

CHAPTER 5

E.H.Hobson, in his operations, who, after his promotion was assigned a brigade of cavalry, consisting of the Ninth and Twelfth Ky. Cavalry, and the Fifth Indiana Battery, to guard the Union lines which extended across Southern Kentucky to prevent a contemplated attempt of the Confederates making raids into the northern part of Kentucky for supplies. His brigade was stationed at Columbia, Kentucky, while the main command of the lines was under General Judah, at Bowling Green, Kentucky.

This line was not intended as a guard against invasion, but threatened the position of Generals Bragg and Buckner, who commanded the Confederate forces in our immediate front.

A large portion of Bragg's army had been withdrawn to re-inforce General Johnson in Mississippi, leaving the positions of Bragg and Buckner extremely critical. Neither could detach any portion of his command to re-inforce the other without inviting his own, certain destruction.

Bragg determined to retreat beyond the Tennessee River, and to prevent an attack by Rosecrans. While engaged in this hazardous move, he determined to send General John H. Morgan at the head of his Cavalry Division, about three thousand strong and considered the best in the Confederate service, on a bold raid into Kentucky, to burn bridges, tear up railroads and destroy property in the rear of our lines, and to interfere with Rosecrans' line of communication and distract the attention of our commanders until he could safely reach the south side of the Tennessee River.

Accordingly, on the 11th of June, Morgan started from Alexandria, Tennessee, and after feeling our outposts and giving some attention to Col. Sanders, who was then on a raid into East Tennessee, and was threatening Knoxville, Made his appearance about the last of June on the south bank of the Cumberland River at Burksville, Ky. Here, he was detained for three or four days by the river, which was out of it's banks and running at a furious rate.

It was at this point, about July 2nd, that his famous raid may be considered as fairly inaugurated. General Morgan's Division consisted of two Brigadiers. General Basil W. Duke commanding the First, and Col. Adam R. Johnson, the second.

Duke, in his history of Morgan's Cavalry says: "On the 2nd of July, the crossing of the Cumberland began, The First Brigade crossing at Burksville and Scott's Ferry, two miles above, and the Second, crossing at Turkey Neck Bend. The River was still high and running like a mill race. The First Brigade had, with which to cross, the men and their accoutrements, and their artillery, only two, crazy little flats, that

seemed ready to sink under the weight of a single man, and two or three canoes."

Col. Johnson was not even so well provided, his horses had to swim. "Our entire force," he said, "was twenty four hundred and sixty effective men, exclusive of artillery, which consisted of four pieces, two each of three-inch Parrotts and twelve pound Howitzer guns."

Our Commanders, consisting of Hobson, Shackelford, Cooper and Manson, each commanding Brigades as I have formerly stated. All were under Judah as Division Commander and stationed at Bowling Green, Glasgow, Columbia and Russelville. Each brigade commander having his outposts and wings carefully looked after.

The lines, thus guarded, covered a distance of at least one hundred and thirty miles. This line was also intended to keep open communication between Burnsidés on the left, and Rosecrans on the right when advancing into East Tennessee.

Our scouts soon apprised our commander of the movements of the enemy by which they knew that a raid into the interior of Kentucky was designed. Haste was therefore made to intercept them, which would have been successful if the proper one had been put in command of the forces which were numerically more than sufficient, to not only oppose them, but if properly commanded, would have defeated and utterly routed Morgan's command, or captured it before it got fairly started in Ky.

As early as June 18th, Judah learned that Morgan would attempt to break through his lines, and on that day, ordered Hobson's Brigade from Columbia to Glasgow. This left a wide gap on Judah's left wholly unprotected, and it was Hobson's firm belief that Morgan would take advantage of it and attempt to move into Kentucky by way of Burksville.

When General Hobson promulgated the order to his Brigade, Col. R.R.Jacobs, commanding the Ninth Kentucky, and who had command of the brigade before Hobson relieved him, told his officers to get ready to move, while he would take the liberty of remonstrating against it.

He asked General Hobson to excuse him, as he felt the movement would be a bad one, and just such a one as Morgan would desire. Col. Jacobs predicted that if the movement was made, Morgan would cross at Burksville, pass through Columbia, attack, and probably capture Moore at Green River Bridge, and Manson at Lebanon. He then said, "If I were he, I would then go to Louisville and capture that city."

General Hobson listened to him as he always did his subordinates, with the utmost courtesy and said: "But what if I have positive orders, as I have, to make this movement." "Then you have to execute it," replied Jacobs, "but it is a great pity

that the authorities will not permit the officers in command in the field to judge for themselves; this, in my opinion, is a bad movement."

Morgan was threatening Carthage, Tennessee, about 60 miles south of Columbia, thereby intending, as Hobson believed, to attract Judah's attention and to draw him with Manson's Brigade, away from Glasgow, and the move along the south side of the Cumberland River and cross over into Kentucky.

General Hobson started at once with his brigade, through rain and mud for Glasgow, where he arrived on June 24th with the division supply train of over one hundred loaded wagons. On account of the bad condition of the roads, the men were compelled to draw the wagons up hills and through deep mud holes, which were frequent, and not far between. Long ropes were used, and eighty to one hundred men would be hitched to one wagon or piece of artillery, and it would be taken in a whoop without any danger of leaving anybody stuck in the mud.

As soon as Hobson reached Glasgow he was ordered to Tompkinsville, and was informed that Judah, with Manson's Brigade, would move to Scottsville, and from thence, to Carthage. General Hobson tried to impress Gen. Judah with his idea of Morgan's intention of crossing the Cumberland River as far up as Burksville, but to no avail. Judah fully believed that Morgan would cross the Cumberland River at Clarksville, Tennessee, or somewhere near Shackelford's front, which was at Russellville.

Starting early on the morning of June 27th, Hobson moved to Glover Creek, where he remained until the 28th. Here, he recuperated his men who had been marching in drenching rains and through mud until they were completely exhausted. The streams had become so swollen from the heavy rains that they could not be crossed. Judah was on the south side of Barren River, water bound, and all communication with him was cut off until the waters receded.

Hobson pushed his scouts out to Center Point, Marrowbone, and Tompkinsville, and they reported that Morgan's entire force, four thousand strong, with four pieces of artillery, were moving up the river with the intention of crossing Duke's Brigade at Cloyd's Landing, while the remainder of his forces were to cross at Burksville, seven miles higher up the river, and again unite their forces at Burksville.

The idea that struck General Hobson after leaving Glasgow, was that if he obeyed the orders of General Judah, Morgan would accomplish his ends. He felt that he had evacuated one point that was very material to Morgan, by leaving Columbia, and that thereafter, he would obey General Judah's commands when he thought they were reasonable, but disobey them, when in his judgement, they were unreasonable.

On the 28th he ordered the Infantry and one batallion of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry to Ray's Crossroads, without orders from Judah, while he, with the 12th Ky. Cavalry, under Col. Crittenden, took the direct road to Tompkinsville where he arrived that day expecting to meet General Judah at that place.

From his scouts, who had been in Burksville all night on the 29th, and had been closely watching along the Cumberland River, and from prisoners taken, it was learned that his previous information as to the enemy was correct, but that they would be unable to cross the Cumberland for several days. He also learned that Col. Johnson's brigade was encamped at Turkey Neck Bend, on the south side of the river, and that the north bank of the river could be occupied by our forces within three hundred yards of the enemy, without being observed by them.

About three o'clock PM General Judah arrived and General Hobson informed him of the situation and submitted a map of the country in the vicinity of Col. Johnson's camp, with the request that he might make the attack. This was refused, and General Hobson then suggested that his brigade be sent to Burksville to hold the road to Columbia and prevent Gen. Duke from crossing there or at Scott's Ferry.

This suggestion was also refused by Gen. Judah and Gen. Hobson was ordered to move at six o'clock the next morning to Marrowbone, ten miles west of Burksville and there concentrate his brigade and hold that point at all hazards until further orders.

Manson was ordered to Tompkinsville and Shackelford to Ray's Crossroads to support Gen. Hobson at Marrowbone, with directions to all, to report to Gen. Judah at Glasgow.

General Hobson arrived at Marrowbone July 1st, 6 PM, with his brigade. Thus, some ten or twelve days were lost in making unnecessary movements, exhausting the strength of men and horses which were destined to make a march in the near future of many hundred miles.

The next morning, July 2nd, Hobson's scouts reported that Morgan was crossing at Burksville. Hobson immediately sent about one-hundred and sixty men of the Ninth Ky. Cavalry under Capt. T.J.Hardin, to learn if this was true, and if so, to feel the strength of those who had succeeded in crossing.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, a courier came back hurriedly to inform us that Hardin's men were in full retreat pushed by Morgan's men. Col. Jacob galloped down to where about seventy-five of his men were holding a strong position that General Hobson had selected that morning, and ordered his men to hold their position at all hazards.

At this moment, the retreating force of Capt. Hardin came flying over the hill pursued by Morgan's men who were yelling like demons. For eight miles they had been engaged in a running fight with clubbed guns and pistols. They were greatly outnumbered, but determined not to surrender.

Capt. Quirk, and some of his men pursued our men until they came within twenty yards of Col. Jacobs strong position and were fired on. Quirk and some of his men were badly wounded.

By this time Gen. Hobson had his battery in position, and a few shots from the pieces caused the enemy to make a hasty retreat.

When the Confederates first came in sight, many of our infantry were bathing in the creek and at the first alarm, they gathered their clothes and ran for their guns, putting on the clothing they had chanced to gather up as they ran. Some with only a shirt and hat while others had only hats and socks. If Col. Jacobs position had been overcome, there would have been a ludicrous spectacle of over one-thousand, half-naked soldiers in battle. Col. Jacobs won the highest praise for the masterly manner in which he handled his gallant men.

Gen. Hobson sent to Ray's Crossroads for Gen. Shackelford's brigade to come to his support, as his cavalry was completely worn out from continuous scouting night and day.

Shackelford arrived at midnight and was ordered by Hobson to occupy a crossroad near the river in front, to prevent Duke and Johnson uniting their forces, and to give Hobson a chance to fall upon Johnson, who was crossing at Cloyd's Ferry, and destroy his force, after which, to hurriedly join Shackelford and with their combined forces, crush Duke at Burksville. This was Hobson's plans, which, with the knowledge he had of the enemy's forces, could have been accomplished.

As soon as Johnson completed his crossing to our side of the river he must surrender, be driven back into the river, or overcome Hobson. This, however, we were certain he could not do, and a flank retreat was an impossibility.

Gen. Duke admits the gravity of the situation in his history, alluded to above. He says that: "If Judah had made the aggressive movement that Hobson urged, with the force he had at his command, he could have crushed and captured Morgan's whole force."

Gen. Hobson had, it will be seen, disobeyed Judah's orders to hold Marrowbone, and was arranging in his own way, a plan that would end the Morgan raid in short order.

Hobson, when everything was in readiness, informed Gen. Judah, who was his superior, of his plans. As soon as he was apprised of Hobson's movements, Judah sent an aid at full

speed with imperative orders to suspend all operations until he arrived.

When Judah arrived, he sent Shackelford back to the crossroads, thereby opening a gap which allowed Morgan to unite his forces, which he immediately took advantage of, and proceeded on his raid toward Columbia.

On July 4th, Judah sent his scouts to Burksville, only to learn that Morgan was well on his way to, or perhaps beyond Columbia.

Thus, by destroying Gen. Hobson's plans at a critical moment, the invasion of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, with its long train of attendant evils, became a possibility and a reality. Judah, by lack of generalship, had allowed Morgan to break through his lines and proceed on his famous raid of over eight hundred miles. The most remarkable, and perhaps the longest raid ever made in the rear of an enemy's lines.

While Morgan was known to be a man of humane principals, and kind, even generous to prisoners, he harbored, and allowed to accompany him, such men as Ferguson, Hamilton, Richardson and Magruder who were murderers and thieves and delighted in spilling the blood of the Union soldiers who happened to fall into their hands as prisoners.

Four of Col. Jacobs' men who were captured in the running fight on July 2nd, were shot down after they had surrendered. Whether by those guerrillas or Morgan's own men we never knew but it left a hideous black mark against his men, that was hard to obliterate from the minds of their comrades, who were only prevented from retaliating by Gen. Hobson's orders which were strict against any abuse to prisoners of war.

On the afternoon of the third, Morgan attacked a small scouting party at Columbia under Capt. J.M.Carter, Co. J, 1st Ky. Cavalry. In this skirmish, Morgan lost two men killed and several wounded. Capt. Carter was killed and his gallant company retreated toward Jamestown.

Gen. Hobson was ordered to Greensburg and Gen. Shackelford to Columbia. Gen. Hobson's scouts reported that Col. Moore had evacuated his stockades at Green River Bridge, and had stationed his men, only one hundred and eighty in number, on the Tate hill north of Green River. This, Hobson saw, would be disastrous to Col. Moore's small troop, of less than two hundred men, and that he would be driven like the wind before Morgan's cavalry and would soon be run down and captured.

He at once sent a courier at full speed, ordering Col. Moore to return to the narrows on the Columbia Pike, one mile south of the Green River Bridge, and there, build rifle pits and defend them at all hazards, hoping by this to check Morgan

until Shackelford could reach his rear.

This order, Moore immediately obeyed. He dug rifle pits near the residence of John Green Sublett, felling trees on all sides to prevent a flank movement of Morgan's command.

About 10 o'clock A.M., July 4th, General Morgan's command appeared in Moore's front. Moore's pickets, having been warned of Morgan's approach, opened fire and immediately retired, followed closely by Morgan's men, to the very brink of the pits.

Here, they met with a warm reception. Col. Moore, who was a Michigander, answered Gen. Morgan's request to surrender. That the 4th of July was a day dedicated to heroes for their successful victories over superior numbers and he could not entertain the thought of surrendering to Gen. Morgan. That if he wanted to cross the Green River Bridge, he must do it without his consent.

Green River Bridge was twice destroyed during the war; once by Morgan, and again by Confederate Gen. Lyon, but was each time rebuilt by the government.

Morgan, seeing Col. Moore's determination not to surrender, hurled Col. Chinault's whole regiment against his weak line. Here the gallant Chinault and twenty of his gallant band fell in the first charge. Major Breat and Capt. Tribble were also killed. With this the Confederates were not satisfied and they made charge after charge against Moore's line, which stood like a rock. Every charge increased Morgan's losses which in the end numbered 62 men.

Morgan, seeing that it was hopeless to try to rout Moore's men, withdrew and started toward Greensburg. But, when he reached the first ford below the bridge, he forded the river, which was very high, into Lemons bend, passing through the Buchanon farm now owned by I.K. Miller. He passed through the farms of Mrs. Lemons and Mrs. Roach and struck the Columbia and Campbellsville Pike near Dr. Shively's farm, but his scouts succeeded in burning the Green River Bridge.

Morgan was now twenty four hours ahead of his pursuers. Hobson, as ordered, pushed on to Greensburg via Edmonton, as rapidly as possible over hills and through mud, with his wagons and artillery marching at night by torch light at the rate of twenty or thirty miles per day.

He reached Greensburg at 2 o'clock P.M. on the 5th with his cavalry, leaving his infantry, artillery and trains, which were impeding his progress, far in the rear. Here, Judah promised to meet him with the 11th Ky., 5th Indiana, and 14th Illinois Cavalry. Sending a courier to Gen. Judah, he received an answer that he was six miles below Greensburg, across the river, which he would not attempt to ford until

the next morning. Gen. Hobson, being impatient, and very anxious to keep on the heels of Morgan and attack him in his rear when he was headed off by Col. Hanson, who was known to be at Lebanon, determined at once that he would no longer be impeded from effective services by a tardy superior. He left Greensburg that night at 10 o'clock for Campbellsville with his cavalry. He left orders at Greensburg for his infantry and artillery to halt at that place for further orders.

We reached Campbellsville at 4 o'clock A.M., July 6th where we joined Shackelford with the 8th and 3rd Ky. Cavalry and 22nd Indiana Battery. The 12th Kentucky Cavalry, which had been detached from Hobson for a few days also joined us here.

We pushed on to Lebanon where we joined the 1st Ky. Cavalry, 2nd and 7th Ohio Cavalry, 2nd East Tenn. Mounted Infantry and a battery of four mountain howitzers, which formed two brigades, and were commanded by Col. A.V.Kautz and Col. Frank Wolford.

Morgan had attacked Lebanon on the 5th as Hobson had predicted, and if he had not been delayed by orders from his superiors, he would have been at his rear when the attack was made.

Lebanon was defended by Col. Chas. S. Hanson, commanding the 20th Ky. Infantry with about three hundred and sixty men and after a most gallant resistance of eight hour duration, surrendered to overwhelming numbers here. Capt. Thomas Morgan, Gen. Morgan's brother, was killed in a charge on Hanson's line.

Again, our men were taken as prisoners. Both officers and men were grossly mistreated. Some with personal violence, and nearly all were robbed of their clothing, money and other property. I do not like to write anything discreditable of my own State's son, but this was a shameful truth. As soon as Hobson arrived at Lebanon, he communicated with Gen. Burnside who was at Cincinnati, and received the following dispatch, dated Cincinnati, July 6th 1863-4:30 P.M.

---Gen. E.H.Hobson---It is reported that a small portion of Morgan's command was at Harrodsburg this morning, but the main body went from Springfield in the direction of Bardstown. You will combine the commands of Gen. Shackelford, and Col. Kautz and Wolford, and after ascertaining as near as possible the direction of Gen. Morgan's route, you will endeavor to overtake him or cut him off. Please telegraph at once, the composition of your brigade, and also that of Shackelford, Kautz and Wolford. You are authorized to subsist your command upon the country and impress the necessary horses to replace your broken down ones. This should be done in a regular way. Morgan ought to be broken to pieces before he gets out of the state. Answer at once.---

E.A.Burnside, Major General.

In compliance of the above order, General Hobson at once assumed command of all the forces then at Lebanon, numbering about two thousand five hundred. He divided his command into three brigades as follows: 9th and 12th Ky. Cavalry with Gen. Shackelford commanding,--1st Ky. Cavalry, 2nd East Tenn. Mounted Infantry and Law's Battery were put in command of Col. Frank Wolford, while the 2nd and 7th Ohio Cavalry were put under the command of Col A.V.Kautz.

If Gen. Hobson had been in communication with Gen. Judah's superior four days earlier, Or if the above order could have been promulgated four days sooner, Gen. Morgan's command would have never reached Columbia. Now we find in Morgan's wake a command that had been without rest for ten days, in their ceaseless efforts to check the raiders.

Hereto, their movements had been without co-operation or intelligent directions, but now they were combined and this may be considered the organization of the pursuit of Morgan and his command, which followed him through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, day after day, and week after week, for eight hundred miles, enduring hardships and privations that utterly baffle description.

The command left Lebanon at 5 o'clock P.M. on the 6th, via Springfield, reaching Bardstown at 7 o'clock A.M., the next morning, where Lt. Sullivan, with twenty five men of the 4th U.S.Cavalry had been overpowered and captured the day before.

Without a halt the column pushed on to Bardstown Junction on the L & N Railroad, twenty five miles from Bardstown, where it arrived at 5 P.M.

Morgan had captured a train here with an immense mail, and after destroying this and robbing the express company's safe, allowed the train to return to Elizabethtown. Here, Gen. Hobson mounted a hand car with a dozen soldiers to work it, ran it down to Sheppardsville where there was a telegraph station. From here he communicated with Gen. Boyle, commanding the district of Louisville, advising him of Morgan's movement toward Brandenburg and requesting him to send a gun boat to that place to prevent him from crossing the Ohio into Indiana. He also ordered rations to be sent to his command by rail at once.

When the people of Louisville learned that our Cavalry was at Sheppardsville, and that Morgan had gone in the direction of Brandenburg, there was great rejoicing as they had been in sack cloth and ashes for two days, while there was great wailing and gnashing of teeth. Louisville was scared. The supplies arrived promptly, and as soon as they were issued, the pursuit was resumed.

Hobson fully believed now, when he saw the course Morgan was

taking, that he would be compelled to cross the Ohio River. He was not blindly following Morgan's trail, wholly unadvised as to his intentions and movements. He had shrewd and daring men in his command, some of whom were often, with Morgan's command, perfectly disguised, and who kept Gen. Hobson thoroughly posted as to Morgan's movements.

Near Garnettsville, Ky., one of these scouts, with a squad of Morgan's men, halted at the residence of a citizen for something to eat. The citizen proved to be a strong Southern sympathizer and said he was delighted to have the opportunity of aiding so distinguished a gentleman as Gen. Morgan. He said he was raising a company, and by the time Gen. Morgan again entered Kentucky, which had been frequent, he would have his company ready to join him.

The ladies of the household were exceedingly active in the preparation of the dinner. The party fared most sumptuously and the landlord refused almost indignantly the offer to compensate him, but our scout insisted upon paying for his dinner and offered the gentleman a one dollar Confederate bill, which was fully accepted and a silver half dollar given back as change.

The scout came back and made his report, and as we approached the residence of the hospitable citizen less than twenty four hours later in the company of Gen. Hobson and his staff, and politely requested something to eat, he assured us that he was very conservative on the war question and was constitutionally a Union man and regretted very much that the serious illness of his women folks, rendered it impossible for him to accomodate us.

He however, soon learned, from the questions put to him, that we knew more of him than he ever dreamed of. When asked to give the names of his company that he had enlisted for Morgan, and was shown the silver he gave as change for the Confederate dollar, it almost paralyzed him.

There was a sudden change in the health of the women folks, and Gen. Hobson and his staff soon had a first class dinner set before them.

CHAPTER 6

General Hobson's courteous bearings toward the gentleman and his family before we departed dispelled all fears and timidity, and at his urgent request to know how we had obtained our information concerning him, our scout, in full Confederate uniform was introduced. This was very embarrassing to our citizen friend, and I have no doubt that he has always thought that we had one prisoner that talked too much for the good of his cause.

I will here leave the many gallant acts of our scouts on this raid, but will return to their many acts of heroism, as soon as I have completed my narrative of this very daring raid.

On the evening of the 8th, Gen. Hobson learned through his scouts that Morgan had captured the steamers, McCombs and Alice Dean, at Brandenburg, and was crossing the river into Indiana; also, that one of our gunboats and a transport with troops were at Rock Haven, a small town on the Kentucky side of the river, a few miles above Brandenburg.

Morgan succeeded in dispersing the Leavenworth Home Guards stationed on the Indiana shore, and, in crossing his command. By 7 AM of the 9th, our command, led by the First Ky. Cavalry entered the town and captured some prisoners, supplies, and also the boat, McCombs, which was then receiving the last of Morgan's forces. The Dean was burning on the Indiana shore, fired by the enemy.

General Hobson had now complied with instructions received from General Burnside, to follow Morgan night and day until he had either captured him or drove him from the state. He had succeeded in driving him from the state and was virtually without orders from his superior to proceed further. But Gen. Hobson said his duty was so manifest that he would assume all responsibility, cross the river into Indiana, and continue the pursuit without awaiting orders. General Shackelford promptly responded that he would share the responsibility with him.

On the 10th, our command was on the north bank of the Ohio at daylight, and we were moving in the direction of Corydon. Morgan had met with serious, and stubborn resistance at Corydon by the Indiana Militia, who killed and wounded many of his men before being routed. This taught him that his pathway through the north was not to be strewn with roses, and Gen. Morgan avoided as much as possible, the Indiana and Ohio militia.

We soon came to a flour mill, which Morgan had destroyed, and his next destruction was a house and property of farmer Glenn, who had killed one of Morgan's men, and in turn was killed by them and his property burned. Just after passing Corydon, a man rode out of the woods and cordially greeted

Gen. Hobson, calling him General Morgan, and stating that he had a company of sixty men on their way from Martin County to join him. General Hobson treated him very politely and asked him how far his men were away. He answered that they would be there by the next day.

Hobson said; "He was sorry that he could not wait for them as they would be very material use to him." The Hoosier answered; "Well, General, it will make very little difference whether my men go with you or not as we will be ready for old Hobson as soon as he comes along, and will give him hell. You may depend on us, as we are well armed, and I have sixty of as brave of men as there are in Indiana."

General Hobson took him by the hand, which he had extended to bid the General goodbye and said; "I beg pardon, my brave friend, but, I am Hobson and will have to detain you anyhow, until my men have hanged or shot you to death."

"My God," said the fellow, "is it possible that this is General Hobson? General, is there no chance for me?"

"Yes," said the General, good naturedly, "I never hang men who show their treachery, try to destroy their own homes, and to murder their own neighbors. I generally shoot them. You see, they are miserable wretches, and I try to put them out of their misery as soon as possible."

The fellow was not shot or hung, however, he was held prisoner, or possibly paroled by Hobson's Aide, who paroled twenty-six of Morgan's men lodged in houses there, and I believe all of whom had been wounded by the militia.

We arrived at Salem, Washington County, on the morning of the 11th, where Morgan had burned the depot and had demanded tribute from mills and factories, burning those who refused.

At 8 o'clock PM we reached Lexington, Indiana, where Gen. Hobson found it absolutely necessary to rest for the night, as horses and men were falling asleep on the road.

On the 12th we moved out on the Versailles road over which Morgan had gone the night before. We were somewhat refreshed from the nights rest, but our horses were still fagged.

We then followed Morgan to Harrison, a state line town between Indiana and Ohio, arriving there at 7 PM on the 13th

At this place, Morgan had burned the bridge over the Whitewater River, to impede Hobson's pursuit. Here, our advance was on Morgan's heels, but our rear column did not come up until near morning of the 14th, being detained in giving assistance to the artillery.

Morgan made many detached movements to deceive Gen. Hobson,

but, being up to Morgan's tricks, Hobson kept his forces on the road passed over by Morgan's main column. The Home Guards, meeting Morgan's detachments on so many roads, made some wild reports, as each detachment was thought by them, to be Morgan's whole army.

At one place the militia had concentrated by rail, several hundred strong, but had not yet disembarked. When they found Morgan's column passing in force right through their lines, I asked a Captain of one of the companies what he did. He said, "You bet we laid low and kept shady, as most of our men were still asleep in the cars. We were afraid to wake them, so Morgan never knew we were there." They also reported to us that Morgan had at least ten thousand men, which was only an imagination.

On their march through Indiana and Ohio, Morgan's men passed through a very fertile and prosperous country. Their motto was, "whatever is outside is mine and whatever is inside is my messmate's." They were in a country of their enemy and with the idea that might was right, they took everything in sight. Taking mostly from the stores of the towns. They were very liberal in their purchases, never stinting themselves, and especially remembering the girl they left behind, as their purchases consisted of corsets, hoops, bolts of calico, ladies hose, shoes and gloves, hats, ribbons, laces, birdcages, mirrors, face powder, paint and perfumery, etc., all of which they ordered and charged to Jeff Davis. It had been years since they had had such good shopping opportunities.

One fellow said he was glad to see that the merchants had their stores so well stocked, that they more than compared with the stores in Dixie, and that he found no occasion whatever, to find fault with the prices. As they employed spring wagons and all the extra horses they could find to transport their purchases, most of which was for the ladies. The merchants must have thought there was a whooping lot of "gals" left back in Dixie, who were anxiously awaiting their return.

Morgan went around Cincinnati in the night, leaving some of his men asleep by the roadside. their long journey was telling on them. They had already endured greater hardships than it was thought men could endure. He left his dusty track around Cincinnati strewn with bridles, saddles, blankets, hats, and occasionally a broken down horse or man.

He went from Harrison to New Baltimore, where he stopped to burn a fine bridge which spanned the Big Miami River, then went around the north side of Cincinnati by way of Springdale, Sharonville and Montgomery. He crossed the Little Miami at a very dangerous ford between Miamiville and Lebanon and then gradually bore back towards the Ohio River.

We left Harrison early on the morning of the 14th, taking the track of Morgan's main column, and arrived at Glendale at noon. Here we found several of Morgan's men fast asleep through sheer exhaustion, and were aroused to find themselves in the hands of the enemy in nearly the same plight. Gen. Hobson here ordered a halt and we rested for three hours before being ordered forward, during which time the citizens entertained us most hospitably, furnishing us an abundance of water and provisions.

General Morgan had given Indianapolis a terrible scare, and when he had changed his course and threatened Cincinnati, it in turn became panic stricken, and it looked very much like it was Morgan's intention to invade the city. But, his men were in such a deplorable condition when he reached there, they were not fit to do battle. Besides, Gen. Morgan well knew that if he captured Cincinnati, it would have to be done at once, as a delay of less than twelve hours would find Gen. Hobson on his rear, which would bring disaster and ruin to his command. He was also suspicious as to the strength of Gen. Burnside there.

Hobson had positive information that Morgan's aim was to capture and destroy Cincinnati, then cross the river and escape through Kentucky. For this reason, Hobson pushed forward as rapidly as possible, checked occasionally by the destruction of bridges, broken down horses, etc. Morgan was like a fugitive. He had home guards to the right and left of him, Burnside's in front of him, and Hobson in his rear.

He was dodging his pursuers in every possible way, ready to take any course that promised escape. In this way he passed around Cincinnati and up through Ohio dodging right and left, hounded on every side. Morgan was exerting every nerve to avoid an engagement, while Hobson was employing every means in his power to bring one on. For these reasons, both commands went around Cincinnati like a whirlwind, marching over ninety miles in about thirty five hours.

Col. Neff of the Second Kentucky Infantry, commanding Fort Dennison, with a lot of convalescents and militia, succeeded in resisting an attack on that place and saved from destruction several important bridges in that vicinity, but while this was being done, a detachment of Morgan's men destroyed a train of cars within two miles of Camp Dennison.

Our command left Glendale at 3 o'clock PM, arriving at Newberry that night, where it halted to feed and rest. Here, Col. Sanders, in command of the 8th and 9th Michigan Cavalry, and a section of the 11th Michigan Battery, reported to Gen. Hobson. He and his command displayed wonderful energy in the pursuit from the moment they joined us. Their gallantry was conspicuous in the engagement at Bluffington. The Ohioans felled trees across the roads and tore up floors of bridges to check Morgan's headway, but with little effect.

We marched on the morning of the 15th for Batavia, but our guide, a Methodist minister who was instructed to follow the road Morgan's command had taken, led us five miles out of the way, evidently following one of Morgan's scouting parties, which he had seen pass the day before and thought it Morgan's whole command.

From Batavia we pushed on to Sardinia, which we reached that night at 11 o'clock. A brief halt for needed rest for men and horses was made. Gen. Hobson found great difficulty in keeping his artillery up, owing to the broken down condition of his horses, and the impossibility of procuring fresh ones. Gen. Morgan had scouted the country for several miles on either side of our line of march from the time he struck Kentucky, taking every servicable horse he could find, and leaving the highways strewn with broken down animals.

At Sardinia, Gen. Hobson separated his command, ordering Col. Kautz to move forward with his brigade and make every effort to overtake Morgan, attack and compel him to make a stand. He would support him with Col. Sanders' brigade, while the rest of the command would move forward as fast as their jaded horses would permit.

Our command reached Winchester on the 16th and halted part of the night for rest. We reached Jackson on the night of the 17th and halted for a brief rest. General Morgan had burned a large railroad depot, two railroad bridges and a flouring mill in Jackson County, and had gone in the direction of Pomeroy, and was moving toward Bluffington Island.

As Morgan was now making the Ohio River, it was evident that the tiring race was nearing its end, and the chase became more and more exciting.

A brisk gait was maintained throughout the 18th until dark, when we again halted for a brief rest after fifteen hours of constant marching. Here we learned that Morgan had tried to force his way into Pomeroy, but had been repulsed and was supposed to be on his way to Bluffington Island, twenty-six miles distant, where he would try to ford the river, at which place our gunboats were expected to be watching for him.

We also learned that General Judah was marching on Pomeroy. This information was communicated to all brigade commanders and they were ordered to move forward at a rapid rate on all night marches.

Morgan arrived at Bluffington that night, intending to cross the river the next morning as soon as it was light, and by marching all night, Hobson could have his whole column there by daylight to crush and capture him.

Col. Kautz had the advance, closely followed by Col. Sanders, Gen. Shackelford and Col. Wolford with their brigades, in the order named, brought up the rear.

That night's march was a severe test of the powers of endurance of men and horses. All were completely exhausted; horses were staggering and breaking down, men were sleeping in their saddles, and men and horses were found sleeping by the roadside. One regiment of fresh, wide-awake troops could have played havoc with the whole command.

General Hobson, anxious to have his column up and well in hand to make an attack at daylight, sent his aids along the line of march to encourage the men to keep up spirits, as Morgan would be attacked at daylight and every man must be in line.

Regimental and company commanders were instructed to keep their men well closed up, so the half-sleeping men and horses rushed along all through the wearisome night.

Finally, daylight began to approach and we were nearing Bluffington. Surely the river was guarded by gunboats and a heavy force moving up from Pomeroy, and there were no other roads leading from Pomeroy except the one we were on. Morgan was at last entrapped. We were expecting every moment to hear the guns of our advance. Every moment we were expecting to hear the words, "double quick," or be ordered into line of battle. There were no sleepy men now, all was excitement.

Never were men more eager to engage in battle, even the poor jaded horses seemed to partake in the enthusiasm, and travel better than they had for days, although they had received less than one hour's rest in the last twenty-four hours.

As we approached the river we found that a dense fog prevailed, which would prove a very serious impediment to the enemy in crossing until it disappeared, if, unfortunately there were no gunboats present, and the river fordable. Gen. Hobson pushed forward to join the advance column under Col. Kautz, where strength had been reduced by the long wearisome march to about two hundred men.

Daylight was appearing just as Hobson reached Col. Sanders' brigade, which was second in column. Morgan's outposts opened a sharp picket fire on Kautz. This was 5 o'clock, Sunday morning, July 19th. Kautz dismounted and deployed his men as skirmishers driving Morgan's videttes toward the river. Gen. Hobson ordered Col. Sanders' two guns into position and they opened up on the enemy.

This was the first intimation Morgan had of Hobson's close proximity, as he never supposed that Hobson would undertake an all-night's march in his broken-down condition, so he never expected him to reach Bluffington earlier than that

evening of the 19th. He well knew he had not left a single servicable horse or mule on his march. Col. Silas Adams, who had been ordered forward with his famous old First Kentucky Cavalry of Wolford's brigade, arrived in time to unite with Sanders and Kautz in the attack upon the enemy at the river.

Our cavalry, with the aid of our artillery, were driving the enemy from the field.

Captain Fitch, whose presence we had not learned, opened upon them with his gunboats, in thundering tones whose shrieking shells completed the rout already begun. The shells from the gunboats forced many of our own men to seek shelter, and at one time, Gen. Hobson and staff, who were upon the elevation next to the hills, were singled out as fair game, and a few shots from the floaters caused them to hastily transfer their headquarters.

Morgan was endeavoring to escape through the fields up the river. Adams, Kautz and Sanders were pelting him furiously, while the gunboats and Sanders' two guns, with their cross-fire, created a scene of indescribable confusion in his lines. His men could no longer withstand the attack of our cavalry and the murderous artillery fire, and they fled panic stricken from the field.

About two miles back of Bluffington a road led off from the one we had traveled to the river. Here, Hobson left the brigade of Shakelford and Wolford, thinking Morgan might make a dash to gain his rear, and which proved to be the case, for the main body of the retreating force made it's way up a couple of ravines at the upper end of a bottom and went rushing back through fields and forest for the Chester Road, thinking they had found a great gap down. But, they ran into the lines of Shackelford and Wolford, who gave them a warm reception which lasted for over an hour.

He lost all of his artillery. One piece, in trying to escape, was run over the bank of the river with horses and riders. In this wild, confused retreat was a display of banners, more sublime than ever before seen on a field of battle, both for brilliancy and numerous colors. Here, they unloaded their late purchases which had accumulated on the long march, and for which account Jeff Davis stood responsible.

When the stampede began, each of Morgan's troopers began to unload the plunder he carried on his horse. Boots, shoes, gloves, stockings, socks, hats, bonnets with gay colors, ribbons, boxes of hairpins, pocket knives, cheap jewelry, and watches were scattered over the fields everywhere. The men who were retreating at full speed would catch the end of a bolt of calico or muslin and let it trail behind them it's full length. The colors of these were red, white, blue, green, yellow, brown, black, orange, ringed and striped, embracing every color and figure imaginable.

Although this was a very exciting time, Morgan's men seemed to enjoy the display they were making in their retreat, for they would hold their bolt's end as long as they could. A great many of Morgan's men also hid money and valuable jewelry here. One man, Jim Wheeler, living near Danville, Ky., told me that he hid a large bundle of greenbacks under the root of a tree in one of those ravines, and several of his comrades did the same thing.

After the battle was over a lot of very poor people living in the vicinity came upon the field. Gen. Hobson ordered that the spoils be gathered up and distributed among them. He said it seemed that the good lord had forced Morgan to disgorge at the right place, that from the appearance of the people, they needed all they could get and that he was glad to know that he could assist them, but carefully added that no-one should take advantage of his liberality and start a store, for there was enough on the ground to start at least three, as full stores as there are in Greensburg, (Ky.) and with the exception of stoves, furniture and machinery, as great a variety of goods as carried in any country store.

As soon as possible after the battle, the guards and prisoners left at Bluffington, were permitted by Col. T.F. Allen of the 7th Ohio Cavalry, to go in bathing in detachments which they greatly enjoyed. Yankee and Rebel were soon splashing the water together and coughing the dust from their nose, ears and eyes which had been accumulating there for the last three weeks, while we had marched day and night through dust ankle deep. After the bath our men shared their rations, which was spread like picnic style.

Gen. Basil Duke, Col. Smith, Col. Jesse Morgan, Capt. Hines and others were prisoners. Not a man in the whole of two commands of over 5,000 men, had their clothes off or a good nights rest for over three weeks. How welcome was the first nights rest to those Confederates and to the lucky Yankees who were left to guard the prisoners at Bluffington Island, after so long and wearisome journey. But, this was only for a few of our weary worn out comrades to enjoy, as Gen. Hobson soon had them in pursuit of Gen. Morgan's forces which I believe were about 700 men, who had succeeded in making their escape.

Scarcely had the field been cleared of the enemy and Gen. Hobson given orders to the different brigades when a column of cavalry was discovered coming up the river. An orderly came dashing up to Gen. Hobson and reported that the approaching column was Gen. Judah's command and desired to know what command ours was. This was the first we had heard of Gen. Judah since leaving Greensburg, Ky.

As soon as he learned it was Hobson's command, he came upon the field an assumed command of all the forces.

Gen Hobson, protested against it, referring him to Gen. Burnside's order at Lebanon, Ky. Besides, he told Judah that it was then impossible to give him his plans, and that the matter should be referred to department headquarters for adjustment, stating that while part of his command was there, the majority of it was following Morgan and others who had escaped with him.

General Burnside was informed of this controversy and responded, stating that Hobson had been in pursuit for many days and had done a good work and must not be balked. That if Judah did so he would incur a heavy responsibility, which would bring it's retribution. He thanked Gen. Hobson and the nation thanked him, and said it was but just after making so long a chase, to allow him to retain a separate command of his own column.

This settled the matter so far as Judah was concerned, but by the time it was received, Hobson's brigade, in obedience to his orders were many miles away in hot pursuit of the scattered fragments of Morgan and his command.

Gen. Judah had, on the same morning, attacked Morgan below the river, just about, or a little after Hobson had attacked him on the Chester road. Gen. Duke had captured one of Gen. Judah's guns and had about got the best of him, having killed two of his staff besides some of his men, and also captured and wounded about forty of his men, before he was aware of Hobson's presence at his flank and rear. General Judah barely escaped capture himself. When Morgan's retreating force found Shackelford and Wolford blocking their way, they soon formed a line and a spirited fight of at least an hour ensued.

When the First, Eighth and Third Cavalry charged them with drawn sabers gleaming in the bright sunlight and a yell that filled the foe with terror, they rushed upon them and they fled their approach.

There is one thing that can be said of Morgan's men and all other Cavalry regiments I ever saw organized in either Kentucky or Tennessee, I have never seen them so demoralized that they could not be rallied on short notice, when they should be as effective as ever, seeming to forget there ever was such a thing as demoralization.

The greatest capture of prisoners and the severest fighting, was in this battle. By night we had about 1200 of his men prisoners in our hands. But the chieftan, Morgan himself, with about 700 of his men had escaped. Hobson's loss was only 6 killed while the enemy's loss was 57 killed.

Hobson, with the brigades under Shackelford and Wolford, kept close on the heels of the Rebel's chieftan, capturing some of his men every day, until Sunday, July 26, shortly after noon,

Gen. Morgan and the last of his daring followers, numbering three hundred and sixty four men, surrendered to Major G.W.Rue of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, in Columbiana County, Ohio, who promptly turned over his prisoners to Gen. Shackelford.

By order of Major Hallack, Gens. Morgan and Duke with sixty-eight other officers were confined in the Ohio penitentiary from which place Morgan and six of his officers made their escape in Nov. 1863.

They passed through Green County (Ky.) on their way to the Confederate lines, and were guided and harbored by Mr. Aylet and Mr. Richard Taylor who both owned good farms near Greensburg, and both of whom were staunch southern sympathizers.

Mr. Aylet Taylor, who was the father of our popular young Dr. Basil Taylor, told the writer, when Morgan and his comrade were brought to him and Mr. Williams early Sunday morning just before daybreak, that they were at a loss to know where to keep them over Sunday, as the Union soldiers were camped at Greensburg and were continually scouting over the county for feed, etc.

Morgan asked carefully about the surrounding country, it's school houses, churches and empty cabins and surprised them when he selected for his hiding place an old dilapidated cabin standing in an open field on a hill that could be seen from every quarter.

From here, the next night, he was passed to Mr. Richard Taylor, who kept him, I believe, over the next day in his cave and the next night passed him on to another true friend and in this way he was passed through Kentucky, to his lines in Tennessee.

He was captured in Tennessee, but succeeded in making his escape. The Union troops who captured him, not knowing who he was, were not very vigilant, while Morgan, on the other hand, was determined not to be returned to prison.

From the time Morgan crossed the Ohio, to the date of his capture there, sixty five thousand militia in Indiana, fifty five thousand in Ohio who turned out in pursuit of him with Hobson and Judah's forces, made at least one hundred and twenty five thousand men who took the field against him.

While the militia saved many valuable bridges and prevented Morgan from visiting cities where they would have destroyed valuable manufactories, they could have rendered valuable service by blocking his way, especially in the hilly part of Ohio, but very little of this was done.

One old militia captain, when asked why this was not done, replied that he did not know what roads to blockade, nor which end of the road. He said, Morgan came in on him backward.

The Union soldiers who took part in this long and tiresome raid will always remember, with gratitude, the kindness shown them by the citizens of Indiana and Ohio. The loyal women of those states kept the command supplied with well cooked provisions. In their estimation, the best the land afforded was not too good for the soldiers. During the daytime we were seldom out of sight of a company of beautiful, well dressed young ladies and women on the road with baskets of provisions and buckets of water, which they handed to the soldiers with a pleasant smile and a word of encouragement. They would sing "Rally Round The Flag," at every town and crossroads. When we dozed, the last thing we could hear, and the first thing when we woke was, "Rally Round The Flag Boys".

For 21 days and nights, neither the pursuers nor the pursued took three hours rest in twenty four hours, except as they slept in their saddles as they rode along.

General Hobson took less rest than any of his men; while others were resting, he was instructing his scouts, counseling with his commanders, etc. The General estimates his rest in the twenty one days at forty eight hours. In his general order, published after the raid, Gen. Hobson acknowledged, in fitting terms, his deep sense of obligation to every soldier in his command. Especially the privates, for their unselfish and patriotic cooperation and hearty support throughout the pursuit.

After the capture of Morgan and his command, General Hobson was assigned to the command of a Cavalry corps and was granted a leave of absence for a short time. When he reached his home, the realization from the stupendous labors and excitement of the raid set in, and he was prostrated, and approached very near death's door.

During his illness he became delirious and even accused the clock of singing, "Rally Round The Flag Boys". His good wife soon had the clock silenced. Next, in his opinion, the Katydid's were singing, "Rally Round the Flag Boys," and he wanted them to stop too, but that was more than his attendants could accomplish, so he had to "tuff" it out.

He was soon restored to health and under the care of Dr. Taylor, and was soon again in the field at the head of a Cavalry brigade to make a raid that was much worse than the Morgan raid. His army suffered not only for rest, but for food as well, and like Morgan, within the enemy's lines, pursued by them from the rear and harassed at his front, while Guerrillas made his line of march very interesting from

every hill and mountainside.

Among the survivors of Morgan's famous raid through Indiana and Ohio, are some of our best citizens, viz: A.L.Patton, Fred Cox, Frank Darnell, Richard Darnell, W.F.Black, J.W.Price, Fidelle Warren, George Morris, P.W.Sandidge, J.M.Goff, J.H.Marcum, J.M.Marcum and James Raburn, all of whom, you may depend, know something about hardships endured for the lost cause, and who followed wherever he lead. One of the most famous and daring leaders that ever defied an overwhelming army, backed only by the confidence they had in the ability of their leaders. With death or imprisonment staring them in the face, they broke through our lines and played havoc in our rear.

THE BATTLE OF GREEN RIVER BRIDGE

Hon. Patrick H. Bridgewater, of Cane Valley, Adair County, Ky., furnishes this dispatch, with the following, most interesting history of John Morgan's overcoat, and sketch of the battle of Green River Bridge in 1863.

To the editor of the Dispatch:
About six years ago I had published in the Louisville Courier Journal, a sketch of the battle and the overcoat of John Morgan, in which I made some mistakes. Not as to the overcoat, but as to the battle; so I herein correct the mistakes and request the Dispatch to republish it in it's revised form. But, to return to the overcoat; I have in my possession the overcoat of the Confederate General, John H. Morgan.

This relic of the war came into my possession in the wise: On the night of July 3rd, 1863, Gen. Morgan and his staff stayed all night at my father's house in Cain Valley, Adair County, Ky. The next morning, being the 4th of July, some of Morgan's forces attacked the Yankees at Green River Bridge, while the General was still back at my father's.

When Gen. Morgan learned of the fight, he hastened to the battleground, and in his hurry, he left his overcoat at My Father's house, which remained in my father's possession until his death. Since then it has been in the possession of the writer.

A short history of the battle of Green River Bridge may be interesting to some of the readers of the Louisville Dispatch.

The Bridge is situated over Green River, in Tibe's bend in Taylor County, on the Campbellsville and Columbia Pike, eight miles from the former and twelve miles from the latter town.

When Gen. Morgan arrived in the vicinity of the bridge, he was informed that the bridge was held by the twenty-fifth Michigan Infantry, commanded by Col. D.C. Moore.

Morgan, wishing to pass on north without hindrance, demanded a surrender of the bridge on the evening of the 3rd of July, 1863, which the General thought was accorded, as his scouts reported the enemy evacuating the bridge on the night of the 3rd.

But, the next morning, the 4th of July, Col. Johnson of Morgan's command found the Yankees strongly entrenched in a small opening close to and facing the Pike. The Confederates held a short conference as to the best plan of attack. Col. Johnson asked if there was a man in the regiment who was acquainted with the locality around the bridge. He was informed that Capt. R.A. Webster was well acquainted with the whole country about the bridge.

Capt. Webster was hunted up and went to Col. Johnson and drew a diagram in the dust of the road, of the situation of the bridge and the country around the bridge. It was then decided that Capt. Webster should take a company of the best troopers and go around through Lemon's bend and across the River at Hatcher's Warehouse, a point below the bridge which intersected with the Pike at, or near, Jam Caldwell's farm, and then go back to the bridge. Then Morgan was to attack the enemy from both ends of the pike.

However, before Capt. Webster crossed the river with his troopers, Col. Johnson, in his eagerness for the attack, advanced his battery within about 400 yards of the enemy's entrenchment and opened fire.

After killing some of the Yankees, the remainder ran out of their entrenchments and fell back down the pike behind their breastworks, which consisted of large trees cut down for the purpose.

A small portion of Johnson's command dismounted and pursued the enemy within a few yards of their breastworks. Only a few Confederates could get at them, as each side of the pike was so densely covered with underbrush you could scarcely see a man twenty yards, standing up.

So, the Yankees shot down Morgan's men as fast as they advanced on them. This attack was made without Gen. Morgan's consent or knowledge; it was done while the General was back at my Father's house six miles from the bridge.

In the meantime, Gen. Morgan arrived on the battleground, and seeing the situation of the enemy, he was convinced of the hopelessness of further resistance on his part, and he felt it his duty to shift from himself the responsibility of any

further effusion of blood.

He ordered a flank move, which was done in good order, carrying off all his guns and the wounded, but leaving his dead in the hands of the enemy, who buried them all in one pit by the side of the pike.

The Federals reported many Confederates killed but few Yankees, as was usual in those days.

I assisted in the reinterment of the Confederate dead about seven years after the battle, and we exhumed only 23 skulls. Those, together with the bones of other brave Confederate boys, now lie on top of a high cliff on Green River, in Taylor County, within a few hundred yards of where they fell, and a handsome monument has been erected over their remains to mark the spot of their last resting place.

They had fought their last battle,

They had slept their last sleep.

No sound could e'er awake them to glory again.

PATRICK H. BRIDGEWATER
Cain valley, Adair County, Ky.
July 9, 1898

CHAPTER 7

In June, 1863, I visited a friend of mine, Mr. Floyd, who lived near the Mill Springs Battlefield in Pulaski County. He was a staunch Confederate sympathizer and looked on me as a fearless Confederate spy. As such I had been introduced to him some time before by two Confederate prisoners who had escaped from their Union captors near Somerset, and whom I, at their request, had guided to his house. He doubted in the least that I was anything but what I pretended to be.

I not only guided these two escaped prisoners to his house, but I went with them into their lines in Tennessee and took some money, letters and clothing for Mr. Floyd's two sons who belonged to the 8th Tenn. Confederate Cavalry.

This was not the only time I carried letters to Confederates from their Kentucky homes. I found it a great help to me to carry letters and other small parcels through the lines. It not only helped me to pass through their lines, but helped me establish myself in the confidence of both men and officers, who proved in some cases valuable witnesses as to my character when arrested on suspicion.

In June 1863, I got permission from Col. Brown of the 10th Michigan, then stationed at Burnside's Point, to pass through our lines and find out, if possible, what the Confederates, who were considerably scattered from Carthage to Knoxville, were doing, and how they were situated.

I went to Mr. Floyd's to get all the information I could before starting. When his folks saw me coming, his little daughter Janie, ran out and warned me before I got near the house, that a lot of Wolford's Yankees were in the house waiting for their dinner and that Pap said for me to split for the woods as fast as I could go, and not come near the house until they were gone. I went up on a hill back of Floyd's house and watched until Wolford's men left. Floyd said that they had paid him for their dinner and feed for their horses.

He said that he was glad to see me as I had a great deal of information for him. I told him that I had been to Richmond, Danville, Camp Nelson, Somerset and Camp Burnside's and that while there were yankees at every place, there were very few at any one place and poorly fortified; and that I was going to get John Morgan to come up and take the whole state.

It was afterwards proved that I had nearly told Floyd the truth, for if Morgan had passed through Kentucky by the way of Monticello and Burnside's Point, instead of by the way of Burkesville, he could have circled around by way of Danville and Lexington and out through Mt. Sterling and escaped, after doing great damage and taking many prisoners.

Floyd informed me that he was looking for a boy from near Lexington, who was going south with some very valuable papers of information, and that he wanted me to go along to pilot and protect him. He showed me a letter from the boy's parents which stated that he would reach there on the following Saturday, which I believe was about the 6th of June, as we celebrated the boy's birthday on Sunday the 7th of June.

He was a bright boy of about 14 years, with a good education and a venturesome disposition.

He was very cautious at first, but I soon learned all about him, and the valuable papers he possessed were only about the same information I had already given Floyd about the troops, fortifications, etc., in and about Danville, Camp Nelson, and Lexington. He was glad to meet a Rebel Scout to pilot him through, and on Monday morning, when Mr. Floyd offered me twenty dollars in gold and silver to help us through, he very indignantly refused to accept anything, displaying a purse with over two-hundred dollars in gold and silver. He stated that he had orders from his father to Gen. Breckenridge for all the money he would need.

When we reached the Confederate lines, he gave me fifty dollars in gold, stating that the remainder of his purse was at my disposal. He made me custodian of his maps of Camp Nelson and its fortifications, with its county roads leading down to Sugar Creek from Lancaster Pike, thence up Hickman Creek to the rear of our works, with by-ways which led from this road to the secret passes of the cliffs into the camp and fortifications.

Also, maps of the road leading from Danville, via Shakertown and Hickman bridge. The Shakertown and Hickman Creek roads were practically unguarded, or what guards there were could easily have been captured as the map showed every picket post and guard lines, even to the headquarters guards.

These maps, I kept, and afterwards delivered them to Gen. Hobson during Morgan's raid, at either Bardstown, or below Sheppardsville, about July 8th or 9th, after Gen. Morgan, forced by Gen. Hobson, had entirely changed his course and had been forced to cross the Ohio River.

Daylight found us on our way south, and leaving Albany to our left, we steered clear of Tinker Dave Beatty, who was operating in the vicinity with a small force of dangerous Union Guerrillas. We made for Alexandria, Tennessee, avoiding all troops possible, either Union or Confederate. We stopped only with men along our line, who had been recommended to us by Mr. Floyd and others with whom we stopped as true patriots.

My young friend from Ky. had his coat lining and underclothing completely lined with letters and paper money,

mostly southern scrip that had worked it's way up into Ky. and had been bought up cheap. It was still valuable within the Confederate lines.

By the time we reached Lancaster, Smith County, Tennessee, I had all of his maps of our Ky. fortifications and some of his letters of introduction. He trusted me to do all the talking and planning. He was a fine young fellow and I hated very much to lose his company. I made myself his man Friday and learned him the art of hiding everything of value in the bottom of his sock, the sweatband of his hat and the lining of his boot-tops. These were worn then very high, with a sheepskin lining running halfway down the leg.

By ripping a few of the stitches at the lower edge of this lining, papers could easily be securely hidden. Of course, the tighter and more compactly the paper was pressed, the less liable it was to be discovered. My great advantage was that very few soldiers could wear my boots, as I wore a number three. I never saw but one man who could wear my boots, and he was a rebel spy. I will speak of him later, as he played me a cute trick. He took my boots and left me his old shoes, and they were girl's shoes.

We reached the Confederate outposts at Lancaster, June 11th. The little town was full of Confederate Cavalry who were expecting an attack from our forces at any moment. Col. Sanders' forces had already driven this Cavalry from Crossville and had robbed Simpson's Mills near Sparta. They were therefore inquiring of every newcomer. We assured them there was no enemy nearer than Kentucky as we had not seen or heard of any except Tinker Dave since crossing the Cumberland River.

Lancaster had no hotel, so we went into a grocery where they sold Ginger wine, cheese, sardines and crackers.

After making out what I considered a good dinner, which I left my young friend to pay for, I walked out on the platform while eating cheese and crackers. I was approached by a young Confederate officer who was accompanied by a young man in citizen's clothes, and whose countenance I readily recognized, but I could not recall when or where I had seen him.

He scrutinized me very closely. With one hand on his pistol, the officer put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Young man, I am informed that you are a Yankee spy."

His words shook my whole frame, a dark shadow even passed over my eyes, and for a second I neither saw, heard or thought. When I came to myself I indignantly replied that I hoped he was half as true to the south as I, stating that I had maps and letters of information that would prove what I was. That I could show them only to those who were in

authority. Then, thinking of my young friend who was still in the grocery, I coolly said, I guess you have got the wrong boy. Pointing into the grocery, I said, that boy's coat is lined with papers and his clothes are full of money. I have been with him four days and nights and have every reason to believe he is a spy.

I followed them into the grocery, they felt around the boy who was leaning against the counter. The officer put his arm around him and squeezed his coat in different places. He took from the boy's hip pockets two revolvers. He then informed him that he would have to search him.

He did not make any accusations or threats, neither did he ask him any questions, but turning to the man in citizen's clothes he said, "this is the fellow we want."

The boy, by this time was ashy-pale, not knowing what it all meant. He turned to me as they led him to the back room to search him and said, "are you going to let them rob me?" I shook my head. This was the last time I ever saw him. The soldiers were pressing in and asking me what it all meant. I could only tell them that he was arrested as a spy.

The man in the citizen's clothes turned and looked at me again before following the boy into the back room. He proved to be a rebel spy, and had been at Camp Burnside's the week before, where he had met me every day. He whispered to a Sergeant as he went out, but the Sergeant seemed not to understand him as he came to me and asked what was up.

When I told him and the grocery man that they had caught a Yankee spy, they went into the back room, the groceryman leaving his goods to the crowd of soldiers. Then they locked the door and would not let anyone else into the back room.

I saw the opportunity to get away and I went out, got my horse, and rode leisurely out of town.

As the town was small, I soon passed the last house, and turned through the first gate I came to into a farm. Then passing through a stable lot, I let down a fence and was soon in the woods.

I was soon going through the thick bushes as fast as I could without being dragged off my horse.

I came to a house that evening several miles away from Lancaster, where I put up for the night. I paid the man in advance in gold and he was as proud of it as he would have been of a fine horse.

About dark his son came up and reported that Morgan's men had camped only a half mile down the creek and were burning all of Mr. Reynolds' fence.

After supper, I went down to Morgan's camp and hunted up Tolbert Jones, Bob Caldwell, James Wheeler and some other fellows that had gone into the Confederate army from my old county, Lincoln. They were glad to see me and we had a good time. I was right from Ky. and could give them a great deal of home news. They never knew I was a Yankee, They never even asked me what I was.

They never got to see home but twice during the war, and when they did get home they never had time to ask who were in the Union army and who were in the Rebel army. It was just "howdy do" and "goodbye" and they had come and were gone.

They naturally took it for granted that I would not have come into their camp to see them if I had been a Yankee soldier. I had plenty of gold and silver, and having met some of my old county boys, I spent it freely, buying anything and everything I could get at the little towns around, that the boys even hinted they would like to have.

Zan Tribble, one of Morgan's dashing young scouts, came in late that night and made his report. He learned that a Kentuckian was there and hunted me up and we had a good time. He knew all about Judah's movements on the Kentucky side of the Cumberland River and kept Morgan informed.

He informed us that Morgan had scouting parties in the neighborhoods of Carthage, Gainsboro, Granville, and other points along the Cumberland River, to attract Judah's attention while they were feeling for a safe place to cross and break through the Yankee lines, draw our cavalry forces north and weaken our threatening line to one defense.

Me, being an old county friend with plenty of money and a will to spend it for their pleasures, would have destroyed even a thought of suspicion, even if they had one. How jealous they were of other fellows who were anxious to make my acquaintance. I got everything the camp afforded, while I laid in a bountiful supply of chickens, eggs, butter and milk for the boys.

We laid in camp several days, during which time Morgan divided his command into three brigades. The two brigades I was with moved towards Albany Kentucky, intending to separate at Albany and cross the river at Burksville, the other at Bakerton, while the other, under Duke moved towards Carthage.

I was having a jolly time, being continually in company with Bob Caldwell, a daring young officer, who had command of the advance guard. I had known him all my life and we had gone to school together from the time I was six years old, until the war broke out.

Near the last of June we went into camp about four miles from Albany, where I again met my citizen friend who had identified me at Lancaster as a Yankee spy. Here, he would and may have given me a great deal of trouble if it had not been for Bob Caldwell, Jim Wheeler and Lt. Sheldon, who threatened to kill him.

He went to headquarters and had me arrested as a spy. He stated that he had followed me from Camp Burnside where he had seen me acting as orderly for Gen. Brown. He told all about arresting me and the Ky. boy at Lancaster, and that the boy had proven to be alright and had been sent on south. That he had followed me from Lancaster to Gen. Morgan's camp and was positive I was the same boy he had frequently seen at Brown's headquarters. This caused my arrest.

I stated that I had been at Brown's headquarters before I started south, trying to get a pass, which I had succeeded in doing. I had already stated to my friends in Morgan's command that my brother belonged to the Second Georgia which was then in camp with other regiments of Buckner's army at Murfreesboro Tennessee. I had also showed them my letters of recommendation.

When I made my statement as best I could, I had Major Shelby, Lt. Sheldon, Bob Caldwell, and James Wheeler called, who gave me a much better character than I deserved. They stated that they had known me all my life and knew positively that I had never in any way been connected with the Yankee army. That they knew that the statements made against me were false and that they had reason to believe that my accuser was a man of shady character and was seeking information as to the movements of Morgan's columns and that he ought to be investigated.

So, I was acquitted, and Monohan was arrested and sent to his regiment, the 8th Tennessee Cavalry for trial. He proved to be afterward, a Confederate spy of great worth. He now lives near Gradyville, Adair County, Ky., and is broken down in health. He was, when I knew him, a fine looking young man.

This was not the last time I met him, I will have more to say about him later.

After my release, I went to a Mr. Stinson's a short distance from camp and had a good supper fixed for Caldwell and eight of his men. I also sent and got three canteens full of apple jack and a gallon of honey, so we had honey and toddie for supper.

I now began to think it was about time for me to be getting into our lines to make my report, as I had already learned from officers and men that Morgan's whole command would move into the interior of Ky., as they said, in spite of hell or high water.

At that time the Cumberland River was out of it's banks.

After supper I told Mr. Stinson that the soldiers had gray backs and he had better find some excuse for not keeping them over night, but that I wanted to stay and would pay for their breakfast the next morning. He told them that he did not have beds for them to sleep in, that I could stay and sleep with his little boy.

This seemed to suit the boys alright and, they being tired from their day's march, soon left for camp.

I then told Mr. Stinson that Gen. Morgan intended to cross the river the next morning at Burksville, that his men would nearly all be killed, and that I was afraid to go into Ky. with them.

He then advised me to stay with him, but I told him that the boys would not want me to do this. I told him that I was going to leave that night and go to Burnsidess Point so as to keep out of the fight.

After arguing with me that I was in danger of being robbed of my horse by Tinker Dave Beaty's or Champ Ferguson's men, but seeing that I was determined to go, He sent his boy as far as Albany with me to put me on the right road to Burnsidess Point

After starting toward Burnsidess to deceive the boy as to where I intended to go, I turned and followed him back to Albany where I took the road leading to Burksville.

It was nearly morning when I reached a cabin half a mile below Burksville on the opposite side of the river which was occupied by Tinsley Haley, who had been discharged from a Ky. regiment because of wounds. He told me that a small party of Morgan's men were at his house the evening before, and that a company of the 8th Ky. was on the opposite side of the river nearly all the day before.

He was gathering up his bedding and other little valuables, preparatory to camping farther back in the hills, as he said, hell would be let loose, he thought, along that river before night.

He was a splendid skiff man and he put me across the river. He swam my horse by the side of the skiff. The river was out of it's banks and the water was covered with drift. I gave the fellow \$2.00 in gold for putting me across. He did not want to charge me, as I had stopped at his house frequently before, and he knew me well but it made his eyes dance to see the gold. It was now daylight, and after eating breakfast at a farmhouse and getting directions to Marrowbone where part of our army was camped, I took the nearest route for that place.

CHAPTER 8

I met some of the Ninth Ky. on their way to Burksville and told Captain Hardin, who was in command, that Morgan would cross the river that morning, if possible, and he hurried on toward Burksville. I then reported the same to Gen. Hobson at Marrowbone.

When Capt. Hardin reached Burksville he was attacked by several hundred of Morgan's men, who had already succeeded in crossing the river, and was driven back to Marrowbone in a running fight.

Gen. Judah now realized Gen. Hobson's predictions as to Morgan's intentions, and that by not acting upon them promptly, had showed his lack of generalship, and been left to travel in Morgan's wake.

The next morning I was called to Hobson's headquarters and given a dispatch to be delivered to the commander at Camp Burnside, Ky. at which place I arrived on July 4th and was immediately sent with an answer to the commander of the pursuing force, Gen. Hobson, who I overhauled near Bardstown.

As soon as Gen. Hobson saw that Morgan was crossing over into Indiana, he ordered me to take a message to the commander of a brigade that had moved down to Shelbyville from Lexington and was without further orders.

My horse, by this time, was so played out that I could hardly get him out of a walk. I had ridden him continually, night and day, over 600 miles, with only about half enough food. Hobson said that Gen. Morgan was taking every serviceable horse along the route and that he hadn't sufficient horses to keep his men mounted. That most all he had were broken down and hindered his pursuits, and he was very sorry for a soldier traveling over the country, as I was, seeing plenty of good horses every day and could not find one to suit.

This was a pretty broad hint, and I concluded to subsist on the country.

I took the General's message, and putting both spurs to my horse, he started off in a slow sluggish walk which was so aggravating to the General that he turned his back and walked away.

All night I rode in a walk, keeping a sharp lookout for scouting parties which I always avoided as much as possible, even if they were our own men. They would sometimes hold me for hours questioning me, to be sure whether or not I was straight.

During the night six of Morgan's men caught up with me on the road. After joking with me awhile they passed on. I told them

that I was riding one of Morgan's broken down horses that he had left when he took mine. They were deserters from Morgan's command, who had turned back at the river and were going home

Early in the morning, after passing Bardstown, I came to a large farmhouse and barn, where two fine horses were in the lot and two more in the barn. I pulled off my bridle and was soon leading a good fat horse out of the gate.

The little darkies were running in every direction, peeping through the shrubbery. A fine looking old gentleman came sauntering out of the gate and I watched him pretty close. He spoke very kindly and said, "what are you going to do with that horse?"

I answered that mine was broken down and that I was going to ride him.

"What?" he said, "you going to take a man's horse without asking for it?"

I answered that I had orders from Gen. Morgan to take the first horse I came to when mine was played out. I had tried to be saucy and speak rough to the old fellow to bluff him, But he was so kind and good-natured that I could not help speaking gentle to him.

"Look here," said he, "who are you anyhow?"

I answered that I was General Morgan's orderly and was carrying a dispatch to Gen. Duke, who was moving on to Covington and Cincinnati with ten-thousand men from the Virginia mountains. That Morgan was crossing the Ohio River at Brandenburg, that fifty thousand recruits would meet him in Southern Indiana, and that he would completely destroy Indianapolis, Jeffersonville, Madison and Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Then, by the help of Gen. Duke, would capture and destroy Covington and Cincinnati. Then move north through Ohio destroying railroads and shops of every description.

The old fellow got so happy before I got through talk that he said, "don't tell me more, my boy, it's too good. But, it is just what I thought the south would do at the very last. Morgan's got these Yankees in Ky. scared to death and they are just scattering and running from him like a lot of mice when a cat is after them. You will see, when he gets old Hobson across the Ohio River, that he will turn on him and swallow him whole."

He was rebel all over and said that two of his boys and two son-in-laws were with Morgan. Here, I told him I was killing time, that while I would like to hear him talk all day, that I had over 100 miles to ride before I slept, or even rested, and that I was compelled to have a horse.

"Certainly," said he, "You can have any horse on this place," and calling some colored boys, he ordered them to drive two young horses into the barn.

"Look here," said he, "don't you know the Yankees are thick between here and the eastern mountains? If they get you, they will string you up shore."

"I don't care for the Yankees," said I, "there is no danger in them."

"Well," said he, "that is just about so."

By this time the boys had led from the barn, two fine young dune colored horses which had a dark strip down their backs. "Now," said he, "here is two horses, both are Morgan stock." Then he went on to tell me of their good qualities, saying that either one of them would carry me a thousand miles and come out fresh and sound with anything like fair treatment.

He wound up telling me to take my choice, which I did. My horse was standing at the gate with his head down, His sides bleeding where I had jagged him with my spurs. I pulled off my saddle and the hair nearly all came off with the blanket. He was a pitiful sight.

"Don't put that blanket on my filly," said he, and turning to the boy said, "Go tell your mistress to send my red blanket over here, do you hear?"

"Yes sir," said the boy as he started in a trot.

He discovered my haversack and asked me what it was. When I told him I carried my grub in it he said, "I see it's empty, won't you go to the house and eat breakfast, I have some company and want to introduce you to them, they will be glad to see you." This invitation, I declined to accept.

He then ordered another boy to take my haversack and tell his mistress to fill it with ham, chicken and biscuits and put a flask of brandy in it.

The boy did as he was ordered and I was soon mounted on a fine horse with plenty to eat and drink, and with his blessing and an urgent request that I present the mare to Gen. Morgan with his compliments. When he got through, I bade him goodbye.

If I had been transferred from a mud boat to a palace car, the change could not have been more pleasant. I needed neither spurs or ship, and her gaits were so perfect and easy, I could hardly keep awake.

I ran into a squad of Col. Shutts scouts the next morning, and by request, was taken to his headquarters. It was for him

my message was intended. He carefully watched me take off my boot, and when I unfolded the message from Gen. Hobson and handed it to him, he said to his officers, who surrounded him, that he could not find words to express his appreciation of Hobson and old Kentucky.

His officers wanted to carry me around and through camp, but I told them I had much rather sleep. I was furnished a nice cot and slept until the next morning.

The first thing I thought of when I awoke was my fine filly. It seemed like a dream, that I possessed such a fine traveler.

After breakfast, I was ready for orders, and was sent to the commandant at Georgetown, and from there to Covington where I found everything in confusion. Morgan had Covington and Cincinnati scared up. I finally got permission to join Hobson as he passed around Cincinnati. I never had the pleasure of meeting Gen. Morgan, so I traded my filly to a Lieut. for a good horse and \$125.
