

Quantrill's 1865 Raid in Ohio County

By Jerry Long
c.2024



Owensboro Monitor, Owensboro, KY, Wednesday, 20 May 1874, p.1:



Editor Louisville Commercial:

Louisville, Ky., May 11 — In a recently published account of Quantrell's murderous raid through this State, the writer speaks of his encountering several thousand Federal soldiers at Greenville, Ky., which is an error, as there never was, at any time during the war, any number of soldiers quartered in that place, and at the time of Quantrell's visit there were no Federal troops there at all.

After leaving Greenville upon the occasion referred to, and when about nine miles away, they murdered their guide, a man by the name of Davis, whom they had impressed in Hopkins county, and his body was found several days after, some distance from the road, considerably mutilated, but was identified by parties in Greenville who saw him with the band while there.

After this they visited Hartford, arriving there on Sunday and deceiving most of the citizens into the belief that they were Federals. Isaac H. Axton and Andrew M Barnett, formerly of the Twenty-sixth Kentucky, who had but recently been commissioned, were at home, near Hartford, recruiting men for their companies. Quantrell wanted very much to see them and have them go with him through the county hunting guerrillas; so their friends sent for them, and early next morning they were in town ready to accompany Captain Clark on a scout. Wat Lawton, a discharged soldier of the Third Kentucky cavalry, also consented to go with them. With these three men as guides, they left taking the road leading to Owensboro.

They had not proceeded far before Axton, who had been suspicious from the first, was satisfied that they were entrapped, but he found no chance to communicate his fears to his comrades and he knew there was no chance of escape except by strategy. He soon made up his mind to save himself and if possible, his comrades, and riding up to the Captain, he remarked in a careless manner, "that he did not expect to take a trip when he left home, and had left behind a brace of very fine pistols, which he might need, and also that he had a better horse at home, and as this was but little out of the way he would ride on, get them, and meet at a point designated." Quantrell made no objection to this, and Axton lost no time in getting away from such unpleasant company. After leaving them he went directly to Barnett's, and told them his fears. Mrs. Barnett then started young Townsley, who was employed on the farm, after her son; he soon overtook a

portion of them about five miles from Hartford, on the road to Hawesville, into which they had turned, where they quickly dispatched him, doubtless mistaking him for Axton.

A few miles farther on the body of Lawton was found some days after, and still farther that of young Barnett. It was never known whether either of them had any warning of their approaching fate, or whether each were kept in ignorance of the other's death. In one of Barnett's vest pockets was found a gold ring which he always wore, and by this it was thought that he realized his danger, and had concealed it that his friends might recover it as a last token of remembrance. He was one of the most promising young men in that country, and a feeling of sadness steals over his many friends and comrades when they think of his cruel and untimely death. He has two brothers, promising young ministers of the Methodist church in this State, both of whom married sisters of Tim Needham, Esq. Axton survived the war, married one of the noblest women in Ohio county, and is now quietly tilling the soil on his little farm, and is contented and prosperous. He reads The Commercial regularly and is consequently happy.

Quantrell's band of land-pirates are called "the Sunday blue-coats" by the citizens of Hartford to this day; from the fact that they all wore blue coats and were there on Sunday.

Z. O. Kay



Hartford Republican, Hartford, KY, Friday, 14 October 1892, p.3:

While in Louisville last week, Col. C. M. Barnett met the notorious outlaw and ex-bandit, Frank James, and speaking of his raid through this county in 1865, when young Townsley, Wat Lawton and Capt. Andrew Barnett were so cruelly and wantonly murdered, he said he very well remembered it and that a soldier by the name of Brent shot Capt. Barnett and that he killed Wat Lawton, but didn't remember who killed Townsley. The history of the James boys credits Frank James with the murder of Capt. Barnett and it's very likely that he killed both Barnett and Lawton.

[Note: Cicero Maxwell Barnett (1864-1915) was a brother of Capt. Andrew Martin Barnett (1844-1865).]



Courier-Journal, Louisville, KY, Thursday, 21 July 1898, p.6:

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ONLY THREE KILLED.

—●—
**ANOTHER VERSION OF QUAN-
TRELL'S RAID IN OHIO
COUNTY.**

—●—
**Andrew M. Barnett, John Townsley
and Watt Lawton Victims
of the Band.**
—●—

The statement attributed to Frank James, while in Harrodsburg a short while ago, that Quantrell and his noted guerrilla band killed twenty Federal soldiers near Hartford, Ky., during his famous raid in Kentucky, has caused considerable comment, and has met with numerous contradictions. Men familiar with the case say that only three men were killed by Quantrell's band near Hartford. One of the Federal soldiers who met death at the guerrilla's hands was Lieut. Andrew M. Barnett, a brother of Mr. Clay M. Barnett, Surveyor of Customs in this city, and Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, whose home is near Hartford. A man who knows the circumstances thus told the story yesterday:

"It was in the winter of 1864, I think. Andrew M. Barnett, who, although only 20 years of age, was First Lieutenant in the Union army, had returned to his home near Hartford for a short while to recruit for the Federal army. While at home Quantrell and his band of some seventy-five men, including the James boys – though it was not learned that the James boys were with them until the James boys' memoirs came out years afterward – arrived at Hartford. They were disguised as Union soldiers and said they were hunting Southern guerrillas. They sent out to the Barnett home for the young Lieutenant, requesting that he, as a Federal soldier and comrade, pilot them across the county.

"Lieutenant Barnett consented to act as guide for the men whom he thought were friends, and John Townsley and Watt Lawton, two other Federal soldiers, insisted upon going, too. They all rode out of town together.

"The band hanged Townsley with a bridle about five miles from town and cut the throat of the mare he rode.

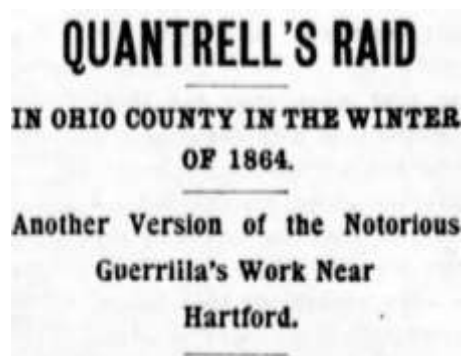
"A little further on they shot Lawton and left him lying wounded in the road. He died shortly afterwards.

"Lieutenant Barnett's time came when they had got about twenty miles from town. A member of the band rode up and shot him in the head. When they had killed the Lieutenant they took his watch and clothes and threw his body into a pond beside the road. The next day his body was found frozen in the ice that had formed in the pond. In the memoirs of the James boys it is said that the members of the band cast lots to select the man who should do the shooting, and that the task fell to Frank James".

From Ohio county the band passed through Breckinridge and Meade and finally reached Nelson county, where they were surrounded by some Union soldiers and Quantrell was shot.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 27 July 1898, p.1:



How He Murdered His Victims.

A writer in the Courier-Journal¹ gives the following account of Quantrell's raid in Ohio county:

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Page 3 of the same issue: The story printed on the first page of the Herald to-day about Quantrell's raid through Ohio county in 1864 is substantially correct, with exception that there were only three and not twenty men killed. The tree on which Townsley was hung is still standing on the Hawesville road, about five miles northeast of Hartford. It is dead, however, having had brush burned around it. Lawton was shot about four miles further on. It is not known whether Barnett witnessed the killing of his comrades or not, but it is supposed that he at least knew of it, if he did not see it, as his murder was postponed till the last. The two other Federal soldiers mentioned left the crowd before the killing commenced.



Hartford Herald, Hartford, KY, Wednesday, 4 June 1902, p.1:

"SUNDAY BLUECOATS."
AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR
IN KENTUCKY.
Graphic Account of the Visit
of the "Bluecoats" to
Hartford.
A MURDEROUS AND BRUTAL RAID.

Mr. Z. O. King, a former resident of Ohio county, writing in the Oldham county Index, gives the following account of an incident of the Civil War:

Western Kentucky, and in fact the greater part of the state, was infested during the latter part of the Civil War by roving bands of marauders generally claiming to be Confederate Soldiers, and frequently such bands were officered by men holding commissions from the Confederate Government. The main object, however, of most of the bands was plunder, and they seldom asked whether their victim was friend or foe. The section of the state bordering on Green River was, by reason of the thrift of its farmers, good horses, and abundance of provender of men and beast, a favorite rendezvous for many of these predatory bands, and most of the citizens who remained at home suffered untold annoyance, and often death at the hands of the freebooters. Few men slept in their beds if the weather was at all favorable for sleeping out. Companies of Home Guards were organized, but as a general rule by the time they could be gotten together towns and communities had been looted and the guerillas well out of the way. Oftentimes the most fiendish murders were committed without the least palliation, but simply to satisfy a ghoulish greed for blood.

In January 1865, one of these bands visited Hartford, a small county seat town then remote from communication with the outside world by rail or water. They came in late on a Saturday afternoon, quartered themselves in the town and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. They all wore the blue cavalry overcoats of Federal pattern, and claimed to be Federal scouts hunting for guerillas. They were well supplied with money, and paid liberally for what they ate and drank. The following day being Sunday, and an ugly, rainy day, they remained in the town, spending the day in drinking, fiddling, and dancing, and making merry as only soldiers can, under like conditions. Living in the town were several ex-Federal soldiers, among others, Col. Q. C. Shanks, recently resigned, Wat Lawton, a discharged soldier, and nearby in the country were two officers on recruiting service—Andrew M. Barnett and Isaac Axton.

Friends of the two latter sent for them at the request of the Captain of the "Blue Coats", and they came into town Monday morning to go with the scout on a guerilla hunt. They left Hartford on Monday morning, accompanied by Barnett, Lawton, and Axton. That was the last seen

of Lawton and Barnett in life. The story of their untimely fate can best be told by a letter written to me while in the Army by my mother, who lived in Hartford at that time.

The letter is dated, Hartford, Ky., Jan. 30, 1865. The rebels did not molest us in any way when they were in Hartford, but they took everything they wanted out of the stores and destroyed a great deal they could not take, burned the Court House. But we have been visited by a greater calamity since that. Yesterday a week ago, which was the 22d, there was a company of men – 37 in number—came in early in the morning. They were dressed in gray clothing, all but their overcoats, which were Federal blue coats. They were armed with sabers and pistols. Some of the Union men received them as Federal soldiers—Judge Lawton, Col. Shanks, Mauzy and some others—but Dan Wise was suspicious of them, although they paid for everything they got in gold and silver. Wat Lawton had been to Evansville, and it is supposed that he had sold himself for a substitute as he came home with plenty of money and a suit of Federal clothing. He was waiting for an opportunity to get back, and thinking that a favorable opportunity to leave in company with those Federals, as he supposed they were, they pressed a horse from Mr. Gillespie for him. I said that they paid for everything, but they did not pay for the horse. Andrew Barnett and Isaac Axton also started with them, but Axton was suspicious of them and told them we would go back and get his pistol overtake them soon. They were on the Hawesville road. Axton went to Jo. Barnett's (the father of Andrew) and told him he believed the men were guerillas. Mr. Barnett sent young Townsley, a hired hand, in and get Andrew back, but they hung Townsley not far from Sam Baird's farm about a hundred yards from the road, and choked his horse to death with a stirrup strap. A few miles further murdered Wat Lawton and killed his horse in the same way, and further, still they murdered Andrew. Poor fellow, he was beaten to death. Wat was shot in the temple and his face burned with the powder. He was stripped of all his clothing but shirt and drawers. He was the first one found and was brought home and buried. They next found Townsley, but they never found Barnett until a day or two ago. I can't relate the particulars to you, there are so many reports. I just gave it like I heard it from the most reliable source. It is certainly the most horrible thing I ever knew. We are looking for them back every day, and the Lord only knows what they will do next time. All those that have been in the army are leaving the place.

"Indeed, it is the most alarming time I ever saw. There have been others found murdered, but I did not learn who they were."

Such was the account given me 37 years ago. But they never came back, and it was never definitely known who they were, whence they came, nor whither they went. Axton was the only one with them that lived to tell the story, and he did not stay with them long enough to find out anything about them. He had to invent a very plausible story in order to get away. He told them he had a pair of very fine pistols and a thoroughbred saddle horse, that he would go by home and procure; that he had not expected to go on such a trip when he left home and that he would soon rejoin them. The ruse took and his life was saved, but he had no means of communicating his suspicions to his friends, Barnett and Lawton. It has always been supposed that a guard had been left behind to dispatch Axton when he came up and that when young Townsley came along hunting for them, the guard mistook him for Axton and slew him first.

Many such murders were committed in Kentucky during the dark days of the rebellion, thus giving the old Commonwealth a double right to the title of "Dark and Bloody Ground." It is supposed by some that this company was Quantrell's band, others that it was Sue Monday, but they are referred to to this day as "Sunday Blue Coats."

[Note: Ziba A. King (1843-1910) was a newspaper man and an attorney. He served as editor of several Kentucky newspapers, including Oldham County Index in La Grange and The Central City Argus in Central City. He served with Andrew Martin Barnett in the 26 KY Infantry of the Union Army.]



Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 14 May 1943, p.3F:

Jesse James Stole Horse In Hartford

By Ozna Shults

A very interesting incident that happened in Ohio county, Kentucky during the Civil War was related to the writer by Dr. B. N. Patterson more than 40 years ago.

Dr. Patterson will be remembered by many of the older citizens of the southern part of Ohio county, as he spent more than 50 years as a successful country doctor in the Cromwell and Prentis sections, later moving to McHenry, Kentucky, where he died more than 30 years ago.

Dr. Patterson was born and reared in Logan county, Kentucky, but about the outbreak of the Civil War (1861), having graduated from medical school, he came to Ohio county to practice his profession and located in the neighborhood of Cromwell.

He brought with him from Logan county a very fine, six-year-old, 16-hands bay saddle mare, purchased from his brother-in-law for which he had paid \$175.00, and on the day around which this little incident centers he had ridden into the town of Hartford, hitched his faithful saddle mare to the limb of a cottonwood tree Just in front of the Griffin drug store and was seated in front of the drug store in pleasant conversation with some congenial friends.

It so happened that on this very day the noted guerilla leader, Quantrell, and his band of followers made a raid into and across Ohio county.

They crossed Green river at Borah's Ferry and as they passed through Beaver Dam it was noted that a man and boy were riding the same horse. The boy who was riding behind proved to be the noted, if not notorious, Jesse James.

Just above the town of Beaver Dam, in passing what was then the home and farm of the Rev. J. S. Coleman, they saw a small bay mare bridled and saddled and hitched in the barn yard nearby.

When the man riding in front suggested to Jesse "There is a horse for you," his answer was, "No, I don't want a pony."

This little bay mare was the property of M. N. Shults, and she lived to be 32 years old, her name was "Lucy" and the writer of this brief article has plowed corn with her many a hot June day.

Quantrell and his band rode on and into the town of Hartford and seeing Dr. Patterson's big mare, already bridled and saddled, Jesse James, who was riding behind, jumped down, unhitched, mounted and rode off on the big bay saddle mare —an needless to relate Dr. Patterson, the owner, did not object.

This band of guerillas rode on, crossed Rough creek and out in the neighborhood of Clear Run they killed a Mr. Barnett and a Mr. Lawton for reasons unknown to the writer.

They passed on through Pleasant Ridge into Daviess county and Owensboro to continue their depredations as their evil minds and misguided judgment dictated according to the harsh rules of guerilla warfare.



**“Rough River Ripples”, McDowell A. Fogle,
Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 20 June 1947, p.2:**

A letter addressed to the late Professor Henry Leach, received by Mrs. Leach, in view of its probable importance in preserving the history of an exciting episode in Ohio county history, which Prof. Leach was so interested and helpful in preserving, seems to both his widow and this writer deserving of publicity through this column. The letter from Charles E. Bell, First Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps, retired, 2511 Elhott Ave., Louisville. He writes that for number of years he has been engaged in research regarding the early history of the James brothers, Frank and Jesse, whose bandit exploits made them notorious. Mr. Bell says Prof. Leach's name was given him by Asa Crowell, a former Hartford resident, with the surmise that the Ohio county educator would likely be able to give him some desired information in regard to the raid of Quantrill's guerillas through Hartford in the closing year of the War between the States, in which Frank James probably took part, as he was a member of the guerilla leader's "gang. " In further explanation, I quote from Mr. Bell's letter:

The parents of the James boys were born in Kentucky. Frank James, or to give his correct and full name, Alexander Franklin James, was a member of William Clarke Quantrill's guerilla's who invaded Kentucky from Missouri in the early part of 1865.

Quantrill as you know, was defeated and severely wounded at what was then know as the Wakefield Farm, in Spencer county in May, 1865. He afterwards died and was buried in St. John's cemetery in Louisville, Frank James was a member of his gang, and was surrendered and paroled at Samuels Depot on July 26, 1865.

What I wish to inquire about is the following: "On Sunday, January 22, 1865 Quantrill and his men, masquerading as a detachment of Federal cavalry, arrived at Hartford, Ohio county, Kentucky. They claimed to be going to the Ohio river, via the Hawesville road, and intimated that they wanted a guide. Lieutenant Barrett, a Federal officer agreed to go with them in that capacity. W. B. Lawson, a Federal soldier belonging to an Indiana regiment, who was home on furlough to see his family in Hartford, thought to get safe conduct back to his command and went with them. Just after leaving Hartford, the guerillas were overtaken by another Federal, an ex-soldier by the name of William Townsley, who had formerly been a member of the 3rd Kentucky (Federal) Cavalry. Three miles out of town the guerillas rode into the timber alongside the road and hung Townsley, nine miles further beyond they shot Lawson. They shot Lieutenant Barrett sixteen miles from Hartford."

(This information is taken from Rebellion Records, Part I. Vol. XLIX, Series 1, Pages 657-658. It is contained in a letter to General Burbridge.

Can you recall ever hearing your father or any of the more elderly men around Hartford speak of Quantrill's visit to Hartford? If so, would you be so kind enough to inform me as to just what was told you, either by your father or others?

I pass on to our readers above request. Mrs. Leach, Mr. Bell and I will esteem it a favor and it will also be a valuable aid in ascertaining and preserving any other facts which may be available in regard to the Quantrill raid through Ohio county, if anyone who knows or has heard his or her elders recount any known details of the Ohio county phase of the raid, will write to any of us, giving such information. I have already talked to some of our older citizens about the episode and I obtained from Mr. M. T. (Tom) Likens his recollection, from hearing the matter discussed

in his younger days, that the Federal lieutenant captured and by the guerillas was named Barnett rather than Barrett. Will the reports of others confirm this? I hope some tangible evidence may be sent us for Mr. Bell's use.

**“Rough River Ripples”, McDowell A. Fogle,
Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 15 August 1947, p.2:**

In this column on June 20 I told of the receipt by Mrs. Henry Leach, city, of a letter, addressed to her late husband, Prof. Henry Leach, and written by Mr. Charles E. Bell, of Louisville, seeking information about the raid which was made through Ohio county by Quantrill's guerillas in January, 1865. Mr. Bell is and has been for a number of years engaged in research regarding the early history of the James brothers, Jesse and Frank, the latter of whom is known to have been a member of that guerilla leader's band and who may have been a member of the detachment which passed through this county just at the close of the Civil War. I added my request to Mr. Bell's for such help as our readers might be able to give especially with reference to the killing by Quantrill's band of two or three young Ohio county men who joined his command under the impression that it was a detachment of Union cavalry. In response, a number of residents of this section of the county have been so kind as to furnish me information about this raid, based on the accounts of it which they had received from their parents or other old people who had been in a position to know or learn the real facts of the episode. Among those I want to thank for their proffered aid are Messrs. Kenneth Tinsley, Sam Ellis, Joe Snell, H. E. Brown, and Harry Tinsley. The first named, Mr. Kenneth Tinsley, Route 2, Hartford, is a great-nephew of one of the victims of the guerillas, Andrew Martin Barnett, mistakenly called "Lieutenant Barrett" in General Burbridge's report. I am glad to be able to give below Mr. Tinsley's recollection of the accounts of the death of his kinsman as given to him by his father, the late Orlistis R. Tinsley, and his grandmother, Mrs. Matilda Barnett Tinsley, also deceased:

"I was very much interested in the Ripples' article of several weeks ago in regard to the guerilla raids which were made through Kentucky during the War between the States. I am a great-nephew of Andrew Martin Barnett, one of the victims of the raid of Quantrill's gang through this county early in 1865. He was a brother of my grandmother, Mrs. Woodbury Tinsley, who before her marriage, was Miss Matilda Barnett, and of Colonel Cicero Maxwell Barnett, founder of the Hartford Republican, forebear of the Ohio County News. I have often heard Grandmother Tinsley and my father relate the story of the death of her young brother.

It seems that Quantrill's band of guerillas came from Missouri, or at least that was the general understanding at the time, which would account for the report that the James boys were connected with it. However the Barnett family did not connect either of the James boys with the death of their kinsman. Though they had heard that Frank and Jesse James had been involved in much lawlessness and violence, yet they could not believe that they would kill a man just to obtain his horse and belongings unless it was absolutely necessary for their own escape.

"Getting back to the guerilla raid through this county, these men came through Hartford posing as Federal soldiers and claimed to be recruiting men for the Army. Unfortunately young Barnett and two other young men fell for their trap. One of them, Townsley by name, forgot a valuable pistol and, as they had only traveled a short distance, he wished to return to his home for it. Wanting, of course, all the loot they could obtain, the guerillas allowed him to go back after the weapon. Upon his return home, Townsley's parent persuaded him to abandon the idea of joining

the Army. The other two were not so fortunate, however, as the first victim of the guerillas, Lawson was found hanging to a tree limb near Washington church on a farm owned by William Crabtree.

"The body of Andrew Barnett was found, shot and frozen, in a small stream between Adaburg and Ralph in this county. My father and I once traveled this road and he pointed out the exact place where his uncle was slain. The guerillas stripped the body of clothing and took his horse, saddle and all his other belongings. There was a deep snow on the ground at the time and his body was conveyed to Hartford by sleigh. He was buried in the historic old Alexander cemetery near Hartford.

"It seems to me that I have heard there was a third man hanged near Clear Run church but I can't recall Father ever telling me this."

"It is said that the destination o. this guerilla band was the Ohio river or points beyond, by the way of Hawesville. Anyway, that was the direction in which they were traveling. This gang of marauders represented neither the Union or Southern armies. Neither army condoned such violence and each would have been glad to capture these bandits. It is said that they were finally captured and punished accordingly."

I thank Mr. Tinsley for his above narrative, as I am sure Mr. Bell will also. It is a valuable contribution to Ohio county history. At a later date I plan to give some of the reminiscences of Messrs. Ellis and Snell about the Quantrill raid.

**“Rough River Ripples”, McDowell A. Fogle,
Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 12 September 1947, p.2:**

Miss Mary Barnett, Puritan Apartments, Louisville, collateral kinswoman of Andrew M. Barnett, one of the victims of the guerilla raid through Ohio county in January, 1865, about which I have been seeking information through this column, as a result of the research of Charles E. Bell, Louisville, with reference to that and similar raids through Kentucky by the notorious James brothers and other bandits or guerillas, has kindly furnished me two invaluable versions of the local raid in question. I am very grateful to Miss Barnett for thus helping Mr. Bell and me in our efforts to authenticate the details of this Ohio county historical episode. The first account is, she writes, a "copy of a clipping which in 1927 was in possession of Mrs. Mary Barnett Lindley, of near Livermore, Ky. It was taken from an issue of the Hartford Herald dated about June 2, 1902. At least the article appeared in the Oldham County Index in 1902, as it will be noted Mr. King states with reference to his mother's letter, which was dated January 30, 1865, 'such was the account given me 37 years ago,' and on the reverse side of the clipping is given news of Ceralvo, Ky., under date line of June 2." Miss Barnett's contribution probably will have to be continued in one or more future installments of this column. The first version of the raid reported by her begins below:

Mr. Z. O. King, a former resident of Ohio county, writing in the Oldham County "Index," gives the following account of an incident of the Civil War:

Western Kentucky, and in fact the greater part of the State, was infested during the latter part of the Civil War by roving bands of marauders generally claiming to be Confederate soldiers, and frequently such bands were officered by men holding commissions from the Confederate Government. The main object, however, of most of these bands was plunder, and they seldom asked whether their victim was friend or foe. The section of the State bordering on Green River was, by reason of the thrift of its farmers, good horses and abundance of provender for man and beast, a favorite rendezvous for many of these predatory bands, and most of the citizens who remained at home suffered untold annoyance, and often death at the hands of the freebooters. Few

men slept in their beds if the weather was at all favorable for sleeping out. Companies of Home Guards were organized, but as a general rule by the time they could be gotten together towns and communities had been looted and the guerillas well out of the way. Oftentimes the most fiendish murders were committed without the least palliation, but simply to satisfy a ghoulish greed for blood.

In January, 1865, one of these bands visited Hartford, a small county seat then remote from communication with the outside world by rail or river. They came in late on a Saturday afternoon, quartered themselves in the town, and proceeded to make themselves comfortable. They all wore the blue cavalry overcoats of Federal pattern; and claimed to be Federal scouts hunting for guerillas. They were well supplied with money, and paid liberally for what they ate and drank. The following day being Sunday, and an ugly, rainy day, they remained in the town, spending the time in drinking, fiddling, and dancing and making merry as only soldiers can, under like conditions. Living in the town were several ex-Federal soldiers, among others, Col. Q. C. Shanks, recently resigned, Wat Lawton, a discharged soldier, and nearby in the country were two officers on recruiting service – Andrew M. Barnett and Isaac H. Axton.

Friends of the two latter sent for them at the request of the captain of the "Blue Coats," and they came into town Monday morning to go with the scouts on a guerilla hunt. They left Hartford on Monday morning, accompanied by Barnett, Lawton and Axton. That was the last seen of Lawton and Barnett in life. The story of their untimely fate can best be told by a letter written to me while in the army by my mother, who lived in Hartford at that time.

The letter is dated Hartford, Ky., January 30, 1865. "The rebels did not molest us in any way when they were in Hartford, but they took everything they wanted out of the stores and destroyed a great deal they could not take and burned the courthouse. But we have been visited by a greater calamity since that. Yesterday a week ago, which was the 22nd, there was a company of men – 37 in number – came in early in the morning. They were dressed in gray clothing, all but their overcoats which were Federal blue coats. They were armed with sabers and pistols. Some of the Union men received them as Federal soldiers – Judge Lawton, Col. Shanks, Mauzy and some others – but Dan Wize was suspicious of them, although they paid for everything they got in gold and silver. Wat Lawton had been to Evansville and it is supposed he had sold himself for a substitute as he came home with plenty of money and a suit of Federal clothing. He was waiting for, an opportunity to get back and thinking it a favorable opportunity to leave in company with those Federals, as he supposed they were, and they pressed a horse from Mr. Gillespie for him. I said they paid for everything, but they did not pay for the horse. Andrew Barnett and Isaac Axton started with them, but Axton was suspicious of them and told them he would go back and get his pistol and overtake them soon. They were on the Hawesville Road. Axton went to Jo Barnett's, (the father of Andrew) and told him he believed the men were guerillas. Mr. Barnett sent young Townsley, a hired man, to try and get Andrew back, but they hung Townsley not far from Sam Baird's farm, about a hundred yards from the road and choked his horse to death with a stirrup strap. A few miles further they murdered Wat Lawton and killed his horse in the same way, and further still they murdered Andrew. Poor fellow, he was beaten to death. Wat was shot in the temple and his face was burned with the powder. He was stripped of all his clothing but shirt and drawers. He was the first one found and was brought home and buried. They next found Townsley, but they never found Barnett until a day or two ago. I can't relate the particulars to you, there are so many reports. I just give it like I heard it from the most reliable source. It is certainly the most horrible thing I ever knew. We are looking for them back every day, and the Lord only knows what they will do next time. All those that have been in the army are leaving the place.

"Indeed, it is the most alarming time I ever saw. There have been others found murdered, but I did not learn who they were."

Such was the account given me 37 years ago. But they never came back, and it was never definitely known who they were, whence they came, nor whither they went. Axton was the only one with them that lived to tell the story, and he did not stay with them long enough to find out anything about them. He had to invent a very plausible story in order to get away. He told them he had a pair of very fine pistols and a thoroughbred saddle horse that he would go by home and procure; that he had not expected to go on such a trip when he left home and that he would soon rejoin them. The ruse took and his life was saved, but he had no means of communicating his suspicions to his friends, Barnett and Lawton. It has always been supposed that a guard had been left behind to dispatch Axton when he came up and that when young Townsley came along hunting for them the guard mistook him for Axton and slew him first.

Many such murders were committed in Kentucky during the dark days of the rebellion, thus giving the old Commonwealth a double right to the title of "Dark and Bloody Ground." It is supposed by some that this company was Quantrell's band, others that it was Sue Monday, but they are referred to to this day as "Sunday Blue Coats."

**"Rough River Ripples", McDowell A. Fogle,
Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 10 October 1947, p.2:**

The second of the two versions of the visit to Ohio county of the "Sunday Bluecoats" on January 22, 1865, kindly furnished me by Miss Mary Barnett, Louisville, Kentucky, is given below, preceding which narration I again thank her for her invaluable cooperation in this historical research and accept her offer for publication of other original Ohio county historical material. Miss Barnett, herself an authority on county genealogy and history, rightly appraises my motive in seeking and publishing so much such data – the permanent preservation in printed form of as much as possible of the source material now existing only in such perishable form as personal letters, memoirs and similar original writings. And especially do I prize her praise of my article of some months ago in regard to the recently demolished residence where my mother was born. And now again I quote Miss Barnett:

The foregoing (the Z. O. King account) differs in certain particulars from the account as it was related to me. Those particulars were written down by me in about 1927 after a discussion of the story with my uncle, Dr. Nestor Barnett, then residing at Caneyville, Ky. They are as follows:

(1) That this company of men sought out Andrew Barnett, that they stopped at the junction of the Livermore and Hartford-Owensboro roads and sent a man to my grandfather's to inquire as to where Andrew lived. My mother, who was about thirteen years of age at the time, said she stood on the porch and watched the men as they waited at the junction of the roads for the man to return, that it was a very clear, cold morning and that these men made a very impressive appearance on their splendid, prancing horses and their sabers and the metal fittings on the harness flashing in the brilliant sunlight.

(2) That these men stated they desired to have Andrew guide them through a certain stretch of the country, and that Axton and Lawton went along to accompany Andrew on the return trip. They had posed in Hartford as Federal troops and in asking for Andrew they indicated they desired to have him accompany them because he was a Federal officer.

(3) That Axton's horse soon became lame and he could go no farther and that was the reason for his return. I have often heard refuted the impression that Axton sought to create that he had returned because his suspicions of these men had: been aroused, and that the reason Townsley had

been sent was that the family had become alarmed when some men who had passed this company of men on the road reported they had not seen Barnett and Lawton with them.

My Uncle Nestor, who saw these men at the same time as my mother, said that sometime after the war he saw a picture of Frank James and recognized it as being of the man who came to my grandfather's house to inquire about Andrew Barnett.

Mother said that this incident struck such terror to the entire community that Andrew's father had great difficulty in getting someone to go with him to look for his son – in fact, it is my recollection she said he did not succeed and had to go alone, that a deep snow had fallen after the departure of the men and he used a sled. Also, that the road on which the murders were committed was that leading from the Alexander burying ground to Adaburg; Andrew was about 21 years of age at the time he met his death. He lies buried in the Alexander cemetery. Where the other two victims were buried I do not know.

In addition to the official version of the visit of the "Sunday Bluecoats" to Hartford on Sunday, January 22, 1865, given by Mr. Charles E. Bell in his original communication, requesting local versions of the guerilla raid, and the accounts of the incident given by Mr. Kenneth Tinsley and Miss Mary Barnett, based on the reminiscences of kinsfolk and other contemporaries of the victims of the raid, I have received, with sincere appreciation, an article on the subject by Mr. James A. Hines, our Ohio county authority on such border leaders as Quantrill, Sue Mundy, the James brothers, etc., as well as a number of "human interest" details of the episode based on the versions of Mrs. Mary E. Ellis and Mr. George Snell, neighbors of one of the guerilla victims, Andrew M. Barnett. Mrs. Ellis' and Mr. Snell's statements about the tragic statements about the tragic events of "Bluecoat Sunday" and the following day, are based on the recollection of the many times they told the thrilling story to their sons, Messrs. Sam Ellis and Joe Snell, respectively, both still living near Hartford.

Mr. Ellis now lives in the home which, though known for over two generations now as the "old Alexander C. Ellis home," was in January, 1865 the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barnett, parents of Andrew M. Barnett. His mother, whose maiden name was Mary E. Bennett, used to tell of going in her girlhood from the neighboring home of her parents to visit at that of the Joseph Barnetts. Her recollection of the accounts she heard of the deaths of the young men, Barnett, Lawton and Townsley coincided in the main, with the gist of the versions already given in this column. A graphic additional detail which she gave was the statement, alleged to have been made by a member of the guerilla band at a country store in the section between Adaburg and Ralph, that they had just killed a man "as long as that counter," referring to the fact that Barnett was an unusually tall man.

Mrs. Ellis also told an amusing story of the childhood of young Barnett. She said she was at his home when "Andy Martin," as his mother called him, was some five or six years old and wearing as was the custom of the times, the dress-like shirt or "shift" in which children of both sexes were clothed until they were half grown. On this occasion an uncle of the youngster was coming to visit the family and his mother had just broken the news to the children that she had made a pudding. Upon hearing the glad tidings, Andrew rushed to the corner of the room where, on a high shelf, his mother kept the sugar jar, and started an impetuous climb up the log wall to, as he explained, "get sugar for the puddin'." However, his mother stopped his efforts with the tart decision, "Puddin' is good without sugar."

Mr. Snell says his father, George Snell, often told him of his part in the gruesome incidents resulting from the 1865 guerilla raid. Also a neighbor of the parents of young Barnett, he himself found the body of the unfortunate youth, reported it to the latter's father and then went with the

bereaved parent to bring the body to the family home. As to the part Isaac Axton played in the episode, the elder Mr. Snell said that when young Axton left the bandits and came home for his pistols and fine riding horse, he (Snell) aided in preventing his return, when advice would not suffice, by hiding his weapons, and mount.

In my next installment, I plan to give Mr. Hines' contribution to this historical symposium.

**“Rough River Ripples”, McDowell A. Fogle,
Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 24 October 1947, p.2:**

As promised herein two weeks ago, I give below the appreciate¹ contribution of Mr. James A. Hines, of Horse Branch, to the Ripples' research in regard to the Hartford visit of the so-called "Sunday Bluecoats" near the close of the War between the States. Mr. Hines writes:

I believe that I can throw some light upon the subject of William Clark Quantrill and his guerilla band visiting Hartford on Sunday, January 22, 1865. For a good many years I have done much research and written considerable for the Western pulps on Quantrill and other bandits. I have also spent many hours in correspondence and talking with Charles E. Bell, of Louisville, on the subject of outlaws. And that is what Quantrill was and I can prove it!

The disintegration of the guerilla gang under the leadership of Quantrill started in the early months of 1864, while the gang was in the vicinity of Sherman, Texas, where they had fled from Missouri, when the Union forces had begun to make things just a little too warm for the freebooters. Trouble between Quantrill and his officers arose, and it is said that he and one of his captains, the notorious "Bloody Bill" Anderson, engaged in a shooting scrape. George Todd, another of Quantrill's captains also had an argument with his chief and trouble of a serious nature was only averted by the intercession of other members of the command.

Anyway the gang split up. Those who decided to remain with Todd and Anderson in Texas, did so, while Quantrill, with his depleted command started back to his former stamping ground in Missouri. He no doubt saw the handwriting on the wall and realized that the fall of the Confederacy was only a matter of months, and knowing also, that his partisan soldiers would have but little, if any, chance of being treated prisoners of war, if surrendered or captured in Missouri. It was his idea to endeavor to take some of his men who would make the trip, South and Southeast with him through Kentucky in an effort to effect a junction with the forces of Robert E. Lee, the "Lion of the Confederacy." Quantrill knew that if his command was surrendered as a part of General Lee's forces, they would stand a much better chance, than if forced to lay down their arms in Missouri, or elsewhere. He figured rightly that swift and summary justice would be meted out to him and his men if they fell in the hands of the Union troops west of the Mississippi River. In this conjecture, Quantrill was no doubt right, therefore the object of his march in Kentucky became evident. So you see the reason why he happened to be in Hartford.

The start of Quantrill and his small band from Missouri was made from the vicinity of Independence, Jackson county, Missouri, about the middle of December of 1864. It is a matter of record that the winter of 1864, was an extremely severe one and the men of Quantrill's band must have suffered terribly on their long ride through Missouri into Arkansas and on into Kentucky. The command crossed the Mississippi River on New Year's Day, January 1, 1865. The crossing of the river being made at a place called Pacific, but also known as Devil's Bend or Devil's Elbow, and situated about fifteen miles above Memphis, Tenn. Quantrill had with him about thirty picked men. Space prohibits me telling the names of them but Frank James and James Younger were with him. These two men later won much notoriety as bandits. Jesse James was with Quantrill but he and six others separated from the band at Pocahtontas, Arkansas, and proceeded into Texas to join

the guerillas under Todd and Anderson, near Sherman. We hear from the gang at various places on their way before they reached Hartford: Big Creek, Covington, Taberneck, Humbolt and Milan in Tennessee and on into Paris, Kentucky.

On Sunday, January 22, 1865, Quantrill and his gang of free-booters, numbering some thirty men arrived in Hartford. The late Rose Autry, an old lady friend of mine, once told me about Quantrill and his band stopping at the hoe of her father's when she was little girl. She lived near Green River at that time. She told me that the gang went out and killed some deers and that they showed daring feats of horseback riding and pistol shooting.

There are all kinds of stories told of the operations of Quantrill hi Kentucky that is sometimes rather difficult to evaluate them at their true worth. The visit to Hartford by the guerillas resulted in a drunken riding through the streets and in general terrorizing of the citizenry. If I had the space I would tell about Quantrill's exploits in Kentucky and how he was killed, etc., but we are only interested in his visit to Hartford. While in Kentucky, Quantrill operated with all three of the known bands of guerillas that infested Kentucky at that time, these three bands of so-called partisan soldiers, but which were in fact nothing less than murderers, thieves and bandits, comprised the gangs of "One-Arm" Berry, Sue Mundy and Billy Magruder.

Sue Mundy, whose real name was Marcellus Jerome Clark, was a Kentuckian and was captured a short time after February 29, 1865 when he was with Quantrill at Danville, Kentucky, where the inhabitants of the town were lined up and held under guard while the bandits looted and plundered the town and set fire to the telegraph office. Mundy was hanged for his crimes at Louisville, Kentucky. The execution taking place at 18th and Magazine streets in that city on March 15, 1865. A large crowd witnessed the execution of the Kentucky guerilla chief. Mundy was the son of Brigadier General Hector M. Clarke, and not as some historians have asserted the son of Governor Clark. After the execution his body was turned over to his relatives and was taken by his aunt, Mrs. Mary Bradshaw, to Franklin, Kentucky, where it was buried in the cemetery there beside the body of his mother.

I hope this information may be of help to you and of interest to fellow Ohio County News readers.

Another valuable addition to the history of Quantrill's Ohio county raid, by my old friend and fellow countian, G. Davis Royal, of Evansville, is scheduled for publication herein two weeks from today.

**“Rough River Ripples”, McDowell A. Fogle,
Ohio County News, Hartford, KY, 14 November 1947, p.2:**

I regret that in this column on October 10 in recounting some reminiscences of the mother of my friend, Sam Ellis, of near Hartford, in regard to the slaying of three Ohio county young men during the guerilla raid through this section in January, 1865, I inadvertently stated that the maiden name of Mrs. Ellis was Mary E. Bennett. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ellis' mother was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Stevens, both members of prominent and esteemed county pioneer families.

As I promised two weeks ago, I today appreciatively give herein one of the most original and, therefore, valuable additions to the historical material which has been appearing in this column in regard to the visit of the "Sunday Bluecoats" to Hartford and vicinity in January, 1865. It is the contribution of my long-time friend and fellow countian, G. Davis Royal, of Evansville. Mr. Royal says:

In his very interesting article in your August 15 column Mr. Kenneth Tinsley, great-nephew of Captain Andy Barnett, who with two companions was murdered in that Civil War tragedy which

occurred in this county in January, 1865, as a result of a guerilla raid. said: "It seems that Quantrill's band of guerillas came from Missouri or at least that was the general understanding at the time, which would account for the report that the James boys were connected with it. However the Barnett family did not connect either of the James boys with the death of their kinsman." However, with the kindest feeling and apologies to Mr. Tinsley, I must beg leave to differ with him as to the opinion of some of his family in regard to the complicity of the James brothers or, at least, of Frank James in the slaying of his kinsman. I refer to that brilliant lawyer and journalist, the late Colonel Cicero Maxwell Barnett, youngest brother of Andrew Martin Barnett.

Incidentally, before giving Colonel Barnett's belief as to the murder of his brother, I will recall that the former was elected representative in the General Assembly from Ohio county in 1895 over another unusually bright young lawyer, Ben D. Ringo by a plurality of 395, the largest the G. O. P. had yet attained in the county notwithstanding it was the gubernatorial election year also at which Col. W. O. Bradley defeated P. Watt Hardin and carried Ohio county by 362 votes. But back to Col. Barnett's opinion as to the slayer of his brother:

During Colonel Barnett's 1895 candidacy for Representative he was my father's guest one beautiful moonlight autumn night and the three of us, Col. Barnett, Father, and I, sat on our front porch and talked till bedtime (that is Col. Barnett and Dad talked). That fall the Daviess County Fair at Owensboro had secured Frank James as a star drawing card one day and that night at our house Colonel Barnett told us that he attended the Owensboro Fair on 'James Day," with, no doubt, the sole purpose of interviewing the former outlaw regarding the assassination of his brother, Andrew Barnett, in January, 1865. I distinctly remember, though it has been 52 years, that Colonel Barnett said he asked James directly, face to face, who of the guerilla band slew his brother and that James denied doing it himself but named another member of the band (whose name I have forgotten) as the guilty man. However, Col. Barnett told us that he believed Frank James was the slayer from the furtive glance of his eyes and his seeming difficulty in looking him straight in the eye.

So, thirty years after his brother's diabolical murder, Col C. M. Barnett believed Frank James to be the guilty man. My father's home at the time Col. Barnett was there, is the same house he lived in in 1865 and was located only 6 or 7 miles from the place where Captain Andrew Barnett was slain and Father often showed me the spot at the creek ford where it occurred.

The noted biographer, J. W. Buell, in his book on the James and Younger brothers, also, as I remember, credits Frank James with the slaying of Andrew Barnett. This work of Buell's has long since-gotten away from me, but I now have a large history of the same border outlaws by another author, Jay Donald, in which, on pages 85 and 86, appears the following:

The next satanic achievement of the guerilla chief (Quantrill) was to play the part of a Federal captain in a most gigantic and cowardly tragedy which he then concocted.

At Hartford, in Ohio county. Kentucky, a company of Federal militia was stationed under the command of Captain Frank Barnette. Quantrill opened communications with Barnette and procured his aid to search out "the cursed Confederate guerillas." Barnett did not see the trap that was laid for him and innocently rode out to his death, followed by his whole troop.

The plan was for each guerilla to choose his man and when Quantrill should throw a handkerchief over his shoulder, the terrible assassination should begin, be quick and complete. The guerilla-hunters rode rapidly on and, just as the sun was going down one evening in February, came to a ford in an obscure stream. Frank James rode into the water with Captain Barnett and, when Quantrill gave the signal, there was a flash from James' pistol and the captain's body fell into

the cold stream and floated off. At the same time the other guerillas played their part in the butchery and then escaped speedily.

[Parts of the preceding “Rough River Ripple”s columns, by McDowell A. Fogle, about the Quantrill raid in Ohio County, were also published in the books: Fogle’s Papers: A History of Ohio County, Kentucky, McDowell A. Fogle (Ohio County Historical Society, Inc., Hartford, KY, 1981, pp.73-80 and History of No Creek, Ohio County, Kentucky, Harry D. Tinsley, “The Death of Captain A. M. Barnett” (Frankfort, KY: Roberts Printing Company, 1953) pp.181-185.



Messenger-Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, 8 November 1964, pp.1C & 6C:

In The Days Of Quantrill’s Raiders
A Century Later, Murder And The Loss
Of A Courthouse Remembered In Hartford

HARTFORD, Ky. – About a century ago. this community experienced two Civil War events that were sufficient to carry on the memory of the conflict for at least another hundred years.

On Dec. 20, 1864, Confederate Brig. Gen. Hylan Lyon arrived with 800 men, captured the town and announced he was going to burn the courthouse because it had been used by Union troops. This was one of seven Kentucky courthouses the rebel general razed in 23 days.

Fortunately for landowners, lawyers and others, then and since, General Lyon was prevailed on by Dr. Samuel Peyton, a former Whig congressman who had served with Illinois Whig Congressman Abraham Lincoln at Washington, to spare the records stored in the building.

Came The Horsemen

Then, one month and two days later on Sunday, Jan. 22, 1865 – a company of horsemen claiming to be the Fourth Missouri U.S. Cavalry rode into town and gave the residents something to think about that took their minds off their lost courthouse. The leader of the Missouri unit was the notorious guerrilla, William Clarke Quantrill.



William Clark Quantrill

A letter written by Mrs. Mary King of Hartford to her son, Ziba King in the Union Army, on Jan. 30, 1865, and a letter dated Feb. 5 of the same year to Maj. Gen. Stephen G. Burbridge, military commander of Kentucky, combine to present a graphic picture of the horror that followed the departure of this band of horsemen. The original of the King letter was preserved by Nelson Bennett of Hopkinsville, a former resident of Hartford, and a copy was recently procured by Miss Mary Barnett of 539 Ewing Court, Owensboro. The letter to General Burbridge is a part of the

"Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," which were compiled and published by the United States War Department about 50 years ago. It was written by Judge C. J. Lawton.

First, referring to the Lyon raid, Mrs. King wrote:

The Greater Calamity

"The rebels did not molest us in any way when they were in Hartford but they took everything they wanted out of the stores and destroyed a great deal they could not take and burned the courthouse, but we have been visited by a greater calamity since that.

"Yesterday was a week ago which was the 22nd there was a company of men 37 in number came in early in the morning. They were draped in gray clothing all but their overcoats. They were blue Federal coats. They were armed with sabers and pistols. Some of the Union men received them as Federal soldiers. Judge Lawton, Colonel Shanks, Mauzey and some others, but Dan Wise was suspicious of them although they paid for everything they got in gold and silver.

"Wat Lawton had been to Evansville and it is supposed sold himself as a substitute as he came home with plenty of money and a suit of Federal clothing. He was waiting for an opportunity to get back and thinking that was a favorable time to leave in company with these Federals, as he supposed, they purchased a horse from a Mr. Galaspie. I said they paid for everything, but they did not pay for the horse. Andy Barnett and Ike Axton also started with them but Axton was suspicious of them and told them he would go back and get his pistol and would overtake them in a short time. They then were on the Hawesville road not far from Bennett Stevens'. Axton went to Joe Barnett's and told them he believed they were guerrillas and then went to Calhoun.

Hired Man Hanged

"Mr. Barnett sent a man he had hired (Townesley) to try to get Andy back but they hung him (Townesley) not far from Sam Baird's farm, about a hundred yards from the road, and choked his horse to death with one of the stirrup straps. A few miles further they murdered Wat Lawton and killed his horse in the same way, and further still they murdered Andy, poor fellow, he was beat to death. Wat was shot in the temple and his face burned with powder. He was stripped of all his clothing but his shirt and drawers. He was the first one that was found and was brought home and buried on Foreman's Hill. The next they found was Townesley and they never found Andy until a day or two ago.

"I can't relate the particulars to you. There are so many reports. I just give it as I heard it from the most reliable source. It is certainly the most horrible thing I ever knew. We are looking for them back every day and the Lord only knows what they will do next time. All those who have been in the army about Hartford are leaving the place. Indeed, it is the most alarming time I ever knew. There have been others found murdered but I did not learn who they were. I have not heard from Wm. and Porter for more than a week. If that band of traitors meet with them they will kill them sure. They call themselves the 4th Mo. Cavalry. They were well mounted, well disciplined, and well calculated to deceive and destroy.

Hard Times Come

"I have only written two letters to you since you left B. G. When Lyons was here they took all the stamps and I never got any more till last week. I think one you got was the first one I wrote, if it was it was mailed at Cromwell. I have got 3 from you since you left B. G. There has been a great many changes in Hartford since you left. Henry and Simon Small with their families have both left. Mrs. Sally Phipps has moved to Henry Small's house. Nearly everybody in town is joining the Good Templars. We have had a very severe spell of weather for about 10 days and still continues cold. We have had a very severe winter, so far coal has been 20 cts. per bushel, wood 2

dollars a load and hard to get at that. We are seeing a pretty hard time, but I will try and endure all patiently and live in hopes of seeing better days. ...

"Dan Tracy got home last week but left this morning for some place of safety. Soldiers are not safe here. Indeed, I don't feel safe myself. I do think it is too hard that Ky. has furnished so many soldiers and now they can't return home without being murdered... "

Miss Mary Barnett said an "account of this savage brutality, as I heard it from my parents (John and Pauline Barnett) differs from the foregoing in the following particulars:

Sought The Captain

"This company of men sought out Andrew Barnett. They rode to the juncture of the Livermore and Hartford-Owensboro roads and sent a man to my grandfather's to ask where Andrew lived. My mother, who was about 13 years old at the time, stood on the porch and watched the men as they waited for the man to return. It was a very clear, cold morning and this company of men made a very impressive appearance on their splendid horses, which were rearing and plunging in the bitter cold. They said they wanted Andrew to guide them through a certain stretch of the country. They had posed in Hartford as Federal troops, and they indicated that their reasons for desiring Andrew was that he was a Federal officer. Andrew was a captain and was at home on recruiting duty. He was but 21 years of age at the time.

"Axton did not leave this company because of suspicions, but because his horse became lame. It was with difficulty he was persuaded not to return. After the men had left, rumors flew around of suspicious action on their part. Later, some men who passed this body of men on the road reported they had not seen Barnett and Lawton with them. It was then that Townsley was sent.

James Or Quantrill?

"Whether these men were the James gang or Quantrill's men was never known, though as the two gangs worked together oftentimes it was liable to have been either. My mother's brother, Nestor, four years younger than she, also saw the man who came up to the house, and some years after the war he saw a picture of Frank James who he said was the man who came up to the house. They favored the rebel side and that was the reason they sought out Andrew.

"This occurrence struck such terror to the entire community (that the incident was seared into my mother's memory was indicated by the fact that in telling of it many years later, her voice still carried, a note of fear) that Andrew's father had great difficulty in getting someone to go with him to look for his son. Finally a Mr. Snell went with him. A deep snow had fallen and they used a sled. My father's brother, Jim, related to me that Andrew's remains were brought through Beda, and he, then a boy, was present when the cover was turned back and he jumped buck at the awful sight. The remains had to be thawed before they could be dressed for burial. Andrew was very tall; it is said that the gang, when they reached some other town, said they had dispatched a man "as long as that bench," pointing to a long bench in the local hotel.

"Andrew and Townsley were buried in Alexander Cemetery, the grave of the latter unmarked.

"When this letter was published by Ziba King in the Oldham County Index, apparently in 1902, King added the following:

" It has always been supposed that a guard had been left behind to dispatch Axton when he came up and that when young Townsley came along hunting for them the guard mistook him for Axton and slew him first."

The Lawton Letter

The Lawton letter to General Burbridge, who as a fledgling colonel was stationed in Owensboro early in the war, follows:

"Although a stranger to you, under the circumstances I take the liberty of writing you, hoping a statement in part of our awful condition will be sufficient apology. On Sunday the 22nd of January, a company of about 40 men, equipped in Federal uniform, came here, representing that they were of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry and were detached to hunt guerrillas in this section, and the captain, who said his name was Clarke, deceived Colonel Shanks and myself and caused us to regard him as a Federal captain. Their uniform good behavior whilst in this place and the conversation we had with the said Clarke sufficiently satisfied us that he and his company were Federal, and wishing a guide to conduct him toward the Ohio River where the guerrillas most abound, we recommended Lieutenant Barnett, who was in the neighborhood as a recruiting officer of the 125th United States Colored Infantry.

Lieutenant Sent For

"Barnett was sent for and readily consented, knowing the country well, and W. B. Lawton, an enlisted soldier in an Indiana regiment, who was here to see his family on leave, wishing to return to Evansville to his regiment, who was detained from starting on account of numerous gangs of guerrillas who were prowling this county. After having talk with said Clarke privately, as I have since understood, Clarke told him he was going to Owensborough and would see him safe there if he would come with them. He started with them, and after they left this town they were joined by W. Townsley, a discharged soldier of the Third Kentucky Cavalry. About three miles from Hartford, near the Hawesville road, they hung Townsley, it is supposed. He was found in the woods near a week afterward. They shot Lawton, after traveling with him about 12 miles, and shot Barnett about 16 miles from here. Their bodies were all found.

"They are the same, no doubt, that Captain Bridgewater overtook near Harrodsburg, an account of the skirmish being published in the Louisville Union Press.

Situation Desperate

"Generally, our situation here is desperate. I mean we who have stood firm for our government. Every gang of guerrillas who comes here – and their visits of late are frequent – inquire for men who voted for our worthy chief magistrate, Lincoln, and to save our lives we have to take to the brush and hide out until they are gone. The Copperheads – Bramlette men chuckle over it, and have no fear as to themselves. We were rejoiced yesterday on receiving the Press and reading your speech at Frankfort We have picked up courage, hoping now that our suffering will soon be over. Your plan on having men in our county will no doubt soon clean out the guerrillas, whose deeds in this section have become appalling indeed.

"Colonel. Q. C. Shanks, who recruited the 17th Kentucky Volunteer Infantry at this place for McHenry, or perhaps I ought to say, did more than all others in recruiting that regiment, and who recruited the 12th Kentucky Cavalry and commanded it for a time, says he will recruit a company and command the same by your permission for this county. Will you please address him on the subject. Generally, your plan as shadowed forth in your Frankfort speech will no doubt rid our state of guerrillas – the enemies of our country and the enemies of mankind and all that is civilized. The people in this section are now completely subjugated, and dare not speak their sentiments if they are for the policy of the administration. We can actually carry this county for the administration candidates for the various officers to be elected if we have the protection, and would have carried it for Lincoln last fall but for the guerrillas.

Plea For Help

"Being a stranger to you I will refer you to Colonel Cicero Maxwell, Maj. J. B. Harris, of the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, and the proceedings of the Unconditional Union Convention, held in Louisville last May, as I was one of the delegates chosen by this county to represent it in that convention; L. M. Dembetz and L. A. Cevill, of Louisville, with whom I have slight acquaintance, and all truly loyal men who know me. Truly loyal men of this section all have their eyes turned toward General Burbridge, believing he will extricate us from our unhappy and dangerous position."

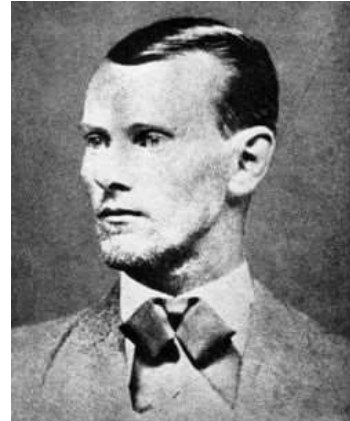
The letter was signed "Very respectfully, C. J. LAWTON. "



William Clarke Quantrill
(1837-1865)



Frank James
(1843-1915)



Jesse James
(1847-1882)



**"Lineage Lines", Harry D. Tinsley,
Ohio County Times-News, Hartford, KY, 22 July 1982, p.15B:**



Andrew M. Barnett



Walt Lawton

In Memory of Andrew M. Barnett written January 12, 1866 by Isaac Axton:

Written in memory of Lieut. A.M Barnett, twelve months ago today, the elegant form of Lieut. A.M Barnett graced these beautiful hills and valleys. Barnett was a high minded and noble youth of 27 years of age. Bold, and commanded quite a manly and elegant appearance. Many days have I roamed over the hills by his side, ready to share the many dangers with him to which we were constantly exposed by the mean, low and murderous hand of traitors.

Notwithstanding we were well acquainted with the number in the country and their fiendish and hellish designs we went together in the discharge of our duties which the government had assigned us. Barnett was an unswerving and an unflinching man a lion in battle and as gentle as a lamb when following the civil pursuit of life. He was ever ready to administer to the wants of the poor and needy. Ever pleasant and mild in the manners, and when once he decided on a thing was heard to convince of his error, though not often wrong. The most grand error of his life lead him to his early and untimely grave for which may curses of the most serious nature rest upon the heads of his executors. Notwithstanding that they were convinced of his nobility and natural kindness he was decoyed from beneath his parental roof in the most deceptive manner and wantonly murdered Never shall I forget his mother's last look upon her darling boy when he was taking the last leave of his parents for life. How gay and unthoughted he seemed to the house and how unconscious was he of the horrible fate that awaited him. A more fiendish and demon-like outrage than these marauders committed will not be found in the annals of history. How often does it make the blood run chilled in me when I think of the murder of those whose misfortune it was to fall victims to the fowl and wicked hands of these marauders whose hands were already bespattered with innocent blood. Barnett would to God that I could re-call you that we might again rove together and enjoy the blessings for which you so nobly contended, for four long years, but as this cannot be and I must do without your much desired company, may you be quietly resting in a world were war is not known. Is the wish of the writer. Isaac

Andrew M. Barnett born in the Alexander Community, north of Hartford, son of Joseph C. and Frances D. (Bennett) Barnett. He was a member of Co. D 26th Kentucky Infantry when he died. According to the family Bible he professed religion March 8. 1861 at No Creek Church. See History of No Creek. Ohio County, Kentucky by Harry D. Tinsley 1953 for Ohio County, Kentucky more Barnett data. His remains rest in the Alexander Cemetery.

Young Townsley who was also killed rests in the Alexander Cemetery in an unknown grave.

Walter B. Lawton born 1816 in Campbell County, Virginia, appeared to have been married first February 9. 1843, Ohio County, to Maria Teresa Lawrence, from whom he was divorced in 1847 or 48. He married August 31. 1855. Sarah Jane Moseley, at the home of her parents, Daniel P. Moseley, McLean County. He enlisted in the Union Army October 25, 1861, at Owensboro, Kentucky. and was discharged December 22, at Nashville. Tennessee, for disability. According to his government tombstone at Oakwood Cemetery, Hartford, he was a member of Co. H., 3rd Ky Regiment of Cavalry.

1860 Census

No. 1.421 Walter B. Lawton, 44, Cabinet maker, Sarah J., 37. August 25, 1860, George (ie), town of Hartford, Thomas Hanly, labour and tenant.

Following Nathan Bennett's first wife's death (Martha Ward) he married the widow Lawton and they continued to reside on his farm near Beda. The daughter, Georgia Lawton married May 11, 1876, at the Bennett home, Joseph T. Wallace of Beda, where they resided.



**“Lineage Lines”, Harry D. Tinsley,
Ohio County Times-News, Hartford, KY, 22 August 1985, p.17B:**

Through the kindness of Tom Watson of Taylorsville, Kentucky, I am able to give another account in the episode in which three Ohio County boys, Andrew M. Barnett, W.B. Lawton and W. Townsley, met their death Sunday, January 22, 1865. (See *History of No Creek, Ohio County, Kentucky*). It is from *Noted Guerrillas, On the Warfare of the Border* by John Newman Edwards, a former adjutant to Gen. Jo Shelby, of the Confederacy. Everything he writes about the guerrillas is glorified and apparently exaggerated, in fact, I know this account is.

Beginning on page 392:

Quantrell passed directly through Greenville. in Muhlenberg County, garrisoned heavily by Federals. As Capt. Clark, he succeeded admirably in allaying all suspicion, if, indeed, any suspicion at that time had been aroused. At Hartford, in Ohio County, Quantrell so far varied the monotony of disguise as to eschew the Colorado part of it for the Tennessee counterfeit. To the commander in Hartford he was Capt. Jasper W. Benedict, of A.J. Smith's corps, then stationed at Memphis. His company was a picked company, and had been sent into Kentucky especially to hunt Guerrillas and exterminate them. Did any Federal thereabouts know aught of Guerrilla ways or people? It would give Capt. Benedict great pleasure to have pointed out to him any bands in the neighborhood that needed breaking up. Captain Barnette, a Federal officer at the post there, thought he knew of several cases where a little killing would clear up the military atmosphere amazingly, and so solicited and obtained permission from Capt. Benedict to accompany him upon the hunt. Barnette, between his own men and the men who were eager to volunteer for any service that promised plunder, brought to swell Quantrell's ranks thirty finely armed and mounted Federals, thoroughly equipped and thoroughly demonstrative.

As Quantrell rode out in an easterly direction from Hartford there was on his face the same bad look that many of his men had noticed the morning the Lawrence massacre began. He was polite enough to Capt. Burnette, and listened attentively enough to his garrulous talk of rebel comings and goings; but he did it all with the air of a man who was not thinking of the present, or who was revolving in his mind the pros and cons of a deed that he had not yet gained the consent of his conscience to commit. Finally he ceased talking altogether to Barnette, and called to his side Frank James, Burnes, Glasscock and William Hulse. Between them there was some earnest colloquy. When they separated Barnette had begun to be communicative again, and to point out with a volubility eminently in keeping with the patriotism of a militiaman, the substance that belonged to the Southern people living along the road that should be wasted, the flocks and herds that should be confiscated, and the houses given over to pillage and the flames. While he was talking, however, and while the march was going on so placidly and so peacefully through the sparkling winter weather, one by one the Guerrillas were devouring the militiamen. Not a gun was fired, not a pistol-shot awoke an echo in the air. At every quarter of a mile there was a corpse, maybe two. Through this pretense or that, and because of a solicitation here or a special pointing out yonder, Federal soldier after Federal soldier dropped back to the rear to lay hold of some rebel's property or beat up the hiding-places about his premises. Not one returned again to the marching

column. Four Guerrillas, always by each soldier's side with a rope, hung him in some lonesome place and left him there, stark and stiff, in the freezing weather. The last man to execute thus of the detachment of thirty was a singularly tall and angular man. Something grotesque about his figure, perhaps, awoke the badinage of the Guerrillas detailed to hang him, and they upbraided him savagely for being a bushwhacker. "You came to us ostensibly as a Union soldier," they sneered, "and here you are as full of rebel venom as a Northern Copperhead of the Vallandingham stripe. You can't fool this crowd, however. We know your kind, and we hang them. String him up, boys!" Protesting his innocence to the last the uncouth victim gave in extremity, and as a crowning argument of the faith that was in him, the fact that he had voted for Abraham Lincoln. As Glasscock, the executioner, rode away and turned to take a last look at his victim swinging to and fro in the afternoon's sun he said sententiously to William Hulse: "At first I took his height to be about six feet; now it appears to me to be eight. Do people grow when they die?"

(To be continued)

**“Lineage Lines”, Harry D. Tinsley,
Ohio County Times-News, Hartford, KY, 12 September 1985, p.3B:**

The following account of Ohio Countians, continued from the August 22 paper, comes from *Noted Guerrillas, Or The Warfare Of The Border* by John Newman Edwards. The name of the book was incorrectly listed in the August 22 edition.

From the rear of the column that ferocious Nemesis which all the day had been pursuing its voiceless yet vindictive work, was about to be transferred to the front. Capt. Barnette was there, riding knee to knee with Quantrell. Thrice he had said: "I do not see my men; what has become of my men?" "They are scouting behind us," was Quantrell's quiet reply, "and if anything happens you will hear of it. Do not be uneasy." Later on, and when the sun was about two hours high, Barnette spoke up again: "I see the most of your men, Capt. Clark, but I do not see any of mine. Can it be that they have returned?" "Of course not, Capt. Barnette. Are you not in command of them?" He had been in command of them, but the last of the thirty had just been hung twenty minutes before the end of the dialogue.

Quantrell left the front at this time, and Richard Glasscock rode up to the left side of Barnette. As Quantrell rode down the column his quick eyes ran along the ranks quickly of his own men and saw that not a single Federal Soldier marched with the files of the Guerrillas; then his brow lifted. He even laughed as he called Frank James to him and whispered briefly in his ear, and apart from the rest. Frank James spurred at once to the front.

The sun had set, red and threatening, and in the distance the night was coming on apace. It was not far to a stream of running water, on the banks of which timber abounded. Barnette's surname was Frank and James' was the same. The signal agreed upon was a simple signal. James was to fall in with the file immediately behind Glasscock and Barnette, and Quantrell was to take his place two files behind James. At the appointed time Quantrell, calling out sharply the single word "Frank," was to convey thus to his subordinate the order to shoot the Federal Captain. At the creek the crossing had on either shore precipitous banks, and when the bed of the stream was reached the twilight, made more dense by the trees, darkened the space between the banks perceptibly. A dozen files, reining up to drink, filled all the space at the crossing, and looked as a huge wedge driven in there and fastened as if to keep the two banks asunder. For deft hands at killing, and for wary eyes quick at seeing pistol sights, there was still enough light left to give the finishing touches to the last of a detachment of thirty.

"Frank!" It was Quantrell's voice that the column heard—questioning, penetrating, emphatic. Barnette, imagining his own name to have been called, turned once fairly in his saddle and looked down along to the rear with an attentive face clearly unsuspecting. As he did so the muzzle of James' huge dragoon pistol almost touched his forehead. He neither had time to speak nor to cry out. A single shot—all the more ringing because so unexpected—stirred the night air just a little, and a cold, suggestive splash in the water summed up for the nearest Guerrillas the meaning of the tragedy. Quantrell scarcely lifted his eyes. Glasscock looked back at James reproachfully and spoke to him as if upbraiding: "As I rode with him it was my right to kill him. You shoot well, comrade, but you shoot out of your turn." "Hush!" answered the executioner; "it was the order of Quantrell." In an hour this episode—one of a thousand such—was as old as the leaves of the summer maples.

The Guerrillas camped that night only a few miles further to the east, and as they returned the next morning past the crossing and on towards Litchfield, in Grayson county, Captain Barnette was lying, face upward, where he had fallen. During the night the freezing water had formed for the wan, drawn features a spotless frame-work of ice. The eyes looked up from this, wide open and appealing, while the frost—as if to banish the ominous splotch from the perfect repose of the rigid picture—had spread above the huge round wound in the centre of the forehead a white veil, fringed and scintillant in the morning sun. As Frank James rode quietly by and looked his last on the evidence of a handiwork he had labored for years to make perfect, he remarked to Hulse: "Whether just or unjust, this thing called war kills all alike in the end. To-day a Federal, tomorrow a Confederate—at any time a Guerrilla. Whose turn will it be next?" "What matters it," replied his comrade, "if the final mustering-out is near at hand for all of us? As for me, I am ready."

The final mustering-out was near at hand for many of them!

**“Lineage Lines”, Harry D. Tinsley,
Ohio County Times-News, Hartford, KY, 26 September 1985, p.11B:**

Through the kindness of Tom Watson of Taylorsville, Kentucky, I am able to give another chapter of the episode in which three Ohio County boys met death January 22, 1865. This account with a footnote is taken from "Quantrill and The Border Wars" by William Elsey Connelley.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Quantrill in Kentucky

On Sunday, January 22, 1865, the guerrillas arrived at Hartford, county-seat of Ohio County, in the Green River country of Kentucky. There the usual false representation was made that they were a detachment of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, deceiving the Federal officers at that place. They claimed to be going to the Ohio River over the Hawesville road, pretending to want a guide, and Lieutenant Barnett, an officer recruiting for the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth U.S. Colored Regiment, agreed to go with them in that capacity. W. B. Lawton, a soldier in an Indiana regiment, who was at Hartford on furlough to see his family, thought to get safe conduct back to his command, and went with them. Just after leaving town they were joined by W. Townsley, a discharged soldier of the Third Kentucky Cavalry. Three miles further on they rode into the timber and hung Townsley. Nine miles beyond they shot Lawton. They shot Barnett sixteen miles from Hartford.

Part I, Vol. XLIX, Series I, p. 657, *Rebellion Records*, where this is officially set out in a letter to General Burbridge. This refutes another of those boasting false stories told persistently for more than forty years by Frank James. According to James, the guerrillas through their bogus "Captain Clarke" asked for twenty-five men to assist them in running down the notorious bandit,

"One-armed" Berry, and the men were detailed to go with them. Quantrill appointed a guerrilla to ride by each Federal soldier, and the second day out, on a signal from Quantrill, each guerrilla shot and killed his man, James killing Barnett. A German escaped, but was soon captured and hung, "because he was not a good Yankee," saying with his last breath, "Gentlemen, you are mistaken. I voted for Abe Lincoln." This story was printed in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, in 1907, and reprinted in the *Topeka State Journal*, August 26, 1907. It is printed in the sensational *Life and Adventures of Frank and Jesse James* by Dacus. Major Edwards got many of his exaggerated and false statements from Frank and Jesse James while they were in hiding for their highway robberies and murders, and it is no wonder that his book is wholly unreliable.



Messenger-Inquirer, Owensboro, KY, 30 November 1992, pp.1C & 2C:

Rebel guerilla stormed western Kentucky

By Glenn Hodges, Messenger-Inquirer

On New Year's Day 1865, William Clarke Quantrill's gang of Confederate guerrillas crossed the Mississippi River just north of Memphis, Tenn., clad in federal blue uniforms and posing as a non-existent Union cavalry unit.

Some historians said their plan was to go east by way of Kentucky and Maryland to Washington, D.C., where they would kill Abraham Lincoln and revive the hopes of the Confederacy.

Quantrill's men, who included future outlaws Jim Younger and Frank James, had fought in Missouri during the first three years of the Civil War. The group was notorious for their raid on Lawrence, Kan., in August 1863, when they killed 182 men and boys and burned the anti-slavery town to the ground.

Once into Kentucky they rode through Mayfield and Eddyville, and then advanced through Hopkinsville and Greenville.

Riding toward the Ohio River, they cut a bloody swath through Muhlenberg and Ohio counties, leaving a trail littered with atrocities.

They crossed Green River near Paradise where, according to one historian, they systematically cut the throats of 14 Union soldiers who they tricked into accompanying them.

Another reported victim was Dixon Davis, a resident of northern Hopkins County, whose body was found in the woods along the Greenville-Rochester Road in eastern Muhlenberg County. He had been shot through the head at close range.

On Sunday, Jan. 22, 1865, Quantrill and his men rode into Hartford, stopped at the campsite of the 17th Kentucky Infantry, a federal regiment, and asked for someone to guide them to Hawesville.

Quantrill identified himself as "Capt. Clarke" and his 37 troopers as the Fourth Missouri Cavalry, and said they had come east to hunt guerrillas. Col. Quintus Shanks, Judge C.J. Lawton and some other unsuspecting Union officers bought the story, and recommended 21-year-old Lt. Andrew Barnett to lead "Clarke" north.

Barnett was home in Ohio County on recruiting duty when the guerrillas came to his family's house at No Creek to ask for help.

Wat Lawton, a Union soldier in an Indiana regiment, also was in Hartford at the time visiting his family, but was afraid to return to Evansville because of the numerous gangs of guerrillas prowling the county. Quantrill told Lawton that his troops were going to the Ohio River and that he should ride north with them.

Quantrill's riders left Hartford on the bitter cold Monday morning, accompanied by Barnett, Lawton and another Union officer Isaac Axton. The road followed the route of what is today Kentucky 1737 and Kentucky 1414.

A few minutes into the trip, Axton became suspicious of Quantrill's men and told them he was going back to get a pair of prized pistols and would catch up later. Unable to alert Lt. Barnett and Lawton of his suspicions, Axton rode straight to the home of Joe Barnett, Lt. Barnett's father, and told him he believed "Clarke's men" to be Confederate guerrillas.

The elder Barnett then sent his hired man, William Townsley, to warn Andrew.

Expecting it was Axton returning, the rear guard of Quantrill's force stopped Townsley, and hanged him three miles from Hartford on the Hawesville Road. His body was found in the woods on the old Sam Baird farm near Washington Church about a week later, according to Judge Lawton, who reported the incident Feb. 5, 1865, to Gen. Stephen Burbridge, military commander of Kentucky.

Lawton was killed near Clear Run Church after traveling with the guerrillas about 10 miles and Barnett was beaten and shot to death about 16 miles from Hartford. Lawton was shot in the temple and his face was burned with powder. He was stripped of all his clothing but his shirt and drawers. Both his horse and Townsley's were choked to death with stirrup straps.

Barnett's body was the last to be found, lying in a small stream between the communities of Adaburg and Ralph. Mary King of Hartford wrote her son, Ziba, on Jan. 30 about the recovery of the body.

"The occurrence struck such terror in the entire community that Andrew's father had great difficulty in getting someone to go with him to look for his son. Finally George Snell went with him. A deep snow had fallen and they used a sled. Andrew's remains were brought through (the community of) Beda and . . . had to be thawed before they could be dressed for burial."

Lawton's body was buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Hartford, and Townsley and Barnett in Alexander Cemetery 2 1/2 miles out of Hartford. Townsley's grave is unmarked.

The terrible killings were not soon forgotten and the day the Missouri guerrillas stopped in Hartford was remembered for years afterward by the people of Ohio County as "Bluecoat Sunday." During February and March 1865, Quantrill led his men into central Kentucky where they admitted their identity, and joined Kentucky guerrillas Sue Mundy, Henry Magruder and Bill Marion for raids on towns, farms and railroads in that region.

Quantrill was still in Kentucky by mid-April, and his plans to kill Lincoln fell through when John Wilkes Booth beat him to the act.

By that time, the top gunmen in Kentucky had been hired to track down guerrillas. Quantrill was tops on their list for extermination.

He was mortally wounded by a troop of Union guerrilla hunters May 10, 1865, in a barnyard skirmish at Wakefield Station in Spencer County, about 35 miles southeast of Louisville. Shot in the spine, Quantrill lay paralyzed in a Louisville military prison until he died June 6 at age 27.

Frank James surrendered at Samuels Depot in Nelson County on July 26, went home to Missouri, joined his younger brother Jesse and took up the life of a bank and train robber.

Members of the Barnett family who saw Frank James' photograph in later years said he was one of the guerrillas who came to the Barnett home that day in 1865. After the war the word leaked, apparently from Quantrill's men who had participated in the killings, that James had shot Andrew.

In 1895, Frank James returned to the area where he was the star drawing card at the Daviess County Fair in Owensboro. Andrew's youngest brother, Cicero Maxwell Barnett, then editor of the Hartford Republican, confronted the former outlaw face-to-face at the fair and asked him if he had killed Andrew.

James denied it and said another member of the gang had done the deed. But Barnett later said James never looked him straight in the eyes when he said it, and Barnett always believed James lied.



Graves of Andrew Martin Barnett (1844-1865), Alexander Cemetery, Ohio County, KY and Walton ("Wat") Lawton (1816-1865), Oakwood Cemetery, Hartford, Ohio County, KY.



Who was “young Townsley?”

By Jerry Long

Several accounts record that there were three victims of Quantrill and his band during their raid in Ohio County, KY on 22 January 1865. Two of the victims – Andrew Martin Barnett and Wat Lawton are clearly identified. There is considerable confusion and contradictions concerning the third victim. In the earliest accounts of the raid in 1874, 1892 and 1902 reproduced here the third victim is identified only as “young Townsley.” An 1898 article gives his name as “John Townsley.” Articles in 1964 & 1980 state he was “W. Townsley.” And articles penned in 1947 & 1992 say that “William Townsley” was hanged by the marauders. All of the accounts seem to agree that young Townsley was a hired man, who was working for Andrew M. Barnett’s father, Joseph C. Barnett, who sent Townsley in search of his son. The late Harry D. Tinsley, a premier Ohio County historian, wrote that Townsley was buried in an unmarked grave in the Alexander Cemetery near Beda in Ohio County, where Andrew M. Barnett was also buried.

In the 1850 Federal census of Ohio County there are enumerated two Townsley households. They were the homes of brothers, Thomas Townsley (c1815-1878) and William Townsley (1824-1885), who were residing in the northern section of the county near Pleasant Ridge. During 1846-1848 they had arrived in Ohio County from East Tennessee. William by 1860 had moved on to Missouri. He later went to Texas where his death occurred in 1885.

The other brother, Thomas Townsley, is the only household remaining in the 1860 census of Ohio County. He was residing near Pleasant Ridge. In his home there are listed two males who are of the age to have been the “young Townsley “ who was murdered by Quantrill’s gang. They were James W. Townsley (born c1838 Tennessee) and William M. Townsley (born 1840 Tennessee). Thomas’s three younger sons were all still living in 1870 and thus they cannot be the victim.

William M. Townsley, son of Thomas, must be the Townsley identified by several writers as Quantrill’s victim in the 1865 raid. However, he could not be the “young Townsley”. William in Daviess County, KY married Martha C. Boyd on 4 February 1869. William & Martha were listed in the 1870 & 1880 censuses of Daviess County; their post office was at Pleasant Ridge. In 1888 William M. Townsley was granted a pension for his service in the Union Army during the Civil War (12th KY Cavalry, see Owensboro Messenger, 15 March 1888, p.4). William Marion Townsley was born 11 February 1840 and died on 16 November 1892. He and his wife, Martha, were buried in a Townsley family cemetery in Daviess County near Pleasant Ridge and the Daviess-Ohio County line (see Daviess County, Kentucky Cemeteries Volume II, West-Central Family Research Association, McDowell Publication, Owensboro, KY, 1977, p.2).

Since William M. Townsley could not be Quantrill’s victim it would appear to be his older brother, James W. Townsley, who disappears from records circa 1865. The US Civil War Draft Registrations Records, 1863-1865 for Ohio County, KY list James W. Townsley. He appears on a list made in July 1863. The list recorded that he was 25, born Tennessee, farmer, single, he had previous military experience having been discharged from the 3rd KY Cavalry Regiment prior to March 1863 (several companies in this regiment consisted of men from Ohio and Daviess Counties). In the Ohio County, KY annual tax lists there were three Townsley’s in the 1864 list – Thomas, William M. and James W. Townsley – they are Thomas and his two sons. Subsequent to the 1864 tax list James W. Townsley could not be located in any record. He appears to have been ruthlessly murdered in January 1865.