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[Reminiscences of Dr. Charles Burdsall]

Beliefs and Customs - Sketches

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Morgan's Raid

[527?] Words

Ref. (A) Reminiscences of Dr. Charles Burdsall, Hanover, Indiana

Mr. Burdsal was about thirteen years of age when Gen. Morgan made his raid through Indiana. He gave the story as follows:

"I was just a boy, but well do I remember the confusion and excitement that prevailed in our community when word came that Morgan was leaving old Paris for Vernon. We lived about four miles from the road Morgan traveled but nevertheless the horses were all driven into the

thickets for safe keeping.

On July 2, Morgan and his side ate dinner at the home of Dr. B. F. Russel. His daughter later my wife, often recalled that occasion, not

knowing Morgan she went up to him and said 'I would certainly like to see your rebel leader'. Morgan answered, 'Well, my child, just take a good look at me, for I am John Morgan in person'. Most of the raiders foraged their meals, mostly by cleaning out the grocery stores.

My father was a [blacksmith?] and had to spend one day shoeing horses in Dupont when Morgan's men were there, I think this was without recompense, the next day he worked shoeing horses for Hobson's men. The government assumed this bill. While Morgan was at Dupont there was

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an old man living about two miles away who had heard nothing of the intruders. He had a fine young horse which he rode into town and was ordered

to surrender, instead of obeying he turned and rode rapidly away. The next command was to fire then it was countermanded and a bunch started in pursuit. The old man soon outwitted his pursuers by jumping a fence and hiding in a dense thicket.

Another incident I remember was that of old Nelson Wiggins, he was very timid and almost afraid of his shadow, but with strongly southern views, which were not so keen when he contacted Morgan's men. He had a bag of wool and was riding an old yellow mare to Sampson's mill at Old Paris. While riding along he met two of Morgan's scouts who wanted to have a little fun at his expense. They demanded his mare (so no account no one would want it) at this Uncle Nelson put up such a plea, that the Confederates then told him to get on his horse. They then threatened to take him prisoner also. This almost made the old man frantic. Finally after much pleading he was permitted to continue on his old nag in peace.

For a long time it was easy to see where the horses had been hidden in the thickets. One of our neighbors hid their horses in a thicket only to have a colt neigh and give away the hiding place to the [Confederates?].

Hobson's men were following close on the heels of Morgan. About a 100 of them passed our house. This was the only part of the army that I saw. There was quite a contrast in the horses of the two. Morgan had taken all the best as he came. Hobson's horses were so poor and fagged out they could hardly travel. There were only about a mile behind at Dupont but were soon outdistanced by the better horses."

[(A)?]