

Thomas Morris Gunn, D. D.

1840 - 1914

Mary Catherine Waggener Gunn

1841 - 1927

On their 50th Wedding Anniversary

February 16, 1914

Lieutenant Thomas Morris Gunn
21st Kentucky Veteran Volunteers Infantry

-
1864



My father, Thomas Morris Gunn, was born in Shelbyville, Kentucky, March 17, 1840, the son of the Reverend William Gunn and Frances Adams Gunn. He had three older brothers, William Adams (1829-1915), James Winn (1831-1925), and John Tevis (1837-1921), and a younger sister, Mary Brook, called "Brook" (1842-1928).

During his childhood the family moved to Lexington, Kentucky. In 1853, when Thomas was thirteen, his father died. In the same year, his brother James graduated from De Pauw, in Indiana, and in 1854 married Mary Catherine Johnson, of Troy, Ohio; they lived in Lexington and James taught at Transylvania College, which John and Thomas attended. His older brother, William, had at this time begun his career as a civil engineer.

Thomas Gunn graduated from Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, at the age of twenty. The following year he taught at McKenzie College in Texas. This was the eventful winter of 1860-61, which brought the election of Lincoln, the secession of the Southern states, the formation of the Confederacy, and Uncle John's and Father's subsequent enlistment in the Kentucky Volunteers.

One of my earliest memories is that of the day when Father took me to meet his general, General Grant. We were living in Joliet, in the stone house on the "second bluff". When the news came that Grant's train was to pass through Joliet, Father and I, in the buggy, drove down the hill, through the town "on the lower level", to the

railroad station. Everyone had come, in every kind of conveyance. Father carried me on his shoulder and made his way through the crowd as the train pulled in. We reached the steps of the rear platform just as Grant came out to speak to the people who had come to greet him. I gave him my bouquet; the General leaned down, took my flowers, and thanked me.

General Grant was a hero to us children, but we heard little about the war, or Father's part in it. The war years, with all their bitterness, belonged to the past. Our only association with it was the knowledge that our parents were married literally between battles; it seemed to us that there was something exceptionally romantic about a wedding which was all but interrupted by the sudden departure of the bridegroom for the fighting front.

Fifteen months after his wedding day, Thomas Gunn returned to Kentucky and to his bride. They began their life together in Maysville, Kentucky, where Father was the minister of the Methodist Church. Their first son, Arthur, was born in Maysville, March 21, 1868. In April 1868, Father was ordained Presbyterian minister by the Presbytery of Louisville. His next church was in Covington; William Chalmers was born there on July 22, 1870. Then the Gunns moved north into Illinois, to a beautiful little country place not far from the city of Ottawa, - Grand Ridge, where I was born on July 3, 1874. We lived in Braidwood, a soft-coal mining town, for two years before going to Joliet, which was the birthplace of Thomas McChoyne, who was born February 10, 1878.

While we were still living in Joliet, my grandmother,

Frances Adams Gunn, came to visit us. She was in her early seventies then. I remember her as a slight woman, who moved around lightly. Of course she seemed very old to me, and she impressed me as being very particular about small things.

In the summer before we left Joliet for the West, when I was about ten years old, I had a chance to get acquainted with the Gunn family in Lexington, Kentucky. During our visit there, we stayed at Uncle Will's, in the big brick house. Uncle John and his family were also living in Lexington - Uncle John, I decided, was my favorite uncle. From Lexington we went to Greensburg and visited Aunt Ann and Uncle Archie Lewis, in their beautiful white-pillared house on the hill. Their grown sons and all the Lewis cousins lived near by.

The climate in Joliet, near the shore of Lake Michigan, was very trying for Father and, in 1884, on the advice of his doctors, we moved to the West. We went by way of Kansas City, to include a visit with Arthur, who was at Park College, and with Dr. McAfee, the president of the college, who was a friend of Father's.

We crossed the country in an "emigrant car", on the Union Pacific. The seats were bare varnished wood, which we converted into upper and lower berths at night. Mother had brought baskets of jarred meat and baked things and we cooked our meals on the stove at the end of the car. At some of the stations the train stood on the tracks for an hour or more and we would go out and walk up and down the platform. For most of the way we saw only the railroad track and the open country - first the endless plains and then the mountains.

A large signboard along the route appeared with increasing frequency - "Keep Your Eye On Pasco" - and we approached Pasco with great anticipation. When we arrived, we looked around for Pasco, but there seemed to be nothing there but the railroad station, where we changed cars for Walla Walla.

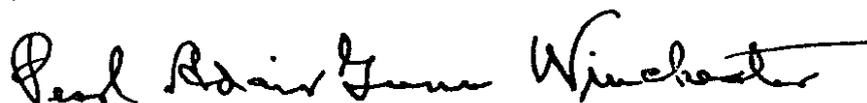
Walla Walla is on the Walla Walla River, which flows through the flat sandy land of southeastern Washington. The sidewalks were built of wood, high out of the dust, on a level with the step of a wheeled vehicle. At the end of Main Street was the government post, Fort Walla Walla. One of the most civilizing influences of this post was the army band, which gave weekly concerts in the park. The music filled the town and could be heard a mile away. But the pride of Walla Walla was Whitman College. Under the guidance of President Anderson, it became an accredited college and attracted professors from the Midwest and from New England. Whitman College conferred on Father the degree of Doctor of Divinity, the first year that it awarded such honors.

In Walla Walla, Father was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church. From 1887-1890 he was the Synodical Missionary of the Synod of the Columbia. From 1890-1899 he was the Synodical Missionary of the Synod of Washington; his work was the supervision of the home missions of the Presbyterian Church in the state of Oregon and the territories of Washington, Idaho, and Alaska, all of which he visited. After his retirement, he continued his ministry in various churches in Washington.

Father's life work as a minister in the Northwest is well

known and has been recorded elsewhere. Of his years in the Union army, this fragment of his recollections and these few family letters are the only records that we have. If Father ever completed his manuscript, the rest has been lost. He was a prisoner of war until the end of the hostilities. If he was at Andersonville, family documents concerning this too are missing.

Unfinished though it is, Father's narrative translates the facts of history into personal experience. This was a war in which old friends found themselves on opposing sides, and Father's frequent meetings with acquaintances, on the battlefield and in the Confederate prisons, highlights the tragedy of the struggle which aligned brother against brother and friend against friend. The conflict in which Father was engaged was declared ended on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House. The conflict of ideas which precipitated the fighting has not yet been resolved.



Pearl Adair Gunn Winchester

Newtown, Connecticut
April 1964

The Kentucky Volunteers in the Tennessee Campaign

1861 - 1864

As soon as the results of the election of November 1860 were known and it was formally announced that Abraham Lincoln was to be the new President of the United States, South Carolina called a state convention and, on December 20, by unanimous vote, seceded from the Union. By February 1861, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida and Texas had left the Union, and delegates from these states met to form The Confederate States of America. They adopted a constitution, elected Jefferson Davis President, and invited sympathizers to join them. On March 4th Lincoln was inaugurated.

Within the borders of the Confederacy, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, was the Federal fort, Fort Sumter, under the command of Major Robert Anderson from Kentucky. When Anderson, under orders from Lincoln, refused to relinquish the fort to the Confederacy, President Davis decided to bombard it. The attack on Fort Sumter was made April 12, 1861.

The fighting war had begun. The North rallied to restore the authority of the Union by force. The South called for volunteers to defend and preserve its independence.

In Kentucky there was strong feeling for both sides. It was not only a border state; it was the native state of both Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. The governor sympathized with the South; the legislature, with the North. The state declared its neutrality but a delegation from Kentucky sat in the Congress of the Confederacy.

Lincoln hoped to keep Kentucky in the Union; Jefferson Davis was anxious to hold Kentucky in order to make the Ohio River the line of defense for the Confederacy. The secesh faction got control of the state militia; the Union men organized the Home Guards. In May, Arkansas, Virginia, and North Carolina joined the Confederacy. In June, West Virginia seceded from Virginia, and Tennessee seceded from the Union. In July, Lincoln ordered an advance on Richmond, which had just been named the new capital of the South. The two armies met at Bull Run, in a battle in which both sides suffered great losses, and which was a disastrous defeat for the North.

For the rest of that summer of 1861, the energies of the country were devoted to creating a national army, each state recruiting volunteer regiments for three year terms. Thomas Gunn returned from Confederate Texas to Lexington to find loyalties there still bitterly divided. While Kentucky continued to claim neutrality, her young men were forming companies for the armies of both the North and the South. Federal troops were being hastily organized, and secesh sympathizers were joining the guerrilla band of irregulars headed by the Confederate, John Morgan, of Lexington. Thomas Gunn and his brother John enlisted in the 21st Kentucky Volunteers Infantry, of the Union Army of the Cumberland.

In September, Jefferson Davis, confident of the support and cooperation of the governor of Kentucky, sent General Polk to seize and fortify the bluffs at Columbus, on the Mississippi River. But the people of Kentucky promptly denounced this action as an invasion and violation of their neutrality and, over the governor's veto, the

legislature demanded that the Confederate troops leave the state. On September 14, 1861, Kentucky joined the Union cause.

During the year 1862, the 21st Kentucky Volunteers were in Tennessee with Grant, following the highway of the rivers in a Federal invasion of the Confederacy. Just south of the Kentucky border, the Confederates had built Fort Henry on the Tennessee River and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland. By the middle of February, Grant had taken both and had broken the South's line of defense. The Union armies pursued the retreating troops, which withdrew as far south as Corinth, Mississippi, leaving Nashville in Federal hands. In April, the Confederates attempted to regain western Tennessee at the battle of Shiloh, but were driven from the field.

In July, General Bragg was in Chattanooga, with his Confederate Army of Tennessee. General Buell, with the Army of the Cumberland, was collecting his Union forces at Murfreesboro, 35 miles southeast of Nashville, thus separating Nashville from Bragg's army. And in Lexington, Thomas Gunn's mother wrote the following letter to her son, James, who was then living in Springfield, Ohio:

Lexington, Jul 30th 1862

My Dear James - this leaves us all well except some of us have colds. I received a letter from John today, he and Tom were well when he wrote and were just leaving Shelbyville for Murfreesboro where General Buell's army was stationed - our

boys had their communications with Nashville broken off by Garillers but I suppose they have sshedled, at least that is the report in the papers and by their letters coming through we suppose the way is open again. There is a Thousand Cavalry from Illenois in the lower part of this state, they have taken back all the arms stolen by the bush whackers from Illenois. Morgan escaped from our state with fifty men less than he entered it with - he sayed at Winchester he was deceived by letters begging him to come to Ky and that the cecesh were ready armed and equipt to join him by hundreds and Thousands but he found perhaps a dozen willing to join him, he had between fifty and sixty killed and taken prisoners before he left, a company of perhaps sixty or seventy started from sweet Owen to try and follow him out of the state but Warner's men were notified of the fact so they put a part of their men on horses and started after them, the bush whackers went as far as Mt. Sterling, and halted just out of town and sent 7 of their men in to Town to demand a surrender, they were met on the street by one Union man who was armed, they told him to surrender, he said no, he did not surrender when armed, at which they drew their arms and he shot one or two and the citizens shot the rest of them from their houses. As soon as that was done the whole company came dashing in and demanded a surrender, the citizens and the home guards shot a number of them, when they began to give way the home guards followed them up and drove them back to the tole gate where they met Warner's men, then they threw away their arms and leaped from their horses

and took to their scrapers but it was all to no use, our men caught them nearly or quite all, they have sent a large number to prison and we are looking for eighty more this evening. The City school election is over and Brook does not get a place, there were many applicants and all had their friends to plead their cause, and being old maids and widows they get the situation, so Brook has no place yet. We would like very much to visit you, if she does not get a situation somewhere she may come to Ohio perhaps in a month or two.

Give our love to all our Friends,

Your Mother, Fanny Gunn

All join me in love to you all.

You ask about little W. Adams. I am told he is in England making cecesh speeches and trying to enlist England against the United States, is not that Rich - I do not think he will ever set the world on fire - would we not like to catch him back here, mabee he would catch a threshing. Old Professor Dodd is in Kansas teaching school near his Daughter Martha. His son William still teaches in Shelbyville and Vergenius teaches near Hardin Magruder. Thomas has agreed to Teach a small select school in Lexington at the sum of 7 hundred and intends to take a circuit also, he is an excellent Preacher. The Shaws are all very strong Union but none of them is in the Army except Joe, they are all home guards. Messick is a very strong Union man. William [Gunn] is Engineer on the Nicholasville railroad also on the Louisville and Lexington road, City Surveyor also County Surveyor and has not yet got rid

of the Warehouse, he is trying to close that out this year if possible, so you see he has enough to keep one man moving. Little Hunt is here as frisky as ever, he professes to be Union but he is brashy, you know he always was all things to all men, or here and there.

Enough, write again soon, yours truly -

In August, less than a month after this letter was written, General Bragg, who was marching north from Chattanooga, had reached the Cumberland River. He was on his way to Kentucky to reclaim the state for the Confederacy, to "liberate" Kentucky from the North. He was taking with him a plentiful supply of weapons with which to equip the hundreds of men whom he expected to join his forces. But, like Morgan, Bragg misjudged the sentiments of the people of Kentucky who, instead of welcoming him, blew up bridges along his line of march and barred their doors against him as he entered Lexington, installed a Confederate governor at Frankfort, the capital, and went on to Louisville.

General Buell, leaving General Thomas to hold Nashville, hurried north with his men to prevent Bragg from taking Louisville and Cincinnati as well. In October the two armies met at Perryville, southeast of Louisville. Bragg was beaten back. His invasion of Kentucky was a complete failure. As he retreated along the road to Chattanooga, the Union army was ordered to follow him, to take and hold eastern Tennessee. Buell was replaced by General Rosecrans, who spent the next several weeks at Nashville, reorganizing the Army

of the Cumberland. Meanwhile, Bragg intrenched at Murfreesboro.

On December 26, 1862, Rosencrans moved on the Confederates and at Stone's River, three miles from Murfreesboro, a hard battle was fought, on December 31st. The Confederates, led by General Hardee, attacked at dawn. A day of desperate fighting was ended by darkness. Neither army retreated. Two days later, on January 2, 1863, Bragg renewed the attack. On January 3d the Federals held the field. Bragg retired once more to Chattanooga. It was a costly engagement for both sides; each army lost more than a quarter of its men.

Two weeks later, William Gunn, in Lexington, wrote to his brother James, in Ohio, the news of their brothers, Thomas and John, who were both at the battle of Stone's River.

Lex. Ky. Jan y 19/63

Dear Jim,

We have rec'd two letters from Tom since the battle, the boys are both safe and well, though they were in the hottest of the fight. Tom was with the wounded nearly all the time and on Friday started up to the Reg't just across Stone's River when he got up or within a few yards of them and he had to call in the aid of a large oak tree. Mr. Vanpelt, who has been there and was shown the place by Tom, says it has at least 100 balls in it. Our boys were repulsed and driven across the river, when Tom put out with the rest and after hiding a little under the River bank

he waded the River and tried again, his friends soon flocked around him and the tree being too small to accomodate all the others, ran 200 yards further. Tom still stood between both fires until our Boys rallied and charged past him across the river and rove the rebs back. This was when [Union General James S.] Negley came to [Union General H. P.] Van Cleve's aid. Tom then helped two wounded men off and went on for a mile and a half to the hospital with spent cannon balls rolling along the pike beside him, where our Boys were forced back across the River. Roger Hanson came up to the color bearer named Hockersmith from Jessamine Co. and demanded the surrender of his flag, he replied, "Roger, you can get me but not the old Flag" and with that pitched it into the River. John [Gunn] had got across and seeing the Flag thrown in the River, waded back and got it and bore it through the rest of the day. Scott Dudley writes that he had to tear it from the staff and stuff it in his bosom and run in among the crowd of men to save it. He afterward assisted in rallying two Battalions and finally jumped with his flag astride of the largest canon the Rebels had. Tom says he has been very highly praised for his gallantry in the fight.

Will Dowden was shot through the right thigh; a severe flesh wound - James Vanpelt killed and a few others wounded from here.

Brook got home last Tuesday. We have since had the greatest snowstorm ever known in Ky. it is 22 inches deep at Frankfort, 2 feet at Elizabethtown and said to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ near Shelby-

ville. It is reported 10 feet deep in some of those narrow rock cuts between here and Frankfort, it raised the River and took off our trestle and part of the bridge at Frankfort.

Yours truly,

J. W. Gunn

W. A. Gunn

The battle of Stone's river ended the first year of the Tennessee campaign. During 1862, Kentucky, western and central Tennessee, and part of the Mississippi River had been secured for the Union.

For the rest of the winter, Rosencrans remained in Nashville. Bragg was in Chattanooga, the key to eastern Tennessee.

Rosencrans began to advance against Bragg in June, 1863. Instead of taking the expected route along the Tennessee River to one of the northern crossings, then proceeding through the mountain valleys, he surprised Bragg by approaching from the south, and in September the Union forces entered Chattanooga. Bragg withdrew, only to take up a strongly defensive position on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, east and south of the town. Rosencrans had succeeded in taking Chattanooga but Bragg now controlled all the roads leading into it and prevented trains and supply wagons from entering. Having reached its goal, the Union army now faced possible starvation.

General Thomas was put in command of the Army of the Cumberland. Grant arrived to direct the Union operations, in October. Sherman and Hooker brought reinforcements. At the end of November,

Hooker's men carried the Union flag to the top of Lookout Mountain in a battle fought "above the clouds". The following day, the Army of the Cumberland, under Thomas, stormed up the steep slopes of Missionary Ridge under the searing fire of sixty Confederate cannon and took the crest in a decisive action.

The Union now held all of Tennessee and both armies went into winter quarters. The Confederates fortified Dalton, Georgia. The Army of the Cumberland remained in Tennessee to prepare for the coming spring campaign against Atlanta. From camp, Thomas Gunn wrote to his brother James, in Ohio:

Shell Mound, Tenn. Jan 6th 1864

James My Dear

I hasten to tell you that I am a Veteran together with the 21st Ky en masse. We get 30 days play time. Quite a consideration for men of our circumstances. We came out for the war and hope to see the end of it. I was rather conscripted in but made a virtue of necessity and volunteered. You see when I was commissioned I was mustered out as a soldier and in as an officer for 3 years from last February or two from this next. I hope the rebellion will end before the two years are out so I saw no great sacrifice in enlisting for another year! John was not here but will get here I hope just in time to sign and return home again.

We will recruit and have the 1st Veteran Ky Reg't but

under the old name, with Veteran inserted before the word Vols. I shall have to spend my time in Ky unless I am much more fortunate than I think.

I may visit Ohio with Jerry and John as I am pretty sure they will. As Kittie says these single men are the ones who are not so unentertaining I refer her to them. Of course I'll try not to be so disinteresting as many would take me to be at first glance. I've been looking at all the likenesses today. They are a heap of company to a soldier.

Hoping you will still send the papers to the 21st Regt

I am Your Aff Bro. Tom

Just direct all such to

21st Ky. Vet. Vol. Infty

Dept. Cumb^d - without Brig. Div and Corps.

The Louisville P. M. will know where to send it. T.

Six weeks after writing this letter, Tom was in Kentucky, and on February 16, 1864, Lieutenant Thomas Morris Gunn and Mary Catherine Waggener were married at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Archibald Lewis in Greensburg. Mrs. Lewis was Anna Belle Adair Lewis, a sister of "Cattie" Waggener's mother, Mary Pauling Adair Waggener. Ever since the death of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Waggener, when Cattie was only seven, Cattie and her sister Elizabeth had lived with "Aunt Ann" and "Uncle Archie".

Cattie's wedding was a wartime wedding. The bride did not have a new dress or even a wedding ring. Only the family was present at the

ceremony. Before the wedding breakfast was over, the Lewis children, who had been sent to play, came running into the house crying, "Morgan's men are coming!"

Confederate raiders were in the neighborhood.

The young lieutenant leapt on his horse and rode away. He did not return until the war was over.

Three weeks later, on March 9, 1864, General Grant became commander of all the Union troops and General Sherman was put in charge of the Western army. Sherman's objective was Atlanta. To reach it, he must proceed through territory held by the Confederate generals Polk, Hardee, and Hood, under the command of General Johnston, who now replaced Bragg as commander of the Confederate Army of Tennessee.

In May, Sherman opened his campaign by moving into the mountains of Georgia. The railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta was the indispensable means of communication for both armies; as the Confederates fell back, they tore up the tracks to delay the Union army, which worked swiftly to rebuild bridges and repair the rails as fast as they were destroyed. The land through which Sherman pursued Johnston was wild and mountainous. The spring rains made the roads impassable for the supply wagons. The commanders did not even know the positions of their regiments, which were arriving by back roads.

At the end of the month, Hooker met the Confederates behind Pumpkin Vine Creek and there ensued a three day battle. Nothing was gained and many men were lost. Johnston vanished into the mountains.

Early in June, Sherman found that Johnston had established

a new line that stretched from Lost Mountain to Brush Mountain, with Marietta at its rear. As divisions of the two armies met, there were sporadic skirmishes. General Polk was killed by a Union artillery salvo as he reconnoitered from Pine Mountain, in the center of the Confederate line.

The Confederate line was too long to be outflanked. General Thomas began infiltrating his men. Hooker's corps surprised a weak spot at the foot of Pine Mountain and succeeded in breaking through at that point. Lieutenant Thomas Gunn was ordered to follow, to determine the whereabouts of Hooker's men.

Capture and Prison Life

of 1st Lieutenant Thomas M. Gunn, Co. I 21 Ky V. V. Infty

On the dewy morning of June 15th 1864, I was ordered before breakfast to mount my horse, a fleet bay mare, and as Top. Engineer to follow the advance of Gen. Joe Hooker's Corps which was advancing upon the Rebel forces under Gen. Bragg, which had just fallen back from Pine Mountain, just west of Kenesaw, in Georgia, behind breastworks in a wide plain, in front of Marietta. I was instructed by Gen. W. C. Whitaker to advance as far as I could with safety, but to return soon, as he and I had been granted leave to return to Kentucky at noon. With sweet visions of an early return where I could have my bride with me, I was patiently plunging my horse through the deep mud in a dense wood, carefully taking notes with pencil and compass in hand, while the rein of my bridle hung loose on her neck. I could see blue coats through the woods and hear voices up the hillside on my right, and several hundred yards up that hill I could see the Rebs in their trenches.

I came to a turn in the road. A man in blue uniform was near me, of whom I asked the way, and he deceived me. In about 20 yards from there, on either hand as far as I could see, a row of muskets was pointed at me. I had run upon the Rebel breastworks. The blue coat was worn by one of their own men and it had deceived me.

Just in front of me was a little boy, not more than fifteen, with his gun aimed at my heart and with his finger wiggling nervously on the trigger. "Shall I shoot, Captain?" cried he, two or three times,

while his fingers were wiggling over the trigger.

"No, you fool you," cried I, "don't you shoot me."

A peal of laughter greeted my exclamation and his Captain seconded my command by ordering him not to shoot. There was, however, no possibility of escape and I was ordered to dismount and surrender. I was captured by the 4th Georgia, whose Major, being on foot, requested me to will him my horse. So I wrote at his request my will that he should have it.

I was then hurried away to "our Lieutenant General" Hardee, who was in command of their west wing. His field Headquarters were under a wide-spreading Oak in the open field in the rear of his Corps. There, sitting on the lumpy roots of the tree, surrounded by the members of his staff and a crowd of news-correspondents, he interrogated me somewhat as follows:

"Well, Lieutenant, you were establishing your picket line, were you, when you ran upon our men?"

"No Sir," I replied, "I merely ran against your line."

"Well, how came you to do so? were you not establishing your own?"

"No Sir, I was not."

"How far out is your picket line Sir and how did you come to be outside of it?"

"I do not know Sir: how far out it is nor when I passed it."

"You do not?"

"No Sir, I do not. Nor would I tell if I did."

"O, I see you feel it would be a point of dishonor to tell.

Then you do know?"

"No Sir, I do not. I was deceived by the blue coats worn by your men and ran upon your front."

"How far are your men behind you?"

"I do not know Sir."

"Well, Lieutenant, you seem to be quite an intelligent man and we are all here a little curious to know how many men Sherman has?"

"I have no doubt of it General. I do not pretend to know. I really do not know but if I did I would not tell, for you know, Sir," said I, with very emphatic emphasis, as I remembered he had been a Westpointer, "that would be treason."

The General winced at that word. Soon recovering his composure he said, "Why, Lieutenant, we would not have you betray your cause nor do anything that you would feel was dishonorable. All we want is the common reports: how many do the boys say he has?"

"O General, if that is all I can readily tell you that: I heard one man in my regiment offer to bet another all his pay, a few days ago, that Sherman had 15,000 men."

"But any fool would know better than that," he said, very impatiently.

"Well General, you asked me for what the boys said and I am merely telling you."

"Well," said he, with a twinkle of good humor returning to his eye, "what do the rest say?"

"Well, I heard another man offer to bet the same, all his pay, that he had 285,000."

"Nonsense," cried he, in evident vexation.

"But," said I, "General, you can rest assured it is somewhere between the two."

The General then assumed an air of pleasantry, though he was really vexed, and after a few diverting remarks quite complimentary to me, he again sprung his question about Sherman's forces. At this I rallied and said with great emphasis, "General, I do not profess to know anything about the number of Sherman's men, but if you wish to know the number of your own army, I can tell you."

"How did you come by your information, Sir: have you been within our lines before?"

"No Sir, I have not and if I was only out once more, I would never be within them again."

"Well Sir, come tell us, how many men have we?"

"On last Thursday morning," said I, with great exactness, "your corps numbered 17,254."

The General changed color, blanched, then flushed, then recovering, "How did you get your information Sir?"

"Never mind that General. I was telling you how many men you had on Thursday morning."

"Well, Sir?"

"On the same day, General Polk's corps (who was killed yesterday) numbered 17,573."

"How did you learn that General Polk was killed Sir?"

"I saw him shot," said I. "I saw the canonier aim the piece that killed him. I heard him ask General Sherman if he should shoot

and I saw him fall."

"Did General Sherman know it was General Polk?"

"No Sir, we could all see that it was some mounted officer but could not tell even with a glass who it was."

"Deliberate murder!" cried he.

"No Sir," said I, "it was fool-hardiness in General Polk."

"But how did you learn it was Polk?"

"O," said I, "a great number of deserters came in last night and told us all about it."

This twit vexed the General almost beyond endurance. Fortunately for me, just here I recognized Col. Wm. Pickett, a member of Genl. Hardee's staff, and a former resident of Lexington, Ky. This recognition changed the aspect of affairs very much. Col. Pickett was very desirous of news from his family who were in Lexington and asked the General to let him have a private interview with me, which he did. Col. Pickett very kindly advised me to hide my valuables and did all he could to show me courtesies.

As I was brought to the General for further examination, the General and some of his staff were sitting on the roots of the tree, others in numbers were standing around drinking in every word and enjoying the interview.

The General again said, "How did you get your information?"

"Well Sir," said I, "you left your muster roll in Hunford School-house when we surprised you on Thursday morning. Then, on the same day, Gen. Hood's corps had 16,890, which makes you a total of a little over 51,000 men."

"No but," said he, "that is not near all the men we have."

"Yes it is," said I, "for you have only 8,000 raw Georgia militia which arrived yesterday and the more of that kind of troops you have the better it is for us."

At that moment our forces, having reached the top of Pine Mountain and having sighted this tree as a General's Headquarters, opened fire upon it. A very large shell came hurtling with dreadful noise just above that tree and burst in the open field beyond. At the flash of the cannon the General gave a reverential but dignified and self-possessed bow forward until his head was about level with his knees, while all around fell flat to the earth. I stood straight as a post. When the shell burst they all arose and the General, as he recovered his sitting posture, said: "Lieutenant, were you not afraid of that shell?"

"No Sir," said I, "it was not aimed at me."

There was considerable confusion for a moment, when a cry was made, "There comes another." The General bowed as before and all fell flat but me. I stood rigidly erect.

Casting his eye up at me again he exclaimed: "Why, Lieutenant, were you not afraid of that shell?" (It had taken off the top branches of the tree.)

"No Sir," said I, "they are not shooting at me."

"You fool," cried he, "do you think they can tell the difference between you and me way off here?"

"No Sir," said I, "General, but I was never made to be killed by Union balls."

"Take this man to the rear," cried he to the sergeant having charge of me. "We must get out of here."

In a moment I was being double-quickened to the field prison. This was merely a quiet place out of range of the battle, where we were kept till toward nightfall when we were sent to Marietta. There were five prisoners, the others being privates. During the day a boy professing to be a Kentuckian tried to drive a trade of a dirty coverlet for my overcoat, which I declined on the ground that to let him have my uniform would be treason. He tried to convince me that I could not help myself, that as a prisoner I was bound to submit. But I would not yield to his persuasions.

When ordered to march for Marietta, what was my surprise to see this boy one of our guard! On the way we met teams coming with supplies and under pretense of turning out of the road to avoid the dust, we were taken into a dense thicket where this boy renewed his demand for an exchange. I resisted and told him I would die first, before I would allow my personal property to be used by them. He argued that I was a helpless prisoner and could not help myself.

"Yes I can," said I, "and I will."

He appealed to the corporal in charge of the squad: "Can't I have it, Corporal?"

"Yes," said he, "and his watch too."

"Who are you Sir," said I, "to give away my property? What's your name?"

He flushed and stammered out some name which I saw was not the right one. "You liar," said I, "you know that is not your name."

Then turning furiously to the other man I said, "What is your name Sir?" He refused to give it but came toward me with cocked musket threatening to shoot if I did not surrender it. I denounced him as a coward, challenged the corporal to lend me his gun and put us on an equal footing, but he declined, and urged the other man to take the coat. He seized it to take it from me but had to lower his gun to do so. I seized him by the throat and thrust him back with the exclamation: "I will never surrender that coat but with my life; when you turn robber I turn man." Again he made a feint of shooting, when I looked him in the eye and said: "Are you willing to go to hell for an overcoat? That's where God sends robbers and murderers. You told me you were a Kentuckian. If your mother knew you had turned robber, she would disown you."

At this juncture my voice had been raised to such a pitch as to be heard by persons at a distance. In a moment afterward a man came dashing on horseback through the bushes, calling my name: "Gunn, Gunn, is that you?"

Looking up and recognizing Littleton Fowler, a member of a Texas regiment but a former room-mate and pupil of mine, when I was Vice President of McKenzie College, Texas, "Why, Littleton, how are you? I am really glad to see you."

"What's the matter here?" said he, "what's all this fuss about?"

"Why," said I, "these fellows are trying to rob me and I wouldn't be robbed. Do you allow these guards to rob the prisoners?"

"No," said he, "we do not."

He then accompanied me to the town and we had a long and

pleasant talk of old times. Our colloquy closed by his saying,
"O Professor, how many times I have wished this was all over and we were back in that old schoolroom, you teaching Greek and I reciting."

"So do I, Littleton. God bless you. Good bye."

At Marietta we were quartered in the upper story of the Court-House. The prisoners were a mixture of civil and military prisoners. One fine lad dressed in a neat cassinette suit was drafted and unwilling to fight. His father was a northern man who had married in the South, had been drafted, but deserted and went North. The son wished to do the same and we spent the night in sleepless counsels as to how he might reach the Union line.

The next day the Federal prisoners were transferred to Atlanta. We were henceforth "Federalists" or "Yankees". The prison in which I was placed in Atlanta was a large stockade to the east of the Railroad as we approached from Marietta. It was a very high stockade made of slatwork running perpendicularly, enclosing about two acres, in which was a long rickety one story shed whose floor had been largely broken up for fuel. The occupants were Union Prisoners and Runaway Negroes. The pen had been a slave pen. When we remonstrated against being put in, the guards retorted that we were not so good as the negroes, that they were the ones who had a right to complain.

Learning that Rev. Lorenzo Dow Huston was a pastor here and as he had been one of my former pastors and a very fast friend of the family, I dropped him a note asking for an interview. He came, was surprised to find me a Yankee officer, when he had been largely instru-