

*Last Night and Last Day  
of John Morgan's Raid*



GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN  
Confederate Raider

9.54



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# MORGAN'S RAID AND CAPTURE

THE STORY FROM ITS INCEPTION TO THE LAST NIGHT AND LAST CAMP AT BERGHOLZ, FORMERLY "OLD NEBO."

Chronicles by J. H. SIMMS, of East Liverpool Morning Tribune.

## AN HISTORICAL SUMMER.

The summer of 1863 was noted for the rapidity with which history was made from day to day. Surely there is some truth in the old saying "Coming events cast their shadows before them," yet not one seemed to notice that the finger on the sign board of war that summer was being turned to point towards "Round Knob," in Columbiana County, Ohio, the highest point above sea level in the state, or the entire Ohio or Mississippi valley, a spot near where lately has been planted a monument to mark the highest point of invasion reached by any confederate troops during the conflict of civil war from 1861 to 1865. That spot is where Confederate General John Morgan and his raiders were captured, and East Liverpool has had something to do with the placing of a monument to mark the historic spot.

## HISTORY HATCHING

On the tenth day of May, 1863, Captain H. R. Hill, of East Liverpool, who was then stationed at Cincinnati with his regiment, the 115th O. V. I., received a special commission from General Burnside to put on citizens clothes and proceed to Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where the notorious Clement L. Valandingham, formerly of Lisbon, was to make a speech on the evening of the tenth. Capt. Hill, or "Col. Hill" as we all know him now, went to Mt. Vernon, where he stood on the stage, a few feet distant from the speaker, and posing as a newspaper reporter, took notes of the utterances of Valandingham, which resulted in his arrest, trial, and conviction for violation of the famous military edict known as "Gen. Order No. 38," which read as follows:

"All persons within our lines who commit acts for the benefit of enemies of our country will be tried as spies or traitors, and if convicted will suffer death. The habit of declaring sympathy for the enemy will not be allowed in this department. Persons committing such offenses will be at once arrested, with a view to being tried as above stated, or sent beyond our lines into the lines of their friends. Treason, expressed or implied, will not be tolerated in this department."

## VALANDINGHAM DEFYS IT.

Valandingham, being angered at this order, expressed his determination to defy it. He announced that he was a free man, and did not have to ask Dave Todd, Abe Lincoln or Ambrose Burnside for his right to speak. After Col. H. R. Hill made his report to Gen. Burnside, a portion of the 115th Ohio was sent by special train to Dayton, where Valandingham was taken by the "boys in blue," some of whom were from East Liverpool, from his residence after breaking in three locked doors. Valandingham was taken to Cincinnati, where he was given a

military trial, which resulted in his conviction, (on notes taken by a fellow native of Columbiana County). The sentence was banishment, and was approved by President Lincoln.

On Sunday night, May 24th, Valandingham was quietly sent into Murfreesboro on a special train, in charge of a squad of the 13th regular infantry. So secret was this trip that none save Gen. Rosecrans knew of his coming and arrival. Had the troops known who was in their midst, all restraint would have been lost, and Valandingham would have been killed on the spot, so intense and burning was their hatred for the man whose every speech, made in and out of Congress for two years, had tended to encourage the enemy, which rendered it more difficult and more dangerous for the boys who wore the blue.

fast was taken at the home of a Mr. Butler. From there a flag of truce was sent forward, which soon returned, announcing that Col. Webb, of the 51st Alabama, would receive the prisoner. Major Wiles, provost marshal, of the district of Murfreesboro, and Capt. Goodwin of the 37th Indiana, alone accompanied Valandingham within the Confederate lines and handed the prisoner over to a single Confederate soldier. Only by secrecy and with all possible dispatch could Valandingham have been taken through the Union lines.

## COLUMBIANA COUNTY GETS IN.

Valandingham was born in the town of New Lisbon. His accuser was born in the town of East Liverpool. Both were members of old Columbiana County families, well known and prominent. It has been stated that the arrest of Valandingham, along with the widely circulated reports of great indignation and almost open rebellion which followed the arrest and conviction of Valandingham, was largely responsible for Morgan's raid-events which then and there originated, and concerned Columbiana County people, led to the carrying of war almost to the very doors of Lisbon and East Liverpool, and are introduced because they belong to the story which follows.

## MORGAN'S RAID CONCEIVED.

Whitelaw Reid in his "Ohio in the War" says, "Rosecrans was at Stone river, in July 1863, and menacing Bragg at Tullahoma. Burnside was organizing a force at Cincinnati to operate in East Tennessee. Bragg felt that if Rosecrans' communications were threatened, the advance of Burnside to the assistance of Rosecrans would be delayed. Gen. John H. Morgan was the man selected for this service. He had orders to go where he chose in Kentucky, to attempt the capture of Louisville, but was forbidden to cross the Ohio river. Morgan at once made preparations for his raid, and in defiance of orders to the contrary, concluded to cross the Ohio river and ascertain for himself how many friends the southern confederacy had in southern Indiana and in southern Ohio."

General John H. Morgan was born at Huntsville, Alabama, June 1, 1826, and he was killed by a Union soldier September 4, 1864, while attempting to escape from a farm house, near Greenville, Tenn. This occurred not long after his escape from the Ohio penitentiary, following his capture near West Beaver Church in Columbiana County, Ohio, on Sunday, July 26, 1863.

## MORGAN STARTS.

Morgan crossed the Cumberland river on July 2, 1863. The next day he had a severe



General John Morgan and his Tennessee bride.

## VALANDINGHAM'S NIGHT RIDE.

At two o'clock in the morning Valandingham was hustled into a spring wagon and started for "Dixie." Not one of those who accompanied Valandingham that night will ever forget it. The procession passed silently along the streets of Murfreesboro, through the camps of three thousand slumbering Union troops, and out on the Shelbyville pike towards the Confederate lines. Picket after picket was passed, the countersign opening the gates in the several lines of living men which circled the town of Murfreesboro. The men on guard looked in silent wonder. Little they thought that old spring wagon contained "the Great Copperhead" on his way South. Stone river was passed, and at the break of day signs of the Confederate front began to appear. Break-

## MORGAN'S RAID AND CAPTURE

fight at the crossing of Green river with a Michigan regiment under Col. Moore. The Michigan troops made a determined resistance, when Morgan withdrew and found another crossing. He marched direct for Brandenburg, on the Ohio river, sixty miles below Louisville, and started with from 2,500 to 3,000 troops. Having tapped the telegraph wires, he learned that Louisville was full of Union troops. After capturing a train thirty miles out of Louisville, Morgan sent two companies ahead to Brandenburg to secure means of transportation for crossing the Ohio river. He crossed the state of Kentucky in five days and arrived at Brandenburg on the morning of July 8th. The two companies he sent ahead captured two Ohio river steamboats, well known to every resident of the Ohio valley living here fifty years ago. They were the steamers "John T. McCombs" and the "Alice Dean." The "McCombs" was the first steamboat running between Pittsburg and Cincinnati that carried a steam calliope. The "Alice Dean" was named for one of the Dean girls, of Rochester, Pa., and was built and owned by Capt. Dean, one of the pioneer Ohio river steamboatmen.

The late Capt. Thomas Calhoun, of Georgetown, Pa., was pilot on the "McCombs" when captured and burned by Morgan.

### CROSSES THE OHIO.

Morgan prepared to cross the river, when a company of Indiana militia on the other side of the river opened fire with musketry and an old cannon mounted on wagon wheels. Morgan sent one of his regiments across the river, and bringing his Parrott rifles into line, the militia was forced to retreat; Morgan's main force was about to follow when a little ironclad, the "Springfield," came steaming down the river.

Basil W. Duke, Morgan's second in command, in his story of Morgan's raid says, "This little gunboat tossed her snubnose defiantly like an angry beauty of the coalpits. She sided a little toward the town and commenced to scold. A bluish-white funnel shaped cloud spouted out from her left bow and a shot flew, at the town; then changing front, she snapped a shell at the men on the other side. I wish I were sufficiently master of nautical phraseology to do justice to this little vixen's style of fighting, but she was so unlike a horse, or even a piece of light artillery, that I cannot venture to attempt it. This was a critical moment for the Morgan raiders, as every hour's delay brought the troops in pursuit nearer; but when Morgan's Parrotts were turned upon the "Springfield" she was compelled to retire, owing to the inequality of the range of guns. We then crossed the river with our entire force, after which we burned the steamboats and marched six miles before night."

But few people ever knew what become of those two well known Ohio river steamboats—the "McCombs" and the "Alice Deans." Up to this time the Ohio river had been the extreme northern limit of threatened Confederate invasion. Morgan's raid now commenced in earnest, and consternation first spread throughout Indiana. All sorts of rumors were circulated. Morgan by means of his expert

### TELEGRAPHERS TAPPED THE WIRES

and sent delusive and exaggerated reports of his strength and his intentions. Messages were sent announcing Morgan's intention to burn Indianapolis and loot the Indiana state treasury. Other dispatches were sent that he would loot the banks of Cincinnati and burn the city.

Morgan did this purposely, and by means of tapping the wires, he kept himself informed of all Union troops looking to his capture. He followed his well conceived plans of avoiding all large towns and cities, and by rapid marching, passed through the undefended portions of the country. While going through Indiana he burned all the bridges, looted all the small towns, overwhelmed all small forces that offered any resistance and captured many prisoners, but immediately released them on parole. Morgan destroyed more property in those first few days in Indiana than anywhere else. He had more time.

### MORGAN INVADES OHIO.

Morgan reached the state line between Indiana and Ohio, Monday, July 13th, at the little town of Harrison, and Basil Duke says:

"Morgan here began to maneuver for the benefit of the commanding officer at Cincinnati. He took it for granted that there was a large force of regular troops in Cincinnati. Burnside had them within his reach, and Morgan supposed, of course, he would bring them to prevent his passing into Ohio. If he could get past Cincinnati safely, Morgan thought the danger of capture would be more than half over. Here we expected to be confronted by the concentrated forces of Burnside and Judah, and we anticipated great difficulty in eluding or cutting our way through them. Once through this peril and our escape would be certain. Thinking that the great effort to capture him would be made where he crossed the Hamilton & Dayton railroad, Morgan's object was to deceive the enemy as to the exact point where he would cross and thus denude that point as much as possible of troops. Morgan sent detachments in several directions, and sought to create the impression that he was marching to Hamilton. When Morgan entered Ohio his forces amounted to about two thousand men, the others having been killed or captured in skirmishes, or, unable to keep up with the rapid marching of his flying cavalry, had fallen behind exhausted, where they were picked up by the citizen soldiery following Morgan's line of march. While Cincinnati was filled with alarm of Morgan's advance, he was very apprehensive of danger from that city. By the greatest march Morgan ever made, he

### SLIPPED AROUND CINCINNATI

in the night. It was a terribly trying march. Strong men fell out of their saddles and at every halt the officers were compelled to move continually among the companies and pull in all the men who would drop asleep in the road. It was the only way to keep them awake. Quite a number crept off into the fields and slept, where they were awakened and captured by the enemy following. At the break of day we reached the last point where we had to anticipate danger. We passed through Glendale and all the other little suburban towns, and then were near the Little Miami railroad, which we crossed without opposition. We halted to feed our horses in sight of Camp Dennison. After a short rest, during which we burned a park of government wagons, we resumed the march. At four o'clock that afternoon, we were at Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati, having marched since leaving Summansville, Ind., in a continuous period of thirty-five hours, more than ninety miles. This was the greatest march Morgan ever made, and one of the longest on record.

Feeling comparatively safe at Williamsburg, Morgan allowed his men to go into camp and remain for the night."

### THE CHASE COMMENCES.

From this on the chase after Morgan became an exciting one. The Union troops were following so close behind that Morgan had but little time for burning bridges or hunting up fresh horses. Judah and his troops were dispatched on boats up the river to head Morgan off. Gov. Todd called out over fifty thousand Ohio militia, but had he called out three hundred thousand, Morgan would have whipped them all and got away. They proved no more hindrance to Morgan than so many children. Militia from Camp Dennison followed Morgan until near Batavia, where they halted and felled trees across the road, which they said were to "check Morgan should he return."

Morgan spent the night of July 14th at Williamsburg. From there he marched to Washington Court House, passing through Georgetown, Jackson, Vinton and Berlin, reaching the ford at Buffington Island July 18th. Morgan's daring column was seemingly approaching its goal, having evaded all the Union troops in Kentucky and thrown the Indiana and Ohio militia at one side as so much straw.

Just fifteen days after starting, Morgan halted at the north banks of the Ohio at Buffington, ready to cross back into Kentucky. It was necessary to wait a few hours for daylight, so that he could safely cross into the midst of a population where he might look for sympathy and aid. Morgan's look for welcome, with aid and assistance from Indiana and Ohio "copperheads," didn't materialize. Southern sympathy faded away when horses were asked for and taken.

### BUFFINGTON ISLAND FIGHT.

Morgan had arrived opposite Buffington Island at eight o'clock in the evening, but it was a night of solid darkness as the Confederate officers afterward declared, and they were compelled to await morning before attempting to cross. By morning the Union troops were up. At daybreak Duke advanced with a couple of regiments to storm the Union earthworks, which had been erected to protect the ford. He was rapidly making arrangements for crossing the river when Judah's advance struck him. At first Duke repulsed them and captured the adjutant of Judah's staff. Duke was not able to rejoin his command before it was routed by the Fifth Indiana. As the raiders reformed they were assailed by Hobson's three thousand cavalymen, who had been on their trail over three states, but always a few hours behind. Then followed the brief but decisive battle of Buffington's Island, where Morgan was routed horse and foot, from which he retreated with only twelve hundred men. His brother, with Cols. Duke, Ward, and Huffman, were among the prisoners taken by the Federals. The loss of life on the Union side was small, but among the killed was Major Daniel McCook, father of one of the tribes of "Fighting McCooks," formerly of Lisbon, and of one of Columbiana County's pioneer families.

### MORGAN'S FLIGHT CONTINUES.

From Buffington's Island the dreariest experience of the rebel raider began. About twenty miles above Buffington, Morgan made another attempt to cross the Ohio river. Between two and three hundred of his men succeeded in getting across when the United States gun-boats again put in an appearance. The

## MORGAN'S RAID AND CAPTURE.

gun-boats opened fire on the Confederates, and checked the crossing. Morgan with about nine hundred of his men were forced back to the Ohio shore, and again commenced their flight northward. The men were very much exhausted by their long continued raid and running fight. They were demoralized and discouraged, and were weakened probably most of all by loss of hope and faith in themselves and their leader. They were hounded and harassed on every side. Every loophole of escape was soon closed, and they were hunted like wild beasts night and day, driven hither and thither from daylight till dark by the Union troops following them. Yet Morgan was a daring raider, a superb cavalry leader, and from the jaws of every disaster, he succeeded in withdrawing the remnant of his troops, and in getting away day after day. This he was able to do even on the last day of his raid, and the day of his capture, to which attention will be called when that part of the story is reached. Morgan next headed for the Muskingum, but he was unable to cross that river on account of a large force of Ohio militia. He again doubled on his trail, and turned again towards Blennerhassett Island. The clouds of dust made by Morgan's men in their rapid riding betrayed the movement to his pursuers and they closed in on three sides. Late in the evening the Union troops slept on their arms, expecting to make Morgan surrender the following morning, but the Confederate raider, with his men, stole out along the hill side over a route that had been thought impassable. The men walked in single file and led their horses, and by midnight Morgan and his daring band of raiders were again in rapid flight. By hard marching Morgan succeeded in

### AGAIN GETTING AWAY

from the Union troops. He found an unguarded crossing at Eaglesport, on the Muskingum, a few miles above McConnelsville, and by stealing all the fresh horses to be had, Morgan found an open country and away he rode towards Bellaire and Wheeling. By this time Gov. Todd had called more troops from the front. The Ninth Michigan Cavalry was withdrawn from Kentucky and hurried by special train through the night from Cincinnati to Bellaire. Other detachments of Cavalry from Kentucky were also hurried to the upper Ohio valley and distributed along the road between Bellaire and the mouth of Yellow Creek. Morgan was thus prevented from coming close to the river at any point. The movement of these troops was known to Morgan; he secured the information in some way, either from scouts or by cutting the telegraph wires and intercepting messages. Morgan was probably nearest the upper Ohio river when he reached Wintersville, about five miles out from Steubenville. Here he ran into a detachment of Union Cavalry that went out from Steubenville. Morgan's forces were halted until Shackelford's cavalry, which had been pursuing him all the way through Indiana and Ohio, came up in his rear. There was quite a severe skirmish, and a number were severely wounded on both sides, but Morgan proved as wily as ever.

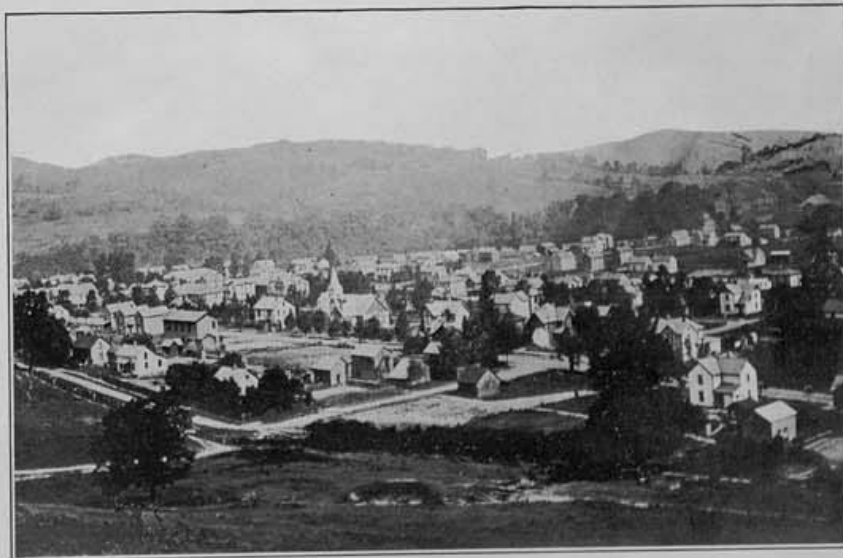
### MORGAN RESTS AT NEBO.

Again he got away over the Jefferson County hills, and that night, July 25, 1863, about dark Morgan went into camp at old "Nebo," now known as the town of Bergholz. This was his last night, and his last camp, while on that

memorable raid, and it is the story of the last night and the last day of Morgan's raid that the two writers have started to tell. One writer has been over every foot of the trail from Bergholz to the point of capture, within sight of the West Beaver Church. All the people who were living along the route which Morgan traveled who could possibly be found, have been interviewed. Some who were there on that historic Sunday are now living on the Pacific coast, and their story has been obtained by correspondence. Morgan and his men traveled nearly fifty miles that Sunday. All along this route photographs and sketches have been taken with which to illustrate this story. It has been quite a task, and it has required a great deal of time to obtain what information has been secured. It has been fifty years since the incident took place. Had the work been undertaken twenty-five or thirty years ago, it would have been much easier and could have been made much more complete. There are but few living now who have any recollection of the events. In several instances old residents, whose story was obtained a few months ago, have since died.

The sketches used in illustration are the work of Dudley Hawkins, East Liverpool Morning Tribune artist and reporter, and some of the photographs were taken by Miss Lora Kelly, of Alliance, Ohio, whose parents formerly lived at Nebo, where Morgan camped that last night.

Other photographs were taken by Miss Virginia Dare Shriver, also of Alliance, to whom was entrusted writing the story of Morgan's Last Camp, together with securing interviews with those yet living in the vicinity of Bergholz. Her story follows:



Bird's-eye View of Bergholz—"Old Nebo"—1909.

# THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID

BY VIRGINIA DARE SHRIVER—SIMMS.

## MORGAN REACHES EAST SPRINGFIELD.

On the afternoon of July 25, 1863, escaped prisoners from Morgan's raiders came to East Springfield with the news that Morgan was coming. It was true. Coming from Richmond, Ohio, through Cheshire and Wintersville, the confederates reached Springfield about five o'clock.

An afternoon singing rehearsal was in progress at the Methodist church, which was most hastily dismissed. Several horses left standing outside the church were stolen before their owners came out. Miss Celia Davidson, a maiden lady of uncertain years living near the church, gallantly resisted and prevented the raiders from taking her horse.

The excited citizens familiar with overdrawn pictures of the methods of partisan warfare expected nothing else but that their town would be burned to the ground, and that they would be fortunate to escape with their lives. Taking their best horses, and most valued personal property many people fled for greater safety to the woods. Thoughtful neighbors gathered about the beds of the sick ready to carry them to places of safety at the first cry of "Morgan."

But the "Bloody Invader" had not come to kill and to destroy. Some say that his aim was Mooretown, where the people were "Black Abolitionists," and that he was led aside by guides in sympathy with the Union. However, this statement does not seem to be well authenticated. It seems more probable that Morgan's chief aim at that time was to escape from Shaekleford's cavalry which was following close upon his rear. It was to further this purpose that Morgan's men took every good horse on the route, and seized upon supplies of food and clothing wherever available. The prisoners they took were made to serve as guides, and were in most cases professed sympathizers with the southern cause. Some of the men entered the home of Mrs. Hoobler and found her preparing to leave the house.

"Where are you going?" was asked.

"I am sick," she replied, "and am going to the woods."

"Well," said the Confederate with a sly smile, "the woods is a poor place for a sick woman." So she remained where she was.

Passing through Springfield Morgan's troops proceeded toward Nebo, then a little cluster of houses near the present site of Bergholz. On the way they met the people of Circle Green, who were just returning from "Quarterly Meeting." The command now consisted of about five hundred and fifty men, some mounted, some not, some in uniform, but

many poorly clad, all starved looking, dirty and tired.

In front, in a carriage drawn by two white horses, rode General Morgan. He

## ARRIVED IN NEBO

about eight o'clock in the evening. It was almost dark. The advance was on the D. G. Allen farm, the headquarters at Herdman

filled with horses and men. She explained that she was going to the spring house to bring food for the men and was allowed to proceed. Mrs. Allen had baked and churned that day, and her white and brown bread and fresh butter must have been very satisfying to the hungry men. At any rate they consumed fourteen large loaves of bread and some twenty pounds of butter, besides ten gallons of milk, and eight gallons of buttermilk.

Observing that Allen's kept bees, one of the men asked for honey. Mrs. Allen brought out a crock containing three or four gallons. The men ate about half of the honey, taking care not to waste what was left. By this time the rest of the Allen family was aroused, and the adult members had come to the feast as interested spectators. The children had crept to a place of safety—all under one bed.

While Mrs. Allen was dispensing hospitality to the men, she must have trembled, for one of them asked:

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes, said she, "I won't deny it. I am afraid."

"Well you need not be," he answered, "we never harm anyone who treats us as you have. When anyone gets contrary, we do sometimes do things we ought not, but we won't molest anyone who treats us right. Besides," he added gravely, "this is nothing to what we have to submit to in the south. Your northern soldiers not only rob us, but they burn our houses and turn our wives and children out, homeless."

When the men had finished their meal, some of them asked for blankets, and Mrs. Allen gave them as many as she could. And thus, some with bedding and some without, they lay down upon the ground and slept, trusting to those on picket-duty to warn them of approaching danger. About three o'clock, the signal came. Two men wrapped on the fence and said "Lady Washington-Lady Washington," and the men arose and hastily prepared to resume their ride with Morgan. One drowsy descendant of Rip Van Winkle was left sleeping in Allen's sheep stable where he was found next morning, long after the sun was up.

While this little by-play was progressing at the Allen farm, the central figure in the drama, General Morgan himself, was partaking of an excellent chicken supper at the home of Herdman Taylor. He was directed thither by Almon and Shepherd, guides whom he had captured in the neighborhood. Morgan could not have found a more hospitable place. When they had concluded their supper and fed their horses, Morgan took possession of half the house, for himself, with his officers and prisoners, leaving the other half for the Taylor family. The men who re-



Mr. and Mrs. David Allen, who helped to entertain Morgan's Men at Nebo.

Taylor's and the rear on the farm of Thomas McConaughy. The picket line ran below Smoky Road, then a lane. Here was Morgan's last night camp.

Mrs. Sara Allen, who is still living with her son, Scott Allen, near Bergholz, was just about to retire that night when someone knocked at the door. Upon opening it, Mrs. Allen saw two men who said they were "hunting Morgan's raid" and asked for something to eat. Thinking they were Union men she started to grant their request but on the way to the spring house she was told to "halt," and looking around she discovered that the yard was



—Sketched by Dudley Hawkins.

Mrs. Hoobler going to the woods.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.



Mr. and Mrs. Herdman Taylor of Nebo.

mained outside tied their horses to the fence and lay down under the starlit sky "to sleep perchance to dream" of home in the far away sunny south.

Meanwhile at the store of John Wright, in Nebo, quite a different scene was being enacted. Mr. Wright's brother James was in the store, the rest of the family having retired. As he was about to leave the store, some one knocked at the door, and looking out he saw horses' heads. Then he heard some one say:

"Burst the door open."

"Just wait," he answered, "and I will open the door."

He opened it.

"We are Union men" said the spokesman of the party "and we want to get some clothing."

Mr. Wright was then commanded to shut the door. A rap came in a few minutes. One of the men came in and asked for eggs. Major Weber bought a dime's worth of tobacco and paid for it.

"I will settle for the other things in the morning," he said.

The men then asked for butter, but as Mr. Wright quaintly says, he had no butter "come-at-able."

By this time the owner of the store had arrived on the scene. He did not believe that his visitors were Union men.

"Is not this Morgan's men," he asked.

And Major Weber said "Yes."

Mr. Wright had at this time money in his possession amounting to one thousand six hundred dollars, one thousand of which a neighbor, Uncle Kelly, had placed in his hands for safe keeping. The greater part of it was hidden in the garret, but Mr. Wright started for the money that was in the cash drawer. In the kitchen he found five or six men eating their supper. Just then Major Weber came in.

"Get out," he said, stamping his foot, and the men "got."

They took the fish and eggs which they had stolen to Dr. Almon's to be cooked. Some of the men were rather noisy, and Mr. Wright requested them to be quiet, as his wife was sick. Major Weber seemed inclined to think that Mr. Wright was "bluffing," but went with him to see Mrs. Wright. When he returned, he ordered the disturbance stopped.

Then Major Weber and Captain Jones lay down upon the floor to sleep. Mr. Wright again started to hide his money.

"Just leave your money where it is" said Major Weber, "and I pledge you my honor that it will not be disturbed." And it was not.

as well as plunder, had turned out of the way to the home of Dr. Simpson, then pastor of the Mooretown United Presbyterian Church. Happily, the Simpson family were warned in time, so that they escaped to the woods, where they remained all night without shelter. It is probable that they did not get much sleep, for they could hear the cries of the angry men about the house:

"If you find them, kill them. He's a black abolitionist!"

The men left before day-break, and the Union soldiers came about "sun-up."

"Morgan's men," were starved-looking, dirty and tired," says Mr. Wright. "Major Weber told me that he had not taken off his boots for thirty-one nights."

Mr. Wright's loss amounted to about one hundred and fifty dollars. He says he could have sworn to one hundred and fifteen dollars. He was never paid for this loss.

Some of Morgan's men, evidently in quest of blood

ten children are still living in various parts of the Union.

But a short distance from the place where Morgan spent his last night in camp, General Shackleford's army camped on old Risinger Hill, at the foot of which the Eastern coal mine is now located. Mrs. Wesley Kirk kept tables set all night to supply lunch to Shackleford's men. Before day-break Sunday morning scouts sent out by Morgan reported that the Union cavalry was coming. Morgan had ordered chicken for breakfast, and as Mrs. Taylor was worn out with the work of preparing supper for the hungry crowd, Mr. Taylor's sister, Miss Maria Taylor, was roused out of sleep to cook breakfast for them. She hastened to cook chicken as Morgan had ordered, but the General and his men had only time to snatch a cup of coffee and make their escape from the Union cavalry, already within firing distance. Morgan said to Maria,

"We have never been run so hard before."

Herdman Taylor moved to Missouri soon after, and the house in which Morgan spent the last night of his famous raid has since been torn down, but Maria, who cooked Morgan's breakfast still lives with her sister, Phoebe, and two brothers, Emory and Newton, on their farm about a mile from Bergholz.

Neither of the sisters has ever married, and tradition says that from the very night of

Morgan's visit they invariably turned deaf ears to the tender whisperings of all the love-sick swains who came courting them. Whether the excitement of that night made them ever afterward afraid of the "horrid men," or whether their young hearts were stolen and carried away on that rapid ride by some of Morgan's gallant but thievish officers, cannot be accurately stated. Both opinions are held by good authorities in the community. The latter theory, however seems to be the more acceptable, as Miss Maria denies that she was frightened, being at the time, she says, under the impression that her guests were Union men.

Herdman Taylor, on the other hand seems to have been perfectly aware what sort of angels he was entertaining. When Morgan rose to take his hurried leave he turned to his host and said, "Well, Mr. Taylor, as I am told you are a very good friend of ours, I believe I will take you along."

While not disavowing his friendship, Mr. Taylor modestly declined the honor of accompanying General Morgan. The latter, however



Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Simpson of Nebo.

That they tried to burn the house was revealed by half-burnt straw in several places about the dwelling, but as the narrator of the story, Mrs. Nancy Dorrance, says, "kind providence prevented."

Dr. Simpson was a physician as well as a minister of the Gospel, and all his instruments and medicines were destroyed. The men stole everything that they could use, and wasted and destroyed what they could not carry away.

The family returned next morning none the worse for their outing, and thankful that their lives had been spared. They had not a bite in the house to eat. Some of the neighbors gave them flour and Mrs. Simpson made pancakes for the children's breakfast.

Mr. Simpson's loss in dollars and cents cannot be estimated. He never received any pay, but one horse that the Confederates stole was returned. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are dead, but eight of their



John Wright of Nebo.



Mrs. John Wright (nee Elizabeth Connelly), of Nebo

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.

prevailed upon him to go, and without hat or shoes, he went along for a distance of two miles, when he was allowed to return to his home. All of which goes to show that General Morgan had a keen sense of humor and did not object to a practical joke when the laugh was on his side.

The Taylors were "virulent Democrats," says one of their old friends, while another says they were "real rebels." If such was the case they seem to have borrowed from the south, along with their politics, the redeeming grace of true southern hospitality, which is just as much in evidence to-day as when they entertained General Morgan forty-six years ago. Moreover, they seem to have possessed the rare good sense not to become turncoats, immediately after Morgan's visit.

"Don't paint Morgan's character too black," said Emory Taylor, in a recent interview "for he was a gentleman." And then he told the following story:

"Eli Gordon, a former school-mate of mine, was a Union soldier, and was taken prisoner by General Morgan. After some time he was paroled, but was penniless and hundreds of miles from home. He told the General of his circumstances and that officer gave him money enough to take him home."

Just below Taylor's, on the Springfield road, stood an old wooden bridge. It was a covered structure and while old and weather-beaten in appearance, was safe and sound. Morgan set fire to this bridge. As the creek was low, the Union cavalry forded the creek, with but little inconvenience. The new bridge is called "Morgan Burnt Bridge" to this day.

The Dorrance girls went to see the bridge the next day after the fire. Nothing was left but the stone abutments and some smoking timbers.

James Burgett, who is now engaged in the livery business in Bergholz, then lived about a mile and a half out of Nebo on the Monroeville road. He



Emory Taylor of Nebo.

Mr. Peterson took his gun and started for the scene of war. He followed Morgan toward Salineville and was present at the battle at Monroeville, in which he says two or three men were killed and a number wounded. Two Confederates stopped at Peterson's that evening. They claimed to be Indiana militia, but were taken as prisoners to Salineville. One of them left a watch which he requested be sent to his mother.

Wm. Kelly was living at the old Kelly homestead, now occupied by Mrs. Christina Hess.

Just at daylight Sunday morning, two unknown men warned Kelly's to hide their horses. Their buggy horse was left in the field and was captured by Morgan's men. They were paid for it by the State government. Morgan passed the Kelly home just at day-break. One man rode up the lane fast asleep. He might have been taken prisoner, had he not been awakened too soon by "Uncle Kelly." Wm. Kelly went with Shackelford to Monroeville

night and were captured. Coventry, who was a brother-in-law of J. A. Lindsay, of Salineville, was asked his politics, "I am a Union man," was the unhesitating reply. "I respect you" said the officer who had asked the question, "for your loyalty to your principles."

A flax-pulling was going on at Dorrance's, when Stewart McClave rode up and shouted, "You'd better hurry and pull your flax; Morgan is coming."

The two girls, Mary and Lizzie, hastened to take the horses out of Morgan's way. So effectively did they accomplish their purpose that when their father wanted to join Shackelford's army, he could find no horse and was obliged to remain at home.

People say there was no Sabbath in Nebo that day. There seemed to be a general violation of the fourth commandment. Mrs. Christina Hess and many others baked bread. Mrs. Joseph Peterson, then Mary Barelay, cooked for the Union soldiers all night. It was some time before the excitement died out. Several days after Morgan's capture the report was circulated that he was coming back to Nebo. Several families took their valuables and went to the woods.

The old residents of Nebo relate many amusing incidents of Morgan's raid, and several have preserved interesting relics of the occasion. Ed. Critser, the miller, was living in the little log house still standing by the old mill. While helping themselves to grain for their horses, Morgan's men offered Mr. Critser a drink. The latter thinking that the whiskey might contain poison said, "No, thank you, I'm a temperance man."

His neighbors say "Ed. Critser would have gone ten miles for a drink of good whiskey."

Mr. Critser's own account of the affair does not exactly tally with the above, but as he would naturally be prejudiced, it seems best to accept the story of others present at the time.

Several of Morgan's men who were



Miss Phoebe Taylor, who helped to serve Morgan's supper that last Saturday night.

saw the burning bridge, and getting out upon the fence, he saw both armies and thought they were all "rebels." They took the Salineville road out of Nebo. Near the Potts schoolhouse an engagement took place between the two forces and one of Morgan's men was wounded.

Daniel Peterson, a cousin of Joseph Peterson, of Bergholz, was at that time living on the North Fork, several miles out of Nebo. Early Sunday morning Pat Conley stopped at Peterson's and notified them that Morgan was coming. First taking his horses out of the way,



Miss Maria Taylor from photo taken in 1908.

and was present at the fight. In his haste he donned old ragged clothes and was taken for a "rebel." There was one fire, he says, and one rebel was killed.

Three Union men, Watts, Conley and Coventry, ran into Morgan's picket-line Saturday



Miss Maria Taylor, who cooked Morgan's supper at Nebo, Saturday night, July 25, 1863.

unable to go on with the rest, remained behind and were cared for at Burson's and McCullough's.

One soldier, a boy about seventeen years old, could go no farther and was left at Dr. Almon's. He was later taken prisoner.

Joseph Peterson, (since dead), who talked with General Morgan after the later had been captured and taken to Salineville, has Morgan's autograph, "John H. Morgan, Bushwacker of Kentucky." Morgan was a fine penman. Mr. Peterson says of him: "General Morgan was a well built man, about 6 feet tall, light complexion and very genteel."

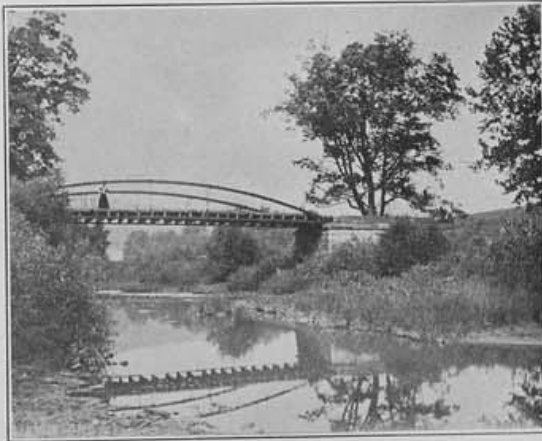


## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.

Mrs. Sara Allen has a silk handkerchief which was one of ten found in her yard after the Confederates had left.

William Hoobler, brother of Mrs. Allen has a cartridge box picked up at Monroeville.

One of the most laughable anecdotes is told of John Miller, who lived at that time on the Springfield road. He had several hundred dollars which he hid under the fence in his yard. He then went to Salineville to see Morgan's army. On the afternoon of the next day he procured an old horse left by one of the Morgan men and started home across country. Some Union men had stopped at a farm-house to feed their horses and were shooting at a target. Miller heard their firing, and supposed that Morgan's men were coming back. It is reported he was so badly frightened that, John Gilpen-like, he rode past his destination, and sought safety in the woods. As he had been seen on his homeward way, his family became alarmed, and a party of neighbors were sent out in search of the missing man. They hunted all night. In the morning when they went to report the futility of their search to the family, Miller was seated at his own breakfast table. But he was extremely reticent in regard to the events of the previous day and night, so the matter remains a mystery to this good day.



New Morgan Bridge at Nebo.

Morgan's men took four good horses belonging to "Bill" Huskroff, of near Springfield.

"I would rather give four hundred dollars" said Huskroff, "than to lose these horses."

"All right" said Morgan "show us your four hundred dollars." It is said Huskroff produced the money.

"The money and the horses both look good to me" said Morgan, as he pocketed the cash. And Huskroff was "stung."

### MRS. GEORGE B. SMITH'S STORY.

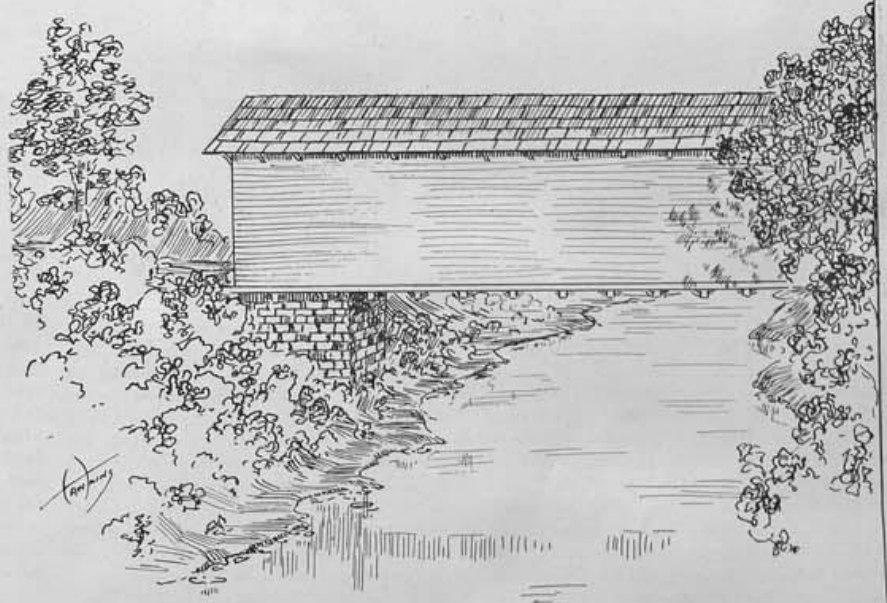
Mrs. George B. Smith, now living at East Liverpool, Ohio, whose maiden name was Rachel Dorrance, was living near Nebo, on the old farm of James Dorrance, at the time of Morgan's raid. She was then a young lady of fifteen, and it is with a marked vividness that she now relates the following account of Morgan's coming to Nebo:

surely not." "Yes, I mean it," said my uncle, "I was on the hill and could see the horses and hear them tramping." We took our horses to the hills, (we had a nice lot of them), and hid them in the woods, where we kept them all day. Rebels came down to Nebo, and a little before day, took the road to Salineville. We did not get to see them, but we could hear the horses, for it was within half mile of where we lived.

Sunday morn, without waiting for breakfast, my father hitched up the carriage and took us all up to Dr. Simpson's house.

Morgan had been there and had visited all the

houses in that vicinity. Dr. Simpson was a United Presbyterian minister from Philadelphia, and was a fine scholar. We had church in the school house near by then, for the United Presbyterian church was quite distant, and Mr. Simpson would preach two Sabbaths at the church and one at the school building. We went into his house and it looked just like it had been struck with lightning, the raiders had put things in such an uproar. Coming back I got out and walked with the young folks. I think we were over every foot of ground Morgan's men had gone over the night before. In the fence corners and scattered along the road, we found corn cobs, pieces of straps, and here and there a cow-hide whip—all evidence of Morgan's visit there just a few hours before. Then we went to Mr. John Allmon's farm. We had heard they had a rebel soldier there, and we were all anxious to see a rebel. The poor fellow was very young. He had not been wounded but was just weak and exhausted from the exposure he had suffered. He was unable to go farther and his comrades had left him in Allmon's care. They gave him anything he wanted, gave him every attention and



OLD MORGAN BURNT BRIDGE AT NEBO.

—Sketched by Dudley Hawkins.



Morgan and "Bill Huskroff" at Nebo.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.



Allmon's Old Mill, where part of Morgan's Men made their last camp Saturday Night.

used him well. I never learned his name nor what become of him after that. Farther on down the road, we came to the ruins of a covered bridge which they had burned, I remember we couldn't get across the creek there. However, except the tearing down of a few fences, in order that they might take a cannon through with them, and the burning of the bridge, the destruction to property in this section was but slight. At Nebo they robbed Wright's store. Some people say they took the postage stamps, but I guess they just took crackers, tobacco, and some whips, just things that they needed and could use. Wright's went on with the store and did not have to close it. The next day the Union troops came along and Mr. Wright gave them the rest of the whips. Quite a few of the farmers had horses stolen but some got them back again. Mr. Kelly followed them to Monroeville and there recovered several that had been taken from him, after the fight there.

Even though the cause which Morgan was supporting was one to be condemned, though he burned bridges, tore down fences, and stole the farmer's horses, but for all this, it must not be supposed that Morgan was altogether a man without friends in the country through which he was then traveling. There were quite a number of families along the way who showed him remarkable hospitality. Of course the ill-feeling between this class of people and those who called themselves "Abolitionists" flourished. Neighbors who had always been the best of friends prior to this time treated one another with cold indifference. I remember of one occasion on which there was a great meeting to be held at Steubenville during Mr. Brough's second campaign for Governor of Ohio; nearly everyone was anxious to attend, but the ill-feeling between those who were in sympathy with the suppression of the rebellion and those who leaned toward the opposite side of the question was such that people who would not go to the meeting, even refused to keep their neighbor's child that the other might attend. Nevertheless our people went, taking me along with them. It was a famous meeting. The procession was seventeen miles long. We got in it at Springfield. Every once in a while it was stopped to let Island Creek and the other townships come in. I never will forget that parade and indeed I was glad that I had not been left at home.

At the Herdman Taylor farm, where the rebels stayed all night, they were treated exceptionally well. They came in the evening and stayed till next morning. It was while Morgan was eating his breakfast there the alarm was

given that the Union troops were approaching, and this information brought rather an unceremonious ending to the breakfast which the Taylors had so well prepared.

The Union troops spent the night between Springfield and Nebo. We did not get to see them. They came as far as the Peterson farm, but did not come up to our place. They were at Grandmother Smith's and she gave them water to drink and brought them out things to eat.

It was late in the afternoon when we got back home from our tour of inspection. That evening and the next day hundreds of men came past our place from the direction

of Springfield looking for Morgan. One of these men came into our yard and left four hundred dollars with mother. It was then the custom for every one along the road to hide their money. Handing her an old leather pocket-book, he said, "You put that under that curran' bush there until I come back." A few days later he returned, dug up his much worn wallet over which the faithful curran' bush had stood sentinel, and started on his way home with the glorious news that Morgan had been captured."

### R. M. CRABBS' STORY.

R. M. Crabbs, who lives near the town of Bergholz, was quite prominently connected with the capture of Morgan. It was my pleasure to call on Mr. Crabbs and I found him a most courteous gentleman. He was quite willing to tell me the story of his recollection and connection with Morgan's raid. Mr. Crabbs said:

"It was on the 25th day of July, 1863, that I was in the town of East Springfield in Jefferson County, Ohio, and while attending an afternoon singing rehearsal, that a young man of

the town, Charley O'Connel by name, came to the door of the church and announced that John Morgan's men were coming up the road. No further dismissal was necessary, and each one started for home by the shortest route. This was about five o'clock in the evening, and by the time my girl was escorted to her home, and my horse secreted out of view, the little town literally swarmed with Morgan's men.

My first thought was to execute as far as possible a trap for the cunning Morgan. My first step was to obtain a knowledge of their direction of travel, and route of escape into southern territory. I was not long in finding that they were making a great effort to reach Babb's Island, where the Ohio river could be forded, the water being very low. I extended to them every courtesy I knew, and borrowed some from the citizens of the town, even to the watering of a cream-colored horse from a badly smelling rain barrel. This horse proved to be the property of Frank A. Owens, for which he gave eight hundred dollars in boot in a trade to a man named Holden, of Chicago.

Here Morgan took the Salineville road. I brought my young horse out of his hiding place after walking half mile by the side of Morgan and the officers of his rear guard. When I paused in the road near where my horse was hidden, I was invited by Morgan and his men to come on, and they would give me a horse to ride. I knew that meant capture, so I declined.

After bringing my horse to the road and exchanging my linen duster to Mr. Alex. McCullough for a dark coat, I started on my ride to frustrate Morgan's plans, and, being well acquainted with every foot of his route to the Ohio river, I had but little trouble in getting to his front by going through woods, fields and by-ways to Mooretown.

Morgan's command bivouaced at Nebo, now Bergholz, on the Herdman Taylor farm, while my work was in his front, between Mooretown and Salineville. I warned every farmer to get his horses secreted, as Morgan was replacing his jaded ones from the stables and fields of the farmers. At Monroeville, I sent two men to approach Morgan's front and then report to me at Salineville.

Arriving at Salineville at ten P. M., I at once telegraphed to General Brooks, commanding the military department of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, informing him of Morgan's presence with about six hundred men and seven hundred horses. My first telegram from General Brooks read: "Who vouches for this statement? I have news of Morgan's presence at Knoxville, Ohio." My last dispatch from General Brooks read: "I have sent you seven hundred infantry under Col. Gallagher, 14th Pa. Reserves," (and until recently these dispatches were preserved.) H. C. Robbins, mayor, and Frank Morgan, telegraph operator, vouched for the truth of my report.

General Shackelford one mile south of there came upon Morgan's rear, the latter having been stopped by the presence of "blue



The Old Mill at Nebo, where many of Morgan's men slept.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.

coats"; and just here I began to see the fruits of my scheme. He was cornered and his advance checked, for the first time since his advent in Ohio. About one hundred of his men were captured near Salineville, the remaining three hundred fleeing around Salineville to the north. Here the pursuers under Major Rue, of Shackleford's cavalry, took a near way, in the direction of Lisbon and met Morgan's force near West Beaver Church, the place of the surrender. Here ended my presence with this distinguished body of warriors."

### EXTRACT FROM "THE PARTISAN RANGERS."

The following extract from "The Partisan Rangers" by Gen. Adam R. Johnson is accompanied with notes by Mr. Crabbs. In the chapter on the escape from Camp Morton, F. A. Owen says:

"General Morgan put me in command of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry as soon as we were safe out of sight of the forces of Generals Hobson and Shackleford at Cheshire, Ohio, and I commanded that squad of men with great pride, and, Gen. Morgan said, with ability, in evidence of which, he would add another bar to my collar on account of the way we took care of the rear, especially at the Herdman Taylor farm. The last night of the raid the "Yanks" captured two of my best soldiers, Mereer and Crowe Johnson, who were on picket. The "Yanks" coming into the road through a narrow lane near the picket base, after firing one volley into my men lying flat on the ground, ran out the main road, taking in the two Johnson brothers. The third brother, William Allen Johnson and William Grady (now a large farmer on Diamond Island in Henderson Co., Ky.) stood by me and fought with bravery worth recording here.

Some of the boys ran away but returned in a very short time. The "Yanks" had also gone. While there was no blood shed, so far as I knew, it looked right scary, for the blaze of fire from the Yankee's guns seemed to reach us as we were sound asleep, and as you may suppose, I did not blame the boys very much. However the three that remained kept their courage



R. M. Crabbs.

up by shooting in the direction of the enemy, but we felt awful lonesome for about three or four minutes till the other boys got their bearing properly adjusted. Not one of them ever flickered for a moment after that. Most of them have now answered the Long Roll, and are resting peacefully, I trust, on the other shore.

On the afternoon of this same twenty-sixth of July, General Morgan captured a militia colonel or captain, or a captain in the regular service, who was at home on a furlough, and who had charge of the militia in our front and on our flank. My information at the time was

that Gen. Morgan flattered this militia colonel and surrendered to him on the condition that he would stop his men from firing on us from the hill on our left and not delay us any longer. When we came into contact with this larger force of militiamen, we were out of ammunition, the main body having given what they had to the rear squad, as they called for it from time to time along the way after leaving Cheshire, Ohio. Gen. Morgan's great anxiety was to get to the ford before Shackleford's force, which was then traveling a parallel road. We had seen the long line of dust on our right and would have beaten them had it not been for

## National Reunion of the Blue and Gray

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF FARRAGUT POST G. A. R.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

**BLUE** { R. J. MURPHY, 29 ILL. INF.  
A. J. MURPHY, 420 IND. INF.  
F. W. KERRPATRICK, 126 IND. INF.  
L. N. WHEELER, 81 IND. INF.  
W. M. SMITH, 1726 IND. INF.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: GILBERT S. WRIGHT  
FRANK A. FOSTER  
W. M. WALKER  
DR. P. J. RAYMOND  
JOHN LANMAN

October



"Every soldier's grave made during the unfortunate civil war is a tribute to American valor."  
Pres'l Wm. McKinley.



C. J. MURPHY, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

**GRAY** { C. F. MORRIS, 80th TENN. INF.  
W. M. FIELD, 10th MO. INF.  
L. B. RUSSELL, 4th ALA. CAV.  
FRANK OWEN, 10th KY. INF.  
TEDD WARR, 10th KY. INF.

10-11-12-13  
1899



CHIEFS OF STAFF: J. D. CASBERRY, Com. Farragut Post G. A. R.  
C. C. SCHREIBER, Pres. Trustees U. S. A.  
L. B. RUSSELL, Organist  
S. P. GILLET, Treasurer.

Evansville, Ind., Nov. 14th, 1899.

Col. R. M. Crabbs,

Jefferson Co., Ohio.

My Dear Colonel:—I am just in receipt of a Steubenville Gazette, dated March 5, 1897, sent to me by Capt. L. D. Hookersmith, of Madisonville, Ky., who may have had some correspondence with you, as the writer was a participant in that long ride with General Morgan, through Ky., Ind. and Ohio, and is always interested in anything connected with the history of those troublous times. I know from your article that you were an active participant, or, in soldier parlance, that "you was thar." I commanded the rear guard from Cheshire, Ohio, in the morning of the day we surrendered to a Militia captain, whose force was materially impeding our rapid march to a long-looked-for ford on the Ohio river. Just prior to this surrender, we had captured this captain and another officer or citizen, and learning that they, or he, had command of the force in our immediate front, and, seeing the long line of dust traveling parallel with us made by General Hobson and Shackleford, and as we had accomplished the purpose of the raid, and were out of ammunition, we agreed with the gallant Capt., he agreeing to put us across the Ohio river, and leave us with horses and side-arms, and take our parole of honor that we would not take up arms against the government of the U. S. until regularly exchanged. With this understanding we were moving forward at a double quick, with flag of truce flying at both ends of our little column. When the hill or mountain at the base of which we were traveling curved to the right, thus throwing Gen. Shackleford's or Gen. Hobson's force or forces directly across our path, and after I reluctantly surrendered my fine spurs to the dear colonel, I have no recollection of how I got back to the R. R., I only remember being hustled on to a R. R. train. Do not have any recollection of leaving said train, but when I came to myself next, I was a two or three days old prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio. While we camped at Herdman Taylor farm, (as you named it) for a few hours rest, my outside picket, not more than half a mile from picket base, the inside videt about fourteen men, the rear guard consisting of about twenty as good men as could be found, were lying at the side of the road in front of some stables asleep, when a small force came into the road and firing a volley into us as we lay upon the ground. We fired a few shots at them and they ran out the road in the direction of Gen'l Shackleford and Hobson's camp, and captured my two pickets, Mereer and Crowe Johnson, brothers, both of whom are living, the first at Owensboro, and the last at Pleasant Ridge, Ky. It seems that there was a very narrow lane between two farms (such as would be built by two neighbors that did not get along well together), through this lane the scouting party came that fell on us at picket base. Please tell me who they were. The next morning about sunrise, I was ordered to double quick to the front, and when I had gotten about to the head of our column, the entire line was ordered to open ranks, and this command was passed back down the line quietly. The head of the column was ordered to counter-march and just about the instant, the command was doubled, that is the head had gotten back to the tail. The force in our rear came up and fired into us, and we were then headed west to where we surrendered a few hours later in the day. The cream colored horse you mentioned was mine I guess, as I owned the only one of that description in the command, and right here, I want to thank you, dear Colonel for that drink of water, although stagnant, it quenched his thirst and convinces his owner that you had a warm and sympathetic heart under that blue coat. The long haired soldier who led the horse was John Farley, of Henderson Co., Ky., who long since answered the Last Roll. You say in your article that we had a promiscuous assortment of trophies of the raid. You are bound to admit, dear Colonel, this was the exception and not the rule, and I trust you will do yourself honor and us justice to correct this before your Well's Historical Society. I would have been glad to have seen you at our National Reunion of the Blue and the Gray here last month. Everybody went away with broader views and bigger hearts that they came with—a grand meeting I assure you. If I can assist you in establishing a historical fact, I will do so, for "United we stand, divided we fall."

Your comrade,

FRANK A. OWEN,

711 Adams Avenue,  
Commander of Adm R. Johnson Camp No. 48, 1st U. C. V.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.

the delay the militia caused us. I know this, that after the above described capture of the captain and a short parley, the captain went forward with some of our men and a flag of truce up at both ends of our column of not over two hundred and fifty to three hundred men.

We were running for dear life with empty guns as well as empty stomachs, but alas, the mountain made a bend to the right and ran us right into the arms of Shackelford's parallel forces. They wheeled their column into line not a hundred yards ahead of us where their road intersected ours. I heard that Shackelford and Hobson and their men made much sport of the gallant militia captain, and I am sorry that he did not contend for his rights before the War Department, for Shackelford's force would never have captured us on Ohio soil had it not been for this force of militia under this captain or colonel. He wrote to me

several years since but I have for the moment forgotten his name, though I have his letters yet with my war papers."

The two letters to "Colonel" Crabbs from Frank A. Owen, of Evansville, Indiana, are shown on this and preceeding page. They give inside information concerning the terms of surrender to Captain Burbick, of Lisbon.

### STEWART McCLAVE'S STORY.

"On Saturday evening, July 25th, 1863, my cousin William Seaton, John Mayers and I went to East Springfield to attend a singing at the M. E. Church. As we came in front of J. McCullough's store Mr. Edgar Graham came riding down the street and said the latest word was that Morgan's men were at Wintersville and coming this way. We all laughed at him.

Just then Mr. John Allen started for home, which was down the State Road about two miles. In about five minutes he came back as fast as his horse could run, with his hat off and his hair all on end, saying the road was full of Morgan's men and they were coming towards town. We ran up to McCullough's Tavern and sure enough we could see a number of men about half a mile down the road. I said to the boys we had better break for home and hide our horses. We started down street on double quick and got to the edge of town when a thought struck me, that the men we had seen were coming from Richmond to notify East Springfield that Morgan was coming to pay us a visit.

I said to Seaton and Myers that I was going back. We all started and walked up towards the Tavern. By that time, Morgan's men were coming as thick as hail and scattering in all directions. I said to the boys, "We are in a trap sure." I cast my eyes all around and soon saw there was no show for us to get out without going down street. When we had gone a few rods down the street they ordered us to halt. We obeyed orders. There were twelve or fifteen halted at the same place. I noticed John K. Miller, a resident of East Springfield talking to the "Rebs" and wondered why it was that he seemed to be familiar with them. They had taken him prisoner; that was why he could not come and stand with the crowd on the sidewalk.

The next order was from the captain for the second man to step out. No person answered. The order called the second time; I answered. I walked out amongst them and asked him what he wanted. He said he was going to take me out into the country with them, twenty or thirty miles, as a guide, and would return me safe and sound the next day. I said to him that there were others in the crowd on the sidewalk that knew the country as well as I did, better take one of them. He said it was no use talking, I would do, there was a horse, and for me to mount. I obeyed orders.

Away we went, bound for New Lisbon, twenty-six miles from East Springfield. There was a little incident happened which I will insert here for fear I may forget it.

## United Confederate Veterans,



ROSTER OF OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF

General Adam R. Johnson Camp No. 481 U. C. V. of Evansville, Indiana.

Evansville, Ind., March 5, 1900.

Col. R. M. Crabbs,

Provo, Ohio.

My Dear Col. and Comrade:

Your letter of Feb'y 19, 1900, which came during my absence, and I hasten to reply, although I can do so fully as I would like, because my time is limited. I am going to leave on my regular trip south in a few minutes.

Yes, you are welcome to publish any of my writings as a whole but not in fragments from the fact that frequently it requires too much time to explain them to the satisfaction of some. I was with the last half of Gen'l Morgan's command that you mention. John B. Wolfolk, of Madisonville, Ky., was one of the wounded you mention. He was shot in the wrist, the ball passing out at the elbow. He made his escape and was killed some where in Miss., just as the war closed. There was no fighting when and where Gen'l Morgan surrendered. There was some firing from the range of hills to our left and front, but the bullets did not reach us, and as we were out of ammunition, could not return the fire, if we had been so foolishly inclined. I suppose these stray shots came from some of your men, for only citizen's without experience would have wasted ammunition at such long range. I have been a commercial traveler ever since the close of the great war between the states and am, and have been commander of the above U. C. V. Camp since 1893. You did not answer the question I asked or intended to ask in my first letter: "Are you the Col. or Capt. that Gen'l Morgan surrendered to prior to Gen'l Shackelford's and Hobson's coming up? Kindly answer.

Very truly,

Your friend and comrade in Gray,  
F. A. OWEN.

On the back of this letter is found the following P. S.

My Dear Col.—I mailed you to-day under separate cover, a copy of our official organ published at Nashville, Tenn., believing that you will be interested in its perusal. If you like the tone and spirit in which it is written, send me One Dollar for a year's subscription to commence with Jan'y, 1900. The day has arrived when both the Blue and Gray want the truth of history for our children to read and it is to this end that the "Confederate Veteran" is being published.

F. A. OWEN.

711 Adams Ave., Evansville, Ind., March 31, '06.

Col. R. M. Crabbs.

My Dear Comrade and Friend:

Yours of the 22nd inst., awaited my return home. I am glad you enjoyed our book. Your check for \$1.75 received, which was correct amount. I thank you for the corrections. The "cash" mentioned was an error of the printer and not of ours. I don't know now how I came to make it Woodman Taylor, for it was wherever my picket base was located on the night of July 25, 1863. But I so understood it at the time. Please put me in communication with Col. Gallagher, Commander of the 14th Pa. Reserves, if living. I for one will look forward to your publication with great interest. When ready, notify me, and I will send you the price by first mail. But don't forget "Holden," my cream colored horse. I swapped for him with Holden Smith, of Chicago, yet living I think, who was a member of Co. C., 10th Ky. P. R. I gave Smith \$800.00 to boot between him and a fairly good horse and never regreted the trade. I thank you for your kind invitation to visit your home and go over and view the ground that we traversed with guns in our hand in battle array, and evil intents for each other. Yes, I agree with you now that there will never be another civil war. "One country and one flag" is our "motto" forever.

"The Star Spangle Banner,  
Long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free,  
And the home of the brave."

is our sincere prayer.  
Truly your comrade and friend,

F. A. OWEN.



Stewart McClave of "Old Nebo,"  
Now living at Portland, Oregon

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.



The old Allen Home, near Nebo, with log building to the right in which Stewart McClave was a prisoner.

When Morgan's men were capturing all the horses from the crowd attending the singing, and that was quite a number, Miss Celia Davidson went to where she had hitched her horse. They had unhitched it from the buggy, and were about taking the harness off as she stepped forward and took hold of the bridle and plead so hard for them not to take her only buggy horse, that they wilted and left it with her.

The captain whose name was Sheldin, and a Texas ranger rode up on each side of me, and asked me my name. In talking to me, they always called me Mr. "Mack." They said they wanted to post me what to do and said not to tell any person where they were going nor what their plan was. On our way from Springfield to where they captured Mr. Elijah Shepherd, from Lem Springs. He nearly rode into us before he knew it, but wheeled his horse and took back as hard as he could ride. The Captain called for him to halt twice. The third call, he said if he did not stop, they would stop him. They rode up alongside of him and commenced to question him where he was going, and for whom he was looking. He said Morgan's men. They said, "You found them sooner than you expected."

We came to where the roads forked. Mr. Shepherd wanted to take the road to Bacon Ridge, but they told him they were not through visiting with him. He said he had promised to meet a friend of his that lived out that road, and did not want to disappoint him. The Texas Ranger said, no, they could not let him go 'til they were through talking with him, and that might not be 'til the next day. By that time we were in sight of where I lived. My mother and cousin and the man's wife that lived with us, and their two little girls had left the house and were going to my uncle's, who lived off the road, west of us. Captain Sheldin said to me, "Is this where you live?" I said it was. "Do those women belong to your place," he asked. I answered him they did. He told me to ride ahead and tell them to go back to the house and he would see that they should not be harmed. Quite a number went into the house and soon ate all the bread and butter they could find, and drank the spring dry. I told my cousin to bring me a heavier coat than I had on. When I was changing my coats, my mother said to me, "Where are you going?" I said to her, I had to go with these men, as a guide. Then she went wild and said she would never see me again. Some of Morgan's men gathered

around her and tried to comfort her and tell her not to worry, that they would send me back the next day safe and sound, and give me a horse to ride back. I came back the next day, but not on

The old log building was Wm. Hoobler's shoe making shop.

one of Morgan's horses. Will state later on how I got back.

About sundown, when we left my place everything seemed to be very quiet on the road to Nebo, now called Bergholz. We

would occasionally meet a man walking along as though he were looking for squirrels instead of Morgan. The most of the people were hidden, some upstairs and some under the bed; others wherever they could find a safe hiding place. Before we came to Nebo, Captain Sheldin said to me they were going to halt and camp for the night, and wanted to know if I knew any of the people that lived there. By



Isaac Newton Taylor of Nebo.

this time we were in front of Jas. Wright's store. They called him up. He answered from the upper door. They asked him a good many questions. I can't remember any of them now. The next was David Allen's. The captain asked me the kind of house he lived in. I told him a large brick house. He said to me, "I will try and get you a room so you will not have to stay out in the night air." We rode in to Allen's barnyard and soon filled the stable with horses. We started to the house and found a number of men standing around the front door, helping themselves to bread and milk that they had ordered Allen's folks to set out for them. Mr. Allen did not have any light in the house. I could see him standing in the doorway. The Captain went to him to see about the room. I could see him shake his head when the Captain asked him. Allen's father-in-law, Mr. Hoobler, overheard the conversation between Allen and the Captain. He said there was a log cabin in the corner of the yard that he would open up for us. J. K. Miller laid down on a door outside of the cabin.

Mr. Shepherd and I sat inside on a couple of nail kegs. They placed a guard in front of the cabin of eight or ten men. It was not long 'til they were all asleep, and after everything had quieted down, Mr. Shepherd said to me, "What are you going to do, skip out or stay with them?" I told him, I would stay with them until they discharged me. He said he had a notion to slip away and break for home. I told him I would not take any chances, that he might do what he thought best. He finally gave it up. We could hear them shooting in the rear all hours of the night. It was the pickets of Morgan's men and Shackleford's peppering one another. No one was killed or hurt.

On Sabbath morning before sunrise we were ordered to get our horses and be ready to march. Going to the stable, I said to Capt. Sheldin, "How about letting Mr. Shepherd and I off?" He said he could not do it, but would have to take us a few miles further. Shepherd was turned loose after they had taken him about a mile.

On our way from Nebo to Monroeville, going down the hill to Brushereek, the Texas Ranger spied a man's hat laying in the road. He said, "He must have been in an awful hurry, could not take time to pick it up. I will catch the boys when we get up the next hill." He handed me his gun to carry for him, saying he wanted to be ready for them. When we came to the top of the hill, we could see the two men riding for dear life. The Texas Ranger started after them as fast as his horse could run. By the time we got to Monroeville, he came back without them. They had too much of a start for him to catch them.

Miller and I were discharged at Monroeville, sworn to not tell anything we knew about Morgan. We sat down on a big stone to watch them as they passed, and see if they had any of my horses in the crowd. As Morgan's men passed down the hill to Salineville, Miller, McIntosh and I started back to McIntosh's to get breakfast. About half way to his place we met thirty or forty advance guards of Shackleford's men. Miller says to me, "We must keep quiet and let McIntosh do the talking. The first question was, "How far ahead are Morgan's men." McIntosh said, "Just started down the hill to Salineville." They took my gray mare away, and went as hard as they could go, McIntosh went after them, leaving Miller and I standing in the road, wondering what we would do next. I said to Miller, "Let's mount this high stake and rider fence and wait for results. We did not have to wait long. It was but a few minutes till the rest of Shackle-



Home of Wm. Kane, on Herdman Taylor Farm. Stands where Taylor home was located, where Morgan stayed all night.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.



A view of Tunnel Hill where Morgan's Videts were fired on at break of day Sunday Morning.



Another View of Tunnel Hill, near Nebo.

ford's army showed up with three pieces of artillery. When the advance guards overtook Morgan's men, we could hear the muskets begin to crack and Morgan's men all scattered to the left. They were completely surrounded by Shackelford's men and soldiers from Cleveland and Pittsburg, but Morgan made his escape. After the Union troops all passed us, Miller and I went on to McIntosh's. By the time we got there, they were bringing two of Morgan's men that were wounded into the house. After getting a ten o'clock breakfast, I started for Salineville to see the crowd and try to pick up a horse to ride home. I was not there long 'til I met John Hammond, a neighbor of mine. He said: "Hello 'Maek', when are you going home?" I answered him, "As soon as I can find a horse to ride," for the Johnys did not do as they said they would about giving me a horse to ride home. Hammond said: "Here is one of mine, take it." I said to him it would be a little chance to get out for they were corraling all the horses that were captured. I started up through town perfectly careless of where I was going, and got through all "O. K." Arrived home safe and sound at sunset. This ends my experience with Morgan's raid forty-six years since."

"Some very funny incidents have been narrated in connection with Morgan's raid. It is a matter of almost general comment that all the Confederate raiders from Morgan down to the smallest private had the utmost contempt for the Valandingham "Copperheads." It is reported that one old "Copperhead" lost three horses and was certain he would get them back if Morgan only knew who he was and what he was. So he harnessed up a horse that was so old that Morgan's men would not take him and

started after Morgan. He overtook the rear guard and in a pompous manner stated that he wished to see General Morgan. Morgan was sent for and went back to the rear. The old "Copperhead" informed Morgan that he was for Valandingham and opposed to the war. Morgan made him drive up in the center of the command, saying that they could not be delayed and they would listen to his complaints as they rode along. Word soon came to Morgan that two of his men had been taken sick and had given out entirely. Morgan said to the old "Copperhead" he would be under the necessity of confiscating his wagon for the two sick soldiers. The old fellow protested that he could not ride horseback at all. Morgan hinted that he need not trouble himself about that, as he was his prisoner and he intended to make him walk. After marching until his feet were blistered, the old fellow complained that his boots hurt him so he could not walk further, and begged for his wagon again. Morgan had a more convenient way, however, of relieving him. A couple of soldiers were ordered to pull off his boots. He was compelled to walk on in his stocking feet until they went into camp that night. The rebel sympathizer thought his troubles were over then, but Morgan's men made him learn a song and sing it, the chorus of which was: "I'll bet ten cents in specie, that Morgan'll win the race." It is said that the old fellow was somewhat corpulent and a very dignified old chap, who never smiled. He was the most blatant of all the Democrats in the township where he lived. How funny it must have been to have seen him dancing in his stockingfeet and singing a song set to a lively negro minstrel tune, while a Southern soldier stood over him slashing a saber, and others

were shouting at the top of their voices: "Go it old 'Yank!' Louder! Louder!" The old fellow was allowed to depart sometime in the night, but Morgan concluded that he would keep the horse and wagon. It is said they took all his money, except nine dollars, which he managed to hide in his clothing. It is reported in the neighborhood where he lived that from that time on until the war closed, he was never known to say another word about "peace" or ever again "Hurrah for Valandingham." General Morgan is said to have expressed himself very freely as to what he thought of people who were full of sympathy for the Southern cause yet too cowardly to go and help fight for it, or contribute anything of financial value to the support of the cause. He said that from the <sup>last</sup> for of noise, the Valandingham Democrat <sup>for</sup> he supposed they were just dying to <sup>call</sup> since to enlist under the Confederate flag.

General Morgan was a Lieutenant of Cavalry in the Mexican war. He was every inch a soldier. It has been said of him, that he left a name second only to Stuart and Forrest among the cavalymen of the Confederacy, and that he was possessed of a character which was not without traces of noble manhood. He was a wily leader, and if there was the slightest chance to slip out of a trap after having been caught, Morgan was sure to find that chance. When the Civil War opened Morgan was engaged in manufacturing bagging at Lexington, Kentucky. He commanded a force of cavalry during the winter of 1862-63, and greatly annoyed Rosecrans' communications. He destroyed millions of dollars worth of military stores in Kentucky, captured railroad trains, destroyed railroad bridges in the rear of the



Part of the Old Allen Farm, showing old mill.



"Berea Church," on Brush Creek between Nebo and Monroeville.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF MORGAN'S RAID.

Union army, moving with great celerity. He always traveled with a telegraph operator and never lost an opportunity to cut the wires, sending false messages to his enemies and at the same time learning of their movements. Morgan was a very large and powerful man, and could endure any amount of exertion. It is said of him, that he could outride and go with less sleep than any other man in his command."

STEWART McCLAVE,  
Portland, Oregon.

### L. McBANE'S STORY.

"At daylight I was called out of bed at home five miles south of Salineville by Charlie Morrow and asked if I was not afraid of being captured by Morgan, and told I had better hide

my horses. He said five men had left in the night to meet Morgan's forces who were camped for the night between here and Springfield, and they had not returned. He was going to see what had happened them and started alone. I then broke for the pasture to get my horses, but first warned a Mr. Miller near by. Before getting my horses away, I saw Morrow and two of the men coming as speedily as possible. One of them said: "Morgan is coming," and before I got to fence of a thicket up where my horses were safely hidden, I heard the clanking of the troops and threw my bridles away. After getting a few rods, I was called to halt and made one of the procession. I was plied for information in regard to the forces at Salineville and informed them that there were but a few home guards there without arms, but fail-

ed to say that there was a regiment of Pennsylvania troops on the way to meet Morgan's forces at Salineville."

"Finding my ignorance of matters, they allowed me to lag out of the ranks, and reaching home, found my wife and child at the door. I was minus a valuable horse that I failed to get away. It was not many hours until word reached us that part of the forces were taken and nearly everyone able to travel, broke for Salineville to see the prisoners and look for horses taken. I with many others got home in the evening and was informed my horse had been taken up at Monroeville and returned; I found him to be one of the very few which were regained."



This illustration is of the West Beaver U. P. Church, within sight of which Morgan was captured. It was while eating a chicken dinner from the table spread at the Centennial celebration, in 1967, that the story of Morgan's capture was the topic of a conversation, which led to the writing of this account of the "Last Night and Last Day of Morgan's Raid," and resulted in the placing of the stone marker at the spot of surrender.

I have told the story of the "Last Night of Morgan's Raid" as told to me by persons still living at Bergholz, of whom there are not many.

—VIRGINIA DARE SHRIVER.

# THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID

BY JERE. H. SIMMS.

On that eventful Sunday morning, July 26, 1863, with the first indications of approaching dawn, while little darts of light peeped over the tops of the highest Jefferson County hills, which mark the winding of Big Yellow Creek away in the distant east, the hungry, tired, and hunted Confederates were astir in and around old Nebo. A hurried hunt was made for something to eat. To the credit of the invaders they cared for their horses first. Corn cribs and graineries on the Taylor, Allen and other nearby farms, were hastily emptied of their contents, and the horses were fed in the fence corners. In many instances while it was still night, preparations were made for an early get-away, to the Ohio river, some twenty odd miles distant. Morgan knew that there was but little water in the river and that there was a much used ford, in days before the war, at the foot of Babb's Island, at the upper end of East Liverpool. This was the goal he was trying to make, for he reasoned that with his horses' feet once more on soil south of Mason's and Dixon's line, no power on earth could prevent his carrying back his Confederate flag, travel-stained and torn as it was, to the land of Dixie.

This was before the days of mental telepathy or psychic readings, and bold, brave John Morgan did not know what awaited his arrival on the south shore of the Ohio, in the tall timbers, surrounding Rock Springs. All the Allison's, Stewart's and Pugh's, were there assembled, under the leadership of Squire Pusey, Reason Gardner, Hugh Newell, Alfred Marks, and "Laughing Charlie Stewart."

The defenders were armed with squirrel rifles, shot-guns, corn-cutters, scythes and sickles secured to long wooden handles, and a sprinkling of two and three pronged pitch forks. Commodore Pusey had the ferry boat "John Darling" lying in wait in the willows half way up Babb's Island. Sharp pointed teeth from a harrow were fastened with iron staples to the ends of both the front and rear driveway aprons. It was intended to run down the Confederates by attacking them when amid stream, and ram them either "a-comin' or a-goin'." The Georgetown cannon, an old three inch smooth-bore gun, a relic of the "Whiskey Rebellion of 1792," was placed amid ships on the "John Darling," loaded to the muzzle with railroad spikes and short chunks of wagon tire, cut up at Adam Rheinheimer's blacksmith shop in East Liverpool.

Captain James W. Gaston's home-guards with forty-nine men and a boy, were patrolling Second street, East Liverpool, to Market, thence to Fourth, along Fourth to Broadway, down Broadway to John Smith's grocery, where crackers and cheese were served, to keep up their strength as they marched around this hollow square, protecting the women and small children hidden in the homes, where Morgan's men could not find them. All the men were

doing military duty, including the most venomous "copperheads," who were made to march in the front ranks. Captain Gaston marched at the head of his troops with sword drawn, and bright red sash around his waist, a relic of wars before. One Peter Coe Scott brought up the rear, marching all by himself, because he was the smallest of stature. His weapon was a corn-cutter, borrowed from Madison Webber, and an English blackthorn constable's club, brought from England by Godfrey Webster. The constable's club was encased in a leather holder, and strapped around his body with a leather belt and brass buckle. Only this and nothing more, awaited the coming of the daring Morgan and his raiders, until a regiment of Pennsylvania soldiers arrived on a special



Babb's Island in the Ohio River for which Morgan was heading. Line island is the small one at Pennsylvania State Line.

train of open flat-cars, with two-inch planks for seats, nailed on the cars crosswise. These troops reached the foot of Broadway, East Liverpool, between nine and ten o'clock on that historic Sunday morning. Oh, how welcome they were to the terrified people of East Liverpool.

## BREAKFAST DISTURBED.

Morgan and his men had hardly commenced to enjoy the hot coffee and hastily prepared breakfast in their last camp at old Nebo, very early that Sunday morning, before his pickets on Tunnel Hill were fired on and driven in by the approach of Shackleford's pursuing Union troops. Bugle calls to mount and prepare for flight were sounded and the Confederates were soon in the saddle, the half eaten ears of corn were left in the fence corners, the men eating as best they could in successful flight. Thus Morgan abandoned his camp at Nebo and rode away on the road towards Monroeville and Salineville, with several residents of the neighborhood accompanying him as guides. Some were taken along by force, and it is said that others went along of their own free will, out of sympathy for the southern cause.

Shackleford's Cavalry followed in pursuit from a half to an hour behind. Morgan never failed to out-general Shackleford. He was as wily as a fox, and on that morning, three or

four times he got away from what seemed to be inevitable capture. From dawn until between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Morgan and his men traveled not less than forty miles and engaged in a running fight from a point between Monroeville and Salineville, where he doubled on his track and rode away to the west, across the Moore farm, past Monroeville cemetery, through the West Grove cemetery, where Jefferson, Columbiana and Carroll counties corner; thence taking the road back into Carroll county, past the present home of Bingley Russell, over the Widow Boring and Sharp farms, from where he again ran away successfully, traveling in a semi-circle through Carroll county until he again turned east at a point northwest of Millport, and crossed the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad track at Bethseda Church, near the village of Millport. There he struck the road leading down the West Beaver valley. Morgan showed his cunning and military genius, even to the very moment of surrender, within sight of the West Beaver Church.

## MORGAN'S MAGIC MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

The writer has traveled over every foot of Morgan's flight on surrender Sunday, from his last camp to the point of capture on the Crubaugh farm, accompanied by veteran Union soldiers living in the neighborhood, some of whom were fighting in the Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg, others assisting in the capture of Vicksburg with the Army of the Cumberland, and who were fully conversant with the best methods of war, and the movements of troops. These old Union veterans expressed admiration for the cunning strategy shown by General Morgan, all along the line of his flight across the State of Ohio. He out-generalized and out-manuevered Shackleford at every point, and found and effected a means of escape from every attempt to capture. Morgan's military maneuvers were more brilliant during the ride and flight for forty miles, the last ten hours of his raid, than at any other time or place, connected with his military career. While the writer is not conversant with military tactics, yet to travel along John Morgan's trail, made on the last day of the raid, makes the Confederate general's genius stand out so boldly that one not familiar with army tactics cannot fail to give the daring raider credit.

## MORGAN STARTS FOR MONROEVILLE.

A few people gathered at Berea Church, on the road leading to Monroeville, fled at the first sight of Morgan's advance. They were mostly country boys who were out looking for Morgan. One look was enough, usually. Mrs. Elizabeth Elder, then living in the home of her



## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

father, John C. McIntosh, a well known drover, a short distance west of Monroeville, is one of the few persons the writer found living where they did on that Sunday of Morgan's raid. Mrs. Elder tells a very interesting story and said: (Mrs. Elder has since died.)

### MRS. ELDER'S STORY.

"My maiden name was Elizabeth McIntosh. I was living here, a young girl at the time. My brother was up practically all night. He reported to Union officers, and scouts from



The ford at foot of Babb's Island showing mouth of Rock Springs run, now Chester, W. Va.

Hammondsville, that Morgan was in camp near Nebo. Everybody in the neighborhood was somewhat alarmed. I was not frightened like some folks were. We had not had our breakfast. I was in the kitchen at the time the first of Morgan's men arrived at our gate. They halted and some of the men came down through the yard. I was told by my parents that the best place for a little girl at such time was upstairs in her room. From one of the front windows upstairs, for some unknown reason, I don't know what suggested it, I counted Morgan's men as they rode by, including those who came down to the house; I counted four hundred and seventy-five (475) men. They were the dirtiest lot of fellows I ever looked at. If their clothes had ever been gray uniforms, one would never have suspected it. Nearly all wore slouch hats. The ones who came down to the house acted very gentlemanly. They said they were hungry. They demanded bread, cold meats, pies, butter, pickles, jams or spreads of any kind. They went to the springhouse and took all the milk. Some of the rebels with their hands full of things to eat went out to the barn to search for horses. There were none there. They chased the family driving mare all over the big field in front of the barn, but could not catch her. The alarm was given, that the 'Yanks' were coming, the rebels ran out the gate, and rode away towards Monroeville. Morgan's men were scattered very much. They moved slowly and their horses seemed played out. They were constantly stealing fresh horses. They left three on the hill near the crossroads. My recollection is that they reached our house, coming from Nebo just at sun-up. Morgan rode by our place in a carriage drawn by two white horses. He stopped at the gate just long enough to allow some of his men to hand him some of the things to eat, which they secured at our house. I don't know where he left the carriage he was riding in, but probably at that point on the Salineville road, where he led his men down the steep hill, after leaving the road, and went across the fields to where Amos Moore lives, near West Grove cemetery.

While some of the rebels were getting their

horses shod by the village blacksmith of Monroeville, others robbed the store of Robert Potts, looting it of almost everything of value. Shackleford's troops arrived at our house about thirty minutes later. It was hard to tell Shackleford's men from Morgan's. The uniforms looked as though they might have once been blue. Had we known the Union soldiers were following so closely we would surely saved some of the bread, cherry pies and cookies for them. However, we hunted up the griddles, and commenced to bake pancakes. I baked pancakes nearly all day, and was so busy

I did not get out into the fields as others did to see what was going on. Our house is not on high ground and lays down in a valley. We had to go upstairs to see anything. Our home was turned into a hospital that forenoon. Wounded rebels and wounded Union soldiers were brought and laid on our porch. There was

considerable shooting, by the Union troops up in our orchard. They placed a cannon in action in the Monroeville cemetery adjoining, and tried to train the gun on the running rebels as they rode across the fields from the Salineville road to Amos Moore's. They tell me that Morgan took advantage of the ravines and succeeded in keeping his men out of range of the shots from the cannon. From our orchard, which is on a high ridge, one can see away across the fields, and persons who were up there had a good view of the fight out of Monroeville, and across the fields to West Grove cemetery. Wounded rebels and wounded Union troops were carried and laid on our back porch. Wounded, bleeding and hungry as the rebels were who lay on our porch, all they seemed to care for was sleep. They slept all that day and night. They said next morning that it was the most sleep they had had in forty days. We put down some old comforts for the wounded to lie on. We treated wounded rebels and wounded Union soldiers alike. The night was very warm and they all lay out in the open air. One of the wounded



McIntosh's Hill where a number were wounded, near West Grove Cemetery.

Union soldiers was very badly hurt, and seemed to suffer very much. There is sometimes an amusing incident connected with war. This brave soldier was wounded by his horse stumbling over a pig. The horse fell on him and he was badly crushed about the ribs and one shoulder, besides having a broken arm.

Between the rebels and the Union soldiers,

they ate up all my crock of fresh-made cherry butter. During the day I baked a six gallon cream crock of batter into pancakes, which we served with syrup. Pancakes could be baked quickly and the soldiers always wanted something to eat in a hurry. You ask the question whether the rebels treated us civilly. They behaved better than come of the Union troops, especially those who came around a few days after the surrender gathering up plunder. In some instances these Union troops made old men take the oath of allegiance and frightened them into paying tribute, after accusing them



The ford at Babb's Island. View from East Liverpool bridge.

of giving comfort and aid to the enemy. It was learned afterwards that some of these fellows were only Union soldiers home on furlough, and took this means of punishing so-called 'copper-heads.' All of the wounded men were taken to Salineville in a couple of days, except one or two who were left in the neighborhood because they could not be removed. Those who lay on our porch were sent to Cleveland, or some cool place along the lake where soldiers' hospitals were maintained."

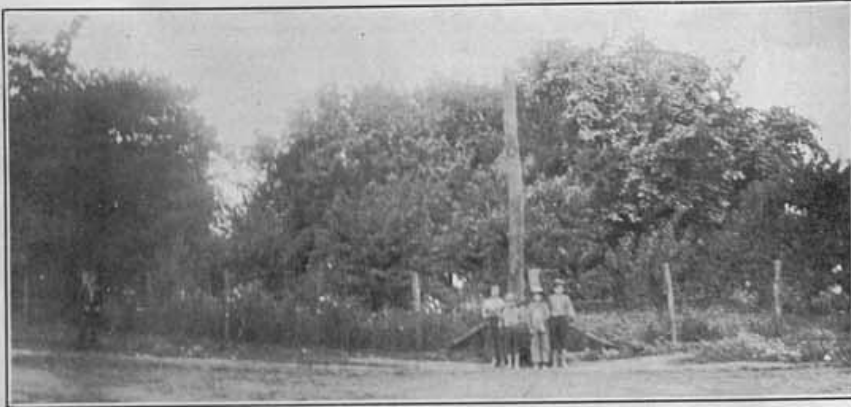
### MORGAN AT MONROEVILLE.

John Morgan is responsible for placing Monroeville on the pages of history. The little town was first laid out over seventy years ago by Adam Croxton, an Englishman, who became thoroughly Americanized. At first the village carried the name of Croxton. The founder of the village was such an ardent admirer of President Monroe, and the Monroe Doctrine, that he changed the name of the town to Monroeville, and it is said he had the honor of being its first postmaster. The town at the time of Morgan's raid, had a store, a blacksmith's shop, and probably a dozen houses, scattered out on each of the four arms of the crossroads, which center there. On one corner was the blacksmith's shop, on another Robert Potts' store. The other two corners were occupied as homes, in one of which Mr. and Mrs. James Twiss were living that Sunday in July. They were still living there when the writer visited Monroeville, in 1909. They enjoy the distinction of being among the very few who were found living in the same place over fifty years. The recollections of this old couple make an interesting story. Mrs. Twiss was interviewed and said:

### STORY OF MRS. JAMES TWISS.

"Rumors reached here Saturday evening that Morgan was coming into Jefferson county. I never expected to see real rebels in Monroeville. We had a few southern sympathizers here, and that was plenty. I had baked six nice loaves of bread Saturday afternoon, and had left them in the kitchen over night. The

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.



Potts' Corner, Monroeville, where Morgan robbed Robert Potts' Store, and left on Road to the right as Shackleford's troops came in from the left.

advance of Morgan's men came riding into Monroeville before seven o'clock, Sunday morning. The rebels had camped Saturday night on Timothy Ridge, near the present town of Bergholz. One of the rebels rode right up until his horse's head was in the kitchen door. This made me angry. I had just commenced to get breakfast. I spoke up quite sharply, "Don't ride into the house. This ain't no stable."

The fellow just leaned over his horse's neck and said:

"Mother, hand me that bread."

I replied, "If you want the bread, come and get it."

The fellow slipped off his horse, came into the kitchen, and passed all six of the loaves out to his comrades. While this was going on, others entered Potts' store, and how they did help themselves. They took things they could not use and could not carry any distance. Webs of calico, gingham, cloth, silks, clothing and all the crackers, cheese and candy they could find. The store was completely gutted. The building has since been burned. Mr. Potts was the father of Frank Potts of East Liverpool.

"Paddy" Kerr was the village blacksmith at that time. His curiosity caused him to leave his home and come to his blacksmith shop on the corner. He opened up the shop and stood in the doorway to see the rebels go by. Some of Morgan's horses had thrown their shoes, while others were so loose on the horse's feet that they interfered with their traveling. A blacksmith was just what the rebels were glad to see. They commanded "Paddy" to put on his big leather apron and do business on Sunday morning, without pay. A slap with the side of a saber from one of the rebels was sufficient to make "Paddy" obey. He was told to be quick about it as there were enough horses needing attention to keep him busy all day. Morgan took my husband along for guide—made him go, but he got away when Morgan rode down over the hill, and came home.

Alex. Campbell is now the village blacksmith. He came to Monroeville after the war, and succeeded "Paddy" Kerr.

My husband, James Twiss, and I lived fifty years in the old house, which stood where this one has been built. We lived in the old house when Morgan came. One of Morgan's men staid at the blacksmith shop after all the rest had started along the road to Salineville. He was having a shoe tightened on his horse. "Paddy" had one of the horse's hind legs in his lap, and was driving the nails in rapidly, when

the fellow happened to spy Shackleford's cavalry coming around a turn in the road, a quarter of a mile away. He leaped into the saddle, dug his spurs into the flanks of the horse, and was off down the Salineville road in a jiffy. "Paddy" was left sprawling on the ground. He was not seriously hurt, but a more angry blacksmith was never seen."

### JAMES TWISS AS GUIDE.

Before Morgan and his officers left Monroeville, they impressed James Twiss, the husband of the lady last interviewed, and took him in their midst as guide. He was selected because of his long residence in that neighborhood and of his thorough acquaintance with the road into Salineville, and those leading beyond, which would make an outlet into roads leading from Lisbon to the river. Jimmy Twiss soon found himself in a most uncomfortable position. Shackleford's cavalry soon came into Monroeville in hot pursuit. Shooting soon commenced and bullets soon whistled lively music in the air, not far from Jimmy's ears. In the mix-up and confusion which followed the beginning of hostilities between the blue and the gray while Morgan was executing his strategic movement, Jimmy Twiss escaped unseen by his captors and sometime later returned to his home in Monroeville.

### MONROEVILLE FIGHT BEGINS.

Shackleford's men came up on the trot, and followed into the Salineville road. Here commenced what is known as the Monroeville fight. Shackleford's troops commenced firing with their carbines at the fleeing rebels, nearly half a mile away. As these carbines would kill a mile distant, quite a number were wounded between Monroeville and the Burson farm. At a point on the Burson farm, where stands a dead tree on the north side of the road, about half way between Monroeville and Salineville, and a little over a mile away, there Morgan halted. Scouts who had been sent ahead to reconnoiter, had gone to the

top of the Salineville hill. They returned and reported Salineville full of Union Infantry and that a detachment of Union Cavalry (Major Rue's command) was approaching from Hammondsville. Confronted in front with a regiment of Union Infantry, and a detachment of Union Cavalry, fully as large, if not larger, than his own force, and with Shackleford's cavalry attacking from the rear, Morgan's capture seemed to be inevitable, right then and there. Instructing his rear guard to wheel and hold the enemy in check, Morgan instantly decided what to do. Leaving the carriage drawn by two white horses, he issued orders for his troops to follow their leaders. With Col. Owen and other officers, Morgan led his men quickly to the left; throwing down the rail fence on the Burson farm near where the large dead tree

now stands, they rode down a declivity which looks to be almost impossible of descent by troops on horseback. The Monroeville fight was getting hotter. More of Shackleford's troops came up. A Union battery was brought into action on the high ground in Monroeville cemetery. Morgan noticed this and led his men down into a ravine where they were out of range, and could not be hit from Cemetery Hill. Leaving the rear guard to its fate, and losing about forty men who were captured, Morgan with the most of his command rode across the fields, to the farm of Cyrus Moore, and the West Grove cemetery.

The chase now assumed the aspect of an old time fox hunt, with wily John Morgan playing the character of reynard. Shackleford's troops made no effort to follow the main body of Morgan's men down the declivity they rode so successfully. After securing the forty men Morgan sacrificed on the road between Monroeville and the Burson farm, Shackleford was slow in ordering his column to turn back through Monroeville to the road leading from the McIntosh farm over to the West Grove cemetery. Morgan was a stranger to the locality, yet had he been born in the neighborhood, and been familiar with the lay of the land, he could not have more correctly chosen a route by which to escape from his pursuers. He beat the Union troops to the West Grove cem-



Dead Tree marks spot on Monroeville-Salineville Road where Morgan's Men rode down over the hill.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

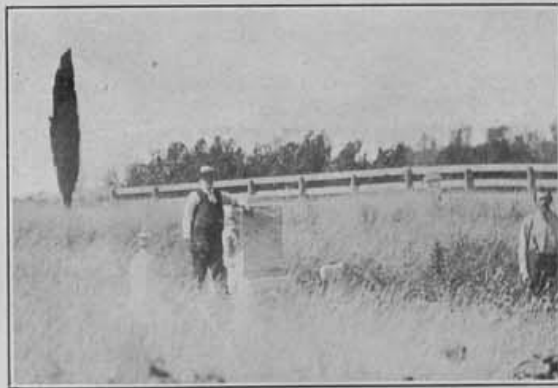
etery, and the open road into Carroll county, leading to Norristown. A portion of Shackelford's troops came thru the farms of John McIntosh, and Cyrus Moore in time to exchange shots with the rear of Morgan's fleeing column at West Grove cemetery, in one corner of which, Jefferson, Carroll and Columbianna counties come together, and a stone marker designates the spot. Here were wounded three of Morgan's men, and in this little country cemetery were afterwards buried the two daring Confederates, who enjoy the honor allotted by history of being killed in action at the spot farthest north reached by the army of the south in the Civil war. These three Confederate soldiers were so severely wounded that they fell from their horses during this running skirmish at West Grove cemetery. Their companions had no time to stop and care for them or ascertain who they were. Morgan's men continued on west into Carroll county and a short distance from the cemetery took to the woods and rode across to the Boring and Sharp farms, with Shackelford's troops again in hot pursuit.

### TWO HISTORIC DEAD.

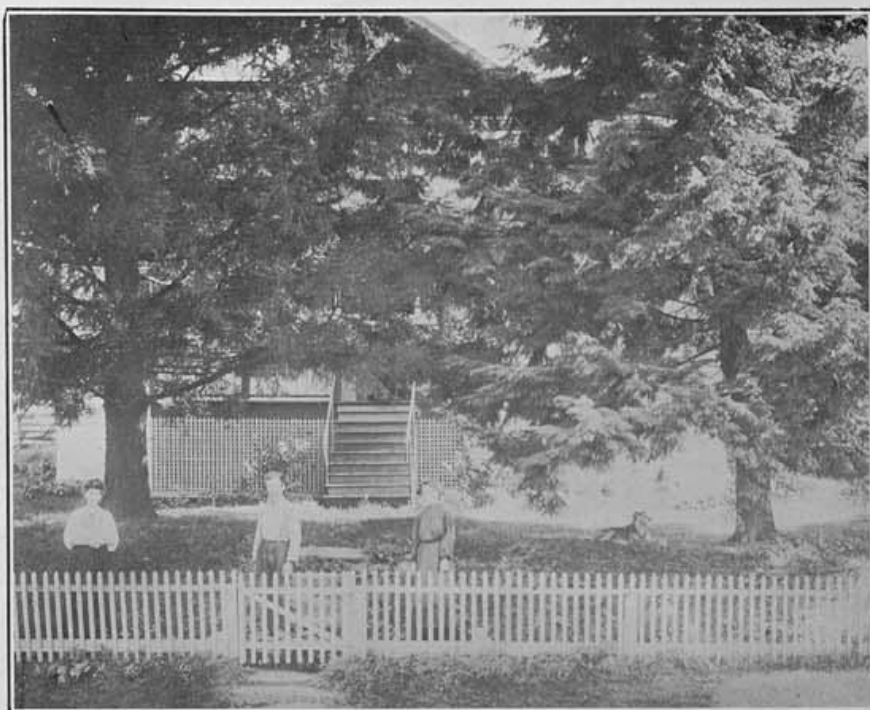
The three wounded Confederates were soon afterwards picked up by the Union troops and were carried to the home of John Moore where Bingley Russell now resides. They were laid on the front porch of the house shown in the illustration, behind the pine trees in the front yard. They were given all attention possible, with frequent drinks of fresh cool water to quench their thirst and moisten their parched lips, by members of the Moore household. Two of them died where they lay on this porch, before the sun went down. They were buried the next day by the Union troops with the assistance of members of the Moore family.

In the pretty little cemetery before mentioned, the illustration shows Bingley Russell standing by their graves, and designating the spot to the writer. After the photograph was taken showing this historic spot, Mr. Russell said:

"Well, what do you think of this! Forty years ago I was with Grant in front of Vicksburg, while these dead Reb's were dying on my porch, and here am I an old Yank' soldier standing with bared head in the presence of the fallen dead. Well such is war. It is all over now. It was my luck to live and return home; it was their's to die."



West Grove Cemetery where the two Confederate Raiders were buried. The only ones killed in action that last day of Morgan's Raid.



Home of Bingley Russell, near West Grove Cemetery, where three of Morgan's fatally wounded men were carried and laid on the porch, two of them dying before sundown.

"Such is the death the soldier dies—  
He falls—the column speeds away;  
Upon the dappled grass he lies,  
His brave heart following still the fray."

"On fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead."

Mr. Russell went directly to the two little mounds. He had no trouble to find them. He has personally seen that the graves were made up from time to time, and but for his attention they probably could not have been found. Not a stick nor a stone marked their resting place. Mr. Russell could not give their names, but sent the writer to Amos Moore, a son of Cyrus Moore, who lived within sight at the time the Confederates were killed.

Amos Moore was a boy of fifteen at the time of Morgan's raid, and he was present when the wounded men were carried to John Moore's porch; was there when they died and saw them buried in the cemetery. He says one of the dead was

JOHN MILLER

and another

UNKNOWN

This poor Confederate was so badly wounded he could not tell his name. He was a mere boy.

Frank Bixby was one of the three wounded taken to Moore's porch. He did not die. Bixby was left there six weeks on parole.

It is probable that Mr. Moore had the best view of

Morgan's movements, in his Monroeville fight and escape, of any living person. He talks very interestingly of what he saw that Sunday morning. See his story next page.

In order that what occurred at West Grove cemetery may not be forgotten, and the historic worth be preserved, the writer, Jere H. Simms, while owner of the East Liverpool Tribune, erected a stone to mark the spot where Confederate blood was shed, and where sleep the two dead raiders. The stone contains the following inscriptions:

JOHN MILLER  
AND  
ANOTHER  
UNKNOWN  
A MERE BOY

TWO  
CONFEDERATE  
SOLDIERS  
JOHN MORGAN  
RAIDERS

KILLED IN ACTION  
HERE  
SUNDAY  
JULY 26, 1863

ERECTED TO MARK  
THIS  
HISTORIC SPOT  
BY THE  
EAST LIVERPOOL  
MORNING TRIBUNE  
1910



—Fred. Wagner Monument Works, E. L. O.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

### AMOS MOORE'S STORY.

"I was in the barn that Sunday morning when I heard shooting off over the hill towards the Salineville road. I was a boy about fifteen years old. I don't recall that we had heard of Morgan being expected in our neighborhood. I left the barn and went up to yonder gate, (pointing to one on top of the hill). Let us walk up there, and I can perhaps give you a better description of what I saw and what took place."

Mr. Moore led the way up to the gate mentioned. The Salineville road could be plainly seen a mile away. The tall dead tree on the Burson farm stood out prominently. The Salineville road outlined a semi-circle along the ridge leading out of Monroeville. The Monroeville cemetery occupied similar high ground to the right between the gate and the town. A splendid view was obtained of the scene of the successful military maneuver. Mr. Moore resumed his story as follows:

"To the right you can see Monroeville cemetery, behind that the town, winding along the ridge in front of us a mile away, the Salineville road forms a crescent, ending at yonder dead tree, which is on the Burson farm. This gate was not here then but bars were. I leaned against the bars and looked in amazement at what was going on over on the Salineville road. Guns were being fired rapidly, not in volleys, but continuously at close intervals. I could see two bodies of moving men, one on the Burson farm, and one moving out of Monroeville. I could see the smoke and hear the shots. I could tell from the action of the smoke that the two lines were firing at each other. The line on Burson's hill was not moving while the men who were shooting from the troops coming out of Monroeville were rapidly advancing. Soon I saw men tearing down the fence over there by that dead tree, on the Burson farm.

Next I saw a man on a sorrel horse, followed by several hundred more, ride down that steep hill over there. Some of the horses stumbled and fell, but not many. They came across the valley and were headed right for the spot where we are standing. Just then I noticed what looked like a cannon being brought into Monroeville cemetery, and soon a number of shots were fired from Cemetery Hill. The guns could not be depressed enough and the shots went high over the heads of Morgan's men, who in the meantime had ridden lower down under the hill, out of reach of the battery. Presently I saw them coming up the road through the ravine, which led up to the bars where I was standing. I started back for the house, but went in through the orchard just above the barn. Morgan's men overtook me and they were scattered all through the orchard but the main body followed the road down by the barn and the house. They told me I had better run out of the orchard, and into the house, or I would be killed. I did not realize the danger I was in, but soon I heard bullets whistle through the air, coming from towards McIntosh's hill, this side of the cemetery. Morgan's men were in a great hurry; none of them stopped at the barn or house to molest anything, but went hurriedly down our lane. They reached the Mechanicstown road and were almost to the West Grove cemetery, before the Union troops came in sight, along the road leading from Monroeville, and connecting with the Bergholz road near the McIntosh residence.

Many of Morgan's men rode along the fields from our barn and joined the advance just this side of West Grove cemetery. The Union troops rode rapidly down the hill towards the cemetery and opened fire on the fleeing Confederates passing the cemetery. I watched the running fight until Morgan's men all disappeared on the other side of the brick house where Bingley Russell now lives. I suppose this all occurred within half an hour. I was too astonished to make any note of the time, but I am sure this all occurred before eight o'clock. I heard distant firing probably half an hour later, over towards the Boring and Sharp farms. There was more or less passing of Union troops through and out of Monroeville all forenoon. The prisoners captured over on the Salineville road were later taken to Salineville. The wounded of both sides were taken to the McIntosh home, at least all who were near-

est there. I found an old carbine in our orchard, six weeks later. A number of the smaller branches on the trees and many of the leaves were riddled by the flying bullets. I plowed up several bullets two years ago. They had been cone-shaped and the lead was so decomposed that the bullets were not more than half their original size. The ground around West Grove cemetery is full of bullets. More shots were fired by the Union troops near West Grove cemetery than at any other point in this neighborhood."

### MORGAN AWAY AGAIN.

While his rear guard was checking Shackelford's pursuit, and attack at West Grove cemetery, the main column of Morgan's men rode out the Mechanicstown road which they followed only a short distance. An almost unused private road led off to the right and into



Battlefield near West Grove Cemetery. —Sketched by Dudley Hawkins



The Boring Farm where Morgan's trail crossed the fields.

the woods which have been unmolested to the present day. They present the same wild appearance they did in 1863. They afforded protection for the fleeing raiders. The road through the woods winds quite a distance down a hill which is very steep in places. This cross road can be taken by persons wishing to cross from the Mechanicstown road out of Monroeville to the road running west from Salineville towards the Summitville Catholic church. Morgan's main column emerged from the woods and crossed over the valley to the Boring farm. Shackelford's cavalry kept up a running fire across the Boring farm and over onto the Sharp farm where Morgan's fleeing troops were overtaken and compelled to again put up a resistance fight.

On the Sharp farm the last shots were fired between the Confederate and Union troops. The engagement occurred at the point shown in the illustration. Lieutenant Fiske, of the 7th Michigan cavalry was shot down and fell from his horse on the public road during this last skirmish. He was picked up and laid on the grass at the foot of the large tree shown in the picture. So sharp was the attack of the Union troops that Morgan's column was cut in two, one portion led by one of the Confederate officers was forced to leave the road and flee down through the fields while the front half of the raiders under Morgan fled on towards Norristown through the Sharp farm. The story of this last clash between Morgan's raiders and Shackelford's troops can best be told by an eye-witness.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

### SARA SHARP'S STORY.

Probably the only woman in Columbiana county who has had the privilege of riding a horse belonging to one of the Union officers in pursuit of Morgan's raiders is Mrs. Sara A. VanFossan of Lincoln avenue, East Liverpool, Ohio. Mrs. VanFossan was before her marriage Miss Sara A. Sharp. She lived at the time of Morgan's raid about three miles out from Salineville on the farm now owned by Hugh Marshall. The old Sharp homestead was a log structure containing about eight rooms and stood for over fifty years just opposite to where the Marshall house is now situated.

The story of Mrs. VanFossan's recollections of Morgan's raid in which she tells of a horse race which took place between herself and the young wife of a Union Cavalry officer, is told in part:

"Not long after sun up one pretty day in July, 1863, I was standing under one of the tall pine trees which sprung up on either side of the gate, when six soldiers came riding up the road from the direction of Boring's farm. They drew up their horses in front of the gate and I was a little surprised when one of them said, 'You had better go into the house Miss, it's dangerous to be out to-day.'" Their faces were



Sharp's Hill and Woods where Lieutenant Fiske of the 7th Michigan Cavalry was terribly wounded, and fell from his horse at the foot of the large tree in the picture to the right and front. Here the last shots were fired in Morgan's Raid, Sunday Morning, July 26, 1863, about ten o'clock. Morgan got away again.

cut and bleeding and they looked as though they had been riding hard. I wasn't much afraid, for I didn't know then that they were rebels, and instead of running in to call my father or my brother (brother Robert was at home on a furlough then), I asked them how they got hurt. They told me that they had been cut by the brush coming through the woods. They staid only a minute or two and after they had gone on I ran down the road to my brother-in-law's; I thought I would tell them about it and find out whether or not they had seen the soldiers. I never thought then of being afraid. Coming back, I heard them shooting and farther up the road, six riderless horses came galloping down across the hill. Soon after I got home the Union Cavalrymen brought a wounded soldier to our house—Lieutenant Fiske. He had been shot in a skirmish there on our place and they brought him to our house to stay until he was able to go on with his company. Two others were wounded there—Mr. Wesley Taylor and Mr. Kerr. They were citizens and not enlisted men. Mr. Fiske was pretty severely wounded. They brought him up on the porch and removed the bullet. Then they telegraphed to his wife and she came shortly afterwards, and helped take care of him. Their home was in Coldwater, Mich. and Mr. Fiske belonged to the 7th Michigan Cavalry. Mrs. Fiske stayed until they took her husband to Salineville. She was just

a young woman about my age, and during her stay at our home we became quite warm friends.

One day we got word that Mrs. Fiske's brother was coming to Salineville, and she and I decided that we would go to Salineville to meet him. The Lieutenant had a fine bay horse but Mrs. Fiske was afraid of it, so I told her she might ride one of our horses and I would ride Mr. Fiske's. She agreed to the proposition and we started to Salineville, she riding our old chestnut mare, I mounted on the Lieutenant's gallant war horse and sitting in the honorable Lieutenant Fiske's saddle. We arrived at Salineville in excellent time, but her brother had missed the train and we were compelled to wait hours for the next. In this way we were given an opportunity to rest up our jaded horses and get them ready for the home race, Mrs. Fiske having made a wager that she could beat me home. The train finally arrived, the

brother came, and the words of welcome were said. We again mounted the horses and started for home. The race began at the top of Toben's hill. I determined to win and Mrs. Fiske determined to beat me. On we sped like the wind. Now old 'Chestnut' in the lead, now the high spirited bay of Lieut. Fiske; each rider urging her steed to go faster, each vainly striving to keep her mount. In the distance I could see the tops of the pines. I was ahead now, but old 'Chestnut' was coming. She had caught

the spirit of the race, and all the energy of her younger days had revived in the attempt to pass the Lieutenant's bay. The race was ended and Mrs. Fiske rode up in the rear. Our hair, which we thought to have been securely fastened when we left home, was now streaming in the wind, and our riding habits were badly dis-arranged. Lieut. Fiske said it was a surprise to him that the horse didn't jump a fence with me at some place. He was very high spirited, and I let him go I suppose just about as fast as he could. Mr. Fiske thought a great deal of him and when he was able to go to Salineville he took him with him and kept him there until he went back to Coldwater."

### MORGAN THE WIZARD.

The wonderful magicians of to-day fill us with admiration by their astonishing feats of legerdemain. The trained military man of the present age would certainly enjoy following John Morgan's trail and tracing out the military genius the fleeing Confederate displayed. With column cut in two, one part scampering down the hill and across the



Boring Cottage on Salineville-Norristown Road adjoining Sharp Farm which has the honor of being the scene of last fight of the Morgan Raid, where last shots were fired.

valley towards Riley's church and school, the Matchless Morgan himself was driven with another portion of his command on to the west along the Carrollton road. As if by magic Morgan intuitively divined that the other body of his command would travel west from Riley's church. He reasoned that by taking the first cross road to the right he could reunite his forces. This Morgan accomplished, and it amazes military men how adroitly the movement was made. The entire Confederate column was soon trotting towards Summitville Catholic church along the road leading from Salineville. All evidence points to the conclusion that from the skirmish on the Sharp farm the pursuing Union troops at no time came within sight of the raiders.

Why Shackelford did not capture one or both of the sections of the Confederates after the column was broken in two on the Sharp farm is a military question for which there seems to be no answer, other than that Morgan was too wily for his pursuers. When Morgan came within sight of the Summitville Catholic church, the road forks one leading over to the church and the other to the left to Norristown. It is narrated by residents of that neighborhood that Morgan halted his men for quite a little time in the large field which lies between the two diverging roads, and waited for Shackelford's men to come up, with the intention of ascertaining what was the best terms to be secured for surrender. This was about half past ten o'clock.

### CAREY TAKEN AS GUIDE.

John H. Carey, of Norristown, with two sisters was walking to the Catholic church to attend service. He was entirely ignorant of the Confederates being in that vicinity. As there was no one appeared to surrender to Morgan ordered an advance along the road to Norristown. Young Carey was pressed into



The old home of Sara Sharp stood where the small building now stands, between the two pine trees. Lieut. Fisk was taken to the Sharp home about noon and was cared for by Sara Sharp, now Mrs. Robt. VanFossan.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

service as a guide. Carey was interviewed by the writer and said:

"With my sisters, Elizabeth and Maria Carey, both of whom are now dead, I was captured by Morgan's men and taken away from my sisters. I was only seventeen years of age and my sisters began to cry when they made me get up on a horse behind a rebel. They promised my sisters they would not hurt me. I left them crying in the road and expected never to see them again. They thought I would be killed, sure. There were no Union troops following. I took them down over the Hanoverton road. We soon met Captain Wm. Swaney, who was also going to church. After taking me with them as guide almost to Bethesda church they let me go because Swaney was better acquainted with the roads. Swaney was compelled to act as guide and went with the raiders almost to Gaver's, or to the Lebanon church. The rear men of Morgan's command did most of the hunting for fresh horses. They would ride down a lane to a barn, help themselves to all the horses they could find, leave the old worn out ones, after which they would gallop on and overtake their comrades. I saw no Union troops that day. They did not come much farther than the Sharp farm or Riley's church. I think the most of them went back to Salineville, where they received telegraphic information that Morgan had crossed the C. and P. track north of Millport and was again headed for the river, along the West Beaver and West Point road. I returned home and found my sisters overjoyed to see me still living."

Mr. Carey has been postmaster at Norristown for many years. Morgan did not enter Norristown, but when he came within sight of the village he turned north along the road leading to Hanoverton, where A. Battin resided at the time and was still living in the same house in 1909, being eighty-eight years old. Mr. Battin has since died. When interviewed he said Morgan took four of his horses. He got three of them back, and one he never heard from again. Mrs. Battin, whose maiden name was Mary Whitley, was a girl of nineteen at the time, not married and was living at her home in Millport. She says she saw Morgan's men cross the C. & P. railroad, between Millport and Bethesda church at about eleven o'clock that Sunday morning. She fixes the time at that hour because many persons had assembled at Bethesda church, for the morning service, which commenced at eleven o'clock, sun time. She says no one at Millport had heard of Morgan's coming, as there was no telegraph office there. Mrs. Battin says the people at Bethesda church had not the slightest intimation that Morgan was coming until they saw the raiders.

### MORGAN APPROACHES BETHESDA CHURCH.

Soon after passing Battin's home the raiders turned east on the Millport road, the town being three and half miles distant. Morgan seemed to be afraid of churches. He rode nearly all around the Catholic church south of Summitville, and rode in a half circle around Bethesda church. When Morgan came within sight of this church, he noticed many horses were tied in the woods and that there seemed to be many people there. It is said that Morgan took these people to be some of Shackelford's troops, which caused him to make another detour to the right. He was compelled to depend entirely on his guides and was cer-

tainly well served. It is said he was suspicious of being led into a trap and intimidated his guides by telling them stories of how many guides he had shot and killed since he had come into the state of Ohio. It is said the guides saved the railroad bridge south of Millport, by telling Morgan, when he inquired if there were any bridges near, that there were none, and that the little village was so small that it would not pay him to make it a visit. This saved the bridge over the creek, which Morgan would have seen had he entered the town. Morgan kept a round wooded hill between his troops and Bethesda church. He approached the C. & P. railroad track with great caution, and did not wait to cut the telegraph wires, but after crossing the track found that he was stopped by the old canal, which was full of water. He could not cross the canal, and was forced to travel north along the railroad track a quarter of a mile, before he found the little wooden bridge, near the home of the Willard sisters. Isaac Randolph who had been acting as guide up to this point succeeded in getting away at or near Millport. It is said that Randolph was responsible for saving the railroad bridge there. Morgan's appearance at Bethesda church caused great consternation. There are still a number of persons who attended services at Bethesda church, who have vivid recollections of the Sunday of John Morgan's raid. J. B. McQuilken, who lives near the church on a farm at the present time, was a member of the 1st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Company I. Mr. McQuilken said:

"I was at Murfreesboro at the time of Morgan's raid. Morgan crossed the railroad track on the Cooney farm, not far from No. 1 school house, between Bethesda church and Millport. When we boys at the front got word from home telling how Morgan cleaned up the 'Copper-heads' and took all their horses it tickled us very much. The 'jonnies' went into the spring house of Daniel McQuilken, helped themselves to milk and butter, as well as everything good to eat they could find in the kitchen and cellar. They took two horses from McQuilken's barn which were afterwards recovered. My wife knows more about what happened here that Sunday than I do."

Mrs. McQuilken was here interviewed and said:

"I was not married at that time. My maiden name was Mary J. Davis. I lived over in Carroll county, and was visiting at John McQuilken's over Sunday. We were going to church. My brother, John Davis, was in the party. There were three or four girls. We had not heard a word that the rebels were coming, until they were almost upon us. We climbed over a fence into a cornfield. How we girls did run, trampling down the young corn in our fright, to get away. The rebels shouted after us, commanding us to come back. This only caused us to run the faster. I never ran harder in my life than I did to get away from Morgan. He did not catch me, nor any of the other girls. It must have been a laughable sight. I have not seen such a display of white stockings since. Oh, how those fellows did yell at us!"

### MORGAN LEAVES BETHESDA CHURCH.

Morgan went from Bethesda to John Willard's farm, going through oat fields, corn fields, and hay fields. No attempt was made to keep the roads. It is said they did not look like

soldiers, and were dressed in "fifty-seven varieties" of stolen store-clothes. The men were very dirty and covered with dust. The best looking thing about the raiders as they entered the West Beaver valley is said to have been their horses. And why not? They had the pick of the finest all along the Morgan trail.

G. F. Copeland, who lives not far from the church, has vivid recollections of Morgan's raid. In an interview with the writer he stated:

"I heard rumors late Saturday afternoon that Morgan was coming, but little thought I would so soon see him. Sunday morning Samuel Lindesmith, and I were sitting in the woods on our home farm. We heard firing over on the Mechanicstown road; I started later to walk over to Bethesda church. I met my cousin, Mrs. A. H. Lindesmith, and her son, in a buggy. They were coming home from Bethesda church, and were driving as fast as they could make the horse go. She told me Morgan was coming, and advised me to turn back. A little later I met Mervin Thompson. He was on horse back and riding at a gallop. He was yelling at the top of his voice:

"Morgan is coming! He is just beyond the church!"

I discovered later that Morgan was approaching along the Carrollton road, through the Haesley farm. The raiders left the road to the right and cut across the fields through Elie Orr's farm. Morgan saw the crowd assembled at Bethesda church, and mistook the people for Union troops. He caused his column to swing to the right to the John Cooney farm, and came out on the road leading from Millport to Bethesda church. This was between half past ten and eleven o'clock. The guide told Morgan there were no railroad bridges in that vicinity, and that saved the bridge below Millport. Morgan's horses left a trail where they rode down to the C. & P. railroad which could be seen all summer. They rode down the embankment and across the tracks to the mill-race which they could not cross, as it was full of water. The guide led the way along the railroad track, almost a quarter of a mile. The horses tramped down the small underbrush and grass, and left behind them very visible evidence of the route they traveled. The guide found the little bridge across the mill-race. Had Shackelford's troops been in close pursuit, Morgan would never have got farther than the mill-race, but would have been captured then and there. The guides told afterwards that Morgan suspected he was being led into a trap, and was very impatient until he found a way out. He recognized the danger he was in and desired to get away from the railroad track as soon as possible. Morgan made no effort to cut the telegraph wires, and it is told that he threatened to shoot the guides, if they did not soon find him a way to cross the mill-race. After Morgan left and got beyond where the Willard sisters live, I got my gun, and with R. H. Gamble followed later on horseback. I think there must have been a hundred farmers joined us in following Morgan. At Meister's we saw the first of the Union cavalry. I saw no Union troops at Millport or Bethesda church. The Union cavalry came from towards Salineville, and fell in behind Morgan at the Steubenville crossroads. Soon after leaving Bethesda church, Dan McAllister was captured by Morgan, and made to act as pilot. Later one of Morgan's officers came very near shooting McAllister, because he thought he was leading them wrong."

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

### RAIDERS HAVE FUN.

Morgan found time to secure a great many fresh horses after leaving Bethesda church. Many of these horses were never recovered. Some were not paid for until twenty years later, and others were never paid for. A number of southern sympathizers, who were known as "Copper-heads" or "Knights of the Golden Circle," found it impossible to get pay for the horses Morgan took. The raiders seemed to find time to have all kinds of fun with the farmers they met going or coming from Bethesda church, and with those living in the West Beaver valley, in the neighborhood of the Lebanon church, and west of Steubenville cross roads.

### CHARLES DUANE THOMPSON'S STORY.

"I was a small lad and was going to Bethesda church with my parents when we arrived in plain sight of the rebels as they were crossing the railroad just below the church. A young man was galloping up the railroad track on a fine horse, having just escaped from Morgan. The road was full of scared church people who were urging their clumsy farm horses to the utmost speed.

Bethesda church lay directly in Morgan's course. Hundreds of citizens with their families had gathered there to worship. The woods which surrounded the church were full of fine horses. What a picnic for the "Jonnies"! Morgan saw them but fortunately mistook them for Union Cavalry, and fearing an attack, veered sharply to the eastward, turning almost a right angle, and crossed the railroad just north of Millport. Almost at the instant Morgan made this discovery the church people learned of Morgan's approach, and such undignified hustling as then occurred among these good people never was heard of before. The elders forgot to pass the plate and the minister contented himself with the admonition: "Flee from the wrath to come." "Go! and wait not on the order of your going," and they flew as if the wrath was not more than a neck behind them. One good brother tried to drive away with the hitching post, forgetting in his haste to untie his horse. Many of those present lived in the direction taken by Morgan and had left members of their families at home, as well as several fine horses in the home pasture lot. Now began a race to reach their places of abode before the raiders could arrive, frighten their families and capture the horses.

Behind Morgan and his men were leveled fences, trampled fields and gutted stores. It was just harvest time. The men rode through oat fields, feeding their horses from the sheeks, and scattering the carefully bound grain in all directions. Farm houses were despoiled of all their eatables and valuables; havoc reigned supreme, while not far in the rear was the dust and thunder of pursuing cavalry. Before the raiders rolled a wave of terror that broke upon the quiet of that beautiful Sabbath morning, scattering the inhabitants like chaff before the wind.

Just as he reached the hill overlooking the little village of Dunganon, on whose highest point was located the Catholic church. Some one had evidently given the alarm and the people were pouring out of windows and doors,

tumbling over one another, priest and sermon swallowed up in the one great thought of self-preservation.

Morgan and his band meanwhile, after crossing the railroad, moved almost directly east on the road passing through Squire John Willard's farm, and a heavy body of timber to the east, emerging on the Hanover and West Point road at the farm of Daniel McAllister. Mrs. McAllister, familiarly known as "Aunt Cecelia," when she heard Morgan was coming declared that she would "broomstick the dirty devil" if he came to her house, but when he actually did show up she was so frightened that she took a stitch in her side, and leaning against the wall managed to gasp out "help yourself," which they proceeded to do. They would split a loaf of bread, drop a roll of butter between and ride off with a dinner for three or four.

These travel-stained knights of the blue grass region had a taste for dainty dishes and no matter how much they disliked the Ohio boys in blue, they were not averse to partaking of the pies and cakes made by their good-looking sisters at home. The way the hungry-raiders devoured the pies and sweet cakes found in these farmer's pantries was a caution. They would ride up to a farm house and order the old farmer to "set 'em up," meaning the milk crocks. The milk they would drink from the

order he turned and out rode his pursuers. The mare, "Old Fanny," thirty-three years of age, was able to draw me in a carriage in 1892 to the scene of the surrender.

The men in the front ranks would stop at farm houses and exchange their jaded horses for fresh ones found in barns or pasture fields, and then drop in line at the rear. Passing down the ravine which leads south-east to Jackson schoolhouse, they entered the broad beautiful valley of Beaver creek, and crossed its north branch at Donaldson's farm just west of Lebanon church.

At this farm the raiders captured a big wild colt, which had defied its owner's repeated attempts to tame it, and when first saddled by its captor kicked, fought and plunged until free from all but its bridle, was once more saddled, and although ridden only about five miles, was when regained by its owner the next day, almost as docile as the old farm animals. The raiders broke Donaldson's colt that Sunday morning.

Although almost in the clutches of the Union forces, Morgan's men still kept up their marauding depredations, fine horses, cash, clothing, watches, "boiled" shirts, eatables—everything went—these chivalrous knights often presented the lady of the house with a paper of pins, bolt of muslin or calico, and occasionally a fashion-



Morgan Raiding a Spring House near Lebanon Church.

—Sketched by Dudley Hawkins

crocks while seated in their saddles, breaking the empty ones against the spring house, to the infinite disgust of the farmer who would have to set his milk in the teakettles and frying pans until he could go to town for more crocks.

Morgan was now on the direct road to the scene of the surrender and was making all possible haste toward the Ohio river. On they galloped, exchanging horses with all they met. One man, an elder in the church, with his daughter, was met by them in the road. He was driving a fine horse, which they took at the point of a revolver, and left him holding the lines over empty shafts. While on his way to church a boy of nine years riding a fine young mare, rode right up to the raiders, who called him to halt, but instead of obeying the

able hat which they had stolen from some store on the route, in exchange for articles appropriated by them. Horses were comparatively scarce by this time. The farmers having had warning had hid their horses in deep ravines in the heavy timber. On entering the large barn of John Fleming, just east of the Lebanon church, the graycoats were much disgusted at finding no horses, although the barn was full of heavy harness. One of them asked Mr. Fleming where all his horses were.

"Oh," replied he, "I work oxen."

"Well," said the appropriator of horseflesh, "You keep a h—l of a lot of harness to work oxen."

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

### VALANDINGHAM'S NATIVE TOWN.

Mr. Thompson tells on Lisbon, and says:

"On the previous night a horseman had galloped into New Lisbon, the county seat of Columbiana county, and awakened the sleeping people with the shout, "John Morgan and his guerillas are coming." The sexton hurried to the courthouse, and soon the iron tongue of the old bell was spreading the alarm. The church bells took it up until the very hills seemed to echo back, "Morgan is coming." The wildest excitement prevailed, and all kinds of extravagant stories gained credence. Women fainted, children cried from dread of they knew not what, and men prayed for deliverance from the destruction that was sweeping down upon them. Such was the reputation of this bold raider that all expected the town to be burned and the inhabitants killed. The excitement and suspense were terrible.

But soon the reaction came and active measures for defense were planned. The old brass cannon, used only on occasions like the Fourth of July, was brought out. The blacksmith's shops were opened, the forges lighted, and nail rods cut into slugs, which were hastily sewed into cloth sacks to serve as ammunition. It was not long until the old brass pet of '76 was ready to deal destruction to the rebel raider and his horde. The militia were called out and quickly the streets of this picturesque little city were alive with men armed with squirrel rifles, old muskets, axes, swords, garden rakes, and grubbing hoes, ready to defend their homes and firesides.

While the work of defense was going on the women were not idle. Silver spoons were hastily placed in ash barrels or dropped into the cisterns; money was buried under the hearthstone or in the cellar, and the more portable valuables secreted in the clothes of the owner. One lady hobbled about, her pockets weighed down with the entire invoice of the family silverware. A farmer a few miles out of town, who had heard of Morgan's coming, placed \$200 in gold in a common blacking box and put it in a mortice in the weight log of his cider press, where it was found three months later by his son, the old gentleman having entirely forgetting in his bewilderment where he had hidden his treasure. Strange fancies took color from their fears. One young lady thought only of the family stockings, and hastily lining her capacious hoop skirt with this part of the family wardrobe, moved about like an animated clothes-horse.

The dawn of a beautiful Sabbath morning found three companies of militia and scores of citizens resting on their arms anxiously waiting for news from Morgan. Soon after sunrise the sound of cannonading was heard in the direction of Salineville, on the extreme western line of the county. Directly the news came that a fight was in progress near that town between Union soldiers under command of Major Way, and Morgan's men. The two companies of mounted militia under command of Captains James Burbick and William Hostetter, Jr., together with the foot company under Captain J. M. Curry, with the artillery, departed at once to meet the enemy.

When it was heard that Morgan and his band had arrived at Springfield, Jefferson county, the citizens of Salineville, which lay right in his course, began active preparations for his reception and the defense of the town. A company of scouts were at once organized, whose duty it was to learn the intentions and destination of Morgan and his men. Much

credit is due these energetic citizens, for information furnished by them enabled Major-General Brooks, whose headquarters were at Wells-ville, Ohio, some fifteen miles away, to send a regiment of Pennsylvania troops to Salineville by rail in time to take position in and around that village before Morgan arrived. When the Confederates appeared in sight on the Monroe-ville road, advancing upon Salineville, they discovered the blue-jackets were too many for them, and they wheeled and countermarched on the double-quick. But scarcely had they begun their retreat when they were brought up with a sharp turn by General Shackelford's Union forces under command of Major Way near the Burson farm.

Finding himself almost surrounded, Morgan at once formed in line of battle and impetuously attacked his would-be captors. After a brisk skirmish he retreated in a westerly direction, but rallied again, when a volley from the Michigan cavalry put them to a complete rout.

From this time it was a running fight for about four miles west in the direction of Mechanicstown, when the forces of Major Way gave up the pursuit and returned to Salineville. Morgan lost in this encounter about 240 men taken prisoners, twenty-five to thirty wounded and several killed. The Union loss was small.

Morgan's retreat from Salineville was so precipitate that some of his wounded were left behind. The condition of these poor fellows



Captain James Burbick, of Lisbon.

was pitiable in the extreme. Knowing of the intense feeling that existed among the people against Morgan and his men they expected nothing better than hanging if caught. One young raider badly wounded in the heel, hid in the bushes for two days and nights, until driven by the pangs of hunger to crawl into the town and face death by the rope rather than slowly starve to death. He was only saved from being hanged by some of the more considerate citizens, who hastily placed him on a train and sent him to Cleveland.

The federal troops at Salineville after learning the direction Morgan had taken, moved eastward from the town on a course parallel to that taken by the raiders, but nearer the creek. Their object was to get ahead of Morgan and his men, turn them from their course towards the Ohio river and capture them if possible.

While the Union troops were thus engaged three companies of militia from New Lisbon had moved out upon the Hanover and West Point road, and were stationed along the line of Morgan's advance, except the horse company under Captain Wm. Hostetter, Jr., who becoming impatient at the nonappearance of the enemy, passed on toward Salineville and missed Morgan altogether. The foot company under

Captain Curry, was posted on a hill to the north of the Hanover and West Point road, with the old brass cannon loaded to the muzzle with pieces of nail rod, and with colors flying, ready to mow down Morgan and his men on sight. The other mounted company commanded by Captain James Burbick, was drawn up in line on the highway near the McDonald farm, directly across the line of Morgan's advance.

Learning that Morgan was in their immediate vicinity, two scouts named Sterling and Cullers, were at once sent out to ascertain his whereabouts. They soon returned and reported the enemy crossing the north fork of Little Beaver, about one mile back. This news created intense excitement among the men. After waiting some time longer for the appearance of Morgan two more scouts volunteered to ride forward—Lieutenant C. D. Maus and Thomas Dailey. As they reached the crest of a steep hill just east of the residence of John Fleming, they rode right into the advance guard of the guerillas. Maus was captured, but Dailey who was mounted on a race horse, escaped by desperate riding to his company.

Captain Burbick, deeming his handful of militia, inadequate to cope with Morgan, ordered them to fall back upon the artillery stationed on the hill. When they arrived at the point indicated they found only William Dorwart, the color bearer, Frank Rodgers, and Jerome Nelson.

Captain Curry on seeing Morgan's men galloping toward them ordered his men to flee for their lives. They spiked the old cannon ripped up the ammunition and took to the woods.

By this time the whole militia force had dwindled to less than a dozen men. At this critical point the staunch old color-bearer, William Dorwart, took a firmer grasp on the flagstaff and said:

"By Judas, this is the American flag, and I will die by it."

The guerillas having reached a point on the West Point road just opposite the stand taken by the militia, sent out a flag of truce by Charles Maus, the scout whom they had captured and pressed into service, under escort of two officers. They rode up and Maus called to Captain Burbick, whom they requested to go with them to General Morgan, which he did.

Morgan proposed to respect both persons and property while in the state of Ohio, on condition that he be allowed to pass unmolested out of the state. To this Captain Burbick agreed. Morgan then requested the captain to accompany him as a guarantee that the proposed condition would be respected by the troops and militia he might encounter.

The two rode on side by side for about four miles, Morgan remarking upon the beauty and fertility of the country and occasionally asking a question of the Captain in regards to the distance they were from the Ohio river, where the best fords were, what was the latest news from Lee, etc. Suddenly turning to Captain Burbick, Morgan asked him if he would accept the surrender of his sick, wounded and worn-out soldiers.

As the march continued Morgan, who kept an anxious eye on the horizon, observed a cloud of dust to his right and rear. Turning to Burbick he was asked its meaning. He was answered:

"It is the Union cavalry."

Morgan scrutinized the moving mass through his glass a few minutes, then suddenly excusing himself rode back through his band. He returned to the front in about five minutes and proposed to surrender his entire command to



## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

Captain Burbick, on condition that the men should retain their side arms, be paroled and receive safe conduct out of the state. Captain Burbick accepted the surrender of Morgan and his men on the condition named.

The Confederates had reached a point on the Hanover and West Point road just where the Salineville and New Lisbon road crosses it at right angles. Morgan seeing the dust raised by the approaching troops, took a white handkerchief from the pocket of his blouse, and tying it to his riding stick, gave it to Burbick and told him to ride quickly to the rear, supposing he would be attacked from that point, and prevent the troops from firing on his men.

Captain Burbick started back through the mass of kicking horses whose riders had dropped into fence corners, totally exhausted, as soon as the order to surrender had been given. He had not gone far when he saw his presence was needed in front rather than in the rear. Hastily extricating himself from the plunging animals, he threw down a fence and by a short detour reached the front of the command with the flag of truce. As he passed, General Morgan, who had not moved his position, shouted: "Hurry up, boys, with that flag of truce."

The Union soldiers under Major Rue had come up a lane leading to the residence of David Crubaugh, and formed in battle line along the orchard fence. A second flag of truce was also sent out across a field to the right, carried by Lieutenant Maus, the scout who was captured and had been held prisoner and guide by Morgan's men.

Captain Burbick carried the flag of truce to the Union line where it crossed the highway. Here he was met by Major Rue, to whom he stated, the facts of Morgan's surrender to himself. Major Rue would not accept the terms of surrender, and sent an aid for General Shackleford, who was then eating his dinner at Joshua Patterson's, three miles away.

General Shackleford came in all haste, but would not accept the terms of surrender. In fact, he refused to recognize any previous surrender.

As General Shackleford rode up General Morgan was in front of his command surrounded by his officers, and shouted:

"I surrendered to Capt. Burbick."

The Confederates were disarmed and their muskets discharged and loaded into wagons and hauled to Salineville, to which place Morgan and his men were also taken immediately after their final surrender.

From Salineville they were taken directly to Wellsville, where the privates were paroled. Morgan and several of his officers were sent to the Columbus (O.) penitentiary on a charge of horse stealing. From here Morgan escaped and later on rejoined the Confederate army, and was killed September 4, 1864, at Greenville-Tenn., and was buried by friends at his former home, Lexington, Ky.

The scene of the surrender was worthy the brush of an artist. To the right was the fertile valley of Beaver creek in all the beauty of early harvest; beyond were the wooded hills from whose summits could be seen parts of the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, including a glimpse of the Ohio river, while to the left was an alteration of fine old woods and open fields, orchards and well-kept homes.

The location of the surrender was on the farm of David Crubaugh, situated on the West Point and Hanover road, and lies immediately west of West Beaver church, in Madison township, Columbiana county, Ohio, six miles south from New Lisbon, nine miles east of Salineville, and ten miles north of Wellsville, on the Ohio river. The surrender occurred July 26, 1863, about 2:00 p. m.

There has been a great deal of controversy as to whom Morgan actually surrendered. While no one conversant with the facts will question that near presence of the Pennsylvania and Michigan troops under command of General Shackleford was the impelling cause, the fact that he did surrender to Captain Burbick as here narrated, is unquestionably true. Morgan believing Mr. Burbick to have sufficient authority to receive his surrender, probably made this move to save himself humiliation of surrendering to his old-time enemy and relentless pursuer, General Shackleford, and for the further reason that he knew he could make more favorable terms with Burbick, than he could hope for from the Union general.

General Morgan presented Captain Burbick with a beautiful gray mare, which he had cap-

twenty-five days. Many of them were sick, some badly wounded, and all suffering from want of sleep. No doubt the surrender must have been a great relief to them. The entire number claimed in Morgan's surrender to Captain Burbick, was 439. This included the sick and wounded. It is doubtful if there were 200 men in the entire band fit for duty at the time of the surrender.

General Morgan had several hundred dollars in his possession, mostly greenbacks, which he had appropriated on his route. At Harrison, Ohio, he secured \$4,000.00 in cash, the amount levied upon the owners for sparing their distilleries and one grist-mill. The raid cost the state of Ohio and the general government over \$1,000,000.00."

The foregoing story told by Charles Duane Thompson has been given just as he told it, because he gathered his data in 1892, eighteen years ago, when many of the persons who were prominently connected with the history of Morgan's raid were still living. Mr. Thompson lived at the time in the neighborhood of which he writes so interestingly. It was his good luck

to see John Morgan cross the railroad track near Bethesda church and start down the West Beaver valley. He lived between the Bethesda church and Lisbon, where he often visited. As a boy it was his pleasure to listen to the various stories told the following Sundays, when the people assembled at the country churches, as well as when he made occasional trips to the county seat. He listened to the stories told around the fireside on winter evenings and was thus enabled to gather a knowledge of real facts from which much truthful history is preserved. In the summer of 1892 he returned from the west and revisited the places where he spent his boyhood, and was an eye-witness to what happened the last few hours of Morgan's raid. He made this return visit for the express purpose of gathering the data for the story which he has told so nicely. Mr. Thompson is entitled to full credit for shedding much light on the disputed point as to the exact spot where the surrender took place. It will be observed that he says the surrender took place on the Crubaugh farm.

Mr. Thompson's graphic description of what took place in Lisbon that Sunday morning has led to the introduction of the story of the march of the mounted militia from Lisbon to Gavers, as told by the powder boy who accompanied the artillery squad that went out to meet Morgan with the Lisbon cannon. (See next page.)

### JOHN MEISTER'S STORY.

John Meister enjoys the distinction of being one of the very last farmers in Columbiana County on whom John Morgan made a social call. He lives about a half mile west of the Steubenville cross roads, and moved into the house where he lives in 1855. Mr. Meister was interviewed in the summer of 1908, and said:

"Yes, I lived here at the time of Morgan's raid, in this very house. I am eighty-four years old. I was born in Alsace, and came to America



Steubenville Cross Roads where Captain Burbick was Captured by Morgan.

tured from a circus in Indiana. This animal proved a great curiosity when taken to New Lisbon by the captain, but came very near having all its mane, tail and hair pulled out by the people as mementoes.

Captain Burbick, who was yet living (in 1892), and with whom an interview was had at that time, describes General Morgan as he appeared on the day of his surrender, as a man 6 feet tall, as near as he could judge, weighing about 190 pounds. He was of splendid proportions and carried no surplus flesh. His dress consisted of gray blouse, gray trousers, a gray flannel shirt and a broad planter's hat. General Morgan did not carry a sword and had nothing about him to indicate his rank. The entire command were entirely worn out, having been almost constantly in the saddle for

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

in 1828. I landed in New York, traveled by boat and canal to Buffalo, then to Cleveland in a lake vessel. I came from Cleveland overland in a wagon to Dunganon in the fall of 1828. I lived in Dunganon until 1855, when I moved to this farm.

I went to Dunganon that Sunday morning to church and there first learned of Morgan's near approach. I at once came home. Morgan stopped taking horses at John Loudon's. He was riding a very fine horse when he stopped at my gate, and called to me that he wished to have a talk with me. He asked for some fresh drinking water, and inquired if I had seen any Union troops, and what the distance was to the Ohio river.

After Morgan's men passed by I found lots of plunder thrown over the fences into my fields. I found horse shoes, hammer and horse shoe nails in a leather apron, and a drover's whip, which I still have in my possession. Morgan's men looked very tired and they were covered with yellow dust. The roads were very dusty, and the horses kicked it up, where it was carried by a light wind in great clouds.

I have lived in this neighborhood since 1828, and have never been in East Liverpool. I have been in Wellsville once or twice, and a few times in Salineville. I go to Lisbon once a year to pay my taxes. I don't recall that I have ever seen the place, but I have always understood the surrender of Morgan took place on the Crubaugh farm."

### LOUDEN'S HORSE TRADE.

Matthew Loudon exchanged horses or traded with one of Morgan's men. Loudon had a fine black horse that was very valuable. He rode right into the raider's advance. They made him get off his horse and left him another, which was so tired he could hardly stand up. A few days later a squad of Union troops came and took the tired horse away, and Mr. Loudon had nothing to show for the trade.

### HARVEY DAVIS' STORY.

Harvey Davis, who lives probably a mile west of the point of capture, says that Morgan's men were scattered all along the West Beaver valley from the cross roads at Loudon's store to the point of surrender, and added:

"Colonel Wolford of the Union cavalry employed my father, Amos Davis, to haul some of the wounded and some who were sick and all the arms to Salineville. I have heard my father say that he hauled about 450 guns. He was attended by an escort of six Union cavalry troopers. Here is one of Morgan's cartridge boxes. It was given to my father by the officer in charge. The cartridge box was made to contain twenty rounds of ammunition, ten cartridges in each roll. There are still a few cartridges, you see, in the box, which has been the possession of my father and myself ever since the day of surrender. You will notice the box is about eight inches long and the leather is very much worn in places. It gives evidence of decay, and has seen its last day of use for the purpose for which it was made. I prize it very highly."

### SHACKLEFORD'S TROOPS BEHIND MORGAN.

Newton Davis, a brother of Harvey, who was fourteen years of age at the time, says: "Morgan's men were riding very slowly, and some of the men came into the yard and asked for water

My recollection is that Shackelford's Union troops dropped in behind Morgan at the Steubenville cross roads, about twenty minutes after the last of Morgan's men had passed the cross roads. Shackelford's troops came from the direction of Salineville."

### THE POWDER BOY'S STORY.

The name of Captain Burbick has been woven into this story of Morgan's surrender, by so many different people, some of whom were from the Southland, whose letters have been reproduced, that the writer has endeavored to secure all evidence possible, bearing on Captain Burbick's connection with the surrender. Charles Duane Thompson has unearthed some hitherto unknown information, and having lived in the neighborhood as a boy, his story is most interesting. New Lisbon being the home of Valandingham, it is very pertinent to watch and scrutinize closely what occurred when Morgan approached so near the home of the fellow whose utterances were responsible for Morgan's raid. Remembering to have heard Mark M. Huston, of East Liverpool, who was born in New Lisbon, and lived there at the time Captain Curry and Captain Burbick went out to capture Morgan, tell a very laughable story of his experience that Sunday morning, the writer has interviewed Mr. Huston and obtained his story. He said:

"At the time of Morgan's raid I was a cub tailor, wrestling with the goose at Huston & Hepner's tailor shop in New Lisbon. Ed. Huston, a cousin, who was also learning the trade, and I slept in the workshop. Some members of the New Lisbon cannon squad woke us up at four o'clock that Sunday morning. They brought a lot of red flannel and asked us to make bags for the powder, with which to charge the cannon. They gave us the measurement. Ed. cut out the pieces, and I commenced to sew them. While we were doing that some of the men secured old grates, and broke the bars into short pieces, for missiles with which to load the gun. We had this all done before six o'clock. The red bags were filled with powder on the flag-stone pavement in front of the tailor shop. The recently organized home troops assembled in front of the courthouse, under command of Probate Judge Curry. I recollect that Captain Burbick, of the old Cornstalk Militia, was in the party, but he was not in command when the troops and the gun squad left Lisbon. Probate Judge Curry was the leader. I wanted to go along, and said I had my parents consent. As I had helped sew the ammunition bags, Judge Curry said I could go along as powder boy, and take care of the sacks filled with powder in the ammunition box. The cannon was an old iron smooth-bore, said to be a relic of the Mexican war. It was mounted on two wheels, with caisson attached. This old cannon was still in Lisbon the last I heard of it, and was used for Fourth of July celebrations, and firing salutes in honor of union victories, or victories of political parties. It was a dangerous old blunderbus to handle, and caused several Lisbon men to lose their lives. The late Ed. Frost lost an arm while handling this gun. It was loaded to the muzzle before we left the courthouse square. The chunks of broken grate bars were rammed in good and tight. We went out the Hepner Hollow road, to Gaver's corners, or Steubenville cross-roads. The gun was placed in position in the edge of the woods, on the northeast side of the cross roads, commanding the approach from the upper West Beaver valley, the cross road from Salineville,

and also the road leading to West Point. Judge Curry was in command of all the men who left Lisbon. He had trees cut down, and the road barricaded, which led to Lisbon, through Hepner Hollow, the way we came out. These trees formed good breastworks, for the men with a few old muskets, squirrel rifles, shot guns and horse pistols.

Tom Dailey, who was riding William Meyers' fine-blooded carriage mare, and two other fellows on horses, were sent up the Hanover road as scouts to ascertain the whereabouts of the rebel raider, and report back to Judge Curry. They didn't ride away like they were wanting to see who could find him first, but you should have seen Tom Dailey coming back. The other two fellows were captured. Dailey was riding as if for his life. The mare was loping long and quick. Dailey was shouting,

"Morgan is a-comin'. Run for your lives."

Dailey made the mare jump over the obstructions across the road. The mare cleared them like a circus horse and Dailey rode away like the wind on a dead gallop. It is said he came into Lisbon the same way, and was going so fast that he did not get stopped until he got half way to Columbiana. At the first sight of Dailey and following his first yell 'Morgan is a-comin', everybody ran. Somebody cried out in a loud voice,

"Men save your lives."

I don't know who it was, and I didn't stop to find out. The cannon was left, loaded to the muzzle. Never a shot was fired. You want to know where I was? Well I was behind a fence under some blackberry bushes, where I was later nearly choked to death from the dust made by Morgan's men as they rode by. I was afraid to sneeze. Oh how I did want to. They halted awhile at the crossroads. I saw Morgan, but he didn't see me. I don't know how they came to capture Burbick, but he went along the road with Morgan afterwards, towards West Point. I saw five or six Lisbon men hide behind one shock of wheat. I did not see Burbick's flag of truce or see his capture, but I heard men say Judge Curry went with Burbick to make a bargain with Morgan to spare Lisbon, and I understood that Judge Curry told Morgan he had three thousand well armed state troops behind breastworks, and a battery of seven guns, commanding the road to Lisbon. It was stated that Morgan agreed he would spare the home town of Valandingham, if Captain Burbick would show him the way to the Ohio river. I understood that this strategy was all that saved New Lisbon. I heard afterwards that Morgan arranged to surrender to Burbick when he found the Union cavalry formed in line of battle on the Crubaugh farm. There is no doubt but what Morgan did first arrange terms of surrender with Burbick, which the Union cavalry would not stand for. Morgan could have rode into Lisbon and captured the town easier than he found a way to the West Beaver Church. I followed with others down the road towards West Beaver church, after Morgan's men had passed by. The raiders were scattered all along the road. They were dirty and dusty, and seemed nearly dead for sleep. As I followed along the road I saw no Union soldiers until later. I overtook the rear of Morgan's men. They were halted, and many were fast asleep in fence corners by the road side. I was told Morgan had surrendered, but did not know then to whom. I did not get up to the front, where the surrender took place on the Crubaugh farm, but got us as far as where a crossroad comes in

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

from Lisbon. I went this way home, and stopped at an aunt's, about half way into Lisbon, for supper. I was nearly starved, having had nothing to eat except a very light breakfast, before I left Lisbon. It was almost dark when I got home. It was a great day for me. I shall never forget it. The next day they sent a team of horses out to bring in the cannon. They were afraid to shoot it off lest it would burst, and had to bore out the lead with a drill on the end of a crowbar. Some of the Lisbon men under William Hostetter, among whom were Bart and George Adam, rode over towards Salineville, early that Sunday morning, and missed the capture and surrender altogether."

### CHARLES D. MAUS CAPTURED.

Charlie Maus, of Lisbon, who has been dead for several years, enjoyed the distinction of having been captured by Morgan. In an interview with Evaline Wright Nelson, of Lisbon, a short time before his death, Mr. Maus told the following story of his capture, and being held as guide, and flag-of-truce man:

"Saturday night previous to the capture, New Lisbon people were awakened about midnight, by a peculiar ringing of the United Presbyterian church bell. It was stated that Morgan would probably reach Lisbon about Sunday noon and burn the town. There was no more sleep for men, women or children. Two companies of militia were hastily gathered together, one under command of Captain Curry, who was then probate judge, with David G. Stern and John A. Stingleman, lieutenants. The other was a company of cavalry, for whom James Burbick was chosen captain, because he had at one time, in his youthful days, been connected with the state militia.

Before the break of day, Sabbath morning, John Sturgeon, deputy-treasurer took the cash from the vault in the old court house, and drove away with it out into Knox township. He did not know he was driving almost into the face of Morgan, or he would not have gone that way. It is said Sturgeon drove out the Hepner Hollow road, and then west from Gavers, going by the Lebanon church, after which he turned northwest toward Knox township. Had Morgan been a few hours earlier, he would have captured all of Columbiana County's treasure, which consisted of a little gold and silver, some greenbacks, and considerable worthless bills on defunct state banks, which were not worth as much as Morgan's Confederate money. This was done by order of the New Lisbon Union League, called together suddenly after midnight, and notified of Morgan's approach. Secrecy was evidently necessary, to the saving of the public money.

Before seven o'clock Sunday morning, the court house square was filled with the troops about to depart for war. Breakfast and coffee were served to the militia by the thoughtful ladies of the town. Goodbyes were being said, hands were being shaken, perhaps for the last time; everybody was in tears, lips were trembling, knees were shaking. One dear old lady knelt on a doorstep and prayed lustily, but she could not drown the staccato crotchets of a silver haired man, who was shrieking to a bevy of crying girls,

'Young women! Young women! This will never do! You are not going to be hurt, not one of you!'

The girls began to breathe, when the man raised his arm tragically, and announced:

'But your fathers, your brothers, and your lovers will be slain before your eyes—these streets will flow with blood.'

He passed on, seemingly satisfied with the moans and wails his hearers gave, and halted before the big brown jug, and partook of the courage giving contents, which was so freely handed out to those who were soon to march away in defense of their firesides, and Lisbon homes.

Even the common fear of danger did not make neighbors forget their partisanship. The railway was only the more bitter. One dear, loyal old Union lady greeted an old neighbor, who was hurrying home, a well known sympathizer with the southern cause, with the following admonition:

'Now, Henry, thee need not run; thy friends are coming.'

Captain Curry's militia, and Captain Burbick's cavalry marched and rode away with flags flying, and fife and drum music. We halted at the West Beaver valley, within sight of Gavers. The piece of artillery was planted where it commanded the approach from west and south. Ironwood saplings were cut by axemen, and a barricade was made across the road over which we went out from Lisbon. The barricade was about eight feet high, but not high enough to stop Tom Daily, a little while afterwards, from clearing it like a circus rider, on William Myers' blooded and fast running Kentucky bred mare. The Lisbon troops were entrenched behind other ironwood barricades supporting the piece of artillery.

Morgan did not appear, and three scouts were detailed to discover him. Tom Daily was one, and I was another. We rode west on the Hanover road. At the top of a steep hill near Fleming's, we rode right into the advance guard of Morgan's men. Tom Daily and the other fellow quickly wheeled their horses, and rode back down the hill, spurring their horses to the utmost speed. I was in the lead, and was not so fortunate. I was captured, and was kept a prisoner, almost until the surrender, when I was allowed to escape. I was used as flag-of-truce man. After I was captured, the advance halted until the main command came up. In the meantime the Confederates told me of the skirmish with the Union troops between Salineville and Monroeville, which sent them flying westward, and then north, until they struck the road on which they were then traveling, at McAllister's farm.

I talked with an alert, unkempt, unshaven man in gray blouse and planter's hat, some time before I discovered he was General Morgan. His manner of conversation was very pleasing. After answering questions as to the distance to the Ohio river, and to what troops I belonged, I told him I was a scout from Captain Burbick's company of cavalry from New Lisbon. Morgan said to me:

'I will now send you to your command, accompanied by two officers and flag of truce, to confer with your officers on this proposition. I do not want bloodshed. If they will allow me I will pass peaceably on to the Ohio river, and will not destroy any private property, nor take anything.'

'When we arrived with the flag of truce at our Lisbon command, if command it could be called, it was difficult to approach. The more we tried to get near them, the farther they seemed to get away. At last I recognized the head of our probate judge, peeping from behind a tree. I called him. He asked what that white flag meant. I asked him to come down to the road and find out, assuring him

he would not be hurt. He did so. The officers asked him to go back with them and meet Morgan. He refused, giving as a reason he had no horse. Just then Captain Burbick came out into the open. Captain Curry said:

'This is Captain Burbick. Take him.'

This was Captain Burbick's commission to take charge and arrange the surrender. Captain Burbick then said he would go, providing they would allow me to leave when he did. This the raiders refused to do. I said

'Never mind about me; come on.'

We then rode back as far as the residence of John McDonald. Morgan and his officers were resting on the porch. He had drafted Mr. McDonald's daughters to carry water, first to him, and then to his men, whom he would not allow to dismount. Morgan said when we rode back, he was surprised not to meet Shackelford at the Steubenville crossroads. He had previously asked the McDonald's:

'Where is Shackelford?' (No one knew at that time.)

'Captain Burbick told Morgan that he had no authority to receive a surrender, or grant a parole, but told Morgan he would allow him to pass on to the river, on certain conditions. There was considerable conversation between Morgan and Captain Burbick. I did not hear it all. Later Captain Burbick rode away, taking the beautiful white mare which Morgan presented to him, in consideration of being allowed to go on unmolested. This white mare, Morgan said, was one he used to rest his famous blooded sorrel, which was the only horse he said, that came through from Kentucky with him. The white mare, Morgan presented to Captain Burbick, as part of the deal, was afterwards turned over to the United States troops.

Morgan's command then moved forward toward West Point, instead of going toward New Lisbon. After crossing the road running north to Lisbon, and south to Highlandtown, Morgan's command halted. I looked back and saw Captain Burbick riding away on a bay horse and leading a white one. Authorities say that Captain Burbick retired to the rear at Morgan's request, to explain to General Shackelford, should he ever again find Morgan's column, and inform him that Morgan was to be unmolested, in his march to the river. After Captain Burbick rode to the rear, General Morgan came to me and said: 'I may have to use you.' He pointed his finger to the cloud of dust on the other side of the West Beaver valley, on the road leading from Bethel church, which intersected the road he was traveling, at Dobson's old mill. Morgan asked:

'What does that cloud of dust mean?'

I told him I did not know. Morgan replied, 'You're a yankee.'

Morgan's men kept moving ahead a little, sometimes hurrying, and sometimes halting, dressing up their lines as though getting ready for a fight. I saw there was some excitement ahead but did not know what it meant.

I learned later that it was Major Rue's Union troops, which had made the cloud of dust on the other side of the valley, and by dashing down the creek, and up over Crumbaugh's farm, had formed in line of battle, across the road, near a tree. General Morgan put a ramrod in my hand with a white handkerchief attached, and told me to accompany his officers to the front. The Union troops, which Morgan had expected to meet at Gavers, were now formed in line of battle awaiting his approach. This was made known to Morgan by messengers from his advance guard. The officers went

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

with me until in sight of the Union troops, after which I went alone, with the olive branch as peacemaker, until stopped by the Union cavalry. An officer asked the meaning of the white flag. I sang out in a loud voice.

'Morgan surrenders.' When the detachment from the Union cavalry reached Morgan's advance, the Confederate officers were standing in a group, and all cried out at once:

'We surrender to Captain Burbick.'

After considerable conversation and bickering, Morgan's surrender to Captain Burbick was not allowed. Later General Shackleford, who was dining at a farm house, away to the rear sustained Major Rue in refusing Morgan's claim of surrender to Captain Burbick. Morgan demanded that he be put back upon the field again, and avowed he would fight to the end, but this was the end. Just before the disarming and parole of Morgan's private soldiers, General Morgan came to me and said:

'I admire bravery. Every officer has a right to dispose of his side arms. I present you with this pistol and ask you to keep it in remembrance of the giver.'

One of Morgan's officers put a beautiful bridle on my horse, after it was returned to me. The bridle rein was woven of hair, and was adorned with tassels. Bells had been originally attached to the sides of the bridle. The pistol and holster were originally United States arms, and were a part of those obtained for the Confederacy, by Secretary of War, Floyd, during Buchanan's administration.

Governor Todd, of Ohio, wrote a letter to the provost marshal at Alliance, which procured me exemption from returning the pistol and bridle to the government. I was very glad to be allowed to keep them. After receiving the pistol, the bridle, and my horse, I left for home. I wanted to be first in town, to tell of the surrender. I overtook Captain Burbick two miles out of Lisbon. He was surprised to learn what I had to tell of the surrender."

### MORGAN'S WATER GIRL.

Mrs. Alice McDonald, daughter of David Bower, now of East Liverpool, but who lived between Gavers and Lebanon church at the time of Morgan's raid, recalls the rush, from the church, just before the minister began to preach on that eventful Sunday. The Bower family had scarcely arrived at home, before Morgan's men were at their door. While the men were getting their horses out of sight, Mrs. Bower and her daughters were requested by Morgan to bring him something to eat and drink. Mrs. McDonald says she carried water from the spring to Morgan and then to some of his men. They were covered with dust and were very thirsty. Mrs. McDonald says one of Morgan's men took possession of her little pony. Her brother John had led the large horses back into the woods and left the pony. She asked the fellow to please not take him. Then he replied:

"I'll take it, but perhaps you will get it again." The pony was returned later.

### CAPTAIN BURBICK'S DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Anna Burbick Olott, speaking of her father's connection with the surrender of General Morgan, says:

"I was too young to understand about it at the time. I can hardly tell how much is actually recalled from memory, or familiarized by hearing it told. Our young horse was in the

country. Joseph Custard had borrowed the old one to go to Teegarden. Jesse Wilson loaned father a fine horse, which he rode that day. Everybody knows father was not afraid of Morgan or anything else. I have heard him tell how Judge Curry was scared and hid behind the trees. Father has cried many a time when talking with his family about the cruel way some people connected him with Morgan's raid, and I have repeatedly heard him say he was blamed with things he never did. His story as I have often heard him tell it, was that after Judge Curry told him to go and talk with Morgan, that the Confederate general offered him his sword, and said:

'I want to surrender my men and horses.'

Father told him he was not a commissioned officer and could not receive his sword, and had no authority to make terms of surrender. Father says Morgan insisted on surrendering to him, saying:

'These horses and men are mine. I can surrender to whom I please.'

Father still declined, after which Morgan took him along for a considerable distance. When father left, Morgan presented him with the famous white mare, which had figured so prominently in the raid. My father afterwards turned the Morgan white mare over to General Shackleford.

My mother was a quiet sensitive woman, and the unenviable notoriety given father, for doing what he could hardly have helped doing, hurt her very much."

### HENRY CRAWFORD'S STORY.

Henry Crawford, son of John Crawford, living on old home farm, was interviewed, and it was found that he had a good story to tell of what happened just previous to the surrender of Morgan, that eventful Sunday afternoon. Mr. Crawford said:

"The farm on which I live has always been in the Crawford name. It was entered and bought from the government by my grandfather William Crawford. The old homestead was a brick house, and from it one can see the old Burbick home, which was made historic by the surrender of Morgan. I was born in 1850, and was thirteen years old at the time of Morgan's raid. I walked to Bethel church which is on the road leading to Highlandtown from Salineville. Living so far from any of the larger towns, I had heard nothing of Morgan's coming our way. When I got to Bethel church, I learned there were to be no services. All was excitement. Everybody was going home. I started back with some others, who were going my direction. When we got to North Durf's hill we could look away across the country to the west. Over at the cross roads of the Hanover and Steubenville road, where Louden's store is now located, we could see Morgan's men making a cloud of dust, more than a mile away. They were moving slowly. We watched them for quite a little while. They were coming east along the Hanover road. They would stop at almost every farm house for a little while. While we were watching the approach of Morgan we were startled by the tramp of horses feet behind us. A detachment of Union cavalry came riding up to the top of the hill, from which we could see in almost every direction for a long distance. The leader of the Union cavalry halted his command. Taking in the situation through a field glass, he called his officers around him and said:

"Yonder he comes, boys. We've got him now. All we've got to do is to beat him to yonder road."

Turning to a guide he inquired the nature of the ground at the point where the two roads come together. The guide replied that there was very little ground between the creek and the hill, but that by riding down the creek along a private road they would find a lane on the Crubaugh farm, which would lead them up to the road, where there would be ample room for the Union troops to form in line of battle, and head Morgan off. The Union cavalry headed by their leader then passed us on the gallop. I saw one of the Union soldiers eating a chicken bone, while his horse was loping with a loose bridle. He had a piece of chicken in one hand and a piece of bread in the other. Before leaving the Union officer asked where I lived. He said, 'You had better stay here and not go home. There is going to be a fight over in there somewheres.'

However I went on home, and crossed the road ahead of Morgan. The Union troops took down the creek in which there was but little water. Some rode in the creek, and some followed the little used private road. It was an ugly place to ride and they soon disappeared from view. Our family included father and mother and two brothers, Thomas J. and Singers, both now living in Lisbon. When I got home I told what I had seen. Soon after the Union cavalry formed in line of battle on the Crubaugh farm, one of the Union troopers rode over through the woods to our house and ordered us to leave, saying there was going to be a fight and we would be between the two lines of battle. Later another soldier came and told us to stay. Father and I staid in the house. We saw the advance of Morgan's men go by. They raised a great cloud of dust which made it almost impossible to see what they looked like. Morgan's men were scattered along the road a distance of more than half a mile. Many of them never got up as far as the Burbick home. I did not see Morgan myself, as mother would not let me go over to the place of surrender, which took place between one and two o'clock. While the terms of surrender were being arranged, Morgan's men threw themselves from their horses, and were lying under the trees along the road and in the Burbick orchard. The arms of the raiders were all stacked in one of our fields, across the road from the Burbick home. The loaded guns were shot off in the air and several of our cherry trees had the limbs riddled with bullets. It is a mistake to say that Morgan had no ammunition with which to fight longer. If you could have seen our cherry trees you would have been convinced that he had plenty of loaded guns. The arms were hauled to Salineville the next day, and before dark all the Union and Confederate troops were in Salineville. I do not think Morgan's men took anything from the residents of the West Beaver valley after they left Meister's, except Captain Burbick. They took him at Gavers. I think it probable that Morgan learned from someone at Burbick's that a force of Union cavalry was ahead of him, somewhere between Burbick's and the West Beaver church. He might have noticed the dust they made, while traveling along the road from Bethel church to the creek at Dobson's Mill. After Morgan left the crossroads at Louden's store, he seemed to travel very slowly and with great caution. He had an advance or skirmish line which was quite a distance ahead of the main column."

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

### ADAMS' SURRENDER STORY.

George W. Adams, who lives in a new house built since the surrender, almost on the site where David Burbick lived at the time Morgan came to see him, talks very interestingly of what he heard and saw on that eventful Sunday. The old log house of Burbick has been torn down since the writer began to gather data for this surrender story. Several special visits have been made to this historic spot to secure a picture of this very old log house, but fate seemed to not look approvingly on its illustration, for on each occasion the camera has failed to secure a picture from which an illustration could be made. The old log house enjoyed the distinction of having the surrender take place all around it. Many of Morgan's men lay on the grass and drank from the old well while the terms of surrender were being made. Some were sound asleep, and were not awakened until the shooting commenced, when their carbines were emptied by their captors, across the road, under the cherry trees, on the Crawford farm. It is related that many seemed to care nothing what was done or what became of them. They

rode down a private road on the north side of the stream, going past our lane, and on down the creek, to a point where the lane from the Ikirt farm connects with the private road leading up to Dobson's Mill. The Crubaugh lane leads down to the creek, about half a mile below where our old house stood, and where we were living at the time. From the high ground and the hay mow in the barn, I noticed that the horses were moving rapidly, and that the riders rode up Crubaugh's lane. I afterwards learned that they were Union troops, and were piloted from a point on the road to Bethel church by Dr. David Marquis, of West Point. My sisters and I crossed over the ravine, and we went up to the crest of the high ground, where the line fence is built between our farm and Crubaugh's. We were all curious to see what was going on. When we reached the top of the ridge we were astonished to see that the troops were coming towards us. We watched them form in line of battle, across the road. The soldiers dismounted from their horses, tore down the fence on both sides of the road, while the officers rode hither and thither, giving in-

We pointed towards our home, which was a quarter of a mile away. He told us to go home and stay in the house, and we would probably be out of danger. We did as he told us. When we got home we told mother what the officer had said. However, we all kept a lookout for Morgan's appearance. The cloud of dust was growing nearer. It was not long until the first of Morgan's men reached the old log house where Burbick lived. The advance guard went on past and over the bridge as far as the intersection of the road running north to Lisbon, which divides Wayne from Madison township. Morgan's troops took position commanding the approach from this road. The moving column halted. The rising dust began to subside. There was quite a little delay. We wondered what it all meant. From some source Morgan's advance had received information that a detachment of Union cavalry were formed in line of battle just over beyond the little hill, not far away, where they were waiting for a fight. Presently a man with something white tied to a stick or a sword, accompanied by two other men, all on horseback, rode forward on



—Sketched by Dudley Hawkins.

The field where Morgan's men stacked their guns, opposite the home of George W. Adams

were "all in," and just wanted to sleep and be let alone. Mr. Adams when interviewed, said:

"I was not living here in 1863. This house has been built since. David Burbick and his family lived in the old log house which stood for many years between my home and the road. This old orchard to the left and on the south of the road, belonged to Burbick. My mother, Mrs. Eliza Adams, lived in an old house that stood between the Burbick log house and the creek, about a quarter of a mile south of the road, and on the edge of the old orchard over yonder. Mother and my sisters and I were at home. Some members of the Burbick family came out part way towards our house, and called to us:

"Morgan's comin'."

Before long quite a lot of men on horseback could be seen coming down the creek. They

structions. The line of battle was formed in a very few moments, and the column extended from a point well down in Crubaugh's orchard, crossing the road very close to where the old tree stood, and where the monument has since been erected, while the other end of the line reached over into the woods. An officer noticed my sisters and I watching the performance from our side of the line fence. He told us to get out from between the lines, and be quick about it, as there was going to be a fight. He informed us that he was a Union officer, and that the line of battle formed, was of Union troops. He told us Morgan's troops were coming down the road, not over half a mile away, and added:

"You can see the dust away over yonder."

We could see a great cloud of dust rising in the air. Of course we were alarmed and hesitated. The officer inquired where we lived

the road towards West Beaver church. They went down the little hill and the most of the way up the next, or to a point where they could be seen by the Union troops, who were massed two columns deep across the road. Three of the Union soldiers rode forward out of the line and met the three from the Confederate line. There was a conversation for a few moments. I was told that day, after the surrender was all over, that Morgan's men made a demand for the surrender of the Union troops, and that Major Rue, who commanded the Union troops, told the three Confederates that Morgan must surrender or fight. The three Confederates rode back, and I am told that they came back as far as the Burbick orchard, where their commander, John Morgan, was lying on the grass under the shade of an old tree. The Burbicks told mother later in the afternoon, that after a

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

short talk General Morgan sent the three Confederates forward again to the Union line of battle, and instructed them to inform Major Rue that he had already surrendered to Captain Burbick. It is reported that it was then and there that Major Rue nappily inquired:

'Who the h—l is Captain Burbick? Go back and tell Morgan he has got to surrender to me, and do it d—d quick, or fight.'

I saw the Confederates ride back again, and my mother, who has been dead many years, has told me that Morgan was lying under a cherry tree when his white flag squad came back and reported Major Rue's demand and threat. Later I saw quite a bunch of Confederates ride forward to the Union line. I think it was not over twenty minutes before the Union troops advanced. The Confederates were relieved of their guns which were stacked across the road on the Henry Crawford farm then owned by his father. Later in the afternoon there was quite a lot of shooting, caused by the firing of the loads out of the Confederate guns. This was done by a detachment of the Union troops, and a lot of cherry trees belonging to the Crawfords were riddled with the bullets. My mother and sister fed a number of Morgan's men, as well as Union men after the surrender. With mother and sisters, I went up to Burbick's within a very short time after the surrender was made. The fight we had been expecting, did not take place. There was positively no shooting on either side. The report which gained considerable circulation, that there was a fight, in which several were killed was not true. It probably grew out of the discharge of the captured Confederate guns. I have always heard it said, by those who were right there at the time, that the Confederates had very little ammunition aside from what was in the guns. It was told that many of the cartridge boxes were almost empty, which had a great deal to do with Morgan's giving up the fight. The carriage in which Morgan rode was abandoned a few rods west of the old Burbick log house, where Morgan left it to rest on the green grass under the trees in the orchard. I was told that Morgan presented Captain Burbick with a horse, saddle and bridle, which he rode into Lisbon that night. Morgan and the rest of the prisoners were started to Salineville, between four and five o'clock, as near as I can recollect. The guns were hauled to Salineville the next day.

Major Rue's Union troops were formed in line of battle on the Crubaugh farm, and it was there that Major Rue so tersely told the Confederate flag of truce squad what to tell Morgan. No armed Confederates got beyond Major Rue's line of battle. It was there or part way down the hill the terms of surrender to Major Rue were made. The front of Morgan's main column hovered around the end of the road, which divides the two townships. Morgan's men were very numerous from that point back to the old Burbick home, and in the Burbick orchard. The Confederates seemed to close up from the rear, eager to find out what was going on in front. I have always understood there were a few less than five hundred of Morgan's men included in the surrender. They were scattered back along the road towards Gavers for nearly a mile."

### CRUBAUGH'S STORY.

David Crubaugh was the owner of the farm which has the honor of being the farthest point north ever reached by armed Confederates, during the war of the Rebellion. It was on his

farm that the Union cavalry formed in line of battle across the road within sight of the West Beaver church. A large granite monument now marks the spot where negotiations for the surrender were made.

An illustration and description of this stone will be given later in this story. It was the



DAVID CRUBAUGH.

pleasure of the writer to personally interview Mr. Crubaugh, who has since died, and his son, A. B. Crubaugh, of Wellsville. The stories of father and son are so much alike that one will answer for both. They were both present at the surrender and saw and heard all that took place there that Sunday afternoon. The writer gives preference to the story told by the son. He being younger, nothing seemingly escaped his eye and ear. He said.

"David Crubaugh is my father. Mother is a daughter of John Brenner, who was the original owner of the farm on which we lived. My grandfather Brenner entered the farm from the government. It has never changed ownership, and has always been in the family. I heard nothing of the approach of Morgan until that Sunday morning in July, 1863, when farmers from beyond West Point began riding hurriedly to and from West Beaver church, which seemed to be headquarters, for receiving news. About one o'clock, as near as I can recollect, I first saw three men on horses ride across the fields coming from towards the creek. They were part of Col. Rue's detachment of Shackelford's cavalry. They came from Salineville to Bethel church, from there to Dobson's Mill, thence down the creek to our lane, up which they rode to the barn. My sister and I were accosted by the officer in command, who said:

'Little girl, are there any rebels in that barn.'

We both answered 'No.'

He replied, 'Are you sure?'

We answered we had just come from the barn and there was no person within. The

officer was evidently afraid of being ambushed. They passed up east of the barn, and out into the West Point and Hanoverton road, about half a mile west of the West Beaver church. Riding west to where the tree stands with the dead top, the Union troops formed a line of battle, about three hundred feet west of our barn and residence, the left of the line was about twenty rods south of the home, the right was to the north of the road, and in the open woods which is still there. I saw the line of battle formed, and in a very few moments some of Morgan's men were seen to come up over the top of the hill in the road between our farm and the Adams farm. They had a white flag attached to one of their swords. Some of Major Rue's cavalry advanced to meet them. The Morgan men asked Major Rue to surrender. He at once demanded Morgan's surrender or fight. Major Rue had at least three hundred men. They were armed with carbines, sabers and revolvers.

In forming the line of battle fully three hundred rods of rail fence were torn down on both sides of the road. The Union troops were piloted down the creek by old man Williams. Major Rue's demand was very emphatic. He told the two men who came forward with the flag of truce to go back and tell Morgan to 'surrender, and do it d—n quick, or fight'.

We were then warned to get to the rear and that probably the safest place would be in the cellar until after the fight. We went back to the house but there was no fight. Not a shot was fired. The flag of truce men came back and claimed that Morgan had already surrendered to Captain Burbick. I heard the soldiers talking about it afterwards, and they laugh-



Surrender Tree, nearly dead in 1908. View Looking west over the hill crest.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

ingly said Major Rue inquired:

'Who the hell is Captain Burbick?'

He was told that Burbick was a militia captain from Lisbon. Major Rue sent word back that he would recognize no surrender other than to himself or Col. Shackelford. The terms of surrender were then arranged on the road between the two trees shown in your illustration, and the one with the dead top has ever since been known as "Surrender Tree". The surrender took place about half past two o'clock in the afternoon. After the surrender was made I was privileged to go as I pleased back and forth between the Union and Rebel lines. Hundreds of Morgan's men never got up to where the surrender was made. They were scattered all along the road, trying to get a little sleep in the fence corners, as far west as the Hepner farm. There was no shooting until sometime after the surrender, when the guns of Morgan's men, which had been stacked in a corner of the Crawford farm, across the road from the old Burbick home were shot off among the cherry trees. Two or three hundred shots must have been fired. People living at a distance heard this shooting and supposed that a fight was on. This was the probable cause of reports being circulated that there was a fight before the surrender. After the surrender Morgan was taken to Salineville and thence to the Whitacre House, Wellsville, Ohio, with other officers of his command. The old Missouri house in Wellsville, was made into a hospital for the sick and wounded. The rest of Morgan's men were taken to Salineville."

### SURRENDER MONUMENT.

The erection of a suitable monument to mark the spot where General John Morgan surrendered was the conception of Professor Will L. Thompson, the noted writer of gospel songs and hymns, who lived in East Liverpool as a boy at the time of Morgan's raid. East Liver-



Crubaugh Lane and Barn.

pool has always been Mr. Thompson's home. He took great interest in the preservation of historical literature, and the collection of his-



View of Surrender Tree looking from the west.

toric relics. He was always doing something for the East Liverpool Historical Society. With a committee consisting of Col. John N. Taylor, Squire Daniel McLane, Noah A. Frederick, and himself, all members of the East Liverpool Historical Society, Mr. Thompson provided the carriages, and took the committee to the farm of David Crubaugh, in Madison township, Columbiana County, Ohio. They visited the spot where the surrender took place, and acquired by purchase from Mr. Crubaugh a plot of ground twenty feet wide and thirty feet long, just across the West Point and West Beaver road from the old historic tree, known as "Surrender Tree". This old tree was struck by lightning several years ago, and it is shown by several illustrations in connection with this story. Mr. Thompson, personally paid for the ground, and Mr. Crubaugh donated the tree, which Mr. Thompson had taken down at his own expense, hauled to East Liverpool, and hoisted by block and tackle to the second story of the Carnegie Library. It was taken in one of the windows, and now stands, without its top, in one corner of the historical room. An illustration elsewhere shows the base and trunk of the tree, prepared for hoisting to the place where it now rests.

From the place of surrender the committee drove to the L. B. Pike farm, near the County

Fair Ground, north of Lisbon, where they selected a large, heart-shaped red granite boulder, which is a stranger to the spot where it was found, because it is a relic of the glacial period years ago, and its home was originally away up in the northland, in the region of the Hudson Bay. The boulder is six feet in length, and four and one-half feet wide at its widest point. It was moved by contractor William McLane, of Lisbon, from the spot on the Pike farm, where it was left by the glacial drift, to the surrender plat of ground on the Crubaugh farm. A suitable sandstone foundation was provided by the contractor in the center of the lot on which the monument rests. It marks an historic place, and a large bronze tablet has been placed upon the side facing the road, containing an inscription, which is quoted upon the illustration, and will tell to our children's children, for all time to come, the story of one of the most daring raids connected with the annals of military history of the world. Shade trees have been placed within the enclosure, and an iron fence will be erected around the monument in the near future.

Since the monument was placed at the scene of surrender, Mr. Thompson died. He did not live to see the placing of the bronze tablet on the stone. Mr. Thompson's wishes, however, have been carried out, by his widow, and the executor of his estate, William H. Vodrey. Mr. Thompson's modesty made him endeavor to keep always in the background his own connection with any public enterprise, and he had ordered the bronze tablet for the monument just before he sailed for Europe, from which trip he was brought home dead. It contained no reference as to the identity of the donor. The executor of the estate, and members of the Grand Army, and Historical committee, with the consent of Mrs. Thompson, have changed the inscription so as to include the name of the giver.

### WILLIAM J. ADAMS' STORY.

William J. Adams, a cousin of George W. Adams, and who lives over on the banks of the creek near by, down which Major Rue and his troops rode that Sunday afternoon, led by Dr. Marquis and Isaac Williams, guides, and then up Crubaugh's lane, in a race to head Morgan off, was at home at the time, and saw the Union troops ride to victory. Mr. Adams was present at the dedication of the monument, and said he was present, and close by the old Burbick log house while the terms of surrender were being made. He is quite confident that General Morgan personally never went farther to the front than a little distance beyond the Burbick log house; that the actual negotiations were assigned by Morgan to some of his officers who acted for him, and that Major Rue later rode over with a detachment of his troops, until he met Morgan near the Burbick home. He said Morgan and his men, and some of Rue's troops, were hovering around the old spring which still furnishes good water, down in the valley of the little run that flowed to the West Beaver from the Burbick spring. He insisted that the Morgan troops came up and gave up their arms in front of the Burbick home, to a detachment of Major Rue's troops, after which they laid down on the grass, and under the shade of the old apple trees, which are now a part of the lawn and grounds surrounding the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Adams.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

### MONUMENT COMPLETED.

The splendid granite monument, erected to mark the spot where General John H. Morgan, the Confederate raider, surrendered to Major George W. Rue, was completed Thursday, August 11, 1910. Several automobile parties left East Liverpool in the morning, shortly after eight o'clock, while others went on the nine o'clock car over the Y. & O. to West Point, where they were met by the owners of the automobiles and conveyed to the place of surrender on the David Crabaugh farm, within sight of the pretty little West Beaver United Presbyterian church. The surrender took place under what is known as "Surrender Tree", shortly after two o'clock, Sunday afternoon, July 26th, 1863.

The now peaceful and quiet little Beaver valley had its only taste of war on that occasion, since Indian days. It was historic ground before Morgan made it doubly so. "White Eyes," the noted Indian chieftain, was killed at a spring from which flows now, as then, a sparkling little rivulet of water, down the hillside.

Kelly; M. K. Zimmerman, and J. H. Simms, representing the press; Len. Shaffer, Official photographer. James S. Rinehart was accompanied by his daughters, Margaret and Natalie, and his nephew, Allan W. Surles. C. O. Deike, of Cleveland, Ohio, connected with the Stearns Automobile company, had charge of the new Stearns touring car, which Mr. Surles gave the use of to convey members of the party from West Point to the monument.

### WILL L. THOMPSON'S GIFT.

The large granite boulder, and the acre of ground on which it has been placed, is a gift from the late Will L. Thompson. The stone was placed in position in 1909, and Mr. Thompson arranged for the purchase of the bronze tablet, which has been placed on the marker before he sailed for Europe that summer, and from where he was brought home dead in October. The wishes of Mr. Thompson have been carried out by his wife, and W. H. Vodrey, the executor of his estate.

The members of the press were taken from

stone has been covered on one side by a coating of white flint, from an inch to an inch and a half thick. The white flint covering has nearly all been ground off while the stone was drifting during the glacial period, from away up in the northland, in the Hudson Bay country, to where it was found on the Pike farm, near the Fair Grounds, at Lisbon.

Nature has some freakish ways; it is strange why strata of white flint are found cemented to red spar rock, yet they are found in this connection almost everywhere. The bronze tablet has been placed with one corner just below the white flint marking, and in the center of the stone.

### A HISTORIC DINNER.

Mr. Wagner finished riveting the bronze tablet to the stone by noon hour. Arrangements had been made by Squire McLane, for a sumptuous chicken dinner, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Adams, who also live on historic ground, about a half mile west of the monument, on the road to Hanoverton. It was



MORGAN MONUMENT WITH BRONZE TABLET

Inscription—"This stone marks the spot where the Confederate raider, General John H. Morgan, surrendered his command to Major Geo. W. Rue, July 26, 1863, and is the farthest point north ever reached by any body of Confederate troops during the Civil War."  
"Erected by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, Ohio, 1909"

where it empties into the West Beaver, quite near to West Point, about two miles distant from the spot which is made memorable by Morgan's capture.

History was made again on this occasion in the presence of the following persons, representing Union soldiers from General Lyon Post, G. A. R., the East Liverpool Historical Society and the press:

Col. John N. Taylor, N. A. Frederiek, Daniel McLane, W. H. Surles, Mack Anderson, H. L. Simms, East Liverpool; W. J. Adams, of West Beaver Valley, and Robert Tucker, of 102d Penn'a Volunteer Infantry, now of Burgettstown, Penn'a, representing the Union soldiers; William H. Vodrey, representing the estate of the late Will L. Thompson; Col. F. W. Myers and James S. Rinehart, representing the Sons of Veterans; Fred. Wagner and Harry Moore, representing the Wagner Monument works; Infirmary Directors George Grosshans and Tom

East Liverpool to the monument by Fred. Wagner in his touring car. Tools were taken with which Mr. Wagner drilled holes in the hard red granite, and the bronze tablet, 18 by 30 inches was attached to the stone, with split bolts, using leaden wedges for expansion, which secures the tablet to the stone in a manner which makes it impossible to remove, unless the bolts are drilled out. The tablet was designed and furnished by the Wagner Monument works of East Liverpool. All the letters are raised a quarter of an inch, and are polished. The inscription reads as shown under the

### THE TABLET.

The letters are quite large, Gothic style, and can be easily read by persons driving along the West Beaver road. The stone is all red granite, except a cluster of white flint, which stands out prominently on the face of the stone fronting the road. At one time, years ago, the entire

in front of where they now live, in a cozy, comfortable home, which has been built since Morgan was captured, quite close to the old Burbick log house, that history was also made fifty years ago. It was just across the road where the arms of the Confederate raiders were stacked after the surrender, and where the Confederate loaded guns were discharged, by a detachment of Major Rue's troops.

The trees in the old orchard are still there, under which, Mr. Adams' mother says, General Morgan left his carriage and lay down and slept on the grass, while the flag of truce went forward to Major Rue's line of battle on the Crabaugh farm, and with much nerve demanded Major Rue's surrender. She also says that Morgan slept until aroused by the return of his advance troopers, who informed him that Major Rue demanded his immediate surrender. She says Morgan sent them back to Rue with the announcement that he had already surren-



## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

dered to Captain Burbick. Mrs. Adams says Morgan slept on until the couriers returned with Major Rue's terse inquiry as to who was Captain Burbick, and the additional demand that Morgan must surrender to him or fight. That caused the Confederate general to wake up. It is said that he jumped on his sorrel mare and advanced as far as the spot where the old log house of Burbick stood, claiming that he would surrender under protest, and that it was a violation of the rules of war to be thus humiliated, after he had once surrendered in good faith to Captain Burbick. It is asserted that he demanded to be put back on the field of battle, and allowed to fight. This bluff would not work with Major Rue, whereupon Morgan accepted Major Rue's terms of surrender.

### MONUMENT DEDICATION.

Wm. H. Vodrey, acting for the estate of the late Will L. Thompson, made the following address, tendering the stone and grounds to the people of Columbiana County, the State of Ohio, its old soldiers and their children, in behalf of the East Liverpool Historical Society, in which Mr. Thompson always took such great interest:

"We to-day stand on a spot memorable in the history of our Civil War. One Sunday afternoon, 47 years ago, stirring scenes were here enacted. The monument, which we to-day dedicate, indicates that 'This spot marks the place where the Confederate raider, Gen. John H. Morgan, surrendered his command to Major George W. Rue, and is the farthest point north ever reached by any body of Confederate troops.'

"At the time of these events, our country was engaged in the Civil War, many of you who are present participating in its great battles. Our country, on the one side fighting for the unity of the nation. The southern states, on the other side fighting for secession. This war is classed as the most important in the world's history.

"The South twice invaded the North. The one invasion culminating in the battle of Gettysburg. The other being commonly known as Morgan's Raid. This raid may well be likened unto Sherman's famous march to the sea, with this difference, Sherman meeting with victories and triumph, Morgan with defeat and capture.

"General Morgan conceived his daring dash into the North through speeches of Valandingham, who claimed that Ohio was filled with many southern sympathizers. Morgan, after many adversities, crossed the Ohio River into Indiana from a point below Louisville, Ky., bringing with him an army of 3,500 mounted troopers. Relying upon the words of Valandingham, which proved to be his betrayal, he believed that once across the Ohio river, his army would grow larger like a rolling snow ball. In less than a month in the saddle he dashed through Indiana and almost across the State of Ohio, to the spot on which we now stand.

"When it became known that Morgan had reached this neighborhood, the people of Columbiana County were assembled in their re-

spective churches, for usual Sunday morning services. The news was carried to the churches and the pastors dismissed their congregations, with the advice to go home, mould bullets and prepare for war; this they did and hastened toward West Point. Before many of them reached here, however, Major Rue, with his cavalry, confronted Morgan on this spot. From an army of 3,500 men, Morgan's troops had dwindled away until he had only about 350 men, tired of riding and exhausted. Not a shot was fired, Morgan seeing the futility of any further effort surrendered his command to Major Rue. Had it not been for Major Rue's body of Union troopers, which probably did not exceed 300 men, Morgan would likely have crossed the Ohio river and reached the South, thus making a successful raid. Such a result



Surrender Tree looking from the East.

might have proved an important factor in our civil war.

"This place, from a historical point of view, is one of the most important in the State of Ohio, but to this day it has been unmarked. Some few years ago our people here in good old Columbiana County decided that a suitable monument should mark this spot. Will L. Thompson, of East Liverpool, took a great interest in this matter, and it was through his generosity that this monument has been erected. Although a divine providence has taken him from our midst, yet his good name and deeds remain with us, and in his name this monument of bronze and granite is to-day dedicated and given to the people of Columbiana County and the Historical Society of East Liverpool."

### SQUIRE McLANE ACCEPTS.

Daniel McLane, Esquire, speaking for the old soldiers, and for Columbiana County and the State of Ohio, in a short well worded address, accepted the monument and grounds from the donor.

### ASK FOR NATIONAL AID.

Mr. Vodrey, chairman of the day, called attention to a suggestion which had been privately made, by some one present, that the representative in the House and in the State Senate from Columbiana County should be requested to introduce a bill asking for State and National aid for maintenance, and additional grounds, sufficient for the needs of this monument, marking a historic spot, of much general interest, for the benefit of our children's children for all time to come, in a sum of not less than five thousand dollars.

A resolution was offered, and adopted asking that this be done, and Col. John N. Taylor, N. A. Frederiek, and Daniel McLane were named as a committee to present this matter to our Representatives in the National House and Senate, and request them to use every effort to secure the appropriation, for such a worthy cause.

### EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

Squire McLane called attention to the interest and commendable work of Infirmary Director Thomas Kelly in connection with securing the grounds, the big granite boulder, and superintending its removal from beyond Lisbon to the place of surrender. Mr. McLane offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to draft a suitably worded expression of gratitude to Mrs. Will L. Thompson and Mr. Kelly, for what they have so generously done. Without the help of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and Mr. Kelly it would not have been possible to have secured the stone and the ground on which to place it, and thus mark an historical spot which has been so long neglected. The chairman selected J. H. Simms and W. H. Surles to serve as the committee for this purpose.

### DR. GEORGE P. IKIRT'S STORY.

A very interesting incident connected with Major Rue's capture of Morgan is given publicity for the first time. Dr. George P. Ikirt, of East Liverpool, Ohio, on that eventful Sunday in July, 1863, was a boy in his teens, living at home on his father's farm, just opposite the Crubaugh farm, in the West Beaver valley, where the monument has been erected. Dr. Ikirt tells the following story:

"My father and mother went to the Bethel church that Sunday morning. I was left at home to take care of two of my aunts, who had been injured by being thrown from a runaway buggy. Some one from Salineville rode up to the door of the Bethel church and cried out, 'Morgan is coming.' The preacher at once dismissed the congregation and advised everybody to break for home and look after their horses and other possessions. Father got home shortly after noon. He took his squirrel rifle, pistols and ammunition and went over to the West Beaver church, where he joined a party of farmers from the neighborhood, and started off for Lisbon where it was reported Morgan was heading. Before he left home father sent me into the thickest of the woods with three horses. After I had tied the horses I went back and se-

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

cured the best mare, led her down to the creek, where I jumped on her back. I had just got across the creek when I heard the noise of many horses' hoofs. The sound came from away up the creek. I could tell that the horses were rapidly coming nearer. I was in the creek bottom, on a private road, which led from Dobson's Mill down the creek past my father's farm, and I was quite near the home of William J. Adams. In a very short time the advance of a column of troops came into view. There was a clank of arms and accoutrements which I had never heard before, and which I shall never forget. As they drew near where I was sitting on the mare one of the officers said: 'Young fellow, fall in.' I obeyed orders. He next inquired if I lived nearby. I replied that I did. I thought I was captured by Morgan's men. The soldiers were all covered with dust, and they had no flag. They rode down the creek at a gallop. The officer inquired of me the nearest way out to the West Beaver road leading to West Point. I told him to turn up the second gulch, which was only a bridle path, to the main road. The fellow spurred on his horse and rode to the head of the column, immediately after I gave him this information. I was left behind and told to fall in the rear. However, as the officer rode away I saw on the brass belt buckle he wore the letters 'U. S.' This was the first I knew they were Union soldiers. They told me Morgan was coming down the road and would soon put in an appearance. I followed with Major Rue's command, and was allowed to form in the second rank, although I had no gun. The line was being formed two deep across the road. The right rested over in the woods to the north of the road, and the left to the south, down in the orchard. The Union cavalry was not entirely formed in line of battle before Morgan's advance appeared in the distance, near the line between Madison and Wayne townships. Later I saw several of Morgan's men ride forward with what appeared to be a dirty handkerchief tied on a ramrod. Some one from the Union troops rode out to meet them. I well recollect what Major Rue looked like on that occasion. He was a very tall man, well built, and rode as straight as an arrow. He sat on a horse in a way that could not but help attract attention. The fellows with Morgan's flag of truce went back into their own lines, and soon afterwards came forward again, after which Major Rue, with some of his troopers, rode over to meet Morgan. I did not get that far over, and have no recollection of having seen Morgan at all. Later in the day I went over to where the arms surrendered by Morgan's men were being fired off, to unload the guns. I saw the cherry trees which were nearly all shot to pieces with the bullets. I have not met Major Rue as yet, but I am going out in the morning, and I wonder if he will remember meeting the bare-footed boy who showed him the way up the second gulch."

### INSPECTION AND RECEPTION.

By the merest accident it was learned that Major George W. Rue, who captured Morgan, was living at Hamilton, Ohio. W. H. Vodrey, the representative of Will L. Thompson's estate, suggested inviting the Major to come to East Liverpool to go out with Mrs. Thompson and son, Leland, and inspect the monument. The invitation was accepted, and Wednesday, September 21st, 1910, selected as the day. Major and Mrs. Rue arrived in East Liverpool Monday evening, the 19th, and were taken to the home of Col. and Mrs. John N. Taylor,

where they were entertained while the guests of the East Liverpool Historical Society.

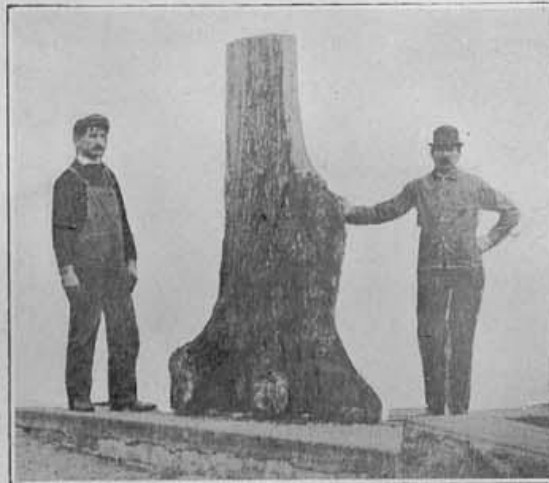
### LARGE CROWD PRESENT.

Hundreds of interested people; city people in their automobiles and carriages, and country folk in their carryalls and on foot, veterans of the Civil War, their wives, sisters and sometimes their daughters; all these people stood with bared heads while Major Rue, erect and stalwart, with his six feet three in height and magnificent physique, even at the age of 83, related in simple and direct words the story of General John H. Morgan's capture.

### AN EPOCH OF HISTORY.

And what he said, there in that well-filled grove, with the trees above already turning to the more sombre and yet glorious hues of autumn, will go down as an idealistic and realistic epoch in the history of the Ohio valley, the reunited southland and the north.

In an excellent voice Major Rue, standing in



Stump of Surrender Tree now in Carnegie Library, East Liverpool, put there by Prof. Will L. Thompson, the song writer.

the front of the Homer J. Taylor automobile, in which he and his wife were conveyed to the grove, accompanied by members of the Colonel John N. Taylor household, told the story of Morgan's chase and capture. There were other speakers there, too, including such talent as Probate Judge L. T. Farr, Dr. T. B. Marquis, whose father directed Major Rue from Salineville to West Point; the Rev. Mr. Harrison, at present pastor of a Lisbon church, and a southerner by birth, having been reared in a Kentucky home closely adjacent to General Morgan's birthplace; Squire Daniel McLane, F. W. Myers and others, making the affair a most enjoyable occasion. The hundreds present commenced to arrive early in the morning, participating in the old-time basket luncheon at noon, after which the exercises commenced.

### THE HAPPIEST DAY.

In his address Major Rue told how the happiest day of his life was spent in the self same grove when he drew his line of battle up across Morgan's front, a barrier to the rebel raider's further progress north, and after a short parley compelled his surrender. His story of Morgan's career shows that his life was one filled to the brim with romance and intrigue, of dark mystery and ever constant surprise.

Both Morgan and Major Rue served in the Mexican war under General Zachary Taylor, as stubborn an old warrior as ever strode upon the battle field. Naturally his training school was one where men learned to fight, not to play. Morgan and Rue both enlisted from Kentucky. At the battle of Buena Vista when old White Horse Taylor with 6,000 men, aided by Captain Bragg's artillery, defeated Santa Anna and his 30,000 Mexicans, both served with credit. Morgan and Rue never met during that memorable war, but strange to say the one was to prove the other's Nemesis before many years had elapsed.

### MORGAN'S ROMANTIC LIFE.

Major Rue related how Morgan attended Hanover college, in Indiana, then disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up, only to again appear shortly before the start of the war in the role of Congressman from a western state. At Washington he became infatuated with the beautiful and charming daughter of an aged and noted legislator from Tennessee, a staunch southerner and a secessionist.

Major Rue claims that Morgan at first enlisted on the Union side, and fought for the north in the battle of Stone River, but the call of his sweetheart at Murfreesboro was too insistent. He suddenly deserted the Union forces, passing through the line of bayonets to join his betrothed in Tennessee.

See illustration on the first page from a pen picture by Dudley S. Hawkins, from an old newspaper print of years ago.

Major Rue says the next heard of Morgan was as one of the noted leaders of the Confederacy. Among the rebel forces he was known as the Stonewall

of the cavalry, and was feared by all Union troops for his raiding proclivities. Major Rue laughingly remarked that Morgan kept the Southern army in mounts and was the greatest horse thief the country ever knew.

The address of the aged Union cavalry leader was enthusiastically received and applauded, so that he had to bow repeatedly to the outbursts of appreciation.

### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Immediately after luncheon, with the crowd constantly swelling by late arrivals until the spacious grove was well filled, the exercises of the afternoon were started, Squire Daniel McLane, of East Liverpool, acting as Chairman. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Wylie, pastor of the Madison Presbyterian church. Chairman McLane then introduced Probate Judge Lewis T. Farr, of Lisbon. Judge Farr delivered the address of welcome and in part spoke as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to stand on this historic ground. Everybody living in Columbiana County looks to this spot as a memorable one. The stone which has been planted here with its bronze tablet, is a fitting tribute to the bravery and brawn of patriots.

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

"The issues involved in the great struggle which caused the event that brings us here today were of great moment to the nation. The dream of the south was to establish an empire where slavery should forever flourish. The other side contested from love of freedom and loyalty to the flag. This caused the greatest war of the world. After it was once commenced no power of appeal or prayer could stop the struggle in which the north and the south were engaged.

"The firing on Fort Sumpter was the signal which caused hundreds of thousands of brave boys in blue to offer their lives to sustain the union and to protect the flag. Our boys went forth from our firesides and poured their blood into the channels which lead to sacrifice. A breach interminable was made which only could be remedied by the sword. The very life blood of the struggle was swept into the struggle.

"You soldiers of that war who wore the blue and are here to-day won that great victory; you saved your flag and your country. It was not my pleasure and privilege to have a part in that contest, yet I am grateful that I live to

### MAJOR RUE INTRODUCED.

At the conclusion of Judge Farr's address of welcome, Squire Daniel McLane, of East Liverpool, made the direct introduction of Major Rue. The Squire tenderly touched on the memory of the late Professor W. L. Thompson whose ante mortem labors made the Morgan monument possible; he also spoke of the late David Crubaugh, on whose farm the surrender occurred. Then after stating that City Solicitor W. H. Vodrey was ill and unable to assume his part in the day's program Squire McLane introduced Major Rue, whose address follows:

### MAJOR RUE'S STORY.

"I was born in Kentucky, south of Lexington. The old Rue family in Kentucky consisted of three brothers. They were among the earliest white pioneers of the state, and came from New Jersey. The Rues were French people, originally, and in France the name was LaRue, but when they came to this country, for some reason the prefix was dropped.

Crubaugh farm, where the monument has been erected.

"A short time before Morgan started for Indiana, my regiment left me at a farm house, in southern Kentucky. I was sick and unable to go on with the regiment. John Morgan had tried to cross Green river and had been driven back. Morgan then crossed the river lower down and made a run for the Ohio river below Louisville. My regiment followed him, and became a part of Shackleford's command. They followed Morgan all through the raid, but were not up to the point of capture, when I caused Morgan to surrender. I was anxious to join my regiment, and as soon as possible left the farmhouse and went to the nearest railway station to take a train for Cincinnati. The conductor would not let me board the train because I was in uniform. He said he had orders forbidding him to carry soldiers in uniform without a pass from a superior officer. I then went to the house of a friend and exchanged my uniform for citizen's clothes. I stepped aboard the next train and soon reported to General Burnside in Cincinnati.



MAJOR GEORGE W. RUE,

of 9th Kentucky Cavalry, who captured John Morgan, the Confederate raider, Sunday, July 26, 1863.



GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN

Confederate raider from picture furnished by Major George W. Rue.

enjoy the harvest which you gleaned and preserved.

"Patriotism is the star that may lead us to almost unknown distances, even to the ends of the earth.

"We are assembled here to do honor and respect to one who forty-seven years ago, giving the best that he had to offer his country, and who had ridden the raider Morgan out of his native state of Kentucky six times, was destined to finally become his captor after the rebel chief had achieved the high water mark of the Confederacy. And it is an honor to us this day that we have with us that man, who then in the full bloom of his magnificent manhood captured the redoubtable Morgan."

"A soldier's life always had attractions for me. When eighteen years of age I enlisted in the Second Kentucky Infantry and served through the Mexican war, under General Zachary Taylor. At the battle of Buena Vista, two colonels of my regiment were killed in action, Col. McKee and Col. Henry Clay, Jr., a son of Kentucky's noted statesman.

"Early in the Civil War I organized a company of cavalry in Kentucky and was made captain. I was assigned to the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, of which Col. Jacobs was commander. I was kept busy chasing John Morgan out of Kentucky. Six times I drove him out of the state, on six different occasions, before the raid into Ohio, when he surrendered to me on the

"General Burnside told me he did not know where my regiment was, but said he would find me something to do with him. He placed me in command of Covington Barracks, just opposite Cincinnati. I took charge of four hundred men and a thousand horses. I found a detachment of about seventy men from my regiment, the Ninth Kentucky. They had been sent for ammunition, and were left behind by Shackleford and Col. Jacobs. All the rest of the men were U. S. Infantry, regular troops.

"While Morgan was passing around Cincinnati, there were indications of a riot, or an uprising of sympathizers with the rebels in some of the worst districts of the city. General Burnside sent for me to bring over all the troops

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

I could muster with horses. I did so, and could find no stables in which to keep the horses over night. General Burnside told me to make a stable of one of the parks, near Fountain Square. Objection was made, but I used the park for a stable that night. I slept with General Burnside, and we talked over the situation. It was thought Morgan might attempt to enter the city, and lay it in ashes. However there was no uprising, and Morgan continued his raid on through the state. I called Burnside's attention to the way Morgan was going where he pleased, and told him Morgan would never be taken with horses and troops following in his rear, and gave him as my opinion that the only way to capture Morgan would be with railway trains loaded with troops, and thus get ahead of him.

About three days later, Burnside summoned me to his headquarters and informed me I was to go after Morgan. He gave me orders on the government stores for carbines, sabers, and ammunition. He ordered me to take all of the very best horses out of the thousand in the Covington Barracks, and mount every available man who could ride a horse. I soon had over four hundred well armed men, with plenty of ammunition. Most of them were U. S. regular troops. I selected the very best horses, and went with my little command to Little Miami depot.

Burnside had three trains, one for the men, one for the horses, and one for a battery of artillery, under Lieutenant Tarr. We reached Columbus Friday morning. Morgan having burned one of the Panhandle bridges, my trains were transferred to the B. & O. We reached Bellaire in the evening. Burnside wired me orders to leave the train there, and intercept Morgan as he came into that town that night. I unloaded men, horses and artillery, but Morgan came not.

Burnside ordered me next morning to go by trains about fifty miles up the river, and then take the first road out into the country and hunt for Morgan. I did not wait for the artillery to be reloaded at Bellaire. As soon as men and horses were on the trains, I ordered them pulled out, and left instructions for the artillery to follow. I did not leave the train at Steubenville, but got word through scouts, who had come in, that Morgan was heading for Salineville. I proceeded up the river, to what was then known as Shanghai station. After unloading my command, I took the shortest road to Wintersville, and got there late in the afternoon, just a little while after the Wintersville fight. Morgan had got away again, and was heading for some point on the C. & P. R., which runs up Big Yellow Creek. As it was nearly night, I concluded to go into camp, after going two or three miles from Wintersville in the direction Morgan was traveling.

About midnight General Shackleford came into my camp. He was camping about two miles away. His scouts had informed him of my presence in the neighborhood, and he came over to find out what troops were in camp. I told him I was acting under orders from Burnside. He asked me to join with him in chasing Morgan the next day. This was Saturday night. I consented on condition that I be allowed to ride to the front, and head Morgan off, while Major Way, with the Seventh Michigan Cavalry would attack from the rear. I called attention to my fresh men and splendid horses. Shackleford was reluctant to have me do this, but finally consented.

At the break of day, Sunday morning, my

command was in the saddle and off over the Jefferson county hills for Hammondsville. I learned there that Morgan was heading for Salineville, to which place I at once proceeded, arriving there shortly after nine o'clock. I learned that Morgan's advance had reached the edge of Salineville, and discovering the presence of many Union troops, fled back towards Monroeville to inform their commander. At about the same time, the Seventh Michigan, under Major Way, came through Monroeville and attacked Morgan's rear. Morgan instructed his rear guard to hold the Michigan troops in check, and put up a stiff fight. While this was going on, Morgan led the most of his command down a steep decline, and over the hills, away to the west. Virtually, turning on his tracks, he sacrificed the forty troops of his rear guard, a number of whom were wounded, and the others taken prisoners by Major Way. These prisoners were brought into Salineville just after I arrived there. I recognized a number of them personally. They were rebels from my home county in Kentucky. Some I had known from boyhood.

At Salineville, I learned from scouts and telegraph operators that Morgan had crossed the C. & P. railroad and that his column was leisurely moving down the West Beaver road, which ran along the north side of the creek, some ten or twelve miles distant from Salineville. I lost no time and took the road leading towards the creek. When I got on the high ground, near a church, I met a man on horseback riding a good horse. He looked like an intelligent fellow, and I inquired where he was going and from whence he came. He said he was looking for Morgan. I asked him if he was acquainted with the roads leading to West Beaver creek. He said he was, and stated that he was a physician, and had practiced medicine all along the West Beaver valley for a number of years. I told him he was just the fellow I was looking for, and that if he would go with me, and show me the shortest roads, leading to the creek, I would promise to find Morgan for him before noon. He sized me up, and looked over my men, and turning his horse around said, 'Come on.' When we got to the high ground which overlooks the broad valley for several miles, I saw a cloud of dust arising over a mile away. I asked the doctor (he told me his name, but I do not recall it now), if the West Beaver creek was over where we saw the cloud of dust. The doctor said the dust was rising from the West Beaver road. It follows the creek, down the north side for several miles, where it leaves the creek and leads to the Ohio river. When I first saw the cloud of dust it was rising slowly. Soon it began to move faster. The doctor told me the road over which we were traveling crossed the creek and intercepted the road down the creek about two miles away. Morgan was traveling towards the point where these two roads come together. I had much the greater distance to travel. I at once ordered my command into a brisk trot.

About this time my command commenced to throw some dust. Morgan evidently soon noticed the dust we were raising, and his guides must have informed him that the road over which we were traveling led into the road which was leading him towards the goal he was so anxious to reach, the Ohio river. Morgan's tired horses were spurred into a faster gait, and he beat me to where the roads came together. Most of his command had passed the point before I reached the creek. I could only fall in his rear and give him a chase. This I

did not want to do. I wanted to meet Morgan and his raiders face to face, and fight him to a finish. Here the doctor suggested riding down the creek, along which he said was a private road, not very good, but over which horses could travel nicely. I found the creek bottom level, almost with the road. It was not very rocky, and was suitable for fast riding, because there was but little water at most places.

We rode down that creek bottom at a gallop, probably a mile and a half or two miles, until we found a private road leading from the creek up through the fields, past a barn to the main road. It was a fast ride, with good horses. I remember it well. I shall never forget it. As soon as we reached the main road we wheeled to the left, and rode to the crest of the first hill, up the creek. I found we were ahead of Morgan. I knew then I had him. I formed my command in line of battle across the road, quickly. My right rested in a bit of timberland, with the left of the line below the road, down in the orchard. I had scarcely placed my troops in position for a fight, when over the crest of the hill about a quarter of a mile away, appeared the heads of the horses of Morgan's advance troops. As soon as they saw me, they halted and drew back, leaving one or two men to watch our movements.

Soon afterwards three troopers came riding over the crest of the hill and down into the little valley which lay between the two opposing lines. One of the men had a bit of white muslin tied on a saber, or on a ramrod, which he was waving. This I supposed was intended for a flag of truce. I sent three of my men forward to find out what was wanted. My troopers came back and reported that General Morgan demanded my surrender. I at once recognized that as a John Morgan bluff. I sent word to Morgan that he must surrender or fight Major George W. Rue, of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry. This must have been a surprise to Morgan, and no doubt was the first intimation to him that I was not still in Kentucky.

He next tried a ruse and sent back his men with a flag of truce, informing me that he had already surrendered to Captain Burbick. I had never heard of Captain Burbick until that moment. I inquired who he was, and to whose command he belonged. One of Morgan's men told me that Captain Burbick was captain of a militia company from a nearby town. I then sent word back to Morgan that I recognized no surrender, only one to myself, and informed his men that he must surrender or fight at once. They then went back to report, and a few moments returned with the announcement that Morgan was willing to surrender to me.

I at once, with an escort, rode over into Morgan's camp. His men were lying on both sides of the road and nearly every one of them asleep. It was a hot July day and they were the tiredest lot of fellows I ever saw in my life. I rode quite a little distance through his men before I reached Morgan. When I met him he was on a fine Kentucky thoroughbred sorrel mare, one that Morgan said was the only horse that came through from Kentucky, and which had withstood the strain of travel for twenty-seven consecutive days. Morgan was very loth to part with that sorrel mare. He gave the mare to me, supposing probably that I would take her back to Kentucky, where he might some day have a chance to steal her back.

John Morgan was the prince of horse

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

thieves. He stole more horses than any other man who ever lived on earth. Some of the farmers of Columbiana County know something about Morgan's way of trading horses. He kept the Southern Confederacy supplied with the very best of Kentucky horses. For this reason Morgan was dearly loved by all the generals in the rebel army. They all loved a good horse, and John Morgan was a good source of supply. Well, I never got that sorrel mare. She was sent to Cincinnati, I learned and by some means, I never could learn why, she was turned over to Shackelford.

"General Shackelford was very tired when I left him at Salineville between nine and ten o'clock that last Sunday morning. With my splendid horses I soon left him far behind. I had to send two messengers after Morgan had surrendered, before he came up to Morgan's camp. He was about five miles back, and had stopped at a farm house, where he was eating dinner. Neither Shackelford nor any of his troops took any part in the capture. The two of us escorted Morgan and his men to Salineville, and later to Wellsville, where General Brooks had arrived and made his headquarters.

"When I first rode into Morgan's camp, I told him I was glad to see him, but I don't think he was glad to see me. I was operating an in-

thoroughbred horses they needed. They replied they had a safe place for him. Probably they thought they had. However, John Morgan was as wily as a fox, and as slippery as an eel. He staid in the penitentiary only about three months."

### A SOUTHERNER'S ADDRESS.

One of the most touching as well as impressive addresses of the day was that delivered by the Rev. Mr. Harrison, pastor of a Lisbon church, himself a southerner, born and raised within a stone's throw of Morgan's birthplace in Old Kentucky. With the soft intonation of language characteristic of the south, Rev. Harrison paid an eloquent eulogy to the south, to the north, his reunited country and to Major Rue, that valiant captor of an equally valiant Confederate. He told how in his infancy his old uncle, by the fireside, related the valor and deeds of daring performed by the dashing raider, Morgan; how he had been imbued with the spirit of the south but at the same time taught to respect the equally brave, noble and chivalrous men of the north. "God decided the war" spoke the little southern speaker "and he decided it for the north; for the betterment of conditions and we respect that decision and

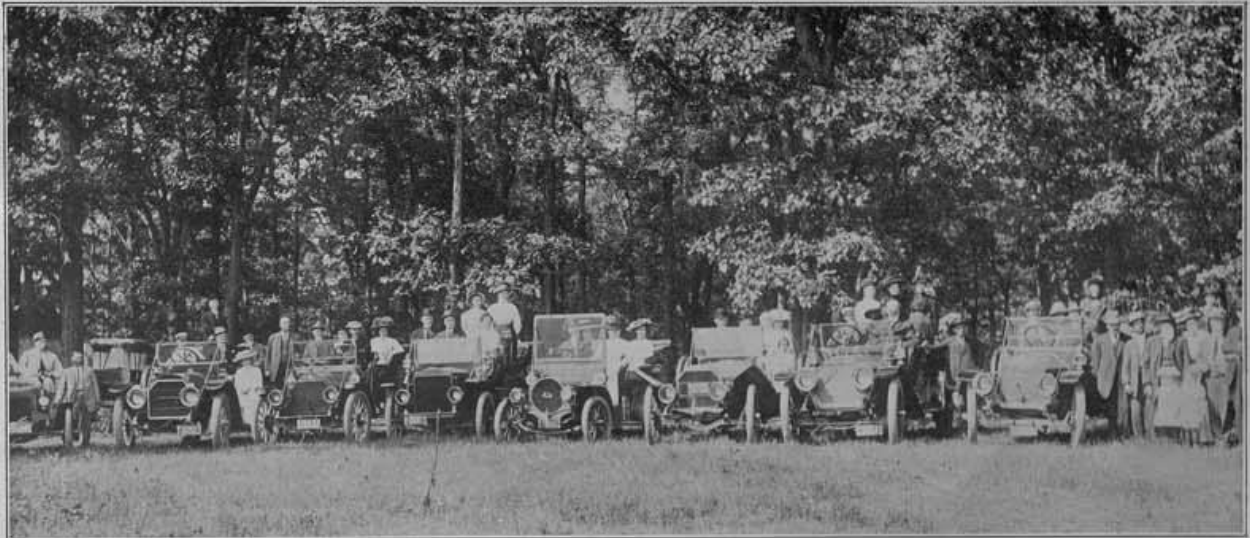
gave an interesting address in which he related numerous incidents ament General Morgan's capture.

### ARRANGEMENTS PERFECT.

The arrangements of the day were perfect in every respect and nothing was wanting to make the entire affair most successful. The weather was excellent, some of the old timers saying it resembled, in many respects, the day that Morgan surrendered. The various guests were conveyed to and from the scene in several automobiles. Major Rue and party were conveyed in the Taylor automobile. Squire Daniel McLane, H. L. Simms, J. H. Simms and Postmaster Surles occupied the latter's automobile, driven by Allan W. Surles, while all guests and speakers of the day were similarly cared for.

### MAJOR RUE'S REPORT.

Squire Daniel McLane, of East Liverpool, Ohio, secured from the war department a copy of the report of Major George W. Rue, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry. The report was made to his colonel. The dates referred to are those of the month of July in the year 1863. Major Rue neglects to state that fact, and refers to the various times as the 23rd inst."



(Major Rue)

—Photo by J. W. Spahr.

Massing of automobiles at Morgan Monument Park, Wednesday, September 21, 1910. Major George W. Rue in the second car from the right.

dependent command under direct orders from General Burnside. I was even detached from duty with my regiment, which was with Shackelford, under Col. Jacobs. I had the authority to take Morgan and all my prisoners to Wellsville, and could have either turned them over to General Brooks, or have ordered up my special trains, and have placed Morgan on them and taken them back and delivered the whole command to General Burnside at Cincinnati.

"However, I turned Morgan over to Shackelford, and he was sent from Wellsville to Cincinnati. Governor Todd telegraphed me to come to Columbus. He thanked me very much and complimented me on the quick capture of Morgan after I got after him. The governor went with me to see Gen. Burnside at Cincinnati. I told them both that John Morgan should be put in a safe place, where he could not steal any more horses, because he was supplying the rebel army with all the fresh

abide by it so that now it is one united country without secession or disruption."

### DR. MARQUIS SPEAKS.

Dr. Marquis, of Lisbon, told how his father, a physician, had met Major Rue and his force on the Salineville road; how the aged practitioner had mistaken the force for that of the much feared and dreaded southern marauder, and how he had been impressed into service as a guide at the point of a pistol held by the doughty Union major who soon corrected his mistake as to the force's identity.

### OTHER ADDRESSES.

F. W. Myers, representing the Sons of Veterans, addressed the assembly, speaking of the memory of the late Will L. Thompson and relating many interesting anecdotes.

Dr. George P. Ikirt, of East Liverpool, also

"24th" and "25th." From Major Rue's report which follows, several errors will be noted. "Mooreville" should be Monroeville; "Smith's Ford" should be Smith's Ferry; "Captain Burbiek" is right, not "Beckwith."

Major Rue was an entire stranger to Eastern Ohio and it is no surprise that he got some of the names wrong. Otherwise his report is very interesting and shows that in the three short days following his leaving Covington, Kentucky, Major Rue was certainly getting over territory very rapidly, and succeeded in getting in at the finish. General Shackelford had been after Morgan for more than three weeks, but Morgan outgeneraled him in every instance and succeeded in getting away.

Squire McLane is a member of the committee appointed by General Lyon Post, G. A. R., East Liverpool, Ohio, to look after the completion of the surrender monument and the fencing of the ground secured from David Crubaugh, which

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

marks the place of surrender. Squire McLane was born on an adjoining farm, but at the time of the surrender was away down south at the front with Grant, before Vicksburg. The Squire is entitled to the credit of escorting the writer to the spot of surrender, which led to the subsequent erection of the monument, by the late Professor Will L. Thompson, and the writing of this story. Major Rue's report to his Colonel follows:

Colonel: I have the honor to make the following report:

"On the evening of the 23d instant, by your order, I left the barracks at Covington, Ky., at seven o'clock p. m., with a command of three hundred and seventy-five cavalry being detached from the different regiments as follows. One hundred and twenty from the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, under Major Graham; seventy-five from the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, fifty from the Eighth Michigan Cavalry; also small detachment from the First and Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, and a number of men from various regiments; also, three pieces of artillery from the Fifteenth Indiana Battery, under command of Lieutenant Tarr.

"The command left the Little Miami railroad depot at Cincinnati, at ten o'clock p. m., for Bellaire, via Columbus. The train losing no time, arrived at that point at one o'clock p. m., on Friday, the 24th instant. I disembarked the men and horses, and encamped at Bellaire for the remainder of the night. On the following day, we patrolled both up and down the banks of the Ohio river for a considerable distance.

"At one o'clock p. m. of that day I was notified by Major General Brookes to place my forces on the cars, and proceed, with the greatest possible haste to Steubenville. However, I did not stop at that point, but passed on to Shanghai, where I again disembarked my command, at seven o'clock p. m. Saturday. From thence I proceeded, along the public road, westwardly, five miles, to the town of Knoxville, at which place I arrived at twelve o'clock in the night. Here I learned that Morgan had already passed through Richmond, west of Knoxville, at four o'clock p. m., of that day, the 25th instant, and was moving in a northeast direction.

"I left Knoxville at four o'clock a. m., on Sunday morning, going northwardly, and joined General Shackleford at 8:00 o'clock a. m., at Hammondville. From thence we proceeded to Salineville, my command taking the advance. At the latter place we learned that Morgan had been seen last at Mooreville, (Monroeville), going eastwardly, on the Beaver creek road, towards Smith's Ford, (Smith's Ferry), on the Ohio river. I was sent, with the advance by General Shackleford, to intercept Morgan, if that was possible, at some point on the above-named road. I started forward, at the rate of seven miles per hour, with my command, which was reduced to three hundred men, by detachments going off to the respective regiments.

"On coming within half a mile of the junction of the Beaver creek road, I was surprised to learn that Morgan was passing the intersection of the roads on a gallop. I then considered the chance of getting up with him rather desperate. I learned, however, from citizens, that a private road led off to the right of the road on which we were moving, and intersected the Beaver creek road at a distance of something over a mile, while Morgan would have to pass two miles on the main road to reach the same point. As Morgan had half a mile on the start of us, we had about equal chances to reach the desired spot at the same time. By throwing down some fences the road was practicable for our purpose, although very rough. I ordered my command to move forward on a double-quick and the order was carried out vigorously, and we moved at the greatest possible speed. I took the advance, accompanied by Captain Pond and Adjutant Pierce, with about twenty privates from Company A, Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry. We dashed forward, over the rough, hilly road, to reach the Beaver creek road about 150 yards in advance of the rebels. I formed my men in a line across the road. Major Graham rapidly closed up the

column, threw down the intervening fences, and a line of battle was soon formed and ready for action on the enemy's front and flank. I had previously ordered Lieutenant Burton, of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, with thirty men, to annoy the rear of the enemy, by following on the main road, and for the further purpose of preventing him from retreating that way. The enemy was thus completely surrounded. Morgan promptly dispatched a flag of truce, which met me in the advance, with a demand that I should surrender my force to him. I told the bearer of the flag to return at once to his commander, and notify him that I demanded an instant and unconditional surrender of his entire force, or else I would forthwith open fire upon him. The rebel bearing the flag of truce left with his demand, and in a few minutes Major Steele of the Confederate Cavalry, was brought to me by Captain Neil, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, who informed me that Morgan had already surrendered to my command.

"I then rode forward to Morgan, and notified him that matters must remain as they were until General Shackleford arrived. It was soon after this that some one present said that the surrender of Morgan had been made to Captain Burbick, and that Morgan claimed to have been paroled, by a special understanding with that officer. Morgan simply stated the fact that he had surrendered, but did not say anything about terms or to whom he considered the surrender made, Major Steele having made the surrender. I was then informed that Captain Burbick—or Beckwith—was a militia officer and a prisoner in the hands of Morgan at the time the pretended surrender and parole was said to have been made. I was informed that the surrender and parole took place at the identical time when Morgan found himself intercepted by my command, and while he was hurrying Captain Burbick (unarmed, along the road as a prisoner of war. I therefore treated this claim as absurd, and held the prisoners until General Shackleford came up which was about an hour after the capture of Morgan, when I placed all at his disposal.

"The number of rebels captured was 384 men rank and file, and about 400 horses. The arms and horses I turned over to Major-General Brookes, at Wellsville.

"I take pleasure in reporting that my entire command acted with the greatest promptness and alacrity. Major Graham, Lieutenant Boynton, and the other gallant officers and men who composed my command, for the time being, are worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon them. I would especially return my thanks to Captain Pond, Adjutant Pierce, and the twenty private soldiers of the advance guard, who by their boldness, merited the position to which they are assigned. Lieutenant Tarr, also, deserves praise for the energetic effort he made to forward his artillery during the various changes of the command, until he was placed in the rear of Adamsville.

GEO. W. RUE,

Major Ninth Kentucky Cavalry.

### MORGAN AT SALINEVILLE.

Salineville is a very long drawn out town. In days before the war it was known commercially for its production of salt, for which it takes its name, and its mud which causes the upper end of the place to be known as "Mudtown." In Indian days streams of strong salt water, flowed from crevices in the rocks along the banks of Big Yellow Creek, and the place was noted for its salt licks. With the coming of the white settlers, came the gathering of the saline fluid, by primitive means of drilling holes, with the drills attached on the ends of long hickory spring poles. The salt water thus secured was boiled in kettles and pans, and the production of salt became its first industry. Salineville is a good old town, known for the sterling worth of its

people, and yet notwithstanding the Saline part of its name, the visitor to the town to-day should take with a great deal of salt the stories told of the Sunday morning John Morgan took the town. When the writer first visited Salineville in 1907, in quest of information concerning Morgan's raid, he became convinced that the people of Salineville were so badly frightened on that eventful Sunday, that many have not gotten over the scare yet, and in some instances the fright has been handed down to the children. Some people will tell you that Morgan captured Salineville, and others that Salineville, with the assistance of one Crabbs, captured Morgan and all his followers. I was told in that town that from twenty-five to thirty of Morgan's cut-throats were killed and wounded in the fight, just on top of the Salineville hill, but I failed to find where the dead were buried. The truth is that the fight occurred nearer Monroeville than Salineville and that none were killed, but a few were wounded, and were later brought into Salineville, as prisoners. This occurred about eight o'clock, Sunday morning.

The only real rebels Salineville saw, or who saw Salineville, were those brought in from Monroeville by Major Way, of the Michigan cavalry, and those who were later captured and taken there by Major George W. Rue.

However, I find some evidence which will permit me to say that one or two scouts from the advance of Morgan's column did get down into Salineville as far as the "old mill," where the road turns up the hill from Main Street towards Monroeville.

### JOHN KIRK'S STORY

John Kirk, a reputable resident, whose words are worthy of credence, lived on the top of the hill near the road leading to Monroeville. Mr. Kirk was a boy of fifteen or sixteen, at the time, and says: "My attention was attracted by the riding of strange men on horseback, along the Salineville-Monroeville road, near our home, going towards Salineville. They were advance scouts, and I am very sure that they got no farther into Salineville than the "old mill" at the foot of the hill, from which point it could be seen that Salineville was full of Union troops, and that it would be utterly impossible for Morgan to get through the town. There was a regiment of Pennsylvania Infantry, scattered at different places throughout the town in commanding positions. These troops arrived soon after daylight. The scouts from Morgan's command immediately turned around and rode back, until they met the main column near the old Burson farm. Soon after these advance troopers rode back towards Monroeville, firing commenced along that road, away out beyond the Burson farm. We were just eating breakfast at the time. The firing continued for some little time, and seemed to be quite spirited. When the shots were first heard, they seemed to be quite a distance away, well over towards Monroeville, but we could tell the combat was gradually coming nearer, because the shots were getting louder and sharper. Presently they ceased altogether. The contest probably lasted for twenty minutes to half an hour. There were a number of the Confederates wounded some pretty badly, but none were killed on either side, in this fight. Some of the wounded were Union men. The Michigan troops captured from twenty to thirty prisoners, all a part of Morgan's rear guard, which he sacrificed in order that he

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

might get away with the rest of his command. He disappeared down over the hill, going in the direction of the West Grove cemetery, where another fight took place, in which two were killed, and a number severely wounded. It was probably about ten o'clock when the prisoners captured on the Monroeville road and the wounded men were all taken into Salineville. The town by this time was filled to overflowing with Union troops, both infantry and cavalry. Salineville was a veritable center of military operations all through that never to be forgotten Sunday. Soon after the fight was over on the Monroeville road, I walked over with others, and picked up several souvenirs of the conflict. In the afternoon, I came down into Salineville. The excitement was still further augmented about the middle of the afternoon, by the report that Morgan had been captured out near the West Beaver church. Another thrill was added when Morgan himself was brought into town, followed later by his men and horses. There was a constant stream of soldiers and people from all parts of the country, for miles around, into town all afternoon and evening. That Sunday night was one Salineville will never forget."

### CARNAHAN'S STORY.

The late Samuel Carnahan, who was a resident of Salineville at the time of Morgan's raid, when interviewed as to his recollections of that Sunday said:

"I am quite confident that some of Morgan's men came down into Salineville, on the Monroeville road as far as the 'old mill,' but they hurriedly wheeled their horses and rode rapidly back up the hill. The first batch of prisoners arrived in Salineville, about ten o'clock in the forenoon. They were captured in and around Monroeville. There were nine or ten wounded in the party of prisoners. They were taken into the warehouse of Pumphry and Irwin, where they were made as comfortable as possible. They were given medical attention, and provided with food. The citizens of Salineville were very kind to the wounded. It was probably half an hour after some of Morgan's men looked into Salineville before there was any shooting out on the Monroeville road. The reports from the firing could plainly be heard in Salineville, and were certainly the cause of great concern in this town. The second lot of prisoners, those taken in the capture, were brought into Salineville between five and six o'clock in the evening. Morgan wore long black whiskers at that time, and was a fine looking man. He was in Salineville only a little while until a special train took him and his officers to Wellsville. They were taken to the Whittacre House, in charge of a guard, made up of portions of the 9th Michigan cavalry and of the 9th Kentucky cavalry. The first prisoners brought in were placed in a camp near the stone bridge. They rode their horses into town. The last lot of prisoners were placed in a camp behind the warehouse of Pumphry and Irwin."

### MRS. IRWIN'S RECOLLECTION.

Mrs. Rebecca Irwin, now of East Liverpool, lived in Salineville at the time of Morgan's raid. When interviewed, Mrs. Irwin said:

"I lived near the depot, in Salineville, over the store of my husband, John M. Irwin, at the time of Morgan's raid. My husband kept a general store, and was a dealer in grain and

wool. There was a warehouse in connection with the store room. Saturday afternoon rumors began to fly through the town that Morgan was surely coming to Salineville. As night drew nearer, the wilder became the rumors. It was a night of excitement, and there was no sleep for anybody, because no one knew at what moment the rebel raiders would ride in through the dark, and burn the town, after robbing the stores, and helping themselves to everything they wanted. Couriers kept coming in every few hours, telling wild tales of what destruction the rebels were causing. Early Sunday morning, probably between six and seven o'clock, a regiment of Pennsylvania infantry was brought to Salineville. This was the first arrival of Union troops. They were distributed at various points throughout the town, awaiting the coming of Morgan. A fight was expected to take place right in the town, and people were warned to flee from their homes to a place of safety. With my two children, my daughter Helen, then a little girl, and Wilbur, a baby in my arms, I was sent by my husband to the home of William Paul, who lived on top of the hill, a little way out of Salineville. The Pauls were relatives and I staid there until about noon, when my husband came and brought me back to town. He informed me that Morgan had gone around Salineville, and was then between Bethesda church and Lisbon. Soldiers were coming and going to and from Salineville, all day long. When I returned home, I found that a number of the wounded raiders had been brought into Salineville and were lying in the warehouse of my husband's store. The warehouse was turned into a temporary hospital, where all were given medical attendance, and plenty to eat. One of the wounded rebels was so badly hurt, that he was taken to the hotel across the street, kept by the Widow Farmer. He remained there for several weeks, before he was able to be moved to Columbus. My mother, Margaret Patterson, afterwards Margaret Coburn, assisted in taking care of the wounded raider. My mother found him to be a very nice man, and a gentleman. She cooked dainties and took to him, because she felt it was her duty as a Christian to be kind to the wounded.

After Morgan and the officers of his command were brought into Salineville, a special train was made up, and I went over to the depot, to have a look at a real live rebel. Morgan was in the last car looking out of the window. I had my little baby boy in my arms. As soon as Morgan noticed me, he said:

'Lady, that's a nice baby you've got. How would you like to name it for me?'

I told him the baby was already named, but not for him. Morgan was a very nice looking man, and while he was laughing and talking with every one, yet he kept a sharp, watchful eye, on the movements of everyone who came near.

It was at least a week before things assumed normal conditions again in Salineville. All that Sunday afternoon and night, people came pouring into town from every direction, the balance of the prisoners were brought in, more Union troops arrived, the soldiers had to be fed, and I recollect that my mother donated all twelve of the loaves of bread she had baked Saturday. Salineville did not have many stores in those days, and the soldiers were supplied through the generosity of the Salineville people from their homes. It was certainly

the most exciting event connected with the history of the town."

### MRS. PATTERSON'S BIG KNIFE.

From another citizen of Salineville, it is learned that a Mrs. Patterson, quite a large and very strong woman, of a different family than Mrs. Irwin, secured a long, sharp butcher knife, which she came down the street brandishing in a vicious manner, and when she reached the station, where the Confederate general had just arrived cried out as she flourished the knife:

"Where is Morgan? Where is he? Let me at him."

It is said that Morgan at once began to watch her, his eyes snapping. He turned to one of the guards from the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, and said in a tone of authority:

"Keep that woman away." The guards at once relieved Mrs. Patterson of the ugly looking knife, but they could not control her tongue, and she kept up a continuous tongue-lashing of all rebels, and those present especially, until the train pulled out. It is related that the Confederate general, watched every movement of Mrs. Patterson very closely. He seemed to be fearful of some sudden unlooked for assault. He was very glad when the train began to move and he was leaving Salineville. An hour later he was a prisoner of war in the Whittacre House in Wellsville, the headquarters of General Brookes.

### MORGAN AT WELLSVILLE.

When Morgan arrived in Wellsville, the Sunday of the capture, he was taken first to the office of J. N. McCullough, in the Bean house better known as the railway eating house. Mr. McCullough was superintendent of the C. & P. R. R. and Gen. Brookes had been invited to establish his headquarters there, so as to be near the telegraph operators. Wellsville was the end of the Cleveland division of the railroad, and the train dispatcher's office was in the same building. Wellsville in those days had telegraph facilities equal to those of Cleveland or Pittsburgh, and some of the very best operators in the country were on duty there.

Later in the evening Morgan and the members of his staff were taken to the Whittacre House, located on the corner now occupied by the People's National Bank. The hotel fronted on the park between Front street and the railroad, and over looked the Ohio river, whose waters washed the shore of the railroad embankment. The hotel was owned and operated by the late Thomas W. Whittacre, and his family. Mr. Whittacre was a lieutenant of the 104th O. V. L., the late Gen. Reilly's regiment, and he happened to be home at the time.

### H. H. WHITTACRE'S STORY.

Mr. Harve H. Whittacre, the oldest of Mr. Whittacre's sons, tells the following very interesting story:

"I was a boy over ten years of age at the time of Morgan's raid, and my recollections of what occurred are very vivid. On Saturday, July 25, 1863, Gen. Brookes arrived in Wellsville, and established headquarters at the railway station.

There was intense excitement in Wellsville that afternoon, and all night long messages were coming to headquarters, telling of Morgan's whereabouts. Scouts were sent out in all directions. All kinds of wild rumors were in cir-

## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

ulation. One was that Morgan was coming down big Yellow Creek, and would attempt to cross the river at either the mouth of the creek or Wellsville.

Saturday night, what was known as the McCullough regiment was hastily made up of railroad men employed at the shops, and residents of Wellsville. This bunch of home defenders was sent to the mouth of Yellow Creek by a special train, and they established headquarters at McElvaney's old stone tavern, which they proceeded to turn into a fort. They took two pieces of artillery from Wellsville, which were loaded with hand-made grape shot, made from boiler punchings secured in P. F. Geisse's machine shop. Both guns were made in Wellsville, one by P. F. Geisse and Dick Springer, and is now owned by the city of Wellsville. The other was made by J. S. Vantine, a foreman in the Wellsville C. & P. shops. One of the surviving members of the McCullough troops, who was quite prominent in the organization of defenders, is Charles Boyce, now of Salt Lake City.

Our hotel was filled with guns, sabers, and war equipment of every description. To me, as a boy, it certainly did look good, and when General Morgan and members of his staff came to our hotel about five o'clock that Sunday afternoon, as prisoners of war, I was surely seeing things. The double parlors on the first floor were given Morgan and his officers. These rooms were the best in the house, and faced on Riverside avenue, overlooking the river and the West Virginia hills on the opposite shore. Morgan slept in room 64, and Major Castleman, the next in rank, in 65. Other officers may have shared the room with Major Castleman, because our hotel was crowded to its utmost capacity. Morgan and all the members of his staff were very tired, dirty and travel stained.

Supper was served to them in their rooms. I remember that they seemed to be very hungry. They were all given courteous and hospitable treatment during their entire stay at our hotel. Both Union and Confederate officers, filled every nook and corner of the hotel. It seemed as though we never would find them enough to eat. I am sure my mother did not go to bed that night, and it was long after midnight before I found time to lie down and rest. I was called soon after four o'clock along with my brother Ed.

It was customary in those days for guests at a hotel to put their boots outside the door of their rooms, and were supposed to be shined without extra charge, being included in the hotel bill for room and meals. I don't think I ever saw so many boots to be shined as we found the next morning. I am sure there must have been over sixty pairs. They were all taken down to the washroom and cleaned by the porters and myself. It was part of my duty to assist and have charge of that part of running the hotel. I personally reserved for myself the privilege of shining General Morgan's boots. I do not remember whether I was given a tip or not. Tips were few and far between, and were seldom larger than five cents in scrip. Silver money had entirely disappeared, and war time fractional currency had taken its place.

General Morgan had among his personal effects two solid silver spurs. It is said he had worn them during the Mexican war. One of the spurs at least is still in Wellsville, for I have seen it several times since that memorable Sunday. The other one may also be still in Wellsville. One of the porters temporarily

employed at the hotel, at that time, had occasion to visit Morgan's room; in fact, he was in and out of the room several times. He felt that his services to the General and staff ought to be remembered in some way. Watching a good opportunity he relieved the General of his silver spurs, which had been removed while his boots were being shined. The fellow retained one of the spurs and gave the other to a friend.

For courtesies extended by my father and mother to General Morgan during his stay at our hotel the general presented my father with a saber, scabbard and belt. At my father's death it came into my possession, and I still have it. It has been temporarily loaned to the historical society at Erie, Pennsylvania. It will be on exhibition there during the centennial celebration of Commodore Perry's victory, July 4th to 10th, this year, 1913. When it is returned to me I shall probably place it in the historical room of Carnegie Library, East Liverpool, where the surrender tree has been placed by my old friend, the late Will L. Thompson.

During the evening there were a number of attempts made by persons calling at our hotel, to obtain an interview with General Morgan, or enjoy an opportunity to see what a real rebel looked like. I remember one incident relating to the general desire to see Morgan, which showed that the General was a man of humor. I will not mention any names, but one of the callers, who was extremely anxious to see Morgan, was an ex-mayor of Wellsville. He had the reputation of being a good dresser, and on this occasion he donned a spotless white linen suit, with a snowy white shirt front, gold shirt buttons, well starched standing collar, black silk tie, and a long solid gold watch chain around his neck. He was unable to get a pass from General Brookes to see the Confederate raider. Two Union soldiers were on guard in the hotel office, and two in the hallway, outside the doorway leading to the room assigned to the noted prisoner of war. The guards were obstinate, and refused to recognize the gentleman's request to be allowed to go into the room, because he was an ex-mayor of the village. After all the gentleman's persuasive powers had been exhausted upon those in authority, the visitor appealed to my father, and said:

"Tom, I must see Morgan. Can't you get me in? I want to meet him."

Morgan had just sent a request to the hotel office for a pitcher of ice water, and I was just putting the ice in the jug, which my father noticed. Turning to the ex-mayor of the village, he said:

"Sam, how would you like to be bell boy for a little while?"

"Give me the pitcher" was the reply, and his honor started through the hallway, with a pitcher of ice water in one hand and his well-brushed, shining, high black silk hat in the other. Perhaps the guards were deceived. Perhaps they appreciated the ruse adopted by the visitor. When he approached the guard, he said:

"I am connected with this hotel, and I am conveying a pitcher of ice water to General Morgan, at his request."

He succeeded in gaining admittance to Morgan's presence.

The Confederate raider looked up, and after inspecting the intruder from head to foot, said:

"Who are you? Why am I thus honored?" The reply was, "I am the bellboy. I have brought you a pitcher of ice water. I am the ex-....."

Morgan interrupted the speaker at this point and said:

"Well, sir; this hotel employs the d—dest best dressed bellboys of any hotel I ever stopped at. I thank you for the pitcher of water."

The ex-official enjoyed the situation as much as the well known Confederate. He has been dead a number of years, and he always enjoyed telling how he got to see Morgan, and how the General received him.

All during that Sunday night, the greatest excitement prevailed in Wellsville. Early in the evening a very heavy guard of union troops was placed around our hotel, as well as the entire block. The soldiers were stationed only a few feet apart, and shortly before midnight, an outer guard of union sentinels, was thrown around the inner guard. The guards inside of the hotel, in the hallways, and at all the doorways, having an outside entrance, were made doubly strong. Every precaution was used to prevent an escape or rescue of the prisoners. Whether those in command of the union forces had an inkling of an attempt to rescue Morgan during the night, I have no knowledge, but no chances were taken.

My brother Edward, can tell a story of an attempt to rescue the Confederate raider that was told him not long ago by a former resident of Wellsville living here that Sunday night, but for many years since a resident of California.

I hear that a pair of handcuffs have been presented to the East Liverpool Historical Society, which it is claimed were used on General Morgan, after his capture, and in escorting him to the Ohio penitentiary. There were no handcuffs on Morgan when he was brought to our hotel, and none on him at any time while he was our guest. He was not handcuffed when he left our hotel for the train. He was a prisoner of war, and was treated so far as I had opportunity to observe, with the utmost courtesy, by the union officers and soldiers. The escort had the bayonets fixed on their guns, and the guns were loaded. Morgan was unarmed, and it would have been useless for him to attempt to escape.

For many days after Morgan's capture, the creek bottom at Wellsville, was alive with maimed, crippled and worn out horses, which were corralled awaiting the claim of possible owners. Some were afterwards given away, and many a boy in Wellsville that summer owned a horse who never expected to own one. Some of them were dear as a gift.

### PLOT FOR MORGAN'S ESCAPE.

The details of an alleged attempt to rescue Morgan, while at Wellsville that Sunday night, have recently been disclosed to the writer, by Mr. Edward G. Whittacre, of Wellsville, the youngest son of the proprietor of the Whittacre House, where Morgan slept that night. Mr. Whittacre tells a very interesting story, and it is given as related by him to the writer. He said:

"My brother has told the story of Morgan's entertainment at my father's hotel. I will not enter into any of the details concerning that event, as it would only be a repetition of what I have heard him narrate.

There was living in Wellsville, at that time, a well known person, whose name I do not care to give for publication. However, I will give



## THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.

it to you in confidence, for I know that you knew him quite well. In fact, he was known by all the people of the upper Ohio valley, living here during the early sixties. While he had quite extensive dealings with the U. S. government, in a business way, yet it is known that his sympathies were always with the South. He left here a number of years ago, and made his home in California. He is now dead.

He claimed that there were five persons connected with the contemplated escape of Morgan. He mentioned some names to me, and they were always suspicioned of being heartily in sympathy with the Southern Confederacy. They are all dead now, and out of respect for their children, I will give no names for publication. I tell the story as it was told to me.

While in California, a few years ago, I met the former well known resident of Wellsville, I had not seen him for a long time. As I was in the town where he was then living for several days, I arranged to spend an evening with him, and during a conversation, concerning Wellsville, and the happenings back at his old home, he said:

### A CONFESSION.

"Ed, I'm going to tell you a story in connection with Morgan's Raid, which I have never before mentioned to a living person, except to the five persons connected with the affair. The others are all dead. I think your father, perhaps, had a suspicion of the plot, and perhaps was responsible for the guards being doubled around the hotel shortly before midnight. This interfered with our operations, and frustrated our plans. I had been approached in the earlier part of the evening, by one of the others, whom I think conceived the plot. I was requested to assist in the escape of Morgan. After the plans were made known to me, I consented. Part of the work assigned to me, was the taking of a good horse, with saddle and bridle, to the opposite side of the river, in West Virginia. The old ferry-boat had been making continuous trips, all day and evening. Many Virginians were coming and going to and from Wellsville, I had the horse in readiness, tied in a secluded spot, on top of the river bank, a short distance below the Hamiltontown landing. I secured a skiff, from a friend on that side of the river, fitted with oar-locks for two pair of oars. I told him I had some friends visiting me from West Virginia, who would want to stay in Wellsville longer than the ferry-boat would likely run. I don't think the owner of the ferry ever suspicioned what I wanted that skiff for that night. I paid him for the boat out of my own pocket.

### BOAT AND HORSE WAITING.

My part of the preparation for Morgan's escape was all performed some time before midnight. I had the boat locked to a stone anchor at the water's edge, over the river bank, opposite the hotel, which was hardly more than two hundred feet from where the boat was fastened. The boat could not be seen from the hotel, or the little park between the railroad and the hotel. I had the boat waiting, and I had the horse ready. The plan was to gain access to the roof of the Whittacre House, from the roof of the building adjoining. I had provided a rope of sufficient length, and the plan was to let this rope down from the roof, in front of the window of the room which Morgan was occupying. It was found to be almost impossible to find a means to communicate

with Morgan, and inform him to be on the lookout for the rope. There were no street lights in the town, at that time, hence the streets were quite dark, except from the lights within the hotel, and within the homes nearby. It seemed as though nobody wanted to go to bed that night. It was found to be almost impossible to gain access to the roofs of the buildings adjoining the hotel, until after the streets became vacated and the people went to their homes. I was in and out of the hotel several times during the evening. I was not one of those assigned to go on the roof. I did not go to bed at all that night, and I kept the others posted from time to time as to the prospects for successfully rescuing Morgan. I do not remember seeing any of the others around the hotel that night. They had headquarters in an office, not far away on Main street. Every time I went into the hotel your father looked at me in a way that made me nervous. I have always thought he knew I was there for no good. I am quite certain he watched me very closely. Before the second guard was placed around the hotel, it was easy to approach and enter the buildings adjoining. It was apparent to me soon after midnight that there was no hope for getting Morgan out of the hotel, or even informing him that he had friends who were planning for his escape. It would have been very dangerous for those who would venture onto the roof of the hotel. They would surely have been shot by some of the union soldiers, for they seemed to be very vigilant. We were forced to abandon our scheme for the escape of Morgan."

### WOMEN KISSED MORGAN.

In conclusion Mr. Whittacre said further: "All during the war there was considerable sympathy for the southern cause in Wellsville. The Wellsville Patriot was very outspoken in its condemnation of the policy pursued by President Lincoln and the North. The editor was very bitter in his attacks at times and said some nasty things about the union soldiers, which came within an ace of causing him to lose his life, on one occasion, when a bunch of union soldiers got after him with a rope. They surely intended to hang him. Soon afterwards he left Wellsville, and went to the eastern shore of Maryland, where he could publish a newspaper more to his liking without being molested. It is said his newspaper plant was partly wrecked by the infuriated soldiers. This sympathy was not confined to the men alone. I saw two southern women, both from Kentucky, who happened to be in Wellsville, at the time Morgan was here, embrace and kiss him publicly, on the platform at the railway station. One of these women is now the wife of a well-known business man in Pittsburgh. I saw Morgan arrive on the train from Salineville; saw him taken to the railway eating house; saw him taken to Superintendent J. N. McCullough's office; saw him brought to our hotel; saw him taken away to the train, and I never saw handcuffs used on Morgan or any of his staff. It was not customary, I understand, to hand cuff prisoners of war."



### MORGAN'S BRONZE STATUE.

A bronze statue erected to the memory of General John H. Morgan was unveiled at Lexington, Kentucky, Wednesday, October 18, 1911. It cost \$15,000, and the money was raised by the Kentucky division of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It was their tribute to General John Hunt Morgan, the Kentuckian.

Mrs. W. M. Bateman, is said to have been the originator of the movement to erect the statue, and she was chairman of the state committee selected to take charge of the affair, and raise the funds. The full cost was contributed and all bills were paid before the statue was unveiled. The contributions were general from all over the southland, and were so numerous that no very large contributions were necessary. The statue is illustrated on the last cover page.

The flower of the blue grass rode with Morgan, in all of his conflicts. They joined him when he left Lexington in '61. They rode with him in victory and defeat. Basil W. Duke and John B. Castleman rode with Morgan when he crossed the Ohio river into Indiana in '63. They rode with Morgan into and nearly across the state of Ohio. Duke was captured at Buffington's Island, and Castleman rode with his chief to the finish, reaching the farthest point north attained by any armed Confederates.

General Duke and General Castleman marched at the head of the Morgan veterans, few in number, once more through the streets of Lexington, on the day the statue was unveiled. Morgan rode with them in spirit. The flower of the blue grass rode once more with Morgan.

Miss Henrietta Hunt Henning, a granddaughter of General Basil Duke, was sponsor in the unveiling ceremonies. Miss Mary Crane Hone, granddaughter of General John B. Castleman, was one of the three maids of honor. Miss Eliza Bennett Young, daughter of Col. Bennett H. Young, and Miss Mary Louise Chase, granddaughter of Captain Edward Taylor, were also maids of honor.

Doctor Guy Carleton Lee, of Baltimore, was orator of the day, and he paid an eloquent tribute to the gallant leader of Kentucky, in whose memory the women of Kentucky caused to be erected the statue unveiled that day. It is the pride of Lexington, and occupies a most prominent position in one of the monumental squares of that beautiful city, with its magnificent homes and lovely blue grass lawns.

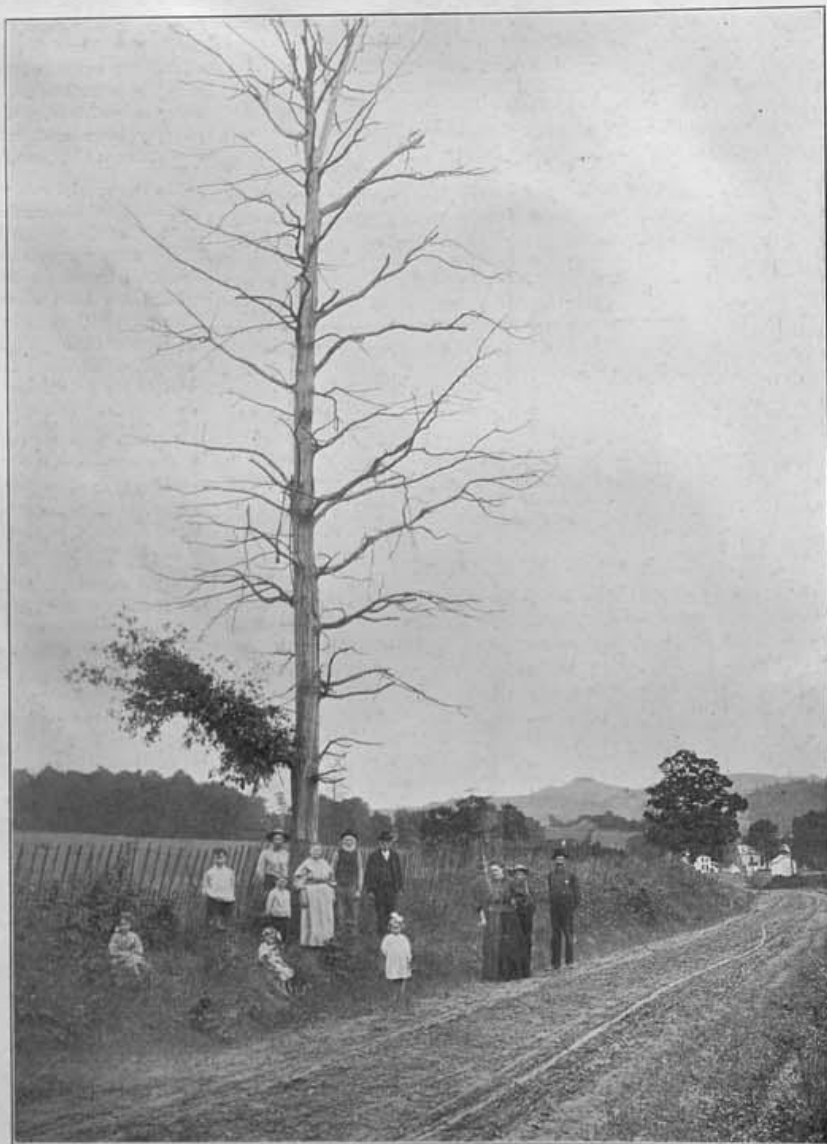
Morgan is a "Raider" no more. He is Morgan, a Kentuckian now.

NOTE—Major Rue, who has since died, made the statement at the unveiling of the surrender monument, that Morgan "first enlisted on the Union side, and fought for the north at the battle of Stone river." This cannot be true, and Major Rue was surely mistaken. He was quite feeble when he came to the dedication of the surrender monument, and died a few months later. Gen'l Basil Duke says: "Morgan was captain of the Lexington Rifles, and joined the Confederate army at Bowling Green, September 20, 1861, followed by nearly every member of his Lexington company."

I can find no evidence that Morgan was in Congress at the breaking out of the war. Major Rue was in error also in that statement.

J. H. SIMMS.

THE LAST DAY OF MORGAN'S RAID.



—Photo by Sam'l T. Catex.

David Crubaugh and his grandchildren, with other members of his family, from photograph taken a few months before his death, under "Surrender Tree," showing West Beaver Church in the distance

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