

Isaiah Coalter (1843-1865): A Notorious Confederate Guerilla

By Jerry Long
c.2024



In the serene secluded Morgan – Coalter family cemetery in the western section of Anderson County, KY rests a tombstone for Isaiah Coalter. The cemetery near the Taylorsville Lake on the south side of the Salt River is three miles below Glensboro and a few miles east of the Spencer County line. The tombstone is inscribed Isaiah Coalter born 31 March 1843 and died 6 February 1865. The 21-year-old had attained a degree of fame and notoriety. His name was widely known and feared throughout Kentucky during the dark and bloody days of the Civil War. Like many young men of his time his blood was spilled on the battlefield. His death, however, could not be considered that of a hero wrapped in glory. The 21-year-old’s cause was that of a villainous guerilla, who had acted outside the command of the Confederate Army serving only his own corrupted direction. He and the men under his command committed numerous fiendish depredations – robbing, plundering and murdering in the counties of Shelby, Spencer Nelson, Washington, Mercer, Marion, Anderson, Hancock and Daviess.

Isaiah, six-foot-six, was known by the nickname of “Big Zay” and carried the title of “Captain”. His last name frequently is found as Colter and Coulter. On a marriage record the spelling of Colter appears and a brother, John Colter, used that spelling.

Isaiah Coalter was one of seven children of Rowan Coalter (1808-1858) & Sabra H. Morgan (1821-1857), who were married in Anderson County, KY on 16 June 1842. His grandparents were Isaiah Coalter and John Morgan & Sarah Jane Burrus. Isaiah, age 7, is listed in his parent’s home in the 1850 federal census of Anderson County, KY; their surname was given as Colton. When he was fourteen Isaiah’s mother died during childbirth.

Isaiah is believed to be a Josiah Coulter, who is listed as serving in the Confederate Army under Gen. John Hunt Morgan – private, company H, 5th Regiment Kentucky Mounted Infantry. In the Civil War era no Josiah Coulter could be found in any Kentucky record making it likely that Josiah was a misinterpretation of his name. Josiah participated in Morgan’s Raid into Indiana and Ohio in the summer of 1863. The Fifth Kentucky Cavalry fought in the battle of Corydon, IN. When Gen. Morgan surrendered in July 1863, Josiah was taken prisoner and sent to Camp Douglas, a prisoner of war camp in Chicago, IL. In June 1864 Gen. Morgan’s Kentucky forcers were decimated near Cynthiana, KY and those remaining were disintegrated. Colter appears to have either escaped imprisonment or was exchanged sometime during July 1863 and August 1864. On 31 August 1864 he was riding as a guerilla with another Anderson County partisan, Captain Ben Foreman ([Louisville Daily Journal](#), 1 September 1864, p.3).

In February 1865 in a skirmish on Squire Heady's farm, near Bloomfield, KY Isaiah Colter was shot and severely wounded by Ed Terrell, a Union home guard soldier. Colter reportedly was able to ride back toward his home territory in Anderson County seeking refuge with an aunt.

The Louisville Daily Journal of Wednesday, 1 February 1865 (p.3) reported that Colter had been severely wounded and in the issue of Saturday, 11 February 1865 (p.1) recorded that Colter was wounded in the chest by Terrell on "Saturday last". The two reports interpreted together suggest he had been wounded on Saturday, 28 January 1865. On the tombstone of Isaiah Coalter it is engraved that his death was on 6 February 1865.

It is not comforting to know that Isaiah Coalter is a relative of this writer. He and my great-grandfather, John Howard Long, are first cousins, their mother's, Sabra and America Morgan, were sisters. Isaiah and I are first cousins three times removed.

The following entries hi-lite some of the accounts of Isaiah Coalter's career as a guerilla:



**History of Anderson County, Kentucky, 1780-1936,
Major Lewis W. McKee & Mrs. Lydia K. Bond, 1936, p.64:**

GUERILLAS IN ANDERSON COUNTY

There were many guerillas operating in central Kentucky, principally In Anderson County and Nelson, and counties west of them....

Other guerillas of the county were Ben Frohman and Zay Colter, called by his friends "Big" Zay Colter. On one occasion Colter was in Nelson County, just across the line from Anderson, when he and some guerilla companions had a fight with the Home Guards, who hid in a large log barn. Shooting continued when the guerillas charged on the barn, Colter was killed in the charge. He was a son of Rowan Colter, and lived on the Colter farm on the south side of Salt river, near the Colter ford. He had a brother John Colter, who was a soldier in the Co. G, sixth Kentucky Infantry, and served with his company throughout the War Between the States. After the war he removed to Louisville and went into a successful business and after some years of success there, died in 1893.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Thursday, 1 September 1864, p.3:

CAPTURED BY GUERILLAS – On Tuesday afternoon, in Anderson county, four miles from Chaplaintown, Lieutenant Colonel Graham, of the 11th Kentucky cavalry, and three soldiers of company D, in the same regiment, named John J. Goodlert, Albert Sutler, and Samuel R. White, were surrounded by band of twenty guerillas, under the command of a Captain Foreman, and made prisoners. The Colonel and his men, some time ago, returned from front on sick leave, and since then have been enjoying the quiet of home. Learning that the regiment was now in Louisville, the four soldiers started for the city, riding in the wagon of Mr. Gritten. They did not suspect any danger, and were made easy captures. The Colonel was robbed of bis horse, pistols, money, and watch. He was then paroled, to go to Taylorsville, and try to effect an exchange of Goodlett and Sutler for two prisoners confined in the jail at that place, whom Foremau claimed were members

of his band. He said that he had been on the lookout for White, and now that he had captured him he intended to shoot him White is a man about fifth-five years of age, and has hunted down guerilla bands with the greatest energy. He has six sons and two sons-in-law in the Federal army. Foreman is a citizen of Anderson county, and it is presumed that a majority of the members of his band are from the same section of country. Mr. Gritten, the owner of the wagon in which the soldiers were riding, recognized two of the gang, Maddox and Z. A. Collier, as formerly his old neighbors. He was also well acquainted with Foreman, and thought from his knowledge of the man that he would carry his threats of shooting White into execution.



**Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Thursday, 20 October 1864, p.2;
Friday, 21 October 1864, p.2; Saturday, 22 October 1864, p.2;
and Monday, 24 October 1864, p.2:**

Taken by Guerillas.

TWO BLACK BOYS, NAMED GEORGE and CAREY, 16 and 14 years of age (and small of their age) were taken from me, in Nelson county, on Thursday evening, the 13th inst., by a party of guerillas, headed by Captain Coulter and Lieut. Brown, who proceeded forthwith in the direction of Lebanon to join Gen. Forrest, as they said. I think said boys will make their escape from them if they can, and may fall into the hands of some citizen. Any information concerning them will be thankfully received, and any person returning said boys to me, or securing them so that I can get them, will be liberally rewarded. My poet-office is Fairfield, Nelson county, Ky.

SAM'L C. BEALMEAR.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Tuesday, 15 November 1864, p.2

GUERILLAS IN SHELBY COUNTY. – A squad of six guerillas passed through Shelbyville on Sunday morning. They did not stop to commit any depredations, but moved as if in a great hurry. It appears that they had learned that a scout of the 11th Kentucky cavalry was in the vicinity, and, having no desire to meet the Federal soldiers, they thought it best not to tarry on the road. A man named Colter was in command of the party. He is the Captain of a large guerilla band, but most of his men are now roving about the country in small detachments, robbing the people and depredating with impunity. When necessary, Colter can rally his men in one day s time, and offer serious resistance to any small detachment of Federal troops sent in pursuit of the squads.



Owensboro Monitor, Owensboro, KY, Wednesday, 14 December 1864, p.2:

Some 25 guerillas, under the command of Mitchell and Coulter, passed through Washington county, Ky., last week stealing horses and robbing stores and citizens. They killed three discharged Federal soldiers whom they met in their route, and avowed their purpose to shoot every soldier they caught, in retaliation for the execution of their men under Burbridge's order.

They also went to the house of Lt. Col. Hall of the State militia for Washington county, and surrounded it before he discovered them. He concluded to die bravely and having a Henry rifle, he gave them fight and it is said wounded five of them. He exhausted his ammunition, and they broke into his house, and with his wife and child clinging around his neck shot him dead .They shot him seven times. Their reason for this act of blood was that he had on a former occasion commanded some home guards in pursuit of them.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Thursday, 12 January 1865, p.3:

GUERRILLA OPERATIONS AT OWENSBORO. – Eighty guerilla thieves, under the infamous and notorious Davidson and Colter; entered Owensboro on Saturday, and levied a forced contribution of \$400. Rebel sympathizers endeavored to raise the money, but failed, when the thieving scoundrels broke into stores and helped themselves to the amount of \$2,000 to \$2,500 worth of goods.



**History of Daviess County, Kentucky
(Chicago, IL: Inter-State Publishing Co., 1883), pp.175-176:**

1865, Jan. 4, the court-house burned by Davidson and his men; the records and furniture mostly saved. Davidson had orders to destroy every court-house that had been occupied by negro troops. Probably two or three other court-houses were burned in the State, under these orders. This destruction was expected, and the county officers had time to save the records. Mr. Thomas took all the records of his office (circuit clerk) and deposited the most of them in the vestibule of the Methodist church, and the rest in Captain Hall's building. The other records were taken care of by the respective officers. The Confederates had no permission or desire to burn the records. Another account says that a man named Coulter was the Commander-in-chief of the court-house-burning gang, and that he acted without authority from the Confederate Government. He and his men were doubtless a part of Davidson's force. Coulter is said to have been a tall, fine-looking man, trim built, and having very keen eyes. Four revolvers were buckled around him. The Planter's Hotel had also been used as barracks, and it was rumored that it was to be burned also. Coulter was appealed to, and he declared with an oath that no more buildings should be burned; and he actually impressed citizens into aiding him to prevent further violence.



**Hancock County Marriage Bond Book 1, p.247
Hancock County Courthouse, Hawesville, KY:**

The following marriage license between Isaiah Colter and Mrs. Emma Fulkerson was recorded in Hancock County, KY on 11 January 1865, one week after the burning of the Daviess County, KY Courthouse.

Marriage Bond.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Be it known, that we, *Isiah Colter*
as principal, and *Will W Davidson*
as surety, are jointly and severally bound to the Commonwealth of Kentucky, in the sum of One Hundred Dollars.

The Condition of this Bond is as follows:

That, whereas Marriage is intended to be solemnized between the above bound *Isiah Colter* and *Will W Davidson Mrs Emma Falkner*, Now, if there is no lawful cause to obstruct said marriage, this bond shall be void, otherwise it shall remain in full force and effect.

Dated at Hawesville, Hancock County, this *11th* day of *January* 1865

This Bond and the Service were obtained by force of arms
H. B. Johnson S. C.
for C. C. Falkner

Isiah Colter
W. W. Davidson
Capt. C. S. A.



Cannelton Reporter, Cannelton, IN, 16 February 1865, p.5:

Marriage Extraordinary.

A gentleman from the neighborhood of Hancock comity, Kentucky, has just given us the following account of a most singular guerrilla outrage. The notorious guerrilla Coulter, who is reported to have been killed in Nelson county Ky., about two weeks ago, is the hero of the story.

Coulter entered the village of Hawesville, and going to the Clerk's office compelled the deputy Clerk of the county court to issue a marriage license, authorizing any Minister of the Gospel legally qualified, to unite him (Coulter) in the bonds of matrimony with Mrs. F., the beautiful young wile of a discharged Union soldier. (Her husband being in Louisville, afraid to return to the guerilla-infested neighborhood in which his dwelling is located.) The Clerk, in his own jurisdiction, entered on his book, "compelled by force of arms to issue this license."

Having obtained the license, Coulter next sought a clergyman, whom, with threats of death he compelled to go with him to the house and perform the ceremony. Having lived with the doubly married woman three or four days the desperado gave her five hundred dollars in gold, and set off again in search of adventures. Whether the lady was constrained by force, by gold, or by romantic affection, to submit to the double marriage, our informant had not learned. It may be added, as favorable to the best construction which can be placed upon the conduct of the bride, that when last seen in the neighborhood, she was on board of a steamer bound for Louisville. — *Jeffersonville Democrat.*



**Weekly Messenger, Owensboro, KY, Saturday, 23 July 1898, p.2 and
The Breckenridge News, Cloverport, KY, Wednesday, 20 July 1898, p.5:**



In looking over some old records in the Hancock county clerk's office the other day a marriage bond was discovered that recalled the reckless deeds that made Isaiah Colter, the guerrilla chief a terror to borderers in this state and Indiana during the late war.

The bond held Colter in the sum of \$100 to marry Mrs. Emma Fulkerson and Will H. Davidson, captain, C. S. A. was surety

The bond was issued January 11, 1865 and the following indorsement was written on the margin of the instrument:

“This bond and the license were obtained by force of arms”

J. B. Massmore, D. C.,
E. E. Pate, Clerk

Attached to the bond, also was a certificate in a woman’s handwriting which read as follows:

“I do hereby certify that I give my full consent to Isaiah Colter to procure license to marry me this eleventh day of January, 1865”

Mrs. Emma Fulkerson,
Will H. Davidson,
Capt. C. S. A., Attest .

The incidents connected with this bond and license exemplify the daredevil recklessness that characterized Isaiah Colter when his star as a guerilla chieftain was in the ascendant. Mrs. Fulkerson the woman in the case, was the wife of the captain of a United States gunboat stationed on the Ohio river at Hawesville. Colter hated the Union soldiers as he hated rattle-snakes and thought no trick too mean to play upon them. He had an especial antipathy against Fulkerson and wishing to inflict the refinement of cruelty upon the latter he devised the wild scheme of stealing Fulkerson’s wife and marrying her. In accordance with his plans he came to Hawesville early in the morning of January 11, 1865. He laid in wait for Mrs. Fulkerson and when she came up town to do some shopping, Colter, who was accompanied by Capt. Davidson. leveled a revolver at the woman and compelled her to write the certificate as reproduced above. He also forced her to accompany him to the court house, where the deputy county clerk was intimidated and by the moral suasion of a pistol leveled at his head, induced to issue the marriage license The guerilla chieftain then escorted Mrs. Fulkerson to the home of Rev. Hardin Ellis, where, in the presence of Capt. Davidson, she became an involuntary bigamist. The woman was forced to accompany Colter on all his reckless raids through northern Kentucky and during the three weeks following the marriage she had many exciting adventures and narrow escapes. Colter was killed in a skirmish in Larue county three weeks afterward and Mrs. Fulkerson returned to her lawful husband.



Owensboro Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, Sunday, 24 July 1898, p.4:

A Fake Story

Isaiah Colter Did Not Force the Wife of Another to Marry Him.

Some of the papers have been printing a story to the effect that during the war the noted guerilla Isaiah Colter went into Hancock county and compelled the wife of a federal captain, Mrs. Fulkerson to marry him. The story is that he held a pistol to her head and made her sign an order for the license and that the same process was used on the deputy clerk to cause him to issue the license. The latter part is true, but Mrs. Fulkerson married the guerilla man of her own choice.

Bill Davidson and Colter were in the neighborhood in January 1865, hunting for recruits and stray federals. One night they went to a dance and captured half a dozen young fellows, whom they compelled to join them. Colter was the handsomest man that was ever seen, and Mrs. Fulkerson fell in love with him. She lost no time in letting him know it and she freely consented not only to marry him but to go with him. The clerk know she was the wife of another and refused

to issue the license, but Colter's argument was good. The ceremony was performed by Rev Harden Ellis under the same circumstances.

A day or two afterward the happy couple left on their bridal tour and a guerilla raid together. Colter was killed in Larue county, and the honeymoon came to an end.

These facts are given by a gentleman now a resident of Owensboro, and who joined the band at that time. He it was who stood at the door of the house where the dance was and kept everybody in the house while Davidson and Colter swore the unwilling victims into the service of the Confederacy.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Thursday, 26 January 1865, p.3:

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY – NEGRO SOLDIERS MURDERED BY GUERILLAS. – A drove of Government cattle, about nine hundred head, was on the way to this city yesterday from Camp Nelson, guarded by eighty negro soldiers, detailed from various regiments. The day being cold, and no danger apprehended, the soldiers were allowed to straggle along by themselves, while their officers stopped to warm at various houses on the road. One half of the command marched in front of the cattle, while the other portion kept in the rear of the drove. The cattle and the guards were not yet out of sight of Simpsonville when fifteen guerillas, headed by the desperate Colter, dashed into the town. Three of the negro officers were loafing in the tavern at the time, but they succeeded in making their escape from the outlaws. The guerillas robbed the citizens of the place of goods amounting to about twelve hundred dollars, when they started in pursuit of the negro troops guarding the cattle. They were not long in overtaking them, as the citizens of Simpsonville, soon after their departure from the place, heard rapid firing down the road. In about half an hour, the guerillas returned, loaded down with booty, and stated that they had killed twenty-five of the negroes. They gave no further explanation, but moved off in the direction of Shelbyville. A gentleman who was detained at Simpsonville by the outlaws, after they were out of sight, resumed his journey, toward Louisville. Not more than half a mile this side of the village a terrible scene was presented to view. The ground was stained with blood, and the dead bodies of negro soldiers were stretched out along the road. It was evident that the guerillas had dashed upon the party guarding the rear of the cattle and taken them completely by surprise. They could not have offered any serious resistance, as none of the outlaws were even wounded. It is presumed that the negroes surrendered and were shot down in cold blood, as but two of the entire number escaped – one of them by secreting himself behind a wagon, the other by running, as he was met several miles from the scene of tragedy wounded and nearly exhausted. Thirty-five dead bodies were counted lying in the road and vicinity. It was a horrible butchery, yet the scoundrels engaged in the bloody work shot down their victims with feelings of delight.

The cattle stampeded, and as soon as the advance guard learned of what was going on in the rear, each individual in blue, made a tall scamper for a place of safety. Colter, Berry, and Sue Mundy were the leaders of the murderous gang. The outlaws were but fifteen in number – one of them a black scoundrel, who boasted on the return of the band to Simpsonville that he killed three of the soldiers. In making the attack, the guerillas were only armed with navy revolvers. After the wholesale murder, they took good care to secure the arms and ammunition of the slain. The officers in command of the negro troops should be held real responsible for the slaughter, for it is certain that if they had been with their men, and enforced a proper discipline, the outlaws would have been whipped with ease. If the soldiers had not been straggling, Colter would never have ventured to

make the attack. A heavy responsibility rests with some one, and we trust that the facts of the case will be fully inquired into to the authorities.

Latest – A gentleman who left Simpsonville at eight o'clock last evening, and arrived in the city at a late hour last night, states that the citizens, up to the time he left, had collected and buried fourteen dead bodies of the murdered soldiers. Eight negroes so severely wounded that many of them will die, were receiving medical treatment. It was thought that several more bodies would be found this morning scattered about the fields, as after they were shot many of the negroes ran in different directions and fell and died. The guerillas were travelling toward Shelbyville at last accounts.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Tuesday, 31 January 1865, p.1:

GUERRILLA ROBBERS IN ANDERSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

Several very daring robberies have been committed in this county during the last few months, by the villanous thieving guerilla bands that are roving through this county with impunity, and have been doing so for the last two years. They are fed. and harbored by Southern sympathizers, the last one of whom should be made to leave the State. The time has now come that honest, good citizens of this county must abandon their homes and seek protection and safety somewhere else, or these scoundrels and their aiders and abettors must be driven out. These two classes cannot live together much longer. Kentucky will soon loose all her good Union men, who will be forced to abandon the State to these guerilla bands, unless the United States or State authorities adopt some means for our protection. Nearly all of our loyal young men are in the Federal army, as well as many married men, whose families are now entirely at the mercy of these heartless free-booters, who are insulting and robbing their parents, wires, and children, while they are fighting for and defending the rights of the Government.

Mr. John McCall, one of our most worthy citizens, who lives five miles south of Lawrenceburg, was robbed a few nights ago, and insulted, and threatened with hanging and burning because he was a good loyal man. Mr. S. T. Willis, of Rough and Ready, about four miles north of here, was also robbed, for the third time, some two or three nights since, making his losses about \$1,600. Several other citizens of the same village were robbed at the same time. Mr. G. H. Gaines, a merchant of this place, was robbed some weeks ago of about one thousand dollars worth of goods, and his iron safe was cut into with an axe, but fortunately Mr. G. at the time was in Louisville, and had his money with him. Many other citizens have been stopped in the highway, and robbed of their money and horses. Our stages have been frequently robbed. One of our quiet Union citizens by the name of Robert Newton was foully murdered by the notorious Capt. Colter and his gang. He was shot in his yard, and fell, as they supposed, dead. His wife ran to his assistance, and. raised him in her arms; and they, looking on and seeing that he was yet alive, Colter deliberately walked back, and put his pistol to his head and completed the work of death, notwithstanding the entreaties and piteous cries of the distracted wife. These are only a few instances of the cruelties of these scoundrels. Yet, there are many ready to apologize for, and protect such fiends, knowing all these facts.

This state of things cannot be endured ranch longer in Kentucky. The true, tried, and unflinching Union men of the State desire the protection of the Government, and it is now for the United States authorities to say whether we shall be driven from homes, and give up our goodly land to these guerillas and their accomplices, or shall they be killed or driven out, and we permitted to remain and enjoy our liberty and property. What is to be done, should He done quickly. JUSTICE.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Wednesday, 1 February 1865, p.3:

GUERILLAS AT BLOOMFIELD – CAPTAIN TERRELL AND HIS GUARDS. – We learn from a reliable source that there is no truth in the report published yesterday, that Sue Mundy’s gang of guerillas on Saturday murdered fourteen Federal soldiers at Bloomfield. The true version of the story is as follows: On Saturday morning four guerillas passed through Bloomfield without offering seriously to molest the citizens. Shortly after their departure, a notorious outlaw named Ike Dudley, formerly a resident of Nelson county, and belonging to Pratt’s band of cutthroats, entered the place and made himself at home. During the forenoon he was surprised and made a prisoner by a party of eighteen men dressed, in butternut suits and pretending to be guerillas. Capt. Terrell, claiming to be the leader of a Union Home Guard Company, organized at Mount Eden, was in command of the men. As soon as Dudley was made a prisoner he was placed under close guard, and subsequently executed by the Union guards.

It is represented to us that Terrell behaved in an outrageous manner in Bloomfield. He robbed the stores, and relieved the citizens of watches and money. He plundered after the fashion of a guerilla. Such conduct on the part of men claiming to be Union troops is cowardly, villanous, and disgraceful, and the offenders should be brought to punishment. Terrell moved out of Bloomfield on the Chaplin road. Several miles from the town he came up with five outlaws, when a running fight ensued. The five guerillas fell back until they were reinforced by Colter’s band of twenty desperadoes, when Terrell ordered his men to retreat. Colter pursued the Union Guards to Squire Heady’s farm. Here Terrell took up a position in a large barn, and chowed a disposition to fight. The outlaws charged upon the position, but were handsomly repulsed, with their leader, the bloodthirsty Colter, severely wounded.

Terrell evacuated the barn at 9 o’clock on Saturday night, and started on his return to Mount Eden. The next morning (Sunday), the guerillas passed through Bloomfield, taking the road to Mount Eden, declaring it to be their intention to pursue, overtake, and whip the Union guards. The outlaws are very bold in their operations in that section of the State at the I present time. In all, they number about sixty men, finely armed.

On Saturday afternoon, five guerillas passed through Bloomfield with one-armed Berry in a buggy. He was badly wounded in two places, and unable to set np. It was reported on Sunday that bis injuries produced his death on Saturday night.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Tuesday, 7 February 1865, p.1:

FIGHT WITH GUERILLAS – STATE TROOPS VICTORIOUS – THE OUTLAW COLTER Killed. – Capt. Bridgewater, with his State troops, on Saturday had a fight with Colter’s

gang of guerillas, near Bloomfield. The engagement was quite severe. Colter and two of his band were killed. Capt. Terrell, of the Mt. Eden Home Guards, also was killed. At the present writing , we have no other particulars.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Saturday, 11 February 1865, p.1:

[From the Owensboro Sentinel.]

CAPTAIN W. H. DAVIDSON, THE GUERILLA – This notorious chief, marauder, and desperado, William, is the man to whom the people of Daviess county are indebted for the destruction of their court-house, which was probably, with the exception of the court-house in Louisville, the finest, most costly, and complete house of the kind in Kentucky. The new and beautiful court-room had just been completed, and the house itself was not finished. Sixty thousand dollars would not repair the damages nor rebuild the house. It is a loss to the people of Daviess which they cannot repair for years.

Captain Davidson, commonly called “Bill Davidson,” was formerly a Captain in the 17th Kentucky regiment, commanded by Colonel McHenry; afterwards by Colonel Stout. He fought bravely at Donelson and Shiloh, and was always considered a brave man – in fact, recklessly so. He was, however, turbulent, troublesome, and treacherous, He remained in the Federal army for over a year, and resigned, in order to avoid a dismissal, or a court-martial, for general bad conduct. He passed through Owensboro shortly after his resignation, in the spring of 1863, and was seen drunk here on the streets, waving a secesh flag, and hurrahing for Jefferson Davis.

Some furloughed soldiers of the 3d Kentucky cavalry were here at the time, and took the flag away from him, and would have arrested him if he had not been drunk. He remained in Hartford until last summer, when he raised a company of men and joined General Johnson, and was' taken prisoner about the time that Johnson, had his eyes shot out; was carried to Louisville and kept in the guerilla prison, from whence he made his escape in real Jack Shepherd style about October last. He immediately came to this section of country, and has been here in this and surrounding counties ever since.

His first bold move was when he captured the “Morning Star,” and robbed the boat and passengers and murdered two discharged soldiers. He next came into Owensboro, burned the court-house, and announced that he was an independent fighter, and reported not to General Lyon, nor any other man. He had sworn to kill Colonel McHenry, who was not here to be killed. And Captain Davidson, with a show of magnanimity, told the Colonel’s family that he had intended to kill him, but had changed bis mind, and was a friend to Colonel McHenry.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the rebel citizens of the town could save the houses of Captain Grissom, Dr. Crumpton, and Mr. Allen, who compose the Enrolling Board of this district, from the torch of Davidson’s men. Most all the Union men of the town fled. The stores were all closed when they occupied the town. No boats landed; mails were not opened; nobody came to town; and Owensboro was, in fact, in a pitiable plight.

Bill Davidson is about five feet eight inches high; spare and slim built; weighs about one hundred and thirty-five pounds; has very dark skin, eyes, and hair, which is long and hangs upon bis shoulder. He has a handsome face, with a black mustache, which is not heavy. A very bad expression of countenance – sinister – Spanish-like; and when he smiles he reminds you of a dog which would like you if he was certain ha would not get a kick. He is about twenty-five years old.

His father was a notorious, bad, and bloodthirsty man, and is the same man who figured conspicuously in the celebrated Lowe and Maxwell difficulty, in Hawesville, some four or five years since. He it was who went into the prison, in company with some, one else, and shot and killed Lowe after he had surrendered, and afterward constructed an infernal machine for the purpose of destroying several citizens of Hawesville. and set fire to it in a basket, hanging upon his arm, standing in a crowd of men. The machine went off, but killed no one but its inventor, although it injured several of the bystanders. The explosion took place in a storeroom, and was a terrible one.

Among the fellow-men of Bill Davidson, was one Capt. Coulter, said to be from Washington county, Ky. These two men seem to be maneuvering in the same desperate cause of crime, and, although they have united their forces, yet have distinct commands – have unbounded control over their own men, and are each afraid of the other. It is known here that Davidson sent an order to Coulter to “mount and move on”, and Coulter replied in the rather independent and unmilitary language, to “tell Davidson to go to h-ll.”

Coulter is one of the finest specimens of a physical man that there is in this country. His height is over six feet six inches, and life form is proportionably faultless. He is handsome and graceful, and his whole physique is splendid. He is probably a more desperate man than Davidson. As to his courage and bravery, the conduct and desperate deeds of this man have placed him without the category of human beings. His nature partakes more of the beast or ferocious animal. It was Coulter who killed the men on the “Morning Star.”

It is said that his father and brother were killed by the Federals or Home Guards early in the war, and that this man has entered the field bent on vengeance and revenge; and, like the desperate Japanese, is running amuck to his destination, which, it is to be hoped, for the sake of innocent men, he will shortly meet. He boasts of having killed nineteen men with his own hands; many of whom were of the company that killed his father. Many persons here know him, but none give him a good character. His whole family are notoriously bad.

Davidson and Coulter’s bands number, at last accounts, forty-two men.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Saturday, 11 February 1865, p.1:

Shelbyville, Ky., Feb. 8, 1865.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

GENTLEMEN: By request of Capt. Ed. Terrell, of the Independent Scouts, I drop you this note to correct a statement which appeared in yesterday’s Journal in regard to the killing of Colter. Instead of Captain Bridgewater, of the State troops, it was Capt. Terrell, of the Independent Scouts, with sixteen men, who fought Colter, with twenty-six of his cutthroats; all day, at Squire Heady’s barn, on last Saturday week. Capt. Terrell came up with the outlaws near Bloomfield while burying one of their gang; supposed to be Berry. Finding them too strong, he retreated, the outlaws following, to Heady’s barn, where Capt. T., with his brave sixteen, took up a position and gave them battle. In the engagement Colter was killed and several others wounded .

Capt. T. came up with the guerillas again on last Saturday, near Bloomfield. He was then in company with Capt. Cochrell of the State troops. He immediately ordered a charge, he taking the advance, and being on a very fast horse, soon came np within fifteen or twenty steps of them, holding the Union flag and his bridle in his left hand, and firing his revolver at them with his right.

One of the cutthroats, supposed to be Merriman, fired several shots at Capt. T., one of which took effect in the left breast, causing a very painful wound. He is now a great deal better and in a fair way to recover. He sends his compliments to you, and hopes you will give this a place in your very valuable paper, for the sake of justice to his brave men, and to let the guerillas know that he will be able to give them another chase in a very short time. SHELBY.



**Three Years In The Saddle : The Life And Confession of Henry C. Magruder,
The Original "Sue Munday", The Scourge of Kentucky,
Written By himself. (Louisville, KY: Maj. Cyrus J. Wilson, 1865, pp.98-102:**

... The next day I [Henry C. Magruder] took Jerome Clark, Billy Hughes, and Tom Henry, and went to Bloomfield to hear any news, and to learn whether or not I would be safe in leaving Berry where he was. I had almost reached Bloomfield when I learned that Terrill was in town and on my trail. To ascertain the fact with certainty, I sent Clark to a neighboring house to enquire what soldiers, if any, had passed. The best information which the lady could give was, that twenty armed citizens had gone into Bloomfield. These "citizens" I knew were Terrill's Federal Guerillas. As Clark was coming back, I saw them coming. To hold them in check until Clark could join us, I began firing on them. They charged, after a moment's pause, giving time for Clark to get into the road. We ran, shooting back at about one hundred yards range, until we came to a gate, where we left the road and took to the farms. Terrill came dashing on with great spirit and gallantry. Coming to a favorable place, I halted, and, by rapid firing, checked his advance. Terrill disposed his men so as to flank my position, and I took to the turnpike again. I had scarcely gotten into the road before I met three of my men, Jim Henry, Dick Mitchell; and Chase, who had heard firing and came to discover the cause. When we got together I wheeled and charged Terrill, and drove him some distance. I then moved off to a hill. Terrill took position in a field, not more than one hundred yards from where Berry was lying. I sent a man to move Berry out the back way. Terrill's men loaded their pistols, and we did the same. Terrill then attempted to move away. Having him started, I determined to give him such a chase as he had given me.

While Terrill was in Bloomfield he captured one of Pratt's men—a fellow by the name of Ike Ludwick. As soon as he got fairly started on the retreat, he rode up to Ludwick and shot him. Terrill made for the pike, I following at a respectful distance, as he outnumbered me, and I on the look out for a "Terrill trick." But, as luck would have it, just in the nick of time Colter and ten men came dashing up the road. The boys cheered lustily as Colter came up, and Terrill, seeing my advantage, rode rapidly away. I followed him three miles, and pressed him so closely that he took to a barn on May's place, on the Taylorsville Pike. Froman, Clark, and Colter were in front, and rushed with a yell into Terrill's men as they were dismounting. Terrill gave them plenty of reception. Colter was wounded, Froman had his horse killed, and Clark had three balls through his clothes. Terrill got safely in, however, and as the barn could be approached from no point without exposure to a sharp fire, I moved around until I brought their horses in full view; and, taking shelter in an old house, we picked off their horses at about one hundred and fifty yards range.

Terrill saw that his cavalry would soon become infantry, and, under a sharp fire, his men rushed out, mounted their horses, and ran for the woods. Anticipating such a move, I had part of my men ready for a run, and sent them across to cut off the retreat. Terrill's men were scattered some in remounting—each man starting as soon as he could get astride his horse. Terrill saw that he was held at a disadvantage, and wheeled and ran for Hedge's barn, into which he could take

horses and all. In spite of all I could do he got into it. I surrounded it out of range of his fire, and sent Clark and Froman after the balance of my boys. Clark returned and reported that they had all gone in the direction of Mount Eden. I had now no hope of any further reinforcements, and determined on a charge. I dismounted the men, formed them in line, and charged to within thirty yards of the barn, but could get no further. Terrill made the bullets ring like bees, and I was compelled to fall back. In this charge Colter received a fatal wound, and died as he had lived—cursing the Yankees. The weather was very cold, and thinking I had had fun and fight enough for the day, went into camp, and Terrill escaped.



Daily Journal, Louisville, KY, Tuesday, 18 April 1865, p.3:

New Philadelphia, Ind., April 11, 1865.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

Noticing a paragraph this morning in the Louisville Union Press, of yesterday, headed “Justice Overtaking the Wicked,” I concluded that some of the Spencer county guerillas might attempt to play the same game. I was well acquainted with several of them, most of whom have been killed or captured by Terrill’s squad and others. But one of the most desperate yet remains to be caught, at least if he has been caught or killed, I have not been informed on the subject. I mean Benjamin Forman. He is the infamous scoundrel who, with his own band, murdered E. D. Massie, ex-representative of Spencer county, and he has, in company with Colter, been instrumental in committing a majority of the fiendish depredations committed in the counties of Shelby, Spencer Nelson, Washington, Mercer, and Marion. His complexion is light, hair dark auburn, eyes jet black and rather small, with heavy eye-brows and lashes, and a very wicked expression. He is fully six feet high, very erect and well proportioned, and weighs about 175 pounds.

I think it would be well enough to publish this to the world, as I have recently heard that he contemplated going North. I could tell of many of his hellish deeds, but it is unnecessary, as he is well known as a guerilla leader. However, I will mention the fact of his robbing at three different times, the store of John R. Bucker. a man who had not seen the ground on which he walks for eighteen years.

Respectfully yours,
ONE WHO KNOWS HIM WELL.



Owensboro Messenger, Owensboro, KY, 27 November 1889, p.1:

BILL DAVISON, THE GUERRILLA, who was born in Hawesville, in 1838. In 1861, Captain Davison entered the Federal army with a brave command, but when Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation he was forever after the enemy of the blue coat and the negro. He returned to his home and organized a desperate band of guerrillas who were a terror to the Home Guards and other Federal companies in this part of Kentucky. About 1865, Davison was joined by Capt. Colter, a most desperate character who shot and murdered every negro that came within range of gun shot. Davison called his men "My Hyenas, and they were to the Federals in these parts what Francis Marion and his men were to the British in South Carolina during the Revolutionary war. In 1863 and 1864, while Capt. Davison was reconnoitering near Simpsonville,

Ky., with forty-two men, they met a party of seventy-five negro soldiers, and in less than forty minutes every negro had been killed and Davison and his "Hyenas" were making way for other parts. On the same trip the "Hyenas" overtook a party of seventeen negroes near Yelvington, and again the colored man fell a victim to the guerrilla. In December 1864, Davison and his men went to Owensboro to kill a gang of Home Guards, who had made themselves obnoxious in that city. Their headquarters were in the court-house, and the public square was soon surrounded by Davison and his men, but the guards had been apprised of Davison's coming, and, like the birds, they had flown. It was but a few minutes, however, until the court-house was enveloped in flames. One of the most daring acts of Davison and his men was the capture of the steamer Morning Star, one the Louisville and Henderson mail packets, at Lewisport, Ky., in the latter part of 1865. Between Lewisport and Hawesville the Morning Star, on board of which were the guerrillas met a Federal gun boat. The "Hyenas" were in close quarters. One of Davison's men, who is now a prominent citizen of Arkansas, was sent up to the pilot house. Leveling his pistol at the pilot he told him that should the slightest signal be given the gun-boat, that he would be a dead man. The gun-boat passed on down the river and Capt. Colter then began the slaughter of the Federals on board the Morning Star, seven of whom fell victims to his marksmanship. When the boat arrived at Hawesville, Davison, Colter and their comrades abandoned the steamer.

In February 1865, Capt. Davison, Bill McGruder and the celebrated leader of guerrillas, Sue Munday, were en route to Nelson County, Ky., for the purpose, it is said, of taking command of a body of men with which to terrorize the entire State of Kentucky. But about twenty miles south of here the three most desperate guerrillas the world ever saw were ambushed by the Home Guards, and at the first shot McGruder and Sue Munday put their spurs to horses and made good their escape. The brave Davison "stood his ground" until he received a dangerous wound in his right arm and breast, when he took the bridle reins between his teeth and galloped off. Alone and wounded he took to the bushes and lay for two days without either food or drink. The neighing of his hungry horse brought friends to his relief, but he shortly afterwards died and was buried in the woods. At that time there was a reward of \$5,000 offered for his body – dead or alive, and his burial place was known only to a few friends, who never disclosed it until several years after the war. His remains were subsequently interred in the cemetery on a beautiful hill top overlooking the majestic Ohio river and the historic little city of Hawesville.



Courier-Journal, Louisville, KY, Sunday, 16 December 1894, p.10:

“THE HEROES OF THE BORDER.”

.... "Talk to me about 'border men' – 'obscure heroes.' I want to tell you about another fellow in that class – big Isaiah Colter. He was 6 feet 6 inches tall, and looked like an Indian. I think he must have had Indian blood in his veins, for his hair was black as a raven's wing. I love to think about him: he petted me when I was a child. A man who is kind to child is not a bad man. He enlisted in that organization known as Sue Munday's guerrillas, as they were called in Kentucky. He loved that predatory warfare. He had fifty in his command. Finally, when Quantrell came to Kentucky, when they got any of Munday's gang they hanged them. They barred them from the rules of warfare, and I never thought that was fair,

"Finally, when Quantrell got killed at Shelbyville, Big Isaiah was with him. and got shot right square through the body with a minie ball. He knew that if they caught him they would hang

him, so he made a fellow take a ramrod, tie a silk handkerchief at the end of it and shove it clean through his body in the track of the ball. Then he put knots on each end and got on one of Alexander's thoroughbred stallions and rode him thirty miles to where his aunt lived, and there contracted pneumonia and died. Talk to me about obscure heroes! That country is full of them..



Courier-Journal, Louisville, KY, Saturday, 17 May 1902, p.8:

The late Dr. J. L. Pope could relate, many Interesting war experiences, having served in the Confederate army. The doctor was present at the battle of Perryville. and could talk very interestingly of that bloody fight.

It was at the close of the war. and while he was located at Chaplin, that Dr. Pope had many thrilling experiences. He was personally acquainted with Quantrell. "Bg Zay" Coulter. Sue Mundy, Henry Magruder and other guerrillas of note. On one occasion, during the last months of the war. and while his gang was in hiding in the Chaplin hills. Sue Mundy suffered a severe attack of dysentery. Dr. Pope was called to attend the sick guerrilla, and finally cured him of his ailment. Zay Coulter was Mundy's nurse, and faithfully attended him at all hours. During one of his calls Dr. Pope incidentally requested Coulter to make him a present of a pistol. The big outlaw, without hesitation, drew from his trousers pocket an elegant revolver of an improved pattern, and presented it to the doctor. It was elaborately carved, and mounted with silver and gold. It was of 32 caliber, and very accurate. The doctor prized the gift highly, and had it in his possession until a few years ago, when he loaned it to an acquaintance, and it was never returned.

The guerrillas held Dr. Pope in high esteem, and during their frequent sojourns about Chaplin his services a physician were in almost constant demand by them. Shortly after recovering from the illness mentioned above Sue Mundy was captured in Meade county, and a few weeks later was hanged in Louisville



Hancock Clarion, Hawesville, KY, 12 July 1935:

**Looking Backward Twenty-five Years Ago:
Bill Davison The War Terror of Western Kentucky**

(Originally published in May 1910)

During the rebellion Hancock county was almost entirely cut off from communication with the outside world and many incidents which occurred in this county in those dark days have never reached the press, therefore, they may be interesting to the old soldier, as well as those who saw the light since the surrender at Appotomax.

Captain Bill Davison, who figured conspicuously in this part of the world as a guerilla chieftain, was born in Hawesville, Ky., in the year 1838. He was a son of Dr. Hardin Davison, who, together with Thomas Withrow and several others, assassinated Thos. St. Claire Lowe in the Hawesville jail, where he had sought refuge from the hands of an infuriated mob, which sought to take Lowe's life because he did not favor the candidacy of Colonel Cicero Maxwell who at that time aspired to the honor of Commonwealth's Attorney in the Fourth Judicial District of Kentucky.

Dr. Davison, some years after the mob in which he figured so conspicuously, desiring to put an end to his own existence and also to take with him to eternity some of his enemies, exploded a tin bombshell, which he carried in a basket under his cloak, in the rear of C. B. Duncan's store in Hawesville. now occupied by Mr. S. Rosenblatt, where several of his enemies were assembled. The explosion of this bomb, while it tore out the whole side of the brick structure, proved fatal to no one except Davison, A few evenings previous to the suicide and attempted murder which occurred in the store, as I related above. Dr. Davison repaired to the Methodist church, where a worship was in progress. He afterwards confessed that his mission at church was to explode the shell but the presence of his wife in the congregation prevented his murderous intention.

"Bill" Davison, as he was called, was a brother of N. D. Davison, who was brutally murdered by an Owensboro policeman in 1872. He was also a brother of James Davison, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a shot gun in his own hands. In the cemetery on the beautiful hillside which overlooks the historic little city of Hawesville, are four mounds in which sleep Dr. Davison and his three sons, William, James and Nathaniel, each of whom met death in a violent manner.

Bill Davison, subject of this sketch, went into the Federal army in 1861 as Captain of a brave command. He proved to be an active and valuable officer. The faded gray never fronted a braver man. He remained in the Federal ranks until the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued. He then. Resigned. He had said before he had enlisted in the Federal army that if he found they were fighting for the freedom of the slaves, he would resign his commission and forever be an enemy of the North and to the Negro. And he was as good as his word. He returned to his Kentucky home and mustered a squad of desperate men, who in obedience to his orders, donned the gray jackets and ornamented their waists with heavy dragoon pistols. They were terrors to the Home Guards in blue, and the name of Bill Davison fell upon their ears as a terrible death warning.

About the latter part of October, 1865, Davison was joined by Captain Isaac Colter, of Nelson county, the most desperate man that ever sprung a trigger. The record of Jesse James, the bandit king, for bloody deeds is not compared with that of Colter. Upon meeting a man in blue, or one of the African race, he invariably introduced himself by a shot from his revolver, in order to see how gracefully or how awkwardly his victim would fall.

Ten and twenty-five cent pieces in those days were commonly called "Lincoln Skins." If an unfortunate Negro came in contact with Colter's revolver he would sever the Negroes' ears from his head and place them in his pocketbook, as we do our ten-dollar notes.

In the early part of December of the same year, he murdered a colored boy, six miles east of Hawesville and after securing that part of the Negro's anatomy he so much coveted, he rode into Lewisport, accompanied by the famous Bill Davison. They dismounted in front of the most genteel saloon in the place and summoned a colored man to watch their steeds. They entered and called for old Bourbon straight. The bartender supplied them with the desired brand, and after indulging freely, Colter sked the bartender if "Lincoln Skins" were legal tender. When answered in the affirmative, he immediately placed the eats of the murdered man upon the counter. They passed quietly from the saloon to the pavement, where the inoffensive man was attending their horses. Colter expressed a desire to remunerate the darkey for his services . The latter declined to accept a compensation, whereupon Colter drew a revolver saying: "Take this for your services." A sharp report rang upon the air, and the unfortunate colored man's brains were blown out.

Later in the day, the Louisville and Henderson mail packet, "Morning Star," was captured by Davison, Colter and their men at Lewisport, Ky., while bound for Louisville. After securing their horses on deck, Colter spied a Federal soldier, whom he approached at once and asked if he

had a discharge. The soldier replied that he was going home on a furlough. Cotter once more drew his bloody revolver, saying: "I will give you a genuine discharge," and another victim was added to his long list. After the murder on deck the two desperadoes repaired to the cabin of the steamer, where they found six Federal soldiers, whom they ruthlessly murdered and robbed of their overcoats. Colter did not neglect the express and the United States mail. The valuables of all the passengers were taken into his custody for safe keeping. He next proceeded to the pilot house where he relieved Milo Tunstal, the veteran pilot, of a handsome gold watch and chain. When the steamer arrived at Hawesville wharf the desperadoes abandoned her. As the clatter of their horses hoofs sounded upon the frozen levee the Queen of Night shone out in splendor upon the bosom of the grand old Ohio. The Federal bluecoats taken from the bodies of the murdered soldiers were discovered by Major Walker Taylor, who was in command of a Confederate squad in the town at that time. He immediately turned his little band in line of battle, thinking that the approaching horsemen were Federals. Taylor's men were in the act of discharging a deadly fire when they recognized the voice of Captain Bill Davison as he gave his well-known command "Ride up, my hyenas." Soon after the capture of the steamer Morning Star, Colter became infatuated with Mrs. Emma Ferguson [sic, should be Fulkerson], who at that time was visiting relatives in Hancock county. Mrs. Ferguson's husband, was an officer on a gun boat in the Federal service. Colter compelled her to marry him notwithstanding the fact that she had no divorce. Beneath the marriage bond, now on file in the Hancock county clerk's office can be found the following quaint inscription:

"This license was obtained by force of arms. J. D. Messmore. Deputy Clerk."

A few days after this most peculiar marriage. Colter became tired of his wife and sent her to her parents, whose abode was in a place unknown to Colter's best friends.

Colter remained in Hancock and surrounding counties until January 1865, and in the absence of Capt. Davison, whom he feared, he possessed himself of property belonging to the Southern sympathizers and continued the use of colored people as targets for his never erring revolvers, in that month he went to Salt river, not as a defeated candidate goes, but to dip his hands in the gore of some enemies who were there. He was alone. When he reached the eastern part of Meade county he was surrounded by party of home guards. They were too many for him, and the desperate Colter took refuge in a barn, at which place he was completely riddled with bullets, but not until he had killed ten of their number. Colter was a magnificent specimen of manhood, being 6 feet and 5 inches in height, and a face as handsome and intelligent as one would wish to see.

Captain Davison was desperately in love with a Miss Griffin of Hartford, Ky. Miss Griffin was a noted belle of her time, and it is said was engaged to Capt. Davison, but his untimely death prevented their marriage. During one of his visits to her, she presented him with a small revolver and a queer brass box, in which to carry his percussion caps. He carried this pistol and box in all of his escapades, and always referred to the box as his "Guiding Star." It was taken from his bosom after his death, which was a peculiarly sad one.

In December 1864, followed by a few chosen men he went to Lewisport to kill some Home Guards who had made themselves obnoxious in that town. The courthouse was home guard headquarters and Davison stationed his men about the public square. to see that no one should escape while he sent one of his men to fire the building. He did his work rapidly and well and the courthouse was soon enveloped in flames. The Home Guards had been too sharp for Davison however for not one was to be found and he was disappointed in that he could not get an opportunity to take the lives of a company of men whom he g utterly despised and whom he had gone twenty miles to slay.

In 1863-4 Capt. Davison, while reconnoitering near Simpsonville, Ky., with forty two men, every one of whom he called a hyena., else he could not have been In Bill Davison's command, met a party seventy five colored soldiers. In less than forty minutes every colored man had been killed and Davison and his "hyenas" as he termed his men were speeding over the dark and bloody grounds on horses which were best that it was possible to obtain.

On the same trip he overtook a party of seventeen Negroes near Yelvington, Ky., and again as many dark men fell in front of the deadly fire of the "Hyenas."

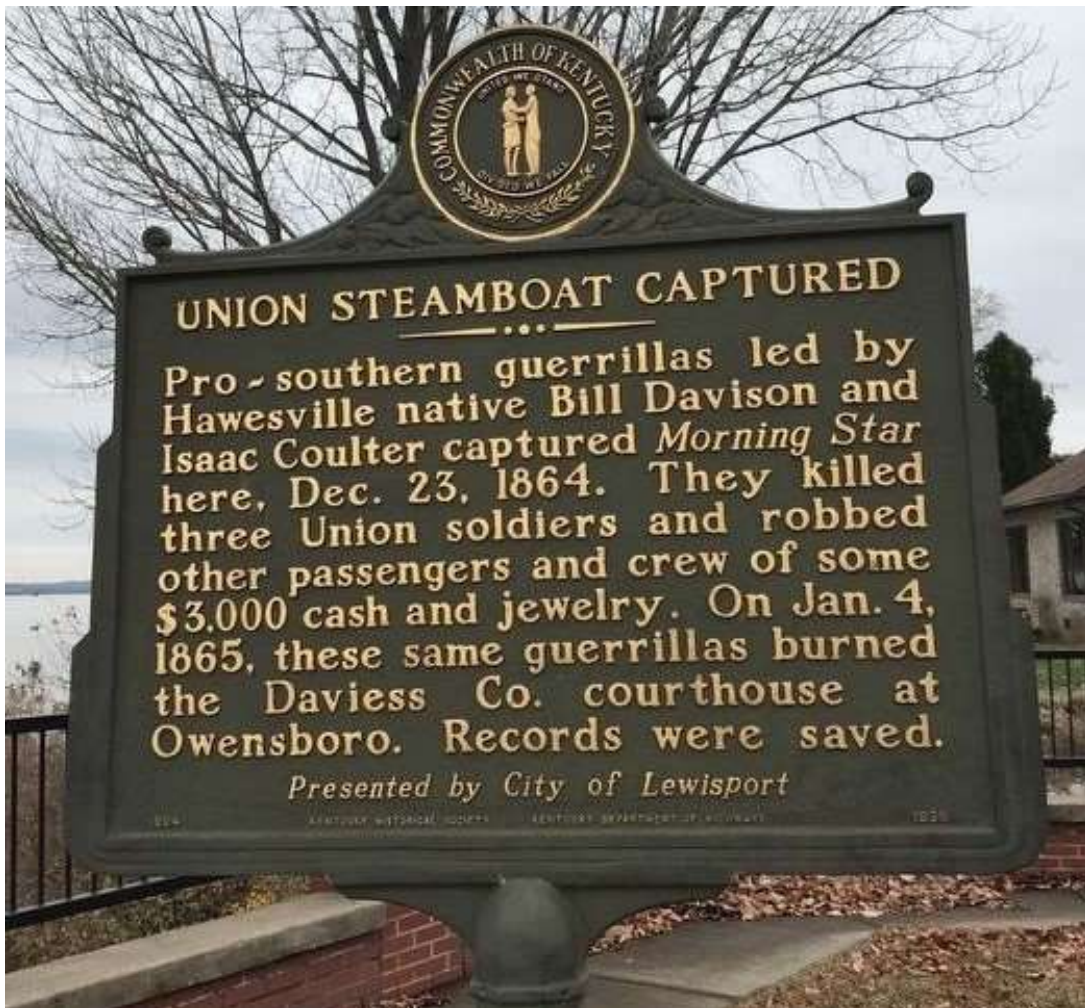
Aside from Bill Davison's dark deeds, it was a pleasure to call him a friend. In Kentucky his friends were legion, and with him the word meant more than it does with most men. He could not do enough for his friends, and on more than one occasion did he imperil his life for the ones he loved to call his friends. Davison was a handsome man, not tall, but broad shouldered and otherwise splendidly made. His beardless face was as smooth as a woman's and his coal black eyes flashed like those of a panther. His hair was a dark as a raven's wing, and dropped over his shoulders. His command was law with his men, and his general appearance thrilled one with romance.

Not much more can be said of him until he received his death wound, which occurred in February 1865, about twelve miles from Hawesville, while on the road to Nelson county, accompanied only a noted guerilla by the name of McGruder and the celebrated leader of the guerillas, Sue Munday....

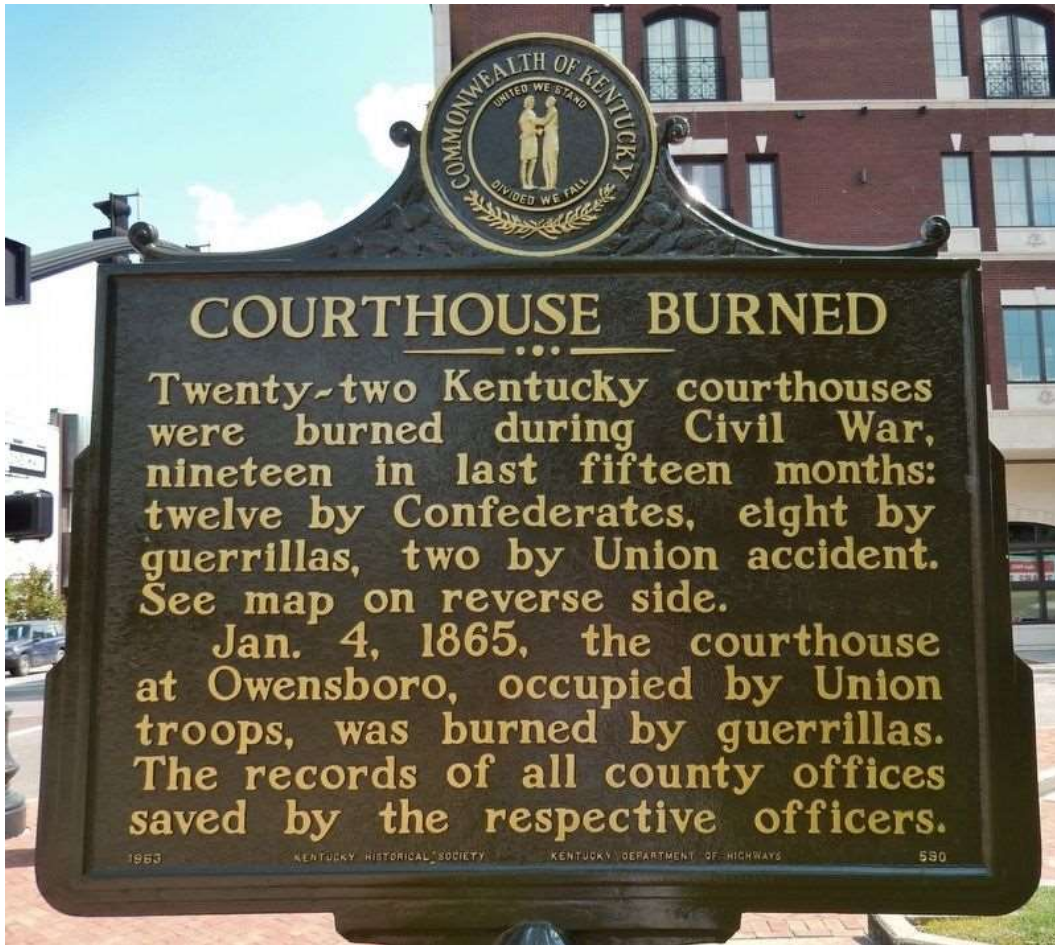


Isaiah Coalter was buried in the Morgan – Coalter Family Cemetery in Anderson County, KY near Taylorsville Lake (picture by Gerald Fischer). It is three miles below Glensboro on the Salt River. Surrounded by a crumbling rock wall, the cemetery contains five inscribed stones and many fieldstone markers. Isaiah’s parents and grandparents have inscribed monuments. The five monuments have the following inscriptions:

Isaiah Coalter	(30 March 1843 – 6 February 1865);
Rowan Coalter	(18 January 1808 – 15 September 1858);
Sabra H. wife of Rowan Coalter	(17 April 1821 – 5 November 1857)
John Morgan	(1 February 1779 – 23 July 1849)
Jane, wife of John Morgan	(4 December 1794 – 22 July 1849)



“Union Steamboat Captured” historical marker erected in 1984 by the Kentucky Historical Society & Kentucky Department of Highways (marker number 1935). Marker is in Lewisport, Hancock County, KY in the riverfront park at the end of 4th Street.



“Courthouse Burned” historical marker erected in 1963 by the Kentucky Historical Society & Kentucky Department of Highways (marker number 590.) Marker is located at the northeast corner of the Daviess County Courthouse grounds in Owensboro, KY.

