

57
A
COMPLETE ACCOUNT
OF THE
JOHN MORGAN RAID
THROUGH
KENTUCKY, INDIANA AND OHIO,
IN JULY, 1863.

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PRICE 25 CENTS.
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PUBLISHED BY
FLORA E. SIMMONS.
1863.

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Ancient History.

The BUCKEYE arises, in all the indignation which the occasion seems to demand, to inquire if Lisbon is to be ruthlessly deprived of all the honor she acquired as the scene of military activity during the civil war. Here is the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, one of the leading papers of the State, and usually accepted as authority, declaring, in the course of a lurid panegyric upon General Hobson, on the occasion of a banquet tendered to that distinguished Kentucky loyalist, that Hobson "caught Morgan and his army at Buffington Island, Ohio." Such a misstatement of a well known fact in the history of the civil war is calculated to cause the mortal remains of the late Captain "Jim" Burbick to turn in their grave. Burbick always claimed that he captured Morgan. However that may be, there can be no doubt that Morgan was captured on what is known as the Burbick farm, about three miles southwest of this city. When Morgan discovered, immediately after leaving the vicinity of Cincinnati, that he would be exceedingly fortunate if he escaped with his command and was able to rejoin the Confederate forces in the South, he bent all his energies toward recrossing the Ohio river. This was rendered very difficult by the fact that the stream was being patrolled by Federal gunboats. At Buffington Island, below Marietta, he sought to make a crossing, but was overtaken by the combined forces of Hobson and the "home-guards," or "squirrel hunters," as they were called, and a severe engagement followed. Morgan escaped with three or four hundred of his men, but the larger portion of his command was captured, a very few succeeding in forcing a passage of the

river. Morgan then started again on his march, still having the purpose of crossing the river, and at no time during his succeeding movements was he more than a few miles from the stream, being finally compelled, as noted, by the fact that his men and horses were worn out and unable to go further, to surrender near this city.

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INTRODUCTORY.

The bearer, Miss Flora E. Simmons, respectfully offers this singular book for your perusal, and would state that for several years she has entirely supported her aged, infirm mother, by selling various articles on the cars. Thanking a generous public for a liberal patronage, and also the several railroad superintendents who have generously assisted me in my endeavors, and still soliciting a further continuance of your generous patronage,

I am gratefully yours,

FLORA E. SIMMONS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The bearer of this, Miss FLORA E. SIMMONS, is an honest, industrious girl, and in every respect worthy of your patronage. She supports herself and mother from the proceeds of her sales. Please buy.

W. R. ARTHUR,

Sup't Illinois Central R. R.

E. W. WOODWARD,

Sup't L. M. & Col. & X. R. R.

R. N. BROWN,

Sup't Buff. & State Line R. R.

C. L. ROBINSON,

Sup't West. Div. Erie R. R.

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P R E F A C E.

The history of the war of the Great Rebellion is remarkably rich in adventures of the most daring and romantic character. The term "Raid," a word imported from Scotland, signifying a hostile or predatory incursion has been very appropriately applied to expeditions composed principally of cavalry, sent from both the union and rebel armies beyond the enemy's lines; the main object of which is to cut off railroad and telegraph communications, and burn bridges, and generally to distress the enemy as much as possible by destroying his property.

These raids have been numerous on both sides, and several of them deservedly famous, not only for the success that has attended, them, but for the bold and dashing manner of their execution. The rebels, from their superiority at first in cavalry, inaugurated "raids," but the Union armies quickly learned the art, and Yankee-like, "improved" upon the example set them by the enemy. Stuart, the noted cavalry leader of the rebel army of Virginia, made the first grand raid. When Gen. McClellan occupied the line of the Chicahominy, Stuart, starting from Richmond on the left, made the complete detour of McClellan's rear, attacking a railroad train at White House, and destroying considerable Government property. He found his way back to the rebel right in safety, crossing the James river in some manner which has

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never yet been satisfactorily explained. During McClellan's Maryland Campaign, Stuart again "surrounded" the Army of the Potomac.

But this season the rebels have been badly beaten at their own game. We may mention, as the most successful of the Union raids, that of Grierson, who marched unobstructed from Tennessee, south, through the richest and most populous portion of the State of Mississippi, coming out at New Orleans, after having done the rebels irreparable injury. Several splendid dashes at the great Richmond and Memphis railroad have been made by our light troopers. The expeditions more recently sent out from Newberne, N. C., operating on the rebel railroad communications between Richmond and Charleston, are worthy of mention. In connection with these expeditions, the achievements of the 2d N. Y. Cavalry, from Rochester, under command of Lt. Col. Geo. W. Lewis, of the same city, are worthy of special praise.

The expedition of Col. Straight from Tennessee into Georgia was well conceived, but had an unlucky termination, he and his entire command having been captured near Rome, but not before he had so spoiled the enemy as to arouse in them a more than ordinary desire for vengeance; and they threw Col. Straight and his officers into their most loathsome dungeons, utterly refusing to treat them as prisoners of war, thus violating one of the rules of civilized warfare, and one which they themselves have insisted upon in the strongest manner.

THE JOHN MORGAN RAID.

But none of the raids which have flashed a lurid glare upon the lowering clouds of this stupendous war have equalled in brilliancy of conception, in bold and reckless daring, and the temporary success of its execution, than that commanded by John H. Morgan, the notorious horse thief and marauder of Kentucky. The expedition left Sparta, a town about eighty miles east, and a little South of Nashville, on the 27th of June. The command comprised a force, according to Morgan's adjutant, whose report, published in the Richmond Enquirer, is included in this compilation, numbering 2,028 effective men, with four peices of artillery. The rebel adjutant either under-rates the number of the command when it started, or, what is more probable, it received large accessions while passing through Kentucky. From Sparta, Morgan marched almost due North about 130 miles to Lebanon, Kentucky, crossing the Cumberland river at Burkesville on the night of July 2d. The boats used to cross were canoes and "dugouts" improvised for the occasion. Shortly after getting over they were met by a force of Union cavalry under Col. Hobson, which was however brushed aside, and the column pursued its way triumphant Northward, "gobbling up" in its course the advance of Col. Wolford's famous Kentucky cavalry, dispersing it and killing and wounding several men.

Morgan met with no serious obstacle to his march until he arrived at Stockdale, on the Green river, where the Union troops were defended by abatis and rifle pits. Morgan's command was here repulsed with serious loss, including several leading officers, among others Col.

Chenault and Major Brent. Eleven commissioned officers were killed and nine wounded in the affair. Morgan then moved on to Lebanon, which he reached on Sunday, July 5th. This place is of considerable importance, from the fact that it is terminus of a branch railroad, connecting with the main southern line from Louisville, about thirty miles south of that city, and is made a depot for army stores. The place fell into Morgan's hands after a hard fight of five hours, and a great quantity of stores were destroyed by him. Lieut. Tom. Morgan, a brother of the General, and the idol of the entire command, fell here. After leaving Lebanon the expedition bore to the left, and taking a north-west course marched rapidly for the Ohio river, which they reached at Brandensburgh on the 7th. This place is seventy miles from Lebanon, and one hundred and twenty below Louisville.

Early on Wednesday morning, July, 8th, Morgan's advance under Capt. Samuel Taylor, had succeeded in capturing two fine steamers, the J. T. McCoombs and the Alice Dean, by means of which he effected a crossing into Indiana. The following particulars of the capture of the steamers and the passage across the river, are from the graphic account by the Cincinnati Gazette :

"The steamer J. T. McCoombs which is or rather was, a regular packet running in the Louisville and Henderson trade, stopped at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon as they came up the river, at Brandenburgh (as is their usual custom,) for the purpose of putting off and taking on passengers and freight. There was nothing unusual about the appearance of the place, nor had they heard that there was any danger apprehended from the approach of rebels; so that without a shade of suspicion they rounded to and drew up at the wharf boat. The instant the boat touched, thirty or forty Confederate soldiers, fully armed and equipped, who had been concealed on the wharf boat, jumped on board the steamer and took possession of the boat, the

captain and crew being unarmed, and consequently powerless to offer any resistance. There were some forty or fifty passengers on the boat, and they were ordered on shore and secreted, while the engineers and pilots were kept on board, a guard being placed over them to see that they obeyed every order given by the rebel captain in command. The boat still laid to at the wharf boat, and there was at first some anxiety among the passengers to know what the next move of the rebels would be, but their object was soon made manifest, as in a short time the steamer Alice Dean—the pride of Cincinnati river men and the finest boat now running in the Memphis trade, came gracefully rounding the bend of the river. It was soon evident that the Dean intended making no stoppage at Brandenburg, so the McCoombs was headed out just in time to touch her bows, when the rebels, who still concealed on the McCoombs, jumped on board the Dean and effected the capture of that boat also. The passengers were then liberated, with instructions that they were not to leave the town, around which pickets had been posted to give warning of any approach, as well as to prevent the departure of those in the place. Before letting them go, however, they assured them that all private property would be respected, and they returned to the various owners about \$10,000, which had been placed in the safe of the boat for safe-keeping. On going into the town they passed thirty or forty more men in possession of the place, under the command of Captain Taylor, formerly of Louisville; the force under his command forming the advance guard of Morgan's army.

“About sundown, a rebel Lieutenant came down to Captain Ballard of the McCoombs, and Captain Pepper of the Dean, and told them he had the honor of informing them that General John Morgan had arrived in the city, and had made the Ashcraft House his headquarters. Our informants made use of their time and the liberty which had

been granted them in inspecting the rebel army and its equipments. The estimate the number of the rebels under Morgan, their estimation being grounded on their own personal observation, at from six to seven thousand men, while at the same time it may possibly be ten thousand; but they believe their own calculation to be the more correct. The men were all in excellent condition, and were accompanied by a battery of eight 24-pounder steel rifled guns. The same evening of the capture one of the guns was placed on the steamer J. T. McCoombs, and defences were hastily constructed on her bulwarks with baled hay.

“The news of the capture having reached across the river a company of Home Guards from Indiana, numbering about forty-five men, marched down to the river the next morning with a 6-pounder gun, and commenced firing across the river into the rebel encampment; but Morgan sent a party of men to cross over the river some way down the stream, and these, by making a considerable detour succeeded in coming unawares on the Home Guards in their rear, killing four of them and taking the rest prisoners. At a later hour Morgan commenced transporting his men to the Indiana side, using the two captured boats for that purpose. In the afternoon of Wednesday, while they were engaged in this work, our informants succeeded in slipping out unperceived, and instantly set out toward New Albany. They had not gone far before they saw an “iron-clad” gunboat coming down the river, which had been sent down by Commodore Fitch from New Albany, immediately on receipt of the news of the trouble. Hailing the boat, a yawl was sent on shore for the party, and they all went on board and went down the river toward the rebel encampment. When they got within about two miles of Brandenburg, a rebel battery, which was planted on the shore, opened on them, while another battery, some way down, commenced throwing shells at them, at such a dis-

tance that the armament of the boat was useless to her, the rebels firing ten-second shells, while she had only five-second ones. Seeing that the rebel force was much greater than was supposed, and that a conflict with such overwhelming strength must be worse than useless, the gunboat rounded head up stream, and returned toward New Albany. When she came to within five or six miles of that place she met the steamers Gray Eagle and St. Louis going down with some six or eight hundred men of the 71st Indiana Regiment on board. Steaming down the river again, the trio drew up about the same place as the gunboat had done on her first trip, received a similar fire from the land batteries, made a reconnoissance which convinced them that the five or six hundred men they had would make a poor show against the rebel hordes massed together on either bank, and the whole party once more headed toward New Albany, to wait for reinforcements.

“The rebels in Brandenburg were very free in their conversations with the inhabitants. One rebel captain stated without the least reserve that the real object they had in view was to cut the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad so as to cut off direct communication between Cairo and Louisville and Cincinnati, and this was only a precautionary measure for other and far more important military movements. They seem to anticipate a glorious time in Indiana, expressing the intention of burning and destroying everything that lies in the line of their march, irrespective of party or creed; so that it is possible our Butternut neighbors in Indiana may be induced to hold different views of their “outraged and ill-used, but misguided, Southern brethren”—and may even be brought to regard them with feelings of bitterness and dislike. Brandenburg itself, is a little town, situated high up on the crest of a hill; the majority of the inhabitants are said to be strongly secesh, while there are at the same time some few who are and have always been strong loyal men. Of

these, the most influential, perhaps, is Mr. Ashcroft, proprietor of the Ashcroft House and of the wharf boat, who in addition holds the position of enrolling officer under the Conscription Act. This latter circumstance has rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the secesh inhabitants, and the arrival of their Southern friends gave them the idea that now was the time for them to rid themselves of the presence of a man they hated. Hastily collecting a crowd together they went to his house to take him out and hang him. He, however, hid away between the ceiling and the roof of his house until the search had been abandoned, and then with the help of a friend, (unfortunately a secessionist,) succeeded in effecting his escape."

MORGAN'S RAID IN INDIANA.

With the aid of the two steamers it took Morgan from 8 o'clock, Wednesday morning, July 8th, to 7 o'clock, Thursday morning, to ferry his force over the river.—The rebels were then ungracious enough to set fire to the Alice Dean, which was entirely destroyed, the crew being put on board the Lady Pike and permitted to escape. The other steamer was released, the captain reporting the rebel force which crossed, to number five thousand, with five thousand one hundred horses. The movement over the river was not effected without opposition, which, however, was too slight to even delay

it. A small detachment of the Home Guard, was put to flight by an advanced rebel regiment, the latter capturing a fine Parrot gun.

In the mean time the federal commanders were by no means idle. But the difficulty was where to concentrate upon the enemy, who moved as fast as horseflesh could carry him, and whose aims and objects could not be clearly divined. When Morgan first broke into Kentucky, it was supposed that he was either making for Lexington or Louisville, both of which lay in his path, or it might be that his movement was but another one of his horse stealing excursions, this time on a grand scale. No one dreamed that he had the temerity to cross the Ohio into a country swarming with enemies, who had every resource at hand to block his advance and cut off his retreat. As soon as it was known that he had crossed into Indiana, every means were taken by Gen. Burnside to surround him. The gunboats *Moose* and *Victory*, were sent forward from New Albany, and strong detachments from the Union force stationed at Louisville, were ordered to follow. Morgan gave out that it was his intention to move on Indianapolis, which lays almost due north from Brandenburg, and large bodies of Union troops were concentrated to cover the capital of Indiana. Morgan did not delay a moment at the river, but pushed directly northward to Cosydon, the shire town of Harrison county. Here he met a body of State militia, of whom he captured a considerable number and dispersed the remainder. Passing on to the North through Salisbury and Palmyra, he arrived at Salem, the capital of Washington county, on Friday, the 10th. Morgan kept himself well posted as to the movements made to intercept him, and he learned at Salem that it would be entirely impracticable for him to get much nearer to Indianapolis, that large bodies of federal cavalry were closing in on his rear, and he concluded to turn a square corner to the eastward. He remained

at Salem long enough, however, to destroy the railroad bridge and tear up the track for two miles. At the same time he sent a detachment to Seymour, some twenty-five miles to the north-east, where the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad crosses the road from Louisville to Indianapolis, who burned two bridges and the depot at that place, and did what injury they could to the track. A railroad train narrowly escaped capture at Salem, being chased three miles by the cavalry, but got away by backing the engine. Morgan pushed for Lexington, the capital of Scott county, twenty-five miles east, travelling all night and arriving there at daylight Saturday morning. On his way he crossed the Indianapolis railroad at Vienna, where he burned the depot and damaged the track. From Lexington the rebels turned north again toward Vernon, the capital of Jennings county. But they ascertained that a force of militia was stationed there too heavy for them to encounter, and after skirmishing for a feint, their main body made a detour of the town, and returned southward as far as Dupont, on the Madison and Columbus railroad. Morgan made every thing in the railway line near Vernon smoke. He cut the road between Vernon and Seymour on the west, Vernon and Lawrenceburg on the east, Vernon and Madison on the south, and Vernon and Columbus on the north, and burned all the buildings he could reach.

At this time it was believed to be Morgan's intention to attack Jefferson, opposite Louisville, where there is an immense depot of Government stores, and then effect his escape back to Kentucky, at or near Weedsport, higher up the river. Hence was explained his anxiety to interrupt the passage of troops by cutting all the railroads to the northward. Gen. Burnside therefore notified the managers of the Louisville mail boat line that they ought not to send out their boats unless they were properly armed to defend themselves, for Morgan might with his cavalry

bring them to, and after using them in carrying his men and horses across the river, might destroy them.

He also issued an order suspending all communication by water between Louisville and Cincinnati, until the presence of a sufficient number of gunboats should render navigation between the two places secure.

General Hobson was in command of a large force of cavalry and mounted infantry in Morgan's rear, but having to move on the arc of the circle, while Morgan made short cuts, failed to come up with him. The river was guarded by gunboats, and everybody believed that short work would be made of the horse thieves.

As a matter of interest, and to show the excitement caused by the presence of Morgan north of the Ohio, we give the following from the Indianapolis Sentinel of Friday, July 10th:

THE NEWS FROM THE BORDER AND ITS EFFECT HERE.

"The effect produced by the news from the border on Wednesday night, did not die out, and yesterday morning the several Wards completed the organization of companies, some of them raising two.

"About noon the following General Order was posted up around the city in all conspicuous places:

"In order to provide against possible danger it is requested that all places of business in Indianapolis be closed this afternoon at three o'clock, and that all able bodied white male citizens will form themselves into companies, and arm themselves with such arms as they can procure, and endeavor to acquaint themselves with military tactics. The telegraph office, daily newspaper printing offices and family groceries are excepted from this request.

O. P. MORTON,

Governor and Commander-in-Chief."

"The request of the Governor to suspend business was very generally complied with. We do not know of an

exception. Squads of men repaired to the State House, grove and other points, and nothing was heard but the rub-a-dub of drums and the tramp of men, and the sharp commands of drill officers.

“Dispatches continued to arrive from New Albany and other points south, confirming those already published, and these all tended to add to the military enthusiasm. We do not believe that our citizens were alarmed—at least for the safety of our own beautiful city, but it was considered right to be prepared for any emergency, and be in a condition to give aid to our sister cities on the border.

“Morgan, we learn, boasts that he can take New Albany and Indianapolis also, and that he will reach here to-day. If he means to make a pilgrimage here he is bigger fool than he has yet shown himself to be. Such a raid would not pay, and he is shrewd enough to know it. His object if he really has crossed with the force represented, is most likely to be to take New Albany and then destroy the public stores at Jeffersonville, and throw a few shells at Louisville by way of bravado.

“We do not know the force at Louisville, but Morgan undoubtedly does, and if it is too strong for him he will try to get back by the way he came with all speed.

“The Governor has ordered military organizations in all the counties south of the National Road, and it is said that martial law has been declared in the border tier of counties, but of this last we are not officially advised.

ORDER FROM GEN. WILCOX.

HEADQ'RT'S DISTRICT OF INDIANA AND MICHIGAN }
DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO, }
INDIANAPOLIS, July 9, 1863. }

Until further notice, the military business of the United States Government and of the State of Indiana, will take

precedence over every other business on the lines of the Railroads and Telegraphs. They will be held open for military orders night and day.

By command of

Brig. Gen. WILCOX.

ROBT. A. HUTCHINS, Capt. and A. A. G.

REMOVING THE SPECIE FROM LOUISVILLE.

“A million and a half of specie arrived here yesterday by rail from Louisville for safe keeping during the troubles on the border, and we presume it will be shipped North with the specie of our banks.

“All the specie in the several banking houses in this city was boxed up yesterday and shipped last night for Chicago and Cleveland. Bankers are proverbially prudent men, and scares among them is no evidence that the balance of the community are moved out of their boots. Morgan might start for here, but we have too good an opinion of our sturdy yeomanry to think he could make the trip.”

From Dupont, Morgan took a direction east by north twenty miles to Versailles, the capital of Ripley county, where a small body of militia was encountered and captured. To show the effrontery of the rebels, we will here quote a paragraph from the communication of Morgan's Adjutant, Captain Cunningham, before referred to. He says:

“Near this point, (Versailles) Capt. P., a Presbyterian chaplain and former line officer in one of our regiments, actuated by a laudable desire to change steeds, moved ahead, flanking the advance and running upon a full company of State militia. Imitating his commander's demeanor, he boldly rode up to the company and inquired for the Captain. Being informed that there was a dispute as to who should lead them, he volunteered his services, expatiating largely upon the part he had played as an Indiana Captain at Shiloh, and was soon elected to lead

the valiant Hoosiers against "the invading rebs." Twenty minutes spent in drilling inspired complete confidence; and when the advance guard of Morgan's command had passed without Capt. P. permitting the Hoosiers to fire, he ordered them to the road and surrendered them to our command. Crest-fallen, indeed, were the Yankees; but Gen. M. treated them kindly, returning them their guns and advising them to go home and not come hunting such game again."

MORGAN'S STAMPEDE THROUGH OHIO AND HOW HE WAS BAGGED.

It was still believed by many that Morgan intended to re-cross the river at some point below Cincinnati, while others conjectured that he would endeavor to continue his course eastward, and pass the Cincinnati not many miles in the rear. As to passing again into Kentucky without transports, that was clearly impossible, and the river was now so strictly guarded that no craft sufficient for the purpose could be obtained by the flying rebels. All navigation on the river, except by gunboats and armed transports, was stopped on Saturday. This doubtless determined the course of Morgan, and caused him to make for a point on the river where it could be forded.

The country was roused in all directions. The dogs of war were on his track; he could remain in one place hardly an hour, and the only course left him was to keep in motion ahead of his pursuers, which he might do by impressing all the fresh horses in his reach, leaving his jaded and broken down steeds behind in exchange.

From Versailles, Morgan made directly for the Ohio line, arriving at Harrison, which we believe is identical with the North Bend, formerly the residence of William Henry Harrison, on Monday the 13th. On the way they destroyed the track and burned the small bridges on the Lawrenceburg and Indianapolis Railroad, and at Harrison they burned a fine railroad bridge.

Gen. Burnside was very active, and not only had the militia in the country well in hand, but he proclaimed martial law in Cincinnati and called out the volunteer companies, and everything in the city put on a war footing. Eleven volunteer companies reported for duty at 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

Morgan left Harrison at dusk on Monday evening, and moving with all possible speed and silence, his whole command passed quietly and noiselessly within seven miles of Cincinnati, and at daylight the rebels had put eighteen miles between them and the city. One of their scouts, mounted on a splendid horse and armed with a Colt's cavalry carbine, dodged through the federal pickets into the city, and had the audacity to ride leisurely through the streets, and when he saw that he was observed, dashed rapidly up a side street leading to the suburbs, and disappeared.

Hon. G. Volney Dorsey, State Treasurer, who passed Monday night at Glendale, reported that the rebels, numbering about 4,500, passed through Glendale, the advance arriving about 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, while the rear did not come in sight until after 5. The

latter appeared very tired, both horses and men being completely worn out. Two or three of the men were so jaded that they jumped off their horses and went to sleep in the cemetery, where they were captured. Very little damage was done in Glendale, only a few horses being stolen.

Morgan continued on his journey, passing through Reading and on toward Miamiville. Some fifteen hundred of his force passed within a mile and a half of the federal advance on the Colerain pike.

Gen. Hobson, who was in pursuit of Morgan, passed through Burlington about eight o'clock Tuesday morning, his advance being but five miles from Morgan's rear.

While passing along the Reading pike, a detachment of Morgan's men visited the residence of Thomas L. Spooner, Esq., Collector of the First District Internal Revenue, and took two fine horses. This detachment, it was thought, numbered some 2,000 men, mounted on fresh horses. They were uniformed, many of them having linen dusters over their coats. Some had new revolving carbines, while others were armed with sabers and revolvers. The men appeared very much fatigued, and pushed on rapidly in a north-easterly direction. The time occupied in passing Mr. Spooner's residence was an hour and three-quarters.

All along the route from above Glendale to Reading, they pillaged farms of stock, and in some instances proffered pay in Confederate scrip.

They had three telegraph operators with them, one of whom they had recently captured and pressed into their service. One of these operators was captured Tuesday morning with his instrument (a pocket one) near Glendale, and sent to Cincinnati on a hand car. These operators could at any time attach their instruments to the wires, it being a favorite trick of theirs to

communicate with our officers and endeavor to mislead them.

About ten o'clock Tuesday morning a detachment of troops which came in the night previous, aided by some of our volunteer forces, succeeded in capturing some twelve of Morgan's men, with a baggage wagon and some horses.

This night march of Morgan's around Cincinnati, Capt. Cunningham describes as being hard on the men. He says the distance they traveled between sunset on Monday night and sunrise of Tuesday morning was not less than one hundred miles, which is doubtless an exaggeration. Many of the men, he continues, from their excessive fatigue, were riding along fast asleep, indeed, hundreds would have been left asleep on the road, had it not been for the untiring vigilance of the General.—Up and down the line he rode, laughing with this one, and joking with that, assuming a fierce demeanor with another, and so on.

Morgan passed Miami ville a little before noon, with Gen. Hobson in hot pursuit, the latter having a cavalry force nearly equal to Morgan's. Camp Dennison is situated on the railroad leading from Cincinnati through Miami ville,—and near that point the accommodation train was fired into by some rebel skirmishers, and about a mile and a half from the camp a detachment of their cavalry had displaced the rails so as to throw the train off the track. The Cincinnati Gazette, from which these particulars are taken, continues: "The engineer, unaware that the rails had been disturbed, put on extra speed as soon as the firing commenced, in hopes of running by the rebels, who were to be seen in large numbers around, but the removal of part of the track threw off the train, the engine falling over on its side in the next field. Fortunately, the cars did not turn over, and none of the passengers or soldiers, of

whom there were about one hundred on the train, were injured. The fireman, however, was instantly killed and the engineer severely injured. The rebels captured the passengers and the soldiers, (the latter of whom were not armed,) and marched them about three miles, to the headquarters of John Morgan, who parolled them. He had at that point from 2,500 to 3,000 men and four pieces of artillery. The party capturing the train was the advanced guard of the rebel force, the main body crossing the L. M. Railroad at Miamiville. After effecting the capture and removing the passengers, the cars were burned.

“Some rebel scouts crossed the road at Loveland and Branch Hill, threatening to burn the depot and bridges at the latter place, but passed on without carrying their threat into operation. General Morgan sent out a detachment to burn the main bridge at Miamiville, but their purpose was defeated by the foresight and energy of Col. Neff, the officer in command at Camp Dennison, who had sent out a guard to preserve this portion of the road, and the rebels retired after the first fire, having received especial instructions to avoid bringing on an engagement.

“A rebel lieutenant was captured at Camp Dennison, who stated that the only reason why they did not capture Camp Dennison was, that it would take two or three hours to do it, and they had not the time to spare, as the Federal cavalry were close at their heels. Passing on from Camp Dennison, the rebel General and his followers dined at Newbury, from whence they moved on to Batavia or Williamsburg. The men were very tired, and seemed to be almost too weary to sit on their horses; nothing but the fear of being captured by the Federal forces seemed to give them strength to keep on their way.

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“Morgan, with from four to seven thousand men, after tearing up the railroad track, running the Morrow accommodation off, killing the fireman, parolling the passengers, and burning the cars, marched up to Branch Hill and camped for dinner two miles back at Ward's Corner.

“They were camped several hours within two miles of Loveland, but did not disturb the town, although there is a railroad bridge here and but fifty muskets. Several hundred militia were on hand but without arms, and none could be had from Camp Dennison. The rebels took all the good horses that were immediately on their route within sight of Camp Dennison. They took fifty sheep and considerable other stock from a single farm. They patronized those living near Ward's Corner liberally in the way of the necessaries of life. One lady cooked for about two hundred, and in payment, they carried off a horse. They took what they wished for use, but they did not unnecessarily damage private property.

“Camp Shady, where there were fifteen hundred mules and fifty wagons, was close to the rebel camp, but the mules were driven out of their reach, they burning the wagons. At about two o'clock the rebels left for Williamsburgh, seven miles beyond Batavia, toward Georgetown, having forced one of the citizens as guide. Many citizens, including women, had access to the rebel camp and wandered freely among them, not more than half of them being armed with anything beside side arms. Of course their horses were good.

“The rebels killed a man at Oscamp's farm while taking his sheep. Henry Amsey, employed at the depot here, shot a rebel, making a bad if not a fatal hit, and was shot at four times without effect. Several other citizens, while scouting, were shot at, but none hit.— About nine o'clock, A. M., a detachment of mounted

militia, under command of Lieut. Thomas B. Paxton, came on the rear guard of Morgan's marauders at a point one mile below Branch Hill, and at the latter place directed Serg. Harry Ramsay to attack the pickets of the enemy, which was done in gallant style, killing one and driving them in confusion on the main body of the rebels, encamped at Ward's Corner, one mile south of the Hill. The remainder of this excellent company dismounted, and, under the charge of Capt. Williamson and Lieut. Turner, held and prevented the destruction of the bridges in the vicinity of Loveland.

"Morgan reached Georgetown, which is some distance beyond Batavia, on Tuesday evening, apparently making for the river with all possible speed, with Gen. Hobson still close in his rear."

Morgan was now pretty well hemmed in, and his chances of escape were hourly diminishing. In addition to Gen. Hobson's force, which was at least equal to Morgan's, Gen. Manson's brigade of infantry and artillery were dispatched up the river on transports on Tuesday afternoon, besides some five or six gun-boats were on hand to dispute his crossing. A large force of fresh cavalry was also soon after sent forward on transports to join in the chase. The Ohio river was so high that it was impossible to ford it at any point between Cincinnati and the Guyandotte river, and gun-boats had removed every possible means of crossing, while they could also prevent the rebels from fording.

Cincinnati was, by order of Gen. Burnside, relieved of martial law at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and the militia were directed to return to their usual avocations. Although the most pressing danger to the city had passed by, yet the independent volunteer companies were kept on duty a day or two longer. As a heavy body passing swiftly through the air draws all objects after it, so Morgan seemed to draw after him almost

every man capable of bearing arms, and whatever other avenues of escape were opened for him, it was certainly impossible to escape by the way he came. He had no sooner passed Cincinnati than he was followed by an immense body of Indiana minute men and other light armed soldiery. Several thousands of these troops poured into the city on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 14th and 15th, but were allowed to return to their homes on Thursday.

Morgan's advance was at Georgetown, Brown county, on Wednesday morning, which place is about the same distance from the Ohio river as the point at which he passed in the rear of Cincinnati, and he was evidently determined to feel his way along with the desperate hope that something might turn up to assist him to cross near Maysville, Kentucky, in which direction his course was now aimed. It was a desperate hope indeed, and vain; for whenever he approached the river there were the inevitable gun-boats, which have proved the bane and destruction of the South in her efforts to obtain her independence.

Morgan then directed his course northward, and on Wednesday evening was moving in the direction of Hillsboro, Highland county. Strong hopes were entertained by the Union forces that the rebel raiders would be bagged in Highland county. Large forces were gathering in his front at Piketown, Chillicothe and farther north at Columbus; and in the rear Camp Dennison swarmed with men eager to take part in the chase, while 3,000 men were on the track of the flying rebels at Batavia. Morgan was now in a very hilly country where the pikes are not good, and the common roads not kept in the best of repair, and the country people were turning out by thousands, falling trees across the highways and destroying the bridges, thus impeding his passage,

delaying his march and enabling our forces to shorten the distance between them and his rear. His men were worn out and exhausted by fatigue and want of sleep, and were in no condition to fight when overtaken.

Capt. Cunningham thus refers to this part of the race, for it now became a race for salvation to the rebels. The Captain says: "Until the morning of the 19th (Sunday,) our command had heavy marching over bad roads. Making detours, we threatened both Chillicothe and Hillsboro, on the north, and Gallipolis on the south. Daily were we delayed by the annoying cry of 'axes to the front,' a cry that warned us of bushwhackers, ambuscades and blockaded roads. From the 14th to the 19th every hillside contained an enemy, and every ravine a blockade."

The Cincinnati Gazette gave this account of Morgan's movements in Clermont county, of which Batavia is the capital town, and which joins Hamilton county on the east, in which Cincinnati is situated, bordering also on the Ohio river. The account conveys a good impression of the energy with which the rebel marauders were pursued by the Federal and State forces.

"Mr. H. Irwin, of Goshen township, Clermont county, left Williamsburg yesterday, (Wednesday) afternoon at 3 o'clock, with dispatches from Gen. Hobson to Gen. Burnside. From him we learn that about one hundred and fifty of Morgan's men went to Batavia on Tuesday evening and robbed the citizens of a number of horses, probably thirty or forty. This party afterwards joined Morgan, and with him entered Williamsburg between four and five o'clock P. M. Morgan's men turned their horses loose in some of the grain fields, and compelled the citizens to feed the men. Their number was estimated at 4,000. Morgan remained in Williamsburg about fifteen hours, leaving there about 8 A. M. yester-

day morning. They started northeast on the plank road to Mount Oreb and Sardinia. Scouting parties went out on both sides, stealing horses. They burned the bridge at Williamsburg, across the east fork of the Little Miami, and the bridge across the White Oak at New Hope. They took probably over thirty horses from the people at Williamsburg, and left fifteen or twenty jaded horses in their places."

"General Morgan told the people of Williamsburg, that if they knew of any Union forces coming after them that they had better tell him, for if they did not, and he was attacked while there, he would burn the place. Sardinia is twelve miles from Williamsburg, and Ripley is about thirty miles from Williamsburg."

"Gen. Hobson reached Camp Shady, which is fifteen miles from Williamsburg, late yesterday evening, and remained there to rest until 3 A. M. yesterday, when he left for Williamsburg via. Batavia. He reached Williamsburg between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr. Irwin met Gen. Hobson while at Camp Shady, and volunteered to find out all he could of Morgan's movements and report it to him at Williamsburg. Mr. I. met Gen. Hobson between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, according to agreement. Morgan had by this time seven or eight hours the start of Hobson. Gen. Hobson had with him about 7,000 men, and was impressing fresh horses as he went. He made no halt there, except to receive refreshments, which were furnished the men while in their saddles, by the citizens, and he kept on the plank road toward Sardinia."

"Mr. Irwin met some 3,000 militia from Camp Denison, nearly all armed, who were on their way in pursuit of Morgan, and it was their intention to remain at Batavia last evening, and start at daylight this morning to cut down trees and block up the roads, to prevent Morgan returning, should he attempt to do so."

“ Our Mayor, Col. L. A. Harris, received permission from Gen. Burnside, on Tuesday, to raise a regiment or more of cavalry, for the purpose of joining in the pursuit of Morgan. Col. Harris accordingly issued a call for 3,000 men. They responded handsomely ; but a requisition upon the military store-keeper here brought out the fact that there were only saddles and equipments for 150 men. There were also but 800 Government horses at this point. Finding that it would be impossible to procure the necessary equipments from the United States Government for all his men, Col. Harris issued an order impressing the required number of horses, and at the same time requesting all citizens having saddles and bridles in their possession to report with them at his office forthwith. Col. Harris hoped that by this method, together with the horses and equipments which he could obtain from the Government, he would be able to equip the proposed number of men. But even this failed, numbers of horses were impressed, but saddles and bridles were not to be had. By hard labor Col. Harris on Tuesday evening had succeeded in mounting between 800 and 900 men. About 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening they were dismissed with orders to report again at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. By an order of Gen. Burnside issued on Tuesday night, the horses belonging to the Government which Col. Harris had were turned over to the command of Gen. Judah, so that when Harris' men reported yesterday morning, they found their horses missing. Col. Harris therefore, in a few remarks, dismissed them, with the order, for those who had impressed horses and saddles, to return them to their owners. The Mayor thanked them for their promptness in volunteering. The men, although very much disappointed, bore it very well and but few complaints were heard.”

“One of our reporters, whom we dispatched to Camp

Dennison yesterday afternoon, sends us the following: 'Crowds of soldiers are coming into camp to-day from above, and there are now about 6,000 present and more coming. Morgan's force was reported at Williamsburg at noon, by our scouts. Our forces are close on him beyond Batavia. He is expected back, but will not return the same route. Lieut. Powell, son of Dr. Powell of Louisville, was captured yesterday in a skirmish at Miamiville. Two men of our forces was killed, of the Invalid Corps, and several wounded at Miamiville. We killed and wounded ten of them. The fight was just across the bridge near Oskamp's farm. Mrs. Col. Neff was for an hour or so detained by the rebels, who offered her no injury, their legitimate business being simply to steal horses and get away.' "

"We learn that a detachment from Capt. Baldwin's Company—the Zouaves—captured four of Morgan's men with their horses, equipments and arms, near Bevis Station, Colerain township, night before last. On yesterday they marched them into the city and lodged them in prison.

"Those engaged in this good work were all privates, and were Nathan McCordy, George Keek, Quinton Corwin, Henry Shillito, Gus. Smith, Henry Jones, and Warren Childs. Lieutenant Wm. Oakley, was in command of the squad as it passed through Fourth street."

We cannot do better in this portion of our narrative, than to copy from the Cincinnati Gazette, to which we have, so far, been to a considerable extent indebted for materials in compiling this history. The Gazette, in its usually enterprising spirit, sent reporters along the line of Morgan's route, and their dispatches have all the freshness of a diary, with the sparkling variety scarcely to be found in any other style of composition. Like the camera of the photographer, which secures an image of nature in her varying moods, so the newspaper re-

porter faithfully transfers to the columns of his journal the events of the hour in all their forms and many colored hues. The newspaper, notwithstanding the grumbings and croakings of befogged and bewildered gossips and newsmongers, contains in itself the best material of history extant.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette, Friday morning, July 17th.]

Our information from headquarters yesterday afternoon, was to the effect that Morgan's scouts had gone down toward Ripley and Maysville, and finding it impossible to cross, turned north and joined the main force. Morgan then proceeded up the road in the direction of Piketon, (capital of Pike county.) In the evening it was reported that Morgan's advance had reached Piketon, and were crossing the river. Our forces at Maysville had been moved up to Portsmouth, and were on their way up to Piketon and Jackson, while a large force from Chillicothe had gone down to Piketon, and also to Jackson.

Morgan evidently was making for Gallipolis and Point Pleasant, where he would attempt to cross the river and get into the Kanawha Valley, or into Eastern Kentucky.

Our forces have, we think, headed him off, and with Hobson in his rear, for he was but three miles behind him yesterday, he must fight or surrender.

2 A. M.—We learn at headquarters that Morgan is some five miles beyond Piketon, on his way to Jackson. The militia concentrated at Piketon offered no resistance to his passage, and did not attempt to check him. Gen. Hobson telegraphs at midnight that he was beyond Jacksonville, on his way to Piketon, and his main force about twelve miles behind Morgan's main body. His men are in fine spirits, but horses jaded. Colonel Runkle moved down from Chillicothe with a large force to intercept Morgan.

Gen. Judah was on the move from Portsmouth across the country to intercept Morgan should he pass Jackson on his way to Gallipolis. The gunboats are at Gallipolis and Point Pleasant.

It is rumored that three hundred of Morgan's men were cut off in Clermont county. These are being looked after.

Our Columbus correspondent last evening sent us the following particulars of Morgan's march from Sardinia to Piketon:

COLUMBUS, July 10th, 9 A. M.

We have full and reliable accounts of the movements of Morgan up to 4 P. M. to-day. At 9 A. M. he passed through Sardinia, 16 miles southwest of Hillsboro', (Capital of Highland county,) steering clear of the latter place, there being a considerable number of militia located there. He passed on, doing but little damage to property, but exchanging his own jaded horses for fresh ones of the farmers wherever found. He reached Winchester, about 20 miles southeast of Hillsboro', at 1 P. M., and stopped there and compelled the citizens to cook dinner for his whole gang.

He left there at 2 P. M., in the direction of Piketon. At 4 P. M., the telegraph operator at Piketon reported to the officers here that Morgan and his force were seen approaching with the seeming intention of giving fight to the militia congregated there, numbering 5,000, who were sent from Chillicothe, Portsmouth, and other places. Half an hour later the telegraph wires were cut, thus suspending all communication with Piketon and Portsmouth.

There seems to be no doubt but a battle has taken place, but we are and must remain in the dark as to the result till communication is reopened, which can scarcely be done before to-morrow morning. As our position at Piketon is extremely strong, it is safe in asserting we have succeeded in driving him back. Hobson's cavalry passed through

Winchester at 11 A. M., only two hours after Morgan had vamosed. If the latter is detained at Piketon a single hour, his capture is rendered certain, for there can be no doubt our forces will come up with him in that time. General Judah is on the way from Maysville with his entire brigade.

A fast steamer has been dispatched from Portsmouth to hasten his arrival. He will probably reach there about eight this evening. His force, in addition to the 1,200 militia already gathered there, will be divided.— Part proceed up the Scioto toward Piketon, while other and larger divisions have been dispatched up the railroad in the direction of Jackson Court House, to intercept Morgan, should he succeed in beating and passing our forces at Piketon. There are 6,000 men remaining at Chillicothe, in addition to those sent to Piketon.

Gov. Todd has ordered all the militia assembled at Camp Dennison, under the call of the 12th inst., to be disbanded and allowed to go home to gather the crops, it being thought there is no immediate use for them in that section, and they could not reach the scene of action in time to be of any service.

This evening the operator at Waverly reports seeing immense clouds of dust on the road leading from Piketon. By this we are assured that Morgan has been defeated at Piketon, and has taken the road toward Chillicothe. If this is the case, his escape is utterly impossible. He is completely surrounded by vastly superior forces.

LATER.

Two companies of cavalry at Camp Chase have been ordered to march to-night in a southerly direction.

Later information from Morgan shows that on appearing before Piketon, he demanded the surrender of the place, which was complied with by the citizens. It is reported that he had a slight skirmish with the forces there, but nothing definite is known relative to it if there was

one. Morgan then burnt a bridge across the Scioto and then proceeded on his way (leaving Piketon at 6 P. M.) to the Ohio, now in the direction of Gallipolis.

RETROSPECTION.—MORGAN'S MOVEMENTS AT MIAMIVILLE.

On Sunday afternoon news was received at Camp Dennison by residents in the vicinity, of Morgan's advance into Ohio. At 10 o'clock P. M., Capt. Van Doehm, A. A. G. to Colonel Neff, commanding, with 25 men went west of the camp and scouted within a circuit of from 6 to 8 miles, putting guards on all the roads leading toward the camp. At 4 A. M. of Monday, report was received of the advance of Morgan's pickets, and Capt. Proctor of the 18th regulars, together with Capt. Van Doehm took 50 men with picks and spades, and threw up intrenchments and rifle pits on the cross roads and main pike leading from Cincinnati to Madisonville. At 3 o'clock P. M. two companies, under command of Capt. Proctor, were sent out to the rifle pits, and cavalry scouts placed on the road. These two companies were infantry taken from the convalescents, numbering in all about 500 men. At 2 A. M. of Tuesday, word was received from headquarters that Morgan was approaching the camp on the Glendale road. Capt. Austin, with fifteen men, went out to meet the pickets of Gen. Burnside. At 5 A. M., four companies of militia arrived, and the convalescent detachment were placed under arms. There were no arms in camp for the militia, although word had been sent to Gen. Burnside for them at an early hour on Monday. Soon heavy firing was heard by our pickets, and 100 men were dispatched with axes to fell trees on the roads leading to camp, to annoy the enemy and gain time for the train to come with arms. A locomotive with Mr. Clements, the President of the Little Miami road, arrived at the camp about 7 o'clock, bringing information that the train up had been obstructed and thrown off the track between Miami and Branch Hill,

besides being fired into. Simultaneously the news came that a large force of rebels were coming down the road to destroy the bridge over the Miami. A train fortunately arrived at this time with arms and ammunition, and 200 militia, gathering up the arms and ammunition just as it was thrown from the train, loading as they ran, proceeded to the bridge just in time to save it from being fired by the rebels, and a line was placed by Captain Van Doehm through the bridge and at the fords below and above to prevent their crossing. Col. Neff, in person, commanded the convalescents, and drove the rebels off on the New Boston pike. The enemy shelled our rifle-pits, and about 10 o'clock on Tuesday, the skirmishing was rapid. The engagement lasted about two hours. We lost two convalescents, one killed and one missing, besides several taken prisoners. We killed and wounded some eight or ten it is reported, and the negro barbers and cook brought in one rebel prisoner. Sergeant Mack, of the 2d Kentucky regiment, captured Lieutenant Powell, and one private in Miamiville. The militia mentioned, who did such good service were Captain Guest's company of Miami volunteers, under command of Lieutenant Smith, of the 21st Ohio Battery, afterwards turning them over to Captain Schuman, of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry, who posted all the scouts. Valuable aid was also rendered by Captain Proctor, of the Eighteenth Regulars.

Early in the morning Mrs. Colonel Neff and servants repaired to the residence of Mr. McGrew, three miles above on the Goshen Pike, taking with them all the personal valuables of the officers at the camp, the books of the Post, &c., and upon arriving secreted them.—Hardly had they done this before a large detachment of rebels came along the road, and placing a guard around the house, proceeded to the stables and took all the horses and stock they could find. After resting a half an hour they left in haste, going out on the New Boston

Pike. While at McGrew's they offered no insult to the ladies, but conversed freely with them, neither did they enter the house. They politely asked the ladies for water, which was given them. John Morgan was not with this party, being back on a side road about a mile with the main body. The rebels appeared broken down for want of sleep, some of them, as they alighted, falling to sleep at once. A few of them had Confederate uniforms, but most of them wore citizens' clothes. Several persons living in the vicinity of Camp Dennison are said to have guided them, and who have since been arrested. Gen. Hobson, with a large force, soon came up, following them rapidly. Col. Neff, having no cavalry, could not follow them. On Wednesday, scouts sent out by Col. Neff reported Morgan's force at Georgetown with three pieces of artillery, and at two o'clock P. M., of the same day, Woolford's cavalry was close by following them, having captured some stragglers, and cutting off the retreat of about one hundred of the rebels. At three o'clock they entered New Boston, and, breaking open the stores and houses, helped themselves to everything they could lay hands on, and offered pay in Confederate money to Union men, and greenbacks to the copperheads. They did not stay long, as they were closely pursued, and at six P. M., unfortunately by a mistake of the guide, Hobson's cavalry were led off on a wrong road, giving the rebels great advantage. Woolford, however, got after them, and drove them back from the river. Nothing more was reported up to 12 o'clock Wednesday night.

Thursday, 10 A. M.—Two of Woolford's scouts reported at Camp Dennison that a portion of Morgan's men were within a few miles of Hillsboro' at daylight. A force was sent out from Camp Dennison after them.

[From the Gazette, Saturday, July 18th.]

At two o'clock A. M., this morning, we learned at headquarters that Morgan's advance, after being repulsed at Jackson by Col. Runkle, moved back and thence south. He afterwards turned and moved northward and crossed the Sciota and Hocking Valley Railroad at Berlin, moving south toward Oak Hill. Finding our men in force there he again turned northward to Wilksville.

Forces went down the pike from Athens and have obstructed the roads so that Morgan cannot get out in that direction. The latest dispatch says Morgan was moving in the direction of Pomeroy. A portion of Gen. White's forces from Western Virginia, have been brought down, and are on the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, to prevent Morgan crossing that road.

Our gun-boats are at Pomeroy and points above, and if the people will only turn out and fell trees and impede his passage, he may yet be captured.

[From the Gazette, Monday, July 20.]

We have never believed that Morgan, after having crossed the Ohio at Bradenburg, would succeed in getting back again into Kentucky with anything like the force he brought into Indiana and Ohio, but we must say, knowing what preparations had been made to take him, that we did not expect he would have succeeded in traveling the distance he has, without being checked at some point by our forces.

Gen. Burnside had to depend in Indiana solely on the militia to stop Morgan and impede his way until Hobson could overtake him, and there was great difficulty in organizing and moving these forces. Morgan's threats to destroy towns, burn villages and plunder generally, if he was attacked and bushwhacked by the people, deterred many from burning bridges and

elling trees in his way, and he was therefore permitted to pass along unmolested.

The militia ordered from Indianapolis to defend the line of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad and prevent Morgan crossing it were detailed, by some means, twelve hours after they should have been on the way, and the same may be said of the troops ordered to Hamilton.

General Hobson, following immediately in the wake of Morgan, was unable to obtain fresh horses, for Morgan gathered these up as he went along and left his jaded ones behind.

There are other reasons which might be given why Morgan has passed so far through Indiana and Ohio without being captured. Gen. Burnside has labored day and night, since Morgan crossed the Ohio, to destroy and capture his force, and all the means at his command were promptly and energetically made use of.

The news this morning is that we have captured one thousand prisoners, all his artillery, and killed one hundred and fifty of his men.

Morgan's main force reached Chester, five miles from Pomeroy, (in Meigs county, 60 miles due east from Picketon,) on Saturday afternoon, where he was hemmed in by our cavalry and infantry. All the roads were barricaded, and the militia had turned out in force to impede his passage. We had Hobson moving on him from the East, Judah from the South, and White and Runkle from the North and West. The fords were all guarded by gun-boats, artillery and sharpshooters.

Morgan, finding himself in close quarters sent out scouts to find a crossing near Buffington, as this was the only ford left him that he could possibly reach. On learning that the ford was guarded by the gun-boats, and we had a strong force of sharpshooters on the island,

Morgan broke up his band and they separated, each squad to take care of itself.

One squad broke for the crossing at Buffington, followed by the battery of six pieces which Morgan brought with him. As soon as the rebels approached the river they were opened upon by the gun-boats, and 150 were killed and drowned. Our cavalry made a dash upon the force in charge of the battery and captured the whole six pieces, and killed a number of the rebels. In this skirmish we understand we lost six or seven killed. The rest of this force were repulsed and driven back.

The main force now fell back toward Belpre, and then scattered and took to the hills in squads, in the direction of Coolsville. Colonels Woolford and Shackelford, of Gen. Hobson's command, followed and succeeded in capturing one lot of 575, and another lot of 275, besides numerous small squads, making in all over 1,000 prisoners. Among the prisoners taken were Col. Dick Morgan, (brother to John Morgan,) Col. Ward and Col. Griggsby.

The latest advices at headquarters, were, that our cavalry were still in pursuit. Morgan's force was entirely broken up and scattered in the hills, and the position of our forces was such, that they could neither cross the Ohio nor get much further North.

Dispatch from Marietta, says 400 of Morgan's men crossed the Ohio below that place, and were captured by the forces on the Kentucky shore.

BATTLE OF BUFFINGTON ISLAND.

[Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

NATIONAL FLEET ON OHIO RIVER, BELOW }
BUFFINGTON ISLAND, July 20, 1863. }

The uniform peace which sat brooding with dove-like wings over the State of the "Beautiful River," was broken for the first time during the threatened invasion under Bragg; but fate reserved for a rebel of far less military caliber and importance the remarkable event of bringing about and causing the first battle of the war in Ohio, and the first in her history as a State. But the sensation of the State is over, and the great Morgan raid is over for ever.

The long, tedious and perplexing pursuit of Morgan has ended at last in a victory such as will not only add lustre to our land and naval forces engaged, but render famous the scene of his defeat, which is, without doubt, the death-blow to the brilliant career of the notorious and wonderfully successful guerrilla chief. The local press of the State has chronicled from time to time the progress of the rebel force toward the point where it was met and defeated, and it only now remains to recount in a necessarily general manner.

Buffington Island lies in the Ohio river close to the Ohio shore, about thirty-five miles above Pomeroy, and was chosen by the rebels as a place of crossing into

Virginia on account of the shoals between it and Blannerhasset's Island, twenty miles above. They had doubtless been well advised of the movements of our forces sent from all points, to either head them off or keep them confined to the only route eastward for them, until they reached the mountainous region and our eastern frontier. Without following then, the progress of Morgan's march eastward, we will take a glance at his course previous to the morning of the battle: Yesterday, Sunday, the 19th, Morgan's right kept the main or shore road, from Pomeroy, having sent out skirmishers to feel the strength of that town and Middleport. This was on Friday night, but if he had any intention to attempt to ford at Eight Mile Island, he abandoned it on account of a show of resistance made by a small body of home guards, with a piece of ordinance made of cast iron, and used only to fire salutes. A skirmish took place, in which the rebels lost two men killed and two or three wounded, and the home guards had one man slightly wounded and lost their *gun*, which, however, the rebels contemptuously left behind, after they found its utter uselessness. The main body were advancing on the road from Vinton, and uniting with the right, the entire force took the old stage road to Pomeroy, and pushed for Buffington Island, or rather the shore opposite, which it reached, it is supposed, at two o'clock on Sunday morning.

When Gen. Judah started for Portsmouth on Thursday evening, the 16th, it was expected that an engagement would take place, for reliable information had been received at the headquarters of Col. P. Kinney, commander of the post, during the afternoon, that the rebels were at Miami-ville, about eleven miles out.—Now, it was not the design to either court or bring on an engagement, as it was shown that the rebels were

scattered over fifty or sixty miles of country, and the necessary concentration which they must make was rather rumored than otherwise, so that the result would culminate in the complete capture or destruction of the entire horde.

Gen. Judah then kept as close as possible to the rebels, but between them and the river where that was practicable, until Morgan had reached Jackson. Gen. Judah then pushed for Centreville, thinking that the enemy would take that route for the river; but he avoided it, and passed through Winchester and Vinton toward Pomeroy, and thence north of that to the scene of action.

Our gun-boats, viz: Moose, (flag boat) Reindeer, Springfield, Naumkeag and Victory, in command of Lieut.-Commander LeRoy Fitch, were patrolling the river, from an accessible point below Ripley to Portsmouth; but as soon as it was definitely ascertained that Morgan was pushing eastward, the Moose, towed by the Imperial, started up stream, followed at proper distances by the other boats. The Moose made the foot of Buffington Island on Saturday night, and remained until next morning, without changing position, on account of a dense fog.

The rebel force made the shore opposite and above the Island, as before stated, at 2 o'clock, and took position, under cover of artillery, in an extensive corn and wheat field, skirted by hills and woods on its north and east sides. The position was a good one, and might have been held to advantage for a much longer time than it was, but for the co-operation of the gun-boat Moose, the only one of the fleet that arrived in time to participate in the fight.

The rebels had their artillery placed on the highest elevation on the east, and completely commanded the

Pomeroy road, over which Gen. Judah's force, heretofore enumerated by your correspondent, came filing along unaware of the close proximity of the enemy.— It should be noted here that the old stage road to Pomeroy, over which Morgan came, and the lower road, traveled by Judah, meet in an acute angle three-quarters of a mile from the battle field. Our column came along the lower road within range at six o'clock, after marching all night, having started from Pomeroy, and was not as fresh by five or six hours rest as the enemy.

“The rebels met us in solid column, and moved in battalions, and at the first fire repulsed our advance, which was too far ahead to be assisted by our artillery. This was the best opportunity they had to make a successful fight, but we fell back to bring forward our artillery, and the enemy did not seem to care to follow up the advantage. During this encounter, Capt. Jno. J. Grafton, of General Judah's advance, had become separated from the advance and narrowly escaped capture, by shooting, as he represents, the rebel who seized him. He was dismounted, and being left on the ground, made his way with considerable difficulty to the river, where he hailed the *Moose* and got aboard. Meantime the fight progressed, but in a desultory manner, until our artillery got into position and our lines were drawn closely around the enemy. A furious onset was made on our side and the rebels were driven over the field eastward and sought shelter in the woods beyond.

No more fortunate circumstance could have transpired for the Union force than the escape of Capt. Grafton to the gun-boat *Moose*, for he pointed out to Lieut.-Commander Fitch the exact position of the rebels, and enabled that officer to so direct his guns as to throw shell in their very midst. The *Moose* is armed with

twenty-four pounder Dahlgren guns, the most accurate and effective gun in the service for operation against exposed bodies of men, and on this occasion the weapon did not belie its character. A dense fog, however, prevailed, which prevented Lieut. Fitch doing as great execution in the rebel ranks as he desired, but his shots from the larboard and forward guns told, and an extensive scattering took place. The Moose opened at 7 o'clock, and as the rebels were driven she kept steadily moving up stream, throwing shell and schrapnel over the heads of our lads into the ranks of the enemy.

"It now became evident that the rebels were being pressed in all directions, and that hard fighting would not save them from destruction.

A simultaneous rush was then made for the river, and throwing away arms and even clothing, a large body ran down to the shore, some with horses and some without, and plunged into the stream. The point chosen to effect the crossing was one mile and a half above the head of Buffington Island, and the movement would undoubtedly have been attended with considerable success but for the presence and performance of the gun-boat. The crossing was covered by a twenty-pounder Parrot and a twelve-pound howitzer dragged into position by the rebels in their hasty retreat, but before the guns could be loaded and sighted the bow guns of the Moose opened on the rebel guns and drove the gunners away, after which the pieces were captured. Some twenty or thirty men only succeeded in crossing into Virginia at this point. Several were killed in the water and many returned to the shore. While this was transpiring on the river, the roar of battle was still raging on the shore and back into the country. Basil Duke, under whose generalship the fight was conducted, was evidently getting the worst of it, and his wearied gangs of horse-

thieves, cut-throats and nondescripts, began to bethink them only of escape. Many threw down their arms, were taken prisoners and sent to the rear. Others sought the shelter of trees, or ran wildly from one point to another, and thus exposed themselves far more to the deadly chances of the field than if they had displayed courage and stood up to the fight.

“A running fight next ensued, as the main force of the enemy retreated up stream towards a point on the Ohio shore, opposite Bellville, Va. The retreat was made as rapidly as possible, but considerable confusion was apparent. The gun-boat kept almost ahead of the retreating column, and when practicable threw shell over the river bank toward it. It is said that the retreat was headed by Morgan, for Basil Dnke was taken prisoner in the early part of the fight, but it was as rapidly followed up as possible. The Moose reached Bellville in time to fire upon the first party that attempted to cross the river. The crew report eight or nine killed and several wounded in the water, but twenty rebels or more got safely ashore in Virginia. It should have been stated above that Gen. Scammon, with reinforcements from the Kanawha, arrived at the first scene of action in time to participate, but instead of landing his men on the Ohio side he disembarked them on the Virginia shore. This precaution may have been well enough in the event of the enemy effecting a crossing, but when the Moose moved up Gen. Scammon re-embarked his troops and went up with the gun-boat to head off Morgan's retreat.

“Foiled at Bellville, the rebels still kept pushing up along the shore, and again attempted to cross at Hawkinsport, 14 miles above the Island, but again their efforts proved abortive on account of the gun-boat. Passing Hawkinsport, the Moose came to Lee's Creek, Va.,

where she was greeted by a sharp volley of rifles and musketry from an ambushade on the shore. It was now the turn of the starboard gunners to try the temper of their metal, and a smashing broadside was poured into the sneaking rascals on the "sacred soil." It was sufficient, for not another shot was fired, and Lieut. Fitch learned afterward that nine of the bushwhackers were killed and several wounded.

"The transports containing Gen. Scammon's forces were then run up to a point between Hawkinsport, Ohio, and Lee's Creek, Va., and landed on the Ohio shore, to intercept the rebel retreat. This is the last information we had on the river of that expedition, although it was reported in the evening that Scammon had captured the force or compelled it to surrender.

"While the *Moose* was winning her laurels the rest of the boats of the fleet were not failing to enact their regularly assigned part of the programme, and which was to guard the fords below the island, and prevent any skulking squads of the rebels crossing to the much wished-for Virginia shore. It is said that some of Morgan's men sang 'Oh! carry me back to Old Virginny,' with a pathos and sincerity of tone quite suggestive, not to say touching, and it certainly cannot be denied that Capt. Fitch 'went for them' with a degree of alacrity which proved his entire willingness to assist them as far as he could. The only regret which now in any way disturbs the repose of this officer is that the rebels did not make a larger draft on the *Moose*, which might have been used as a ferry-boat to carry them even farther on their *direct* road than they bargained for. As it was, she did all she could under the circumstances, and as the river was falling very fast, she, together with the others comprising the fleet, was compelled to return down stream. The *Alleghany Belle*, a light

draught boat, was fitted up temporarily for the occasion and armed with a rifled gun, protected with bales of cotton, to guard the fords between Bellville and Buffington Island.

The scene of the battle was one of the most composite, perhaps, in the panorama of the war. The rebels were dressed in every possible manner peculiar to civilized man, but generally speaking their attire was very good. They wore in many instances large slouch hats peculiar to the slave States, and had their pantaloons stuck in their boots. A dirty gray-colored coat was most prevalent, although white 'dusters' were to be seen.

"They were armed with carbines, Enfield rifles, sabres and revolvers, were well mounted, and looked in good health although jaded and tired. The battlefield and the roads surrounding it were strewn with a thousand articles never seen perhaps on a battlefield before. One is accustomed to see broken swords, muskets and bayonets, haversacks, cartridge boxes, belts, pistols, gun carriages, caissons, cannon, wagons upset, wounded, dead and dying on a battlefield; but besides all these on the battlefield of Buffington Island, one could pick up almost any article in the dry goods, hardware, house-furnishing, or ladies' or gentlemen's furnishing line; hats, boots, gloves, knives, forks, spoons, calico, ribbons, drinking cups, carriages, market wagons, circus wagons, and an almost endless variety of articles useful and all more or less valuable. An inventory of Morgan's plunder would tax the patience of an auctioneer's clerk, and I question if one man's life would be long enough to minutely catalogue the articles picked up during his raid.

"The carnage of the field was not remarkable, although little groups of rebels were found slain by the deadly fragments of shell.

“The result, as far as heard from at this time, is all that could be wished for by the country. The entire rebel force was met, engaged, defeated, routed and partially captured. All the enemy's arms, guns, accoutrements, most of his horses and all his plunder, were taken or fell into our hands.

“Nearly 1,700 prisoners are now in our hands, under guard of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, and others are constantly arriving by our scouts and pursuing parties.

“Prisoners admit a loss of 200 killed and wounded on the field, while our loss will not exceed a fourth of that number. The rebel raid into the North is over. It has been destroyed, and the prestige of its notorious leader is over.

“The saddest incident of the fight is the wounding of Major McCook, father of the late lamented Colonel McCook, murdered last summer by guerillas in Kentucky. The old gentleman received a shot in the breast which is said to be very serious, but it is to be hoped it may not prove so. Major McCook is a patriotic, loyal, sturdy old gentleman, who clung to the service for his country's sake, and especially because he desired above all things to assist in ridding it of an armed tyranny and despotism under which such a mode of warfare prospers as left him to lament the untimely death of a brave and loyal son.

“From papers found in the chests of the enemy's artillery, it would appear that Byrne's Battery, Captain John McMurray, 1st Kentucky Brigade, was the one used by Morgan, beside two 20-pounder Parrots, which, after all, he had the energy and foresight to drag over the country in his remarkable march. One of these Parrots and a brass field piece was captured by Lieutenant Commander Fitch; all the other guns, five or six in number, were captured by the army.

“The Home Guard and the militia companies in the immediate neighborhood of the battle field, and, indeed, along the lines of march, contributed very largely to the result, and were mainly instrumental in preventing the rebels from striking at points where a great destruction of property would necessarily have followed.

“At Middleport the militia captured several prisoners; at Syracuse, eighty-five were brought in; at Racine, seventy-eight. Skirmishes frequently occurred between the rebel scouts and small parties of armed citizens, and many a household will have reason to remember the Morgan raid. But more than a score of rebels ‘bit the dust’ during the last two or three days of the raid, and were laid low by the unerring aim of the sturdy farmer of south-western Ohio, so suddenly called to the defence of his home and happy fireside.

“The loyal women of Portsmouth, Pomeroy, and other towns and villages, were not wanting in thoughtfulness for our brave boys on their perplexing and hurried marches. They prepared food and had it ready at all times, day and night, and with ready hands and smiling faces, supplied the wants of the ‘brave defenders of our country.’

“One of the features of the pursuit and defeat of the rebels were the wonderful stories of John Morgan and his conduct through Ohio. Some had it that he was a ‘perfect gentleman’ — that most vulgar of phrases to express one of the greatest varieties on the face of the earth; while others were ready to swear that he had committed all the crimes known to the code, prominent among which were murder, rape, arson and highway robbery. It would prove a bootless task to sift these stories, and a mere imposition upon the credulity and time of the reader to recount them. They are in no way relevant to the purpose of the present writing, and if for no other reason, are left untold.

"The rebels took one of our guns at the first charge, and captured over twenty prisoners, but these were immediately paroled, and the gun they never used, for it was soon recovered with the capture of all their own.

"In closing this general account of the last movement of the Morgan raid, which culminated in the battle of Buffington Island, a name I have given it because no other place of note lay near the scene, I have to express my regret at not being able to speak intelligently of the operations of General Hobson, and in fact of all the forces engaged, beside those of Gen. Judah, General Scammon and the gun-boat Moose. Time was pressing and opportunities limited, but the best use was made of them.

"The gratitude of the country is due our soldiers and sailors, to whose efforts the successful result of the brief but perplexing campaign against Morgan are due, and I know I hazard nothing in bespeaking for them the lasting gratitude of the patriotic and loyal people of Ohio.

E. B.

FROM ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

ON BOARD THE STEAMER NAVIGATOR,
OHIO RIVER, July 24, 1863. }

After a weary chase for thirty days, the forces under Gen. Judah came up with Morgan's command in camp near Buffington Island, on Sunday morning last, and, after a brief engagement, succeeded in routing and capturing nearly the whole force of the enemy. A brigade of cavalry, as you are aware, left Cincinnati on transports last week, under the immediate command of Gen. Judah, and proceeded up the river as far as Portsmouth. Here the force was disembarked and struck across the country to head off Morgan's forces, which

were then at Piketon. Learning that Morgan had arrived at Jackson, and was making toward the river, we expected to meet him at Centreville; and there took position to give him battle. The enemy learning of our movements, avoided us at Centreville, and marched in the direction of Pomeroy, with the intention of destroying the extensive salt works there, and, perhaps, expecting to capture steamboats on which to effect a crossing into Virginia. Our arrival at Pomeroy, however, and the resistance of the militia forces in the vicinity, compelled Morgan to proceed some thirty miles further up the river, where he expected to ford, at Buffington Island. This, our general was determined, should not be allowed, and accordingly marched his command all night, and arrived at Buffington about sunrise on Sunday morning. When near the river, and approaching it on a road at right angles with the stream, we learned, upon what we then believed to be reliable information, that Morgan was some two miles further up the stream. The fog along the river bottom was very dense, and unsuspecting of danger, the general and staff, with a body-guard of less than one hundred men, and one piece of artillery, proceeded to the river, about a quarter of a mile in advance of the main body. When near the river bank, we discovered a line of men formed in a lane parallel to the road upon which we were traveling, and but a few rods distant. Owing to the fog, we could not tell whether they were rebels or friendly militiamen, and while endeavoring to get our piece of artillery into position in case it should be needed, our doubts were settled concerning the enemy, by receiving a volley of musketry, and a charge, which at such close quarters, threw us into temporary confusion. Seeing there was no hope of using our piece of artillery, for want of time it was abandoned, and were order-

ed to fall back upon the main body, which we did under an enflading fire for eighty rods. The lifting fog then disclosed to our view (instead of a reserve of pickets as we had supposed,) that we must retreat along the front of a whole regiment in line of battle! The bullets whistled thick and fast around us on our way, but none took effect, as they were invariably aimed too high. In the first fire above mentioned and subsequent charge by the left wing of the enemy, we lost from our little band of one hundred men, two killed, six wounded, and twenty-five taken prisoners—more than one-fourth our force. It may, perhaps, be of interest to you to learn that it was here that Major McCook was mortally wounded. Poor old gentleman! He had joined us at Cincinnati with his Henry rifle, intent upon avenging the death of his son, General Robert McCook, who was so brutally murdered by guerillas some months ago. He was ever in the front, and at the time he was shot was in the advance guard, riding along careless of danger. I did not know that he was hit, though but a few feet distant; and when he fell fainting from his horse, and his nearest companions were taken prisoners, the poor old man was robbed of his watch, his money and his rifle, and left dying in the road by his brutal captors. Of the Staff with Gen. Judah at this time, Lieut. Price, Aid-de-camp, received a bullet wound in the head, which I am happy to learn is not of a dangerous nature. Capt. Kise, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, and Capt. Grafton, volunteer Aid, from Cincinnati, were both taken prisoners, but afterward escaped, as did also Capt. Henshaw of the artillery, who was taken at the same time.

[From the Gazette, Tuesday 21st.]

“Gen. Burnside received a dispatch yesterday forenoon, announcing that one hundred and fifteen of Mor-

gan's men had surrendered to a force of only twenty of our men.

"Another dispatch announced the capture of Basil Duke, the head and brains of Morgan's command.

"Last evening about 6 o'clock a dispatch to General Burnside announced that two companies of militia had captured 71 of Morgan's men.

"A squad of 500 of Morgan's men, in attempting to cross the river last evening, after dark, between Gallipolis and Pomeroy, were captured by the 1st Kentucky regiment.

"So far, we have taken about 2,500 of Morgan's men prisoners. We have captured all his artillery, some 3,000 horses, large numbers of pistols, revolvers, carbines and accoutrements. We have killed of Morgan's officers, Col. Chenault and Col. Thos. Morgan, and have captured Col. Basil Duke, Col. Dick Morgan, Col. Ward, Col. Alston and Col. Griggsby, and it is also reported that Morgan himself is a prisoner in our hands. We have also killed nearly three hundred of his men.

"The prospects are decidedly favorable that Morgan's entire force will be captured.

LATEST.

"Gen Burnside received a dispatch about midnight announcing the capture of another squad of seventy of Morgan's men.

"It is now believed that there are not over 800 or 1,000 of Morgan's forces left, and these will probably be captured to-day.

"Two steamers left Buffington and Pomeroy yesterday, with 1,000 prisoners, including Basil Duke.— Among these prisoners are Capts. Snell and Hines, two notorious guerillas.

"Our Columbus dispatch states that 300 of Morgan's

men succeeded in crossing the river from Belleville, on a flatboat, and that after they landed they were shelled by our gunboats.

“Gen. Burnside does not believe that any of Morgan’s men have succeeded in crossing up to the present time. Had they crossed, we have sufficient men on the Virginia and Kentucky shores to have captured them before they could have reached the interior.

DISPATCH FROM COLONEL SHACKLEFORD.

[From the Gazette, Wednesday, 22d.]

The following dispatch was received yesterday by Gen. Burnside from Col. Shackelford :

GIGER’S CREEK,—9 P. M.

“We chased John Morgan and his command over 50 miles to-day. After heavy skirmishing for six or seven miles, between the 45th Ohio, of Col. Wolford’s brigade, which was in the advance of the enemy, we succeeded in bringing the enemy to a stand about 3 o’clock this P. M., when a fight ensued, which lasted an hour, when the rebels fled, taking refuge upon a high bluff. I sent a flag of truce demanding an immediate and unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command.

“The flag was received by Col. Coleman and other officers, who came down and asked a private interview. I granted forty minutes, in which time the command, except Morgan, who deserted his command, taking with him a very small squad, surrendered.

“It was my understanding that Morgan himself surrendered, and learned it was the understanding of his officers and men. The number of killed and wounded is inconsiderable. The number of prisoners is between 1,000 and 1,500, including a large number of colonels, majors and line officers.

“I captured between 600 and 700 prisoners yesterday. I think I will capture Morgan himself to-morrow.

I have Colonels Welford and Jacobs' brigades. The conduct and bearing of officers and men, without an exception, evinced the greatest gallantry and a high degree of skill and discipline.

SHACKLEFORD.

"We learned at headquarters last evening that Morgan, after deserting his men, as reported by Colonel Shackelford, joined the remnant of his force, which is reported not to exceed five hundred men, and with these he had started back from the river in the direction of McArthur, the county town of Vinton County. Our forces were in pursuit of them, but at one o'clock this morning nothing additional had been received."

"We give in our telegraph column and from our correspondents full details of the operations of our forces up to Monday morning.

[Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.]

COLUMBUS, July 22.

"The information relative to Morgan's men is that the remnant of them are not captured. They are prowling about the country in several bands, the largest of which is with Morgan himself. A dispatch received here to-day from Parkesburgh states that Col. Runkle had telegraphed there to the effect that Morgan was crossing the Muskingum, above Marietta. Col. Wallace, with a force of infantry and artillery, had moved to intercept them. The dispatch affirms that by actual count 216 rebels succeeded in crossing the river at Belleville; they were under the command of Colonel Johnston.—When last heard from they had passed through Burning Springs, and were en route for De Kalb and Glenville. From advices received by Gov. Todd and Gen. Mason, it appears that Morgan was at Nelsonville, Athens county, this morning, and this afternoon at 4 o'clock, was at Logan, Hocking county. He is repre-

sented to have with him between 300 and 400 men, who were stealing all the horses along their route of march.

"The militia are blocking up the roads to prevent his advance further. One thousand cavalry are in pursuit of them. It is thought that Morgan may attempt to cross the Muskingum at McConnellsville, or may even strike it at Zanesville. Let him go to either place or anywhere on the river and he will meet with a warm reception. The 85th went to Zanesville this afternoon, and under Col. Leffert it will do effective service on the Muskingum river. One of Morgan's lieutenants, taken prisoner, and now here, says that the whole force which crossed the Ohio into Indiana was three thousand one hundred.

[Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.]

COLUMBUS, Friday, July 24.

"Morgan's movements to-day have been somewhat rapid, considering the difficulties to overcome. Last evening on leaving Cumberland his force was probably divided into two divisions, one of which, the largest, was under command of Morgan himself. They left Cumberland last evening about eight, and taking a northeastern direction, succeeded in striking the Central Ohio Railroad at Campbell Station at 7 o'clock this morning. He there burned, about 35 miles east of Zanesville, the bridge and depot. He resumed his march in another direction, and arrived at Washington on the National road, about 10 this A. M. He destroyed several small bridges and stole a number of horses on his way. At this place our forces succeeded in approaching him near enough for a severe skirmish, which resulted in the killing of several rebels. Six were captured. Leaving Washington soon after 11, without being able to do much damage, he followed an eastern direction on the

National road as far as Fairview, which is on the border line of the counties of Belmont and Guernsey, and is about eight miles east of Washington. He there left the National road and moved in a northeast course for some distance, when it was changed for a southeastern one until he again reached the National road at 4 this P. M. at Hendrysburg, some six miles east of Fairview. We have no advice of his movements after this, other than his course would indicate that he was striving to reach Barnesville, where he can have another chance to damage the Central Ohio Road. He has probably already passed through that town but we cannot say positively.

“ We have received advices of the operations of the other squads. After leaving Cumberland the direction was exactly east, which if continued, would bring them to the Ohio river at a point called Sunfish, twenty miles from Wheeling. It may be that both detachments will meet at that place, and then cross the river in force, if not prevented by our men, who are reported to be on their heels all day but have not succeeded in doing them much damage.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette, Saturday, July 25th.]

By intelligence received at headquarters early yesterday morning, it was ascertained that Morgan and his command were at Campbell Station, eight miles east of Cambridge. He burned the station depot at that place. At 9 o'clock he stopped to rest his men, a few miles east of Campbell Station.

From Campbell Station he moved in a northeasterly direction to a place called Antrim, which is about twenty miles from Campbell Station. At last accounts received at headquarters, he was at that point. Our forces were only a short distance in the rear. The general impression seems to be that Morgan will try and reach Wheeling.

LATEST, 1 A. M.—General Burnside received information at 1 A. M., this morning, that Morgan's forces had left Antrim, and were moving in the direction of the Ohio river. We are authorised to say, that such is the disposal of our forces, that it will be impossible for him to reach the river. Detachments of troops are posted on every road to head him off, and the main body of our cavalry is only three miles in his rear.

The following Rebel officers which were brought up on the steamer Bertha night before last, were yesterday committed to the city prison on Ninth street:

Surgeon H. B. Haynie,	Lieut. Wm. Hayes,
Surgeon J. P. Campbell,	Lieut. A. J. Church,
Captain G. L. Maves,	Lieut. W. M. Page,
Captain F. M. Hare,	Lieut. C. H. Morgan,
Captain E. W. McLean,	Lieut. D. K. Moreton,
Captain L. W. Crafton,	Lieut. G. W. Bowen,
Captain C. L. Bennett,	Lieut. H. B. Mitchell,
Captain L. B. Peyton,	Lieut. J. S. Bently,
Lieut. J. B. Cole,	Lieut. M. Jewett,

Lieutenant H. C. Merritt.

There are now ninety-three rebel officers confined in the City Prison. They seem to feel light-hearted, and say that if they had only staid with Morgan they would never have been captured. Lieutenant C. H. Morgan, a brother of John's, boasts that our forces will never succeed in capturing the rebel chief. We learn from reliable authority that all the officers now confined in this city will be sent to Johnson's Island, there to be held in close imprisonment until the men of Col. Straight's command, captured in Georgia, are released.

THE FINALE--CAPTURE OF MOR- GAN AND THE REMAINS OF HIS BAND.

[From the Cleveland Herald, Monday, July 27th.]

By the arrival of the Cleveland and Pittsburg train this morning we are placed in possession of the particulars of the closing scenes of John Morgan's great steeple chase through the Hoosier and Buckeye States, a gallop, before which the world-famous ride of John Gilpin, that

"Citizen
Of credit and renown."

must forever sink into insignificance.

We have already mentioned the fight that took place at Springfield, between Steubenville and Salineville, on Saturday evening. The fight was in reality a blundering attack of one portion of our own force, upon another portion of the same. A plan had been laid for the capture of Morgan's entire band. The militia were stationed on a hill overlooking a road which Morgan was expected to traverse, and the cavalry and other regular forces were to occupy positions that would have enabled them to surprise and "bag" the entire rebel command. As the 9th Michigan cavalry, under Major Way, were moving along the road to take up the position assigned them, they were mistaken by the militia for the rebels, and were fired into. This of course compelled the cavalry to fall back, and before the error could be retrieved, Morgan and his forces had scapeed.

Gen. Brooks, commanding the department, had gone to Wellsville and established his headquarters in the Cleveland and Pittsburg depot, where he was assisted by the managing officers of the road, who had placed the transportation and telegraphic resources of the road at his disposal. Finding that there was a probability that Morgan would cross the road in the vicinity of Salineville, a train of cars was sent up the road about 6 o'clock Sunday morning with a regiment of six months Pennsylvania Infantry, under command of Col. Gallagher. These were disembarked at Salineville and marched to a point about two miles distant, where the rebels were expected to cross. The infantry were posted on some rising ground commanding the road, with orders to prevent Morgan's passage. At this time the utmost alarm existed among the people of Salineville. (Salineville is on the Ohio side of the Ohio river, some 40 miles above Wheeling, Virginia.) The houses were closed, doors and windows locked and barred, and women and children stampeding into the country with whatever portable property could be carried along. The men who had weapons and courage, turned out to resist the progress of the dreaded rebel, while all the others fled with the women and children. In a short time the expected rebels made their appearance coming around a bend in the road. On catching sight of the infantry, they halted, and turned their horses' heads in another direction. Before they could get out of the trap they found themselves in, Major Way, with two hundred and fifty men of the 9th Michigan cavalry, dashed among them and commenced cutting right and left. The rebels made but a brief resistance. A few shots were fired by them and then the whole party broke in utter confusion. The scene that followed was almost ludicrous, and could only be matched by the previous stampede at Buffington Island. Men dismounted, threw down their arms and beg-

most soon) stilling ground has near his side followed
New Lebanon came down to meet him.

ged for quarter, whilst others galloped around wildly in search of a place of escape, and were "brought to time" by a pistol shot or sabre stroke.

Morgan himself was riding in a carriage drawn by two white horses. Major Way saw him, and galloping up, reached for him. Morgan jumped out at the other side of the carriage, leaped over a fence, seized a horse, and galloped off as fast as horseflesh, spurred by frightened heels, could carry him. About a couple of hundred of his men succeeded in breaking away and following their fugitive leader. In the buggy thus hastily "evacuated" by Morgan, was found his "rations," consisting of a loaf of bread, some hard boiled eggs, *and a bottle of whisky.*

The number of killed in this fight was much less than at first reported. The number of rebels killed was set down as from twenty to thirty, but this must be over-rated, as we cannot learn of more than five or six dead bodies having been found. There was a considerable number of wounded, and about two hundred prisoners taken, together with horses and arms. A special train was sent to Wellsville in the afternoon with about two hundred and fifty prisoners captured in the fight or picked up in the neighborhood afterwards.

A few of our cavalry were wounded, two or three seriously. Lieut. Fiske was shot through the breast. His wound is dangerous, and he has telegraphed for his wife to come from Michigan.

Morgan and the remainder of his scattered forces pressed three citizens of Salineville into their service as guides, and continued their flight on the New Lisbon road. One of the impressed guides made his escape and rode back, conveying intelligence of the route taken, which it was believed was with the ultimate design of reaching the Ohio river higher up. Forces were immediately despatched from Wellsville to head him off, whilst another force followed hotly in his rear, and a strong militia force from New Lisbon came down to meet him.

*Congregation in ch. called
one to join forces - among them*

About two o'clock in the afternoon these various detachments closed in around Morgan in the vicinity of West Point, about midway between New Lisbon and Wellsville. The rebels were driven to a bluff, from which there was no escape, except by fighting their way through or leaping from a lofty and almost perpendicular precipice. Finding themselves thus cooped Morgan concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and "came down" as gracefully as the coon did to Davy Crockett. He, with the remainder of his gang, surrendered to Col. Shackelford, who was well acquainted with the redoubtable "John;" and is said to be a distant relative.

The prisoners were brought back to Wellsville, where their arrival caused great excitement. Morgan retained his side arms, and moved about freely, although always accompanied by Col. Shackelford. Last night (Sunday) Morgan and his Staff slept at the Whittaker House in Wellsville, and at 3 o'clock this morning, accompanied by Col. Shackelford and his Staff, they left on the regular train for Columbus. Later in the morning a special train was to be sent to Columbus with the remainder of the prisoners and their guards.

The militia are constantly bringing into the line of road stray prisoners picked up in the country. The hills are swarming with armed men, hunting for fugitive rebels. Nine of Morgan's party were brought to Bayard Station this morning, who were captured in the neighborhood by the Provost Marshal's force. They were taken to Alliance, to be sent from that place to Columbus.

Morgan's men were poorly dressed, ragged, dirty, and very badly used up. Some of them wore remnants of a gray uniform, but most of them were attired in spoils gathered during their raid. They were very much discouraged at the result of their raid, and the prospect of affairs generally.

The aged
James Mackinze

Morgan himself appeared in good spirits, and quite unconcerned at his ill luck. He is a well built man of fresh complexion and sandy hair and beard. He last night enjoyed for the first time in a long while the comforts of a sound sleep in a good bed, which was some compensation for his otherwise bad luck.

Five companies of Pennsylvania cavalry had been loaded up on the cars of the Cleveland and Pittsburg road at Pittsburg on Sunday afternoon to take part in the chase, but the news of the capture of the entire rebel force rendered their departure unnecessary.

Thus ended the peregrinations of John Morgan, the Raider, and he can now commence the first chapter of his "Prison Life among the Buckeyes."

MORGAN AND HIS MEN AS PRISONERS.

At an early hour on the morning of the 20th, Monday, the steamers Henry Logan, Starlight, Imperial, and Ingomar, arrived at Cincinnati from the vicinity of Buffington Island, with eight hundred prisoners captured from the rebel Morgan's command.

About 11 A. M., the rebel officers, including Dick Morgan and Bazil Duke, were brought from the steamer Starlight to the foot of Main street, on one of the ferry-boats. Morgan being wounded, and Duke lame, they were provided with a carriage, while the balance of the officers

formed in their rear in two ranks, when the column, strongly guarded, moved through the city to the City Prison, on Ninth street. The boats containing the privates then proceeded down the river to the foot of Fifth street, where the prisoners were marched to a special train on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, and sent to Indianapolis.

As soon as it was known the boats containing the prisoners had arrived, the levee was thronged with men, women and children, anxious to see the noted horse-thieves. Many sympathizers were present, and in several cases undertook to furnish their friends with money, refreshments, &c. This proceeding, however, was soon stopped by their arrest. A number of the prisoners being from Covington, their female relations and friends came over in carriages to see them. They were not permitted to communicate with the prisoners, however.

The following is a classified list of the officers:

Colonels.—Basil W. Duke, W. W. Ward, D. H. Smith, R. O. Morgan.

Lieutenant-Colonel.—Jno. M. Hoffman.

Majors.—W. P. Elliott, R. S. Bullock.

Captains.—P. H. Thorpe, G. M. Coleman, J. E. Eastin, T. H. Hines, W. R. Cunningham, Miles Griffin, H. C. Ellis, J. B. Baker, C. G. Campbell, E. W. Terrell, John Hunter, G. C. Mullens, E. D. Rochester, A. J. Bruner, J. L. N. Dickens, Jas. W. Mitchell, B. A. Tracy.

Surgeons.—Trigg, A. C. Raines, W. M. Stanford, D. Carter, J. B. Lewis, A. McCown, D. C. Redford.

Lieutenants.—W. S. Fogg, T. J. Sinclair, I. B. Talbott, I. P. Webb, R. W. Fenwick, — Litzzy, J. W. McMichael, Robert Cunningham, K. F. Peddnord, M. M. Thomson, Thom. Moreland, T. Leothus, D. Carr, F. B. Bridges, H. J. Rusks, J. L. Williamson, J. B. Harris, — Newton, — Wellington, Thos. Tolls, J. D. Morris, W. B. Ford, John Parks, B. S. Drake, J. A. Middle-

town, A. B. Chinn, J. Oldham, J. W. Gordon, C. M. Taylor, J. A. Fox, Dudley Tribble, W. S. Hickman, John S. Hughes, Alfred Surbeer, T. S. Kemper, R. A. Webster, — Munday, Rev. T. D. Moore.

Sergeant.—John H. Green.

A. A. Q. M.—Phillip Price.

Most of Morgan's forces were Kentuckians, but Colonel Ward's men were Tennesseans, and Colonel Hoffman's were Texans. The privates, on the boats, improved the opportunity of inquiring of the few visitors who reached them, all about their friends on the other side of the river. One Covington man got among them, to look for his son, but not finding him, he distributed seventy-five dollars he had brought with him among the rebel boys who had been stealing money and horses on this side of the river.

Among the privates there were two former residents of Cincinnati: a Mr. Pfau, who formerly kept a hotel on Main street, and who has a brother in the Treasury Department at Washington. He was formerly in our military service, but was dismissed for stealing horses from the Government, and selling them.

The most of the officers were stout athletic men, from twenty-five to forty years of age; while the rest, and most of the privates, were seemingly young men, many of them boys.

Basil Duke seemed to have many acquaintances in the city, for, as he marched up street, he was frequently recognized by persons in the crowd, to whom he would respond by lifting his hat.

During the week following some twenty steamers arrived laden with the rebel prisoners from the guerilla Morgan's command and their spoils, together with the trophies which were taken. On Thursday the Bertha arrived from Buffington Island with two hundred prisoners more, including six captains, eleven lieutenants and one surgeon. The officers were taken to the City Prison and the men to

Camp Morton. Six steamers arrived on Friday evening from Seven Mile Run with one thousand and eighty-one more prisoners, captured by General Judah's and Colonel Shackelford's command, who were sent to Camp Chase immediately upon their arrival. Three hundred and fifty-two more arrived on the 27th, to be sent to Camp Morton in the evening train under guard of the One Hundred and Eleventh Ohio regiment. Eight hundred and ninety-one horses, a number of wagons, and four pieces of cannon were a part of the spoils brought down. Three of these cannon are rifled 6-pounders, of steel, manufactured at Pittsburg, Pa.; the other a brass 12-pound howitzer, bears on its trunnions the letters C. S. A., and is stamped "W. C., Rome, Geo., 1862."

A large number of small arms, such as carbines and pistols, together with a few United States rifles and some bowie knives and Derringer pistols were also found. One of the steamers had a curious collection of spoils found near Buffington Island, consisting of shawls, hats, ladies' wearing apparel, watches, jewelry, saddles, clothing, canteens of different kinds of liquors, boxes cigars; in fact, a general assortment of almost everything one can imagine. Among the horses brought down and turned over to the Quartermaster's Department were a number branded on the left hip with the letters C. S.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post visited the City Prison for the purpose of seeing and having a conversation with the rebel officers confined there, and wrote: A group of women, whose accent betrayed their southern origin, were clamoring with the officer of the guard for admittance to see the persecuted "southern gentlemen," but General Burnside had wisely issued an order that no person should be admitted save "the press." So the indignant females had to return no wiser than they came. The rebel officers are well cared for, and have the

same rations as our troops, and are allowed to receive what clothing is necessary for their comfort from their friends.

The officers are mostly from Kentucky and Tennessee, and many of them are well educated and intelligent men, much more so even than I had expected to see. But few Confederate uniforms were visible among the officers. The men were dressed in all sorts of costumes, the butter-nut and Kentucky jeans being prominent. Some had straw hats, some wool hats, and but few had decent clothing of any kind. They were as motley and dirty looking a set of men as I ever saw. The Fort Donelson prisoners were neat and tidy compared with these. They were of all ages, from the beardless boy of sixteen to the gray-headed man of threescore and ten, for two were there over seventy years of age. There were a number of Texans among them, wild and uncouth looking men, apparently well fitted for the business in which they had been engaged—that of robbers and marauders.

The surgeons have been paroled, and we understand they are at the Spencer House awaiting the orders of the government. The remainder of the officers will probably leave to-day or to-morrow for Johnson's Island prison, near Sandusky.

COLONEL BASIL DUKE.

The appearance of this rebel officer was rather prepossessing than otherwise. He is of small stature, weighing scarcely 130 pounds, well built, erect, with angular features, dark hair brushed carelessly aside, sparkling and penetrating eyes of the same color, a low forehead, moustache and goatee. He has a sweet musical voice, a pleasant smile continually on his face, and is very free and cordial in his manner. There is nothing commanding in his appearance, though he has been termed by some the "brains of the raid." He is reputed brave, and not cowardly, like John Morgan. Your correspondent recollects

him as a commission merchant in St. Louis a few years since, at which place he is well known, as also in this city, and when in business was spoken of as an intelligent and good business man. His birth-place is Georgetown, Scott county, Kentucky, and we find, on reference to the catalogue of Yale College for 1841, the names of Basil Duke, of Kentucky, Brigadier General Carrington, and Captain Harrington, United States Army; Brigadier Generals Taylor, Conner, Brickel and Shorter, of the rebel army; Colonel Conner, of Mississippi, and Colonel Dixon, of South Carolina, in the same class, all of whom, we believe, graduated in 1845. In January last Colonel Duke was wounded at Springfield, Ky., in a skirmish with the Seventh Kentucky (Union) Cavalry, and came near being captured, but by some means escaped from our forces, under cover of the night, in a carriage. He informed me, during the short conversation I had with him, that he had no doubt but that Morgan would escape, but that he thought he would not undertake another raid into the border states, but would confine himself to Kentucky hereafter. He said the men were very much fatigued; that they usually rested off their horses from three to four hours each night, and slept in their saddles, being accustomed to hardship, but that this was the hardest raid they had ever attempted, and they had anticipated crossing just above Cincinnati, but that Burnside had out-generaled them. He seemed very willing to converse, and was apparently in very good spirits, considering he was a prisoner. He was dressed in plain blue jean pants, without coat or vest, (having laid them aside,) and had on a fine linen shirt. There were no marks of rank about him when taken.

THE BROTHERS OF JOHN MORGAN.

In an arm chair to the right of me, during my conversation with Basil Duke, sat a medium sized, well-built young man, with dark hair, smooth face, with rather a

stern cast of countenance, apparently about thirty years of age. He was introduced to me as Colonel Dick Morgan, brother of the "ubiquitous" John. He has rather a pleasant blue eye, and is of phlegmatic temperament. He was dressed in the gray pants and close buttoned roundabout of the Confederate army, with no insignia of rank, save a single gilt star on his black felt hat, which he was continually twisting in his hand. At first he was very taciturn; but gradually warmed up and became more communicative. He told me that last fall he was on the staff of General A. P. Hill, in Virginia, but that he was ordered west to his native state, to aid his brother in the present raid, which had been talked of for a long time previous to its consummation. He said had they been successful in this raid a much larger force was to follow; for it was the design of the Confederate leaders to organize a series of raids, and carry the war into our midst. He firmly believed, he said, that we should have to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, for they all would fight until the last man of them was killed, and if their cause was hopeless they would sink with it. But there seemed to be but little sincerity in the tone of Colonel Dick's conversation, for evidently he did not believe what he stated; for he admitted afterward—evidently forgetting himself—that the cause of the South was hopeless. He is not the gentleman in appearance that Colonel Duke is, and is evidently not so much of a favorite with the other officers.

Lieutenant Carlton Morgan, another brother, was afterwards introduced. He is a taller man than Colonel Dick Morgan, and not so fleshy. He bears considerable resemblance to John. He is of fair complexion, sandy hair and light blue eyes, and is rather of a jovial disposition. He, also, was dressed in the "gray rebel uniform," with gold lace on the collar, and wore an immense sombrero of wool, looped up at the side. After a conversation of about half an hour with the leaders we accompanied them up stairs

to their quarters, to see the rest of the prisoners. Upon entering we found some sixty-eight men, mostly Tennesseans and Kentuckians—huge, brawny men, most of them, while not a few of a more lithesome form, lying on blankets, jumped up and courteously greeted us, evincing in their manner good birth and education. They were dressed in all styles of costumes, but few Confederate uniforms being worn, as they were mostly clad in linen coats, appropriated from the wardrobes of Ohioans or from clothing stores, the property of which they confiscated. One huge six-footer was clad in a dressing robe, and sported a huge black sombrero, looped up at the side with a plume of the same color. His immense black whiskers, which reached nearly to his waist, and his heavy moustache, gave him a brigandish-looking appearance, as he strode in a theatrical manner around the room, smoking a cigar. He was a Texan captain of guerrillas, having a decidedly cut-throat looking appearance.

Many of the officers wore army pantaloons and vests, which they had stolen, as they said, the better to disguise them in their marauding expeditions. Among them was a clergyman, the Rev. T. D. Moore, a personage of the Methodist persuasion, who, when interrogated by one of our party why he joined such an expedition, tried to justify himself by saying that Morgan was only retaliating for Grierson's raids in Mississippi, and that he was acting only in accordance with honorable warfare. The temperature of the prison being about ninety degrees Fahrenheit, I left, with a request from Dick Morgan to call again, and to intercede with General Burnside for a barrel of lager-beer and a box of cigars, in which request the afore-said "bogus parson" and the theatrical Texan joined. The rebel officers seemed to have plenty of "green backs," and any amount of "bluebacks" or Confederate notes.

Lieutenant Colonel Hoffman, who was severely wounded in the affair at Buffington Island, commands a Texan

regiment of rangers. He has been removed to the Washington Park Hospital. Dick Morgan was also slightly wounded in the same skirmish. Basil Duke is brother-in-law to General Green Clay Smith, the Union candidate for Congress,* who represents the Covington and Newport district of Kentucky. A number of the officers have families in Covington and Newport.

THE GUERILLA MORGAN.

For the several days since the arrival of the rebel General Morgan, crowds of people have besieged the city prison in order to get a view of the great "ubiquitous," but the burning rays of a July sun had a tendency to cool their ardor. A general order from General Burnside denied access to all, and even the mother of the prisoner was refused admittance. The "press" were not even favored; but your correspondent, by a mere accident, had a few moments conversation with the guerilla chieftain. He appeared quite at ease until he found that the "parole" dodge was useless, and that General Burnside refused to recognize it, when he became somewhat reserved and thoughtful. He seemed to fear that he would be placed in uncomfortable quarters, as it was reported that he and his officers would be sent to Johnson's Island, which he was told was a cold, bleak place, and that the prisoners were treated roughly. We told him such was not the case, but that he would, no doubt, be closely confined and closely watched, but that he would be treated according to his rank and the usage and custom of war. After about ten minutes' conversation he was remanded back to his quarters, and as he left he said to General Manson, who was standing by: "General, I wish you would intercede and get a drink of whiskey for me, as I am terribly dry." As he left he courteously bowed, and, cigar in mouth, accom-

* Since elected.

panied by his keeper, he disappeared, much to the chagrin of the gaping crowd, who were gathered outside the open windows of the reception room in the city prison.

At 9 o'clock on Thursday morning, the 30th, three companies of the One Hundred and Eleventh Ohio volunteer infantry, under command of their Lieutenant Colonel, formed in hollow square in front of the city prison, having been detailed as escort to the rebel officers to the depot of the Little Miami Railroad. First came John Morgan, dressed in blue jean pants, and having on a new grass-linen blouse, his towering form prominent in the procession. He is a man of over six feet in height, weighing perhaps some two hundred pounds, with erect form, florid complexion, light hair, goatee and moustache closely trimmed. He has rather a pleasant blue eye, full and sharp, and his gait is swaggering. Beside him walked Colonel Cluke, a tall, raw-boned man of somewhat swarthy complexion, with dark hair, and eyes which have a sinister expression. There seems much of the brute predominant in his features, and, while unpopular with his command, is spoken of as having a cruel disposition. Next came Morgan's Adjutant General, wearing a full rebel uniform, and by his side was the Quartermaster, a cousin of General Morgan. Two and two, to the number of twenty-eight, followed, the whole enclosed by double files of soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Most of the prisoners were smoking cigars, and we noticed a canteen freely circulating among them on their way down Ninth street to the depot. At the depot an immense crowd had collected, which added to the increasing swarms of people who followed them on their march, made the streets impassable for wagons and horses. At ten o'clock the rebels were placed in the cars, and, under guard of a full regiment of infantry, left for Columbus, where, by order of the Secretary of War, they will be confined in the State Penitentiary, in solitary confinement, until the release of our

officers held as hostages in Richmond. This is the termination of the great Morgan raid, and Cincinnati breathes free once more.

Yesterday afternoon, says the Ohio State Journal (Columbus) of Saturday, in accordance with the orders of the War Department, John Morgan and twenty-eight of his command were placed in the Ohio Penitentiary, where they are to be subjected to close confinement until the rebels see proper to release the officers of the Straight and Grierson Expedition, now inmates of the Libby Prison at Richmond. The prisoners arrived on the afternoon train from Cincinnati, which stopped at the State avenue crossing, thus saving the trouble of marching them from the depot. A detachment of the Provost Guard had been detailed to keep the road from the track to the Penitentiary clear of people—a measure that was absolutely necessary, considering the large crowd that had collected. It required but a few minutes for the guard under command of Lieutenant Irwin to conduct the prisoners to the Penitentiary, where General Mason turned them over to N. Merion, the Warden, who received his charge with as much grace as the circumstances would allow.

The examination of the prisoners, which followed, was a tedious process, but was not devoid of interest.—It was conducted with due regard for the feelings of the prisoners, and at the same time it was very minute.—One fellow was compelled to hand over a watch he had concealed in one of his pantaloons legs, between the lining and the cloth, while others handed over other articles, including greenbacks and "Confederate Scrip."—These things will, at the proper time, be returned to those from whom they were taken, unless they were a part of the stealings in their late raids. Morgan, him-

self, had several hundred dollars in money, and what he considered as money, the greater part of which consisted of greenbacks.

“As the examination of each prisoner was completed, he was marched to the wash house, where he was required to give himself a “scrubbing,” and from thence he was taken to his cell. Morgan, who was the first one to pass through this ordeal, did so with as much indifference as he could command, which, however, was but little; for as he passed into the ante-room that leads to the cells, his step was far from being as firm as one would expect, notwithstanding his efforts to the contrary. The prisoners are to be governed by the rules of the prison, which will prevent them from talking with each other. Their beards have been shaved in accordance with these rules, and they will doubtless find themselves otherwise inconvenienced by them.

“They will receive the same treatment which other prisoners receive, which is all they ask, and which is better than has been done to many a Union soldier who has died in some Southern prisons. They will be closely confined to their cells, though they will doubtless be allowed to take some exercise each day. We understand that details from the Provost Guard will keep watch over them.

“We hope that this retaliatory measure on the part of our authorities will soon have the desired effect to secure the speedy release of the officers of Straight’s Expedition, among whom are several citizens of Columbus.

Another account says:—“The raiders were immediately put through the same motions as other criminals—persons searched, hair and beards shaved, bathed and clad in clean suits. Morgan and Cluke submitted very quietly, but some of the younger demurred bit-

terly, until told they must submit. Morgan had his belt filled with gold, greenbacks and confederate notes. One who had before broken his parole, refused to strip, when it was instantly done for him. Cluke begged for his moustache, but it was no go, it was razored. They will be compelled to submit to prison discipline, but will be confined apart from the convicts, and guarded day and night by the military. One or two talked about retaliation, but the rule against speaking was instantly enforced.

Early in August one hundred and thirty-two of John Morgan's officers were sent from Johnson's Island to Harrisburg, to be confined in the Penitentiary there.

INCIDENTS AND PERSONAL.

[From the Indianapolis Journal, (Republican) July 25th.]

Among the 800 of Morgan's men brought to the city yesterday morning is a young man named Stone, who, in 1860, '61 and '62, resided at Greencastle, in this State, and studied law with that persistent old traitor, Deland R. Eckles. He will be remembered by very many of the citizens of the VIIth District as a very zealous advocate of Dan Voorhees's first nomination for Congress, and one of the most active of the implements employed to "set the triggers" for that job.

He visited township conventions and cross-roads meetings, and made speeches for Voorhees, and contributed considerably toward that rush of Democratic confidence which swept Daniel into the position in which he stands, a capital chance to be swept into oblivion. After the nomination of the Democratic State ticket in January, 1862, he took the stump for it, and did what he could to help it till he entered the rebel army. We do not remember when he emerged from the chrysalis of a Copperhead into the full-grown butterfly of a Rebel soldier, but we believe it was in the Spring or Summer of 1862.

Whenever it was, the transition was so easy that nobody thought it worth while to be excited about it. That a Voorhees man, full of what little ideas Voorhees is able to impart, should join the Rebel Army, was just as natural as that a tad-pole should shed its tail and put on hind legs, and parade as a frog. How far he was encouraged in this patriotic determination by his leader and teacher, we do not know, but that he was not discouraged is very certain.

Eckles boasted at the Bates House in this city last Summer, and subsequently at the Burnett House, Cincinnati, that ten thousand Indianians had joined Bragg's army, that five had gone from Greencastle, and two from his office. Stone was one of the two. A young fellow named Dick Allen, was the other. Allen, like Stone, was a very active and zealous Democratic politician, and an ardent friend of Voorhees. He is still in the Rebel army.

Yesterday morning an officer in our army saw Stone at Camp Morton, and had quite a long talk with him. He inquired with much interest about Eckles, and John R. Scott, whom our readers may remember as the Breckinridge candidate for Congress in the VIIth District, in 1860, and about his Democratic friends in Greencastle. He said "he was glad to see that they were still opposing the Government, but would a d—d sight rather see them in the Rebel army.

"The Democracy had done a great deal to aid the Confederate cause, but the best way to aid it was to fight for it." In this frank way he showed exactly what the Rebels think of the course of the Vallandigham Democracy. They regard it as serviceable to them but in no degree creditable to that party. They accept the treason as Philip of Macedon did, but despise the traitor. "If these traitors were not cowards," they argue, "they would help us by fighting for us. What they do is all that cowards can do, but if they were only not cowards, what tremendous help they could bring us."

This is the exact spirit of the acknowledgments which the Rebels make of Copperhead services. Stone stands a good chance to remain at the North long enough to see just how much Copperhead help will do the Rebel cause.

[From the Zanesville (Ohio) Courier, (Republican)]

The following incidents have been related to us by a gentleman who pursued after Morgan for several days:

In Meigs Township, Morgan's command captured four men, and while they halted there for dinner, one of Morgan's men said that they might have a little political conversation with the prisoners. He asked what the politics of that neighborhood were. One of the prisoners replied that he believed they were generally Vallandigham men in that neighborhood. The Morgan man then said that if they were really Vallandigham men they need have no fears of them, that they would not fight against them unless forced to do it, and then it was their intention (the rebels) to give them an opportunity to fight on their side.

The Lieutenant then gave orders not to molest the property of those men who were prisoners, and soon released them, and said they did not mean to do any harm to Vallandigham men. This policy was practiced in the

same neighborhood. The rebel leader had given an order to burn the tannery of a gentleman, but when they were informed that he was a Vallandigham man, the order to burn it was countermanded. This is no fiction.

A wounded rebel, left near Point Pleasant, Guernsey county, was asked, on Monday evening last, by a citizen of this county, if he belonged to any secret society. He replied, "None that you know any thing of."

"You belong, then, to a secret society?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Have you seen any members since you came into the State?"

"Yes; I have seen quite a number."

"Have you seen any since you were wounded?"

"Yes, sir; I have seen three."

He then stated that it was promised by the members of this Society that if they (Morgan's men) came into this State, they would assist them.

The wounded man wore a butternut when wounded, and on Monday evening, when our informant conversed with him, it was still on the vest which lay by his side.

The man hoped he would get well, but was very dangerously wounded. His name is John Happs, and he formerly resided at Holly Springs, Miss.

[From the Buffalo Courier, (Democratic,) August 10th.]

A friend tells us an exciting little incident which occurred last Thursday at the Falls. He had gone down to take the ferry across to Canada, and observed before the boat started that he was to have one fellow-passenger only, a sturdy looking young man, rather roughly gotten up. He soon got into conversation with this person and received a lengthy confidence, by which it appeared that the stranger had been up in Ohio buying produce for a New York house, and was now enjoying a day's

holiday at Niagara, a run over to Canada being part of his programme. The boat passed swiftly to the Canada side, when the Ohio produce-buyer jumped quickly out, shook himself, beckoned our friend to his side and relieved himself as follows:

"This is Canada, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well *now*, stranger, do you want to know who I am? *I'm one of John Morgan's men.* It's taken me just three weeks to get here, and a hard time. I've had at that!"

He then went on to describe how he made his escape from Morgan in Ohio, when the fortunes of the rebel chief began to get desperate. He had lain out six nights in the woods, until at last he succeeded in exchanging his rebel uniform for civilian clothes. A good sized wad of greenbacks in his purse attested that Morgan's exchequer had been well supplied during his raid. Our informant states that three other of Morgan's men are now rejoicing in their freedom on the Canada side of Niagara.

A COLD BLOODED MURDER.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that when Morgan's band was within four miles of Jasper, Pike county, Ohio, they captured a number of citizens, among them a school teacher by the name of Joseph McDougal, aged 47. The captured man was marched on the double quick to the village of Jasper, allowed a few moments rest, and then double quicked to Piketon, and there, with others captured, formed into line for parole.

Before the oath was administered, however, Captain Mitchell, of one of Morgan's companies, ordered Mr. McDougal to step out of the ranks. After a little parley, this Mitchell ordered two soldiers to march McDou-

gal to the Scioto river, a short distance off. Here he was placed in a canoe, facing Mitchell and his two men, and at a signal from Mitchell two shots were fired at the prisoner, one ball taking effect just below the right eye, the other in his left breast, near the heart. Death followed instantaneously. The wretches left their victim in the canoe. Prisoners who were with Mr. McDougal represent him as a gentle but brave hearted man, the flag of his country being sacred to him above all earthly symbols. He was a school teacher and a most exemplary member of the Methodist Church. A wife and five children survive.

MRS. JOHN MORGAN.

The editor of the Dayton Journal was for several months with General Rosecrans in Tennessee, and he has furnished the following spicy notice of the wife of the rebel bandit, now safely caged in Columbus:

Mrs. John Morgan is a very bewitching woman. She used to be quite a belle in Washington, when the South ruled the nation. At that time she would have refused an introduction to John, indignantly. She belonged to the "blood stock of the South." Her father, Honorable Charles Ready, a Cassius-like man, resided—and still remains there—in Murfreesboro, where he ranked with leading lawyers. His dwelling was occupied by the Provost Marshal General of the Department of the Cumberland, jointly, with himself, wife, and two of their "niggers," until the army moved "up South"—to use General McCook's language describing that country. He was considered a snake, not a Copperhead—and our detectives watched his operations, but they could never convict him of conveying information to his son-in-law.—Nevertheless he received letters from him. But it is not of him whom we intend to discourse.

His daughter, now Mrs. General John Morgan, was fas-

minated by John's rank and reputation and consented to marry him. Last November she ran the blockade into Nashville and provided herself with an elegant wedding trousseau—aided by her elegant and beautiful sister, Mrs. Cheatham, of Nashville—who is now imprisoned at Alton, Illinois, for disloyalty. Endeavoring to go back, under a flag of truce, she was unfortunately captured in suspicious company, one of the party being charged with smuggling goods to the enemy under a flag of truce. The timid creature was sadly frightened, but was finally permitted to proceed with her own wearing apparel. She was married soon after in great state at the Court House, the walls of which were decorated with evergreen wreaths, encircling inscriptions in evergreens, of towns which John had captured. All the Generals, Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, Brigadiers, Colonels, &c., in Bragg's army gave eclat to the occasion, and Mrs. Morgan, true Southern woman as she is, was supremely happy—Southern women loving eclat as well as other women do.

When Bragg was driven from Murfreesboro, Mrs. Morgan fled too, and after a while, as we know from her own pen, she joined her husband at Tullahoma, where there was a great ball, and she was the "belle," in her beautiful green silk dress, which "my (her) dear husband brought to me (Mrs. M.) from Kentucky—and it is the favorite dress of my dear husband." And she had "a bewitching bonnet, which my noble husband brought me when he came back from his last raid. My dear Sis, I do assure you the Bandit and his bride are very happy"—and so the honey mooned bride proceeded in a very captivating style. But she was almost out of shoes. She couldn't get more until her "noble husband went on another raid." Wouldn't her "dear Sis send her some No. 4 gaiters and some No. 21 stays, and some

blue velvet to trim her exquisite riding dress," and some other wear which we can't mention. Then she went off again into rhapsody about her "sweet promenades with her bandit husband," and so forth, and then her "dear Sis," wrote a very ambiguous reply, suggesting that it was very likely that the "bandit's bride" was very much enamored of her lord, but she wouldn't make fun of her just now," the ladies have such a mischievous way of insinuating things, you know, that we men folks can't help but think they mean to be malicious. That's the last we heard of Mrs. General John Morgan. But we never heard anything ill of her, excepting that she was a rebel. After marrying John, she couldn't help that.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN S. P. CUNNINGHAM,
MORGAN'S A. A. GENERAL.

[From the Richmond Enquirer, August 1st.]

RICHMOND, Va., Friday, July 31st, 1863.

To the Editor of the Enquirer :

Messrs. Editors:—As much interest has been manifested in reference to the recent raid of General Morgan, I have thought it but right to add my "mite" to assist in appeasing the appetite of the public, who are eagerly devouring every morsel or crumb of news coming from General Morgan's command. Sincerely sorry that the Federal gunboats cut off the finishing of the account, I shall at once commence.

The command of General J. H. Morgan, consisting of detachments from two brigades, numbering 2,028 effective men with four pieces of artillery—two Parrots and two howitzers—left Sparta, Tenn., on the 27th of June, crossed the Cumberland near Burkesville on the 2nd of July, finished crossing at daylight on the 3rd.—Means of transportation—canoes and dug-outs, improvised for the occasion. Were met by Colonel Hobson's cavalry, estimated at 6,000, drove them back towards Jamestown, Ky., and our column marched on through Columbia, at which point we found the advance of Wofford's celebrated Kentucky cavalry, numbering 250 men, dispersed it, killing seven, and wounding fifteen men. Our loss, two killed, and two wounded. Marched on to Stockade, at Green River, on the 4th, Colonel Johnson, commanding the Second brigade, attacking the Stockade rifle pits and abattis of timber. After heavy slaughter on both sides our forces withdrew—loss about sixty killed and wounded on each side. Of Morgan's command the gallant Colonel Chenault fell pierced through the head with a Minnie ball as he led his men in a charge upon the rifle-pits. The lion-hearted Major Brent also poured out his life-blood upon the field.—Indeed, this was the darkest day that ever shone upon our command—eleven commissioned officers were killed, and nine wounded. Moving on to Lebanon on the 5th, we attacked the town (fortified,) and after five hours' hard fighting, captured the place, with a vast amount of stores, four hundred and eighty-three prisoners, one 24-pounder, and many fine horses. The commandant of the post was Colonel Charles Hanson, brother to the lamented Brigadier General Roger Hanson, who fell at Murfreesboro. His command, raised in the heart of the Blue Grass region, contained brothers and other near relatives to our brave boys; notwithstanding which, when the gal-

lant patriot, young Lieut. Tom Morgan, a brother to our General, and the idol of the command, fell, loud and deep were the maledictions that ascended against the cowardly cravens for seeking shelter in dwelling houses, and the question was raised as to their right to receive quarter. The enemy lost nine killed and fifteen wounded; our loss, three killed and 6 wounded. Rapid marches brought us to Brandensburgh on the 7th, where Capt. Sam Taylor, of the old Rough and Ready family, had succeeded in capturing two fine steamers. From 8 A. M., on the 8th, until 7 A. M., on the 9th, was consumed in fighting back the Federal gunboats, whipping out 300 Home Guards, with artillery, on the Indiana shore, and crossing the command. The first was accomplished by Capt. Byrne with his battery, two Parrots and two twelve-pound howitzers; the second, by an advance regiment, capturing the guards, and securing a splendid Parrot gun, elegantly rigged. 9th.—Marched on to Corydon, fighting near there 4,500 State militia, and capturing 3,400 of them, and dispersing the remainder; then moving without a halt through Salisbury and Palmyra to Salem, at which point, telegraphing with our operator, we first learned the station and number of the enemy aroused for the hunt—discovered that Indianapolis was running over with them—that New-Albany contained 10,000—that 3,000 had just arrived at Mitchell—and, in fact, 25,000 men were armed and ready to meet the “bloody invader.” Remaining at Salem only long enough to destroy the railroad bridge and track, we sent a scout to the Ohio and Mississippi road, near Seymour, to burn two bridges, a depot, and destroy the track for two miles, which was effected in an incredibly short time. Then taking the road to Lexington, after riding all night, reached that

point at daylight capturing a number of supplies, and destroying during the night the depot and track at Vienna, on the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis railroad. Leaving Lexington, passed on North to the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, near Vernon, where, finding Gen. Manson, with a heavy force of infantry, we skirmished with him two hours as a feint, while the main command moved round the town to Dupont, where squads were sent out to cut the roads between Vernon and Seymour on the west, Vernon and Laurenceburg on the east, Vernon and Madison on the south, and Vernon and Columbus on the North. Not much brighter were the bonfires and illuminations in celebration of the Vicksburgh victory by the Yankees, than our counter illuminations around Vernon. Many old ladies were aroused from their slumbers to rejoice over the brilliant victories recently achieved. Surmises were various and many. One old lady knew that the City of Richmond was on fire; another that Jeff Davis had been killed; a third that the Army of Virginia was used up. Not one knew that Gen. John H. was within 200 miles of them. Daylight brought the news, and then for miles houses were found vacant. Loaves of bread with buckets of pure, fresh water, with an occasional sprinkle of wines, liquors and sweetmeats, were thrust upon us. Terror was depicted upon every countenance until a brief conversation assured them that we were not warring upon women and children. Then their natural effrontery would return, and their vials of uncorked wrath would pour upon us streams as muddy as if emanating from Old Abe's brain. From Vernon we proceeded to Versailles, capturing 500 militia there and gathering on the road. Near this point, Capt. P., a Presbyterian chaplain and former line officer in one of our regiments, actuated by a laudable

desire to change steeds, moved ahead, flanking the advance and running upon a full company of State militia. Imitating his commander's demeanor, he boldly rode up to the company and inquired for the Captain. Being informed that there was a dispute as to who should lead them, he volunteered his services, expiating largely upon the part he had played as an Indiana Captain at Shiloh, and was soon elected to lead the valiant Hoosiers against the "invading rebs."—Twenty minutes spent in drilling inspired complete confidence; and when the advance guard of Morgan's command had passed without Capt. P. permitting the Hoosiers to fire, he ordered them into the road and surrendered them to our command. Crestfallen, indeed, were the Yanks; but Gen. M. treated them kindly, returning to them their guns, advised them to go home and not come hunting such game again, as they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by it.

From Versailles we moved without interruption across to Harrison, Ohio, destroying the track and burning a small bridge on the Lawrenceburgh and Indianapolis Railroad. At Harrison we burned a fine bridge.—Leaving Harrison at dusk with noiseless tread, we moved around Cincinnati, passing between that city and Hamilton, destroying the railroad, and a scout running the Federal pickets into the city, the whole command marched within seven miles of it. Daylight of the 14th found us 18 miles east of Cincinnati. Sunset had left us 22 miles west, but the circuitous route we traveled was not less than 100 miles. During this night's march many of our men, from excessive fatigue, were riding along fast asleep. Indeed, hundreds would have been left asleep on the road, had it not been for the untiring vigilance of our gallant General. Up and down the line he rode, laughing with this one, joking with that, as-

suming a fierce demeanor with another, and so on. None were left, and when we reached the railroad near Camp Dennison, few persons would have guessed the fatigue the men had undergone from their fresh and rosy appearance. A fight was imminent. Madame Rumor had been whispering that old Granny Burnside would pay us a visit that morning, but instead of arriving he sent us a train of cars with several of his officers, who were kindly received, and in honor of their arrival a grand fire was made of the cars, &c. Nothing of special importance occurred after passing Dennison, except, at Camp Shady, the destruction of 75 army wagons and a vast amount of forage. Until the morning of the 19th our command had heavy marches over bad roads, making detours, threatening both Chillicothe and Hillsboro, on the North, and Gallipolis on the South. Daily were we delayed by the annoying cry of "Axes to the front," a cry that warned us of bushwhackers, ambuscades and blockaded roads. From the 14th to the 19th every hillside contained an enemy, and every ravine a blockade. Dispirited and worn down we reached the river at 3 A. M., on the 19th, at a ford above Pomeroy, I think, called Portland. At 4, two companies were thrown across the river and were instantly opened upon by the enemy. A scout of three hundred men were sent down the river half a mile, who reported back that they had found a small force behind rifle-pits, and asked permission of Gen. Meade to charge. He assented, and by five he was notified that Col. Smith had successfully charged the pits, capturing 150 prisoners. Another courier arriving about the same time reported that a gunboat had approached near our battery, and on being fired upon had retired precipitately.

Gen. M. finding both of these reports correct,

and believing that he had sufficient time to cross the command, was using every exertion to accomplish the task, when simultaneously could be heard the discharge of artillery from down the river, and heavy drumming sound of small arms in the rear and right. From the banks of the river, came up three black columns of infantry, firing upon our men, who were in close column, preparing to cross. Seeing that the enemy had every advantage of position, an overwhelming force of infantry and cavalry, and that we were becoming completely environed in the meshes of the net set for us, the command was ordered to move up the river double-quick. The gallant field, staff and line officers, acted with decision and promptitude, and the command was moved rapidly off the field, leaving three companies of dismounted men, and perhaps 200 sick and wounded men, in the enemy's possession. Our artillery was doubtless captured at the river, as two horses had been killed in one piece and one in each of two others, and the mountain path, from which we made our exit, was too precipitous to convey them over. Two Lieutenants and five privates were known to have been killed on our side. After leaving the river, at Portland, the command was marched to Belleville, some 14 miles, and commenced fording, or rather swimming, at that point. Three hundred and thirty men effected a crossing, when again the enemy's gunboats were upon us—one iron-clad and two transports. Again we moved up the river. The Second brigade, commanded by Col. Adam R. Johnson, was ordered to cross, guides having represented the stream as fordable. In dashed the Col., closely followed by Lieut. Woodson, Capt. Helm of Texas, young Rogers of Texas, Capt. McClain, A. C. S., Second brigade, and myself. The Colonel's noble mare falters, strikes out again, and boldly makes the

shore. Woodson follows. My poor mare being too weak to carry me, turned over and commenced going down; encumbered by clothing, sabre and pistols, I made but poor progress in the turbid stream, but the recollections of home, of a bright-eyed maiden in the sunny South, the pressing need of soldiers, and an inherent love of life actuated me to continue swimming. Behind me I heard the piercing call of young Rogers for help; on my right, Capt. Helm was appealing to me for aid; and in the rear my friend Capt. McClain was sinking. Gradually the gunboat was nearing me. Should I be able to hold up until it came and would I then be saved to again undergo the horrors of a Federal bastille? But I hear something behind me snorting! I feel it passing! Thank God! I am saved! A riderless horse dashes by. I grasp his tail! onward he bears me, and the shore is reached. Col. Johnson, on reaching the shore, seizes upon a ten-inch piece of board, jumps into a leaky skiff and starts back to aid the drowning. He reaches Capt. Helm, but Capt. McClain and young Rogers are gone. Yes, Capt. McClain, the true gentleman, faithful soldier and pleasant companion, has been buried in the depths of the Ohio. We sadly miss him at quarters and in the field. His genial smile and merry laughter will no longer ring upon our ear. But from his manly piety and goodness of heart the angels of Heaven will never mark him as an absentee. May the memory of his many virtues serve as a beacon-light to guide us all to the same Heavenly abode where he is now stationed.

Two men were drowned in the crossing. The gunboat and transports cutting us off again, Gen. Morgan fell back again, and just as daylight was disappearing, the rear of his command was leaving the river. Sad and dispirited, we impressed guides, collected together

360 men who had crossed—many without arms, having lost them in the river—and marched out toward Claysville. But before leaving the river, I will briefly recapitulate and sum up in short order the damage to the enemy in this raid, and the sufferings through which Gen. Morgan's command passed. On first crossing the Cumberland, we detached two companies—one to operate on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, the other to operate between Crab Orchard and Somerset, Ky. The first captured two trains and returned to Tennessee. The second captured 25 wagons and also returned. We then detached 100 men at Springfield, who marched to Frankfort, and destroyed a train and the railroad near that point. We also captured a train, with a number of officers, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, near Shepherdsville—sent a detachment around Louisville, who captured a number of army supplies, and effected a crossing by capturing a steamer between Louisville and Cincinnati, at Carrollton, and rejoined us in Indiana. We paroled, up to the 19th, near 6,000 Federals, they obligating themselves not to take up arms during the war. We destroyed 34 important bridges, destroying the track in 60 places. Our loss was by no means slight; 28 commissioned officers killed, 35 wounded, and 250 men killed, wounded and captured. By the Federal accounts we killed more than 200, wounded at least 350, and captured, as before stated, near 6,000. The damage to railroads, steamboats and bridges, added to the destruction of public stores and depots, cannot fall far short of \$10,000,000. We captured three pieces of artillery and one 24-pounder at Lebanon, which we destroyed; one, a Parrot 3-inch gun at Brandenburg, and a 12-pounder at Portland. These guns may have fallen into the enemy's hands again; I do not know it to be so, but fear they have.—

After crossing into Indiana the inhabitants fled in every direction, women and children begging us to spare their lives; and were amazingly surprised to find we were humans. The Copperheads and Butternuts were always in the front opposing us. Occasionally we would meet with a pure Southron, generally persons banished from the Border States. In Indiana one recruit was obtained, a boy 14 years old, who came as an orderly. Our command was bountifully fed, and I think the people of Indiana and Ohio are anxious for peace; and could the idea of their ability to conquer us once be gotten rid of, they would clamor for an immediate recognition. Every town was illuminated and the people everywhere rejoicing over the downfall of Vicksburgh.

Crops of wheat and oats are very good, but corn very poor, indeed.

After leaving the Ohio at Belleville, on the night of the 19th, we marched to near Elizabethtown, in Wirt county, from there to Steer Creek and across the mountains to Sutton; from Sutton on the Gauley Bridge road to Birch Creek, crossing the Gauley at the mouth of Cranberry, into Greenbrier county, then crossing Cold Mountain, passing over a heavy blockaded road. Tired steeds prevented rapid marches, and six days were consumed ere we reached Lewisburgh, near which we left Colonel Grisby, with a detachment, which then numbered about four hundred and seventy-five men. From the crossing of the Ohio to our entrance into Greenbrier our men lived on beef alone, without salt, and no bread. Yet their only wish seemed to be for the safety of General Morgan and the command.

To the kind officers, soldiers and citizens that we have met upon our journey since reaching the Old Dominion, in behalf of our command, we tender them our undying

regard, and assure them if unbounded success has not fallen to our lot this time, that we are more fully determined to strive for our country and cause than ever.

I have the honor to be your ob't servant,

S. P. CUNNINGHAM,

A. A. A. Gen.-Morgan's Cavalry Division.

To this narrative the Examiner appends the following note:

The narrative of Gen. Morgan's recent campaign, kindly furnished us by Capt. Cunningham, will be read with an eager interest. It furnishes merely the outlines of this most extraordinary military achievement. The particulars and incidents of the expedition would fill a volume.

Capt. Cunningham, with others of the command, entertain hopes of the escape of General Morgan, based upon the fact that he had three brothers with him of so close a resemblance to the General, that any one of them might have been easily palmed off on Shackleford as the veritable chieftain himself. But we fear the Federal report is too true.

It is gratifying to know that Gen. Morgan passed entirely through the State of Ohio. We understand that Capt. Byrne, commanding the artillery of the expedition, saw the General in the river, nearing the Virginia shore, when, in response to the petition of one of his officers, remaining on the Ohio side, he quickly wheeled his horse and returned.

CONCLUSION.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable expeditions in military history; remarkable whether we consider the audacity of its design, the character of the men composing it, the distance and rapidity of the march, or the completeness of its defeat. There seems to be some obscurity about the real objects Morgan had in view in planning the expedition. It is probable that some of his men came pretty near the truth when they declared that this was to be the first of a series of raids into the free States, which it was supposed would distract the attention of the Union military authorities, encourage the friends of secession in the North, and raise a clamor among the invaded people, requiring that the troops they had sent to the war should return home to protect their own firesides and friends. Plunder, especially of horses, was doubtless also a leading motive of the rebel guerillas; and they were to carry the war into the enemy's own country, and demonstrate how weak he really was on his own ground. The South have always boasted they could whip the North five to one, and this was a good opportunity of proving it. If this war has no other result, the South will at least, by means of it, have this Quixotic, bombastic notion knocked out of her. She should have known better. Northern valor, courage and heroism have been proved side

by side with the South on a hundred battle fields, and on the ocean. This idea of the extraordinary military capability of the men of the South, and of their immensely superior personal prowess, as compared with northern men, was carefully instilled into their minds by their prominent men, who for more than a generation were engaged in poisoning the minds of their people against their northern neighbors, preparatory to this very rebellion. To their cankered and prejudiced minds all Southerners were chivalrous gentlemen, while northerners, and especially New Englanders, "Yankees," were a set of dastardly, snivelling, peddling mountebanks, engaged in manufacturing wooden nutmegs and basswood pumpkin seeds, and in palming them off upon their neighbors, and who would any time sell themselves and all they had for three cents. These, in the view of the South, were the people who were troubled about the sin of slavery, and sought to deprive Southern gentlemen of their negroes; and these were the people whom Southern gentlemen felt called upon to chastise into proper subordination, as they would their negroes. Born of ignorance and pride, these false notions have melted and vanished before the blast of war, like hoar frost in the vernal sun.

Morgan had taken considerable pains in selecting the material for his expedition. His success in his loose and irregular style of fighting, and the opportunity it gave for the display of personal courage and daring, had attracted about him many of the most adventurous and uneasy spirits of the South and Southwest, from Kentucky to Texas, and each man felt himself a host; and to a body of 3,000, all of whom seemed to themselves to be perfectly invincible, the idea of defeat and capture was altogether preposterous and a perfect absurdity, and they crossed the Ohio river with

as little fear as to the result as they did the Cumberland. And we may remark here that the final benefits arising to the whole country from their capture, will a hundred times repay the damage done by them, even had it amounted to \$10,000,000, as stated by the rebel Capt. Cunningham.

Like a pack of ravening wolves, which rush of their own accord into the trap and are caught, so Morgan and the very *elite* of the guerilla element which had for so long kept Kentucky and Tennessee in a panic, hurled themselves straight into the strong arms of the North, from which there was no retreat. It will be a long time before they recover their liberty, if they do before the war closes, and in the meantime the States wherein their exploits made them notorious, will be comparatively free from guerilla raids. The worst of the guerillas have stampeded themselves into the powerful Union trap, and the country will feel all the easier and quieter for their capture.

Nothing could exceed the energy as well as skill and celerity of Morgan's movements, except perhaps the operations of the troops sent in pursuit of him. The guerilla chief marched more than seven hundred miles, from Sparta in Central Tennessee to Salineville in Northwestern Ohio, in less than four weeks, or over twenty-five miles each day on an average. This he did besides stopping to fight and carry on his work of destroying property. But after the time when he passed in the rear of Cincinnati he was chased by Union cavalry, and he would have been overtaken and captured several days sooner if he had not "gobbled up" all the fresh horses in his reach, leaving behind his worn out beasts. Hence while he had fresh horses, his pursuers were compelled to stop to let their horses get some rest.

The following *morceau* is copied from the Cincinnati Commercial of August 14th, and forms a very appropriate *tail piece* to our compilation :

THE GREAT RAIDER.

John Morgan was a gentleman,
The prince of woolen-drapers,
Who dealt in finest woolen goods,
And sometimes dealt "the papers."

But Fame of John's expanding mind
Possession full had gotten,
And so he left his woolen mills,
To go and save King Cotton.

Against the Linconites he vowed
Swift vengeance, deep and bitter ;
And swore they were a coward race
Of slaves to a rail-splitter.

Then down upon the Nashville Road,
Than lightning dashed he swifter ;
And, emulating Old Abe's trade,
Became a bold rail-lifter.

And then, that to his former friends
He might have naught to bind him,
He said farewell, and ruthlessly
Destroyed all *ties* behind him.

Lest that the country people should
Go join the Lincoln forces,
He *hors(e) de combat* placed them all,
By stealing all their horses.

His frequent stolen marches showed
A strategy profound—
But soon, for stealing any thing,
Bold John became renowned.

His name became a household word,
So well 't was known, and it
Stood out upon the scroll of Fame—
The greatest living bandit.

So, full of fame, at last he cried:
 "Ye Northern slaves, I'll flank ye;
 I'll march right through the loyal States,
 And hang up every Yankee."

John boldly crossed his Rubicon,
 But, Oh, 't is past belief,
 How such a dashing rider came
 So suddenly to grief.

He found that Fate was but a cheat,
 That Fame was weak and hollow;
 For though 't was his own choice to go,
 'T was Hobson's choice to follow.

Good luck forsook bold John, and then
 He showered curses on it,
 As through the hated Hoosier State
 He darted like a comet.

He couldn't com(e) it though, he found,
 Upon his swift pursuers,
 Whom Fate had reared to man's estate,
 To be his last undoers.

The chivalry became alarmed,
 Though usually so plucky,
 And broke straight for the river bank,
 In hopes to reach Kentucky.

A Legion they of Honor were—
 They'd die in the last fosse—
 But yet, with all their daring deeds,
 They couldn't get across.

Then they played off some strategy,
 And threatened Cincinnati,
 And people cried, "In rear of town,
 Alas! there's no *abatis*."

Then Ambrose said, "Call out your men,
 Enroll, and arm, and rig 'em,
 I'll polish off these rascals worse
 Than I did Vollandigham."

The chivalry bethought them that
They'd try again the river,
For on the brink of ruin now
Their fortunes seemed to quiver.

A ford John thought to find and cross,
So that they couldn't find him—
A *ford*, Alas! was searching him,
A *Shackleford* behind him.

Hard pushed upon the race, his men
To save them now besought him;
He did his best, but finally
The Lincoln Yankees caught him.

Thus sadly ends John's bright career—
His last raid ends his glory;
The hero of a hundred raids
Lives only now in story.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 8, 1863.

The elderly bearded man that
 They'd be again the river
 For on the bank of grain now
 Their fortunes seemed to quiver
 A God John thought to find and cross
 So that they couldn't find him
 A God, Alas! was searching him
 A Shalshofy led him
 Hand reached upon the grass the last
 To save them now brought him
 He did his best, but finally
 The Lincoln's Tansons caught him
 There early ends John's night career
 The last raid ends his glory
 The hero of a hundred raids
 There only now in story

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45 Massey

57 Hilliards

59 RBR

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