to realize that the conflict was before him. We had watched from day to day the construction of these works, little dreaming that we would be called on to storm them. Two other lines were formed in the rear, pickets were thrown out and videttes posted. "Attention!" was called by General Breckinridge, repeated by Gen. Hanson and other officers along the line, all splendidly mounted. "Forward, march!" was repeated by more than a hundred voices. The colors went up, the pickets and videttes closed in, and we stepped forward to fight one of the most terrific battles that fell to our lot during the Civil War. We were at the foot of a gradual incline, the enemy at the top of the ridge. We advanced steadily, observing perfect line of battle, as did the two columns behind us. Videttes soon fell back to the pickets and pickets to the main line. Batteries right and left had commenced playing upon us, but as yet we were not in range of those in front. The battle was on, shot and shell were flying thick and fast, and the fight was growing fierce. We were within one hundred yards of the enemy, and their guns, both large and small, fairly blazed in our faces. Comrades were falling on either hand as we advanced at full run into the very jaws of death. But on we went under orders not to fire until we reached the enemy's breastworks. Our intrepedity demoralized the enemy and they began to flee like blackbirds. Then came our turn. We mounted their works from end to end and poured forth a deadly volley into the ranks of our flying enemy. It was terrific! The ground for a hundred yards was covered with their fallen. Another and another volley was fired as they ascended the slight rise from the works, until it seemed not one of them would be left to tell the story. We re-formed and went forward down the bend of the river through a grove of heavy timber. More than half way to the river, I, with ten or twelve comrades, became detached. Pushing on and crossing to the enemy's side, we stopped to await our army's advance. I noticed a cabin to my left, on the high bank of the river about sixty yards away, the door and an open window fairly bristling with guns pouring a merciless fire into our men on the opposite side. Being sheltered by the body of a large sycamore, I proceeded to pay my respects to the boys in blue. When I had fired eight or ten rounds

a roar of artillery commenced and continued for more than ten minutes, which shook the earth under my feet. I looked in the direction from which I had come. Such a dense cloud of smoke enveloped the troops and forest that scarcely a man was discernible. The fact did not dawn upon me that the ambuscaded batteries had been turned loose upon our unsuspecting men, and the First Kentucky Brigade (Infantry) had been almost annihilated. Such slaughter has rarely been recorded on the pages of history. I was much in advance of the range of the guns, and not knowing the fearful havoc that had been wrought, I proceeded with my work upon the men in the cabin. Twenty-five or thirty rounds from my trusty Enfield had told their tale, when a brass band on my right attracted my attention. Looking that way I saw a line, five or six columns deep, advancing to cross the shoal. In the direction I had left our men, not one was to be seen. Our army had retreated, leaving me alone to fight the Federal forces single handed. Passing around my tree and drawing my gun down in line with the staff of the color bearer, I fired. The flag dropped to one side. I shot down the river bank on the Yankee side. Within a hundred and fifty yards the bank became a bluff at the water's edge. Not hesitating a moment I leaped as far as possible and dropped into the water to my armpits, then pulled for the shore. The Yankees on whom I had fired were crossing just above me and the command "Halt! Halt!" was repeated a hundred times, and bang, bang, came from a hundred guns which rent the air and water all around me. On I went, heeding nothing. Reaching the shore I took up a double quick, while their muskets rattled and their cannons roared. Some four hundred yards further I lay down behind a tree and, raising my feet, rested them against its trunk to empty the water from my boots. Then to my feet again. I started on my journey through the screaming shot and bursting shell. Just as I was in the act of capturing a large dappled-gray riderless horse, which was dashing by to my left, a cannon shot severed his head from his body. Defeated in this, on I went. About one hundred yards away four men were carrying a wounded soldier on a litter. Another cannon ball whistled past me, striking the litter diagonally, killing one at either corner and the man whom they were carrying. The

two remaining men joined me and together we reached our command in safety at the edge of the timber where our lines were first formed. An incident occurred during the encounter in the bend of the river which doubtless saved the lives and limbs of several hundred men. When in about two hundred yards of the enemy's works, a little dog known as "Frank," belonging to the Second Kentucky Regiment, (which had been with us from the time of enlistment, was captured at Ft. Donaldson, imprisoned six months at Camp Morton, and exchanged at Vicksburg with his command,) jumped a rabbit about forty steps ahead of us which he chased toward the enemy. Many of the boys yelled lustily at the dog and rabbit. This was taken up by the entire line, front and rear. The enemy, thinking they were being charged, turned loose their first volley which passed harmlessly over our heads. The rabbit circled back through our lines, closely pushed by "Frank," when "Big Tom Wilson," as he was called, yelled: "Run, cotton-tail, run! Had I no more reputation to sustain than you, I would run too."

Guards for the night were being mounted and it was my turn. Counting off by tens for vidette duty, it fell to my lot. I had time only to wring the water from my socks and get my blanket, which was dry. Wrapping it about my dripping clothes, I went to my post of duty, much in advance of the picket line. The night was bitter cold. My pants were frozen as far up as the tops of my boots, the warmth of my body only preventing my clothes from freezing. About two o'clock A. M., Lieutenant T. M. Goodnight, who was in command of the pickets and videttes, relieved us from duty. On going to the rear we found the army in full retreat. This move, on the part of Gen. Bragg, has never been satisfactorily explained. At sunrise we were six or eight miles from Murfreesboro, on Manchester pike, where we stopped for lunch. I was thoroughly exhausted, having fought the battle, stood guard until two o'clock and marched to this place without food, sleep or rest. I was sick through and through. Lying down on a log in the sun for rest, I was taken with a chill which lasted some hours. I was permitted to march at will. Procuring an abandoned horse, I rode all day and stayed in a school house that night. I was taken with pneumonia and

was sent to Wartrace by ambulance, thence to Chattanooga. I remembered nothing after reaching the station until, several days later, I regained consciousness and found myself in the hospital. Some weeks afterward many of us were started to Dalton, Georgia. Worn out with hospital fare, I had determined to go to Atlanta if possible. Our guards yelled: "All off for Dalton!" They marched out, but I kept my seat and the train moved on. The conductor demanded my ticket, and I handed him a twenty dollar note. He stuck it in his hip pocket and passing on, asked no questions and I asked for no change. Arriving at Atlanta, I found my friends, A. T. Stuart and Harrison Austin, who had once been our neighbors. I remained there until May 15th. Having entirely recovered I proceeded to my command near Winchester, Tenn. They thought me dead, as I could not be traced further than Dalton, and had been so reported by the hospital officials at that place. My comrades were amazed, yelling as I walked in: "The dead's alive, the lost is found!" The mystery was soon explained.

Gen. Pemberton's forces being surrounded at Vicksburg, our command had been selected as part of the troops to be sent to his relief. We boarded the train at Tullahoma and arrived at Jackson, Miss., on the first day of July. The next day was spent in preparation and by three o'clock we were on our way to Vicksburg, reaching Edward's Depot that night. We rested on the Fourth while the cavalry made reconnoissance of the enemy's lines around Vicksburg. We were to make the attack that night, but Pemberton's memorable surrender caused us to face about and return to Jackson. The enemy followed close upon our heels. We worked all night constructing breastworks for the defense of that point, or rather for the protection of large quantities of supplies stored at that place. The removal of these began at once and within a week was completed. Two or three fierce battles occurred, the enemy being defeated each time with great loss. About midnight on the 10th or 12th we folded our tents like the Arabs and quietly stole away, going into camp near Meridian. A few weeks later we were sent via Mobile, Montgomery and Atlanta to reinforce the army of Middle Tennessee, stopping at Tiner's Station, near Chickamauga. Chronic diar-

rhoea had attacked me some two months before and I was so weakened as to be unfit for active service, but did guard and station duty, and was guarding stores and camp on the memorable 19th and 20th of September when the battle of Chickamauga was fought. We went into quarters near Tiner's station. Our huts were scarcely completed when the Federal forces were rallied. About November 25th they commenced moving on our stronghold at Missionary Ridge. On the 27th they broke our lines and we fell back to Dalton, Georgia, where we went into permanent winter quarters. It was amazing with what rapidity they were rebuilt with dirt and stick chimneys, well daubed, and roofed with boards. By this time I was so emaciated as to necessitate my being sent to West Point, Georgia, Hospital, where I remained until March. I was given a sixty days' furlough, returning to my command May 11th, 1864, in time to be in the opening battle of the memorable campaign, which began near Dalton. We fell back to our stronghold on the evening of the 14th, arriving at Resaca next morning. I was on out-post when the enemy made the attack. The videttes being nearly surrounded before we knew it, we ran the gauntlet through the hottest fire I ever passed, but reached our command in safety. The enemy appeared in full force and charged our position three times, and was driven back with great loss. Attacked our right wing late in the evening and broke our line some six hundred yards to the right. They turned their batteries loose, enfilading our line which proved very disastrous to the Sixth Kentucky Regiment. Within five minutes Capt. Walker and Phil Miller had each lost an arm, and Lieutenant Goodnight, Fount Randle and John Barlow were badly wounded. It was here that my dearest friend and cousin, Alfred Grainger, fell at my side, killed by the same bullet that wounded me in the knee. The circumstances connected with his death will be found at the close of these papers in a poem, written on the third anniversary of this battle. With many others I was sent to the hospital at Atlanta, returning June 14th, the day on which Gen. Pope was killed. We made no definite stand after this until we reached Kennesaw Mountain, near Marietta, Georgia. Here the natural topography gave us the strongest position between Dalton and

Atlanta. We held it until our works were undermined and magazines were placed in position to blow up our forts. We repelled repeated attacks and vacated only to save our troops from the explosion of the mines. Here I was slightly wounded in the elbow. From Kennesaw Mountain we fell back across Chattahoochee river to our position in front of Atlanta. On July 20th we fought a fierce battle at Peach Tree Creek, holding that position, the enemy withdrawing. The next day we withdrew a heavy force from the front of Atlanta. Passing through the city that night we went around the extreme left wing of the enemy, and at sunrise attacked them in the rear, capturing nearly one mile of their works. My command being on the extreme right of our line gave the Federals time to double in our front. We charged them. Armed as they were, with repeating rifles, our command was almost exterminated. Balls flew thicker than I ever before experienced. It seemed I was among a swarm of bees. The air was fairly blue. Only five or six of Company I, who passed the brow of that hill and charged through the open field, but were either killed or wounded. The command to fall back was a welcome one, and we who survived, obeyed with alacrity. Our regiment was re-formed back of the hill with not more than half of the men we had that morning, the brigade being brought together in a field near the scene of battle. It was dark, and disheartened and demoralized, we dropped on the ground just where we stopped, without food or covering, only to awaken next morning and fully realize our loss in battle the day before. We moved back by the way we had come and took a position several miles to the left of the one we had vacated. Soon after this an armistice was proclaimed by both armies, and the boys enjoyed a freedom, rest and relief from the severe tension, such as they had not experienced since May 10th. Hostilities resumed, we did little else but picket fighting until about August 25th, when we were ordered to Jonesboro, Ga., to intercept a movement made by the Federals to cut off our railroad cummunication with the Gulf. On August 31st, we were moved around to our left wing, the enemy entrenched beyond a creek about half a mile away. A high bank was on that side of the creek and an open field was between the lines. They had

several batteries of from six to eight guns each that commanded the opening. We had only a single line of battle. We were ordered over the works, lined up in front of them and commanded to charge the enemy. We started at full run. Their batteries opened on us by the dozen, with grape and canister shot and shell. The face of the earth was literally torn to pieces, and how any of us escaped is yet a mystery. I saw a deep gully to my right and obliquing toward it, I did my best running. I leaped into it only to find six or eight of our boys who had preceded me. How they beat me to it I am unable to say. Others retreated to the works we had left, many were killed on the way, some captured in ditches and gullies, but we were overlooked. The flag was with us and tearing it from the staff we buried it in the sand, concealing the staff under the rank grass on the bank. When dark came on we resurrected the flag, the color-bearer winding it around his body.

We started, groping our way as noiselessly as possible along the meanderings of the gully, often on hands and knees, passed through the Federal pickets on the way and reached our command about nine o'clock. Maj. Maxon was with us. Stepping off the breastworks we joined the boys, waving the old flag which was thought to be lost, in the bright fire-light. Next morning we moved into the village of Jonesboro, awaiting orders to reinforce where most needed. This was often the case with the homeless Orphan Brigade. About one o'clock a courier dashed into our lines and handed Gen. Lewis a message. The long roll was ordered and in ten minutes we were in a double quick to our right wing. We were placed in line only one column deep with no support. The enemy could be plainly seen one mile away, forming many columns deep. We went into the ground like gophers, and in a short time had improvised breast works, which, though meager, were better than none. To our left the works were better, having been in construction several days. We heard the bugle call of the enemy sound, "Forward, march!" and the great cloud of blue coats were moving down upon us. Firing commenced right and left. The blaze of the cannon could be seen all along the line. The Yankees were coming slowly but surely, nor did they break their gait until within two

hundred yards of our works. Then the whole body, ten or twelve columns deep, moved down upon us like an avalanche. Ten pieces of our artillery were playing on them, plowing great roads through their ranks. The 12th New York Zouaves were leading and made fine targets (with their red sashes, caps and stockings.) They had requested this privilege, but we made such deadly havoc that, out of their twelve hundred, not two hundred were left at the end of the battle. Amidst this fearful fire from our brave men, on they came to our breastworks and here I witnessed the first hand to hand encounter of the Civil War. They fought like demons. Bayonets clashed bayonets and swords crossed swords, but over our works they came in spite of the most stubborn resistance I ever saw. Ten lines to our one was too many for us and great numbers of our boys died in this, their last ditch. I was captured, with about three hundred others. We were taken up the line and crossed over the breastworks where the fight had been fiercest. Many Federals were wounded and dying in the ditch with our men. The scene on top and at the foot of the works beggars description. In some places they were lying three or four deep, and some guns standing on end with bayonets plunged through the bodies of the victims, giving ample evidence of the awful conflict. In going to the rear, for three or four hundred yards, we had to pick our way through the bodies of the dead, dying and wounded, often stepping over them. At one point we passed where a caisson of a battery, which they had been drawing by hand, had been exploded by one of our shells. Only fragments of the pieces could be seen, but hundreds of the victims covered the ground for fifty yards around. We spent the night under heavy guard in the valley near by. A load of corn in the ear was thrown out to us which we parched and ate with a relish, having eaten nothing since morning. They issued rations to us next morning and also orders that we help bury their dead which we promptly refused to do. About nine o'clock we started on our march for Atlanta, Georgia, and were imprisoned that night in barracks in which we had formerly confined our captives. Thence we were carried by rail to Chattanooga, where we were kept in prison a week or thereabouts. This prison pen consisted of about one acre in-

closed by a high fence of plank on end, with watch boxes on top every twenty or thirty yards, accessible only from the outside. A walk had been made on the inner side of loose brick for the guards along the fence. The ground was simply mud from four to six inches deep, and reeking with filth to such a degree as to be almost a moving mass of maggots. Hence we procured bricks from buildings which had been burned previous to the enclosure, and laid them in the mud, layer on layer, until they were above the surface, on which we sat during the day and slept at night. But these creepers made their way up between the bricks and so infested our clothing during the night that our first waking thought was to shake them from our garments and brush them from our beds. We had no water except as it was hauled in barrels once a day. In the intervals our thirst would become so intense that we were almost frenzied and formed lines, canteens in hands, at times hours before the water came, and were only kept back at the point of the bayonet by the guards with the wagons for that purpose.

From Chattanooga we were started for Nashville. Our short, but trying experience of prison life had made us resolve to escape at all hazards, if possible. While in the pen I had found an old case knife in the debris of the burned buildings, for which I improvised a strong handle with the help of George Page's pocket knife, which he had concealed from the scrutiny of our captors. With it we made a serrated edge on the case knife, intending to make it serve in lieu of a better saw if opportunity should offer.

We were duly packed into a lot of box-cars very much as if we had been cattle. Page's pocket-knife and improvised saw were quickly put into use in the car I happened to be in. With the first a small hole was cut in the bottom, and with the second a section was sawed out, making a hole barely large enough to permit a man's body of average size to slip through. When the train was nearing La Vergne, a few miles out from Nashville, we determined to make a break for liberty. It was decided that I should first try the dangerous experiment.

The train stopped near La Vergne for wood. I promptly dropped into the hole we had cut, but a slight error of calculation rendered it necessary for me to part with a considerable portion of my skin, fore and aft, as I slipped through. My successor was Jack Gavin, but being thicker in the chest than I, he stuck fast, and he was able to get neither up nor down. In a moment the train moved off, and the last I saw of poor Jack his legs were still dangling under the car.

I had crawled to some weeds that grew along the road and concealed myself. Some of the guards who had stepped off the train ran over me to get aboard as it started, but in their haste did not notice me. I quickly rose, took a direction opposite from Nashville, closely followed by a number of Federals who had congregated at the wood yard from a recruiting station near by, to learn the number of prisoners that had been taken. At the first curve of the road, I ran into a thick bramble, where I lay concealed until my pursuers had passed by. Then I started north as near as I could conjecture, in the direction of Lebanon, Tenn. I had gone perhaps one hundred yards, when, to my astonishment, I discovered that I was on the inside of a heavy picket line of colored troops. It was now night and the moon was shining brightly. A large oak tree stood in front of me and immediately on the picket line. I thought if I could reach the tree unobserved, its shadows, which luckily lay out beyond, would furnish concealment until I could go its length and thus enable me to escape. It was a hazardous plan, but I determined to put it into execution. Dropping on my hands and knees, I crawled cautiously through the weeds and grass until I was within about forty paces of the tree. Here I halted and waited until two pickets, starting in opposite directions from the tree, had reached the ends of their respective beats. I rose, darted towards the shadow and ere they were aware had gained its outer edge. Then "halt! halt! halt!" rang out on either hand, instantly followed by the click of arms, flash of musketry and whiz of bullets. This served only as a stimulus to accelerate my speed. Hat in hand, I simply struck the ground in high places. The pickets pursued, still firing, but in a minute or so I had reached a cedar glade which furnished ample protection from their guns. I continued my flight until I was sure I had eluded my pursuers.

After pausing a moment for breath, and locating the points of the compass as well as I could by the hour of the night and

the position of the moon, I resolved upon making the point called Black Cross Roads on the Murfreesboro and Lebanon turnpike, where I had a friend tried and true. Selecting my bearing I bent my steps in that course, without regard to roads. Presently I came into a large field covered with a rank growth of tall weeds, wet with dew. My clothing was soon saturated, but I pressed on. I had eaten my last meal thirty-six hours before, and the fatigue incident to my flight had brought with it a most aggravating sense of hunger. By and by I became bewildered. The moon had gone down, and the sky, too, had become cloudy, rendering the darkness extreme and oppressive. In my aimless wanderings about the field, for as yet I had found no limit to it, I chanced to find a peach tree full of delicious fruit. A sufficient quantity of this was devoured to temporarily quiet the pleadings of my appetite.

Again I went on, traveling it seemed to me for hours without finding a fence or other object to direct my course. Finally I concluded I must be going in a circle and stopped. I hallooed at the top of my voice, and the series of echoes that followed startled me. My shouts availed me the end I had in view, and aroused some dogs in the neighborhood which set up in a vigorous barking. Proceeding in their direction, and hallooing from time to time when necessary to keep them barking, I finally reached a fence.

By this time, however, I was so exhausted from hunger, travel and the excitement of the past twelve hours, that I sank down beside the fence, and with no other covering than the wet clothing I wore, soon fell asleep. I dreamed of comrades, of campfires and of putting my hand in a blaze, which forked between each finger, but gave no warmth. Half dreaming, half waking, I concluded I had rolled from beneath our usual scanty covering, and reached out my hands to draw it over me again, only to grasp the wet weeds and grass, which I had made my bed. Then becoming fully aroused to consciousness, and startled by the remembrance of where I was and the happenings of the night, I essayed to rise, but my limbs refused to move. It was the night of September 15th, and very cold for that season and I had become thoroughly benumbed while asleep. Gradually I

was able to assume a sitting posture, and then to pull myself on my feet by holding to the fence. Finally I could move my legs more freely, and climbing over the fence I started into the road which lay alongside of it. The first blush of morning was faintly to be seen, and by this was I enabled to take a northeast course in the direction, as I conjectured, of Black's Cross Roads. I saw several persons in the distance, on right and left, whose eyes followed me suspiciously. Pressing on until near noon I met an old man of small stature, the first person I had seen since my escape that I was not afraid of, and inquired where the friend of whom I was in quest, (Dick Malone,) lived. To my great astonishment and greater pleasure, I was told that I was on the outskirts of his farm.

Soon I was at my friend's house. After detailing to him an account of what had happened, I told him how long I had been without food, other than the peaches. I was promptly ushered into the dining room, where slices of ham that, to my famished eyes, seemed large as saddle skirts, and biscuits that swelled to the circumference of saucers, were furnished me in delightful abundance by the mother and sister. The meal despatched, I was admonished that it would be safe, neither for my friends nor for myself, to longer remain, as the negroes on the place were aware of my presence, and could not be trusted to keep the secret.

I was directed to go to an acquaintance of mine, (Isaac Pierce,) who lived three miles further on. As I bade my friends goodbye, Mrs. Malone told me to stop at a church on the roadside near by, where I would find a suit of citizen's clothes secreted beneath the pulpit. I went on, found the clothing and was soon dressed in a style with which I was utterly unacquainted—coat with sweeping skirts that flapped about my legs, broad-brimmed hat, and striped vest with brass buttons. The only thing to remind me of my former estate was an old pair of shoes badly run down and open at the toes, which contrasted most unhappily with the rest of my attire.

I reached Pierce's without further incident. I was passed at once to a room upstairs where I remained until morning, that my presence might not be known to the negroes. I was treated

as a stranger at breakfast by the family, and in the presence of the negroes was asked whither I was bound. I answered that I was on my way to Lebanon, whereupon my host remarked that he was going that way himself with a mule he intended selling, and that if I wished to do so I could ride the mule. I, of course, promptly accepted the proffer, and we were soon on the road.

We had traveled probably ten miles when we entered into a long, crooked lane. Suddenly we came to a residence, where the lane spread to a width of perhaps fifty yards, and where, without warning, we found ourselves in plain view of some forty or fifty Federal cavalrymen, all well mounted. Our first impulse was to fly, but upon reflecting that my steed was only a mule of three years and of doubtful speed, we concluded to adopt other tactics. Pierce was terribly excited and his feet shook like aspen leaves, making his stirrups fairly jingle. As we checked our animals, and discussed the best policy to pursue, his teeth chattered and his eyes danced. I told him I was going to tell a tale and he must swear to it. He agreed, and we moved steadily down upon the enemy. As we struck their front lines, a man with epaulets and severe countenance commanded us in a peremptory tone to halt. We obeyed. Pierce had been in the Southern army, had been shot through his right arm and carried a stiff elbow. He had been honorably discharged from Lee's command only a few months before, and luckily had his parole with him, the only talisman which the people wore at that time. I had imprudently changed some letters from home from my old clothes to those I had donned the evening before. These, which under ordinary circumstances, would have been ample passports, would here be witnesses to condemn me. I was asked by the officer if I had taken the oath. I answered in the affirmative. He demanded my papers, whereupon I began feeling in my pockets to allow myself time to think. In the meanwhile he asked me where I was from, to which I gave a misleading response. He further queried me as to where I was going, when quick as a flash I hit on a device which doubtless saved my life, telling him I was going to Lebanon to attend the trial of a man accused of killing a negro, hoping in this way to arouse his sympathy in behalf of the dead negro of my imagination. I told the officer, moreover,

that the hour for the trial was close at hand. Seeing me somewhat slow to find my alleged papers, he asked Pierce for his. The latter thrust his hand in his breast-pocket, and laid the documents in the officer's hand.

Just here another horseman rode up. On the shoulders of his horse were the letters "U. S." The officer told him to dismount, but he saucily refused, at the same time setting up such a furious cursing of the officer and his men, and indeed of the whole Yankee army, as I have rarely heard. The officer commanded his men to come forward and take charge of the fellow. The man still resisting. I suggested to Pierce in the most natural manner I could assume that we had better hurry on, or we would be too late for the trial. We rode off leisurely seemingly unobserved, but at the first turn of the road we quickened our speed to a furious rate. I had a long cedar limb with which I encouraged my beast with persuasive and eloquent appeal. Pierce was riding a spirited, fleet] young horse and the gravel flew thick and fast from his heels as he clattered over the pike. It was an unequal match, but I strove to make up for any delinquencies of species or breeding, by whipping right and left, fore and aft, laying prone upon the pommel of my saddle and thumping the mule's flanks with all the might that was in me. The beast, with the sagacity characteristic of her kind, seemed to appreciate the sublime demands which were being made upon her resources, and lumbered down the road, imbued with a desperate determination that Pierce's horse should not get out of view, a determination with which her rider was most heartily in sympathy. Presently we reached a point where the road forked, and Pierce shouted back to me, "I turn to the right, leave my mule at the first house on the left." I wrapped the bridle rein closely around my hand and summoning all the strength in my left arm I drew the mule's head about, using the indispensable cedar limb on the right to insure that she turned into the left, which she did. I soon came in sight of the house Pierce had mentioned, but just at this juncture a loud clatter of hoofs greeted my ears, as I thought, from behind. Applying my whip more desperately than ever, I dashed through an open gate up to the house at full speed. Bounding from her back while she was still under way,

I yelled to a man standing near: "This is Billy Pierce's mule," and, leaping a fence, made for a body of timber which I reached in safety. Looking back, I saw a squad of troops going in the direction from which I had come, some of whom were filing in through the open gate I had entered. I was at the head of a deep ravine, and the sight of the soldiers put me in fine trim for running. Plunging into the hollow, heedless of bushes and briers, I bounded along at a wonderful rate of speed until I had put nearly a mile between me and where I had last stopped. After resting a few minutes beneath a ledge of rock, I resumed my flight.

Suddenly I came to a dim country road leading to the right and rather toward the one I had left. I followed it one and a half miles, which brought me in view of Beard's Mills, where we had once encamped as rear guard for Morgan's men while on their way to the battle of Hartsville. I knew Beard to be a man I could trust. He was suspicious of me at first, but finally I won him over to my side by alluding to incidents which occurred during our encampment there. He told me I was in danger, as the forces that infested that part were irresponsible marauders, that any man who fell into their hands whom they suspected of having been in the Southern army was promptly executed, and that several had been recently killed, among them a Southern soldier who was shot to death and his tongue cut out because he refused to divulge the whereabouts of his comrades that were known to be in the community. This blood-curdling statement of the situation was most discouraging to one who had been so long and so industriously seeking liberty and safety, but there was no help for it, so I asked the miller what I had best do. He directed me to the home of Foster Doak, a few miles away, giving me leave to use his name in introducing myself. The house was found, but he, with his sons, was away in our army. I was invited into the parlor by the servants, who informed me that their mistress was absent, meanwhile inviting me to a plush rocker and ottoman, furnishing me with a copy of the Cincinnati Enquirer, the first I had seen for three years, and bringing in a yellow pitcher filled with cider to be quaffed ad libitum. All this was too much for a soldier habituated to the

hard privations of war life, and its rarity and richness tempted me to an indulgence, especially as to the cider, which a teetotaler would doubtless have characterized as shocking. The hostess soon arrived. I presented my verbal credentials, and was cordially received.

By Mrs. Doak I was directed to a Mrs. Buchanan, and by her to a Mr. Turner's, where I had expected to spend the night. Mrs. Buchanan sent a trusted negro servant with me to Turner's that I might not miss the way. When I had arrived, to my great astonishment, I was received by Turner with suspicion, who not only refused to allow me the privilege of stopping, but declined giving the name of any person to whom I might apply for shelter and aid. Chagrined and enraged, I denounced Turner to his face in unequivocal terms and abruptly left. I learned afterwards, however, that I owed my life to Turner's refusal to receive me. The negro servant who had conducted me to him went to Lebanon that night and notified the Federals of my whereabouts. A party of them, fully armed, surrounded the Turner mansion, late in the night, and demanded my delivery. Turner, of course, denied my being in the house, whereupon every nook and corner of the home was thoroughly searched and the bedding ripped open, but all in vain. Thus cheated of their victim, they followed the road Turner said I had gone but luckily for me, taking the left one instead of the right, they missed me altogether.

Meantime I had made my way to the home of Orrin Hearn, where I was granted lodging. He directed me to Mr. Bob Allen's, who, after some hesitation, put me across Cumberland river, and a short walk brought me to the hospitable home of my friend, Mrs. Puryear, near Dixon Springs. Thence I was conducted by Geo. Clark to Mrs. Gifford's, near Hartsville, and from there without further important event made my way by circuitous route to my father's home on the L. & N. pike, six miles South of Franklin, where I arrived at six o'clock on the evening of September 21st.

Although I had been a wanderer for three long years, and the sight of the familiar environments of the old home stirred my soul to its depths, I curbed the impetuosity which would have impelled me to rush into the house, and allowed a wiser