

mental in placing me in the professorship of McKenzie College, Texas. He grew very indignant at my "treachery" to the Southern cause. Our interview was the last ever held between the two families. He left me with very bitter denunciations.

A few days afterward I was removed with many others to Macon. Here we were confined in a stockade known as Camp Oglethorpe, because it was situated on a part of the campus of the University. It was surrounded by a stockade about fifteen feet high with a parapet outside for the guards. The area was about four acres. In the center was a large building fifty feet square called "The Hospital". There were four or five shelters, made of ten-foot boards supported by three rows of posts, under which we had our bunks, made of two boards each. - On entering the pen we were greeted with a loud cry of : "Fresh fish, fresh fish - " and my first impression was that if they had fresh fish to eat, the prisoners were living well. To my disgust I found I was one of the fresh fish myself.

It was a great surprise, not to say pleasure, to meet in this prison some of my dear old school-mates or former comrades in the service. Especially must I mention my classmate, C. G. Jackson of Berwick, Pennsylvania, who was a fellow-graduate at Dickinson College in 1860, had served in a Pennsylvania Reg't, was wounded and lay twelve days on the battlefield of the Wilderness and was then picked up and sent to Libby and was forwarded to Macon with them when Libby was abolished. Robt. Hughey, an attache of General Negley of the 79th Pa. S. H. M. Byers of the Fifth Iowa Infty, afterward the author of the poem, "Sherman's March to the Sea". This young man

read Caesar through while we were at Macon, under my teaching.

Our ration was one pint of meal per day, and one pint of molasses for five days. Our cooking apparatus, one skillet to each mess of ten. Some enjoyed the luxury of a mush kettle of their own, an old fruit can perhaps. Sometimes we had a flitch of bacon, three-fourths of a pound for five days. It served as grease for the skillet.

Here five tunnels were dug for our escape and the dirt skillfully concealed or spirited away on the stream which flowed through and supplied our water. But they were watchful and always had spies sent in to watch us. They were dressed in officer's uniform and pretended to be Union prisoners but were generally detected and had to be removed as the prisoners were very severe with them when found out.

The preparations had been made for escape. Those let into the secret were numbered one to eighty-five who were to escape in this order. Rations were cooked, every preparation was made for flight, when lo! the trap was sprung, the tunnels discovered and filled up and this hope of escape was taken away. One tunnel however was undiscovered. It was the shortest of them all and extended toward the hospital grounds outside where the sick were on parole. This was the very easiest way of escape. So the few of us who were in this enterprise resolved to escape. We had measured it with the eye in daytime and thought our tunnel was beyond the fence. It was the Irishman's turn to dig and we commanded him to open it up. After hours of cutting with a broken case knife, he pronounced it open. We prepared to go, but the first man who peered his head above ground found himself inside the fence! What could we do? If the hole was left open it

would be discovered at daybreak. A council was held, a plan devised, a large stone was shoved through the tunnel, turned diagonally of the aperture and neatly laid even with the top so that it was not discovered. However, before another day we were removed, part to Savannah, Ga. and part to Charleston, S.C.-I was taken to Charleston.

There we were placed in the Work-House and Jail and Roper hospital Building, to protect the city from our own guns on Morris Island. And there in that three tiered prison we were subjected for two months to the fire of our own cannons. Three-hundred pound shells shrieked over our heads and burst as young earthquakes about us. Still our authorities must have known where we were as not a shot was directly aimed at our places of confinement during all that time.

Yellow-fever broke out in our prison. Seventeen were taken out to hospital in one day. All but one of them died. That one was one of my mess-mates. We three, Huston, Richardson and myself, slept under one blanket. Huston was middleman that night. He kept whirling over and tossing the cover. Richardson grew vexed and shook him, but he only groaned and tossed again. His breath was hot and fetid. His face was like a fiery coal. What is the matter with him? But he gives us no rational reply.

Richardson leaps to his feet. "Gunn, Huse has the yellow Jack!" A terror siezed us. What could we do?

Richardson was very prompt. He rushed to the guard at the front entrance and called for the doctor. The guards called for some women nurses who had had the fever and did not fear it. They came in and assisted us. We heated rocks and gave him a violent sweat. At

daylight he was taken out with sixteen others and he was the only one who survived. For nine days we two were in terror. That was the time in which we might expect to be taken with it from having been so closely exposed. They were days of terror such as cannot be described. All the horror of dying, strangers in a strange land, and lying in unknown graves, haunted us day and night, awake or asleep. Prayer was my only resort.

We had no cooking utensils given us so we had to break up the wash-house plates for griddles. They had been soaked and rusted in the prison wash-house for years, but we burnt and hammered them until we got them bright and, in imagination, clean.

Some of our party being removed to the adjoining Jail-yard, we communicated by note over the wall or through a grated second story window. Strict orders were issued forbidding any communication even by looking out, upon penalty of being shot without warning. I was passing down the stairway, had forgotten all about the order, saw an acquaintance and had his name on my tongue when I heard him scream, "Get away!" I was too slow, for though I darted away, the ball spattered all around me, being intercepted by the grating just before my forehead. I was unhurt.

A day or two after, I was removed to the Jail-yard. It was a much more unpleasant place than the Work-House. My quarters were a tent, in the hot sun, next a blank brick wall. The water to wash with was brackish, being fouled by the rise and fall of the tide. I was ill, but it was a bilious fever, not Yellow Jack. My strength was failing. I could scarcely walk. I had fears I should not live

to get out of prison. Fear became almost morbid. I was sitting in my tent door reading my testament and praying one morning when the prison gates were thrown open and in came a great throng of Union soldiers. The head man was the surgeon of my own Regiment and one of my most intimate friends: Dr. C. J. Walton. In my excitement I leaped to my feet and ran to meet him.

"Doctor," cried I, "Where is the Regiment? Have they captured Charleston?"

"No, no, my boy," said he, catching me and holding me up, for I had again lost my strength. "Poor fellow," said he, "you are ill, you are very badly off, Tom."

"Yes, Doctor, I am very ill, but perhaps God has sent you to save my life. Have you any medicines with you?"

"O yes, here in my saddle-pockets."

He shared my tent for a day, gave me the medicines I needed and being a surgeon and non-combatant was passed on to New York. I seized the opportunity to write a long letter to my wife and had him mail it in New York. My health rapidly recovered.

We were then removed to Columbia, S. C. Here we were placed in a field prison in a pine grove, west of the Broad and south of the Saluda Rivers, which, from the amount of sorghum issued to us, we dubbed "Camp Sorghum". We were guarded by old men and little boys. The boys were ambitious to kill a Yankee and a number of lives were needlessly sacrificed to their unholy ambition.

This camp in the open field was comparatively healthy but, scornful to be kept in by such feeble guards, I with others determined

to escape and try to make our way north. Two of us prepared our food, muffled our feet with rags and in the pitch-darkness ran the guard without creating alarm. It was so dark that we bruised ourselves by running against the trees. Then seeing we were not pursued we joined hands and felt our way through the woods until we reached a limestone turnpike. Here we were almost captured by a squad of guards who heard us in the bushes as we attempted to hide. They stopped and beat the bush to find us, but one of them said, "O, I guess it was just a dog." So they passed on and we pursued our way.

At daylight we hid in the woods and slept all day. Just before sundown we set out to follow the bank of the River. There was a cornfield to our left, up a long hillside, a road between it and the river, crossed by a mill-race. As we passed along there was a sudden rustling in the corn. Nearer and nearer it came until a short, light-built man appeared and demanded in a very indignant manner, "Who are you? Who are you, sirs? What are you doing here?"

Turning upon him as if I were going to seize him I said, "Who are you, sir?" and giving a knowing look to my comrade I said, "Let's take him." He came to my help but the little man outran us and disappeared through the corn toward a large mansion.

We held a brief council. "What shall we do? Where shall we go?" Taking a survey of the open land about us, I made up my mind in an instant. We knew we should be chased by dogs. The first thing then was to make no tracks. So I said to him, "Follow me," and plunged into the mill-race and walked along it for half a mile. There we came to an old mill site where the water plunged down from above. So up we

climbed, wet from head to foot, till we reached the dry shed of the mill and hid in a dark room where there was some hay. From our hiding place we could plainly see and hear the men and hounds scouring the bottoms for us. We kept still till midnight, then struck back a mile from the river and turned, by the light of the stars, northwestward.

Three or four nights' travel brought us to a point on the Saluda River just west of Newberry, Padget's Ferry. Here we obtained food of the old negro ferryman, but he would not set us over. So we had to pass on. The next day we tried to walk by daylight. We found a patch of the most luscious looking melons and by crawling some distance on hands and knees secured two large ones. We seated ourselves in a refreshing shade to cut them. They opened with ease but were as green as cucumbers and tasted like them. "What will that lady do for citrons?" I cried. We had a hearty laugh over our disappointment and moved on. We did not wish to meet the lady to whom those citrons belonged.

We soon came to an open space across which we could not pass without being seen, so we concluded to keep the path along the river so as to keep as much as possible out of view. We walked on and on for about an hour and found that the river made a great bend like a horseshoe and after our hour's walk we were within about 100 yards of where we had started. As we entered that horseshoe we were in view of the house where the lady lived who owned the citrons. As we emerged from the horseshoe, what was our amazement to see the whole family and neighborhood there to welcome us! They invited us up to the house, gave us a good meal and sent us, with a couple of men having shotguns,

to the County Jail at Newberry.

There we found ourselves incarcerated with criminals, especially with a notorious counterfeiter of confederate money, who claimed to us to be very patriotic in being guilty. We did not feel at all in congenial company.

Having had schoolmates in College from this place I made inquiry for them and found one of them, Emery G. Watson, was the pastor of the M. E. Church South, at Newberry. I dropped him a note and he gladly came to see me. He was intensely and even bitterly on the side of the South but he treated me very kindly. Having a brother who was a prisoner in the North, he offered to exchange courtesies, gave me clothing and books and requested me to have my relatives extend the same to him, which I did. I have one of the books given me by him to this day.

We were removed by train in a day or two to Richland Jail in Columbia. There we found some of our fellow-prisoners in irons. One man who had been brought from Libby had been hand-cuffed fifteen months. After a day's delay we were taken back across the Congaree River to Camp Sorghum. The Major in command affected to be very severe, he demanded to know how we escaped. I replied ironically, "We climbed a tree." "No you didn't," said he, in a vexed manner, "you must have had a tunnel."

We laughed at his vexation and he threatened to send us back to Richland Jail.

"Well," said I, "there would be one comfort in that we would have a good shelter over our heads instead of being exposed to

this wet weather."

Seeing it would rather punish us to be back in the camp, he replaced us there, threatening, "If you ever escape again and are caught, we will put you in irons."

We were put in at 10 a.m. and at 4 p.m. I was out again and on my way up the Saluda River. At this time a large number of the prisoners were on parole most of the day, securing wood for better shelters. These men gave their parole neither to attempt to escape nor to assist others, upon penalty of death. These paroled men would go to the woods and return with their poles and small logs and place them in a pile inside the guard line and those not on parole could go to these piles and carry them to the places needed. I took no parole, but feigning to be very tired, sat down on the pile of poles to rest. The guards were just being changed and could not tell who was on parole and who was not. So one of us said to the others, "Come on fellows, let's fetch one more load before the paroles are taken up."

Just 400 marched out on that ruse. The paroles were all duly taken up but the 400 had escaped to the woods.

We hid until nightfall and as the rain came on it was intensely dark. I having just been over this road and being supposed to know the country, was chosen the guide for seventeen men. We walked single file, with joined hands, or holding on to one another's clothes. Twice our squad in the darkness ran afoul of another squad about as large as ours. Both kept silence. Our clothes were soaking wet. At daylight we sought shelter. The next night was bright and clear. We got an early start and made a great march, we estimated

about twenty-five miles. The third night we did about the same. At about half past three in the morning as we were plodding along a high-road in a dense wood, all keeping step, we were halted by a party lying behind some logs and pointing at us as if ready to shoot.

"Who are you?" demanded a military voice.

A moment of awful suspense. Then in the dim light of the dawn some of our party saw that the arms they had were not guns but sticks, and cried, "Why, Yanks, what are you doing here?"

We all soon recognized one another, when their leader said, "Why, Gunn, I thought you escaped three days ago. Where have you been all this time?"

"Why so we did, and we have been marching with all our might to get away. Why do you ask? When did you escape?"

"Just about an hour ago. Look down there," said he, pointing, "do you see that fire? That is Camp Sorghum."

Our astonishment knew no bounds. I immediately had to tender my resignation as guide.

That morning found us at the foot of a high knoll, a massive rock on the edge of the River beyond which we could not go without discovery. About sunrise a band of sheep came near and my comrades were for killing one of them. This I strenuously opposed and volunteered to go foraging and bring them food at nightfall. So they consented, and under cover of a shower of rain I made my way to the nearest plantation and hid in the highest loft of the barn. There was a shed full of oats with an entrance on the opposite side from the house. Climbing over this I found a gap, one log cut out, leading into the stable loft

which was full of fodder and loose hay. I so concealed myself as to be unseen unless they came entirely into the loft and over the hay to my hiding place and yet with crevices through which I could see and hear everything that was going on. My aim was to find some negro boy or man who would furnish me food. I lay there for several hours before anyone came out. Then a white boy about twelve and a negro fifteen years old came to the barn to go plowing. But the horses had not been fed.

"Johnny," said the negro carelessly, "jump up in de lof' dar and throw down some fodder for de hosses."

"I shan't do it," said he, "you jess gi' up dar yourself. I know, Aleck, youse feared. You jess feared there mout be a Yankee up dar like dere wuz in Mr. Follace's barn."

"No I ain't neither. But youse feared."

And so they bantered one another, but neither dared to do so, and they merely gave the horses ear corn and harnessed them and went out to plow.

While they were gone, the children came out to play. Laura, a bright ten year old mischief, with dark luxuriant curls, led the troop of three or four. They were hunting for eggs. Laura ran like a deer and skipped up into the shed of oats crying, "Here's one, - here's two - three - six -" and placed them rapidly in her apron and came over to the gap that led up to where I was. The other children by this time had come around the shed and could see where she was.

"You Laury, you Laury," they all screamed at once. "Grandma says you must not go up there, there might be a Yankee up there!"

She worked on their sympathies a moment, by peeping up and pretending she was going up. She finally yielded to their remonstrances and ran down and all returned to the house. All that I could do was to remain quiet. The boys returned, went through the same banter as to getting the fodder, and fed the horses only with corn.

That afternoon a young man from Lee's army, home on furlough, came out of the house, neatly dressed to go over to see some of his lady friends. He came directly towards the barn, passed under me so close that I could have reached his hat as he passed. I was glad to let him pass.

At length the sun was setting. The cows were brought home and Grandmother came out and was milking the cow while Grandpa stood by, relating the news of the day.

"Well, Matilda, what do you think happened today?"

"Well, indeed, husband, I don't know," said she. "What has?"

"Why, Ben Bolden and them fellows across the river catch sixteen yankees in my sandbottom today and they was a-killing of a sheep. I just brung the hide up and hung it on the fence and shall have to dress it down tonight."

Then followed wonderful stories of many others who had found yankees in their barns and they wouldn't wonder if there was one in their barn now. The whole country was swarming with yankees and everybody was on the alert. I was growing desperately hungry and the chance for an early meal was growing slim. But at length all retired to the house and the negro boy Aleck came out alone. As he neared my hiding place I whispered: "Aleck!"

He started in affright. "Whar is you, Johnny? You needn't try to skeer me dat way. What yer want?"

But Johnny did not reply and Aleck retreated to the house.

It became necessary for me to find something to eat. My companions, I knew, were all captured, so I had no one to provide for but myself. I still thought that if I could only find Aleck alone he would feed me. So I slipped from my hiding place and took my position in the angle of a common worm fence on the opposite side of the road from the house and awaited my opportunity.

To my dismay, when the door opened, out came the entire family, lighted by a flaming pine torch held by the negro. Grandpa bore the sheepskin which he was now going to dress. The children played hide and seek. From that side of the road there grew a sloping tree whose boughs reached down over my head. Little Laura, with the agility of a squirrel, scaled that tree and sat swinging up and down. The next moment she almost screamed: "O Aleck, Aleck, see that yankee in the corner of the fence behind you!" I thought of course I was discovered and wondered what I would do to escape. The negro moved around with his torch in an uneasy manner and replied, "You quit your nonsense, Laury. You know dar's no yankee dar." So, perceiving that she had not seen me, I stooped to the ground and began to beat a hasty retreat by walking on my hands and feet, when a little fise that had been sniffing around began a furious barking. Fortunately the fence was between us. But he was silenced by the negro who threw something at him, exclaiming: "Ge' out, you fool you, what you barkin' at?"

I kept on until at a safe distance.

When I could recover an erect posture, I was at some distance along the road. The full moon cast a deep shade as I reached the edge of a dense wood. Just then I heard the sonorous voice of a loud mouthed negro coming along the road and prepared to intercept him. I took the posture of one at arms, holding my stick as if it were a gun and halted him, demanded his name, his business, and so forth. Then, seeing my stick was not a gun, he asked me who I was and was not at all surprised when I told him I was a Yankee trying to get away. That I had tried to see Aleck.

"You been talkin' to Aleck?"

"No," said I, "I tried to but couldn't."

"Well it's de Lawd's blessin' you didn't for he would a 'trayed you certain."

He then agreed to finish his errand and return to take me to his house and feed me, which he did, and piloted me miles beyond. Old Joe had been forced to lay brick in Fort Sumter every night, which the Union guns would knock down in the day. He had finally escaped and returned to his owner's house. While walking with him that moonlight night, he would stop and look me in the face: "Now say, Mister, is it de fact, dat you northern people will take the niggers that runs away and hitch 'em up in yokes with oxen and make 'em plow?"

"Not a word of truth in that, Joe. You would be just as free as white people to go anywhere and do as you please."

"I jes' knowed it," replied he. "Dat's what our folks keep a tellin us."

I was more fortunate when travelling alone. I found my way

back to Padget's Ferry and this time old John set me over and charged me, "Now honey, don't let 'em catch you. Keep straight up dat ridge and there ain't nothin to stop you for forty mile." And so I found it. How I prayed that forty miles, Lord, give me direction and speed, and I had an unobstructed way for two whole nights.

I resolved to lay by and rest on the Sabbath. I found a nice place in the deep fallen leaves in the angle of a fallen tree. Near midday I was waked by the yelping of a large dog that passed over my body, and in a moment was on my feet, stick in hand for defence. My eye, of course, was on the dog. As I turned I found two men with guns at close range. They were young and somewhat verdant and seemed almost to regret having discovered me, but said I must accompany them to "the Enrolling Officer", whose residence was near. I made no resistance but walked along and chatted freely, telling them I had been a soldier of the 21st Kentucky Reg't, giving my name and claiming that I was not a deserter because my time of enlistment had expired and I was just trying to get back home. Being dressed in citizen's garb, they supposed I was a southern soldier and consequently a deserter. This charge, however, I emphatically denied.

On the way we passed the cabin of a poor white man, Wash ---, who had to pass me through a similar questioning, during which he gave me a curious wink and said, "Look here, fellow, is you one of our folks?" I referred him to my two captors who said that I was to the best of their judgment a deserter. This I again denied. My looks must have aroused his pity for he said, "Look here, fellow, ain't you hungry?"

"Yes sir," replied I. "I am very hungry and would be very

thankful for a bite to eat."

"Well, come in," said he, "and eat. Nobody wants to starve you."

Turning to my captors I said, "If these gentlemen will allow me?"

"Yes, yes," they said. "Go in and eat."

An aged lady, Wash's mother, cheerfully supplied me with corn-bread and some turnip collards which, though cold, I devoured ravenously. My kind hostess sauced my food with some kindly inquiries and the pointed remark: "It's a rich man's war and a poor man's fight and if I was the poor man I wouldn't do their fightin' for 'em."

"Well," said I, "my good lady, that's splendid doctrine."

"Well," said she, "if I was you, I'd dodge out in them bushes and them fellows would never hear of me again."

"Well," said I, "that is fine, but what about these men?" and I gave a glance at the door.

Just as I did so, Wash came in and his mother said, "Wash, if I was you I wouldn't keep this fellow here. I tell him to take out to them bushes and git away."

"No," said Wash, "I ain't got no gun and if you want to go you can go and I'll take after you but I'll not catch you."

"But," said I, "where are those men?"

"O," said Wash, "they've gone up to the house."

And sure enough, they were a hundred yards away. I acted instantly on his suggestion, leaped the two fences of the road in front of the house and in a minute was safe in the dense woods beyond. Wash came tumbling after me, fell over the first fence after pushing

the top rails off, picked himself up and ran to the second fence after me, bawling at the top of his stentorian voice: "Here he goes, fellows, catch him, catch him!" and execrating me for a villain.

I knew they would search for me in this wood so my first thought was of a suitable place to hide. After getting out of sight of the men who with dogs were now in hot pursuit, I turned at right angles to my course, crossed a road so as to make no tracks, and lay down in the center of an open wheat field under the shade of a lone pine. There I lay all that blessed Sabbath day. The dogs traced me and came up near me several times but I lay flat, only raising my head a little and showing fight with my stick. They did not even bark, but whined and fled. The lanes resounded with the hoofs of horses and the woods echoed the sound of horns and baying hounds. At last, nightfall put a quietus to all this, though I could hear an occasional voice of the pickets which were placed on the roads branching there. Long I waited, till the waning moon ran high. And then the query was: "How can I get out?"

My only hope was Wash, so back I went on my own course to his cabin door. As I approached I could hear conversation within. To my rap, Wash opened the door with the exclamation: "Why hello, feller, how did you git here? Where have you been all day? Where did you hide? They've been scourin' the woods for you and have got the roads picketed now. What did you come back here for?"

"Well," said I, "I knew the roads would be watched and that you could show me the way out."

So after a good warm meal, I was about to set forth when

Grandmother observed my feet. My shoes were worn out, the soles half gone and the uppers flapping. My socks were so far gone as to expose my toes and that deeply touched her.

"Poor fellow," exclaimed she, "take these." And suiting the action to the word she threw off her slippers and began to take off her own stockings to give me. But I declined to accept them.

Wash conducted me a safe distance and thanking him heartily for his kindness, I bade him goodbye.

As the altitude increased, the temperature grew materially colder. It became difficult to travel by night. I approached Greenville, the Baptist Seminary town. I approached it near dark. I had learned in some way that it was guarded and so approached cautiously. Perceiving the outpost by their camp fire, I flanked them by keeping behind a railroad embankment. As soon as I reached the sidewalks, I sauntered along the streets in the dark and, hearing the church bell, strolled into church. I sat through the service and passed out just before the benediction was pronounced.

As I came out, a negro boy came leading a fine black horse up to the sidewalk saying to me, as I looked steadily at him: "Mister, is this your horse? I found him loose out there in the road."

Looking him over carefully I finally said, "No, he is not my horse." Meanwhile the most violent struggle was going on within. I was within thirty-five miles of the Union lines. If I would take the risk, this horse might take me through in five hours. Besides, it was a military horse, having an army saddle with holsters at the side. Nothing but the fear of being caught and hung for a horse thief

deterred me from claiming and taking him.

I passed out on the north side with the same ease I had entered on the south and pursued my way. The foothills were covered with frost. The Middle Fork of Saluda River was partly frozen over and in my fording it I had to break the thin ice and was chilled almost to death. As I ascended the bank I came to a division of the road but could not read the guide board which was high and it was yet dark, about 4 a.m. A shrill barking dog startled a thousand echoes in the woody glen along the stream. He seemed determined to bite me. At length a negro man appeared at a cabin door, quieted the dog, and gave a whoop to awaken the neighborhood. This was soon answered by similar whoops in various directions round. I immediately made myself known to him, telling him I was an escaped Yankee, was hungry and wanted something to eat. He said he didn't know nothin' 'bout de Yankees. He hadn't nothin' to give me. I then told him the Yankees were the Northern people that wanted to make the blacks free and urged him in pity to help me as a friend, but he was hard to move. Said he: "You better not let Mastor catch you about here." I told him I did not care anything about his master, but to give me what there was to eat. So he handed me a piece of cold meat and corn bread which I took and as I left him I picked up a chunk of fire. He remonstrated but I told him I would do no harm, that I was almost frozen and must make a fire and get warm. So I bade him goodbye and took to the woods, soon had a rousing fire and warmed myself.

It was yet twenty-five miles to the summit of the Blue Mountains. I found a better welcome at a large plantation where there

was a large number of negroes. I came to the principal cabin at daylight, heard the principal negro give the usual morning yell and in spite of the baying of a pack of hounds, went straight to his door. He had nothing in his cabin but directed me to the kitchen where Eliza Ann was cooking breakfast. Eliza Ann was a saucy girl of fifteen and had a griddle of hot cakes on the stove. The kitchen was a kind of shed with two very wide doors, one opening toward the house and the other toward the side yard, I approached from the yard and humbly requested something to eat.

"You better g'way from here or I'll call Marster."

Said I, "Eliza Ann, 'Lisha told me to come here and you would feed me."

"You g'way from here I tell yer or I'll call Marster. He's gittin' up now."

Growing furious I said I must have something to eat even if she did call him. She had placed the cakes in a pile on the griddle to transfer them to the plate, when I dextrously took them up in my hand and began to eat. The poor girl was so frightened she could not speak and I turned away and left her to prepare her master's breakfast. 'Lisha hid me in the barn, fed me during the day, and set me forward at evening.

But the nights grew too cold for barefoot travel and, finding the people so kind, I began to travel by day, met people here and there, asked questions about people by name and was taken for a neighbor. But few men were at home. The women were kind and sympathetic, fed me and gave me directions as to the best road and I stored my memory with the

names of places and people.

One lady informed me that a squad of Home Guards had passed out that gap in the mountain and she thought they would be back at sundown and it would be safer to go to the next gap, seven miles east. I accepted the advice and at sunset was taking my supper with a lady at that gap, who had given two sons to Lee's army. Before I had finished my supper, the squad of Home Guards ruthlessly hurried me out and took me with them, a prisoner.

I freely answered their questions, gave my own name and Regiment, but said nothing of my rank. I told them that I belonged to Morgan's Brigade, which was true, though it was not the rebel John Morgan's. I told them my Regt had been over in Georgia all summer, fighting with Hood. That they caught some Yankee prisoners and sent them down to Columbia and that they sent me along with them. That I had been at Columbia about two months and that the time of my enlistment was out and I was going back home to Kentucky.

"Then we call you a deserter," said they.

But this I denied, asserting that when a man's time expires he has a right to quit.

One of the party being dressed in fine gray cassinette with brass trimmings, I found to be an exempt, whose father was the owner of 20 slaves. He spoke with more authority than any of the squad of whom there were a dozen. He proposed to shoot me for a spy. But the proposition did not meet with much favor. The corporal in charge was a very bright, tall blue-eyed man of a very inquisitive turn. Having led me to a dense oak thicket he said: "Now sir, we've got to know

who you are. Off with your coat."

I took several letters from my pocket and handed them to him. He read the superscription: 1st Lieutenant T. M. Gunn, Prisoner of War, Columbia, S. C.

"I tell you, boys, he's a Yankee Lieutenant, a prisoner of war. He has escaped from Columbia prison. What did you tell us all them lies for?" fiercely demanded he.

"I have told you nothing but the truth, sir."

"Yes, you did, you said you belonged to Hood's army and Morgan's Brigade."

"O no," said I. "What I said was that my Regiment had been fighting with Hood all summer and," said I, "we have given him many a licking."

"But you said you were in Morgan's Brigade?"

"Yes, but not the Rebel Morgan. We have a Union General John D. Morgan."

"Well boys, he's sharp."

The exempt came up again. "I tell you fellows he's a spy and I am in for shooting him."

Seeing that matters were growing serious I remarked to this young man that he did not know what he was talking about, that shooting spies was a serious matter. He had been re-enforcing his courage with brandy and I knew such material was not to be trifled with. So when he asked the squad to stand aside and let him shoot me, I remarked, "If you are willing to pay five for one, go ahead."

They asked me to explain what I meant.

"Why," said I, "a few days ago some of your officers took out Lieut. Greeley and shot him for a spy." Said I, "He was just a prisoner of war, as I am. And as soon as President Lincoln heard it, what did he do? He just took five of your lieutenants and had them shot. Now," said I, "if you wish to play this game just go ahead. You are such fools you could not conceal it and as soon as it was known it would be 5 for 1."

This staggered them. They changed the subject and got into a long argument in which I rather got the better of them. The exempt, re-enforced by another swig of brandy, came at me again and said I had to hush my mouth while on Jeff Davis' soil. He then began to revile the character of the woman at whose house I was arrested.

I stopped him and said, "She has done more, sir, than your mother for your own cause. She has given two sons to Lee's army while you are an exempt."

This was too much. He raged, cursed me with terrible oaths and shook his fist in my face and cocked his gun to shoot.

Seeing there was real danger, I looked him squarely in the eye and said: "I command you, sir, by an authority higher than Jeff Davis, to cease your swearing."

"Are you a preacher, sir?" said he in a subdued tone.

"I am," I replied.

"I beg your pardon," said he, and the danger was over.