THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF MORGAN.

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The Rebel Raiders.—The Heroine.—Commencement of the Pursuit.—Bravery of Colonel O. H. Moore.—Repulse of the Rebels.—Rebel Barbarism.—Plan of the Raiders.—The Quaker and the Copperhead.—Morgan in Cincinnati.—The Repulse at Jackson.—Rout of the Rebels at Buffington Island.—Anecdotes.—The Escape of Morgan.—His Trenchery.—Final Capture.

IN a Prayer-Book in a church in Louisville a worshiper found written, "Hurray for John Morgan! the Marion of the South, following his footsteps as much as the apostles followed the footsteps of Christ." Despite the bad rhetoric and the irreverent comparison, we can from this get some idea of the admiration felt by a large portion of the Southern people for the most daring freebooter and the most lawless adventurer since the days of our childhood's hero, Robin Hood.

It is said that the Saracen mothers quieted crying children and subdued angry boys with the nursery threat, "If you do not stop King Richard will catch you." It is not unlikely that for years to come the name of John Morgan, the rebel raider, may be the terror of little ones in that part of the country where he rode his great ride.

The narrative of his bold march through parts of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, and the heroic pursuit by the militia and a small command under Generals Hobson and Judah, will not be one of the least interesting sketches in the history of these eventful days.

men are proverbially polite, they will be seen, while staring the interesting young lady out of composure, to judge each other and pass round pleasant jokes. The interesting young-lady witness is rarely to be met with in the civil courts. The place to look for her is the Court of Divorce and Matrimonial Causes, where it is generally the object of the cross-examining counsel to prove that the Interesting Witness, who has possessed every one by her modest demeanor, is no better than she should be. There is possibly no warranty for this course of proceeding; but then the noble practice of the law requires that a lawyer shall do the best he can for his client, and that he must not scruple to blacken the character of the innocent, in order to protect from the consequences of his crime one whom he well knows to be guilty.

The interesting female witness is of two kinds. One is what she seems; the other is not what she seems. The mock-modest lady usually gives her cross-examiner a good deal of trouble. She is wary; brief in her answers, decisive in her replies; and her habit of dropping her eyes enables her to conceal her emotions. This witness holds out to the last. The other, who is really the interesting, modest, demure, timid creature that she appears, soon betrays herself under a severe cross-examination. Her only weapon of defense rises unbidden from the depths of her wounded feelings, in the shape of a flood of tears.

THE INTERESTING WITNESS.

HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

John Morgan, with twenty-five hundred effective men and four pieces of artillery, left Sparta, Tennessee, on the 27th of June, 1863. His command was divided into two brigades. One he led himself. The other was led by Colonel Johnston. The men comprising this raiding party were from both classes of the Southern people. Some were young men in high life, the sons of planters and of merchant princes, who, impelled by a restless spirit of adventure and a deluded sentiment of devotion to the rebel flag, and of hatred of the national banner of Stars and Stripes, flocked to the standard raised by that noted guerrilla chief. The larger portion, however, of the marauding band was composed of that part of the Southern community known as "poor whites." These illiterate, half-starved, semi-barbaric men chose the exciting cavalry raiding in preference to the tedium of the camp or the tediousness of the trenches, because, poor fellows! they were hungry and almost naked, and the abundance of food and clothing, rich treasure, license, and the easy victory promised by Morgan, resistlessly tempted their sorely tried flesh. It was a motley crew gathered in Sparta that bright spring morning. Some were in what had been once white linen, now sadly the worse for wear. Some wore blue homespun. Some were in jackets. Some wore long coats; some frock-coats, some dress-coats, and many no coats at all. Side by side with the "clay eater," in his filth and rags, rode the handsomely-uniformed and fiuely-mounted lord of the soil.
Most of the horses were thin, half-starved looking beasts, only to be endured until, as the rebels said, "We get over the river, when we can help ourselves."

With banners flying and din of rebel music the host began its advance toward Burkesville, in Kentucky, near which town they intended to cross the Cumberland River. On this same day, June 27, the Second and Seventh Ohio cavalry and the Forty-fifth mounted infantry, under command of Colonel Woolford, with a howitzer battery, left Somerset, Kentucky, for Jamestown, to watch the movements of the desperate raiders, and catch them if they could.

"And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days."

This day was no exception to the rule. A clear, bracing air, which it was a luxury to breathe, invigorated the men. A cloudless sky overarched the advancing host, and the joyous sunshine caressed the glorious banner as it was borne aloft at the head of the column. For a few days the march was continued with but few intervals for rest. At last Jamestown was reached, on the Cumberland River, about thirty miles above Burkesville. At this spot, where the rebels had intended to cross, the command halted for further orders.

On the 2d of July General Carter, in command of the United States forces at Somerset, was startled by the sound of clattering hoofs in front of his tent. To leave the table and hasten to the door was the work of an instant. A
horse, reeking with foam and panting with fatigue, stood there. His rider was a woman; her habit torn and bespattered with mud; her veil gone; her cheeks pale with fatigue and excitement, while her long black hair, loosed from its bands, fell in a wealth of curls to her waist.

"Will you alight, madam?"

"Not till I see General Carter. Can you show me to him? I am in haste. Every moment is precious."

"I am Carter, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Listen. John Morgan, with two brigades, has crossed the Cumberland, near Burkesville, and is now marching on Columbia."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, Sir, believe me," exclaimed the heroine, her eyes kindling with emotion; "my home is in East Tennessee. A Union scout came to our house early yesterday morning and told me. My husband is in the army. I have no boys. The scout is wounded, and unable to ride. So I took my horse and came to tell you myself."

The title of these articles is the "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men;" but I am unable to pass unnoticed this act of true patriotism and heroic
devotion of a woman, who may be proud to call the “Switzerland of America,” the wild mountain fastnesses of Liberty in East Tennessee, her home.

The news brought by this noble woman led to an armed reconnaissance, which was sent out, under Captain Carter, in the direction of Columbia. With only a small force he advanced toward the enemy. He, however, soon met a much larger force, by which he was quite overwhelmed. Captain Carter fell, mortally wounded. Reinforcements came to the succor of the overpowered patriots, and though they struggled with great bravery they were so entirely outnumbered that retreat became inevitable. Whole volleys of musketry responded to their few rifle shots, and a park of artillery opened its murderous fire upon their thin ranks. Still, without serious loss, they retreated with rapid march to join their patriot friends who were stationed at Jamestown. Colonel after colonel was dispatched to General Carter, imploring help. The report of the lady being thus confirmed, the pursuit of John Morgan and his band of desperadoes was now commenced with great vigor.

The rebel general had the advantage of the patriot forces by two days’ march. Morgan infused his own tireless energies into his men. Not allowing his troops to lose an hour, even for plunder, he pushed rapidly forward toward Green River, one of the important tributaries of the Ohio, which flows through the heart of the State of Kentucky. The rebel raiders, in their sweep through the State, were largely augmented by reckless adventurers, who, without any moral or political principles, were eager to join in any expedition which promised wild adventure and plunder. The cool, wary, crafty rebel chieftain, Basil Duke, aided the impetuous Morgan in the reckless enterprise. It was said that Duke furnished the thinking brain and Morgan the impetuous hand which guided and directed this lawless band, as it swept a tornado path of destruction through three States.

Colonel Orlando H. Moore was in command of two hundred patriot troops stationed at Tebb’s Bend, on Green River. This was the only force to retard the advance of the rebels upon New Market. On the 2d of July scouts brought in the report that Morgan’s band was advancing in full force upon the Bend. Undaunted by the vast superiority of the rebels in numbers, Colonel Moore, as soon as he received the news, mounted his horse, and rode over the surrounding country to select his own battle-field. About two miles from his encampment he found a spot which suited him. The site chosen for the morrow’s battle was truly beautiful. It was a lawn of level ground, carpeted with velvety turf and thick with trees, which, without the slightest impediment of underbrush, were waving in all the luxuriance of June foliage—a spot which the silvery river

“Forsakes his course to fold as with an arm.”

All night long the men relieved each other in the arduous work, with spade and pick, in throwing up intrenchments. Rifle-pits were dug. A barricade of felled trees was made to check cavalry charges. Breast-works were thrown up, to stand between the bosoms of the patriots and the bullets of the rebel foe. On the night of the 3d the gallant two hundred took possession of these hurriedly-constructed works, to beat back a small army of more than as many thousands.

“Thrice not to reason why,
Thrice not to make reply,
Thrice but to do and die.”

With not one word of murmuring, and with not one straggler, these heroic men planted themselves behind their frail redoubts to wait the oncoming surge of battle. All were prepared to meet, and with God’s aid were determined to repel the charge from the foe, however numerous that foe might prove to be. There was but little sleep in that patriot encampment that night. The men, grasping their arms, lay down in the trenches, and thought of home, wife, children, and friends. Memory was busy with the days which had fled, while stern yet anxious thought dwelt upon the future of to-morrow. The next day was the Fourth of July. That thought alone helped to make them heroes. Who could tell how many, then and there, would be called to put on the martyr’s crown?

With the first rays of the morning sun came the first balls from the rifles of Morgan’s sharpshooters. Soon a shell came, with its hideous shriek, plump into the little redoubt, wounding two men. With this hint of what they might expect, if obstinate, Morgan sent a flag of truce, with Major Elliot, demanding an immediate surrender of the entire force under Moore’s command. Colonel Moore replied, “Present my compliments to General Morgan, and say to him that this being the Fourth of July, I can not entertain the proposition.” Then turning to his men he said, “Now rise up, take good aim, and pick off those gunners.”

At these words the patriots opened a calm, deliberate, and deadly fire. The numerous trees and the intrenchments they had thrown up afforded them very efficient protection. Gradually the little redoubt became nearly encircled by the rebels. Still no one thought of yielding. Colonel Moore was everywhere, encouraging and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic patriotism. The heroic band still loaded and fired with fatal precision, though

“Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.”

No hand trembled. No heart faltered. For God and the Flag they fought and bled. The battle raged, with unabated fury on both sides, for four hours. At last the enemy retreated, leaving his dead on the field. The rebel army, thus checked and disincented, relinquished the prey they had hoped to grasp, and by a circuit avoiding New Market continued their plunder-
ing raid. The conquerors, justly exultant over their chivalric achievement, with new zest celebrated the Fourth of July. They were entitled to unusual joy, for they themselves had contributed another triumph to the ever-memorable day.

Meanwhile the patriot pursuers were not silent. On, on they rode, allowing themselves only a few hours' rest at a time. At Bradfordsville the command received the first reliable news of the raiders. Morgan had been detained by his flight at Tebbis's Bend, and arrived at Lebanon only thirty hours in advance of the avenging patriots on his track. At Lebanon the militia were rallied. They presented a brave but unavailing resistance to the determined raiders, who greatly outnumbered them. In their defeat three hundred were taken prisoners. The barbaric rebels, who were all mounted, goaded these unhappy captives at the point of their sabres to run at the double-quick to Springfield, a distance of twelve miles. If any one, through exhaustion, lagged, he was forced on by sabre thrusts and menaces of death. One unfortunate young man found it impossible to keep up with his merciless captors. The wretches knocked him in the head, as a warning to
the rest, and left him in the middle of the road to be trampled into a shapeless mass by the hoofs of the thousands of horses which composed their column.

When they arrived at Springfield the prisoners were paroled, after having been first robbed of every dollar. Their hats and coats were also taken from them and transferred to the persons of the ragged rebels. On the 8th of July the rebels found themselves at Bargetown, only twenty-four hours after Morgan had left that place. Here General Hobson joined the national troops, which were under Colonel Wofford. He brought with him four brigades of Kentucky cavalry and two pieces of artillery. General Hobson, by virtue of his superior rank, now took command. The patriot troops, greatly exhausted by the impetuous pursuit, encamped for the night near Shepherdsville. The horses were about used up. They had been under the saddle for several days and nights, with scarcely an hour for rest.

Not having the intellectual stimulus which nerved both soul and arm of the patriot in the hot chase, horse-flesh could not stand that exhausting toil which the men bravely endured. The rebels at this point had robbed a mail train. With their sharp knives they slashed the mail-bags, and made quick work in examining for money every letter and package. The road was white with the wreck of these precious missiles from loving hearts at home to loved ones far away. Some were full of cheering news of births and wedlock. Some told the sad tale of grief and death—now the sunshine and now the shade. The hearts of the patriot soldiers beat in sympathy with the unknown writers. Little did they imagine that their carefully-prepared letters, filled with messages of love, were scattered along the Kentucky highway, or were used to light the camp-fires and the pipes of both rebel and patriot soldiers.

A night of rest was very refreshing to the wearied men and horses. But the first bugle call in the morning brought every man springing to his saddle, and again they pressed eagerly forward in the pursuit. Scouts reported Morgan on his way to Brasdenburg, where he intended to cross the Ohio River into Indiana. His plan, as declared by spies, was to pass through the rich southern counties of Indiana and Ohio, ravaging as he swiftly rode, and thus circling round into Virginia, where he hoped to join Lee, and with him to make a raid upon Washington.

The patriot pursuers, both officers and men, resolved to indulge in no rest until this scheme was rendered abortive by the capture of the rebel chief. The marauding band reached the Ohio River successfully and exultantly. They seized upon two steamers, with which they crossed the stream. The torch was then applied to the steamers, and they were burned to the water's edge. Just as the Union army reached the river they saw the last of Morgan's cavalry galloping out of sight. The whole of the 9th of July was occupied in crossing the river. At night the troops went into camp to get strength for the long and arduous toil still before them.

After entering Indiana the rebels soon gave marked indications of the policy they intended to pursue in their invasion of the Free States. Wherever they appeared horses were impressed; shops entered and robbed; laces and ribbons were stored away in capacious pockets for lady-loves at home; mills were burned, unless instantly ransomed by the payment of a thousand dollars. And any man who ventured to offer resistance or remonstrance was sternly shot down upon the spot. The demons of theft, murder, arson, broad- ed over the guerrilla band, and urged them to every conceivable excess. For one thing, however, the rebels deserve credit—and that is for their uncompromising detestation of all North- ern secessionists. They seemed to be taught by an unerring instinct that these men were the meanest of the mean, alike abhorrent to both God and man. An amusing incident is told of an interview with one of these crawling reptiles in Salem.

After Morgan entered the town some of his men went to burn the bridges and water-tanks on the railroad. They captured on their way two men, one of whom was a Quaker. The broad-brimmed patriot urged that he, as a peace- able citizen attending only to his own business, ought not to be held as a prisoner of war.

"But are you not hostile to the Confederacy?"
"Thee is right. I am."
"Well, you voted for Abraham Lincoln, did you not?"
"Thee is right. I did vote for Abraham."
"Well, what are you?"
"Thee may naturally suppose that I am a Union man. Can thee not let me go to my home?"
"Yes, yes; go and take care of the old woman," said the rebel, releasing the man, whose brave and honest truthfulness won the respect of the foe. The other captive was not pleased with the speedy release of his comrade in misfortune. Turning to his captors with the ignoble and malicious spirit which has characterized all of his class, he said, hoping to ingratiate himself with the rebels,

"Look here! What did you let that fellow go for? He is a black abolitionist. Now I voted for Breckinridge. I have always been opposed to the war. I am opposed to fighting the South decidedly."
"You are?" replied the rebel, contemptuously. "You are what they call about here a Copperhead; aren't you?"
"Yes, yes," replied the Copperhead, insinuatingly. "That is what all my neighbors call me. They know that I am not with them."
"Come here, Dave!" shouted the rebel to one of his comrades. "There is a Copperhead! Just look at him! Now, old man," continued he, turning to the wretch, "where do you live? We want what horses you have to spare. And
if you have any greenbacks just shell them out; that's all!"

Thus the traitor was righteously robbed. It surely was right that he should pay his share to support that cause which his heart espoused. At the little town of Vernon Colonel Lowe commanded two thousand militia, hastily assembled from the surrounding country. Morgan sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the town. "Come and take it," was the intrepid reply. Women and children were removed, and the intrepid Colonel made preparations to defend the unfortified place with his raw recruits to the last possible extremity. This resolute show of fight put Morgan on his discretion. He burned the bridges, and did all the damage he could outside of the place, but concluded not to risk an encounter which so seriously threatened him with a repulse.

On, on Morgan's men rode through the counties of Indiana, and the Union troops were eager in the chase after them. The rebels had greatly the advantage over those who were chasing them; for in every town the pursuers found the exhausted horses which the rebels had cast aside, providing themselves with every fresh steed upon which they could lay their hands. The bridges which spanned the streams wherever the rebels wished to cross were burned behind them, so that the patriots were compelled either to swim or ford the streams or to construct new bridges.

On the night of the 13th of July General Hobson ordered his men into camp at Harrison, on the boundary-line between Indiana and Ohio. His horses were thoroughly worn out, and the poor soldiers were in a condition not much better. For four days neither men nor horses had enjoyed a night's rest, and had not even had the encouragement of a brush with the foe. That night all slept soundly; and while the pursuing force were dreaming of home, the rebels rested for an hour near the thronged streets of the city of Cincinnati. Incredible as the statement may appear, it is positively asserted that the rebel chief, in disguise, entered the city, and, in company with a traitor friend, actually attended a ball given by one of the ladies of the place.

The eager pursuit of the patriots allowed the rebels to make but a short tarry in the vicinity of the Queen City. They were not strong enough to venture into its streets. Onward they pressed, burning bridges, destroying railroads, and stealing all they could lay their hands upon. Thus they left their desolate track behind them as they rode through the rich counties of southern Ohio, unobstructed and unopposed, until they came to the little town of Jasper, in Pike County. There the citizens collected, and, cutting down trees, built a barricade in the road. Morgan came up and contemptuously opened fire upon the little band of citizens, expecting to scatter them as dogs disperse the flock. But though these citizens were outnumbered nearly ten to one, they fought bravely from behind their intrenchments. The rebels, in their unavailing assault, were thus detained four precious hours. In the mean time their pursuers were gaining upon them.

It is difficult to realize, in our own quiet homes, the intense anxiety, and often terror, which filled the hearts of the quiet farmers in southern Ohio when the tidings came, "Morgan is coming, and we are in his path!" We must draw upon our imaginations for a picture of the scene in Jasper. Physicians, lawyers, clergymen, laborers, all joined the bold yeomanry in the effort to repel the invader. And this strangely-mixed crowd, drawn thus suddenly from their firesides, fought bravely and successfully with the rebel raiders. They taught the rebels a lesson of the courage of the Hoosiers which they did not soon forget. The rebels by this brave resistance were compelled, after the loss of several hours, to abandon their path through the town, and by a circuitous route to press on their way.

Again at Jackson the backwoodsmen fought the raiders; and again, by this timely check, the pursuers gained two hours upon the rebel band. The chase now became intensely exciting. The country is level, intersected by numerous little streams, all fordable at this season of the year—thus affording no obstruction to the march, but adding greatly to the beauty of the landscape. The weather throughout the whole pursuit had been delightful. A cloudless sky, an invigorating atmosphere, plenty of food for man and forage for horses, kept up the spirits of the pursuers, and fitted them for a contest with Morgan, if they could only get near enough to strike him.

As the patriots pressed impetuously along the track of their flying foes they could almost hear, in advance of them, the tramp of their horses' hoofs, with the mingled din of sife and trump and drum. It was evidently Morgan's plan to advance directly upon Chester, and from there to cross the river into Virginia. He would thus escape his vengeful pursuers, who were now very uncomfortably near to him. The raiders began to give indications of alarm. General Hobson was close in their rear. General Judah, who had left Portsmouth on the 16th, was vigilantly keeping himself between the rebels and the river to cut off their escape by crossing the stream. Almost abreast, the two bands of Generals Judah and Morgan, by parallel roads, rushed along their race-course. The shores of the beautiful banks of the Ohio echoed to the tramp of these warrior horsemen. But no effort was made by either party to bring on an engagement. The patriot officers knew that the rebel force was not in one compact mass, but scattered over many miles of country, and they wished to bag the whole game at once. Morgan, now eager only for escape, wished to avoid a battle, because his supply of powder was very low. General Hobson was too near his heels to admit of his tarrying in the towns he passed through long enough to replenish from the powder-houses his exhausted caissons.

Many of the rebels, from sheer exhaustion,
were utterly unable to keep up with the march, and, straggling behind, were picked up by the patriots. These reported that the rebels were in excellent spirits; that they were confident that they would continue their raid successfully until they entered Virginia, and that then they would, aided by General Lee, make a brilliant march upon Washington. They seemed to cherish no doubt that they would be able to outwit Generals Hobson and Judah, and triumphantly effect their passage across the Ohio. But

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

The Union generals were not outwitted. And the well-fought battle of Buffington Island, which soon ensued, was a great obstacle to the fulfillment of the career Morgan had marked out for himself. Buffington island is situated in the Ohio River, about thirty miles above Pomeroy. It was selected by the rebels as the point for crossing into Virginia. The reason of this choice was that there are large shoals or sandbars in the river near the island, so that it would be comparatively easy to cross by fording. The whole body of rebels under Generals Dick and John Morgan, with Basil Duke, who, as we have said, was regarded as the brain of the enterprise, marched with the speed which anxiety now gave the leaders from Vinton toward Buffington. They reached the Ohio shore, opposite the island, about 2 o'clock Sunday morning on the 19th of July.

The people of Marietta, quite an important town a few miles further up the river, heard of the march of Morgan toward Buffington. The town was thrown into intense excitement. Merchants and clerks, gentlemen and laborers, were all eager to bear a hand in the chastisement of the audacious raiders. Captain Wood of the 18th regulars had been stationed at Marietta as a recruiting officer. He was persuaded by the eager citizens to take the command and lead them to the fray. At one hour's notice these heroic men started from their homes for the field of deadly battle and of blood. Their only uniform was the halo of patriotism with which each one was enveloped. Their arms were such as they could most readily grasp.

The party from Marietta reached Buffington on Saturday afternoon. Rumors of Morgan's near approach increased every moment. Captain Wood found here a steamer aground, loaded with flour and with but two men on board. The rest of the crew had left. The steamer and its cargo would have been a precious prize for the rebels. Captain Wood seized the steamer, threw enough flour over to lighten her, got up the steam, and ran her out of the range of Morgan's guns.

The river road, along which Morgan came, runs very close along the banks of the stream. On this same road General Hobson's command were now in close and eager pursuit, but a few hours behind. About two miles back from the shore there is a long low range of hills over which there is a road leading to the river near the island. About three hundred yards above this road there was a private road, leading into some large corn-fields and separated from the public mountain road only by a large wheat field.

The rebels encamped in the corn-field on their arrival at this point opposite the island. After a few hours of rest they were all ready to accept the wager of battle with the Union troops, who they knew were pursuing them. The rebels had planted their artillery on a swell of land which commanded the road over the hills along which General Judah's troops were advancing. During the night this patriot force had been pressing along as with tireless sinews. About dawn Sabbath morning they came abreast of the corn-field where the rebels were encamped. A heavy river fog intercepted the view. The men could scarcely see a rod before them. The patriot troops were first made aware of the presence of the enemy by the whistling of Minie and pistol balls over their heads. The road was narrow, with fences on both sides, and an impenetrable vapor veiled every thing from view.

The Union troops, undismayed by the sudden assault, returned shot for shot. But when Morgan opened fire with his artillery the bursting shells threatened great slaughter, and General Judah ordered the agleamon to sound a retreat. Just as the trumpet peal gave its unwelcome voice the sun declared himself on the side of liberty and suddenly dispersed the fog. The patriot troops were thus enabled to get the artillery of their command into line. The banner of our country was unfurled to catch the fresh morning breeze as it came down the Ohio, and to gleam in the first rays of sunshine which came bursting through the clouds.

Exhilarated by the enthusiasm of the moment, the order to retreat was recalled, and instead of it the bugle sounded the inspiring order to "charge the enemy." With loud cheers the patriots rushed upon the solid battalions of the foe. The fight was desperate. Many prisoners were taken on both sides. In the furious charge made by the patriots death reaped a large harvest from the rebel ranks.

At this time Captain John C. Grafton, of General Judah's staff, was taken prisoner. His captor, a rebel cavalryman, with the savagery which often characterized the rebels, leveled his pistol to shoot him after his captive had surrendered and dismounted. To spring upon the pernicious wretch, tear him from his horse and dispatch him with a pistol-shot, was the work of but a moment. The assassin now lay dead at his feet and Captain Grafton was free—but on foot, and almost alone in the midst of the enemy. Glancing around through the smoke and the tumult of battle, his practiced eye spied a place where the rebel force was weak. With the sword of his fallen foe in his hand he fought his way through the shattered line, reached the shore of the Ohio, and hailed the gun-boat Morse, which had come up from Portsmouth, swam out into the stream and was received on
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board. Then, by his knowledge of the position of the enemy, he directed the fire of the steamer's guns, and thus aided essentially in the discomfiture of the rebels.

As soon as the news of Morgan's advance to Buffalo Island had reached Portsmouth the Morse, under Lieutenant-Commander Fitch, was towed up stream by the Imperial, and arrived just in time to take Captain Grafton on board and to render its efficient aid in the brilliant victory. At the moment when General Judah's command charged the enemy in front from the road, Lieutenant O'Neill, of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry, with only fifty men, came down by a lane behind the corn-field and gallantly charged two regiments of the enemy. On, on without a pause the heroic little band spurred their horses into the thickest ranks of the foe. Under iron hoofs they trampled the Stars and Bars of the rebel rangers. With every stroke of their sabres and every shot from their pistols death claimed a victim. Blood crimsoned the ground. Horses in the death-agony emitted their appalling shriek. The stillness of the Sabbath was broken by groans and prayers and curses and cheers. Shell after shell came screaming into the rebel ranks, guided on their deadly mission by the cool unerring skill of Captain Grafton.

About this time the steamer Alleghany Belle arrived at the battle-ground. Her single gun inflicted exemplary chastisement upon the rebels. The hero of this gun was Nathaniel Pepper, a boy only eighteen years of age, the son of Captain Pepper of the Alice Dean. This boy, his face flushed with excitement and his lips firmly set in manly resolve and his eyes beaming with patriotic fire, sent death to the rebels with every shot he fired.

The battle raged until nearly noon. Then the raiders, completely routed, fled in utter confusion. Some, in their bewilderman and terror, ran directly along the road where the forces of General Hobson were advancing. Thus the patriot troops, who had followed more than a hundred miles just in the rear of the guerrilla band, took about a thousand prisoners. The rebels, in their flight, left all their artillery on the field, which, with the spoils of their camp, fell into the hands of the victors. Books, stationery, cutlery, women's garments, hoops, hats, caps, and bonnets were strewn in profusion through the rebel camp, together with many jaded, half-starved mules and horses scarcely worth capturing.

The patriot Colonel G. S. Warner, of the Eighth Michigan cavalry, in his official report, says: "During the long tedious march of five hundred and seventy-three miles, which took sixteen days, and that with short rations, they [his command] have endured it, as Michigan soldiers through this war have done, without complaint. With cheerfulness and alacrity have my orders been responded to by both officers and men. I was obliged to leave several along the line of march, either sick or worn out—some on ac-count of their horses giving out, with no fresh ones to be procured at the time. Our arms, the Spencer rifle, proved as before a terror to the rebels. They thought us in much stronger force than we were, when each man could pour seven shots into them so rapidly. This is the first instance during the war, I think, where the proportion of killed was greater than the wounded. As far as reports come in, at least three killed to one wounded, and this fact is owing to the terrible execution of our rifles."

Captain Ward, with his Marietta volunteers, took charge of the prisoners. Fifteen hundred privates, about one hundred minor officers, and Basil Duke were included in the number. John Morgan, with about five hundred of his band escaped. After resting for a few hours, to refresh the exhausted patriot troops and their horses, the pursuit was again vigorously resumed. A few minutes after the feeble residue of the rebels had disappeared, in their clattering flight, the patriot General Shackleford arrived with his command. His brigade was comparatively fresh. They therefore started immediately in pursuit of the fugitive guerrilla chief. Morgan fled rapidly from the scene of his disaster, and, unimpeded with baggage of any kind, turned his horses heads inland, intending, so spies reported, to make a detour through Muskingum and Guernsey counties, then back to the river, crossing at whatever point he could back into Virginia.

As the rebel band neared Athens County the farmers grew intensely excited with patriotic fervor, and resolved that if they could arm but two hundred men they would fight the lawless free-booter. Every road along which the gang were to pass was obstructed as much as possible by the farmers felling trees and destroying bridges. At every impromptu barricade the rebels were stopped at least for an hour. Aged men and young boys rallied for the work. Women ministered with eager hands to the wants of the patriots. Refreshments were always ready, and no man fainted for want of food or encouragement.

Morgan rode as rapidly as possible through Morgan County with General Shackleford close at his heels. On the 24th of July the Union forces chased Morgan fifty miles, when the guerrilla chief, finding Colonel Wolford, with the Forty-fifth Ohio Regiment on one side, and General Shackleford on the other, turned again like the stag at bay, desperately to give flight. For one hour a fierce battle raged. The rebels, however, steadily worsted and hotly pressed, retreated to a very high bluff near McConnellsville.

General Shackleford sent a flag of true demanding the unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command. A personal interview was held between General Shackleford and the rebel Colonel Coleman. The rebels asked an hour for deliberation. General Shackleford granted them forty-five minutes. There were but three alternatives now left for the maraud-
ers. They must either fight their way through
a triumphant and superior force or plunge down
a precipice to meet certain disorder, rout, and
ruin, or to give themselves up unconditional cap-
tives. Colonel Coleman surrendered the com-
mand. It was then found that the crafty,
treachery Morgan had employed the forty-five
minutes in stealing away through a by-path with
about two hundred of his men. The prisoners
taken by General Shackleford were sent to Zanes-
villes and the pursuit was instantly resumed.

Quite a number of stragglers joined Morgan,
and in the course of three days his retreating
force was increased to over four hundred men.
Fear lent them wings, and they fled rapidly in
the direction of Zanesville. Every step of the
retreat was, however, rendered difficult by the
constant attacks of the yeomanry of the coun-
try. General Shackleford pressed hard after the
freebooters, resolved that they should not escape
him again. Scarcely once drawing rein or stop-
ning a moment to rest the rebel gang was chased
through Guernsey and Harrison counties into
Jefferson County. Like the driven stag in his
last extremity Morgan rushed for the river.
At last again he came to bay.
At Sabinesville news of the advance of the reckless raiders created a perfect panic. Women and children were sent into the country for protection. Houses and stores were locked and barred, and brave men prepared to fight. A regiment of Pennsylvania infantry was posted along some rising ground which commanded the road approaching the town, and along which road Morgan must pass. In a few moments after these arrangements were concluded the rebels, on their jaded horses, made their appearance. They halted and gazed appalled upon the formidable preparations which had been made to receive them. Conscious of their inability to pass such a barrier, they turned their horses' heads in another direction. But suddenly, before they could advance a single step, Major Way, leading two hundred and fifty men from the Ninth Michigan cavalry, with gleaming sabres dashed in among them, cutting right and left.

The rebels, exhausted in all their physical energies, and with hopes discouraged by their long and unsuccessful march, in a general panic lost all presence of mind, threw down their arms, and wildly cried for mercy. Morgan was in a buggy drawn by two white horses. He mocked them furiously, hoping to escape. But Major Way, on his fleet horse, overhauled him and seized the reins. Morgan sprang out of the buggy on the opposite side, and catching a riderless horse, spurred him to his utmost speed. A few of his men followed him. In the buggy were found Morgan's rations, consisting of a loaf of bread, two hard boiled eggs, and a bottle of whisky.

The desperate rebel chief meeting three citizens of Sabinesville on the road, compelled them, with pistols at their heads, to act as guides, and continued his frantic flight toward New Lisbon. Forced service is very unreliable. One of the conscripted guides seized upon a favorable moment to plunge into one of the by-paths and escape. Riding back he disclosed to General Shackleford the route the guerrillas had taken. The General made his dispositions very carefully to prevent the possible escape of his foe. A few companies of militia were ordered to advance from Lisbon on the north. A small force from Wellesville guarded the roads on the east. General Shackleford, with his command, followed in the rear of the fugitives.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of July 26, Morgan found himself in the vicinity of West Point, a little village about half-way between New Lisbon and Wellesville. The rebels here realized that they were entirely surrounded. There was no possibility of escape. To fight was only death for all. Under these circumstances Morgan, with the remainder of his gang, unconditionally surrendered. The reckless chief seemed to regard his bloody raid, along whose path he had strewed the bodies of his lifeless men, merely in the light of a spirited joke. He seemed quite unconcerned and jovial, notwithstanding the death, dispersion, or captivity of his whole band of two thousand five hundred men. For several days the hills and forests around were filled with armed men, searching for and picking up the fugitives.

These poor deluded victims of the rebellion seemed very much dejected. Most of them were ragged, dirty, and in the extreme of exhaustion. They were generally attired in the citizens' garments which they had stolen on their raid; but these, by hard usage, were mostly bespattered with mud and torn to shreds. General Shackleford's command had good reason to be very exultant over their victory. The exciting chase in which they had engaged had lasted for a month, and had led them over more than a thousand miles of territory. By day and by night they had followed the guerrilla band. With little rest and many hardships the pursuit had continued from day to day till it was thus crowned, at last, with the most signal and glorious success.

(The very great difficulty, and, in some cases, impossibility, of obtaining perfectly accurate accounts of the minute details of the movements of our armies is hardly realized by any one who has not made the attempt. Even official reports often vary materially.

We make this statement in apology for an unintentional error in the April number of the Magazine. The commander of the Fort De Russy Expedition was stated to be General Franklin. It should have been General A. J. Smith, who has so nobly earned many laurels in this eventful conflict.

The writer of these articles is greatly obliged to any one who will apprise him of any like errors by addressing him at New Haven, Conn. John S. C. Abbott.)

BY THE APPLE-TREE.

It was not anger that changed him of late;
It was not diffidence made him shy;
Yon branch that has blossomed above the gate
Could guess the riddle—and so can I.

What does it mean when the bold eyes fall,
And the ready tongue at its merriest trips?
What potent influence holds in thrall
The eager heart and the burning lips?

Ah me! to falter before a girl
Whose shy lids never would let you know
(Save for the lashes' willful curl)
The pansy-purple asleep below.

Nothing to frighten a man away—
Only a check like a strawberry-bed;
Only a ringlet's gold astray,
And a mouth like a baby's, dewy-red.

Ah, baby-mouth, with your dimpled bloom!
If but your blossom apple-bough
Could whisper a secret learned in the gloom,
That deepens its blushes even now.

No need, for the secret at last is known:
Yet so, I fancy, it might not be
Had he not met her, by chance, alone,
There in the lane, by the apple-tree.