Henry begged me to go to Memphis with him, where his family had removed from Lexington, Ky., and if we could get from there to Gen. E. Kirby Smith's army in Texas (in the Trans-Mississippi department) we would do so and wait for our exchange. So I agreed to go with him as my mother and family had removed from Lexington also and gone to Ohio to live. So when we were called out in line to see about the transports the Lieutenant called for all men that lived in states not seceded to step to the front in line. I and Henry White remained in line and when asked, claimed Memphis, Tenn. as our home and received transportation tickets to that place. After all had gotten their tickets the two lines were marched to separate places to wait for rations. Fifteen of our mess fell out to draw and bring our rations to us. Each man got two and a half of those big hard square army crackers and a piece of salt fish two inches square. We eat a snack and then we were marched to the freight train and our paroles were given back to us. Then we boarded the train, we all got awful thirsty, the crackers and salt fish was working on us. Several of the crowd
got left while out hunting for water. There was a call for water, water at every place we came to, but we arrived at Chattanooga, Tenn. thirty-six miles without any accidents, about two hours before sunset. We were marched to the soldiers Home, a large plain plank building where we were given a couple of large rooms to stop in, but there was no guards put over us. We had cooked coffee, crackers and bacon issued to us. After dark there was two fiddles and dancing without ladies in the other room. At bed time there was a Yankee guard (or watchman) placed at the door, but he did not interfere with our going out or coming in. The night was chilly.

[They are all kept under guard and Burke and White finally get transportation papers to Memphis on the fourteenth. Burke goes because he is "very anxious to see a certain member of the White family" (p. 459). On May 15 they set out for Nashville. They stop in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the next day and Burke recalls his previous visit: "I could see the little brick room back of the jail where I and three other Quirks Scouts had been held as prisoners for two weeks in January 1862 by Gen. Rosecrans for coming on a flag of truce errand" (p. 461). They spend some unpleasant time in Nashville and leave by steamer for Paducah, Kentucky, on May 18. On the twentieth at Smithland, Kentucky, there is an exchange of songs with some people in a skiff alongside while the boat is laid over. At Paducah they get papers for the steamer Ada L.28 for Cairo, Illinois. On May 21 they arrange for transport from Cairo to Memphis on the steamer Peotona. While on the wharf they witness a Negro baptism in the river and receive food from the southern sympathizing wife of a Union officer. After a day on the boat Burke indicates his pleasure at the experience: "It was the first time I had ever seen the broad old Mississippi river and I enjoyed the sight of so many boats passing" (p. 467). They arrive in Memphis on May 22.]

Tuesday May 23d, 1865. Weather pleasant. After a late breakfast I and Henry White went down to the river to see what chance there was to get down the river to Texas, where Gen. E. Kirby Smith was reported to still be in command of an army that had not surrendered. He commanded the Trans Mississippi Department. We thought we could spend the remaining time on our paroles down in Texas then join Kirby Smith. We learned that it was not safe to go south by land as the whole country was alive with bands of both white and black robbers and murderers, so we thought as soon as we saw Henry's folks we would smuggle ourselves down to Texas on some of the boats. We finally found an old fellow with a salt harge that said he would smuggle us down in his little cabin as far as New Orleans if we could wait three or four days, which we agreed to do and after watching some steamers come in we returned to the hotel for dinner. After which I wrote two letters, one to my mother and family in Ohio, and the other to an old friend in Lexington, Ky. I then hunted up

28 This is, perhaps, the Little Ada. See Official Records—Navy.

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Wednesday May 24th, 1865. Weather very warm. After breakfast we paid our bill which took about all the greenback money we had. We then learned where Mr. Wm. Y. Cirode's store was and went to it, and we were then taken to his home where we met a warm welcome. We found Henry's sister, Mrs. Cirode and his two single sisters Ella and Annie all well. I thought Miss Ella, my old school mate sweet-heart looked awful nice and I began to wonder what she thought of me now since my three years absence in the war, so I resolved to find out before I left the city. After dinner I and Henry went down to Mr. Cirode's Commission house and sat around awhile where the drays were busy unloading and loading goods. We noticed the busy scene on the levee and at the wharf boats. Three steamers came up the river loaded with freight and Confederates from Gen. E. Kirby Smith's army. The steamers landed and some of the Confederates stopped off here and said that everybody below had surrendered and there was no use to go down there. So we gave up our trip in that direction. Henry White said he would stay in Memphis awhile with his folks until he could find something to make a living at, but as for myself I felt like I was left and could hardly make up my mind what to do. The war was surely over and I could not help from thinking of the oft repeated refrain of comrades Leek, Arnett and James Harrison of "Oh what shall we do when this war breaks up". I still had my thirty-two Mexican silver dollars in my old socks. The last pay of the Confederate Government, and I concluded to get a citizen's outfit with the money and try to get some kind of work in the city for awhile at least until my finances got in better shape, so I went to a Jew clothing store and bought a black cloth suit, hat, shoes, etc. and a cheap valise. I changed clothes and put my old gray uniform in the valise and went back to Mr. Cirode's. They looked surprised at my change. Miss Anne had admired my silver star and crescent on my hat so I gave it to her for a memento of me. I passed the evening very pleasantly with the family playing games until late bed time. When I and Henry retired we had such a cozy room and bed and we slept like two logs.

Thursday May 25th, 1865. Weather pleasant. After breakfast I took a walk down to Mr. Cirode's store. It was some distance as Nor Cirode lived in the suburbs. I then tried several wholesale houses for a job, but could find none. Every place was full of help. I went into a lunch stand and got a cup of coffee and a ham sandwich for my
that evening and I would have to take the oath. I said all right and they filled up the blanks and I signed them (making me a loyal citizen of the United States of America again). I got the following ticket and pass.

No. 42711

United States of America
State of Tennessee,
Office Provost Marshall,
District West Tennessee,
Memphis, Tenn. May 27th, 1865.

I do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America and will obey and maintain the Constitution and Laws of the same, and, will defend and support the said United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and especially against the Rebellious League known as the Confederate States of America. So help me God.

Curtis R. Burke,
Sworn and subscribed before me this
27 day of May 1865,
Geo. Ewing,
Capt. & Asst. Q. M.
Residence Medina Co. O. Age 23, height 5 ft. 8 in. Dark Hair, grey eyes.

I took dinner at a restaurant and read a city paper for an hour trying to steady my nerves for the coming test. I dreaded to face my fate, yet I felt I must settle it before I left. I struck out to Mr. Ci rode's to get my answer and my valise. On entering the front door I did not see anyone and so went straight on up to my room where I found a note in my valise handle and with trembling hands I opened it and read.

Mr. Burke:
Please pardon me for saying you had better go home and find some one more congenial than I might be,

Resp't,
Ella.

I dropped the note and picked it up again and re-read it to be sure my eyes had not fooled me, then I rammed it in my pocket with a long sigh of regret and grabbing my valise as I exclaimed another "Lost Cause" on my shoulders. I heard some one down in the hall at the front door, so I tried to close down to say good-by as I passed out. I met Mrs. Ci rode and Miss Annie who hoped I would have a safe trip home and shook hands with me and said good-by, and remarked that

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29 This arrangement apparently is possible as one provision of Special Orders, No. 215, issued from Washington May 8. Official Records, Ser. II, Vol. VIII, 539. No authority for the text of the oath Burke signs has been located. See Bennett, "Curtis R. Burke's Civil War Journal," LVII (June, 1970), 116a., for the text of Lincoln's oath of allegiance.
Ella was out calling so I left my good-by for her with them, feeling thankful that I had been spared the cruel pain and mortification of telling her good-by under the circumstances. I struck out for the Steamer in a dazed sort of mind realizing that my boyhood's best hopes and the hopes that I had fondly cherished during the long war was now dashed to pieces. Mr. Cirobe's store was near the river, so I dropped in there and told him and Henry White good-by and then boarded the Steamer Robert Burns shaking the dust of Memphis off of my unlucky feet. I left my valise in the office and took my seat on the porch and watched the deck hands finish the loading, while thinking I had been

ONE OF MORGAN'S MEN.

Girl of the yellow roses,
In the glow of a bygone day,
Dark were your eyes with dreaming,
Pleasant your smile always,
And I your gay young lover
Had small chance of wooing you then,
For you were a girl of Kentucky,
And I, one of Morgan's men.

Chorus.

High were my hopes and my heart, when,
I laughed at your bodings then,
And I left you, My Lady of Roses,
To ride with Morgan's men.

Scurry of hoofs on the moon-light road,
Flashing of swords in flight,
Daredevil song 'midst the roar of guns,
Daredevil charge through the night,
Here with the twilight shadows;
There, when day broke again;
Like the bolt of the fierce white lightning,
Was the rush of Morgan's men.

But the war was not for our winning,
Girl of the days of yore!
Outworn we were and outnumbered,
Beaten and bruised and sore,
Yet from defeat you met me
Back to my home again,
But your love had turned against me,
Tho' one of Morgan's men.

When the freight was aboard we got started up the river about lamp light. There was a good many returning Confederates on the steamer, among them I met Mr. West of Lexington, Ky. and Col. D. Howard Smith* of Morgan's cavalry and others that I knew. They had gotten to Texas ahead of me, and all seemed in jolly spirits. The steamer was crowded and after partaking of a fine supper the parlor and ladies cabin end of the steamer were cleared and a string band put in an appearance and dancing was soon progressing for anyone that felt like it. The tables in the fore part of the cabin were used for others to play cards, chess, dominos, and checkers. The officers of the steamer seemed to be trying to make all of the passengers enjoy themselves. About half past ten o'clock the music stopped and bed time gong was sounded. Extra cots were spread along in the cabin and I was assigned to cot four, where I retired as soon as all of the ladies had retired to their state rooms. The tremor of the steamer and the gentle jingle of the prism glass drops on the big chandeliers soon lulled me to sleep as the gallant steamer continued to plow the water on her way up the broad Mississippi.

[Since no one wakes him to put him off at Cairo, Burke remains on the boat and travels on up the Ohio River.]

Wednesday May 31st, 1865. Weather pleasant. After breakfast I joined a checker game for a couple of hours. We passed the Steamer Major Anderson crowded with passengers and freight. Next came the stately double cabin U. S. Mail Packet. She also seemed to be alive with passengers. Some were Federal soldiers returning home and from the way they cheered as they passed I thought they were as glad to be going home as we, the Confederates were. We passed a good many towns, most of them on the Indiana side, during the day. The band on our steamer gave us some music at several of the landings. We reached Cincinnati, Ohio, just after supper which is the end of the steamer's trip being 796 miles from Memphis, Tenn. I went ashore with a Mr. Akes and with him to the Allegheny House near the river kept by a Mr. Fowler, where I got a bed but I did not like the looks of some of the people I saw in the house and became too suspicious and wakeful to rest very much.

Thursday June 1st, 1865. Weather pleasant. After breakfast I wrote two letters, one to my mother in or near Spencer, Medina Co. Ohio and the other to an old friend in Lexington, Ky. my old home. I did not know how the Yanks were treating returning reb. soldiers, so I thought I would find out before I decided which way I would go next, North or South. I went over to Covington, Ky. and hung around the depot to see if I could see anyone from Lexington on the train that I knew or could talk to safely. I loafed around the depot most all day, but did not see anyone that I thought it safe to speak to. I looked around the city awhile and then recrossed the river to the Alleghany

* Colonel Dabney Howard Smith joined Morgan's command with a cavalry regiment in February, 1863. Duke, A History of Morgan's Cavalry, 359.
House in time for supper. I felt awful hungry as I had missed my dinner, so I made the supper hum. A steamboat load of picnic folks landed at the wharf with a band playing. The steamer was all aglow with lights, and the people soon passed up into the city in high glee. I heard that there was a man held up and robbed on the bridge not far from hero and I saw the police looking around for suspects. I did not venture out from the house and retired early always taking care to hide what little money I had on my person.

[For the next few days Burke wanders around Cincinnati and the surrounding area waiting for answers to his letters. On June 2 he sees in a newspaper that Davis will "be turned over to the civil authorities for trial" (p. 476).]

Tuesday June 6th, 1865. Weather warm. After breakfast I took a stroll through the market house. It seemed to be well stocked. I then went to Mr. Hall's marble shop again and was introduced to several returned Rebs, and southern sympathizers who insisted on treating and I tried a glass of beer but I did not like it, so I treated next time and took a glass of Lemonade. Then looking at my cash on hand I saw that I had just enough left to pay bill at the Dover's Inn and buy a ticket to Lexington, but what was to be done with my unpaid bill at the Alleghany Hotel, I did not know, but after thinking it over I concluded to go over to the Alleghany Hotel and propose to leave my valise with Mr. Fowler as security for my five dollar card bill until I got to Lexington, when I would remit him his money and he could send me my valise by express. So over I bolted and found him perfectly willing to accept my proposition. I returned to the Dover's Inn, paid my bill and bought my ticket for Lexington. I had heard from several that returning rebs were not molested in Lexington. I stepped into a bakery and eat a lunch for dinner, then got on the train early to get rid of the awful flying dust. In due time after an uneventful trip we arrived in Lexington. My Old Kentucky home after an absence of nearly three years as a Confederate soldier. My mother and children had moved north, but I might find some of my old friends still there. I began to look to see what changes three years had made. I struck out down Short Street with queer feelings of mingled interest and doubt. And the first man that I met was an old family acquaintance, old man Henry A. Saxon, Sr. the famous brass band man. He grabbed my hand and almost shook it out of joint. I was glad to see him as he was to see me. He asked me where I was going. I told him I did not know. He asked me what I was going to do, I replied I did not know yet. He said, "Well you know where I live don't you?" I replied I used to know. He said, "Well I live at the same old place and you go right there and make yourself at home until you see what you are going to do for a living. My folks will be awful glad to see you. I'll be home after a while." I felt very thankful for such unexpected kindness and expressed my feelings to him and promised to go to his house. I wandered on down town and met a few old friends and some returned Morgan's men, but most of the crowds seemed to be strangers. There was a good many Union soldiers still in the city.

I went up to Mr. Saxton's in time for supper and was warmly welcomed by the family. After supper I took a stroll down in the City and found my brother Alonzo E. Burke at a boarding house, and he told me that he had received a letter from our mother in Ohio saying that she and the children were well and that father (Edward D. Burke) had been released as a prisoner of war, at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. and was with the family sound and well. I returned to Mr. Saxton's at early bed time for fear I might discommode them.

Wednesday June 7th, 1865. Weather still warm. I went down in the city soon after breakfast and looked around for a job to make a living at, but the city was overrun with strangers, the leavings of the war and jobs were very scarce, but I got a job at house painting from a Mr. Cash Parker at one dollar and twenty-five cents per day, so I went to Mr. Solman Rice's boarding house on Vine st. and engaged board and went and bid my Saxton friends good-by. So I was soon able to send back to the Alleghany Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, for my valise and received it in due time with my Confederate suit all safe.

THE JACKET OF GRAY.

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—
For dear muse it be, to our hearts evermore.
[The jacket of grey our loved soldier boy wore.]

Can we ever forget when he joined the brave band
Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land,
And, in his bright youth, hurried on to the fray,
How proudly he donned it, the jacket of gray?

His fond mother blessed him, and looked up above,
Commending to heaven, the child of her love,
What anguish was hers, mortal tongue may not say,
When he passed from our sight in the jacket of gray.

But her country had called, and she would not repine,
Though costly the sacrifice placed on its shrine;

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41 All prisoners had been released from Camp Douglas by at least July 5, 1865. Official Records, Ser. II, Vol. VIII, 700-701. As of May 31 there were still 4,156 prisoners at Douglas; 4,096 were released in June. Ibid., 1002.
Her heart's dearest hopes on its altar she lay,
When she sent out her boy, in the jacket of gray.

[Months passed], and wars thunders rolled over the land,
Unsheathed was the sword, and lighted the brand,
We heard in the distance the sound of the fray,
And prayed for our boys in the jacket of gray.  

Ah, vair, all, all, were our prayers and our tears;
The glad shout of victory rang in our ears;
But our treasured ones on the red battle field lay,
While the life blood oozed out on the jacket of gray.

His young comrades found him, and tenderly bore
The cold lifeless form to his home or the shore;
Oh! dark was our hearts on that terrible day,
When we saw our dead boy in the jacket of gray.

Ah! spotted and tattered and stained now with gore
Was the garment which once he so proudly wore;
We bitterly wept as we took it away,
And replaced with Death's white robe, the jacket of gray.

We laid him to rest in his cold narrow bed,
And graved o'er the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest of tributes our sad hearts could pay,
"He never disgraced the jacket of gray."

Then fold it up carefully, lay it aside,
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride—
For dear must it be, to our hearts evermore—
The jacket of gray our soldier boy wore!

[With some minor differences in wording Burke includes here "The Conquered Banner," a poem by Father Abram J. Ryan, the "Poet Priest of the South."\footnote{\small{Wharton, War Songs and Poems of the Southern Confederacy, 492-493.}}]

\footnote{\small{The first five stanzas of this poem are printed with some minor differences in words and punctuation in Nora F. M. Davidson, "Cuttings from the Confederacy: A Collection of Southern Poems, Original and Others, Popular during the War between the States, and Incidents and Facts Worth Recalling, 1862-1866 (Washington, 1908), 60. Parenthetical additions for two omissions and one significant error in Burke's text are from this version. The change in stanza six is suggested by the editor.}}}