

CHAPTER 16

I will now endeavor to give you an account of my scouting for General Hobson immediately before and during the Saltsville raid. Also an account of my trip to Knoxville through the Ky. and Tenn. mountains, with the maps and papers descriptive of Saltsville and its surrounding area. And of the raid to Saltsville, Morristown and Bull's gap in Nov. and Dec. 1864.

The last act described, immediately previous to the Saltsville raid, was the baptism of the old colored man in the Cumberland River. On the day following, I was sent to Gen. Hobson, who was encamped near Canton, Tenn., reorganizing his forces and disposing of his sick and wounded prisoners and stores captured from Gen. Johnson.

On this trip I carried a full and official report of the raid to Wheeler's rear, and the positions, as well as they could be ascertained, of Wheeler's cavalry across the Cumberland River. General Hobson, being a little uneasy on account of the close proximity of Wheeler's cavalry, and knowing of a gap in his lines at Center Point, which was a very inviting route for Wheeler to move into and cut off his supports on upper Cumberland, sent me with an order to Col. Weatherford, to move to Flat Rock, west of Burksville, and to attack any of Wheeler's forces who attempted to cross the river.

He also asked me to try to find his chief of scouts, Tom Palmer, who had been absent for two weeks within the Confederate lines. It seems that Palmer had been keeping Gen. Hobson posted as to Wheeler's movements in the vicinity of Lebanon, Tenn., almost daily, with the exception of the last two weeks, when he was lost sight of.

I was also instructed to report, if possible, to Col. Weatherford, any important information I could obtain as to Wheeler's movements.

After delivering the order to Col. Weatherford to move to Flat Rock, I went down the Cumberland River to Rome, a very small town between Hartsville and Carthage, and about 12 miles from Lebanon, Tenn.

Two Confederate regiments were in camp at Lebanon. I found out at Rome, that the Confederates were patrolling the river and collecting forage, even across the river, and that their scouts had just left that place a few hours before I arrived.

After staying all night with a Mr. Morris, I left the next morning for Lebanon. I stopped at a fine spring early in the morning on Spring Creek. The spring gushed in a large stream, from a low rocky bluff covered with cedars.

The roads forked near the spring, one leading to Hartsville Ferry, while the other led to Carthage. The cedars grew

within ten feet of the spring which furnished a splendid hiding place, so I concluded to spend the day watching and listening to the passers by.

I went back to a cornfield a few hundred yards and got some corn for my horse. The spring was between two hollows. One ran along the Lebanon road, while the other was covered with forest trees and thick undergrowth. In this hollow, about two hundred yards from the road, I hitched my horse and fed him.

I then went back and laid down behind a log above the spring to watch, not pray.

Several persons stopped and drank from the beautiful clear spring that burst from the rocks, but I heard nothing of importance. One old lady and her husband passed, and I heard her bemeaning the Confederates for taking their corn and bacon and swearing she would have pay for it or die.

About noon, I was eating my lunch, and looking down the road, I saw a company of Confederate Cavalry coming from Lebanon towards Carthage, guarding several wagons loaded with corn and straw. I think that nearly every man stopped at the spring to drink, and I was greatly amused at some of their remarks.

They passed on and I, of course, knew these were foragers. But, it was not long until I saw another wagon train coming, and a full company of cavalry following the wagons. The men were halted in line and several officers gathered around the spring. At this time I was lying flat on the ground with my head above the log, peeping through the the cedar fringe, (with eyes, I expect, a little above the usual size) at the enemy not over ten feet away.

I could see them bat their eyes, but I don't think I ever batted mine. I saw them pass the bottle and heard them smack their mouths. The officer who was in command was a Colonel. He ordered the other officers to dismount their men, and all that wished to, get them a drink of water.

He said, "We are to meet Major Watts here with his forage trains from up the river."

I soon saw, away down the road I had come, another column of cavalry and a lot of wagons. They came up and halted just below the spring. When the Colonel ordered his men to prepare to mount, the Major said, "Colonel, why not take dinner here as it is already 12 o'clock and I am hungry as a wolf? We ate breakfast before day."

"What have you got to eat?" Said the Colonel.

"Why don't you ask me what I haven't got?" Said the Major, "We have got everything that is good to eat."

How I wished they would go a little further for their dinner. For two hours I lay almost breathless, for the least movement would have exposed me. There were entirely too many eyes around that spring to suit me.

There were three full companies, two of them went down the branch, but to my surprise and horror, one company separated, half filing up the Lebanon road, while the other went up the hollow where I hid my horse. I now had Rebels to the right of me, Rebels to the left of me, and Rebels at my front and rear. I had Rebels for dinner, and oh, how sure I was, that they would have a Yank for supper.

I hugged the ground close. If I could only have crawled away, but I could not move—my eyes in any direction without seeing the faces of hundreds of armed men. I had taken this position so that I could not only see every one who came to the spring that day, but hear what they said. But, now I wished that I could neither hear nor see what was around me. Curious to say, that among so many, for there were at least 350 men around me, not one climbed the little bluff on which I was living in misery.

The officers, who numbered about 15, were sitting around the spring drinking apple jack, telling where they had been foraging, and where other forage was to be had. They seemed to know all about where the Yankees were and what they were doing.

One fellow, in citizen's clothes, to whom the officers seemed to pay a great deal of attention, and who I supposed to be a scout, said that there was a valley above Gallatin where there was an abundance of forage of all kinds, But old Hobson's blue bellies were all over that country, and no less than a brigade could go foraging up there.

The commander then said that they did not propose to bother Hobson if he would keep on his side of the river.

A soldier came down and reported that he had found a horse hitched up the hollow with a saddle on.

"Bring him down here," said the Colonel.

They soon came leading my horse down to the spring. I expected to be led down next. The Col. looked him over and said, "It is some boy's horse, see how short the stirrup straps are?" "I suppose he got scared at seeing so many of us and took to the woods." Said one officer. Both of you are dead right, I thought.

"He has been fed, sir," said the soldier, "And was hitched with the halter, with the bits out of his mouth so he could eat, and it appears that he has been there some hours."

"That is strange," said the Colonel, "Where can his rider be?"

The man in citizen's clothes, who had been to look after his horse, came up and said, "I saw that horse day before yesterday at Hartsville, hitched at a store."

"Well," said the Col., "I think we should investigate this a little." But after studying a while, he said, in a good natured way, "Take him back, sergeant, and hitch him just as you found him. If you happen to see the boy, tell him he shall not be hurt," and, turning to the officers, he said, "I suppose he belongs to some citizen, looking after his land or timber."

I then wished that I was only as safe as my horse, or that I could have been, sure enough, back somewhere in the woods, but what excuse, I thought, could I make to be found lying flat on my face in ambush, so close that I could hear every word that was said. "Then," said the commander, resuming his conversation, "We will let Hobson have the forage above Gallatin. We don't want to disturb him. My orders are only to prevent his crossing the river. If he will stay on his side of the river, we will stay on our side."

"I understand he has a whole division," said an officer.

"Yes, but that is not so," said the man in citizen's clothes. "He only has three regiments with him, and only five other regiments under his command, and they are scattered from Point Burnside to Canton."

"Then how did he manage to clean Johnson up so quick?" remarked another.

"By surprising him," said the citizen. "I was with Johnson when he was attacked and stopped at a citizen's, they thought I was a citizen. Then Hobson's men fought like demons. They never stopped charging from the time they first attacked us at Cadiz, until they ran our men into the river at Canton. If Johnson had not been wounded at the first, it might have been different."

Of course, I was hearing something. One thing, It was not their intention to cross the river to give Hobson battle, but everything else that had been spoken was not half so interesting to me as my predicament. Thoughts were passing through my mind at a 2:40 gait when the Colonel ordered the bugler to sound attention.

They were soon forming into line while the officers were taking a smoke. Will they see me as they ride by me on every side, I wondered, while I tried to flatten myself and get closer to the ground.

At this critical moment I felt something heavy on my legs, but did not raise my head until it seemed to pull at my clothing. I wondered what it could be, and raising my head the least particle, I looked back and saw a large rattlesnake lying across my legs. When I moved my head he stopped and jerked himself in a half coiled position, as he intended to strike.

He kept this position, it seemed, an age, although it could not have been more than a minute or more. He then commenced shooting out his forked tongue. I looked him straight in the eye, and I believe if we had ever met again, we would have known each other. One thing sure, I will never forget how he looked, or how I felt.

What to do, I did not know. The column of soldiers were passing within thirty feet of me. Of course, I was afraid of the snake, but it didn't take long to get out of the reach of the fangs of the rattlesnake, and I knew that the least commotion, I would attract the attention of the passing soldiers and the officers at the spring, and well I knew the difference between the danger of a rattlesnake and the carbine of a cavalryman.

If the soldiers had been out of hearing, I would have just rolled away from the snake, and before he could have fairly coiled, I could have been out of his reach.

Well, we looked at each other until I think I looked him out of countenance, for he looked away and hissed. He then started slowly toward my head. I threw my elbow up over my face, moving it up and down. He again stopped and half coiled. Once again we looked squarely at each other, after which he slid off and crawled under a cedar bush about six feet away and was soon out of sight.

I now took a breath for the first time, I think in several minutes. My lungs hurt me for half an hour afterwards on account of the repression in my breathing. I think the snake had been routed out of his lair by the men feeding and cooking, and I just happened to be in his path.

The soldiers were soon all mounted and rode away. I was completely exhausted. I got my horse and rode further into the woods, and after hitching him and looking carefully in every direction to be certain there were no snakes about, I lay down and slept awhile.

When I awoke it was still early in the evening and I went back to the spring to get a drink. I then climbed a cedar just above the spring and watched until late in the evening, fully resolved not to let myself be surrounded any more if I could help it.

It was nearly sundown when the man in citizen's clothes came riding briskly up to the spring from towards Lebanon. He stopped at the spring, looked in every direction and then dismounted. He hitched his horse to a bush and started up the bluff toward the cedar in which I was seated.

I reached for my pistol, for I thought he had in some way discovered me. But, when almost under the outer limbs of the cedar, he stopped and commenced scraping away some leaves from beside the very log behind which I had laid before noon.

He soon uncovered a purse, a book, and two jugs. He looked through the book hastily and put it in his pocket, as he did the purse. He then took a drink of something out of one of the jugs, to show me, I guess, that it was not poisoned. He then covered the jugs, and mounting his horse, he started up the hollow, I supposed, to get my horse.

I got down and uncovered his jugs. I smelled them and they were both apple-jack. I sampled it liberally and then covered them up just as I had found them.

The liquor soon commenced to have an affect on me and I resolved that no citizen should take my horse without trouble. I started up the hollow the same way he had gone, but thinking how easy he could do me up if he got hold of me, I concluded to climb another cedar and shoot him as he passed, providing he had my horse.

He soon came down the hollow without my horse and I knew he had not found him. He again stopped at the spring, got a drink of water, and rode away in a lope toward Carthage.

Soon after he left, a man and a boy drove up to the spring. I went down and talked with them. They had been to Ben McLaw's camp to sell some produce. I went up on the bluff and got one of the jugs of apple-jack and gave them a snort, as the old man called it. He was soon feeling lively.

I asked him what regiments were at camp and he said the 2nd Va., 9th Ga. and the 8th Tenn., and another regiment whose number he could not remember. He asked me a great many questions. I told him I was from Ky. and was hunting for my brother who belonged to a Georgia regiment, and that I heard the regiment was camped somewhere about Lebanon.

"Well," said he, "what you a doin' with all this licker?" Then, with a twinkle in his eye he said, "I know, you been a selling it to the boys and it's all right. I'll take them a little sometimes myself on the sly, and if you'll go home with me I'll put yer on to a lots of things that will help you in yer business."

By this time the old man had taken several snorts and I saw I had a man that would be a great help to me. I now told him

that I had accidentally found the brandy and that there was another jug. This, I also brought down and gave him. He said if I would go home with him they would go over to the camp with me the next day and see if we could find my brother.

This suited me exactly, as it would be quite an advantage to me to have a home, or apparently have one close to the Confederate camp. Now, I thought, if I can get into the peddling business I would be fixed.

I went up in the woods and got my horse, and they wanted to know why I hid him. I told them that when the southern soldiers came up into Ky. they took every good horse they could find. That when I saw a company of soldiers coming up the road just as I got to the spring, I was afraid they would take my horse, so I hid him.

When I came down to see if they had all gone, I then had accidentally found the brandy.

"Well," said the old man, "They don't take our horses down here without paying for them. Maybe you don't treat 'em right when they come up to Ky. to see you."

I found him a nice jovial old fellow and I was treated nicely by his family. His wife tried to persuade him to take the brandy back and put it where I found it, but he would not hear of it. He lived only two miles from the Confederate camp across the country, and three and a half miles around, by the road. That night I agreed to go partners with his boy and peddle eggs, chickens, buttermilk, etc. in the Confederate camp.

I had some money and my partner, the boy, knew everybody in the country who had anything to sell or trade, and by next evening we took a good lot of buttermilk, pies, apples, chickens, etc. We soon sold out and made some money.

When we left camp we went into Lebanon. There I saw Tom Palmer, Gen. Hobson's chief of scouts, apparently very drunk and trying to swap horses.

The next day we went back to camp with a large load of provisions and produce, and this time we traversed the entire camp. I inquired for my brother, but, of course, I could get no information as I could not tell what Georgia Regiment he belonged to, for the reason that I had no brother in a Ga. regiment.

The boy and I peddled for several days and did a good business. I found that Gen. Wheeler had, at Lebanon, Salina, Livingston and other places up the river, 6,000 cavalymen, and was backed by Gen. Forrest with 15,000 cavalymen stationed at Bradyville, Wartrace, Bell Buckle, and Murfreesboro, with their outposts at Readyville, Eagleville, and Eagle

Pass. My intentions were, now that I had found Palmer, to get a pass from Gen. McLaws, who was commanding the forces at Lebanon, and visit all the camps of Gen. Forrest before I returned to Gen. Hobson. So, I informed Mr. Webster, with whom I was stopping, one morning, that I was going to Wartrace where I hoped to find my brother.

"What a pity," said he, "that you have lost the number of your brother's regiment."

His boy said, "Father, lets give Jack a dance tonight." I was known then as Jack Crutchfield, and this was the name of my Mother's Father, who, with his entire family, were southern sympathizers.

"Certainly," said the old gentleman, "Beside, you should give him a nice dinner today. He has learned you how to make money and you ought to appreciate it." So that night we had a grand dance at Mr. Webster's, and the lassies came in from every quarter. Over fifty couples were there, most of whom were Confederate soldiers with their sweethearts.

People came from the hills and hollows for miles around, for young Webster and I had become acquainted at almost every house through dealing with them. I, especially, had been very liberal with them in my dealings thinking that I might some day need their assistance.

In my travels through the country I had found several staunch Union families, but they had little to say on political questions and I dared not breathe to anyone my sentiments. I asked several of their young folks to the dance, but not one of them came. Mr. Webster told me afterward that some of them were pretty bad fellows and that he was glad that they did not come as we would have had trouble sure.

There had been considerable excitement around Lebanon all day which caused many of the young men coming to the dance without their girls to be arrested. Tom Palmer, Hobson's scout, had met a Confederate Captain on the Carthage road the night before and took his horse, sword, pistols, watch, papers, and everything he had. Palmer was on the road to Hobson from Murfreesboro, where he had been mixing with different Confederate commands for several weeks.

After passing Lebanon, a few miles toward Carthage he met a company of night patrol. He rode into the woods and let them pass. When they had passed beyond hearing, he again took the road to Carthage and had not ridden far when he met the Capt. of the company, who had fallen behind for some cause, and thinking Palmer was one of his own men, demanded to know why he was going the wrong way.

Palmer, being close to him, siezed him by the shoulder, and thrusting a pistol to his head, ordered him to surrender.

The Capt. got into camp the next morning on foot. From the Captain's description of the man who robbed him, it was soon known to be the man who had been in Lebanon drunk several days before, trying to swap a horse. He had also been seen passing through Lebanon the evening before.

How Palmer could pass in and out of the Confederate lines and mix with their different commands so successfully without detection, was a secret I could never solve. Though I knew that every spy must depend upon his own efforts, and without a thought of imitating others of his profession.

The next morning, after the dance, I asked Mr. Webster to go with me to Gen. McLaws, with whom he was well acquainted, to assist me in getting a pass to visit Gen. Forrest's camp.

This, he willingly did. We went to camp, but found Gen. McLaws had gone to Gen. Wheeler's headquarters which was in Livingston, Tenn., and would not be back until the next day, leaving Col. Bentley in temporary command

Mr. Webster, not being acquainted with Col. Bentley, was introduced to him by a friend of his, Maj. Bly. He then introduced me to him as a friend of his from Ky., who was hunting for a brother in some Georgia regiment of which I had lost the number, and that I wanted a pass to go into Gen. Forrest's camp in search of him.

The Col. treated us very kindly, and promised to give me a pass. After inviting the Col. to call on him, Mr. Webster, having other business to look after, left us, and the Col. turned to his table and commenced writing, as I thought, my pass.

Just then I noticed a young man who seemed to be an orderly at headquarters, eyeing me pretty closely. And after looking at him through the plats of my straw hat, which I had pulled down over my eyes to prevent him knowing that I was studying his features, I recognized him as Daniel Monnieheim, the Confederate spy who had followed the boy and me from Ky. to Lancaster, Tenn., just before the Morgan raid.

He laid his hand on the Col.'s shoulder and said something in his ear. The Col. then got up and followed him into the rear markee.

The Col. soon came back and asked me if I knew the names of any of the officers of my brother's company, or regiment, and when I answered in the negative, (for I had begun to get a little uneasy), he told me he was going to send a squad of men to Gen. Forrest's headquarters and that I could go along with them, and I would not need a pass. By this time, and even from the time I recognized Monnieheim I had begun to get uneasy. And to wish I had never applied for a pass.

I then told the Col. that I would go back to Mr. Webster's and stay all night and call the next morning.

"Oh, no," said the Col., "the squad will leave here at five o'clock tomorrow morning, and you would not be able to make it back here. You can stay at my headquarters tonight and I will try to take good care of you and see that both you and your horse are well cared for."

I thanked the Col. and told him that I would not trouble him; that I had not intended leaving the Webster household quite so soon, and had not said goodbye to some members of the family that morning. And as I might not see them again for quite a while, it would not be treating them right to stay so close to them under these conditions.

The Col. would not hear of it. He said he wanted to hear all he could about Ky., and believed he would enjoy my company at least one evening quite as well as Mr. Webster could. He ordered his servant to picket my horse and for me to be seated.

He now put me through a course of questions that made the sweat roll down my cheeks. He asked about different places and persons, a great many of which I was well acquainted with, and I answered, apparently, very satisfactorily, until he asked me who was the Governor of Ky.

This was a poser, for there were no doubts about that time, as to who really was the Governor. I could not answer this question. I did not actually know who was in that position but a happy thought struck me and I answered him by saying, "Don't know, do you?"

Both he and his adjutant Gen. laughed heartily at the hit, but I did not feel much inclined to join in their hilarity.

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After laughing at my hit on the Governorship of Ky., they next asked me who was the Sheriff and County Clerk of Jessamine County. This, I could not answer, as I did not even know who was the Sheriff and County Clerk of my own County, Lincoln. This makes it appear that I was very ignorant, but how many boys in Green County know the names of their County Clerk today?

After asking me about other men, Generals, where they were stationed, and what they were doing, he asked me about Hobson. I answered that I had heard of Hobson, and knew Gens. Fry, Burbridge and others by seeing them and hearing others talk about them, but knew nothing personally about them.

I told them that my father was such a staunch secessionist, that he never made any inquiries about the Yankees, except when he heard they were whipped, or had lost a lot of men.

At this time Monnieheim came in from the back tent where he had been listening to the conversation. He attempted to ask me some questions, but the Col. moved him aside and said: "Orderly, I will put this young man in your charge until tomorrow morning. Please see that both himself and horse are properly cared for."

He introduced us as I had been introduced to him and said: "You must treat him well, sah; do you heah?"

"I do," said Monnieheim, saluting him and at the same time motioning me to follow him.

We went over to a little hill to where our horses were picketed, which was out of sight of the Col.'s tent. Here Monnieheim, after seating himself under a large oak tree, asked me to be seated, to which I complied.

I could not answer his conversation properly because I was thinking what excuse to make to get out of his company, for I felt I was about as near the clutches of the Confederates as I cared to be, and was wondering whether my true character was known to him.

Was I really under arrest? The Col. had not intimated anything of the kind, he had been very kind, still, I felt uneasy and had determined to get away that night, and not attempt to go further into the Confederate lines.

What did I care about Forrest, anyhow; he was at least 80 miles from Hobson, and I was only sent to look after Palmer and see what I could learn of Gen. Wheeler's movements, so why would I try to go further south?

These thoughts were flying through my mind thick and fast. Monnieheim was talking to me, but I was paying very little attention to him, except when he would ask me some point blank question. Finally he brought me back to my senses when looking straight in my face, he said, "I know you, you are a Yankee spy."

This, I denied indignantly, I even called him a liar, but he told me of seeing me at Burnside's Point as orderly to Col. Brown. Also at Marrowbone, when I was orderly to Col. Weatherford. Then he spoke of seeing me with Gen. Hobson at Gallatin and Lafayette, Tenn., and at other places with Gen. Hobson's scouts.

He further said, "We will have to try you, and if I tell what I know about you, you will be shot tomorrow night you know, said he, "What a drum head court martial means? Now, what have you got to prove your innocence. You haven't any friends here, as you had in Morgan's army at Lancaster, to prove your innocence. I was the cause of the Col. holding you here until tomorrow morning, and have promised to go with you to Gen. Forrest's headquarters tomorrow, but I have not told him all I know about you, or who you are."

Thinking he was trying to get me to commit myself, I blustered around, denying everything he accused me of. I pretended to be mad, but I was not mad, I was scared.

"It will do you no good," said he, "to get mad and raise such a racket; you know your life is in my hands, but it is a pity to kill a little boy like you, as you ought to be home with your Mother. A man that would use a boy your age for secret work ought to be court martialed. I know boys can pass more hard places with less suspicion than a man. This, you have done, for this is the third time I have seen you within our army. Commanders generally are more suspicious of boys, than they are of women, and if you had been in the least disguised when I found you at Lancaster, I would not have known you. If you had only changed your clothes."

"Well, what are you going to do about it," I said, "just crack your whip."

He now ordered me to hold up my hands and be searched, but I pulled out my pistol, thinking I could bluff him as quick as thought. He drew a large pistol and struck me an awful blow on the head which knocked me senseless, and when I came to myself, I was lying on a cot in the Col.'s rear markee, and Monnieheim was bathing my head.

I asked him if I had been struck by lightning. This was my first thought when I regained my senses, as, just at that time I heard a peal of thunder and saw a streak of lightning.

"No," said Monnieheim kindly, "It was me that struck you. I

hated to do it, but had to, and I expect it is well for you that no one saw us when it happened. I told the Col. and Adjutant Gen. That a horse kicked you. The doctor says you are not hurt, only stunned."

By this time I had fully come to myself and was sitting up. No one else was in or about the tent. Monnieheim fixed a toddy for me. I drank it and felt alright. He had taken my pistols, which I carried in a belt, under my jacket.

He said, "Now little fellow, if you are able to take a walk, come along, we will go over the hill yonder and talk this over, for I am looking for the Col. in every minute."

I got up and walked along with him, and when we were again out of sight of the tents we sat down and he said, "Now, I can get you out of this if you will let me, but you must promise to go home and stay there, for you are too young to spy."

All this I promised him I would do. As we sat there we were in sight of the camp guards who were walking their beats with orders to let no one pass out of camp unless he was an officer, or had a pass.

He said, pointing to one of them, "You sit here and I will go over and see that guard, if I pass him, you follow me."

He went over to the guard, and after saying a few words to him, passed over his beat and went off through the woods. I was not long in following, and when I got nearly to the beat, the camp guard turned his back on me and proceeded on his beat as though he did not see me. I passed over the beat and into their camp with only one man to contend with, provided I should conclude to try to escape.

I was not entirely satisfied, for I did not yet understand what Monnieheim intended to do with me. I found him waiting for me only a short distance from the tent. He ordered me to follow him and hurried through the woods.

It was now nearly sundown, and as we passed rapidly through the brush, I longed for it to grow dark so I could take leg bail.

We soon came to a farm. Monnieheim climbed the fence, seated himself, and waited until I had done the same.

He then said, "That old man who lives right down there (pointing towards a house) is a good friend of mine and I am going to introduce you to him as my cousin. We stay with him until about midnight, and then I will go with you until I get you safely outside of our pickets, and after that you must take care of yourself. I will tell the Col. that you slipped away from me, this will make him more suspicious of you than ever, and if he ever catches you again, I would not give much

for your hide, for then I would have to tell what I know about you. this would show your true character, and you know, or ought to, That the penalty of a spy when caught within the lines of the enemy is death. Now, I want you to swear to me that if you are caught, that you will never tell that I assisted you in getting away."

He swore me, and I promised him that I never would tell anything except that I slipped away from him while he was talking with a guard.

He now went down to the house and introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Williams. We ate supper and were sitting on the back porch when someone hollered at the stile and we heard swords rattling. Mr. Williams said that he had invited some guests to his home that evening to a musical entertainment, and that among the invited guests were Col. Bently and other officers from the camp we had so lately left.

I now began to think that Monnieheim was playing a game on me and that all he had done in apparent sympathy for me was nothing more than a plot to back up his own evidence. So I felt that I had done wrong in even intimating my guilt, by submitting to Monnieheim.

It was now dark, and as Mr. Williams started to answer the call, Monnieheim followed him, and I started toward the back of the house. But, my fears were soon dispelled when Monnieheim said to Mr. Williams, "I don't want any officers to see us here, so me and my cousin will go back to the camp and stay there until your guests leave."

"That will be about 11 o'clock," said Mrs. Williams.

"Well, just as you please," said Mr. Williams, "they will all be gone by that time. You're a strange character, Dan," laughing. "I guess we will never find you out."

"Please do not mention my name," said Daniel, "to any of our officers without they should say something about me, and even then, do not tell them that I have been here this evening."

We were soon alone with Mrs. Williams, as her husband was receiving his guests. Mrs. Williams promised that nothing would be said about our being there. When I started around the house to escape, and heard what I did from Dan, I was reassured of his faithfulness to me and I returned and listened to what passed between him and Mrs. Williams to the last.

We passed out through the back yard as the officers entered the parlor. We went into the orchard and laid down. In a few minutes the house was filled with ladies and gentlemen and we listened to almost three hours of as fine music as I have ever heard, both vocal and instrumental.

I was, of course, delighted with the music, which sometimes caused me to forget my predicament, but it gave me time to reflect.

During the entertainment Dan carefully directed me how to travel, and what places to avoid to get back to Ky. all right. He directed me west, telling me where to cross the Cumberland River, and cautioning me not to go up the river, saying that the country was full of guerillas and Confederate soldiers.

But I did just what he warned me not to do, still fearing that he might be trying to set a trap for me. This, I was very sorry for later on as it caused me a great deal of trouble.

When the entertainment was over we went to the house. Mr. Williams lighted us to a room and we pretended to be preparing to retire.

I now insisted that we start at once, as it was near 12 o'clock. I finally convinced Monnieheim that by crossing the river, which was about 12 miles away, before daylight the next morning, I would be less liable to be seen by anyone except those he had directed me to, and who were his friends.

He agreed to this and we slipped away from the house about 12 o'clock. We took the road west until we came inside their pickets which we went around. When we struck the main road west again, we were two miles outside their pickets and only about 10 miles from the river. Here we sat down and rested while he gave me directions how to go.

He now handed me my pistols which he had taken the precaution to unload, He then handed me the cartridges he had taken from me saying that I might meet a bear or panther and need them. When I bid him goodbye, I promised him that if I ever saw him in distress that I would render him assistance if it cost me my life. He bade me goodbye, telling me to go home and be a good boy.

When I had parted from him only a few minutes, I left the road and climbed a large knob and from there I took a straight course north, guided by the Milky Way, but keeping as well as I could guess, away from the river which I knew to be patrolled by Confederate cavalry.

I passed late in the night not far from Mr. Webster's house, and crossed the two roads near the big spring where I got acquainted with the snake a few days before. In passing Mr. Webster's, I stopped and studied a long time whether to call and risk his concealing me and finally helping me get a horse to get back to Ky., but I was afraid he too might suspect my

true character. And I also knew that neither he nor any of his family had any use for a Yankee, as they had been treated very badly by some of our men a few years before. So I finally concluded to associate only with the tall timber and the shadowy hollows. I had not a fear of bears and panthers, for a determined enemy in the shape of a man is the most dangerous animal that roams either forest, meadow, or highway

When the sun rose the next morning I was on a high knob several miles up the river from Lebanon, and by the fog which hung over the stream, I could trace it's course for miles.

After loading my revolvers, I looked around to see if there were any snakes nearby. I then lay down and slept until about noon. I was hungry, but concluded to do without food for a day or two rather than expose myself. I felt safe to travel in the forests by day. So after facing towards sunrise, which I had carefully noted before lying down, and pointing my left hand to the north, I looked long in that direction singling out objects such as high peaks, etc., that I would know if seen again from other points.

I now started north up the river, avoiding the roads except to cross them. I only saw one road, which I crossed as quickly and cautiously as possible, and was soon traveling a dark hollow.

As it did not appear to have been traveled lately I felt no uneasiness, until all at once I ran upon a still house, or shed where several men were sitting around and had some guns. As soon as I discovered them I left the road and started to climb the hill on my left. I had not got far until they saw me and hollowed at me. I did not turn my head but kept climbing.

When I got near the top of the hill I looked back and heard one say, "That's the fellow." Grabbing his gun, he started toward me on the run. Another followed him, while two more started up on the run as though to head me off.

I passed over the hill, and circling to my left, I made my way towards the hollow toward which I had been traveling, keeping the hill between myself and my pursuers. I soon reached the hollow again and I had a down hill run. Crossing my old track in the dim road, I climbed the hill on the opposite side. When I reached the top I lay down panting for breath. I think I had run about a mile, most of which was up hill, and I was about played out.

Here, I lay a long time, watching and listening for the two men that had followed me, and congratulating myself on my strategy when I heard the hollowing of a dog. For a while everything was still, but soon I saw them coming around the hill towards the hollow. Both men and dog were following slowly along my track, but the men seemed to be more adapted to such work than the dog, which was a common spotted cur,

for every now and then they would have to find my track anew, which was only shown by the disturbed dry leaves. They would call their dog and put him on it, which he would follow for a short distance, and then go scouting around through the woods. I heard one of them declare that if that was my track, it was where I come down the hill before they saw me.

When they got to the hollow the dog went up the road towards the still house on the run and the men followed.

I now felt easy, and passing down the rough sides of the hill I was on, I found myself in a dark, lonesome hollow with precipitous sides and without a sign of evidence that it had ever been traversed by either man or beast.

I was now about two miles from the still house and was traveling directly away from it. I followed this hollow towards its head, and after walking a few miles, it began to get narrow, and I at last came to its head where I discovered a large cave. As it was getting late I concluded to spend the night in this natural hiding place.

I entered and found that someone had been making it their home. The soft dirt near the mouth showed prints of men's feet. I went back until it became so dark I could not see to go further. Here, I sat down to rest.

After sitting for a while I discovered a spark of fire, and going nearer, I touched it with my foot. This stirred up from the ashes a chunk covered with fire, and by the light from this, I discovered a pot sitting near it. On examining this, which was covered with a tin plate, I found it full of well cooked beans with a large chunk of fat in it.

I was immediately reminded by the inner man that it was time to dine as it had been just twenty-four hours since I had eaten my supper at Mr. Williams', and then I was so perturbed in mind that my appetite was poor. So, in about twenty minutes the pot was empty as I was when I first entered the cave.

I now begun to think this was no place for me to stay all night. Taking up the chunk of fire, I blowed it and looked around me and I saw three pallets, or piles of quilts. A man was lying across one, apparently sound asleep. I also saw some guns sitting around against the rocks. I laid the chunk back in its place and covered it with ashes. Then snatching up two quilts from a pallet, I started towards the mouth of the cave as carefully as I could to prevent making a noise.

When I reached the mouth of the cave I saw four men and a dog coming up the hollow. The men were all armed and I could not leave the cave without being discovered. So I had to retreat within the cave. This, I did as hastily and as cautiously as

I could. When I passed where the fire was, the men were not over fifty feet behind me.

The dog ran up and sniffed around my legs, but I suppose he thought I was a new recruit as he was very friendly. The men were making considerable noise stumbling over the rocks, so there was little danger of them hearing me as I proceeded further back into the cave holding my quilts before myself from projecting rocks. A fire was soon stirred up and I found a dark corner and sat down.

"What is the use of keeping old Bill Clark here if we have to do our own cooking," said one. "He has been drunk nearly a week and hasn't done a blasted thing but tote wood and water, and now he's layin' on that pallet too drunk to fetch wood, let alone our suppers."

"Cook us some supper, pap," said one of the men as he commenced chunking up the fire. At this request, an old fellow commenced hustling the pots around. When he moved the bean pot he exclaimed: "Good God boys, that old devil has eat up all our beans."

When they had all taken a peep in the empty pot, one of them caught the fellow I had seen lying across the pallet, by the heels and dragged him up to the fire, cursing him for eating their beans. Old Bill, as they called him, protested his innocence to the last. But it was no use, for they were sure he had eaten the beans. Old Bill was given a big snort from a bottle and sent off after wood and water.

They had supper late, but it did me little good as I only got an occasional whiff of their coffee and broiled bacon from a distance. I saw from my hiding place where they kept their bread and meat and determined that if providence offered me the opportunity to escape, that I would not go empty handed. I was not hungry as I had eaten at least three quarts of beans and over a pound of bacon. Old Bill, after getting himself roused up, made himself useful in preparing supper and they were soon in a good humor with him.

I learned from their conversation that a horse, bridle, saddle, carbine and pistol were to be given to anyone that captured an escaped spy. I did not learn whether it was myself, Palmer, or someone else they were after, but the four that came in claimed that they had been after the very fellow that evening. When they got ready to retire, one of the men was detailed as guard at the mouth of the cave, making my chances of escape very slim.

They now commenced overhauling their quilts, and when the two were missing they raised another rumpus with old Bill, accusing him of stealing them or giving them to old Sal Linticum. This made Bill mad and he said, "Look yere boys, I might a eat them beans when I was drunk or asleep, but I'll be D--n ef I'm any rogue, and I'll blow a hole through the

cussed fellow that says so. Now do you hear?"

No one said anything more to old Bill, but they searched the cave. One of them came back into the cave to within ten feet of where I lay. They finally gave up the search and contented themselves with two pallets. When all was still I wrapped one quilt around me and lay down on the other. It was chilly in the cave when the excitement died out and their dog lay on part of my quilt. I let him lick the bean soup off my hands and we became good friends.

I watched the fire in hopes it would die down so I could pass the sleepers, then try to pass the cave guard, but they had not slept long before I heard voices, and soon the guard came in with several men. They woke the men up and told them to take care of the prisoners until morning.

The new comer, after all taking a drink, prisoners included, now left the cave. My host gave the prisoners their supper and asked them many questions. They gave them each a quilt and told them they could lie down wherever they chose, so they did not attempt to pass the fire towards the mouth of the cave, and came back where I was lay down. Two men were now sent to guard the mouth of the cave.

When all was still again, I heard one of the prisoners say in a whisper, "I know this cave as well as I used to know when Sunday came and I can get out of here before morning." One of these prisoners was Wane Barger, of the 13th Ky. Cavalry and had been raised near here. I do not remember the name of the other.

I heard them whispering when they passed me and they seemed to be crawling on their hands and knees. At one time I could have touched them, and started to do so, and make their acquaintance, but concluded that as I was not known in these parts that I would risk secreting myself until I had as good an opportunity of getting out as I had getting in.

I heard one say, "You follow close to my heels, I'll take you out," and I started to follow them, but I had only crawled a short distance when I run my head against a rock which brought the blood and made me see stars. I felt around, and finding a dry place I sat down and was soon in a doze.

How long I sat there I do not know, but I was awakened by hearing voices. I looked up and saw two men with a torch approaching. I took advantage of their light, and looking about me from the shadow where I had retreated to keep from being seen, I saw a crevice that I could barely squeeze into. That extended back several feet into the wall. This, I squeezed into with great difficulty and kept still.

As they passed me I heard one say, "It's old Tom Barger's son, he knows this country better than I do and I'll bet he has

got out of here. This cave comes out at old man--- spring and a fellow can crawl through it."

Two more men soon passed with a light , but they soon turned back and I heard one of them say, " We will take old Bill and run across the hill, maybe we'll head them off. They have got out as sure as shooting."

I now followed them for I knew that the cave would soon be deserted. They stopped at the fire, and gathering up some things, ordered old Bill to shoulder his gun, and passed out leaving me alone in the cave.

I picked up the sack containing their bread and meat and poured them out, Then chucking a good size pone of bread and a large piece of meat, shouldered my sack and passed out of the cave unmolested.

I took to the woods and again started north until late in the evening without seeing any one. I had been eating raw meat all day, but in the evening I saw a fire where some women had been washing at a branch near a cabin. I lay down and waited until dark, then I stole a chunk of firewood, and hiding it carefully I started through the woods and traveled until I struck a dark hollow and went up this until I found a hole of water.

I now reconnoitered for hundreds of yards in every direction to be sure there were no roads or houses near. I soon built a fire, broiled some meat and had a good supper. I then lay down putting my sack under my head for a pillow and was soon asleep.

Late in the night I was awakened by something pulling my sack. I was trying to think it was only a dream but it pulled again and I was wide awake. Is it a wolf, panther, or bear I thought as I moved my hand slowly to where I had laid my pistols. Just as I got hold of one, the animal, whatever it was, gave a loud growl and jerked the sack out from under my head.

I think, within the next two seconds I must have turned three or four somersaults and made enough different kinds of noise to have made my enemy think the woods were full of men, dogs, wildcats and tigers. During the melee my pistol fired twice.

When I quieted down I listened and heard the leaves rattling and rocks falling, something was going up the cliff at breakneck speed. I again fired toward the noise and it soon died out in the distance. I felt for my sack of grub but it was gone. I found it the next morning twenty yards away.

After traveling awhile, I came in sight of a shanty, and after watching it for some time, I saw that it's occupants were a very old man and a woman and two little girls. As the

house was far back in the hills with no roads near it, I finally went in and talked to the old man whose name was Loy.

He informed me that Salina was not far away and said, when I asked him his proclivities, "I'm a Union man, sir, and hev got durned little use for a Secesh."

He said he had four boys and four sons-in-law in the Union Army and that he: "Would have been there if it had not been for taking care of the old woman and these little gals."

"Two of his sons were killed," says he, "and these little gals belonged to one of them and their mother is dead."

He was proud of his soldier boys, and when he found I could read, he brought me all the letters they had sent home and had me read them over to them as none of them could read. He was terribly bitter against the Confederates. He mentioned several neighbors who had gone into the Confederate army from neighboring farms along the river and denounced them.

I told him I was a Union soldier, giving him my Company and Regiment, and that I was trying to get to Burksville or Center Point. I had to explain to his satisfaction why I was down in that country. "Well," said he, "I can get you to the point before tomorrow night. Why, two of my boys are in your Regiment."

CHAPTER 18

The old lady commenced baking hoecakes, it was all they had to eat except turnips. I produced my piece of bacon which made the old man's eyes sparkle. We had bread, bacon and raw turnips for dinner. Early that evening the old lady cooked her turnips but had no salt to put in them. I had told them how I got the bacon and they both declared it was the best meat they had ever ate, even if it was Rebel meat. I think it was the first they had tasted for months.

We visited several cabins that evening further back in the hills. Our crowd gathered as we went from one cabin to another for I was introduced at every place as a Union soldier. When dark came our crowd numbered about twenty.

We went to preaching at a school house for it was Sunday. Here I met a great many Union men. The whole country seemed to be of one political faith.

A young man was selected to put me across the river that night below Salina. His name was Jake -----, I will not give his other name as he was arrested later, charged with stealing, or helping to steal the two horses I got that night and was acquitted, but afterwards shot by the guerillas for the same offence. I told Jake as we were making our way to the river, that I must have a horse before I left Tenn.

"Well," said he, "There are plenty of them around Salina." He then told me that a lot of Confederate soldiers were always loafing around a certain store where liquor was sold in Salina and that I might get a horse there if I would keep my eye skinned.

It was late when we got to Salina and we got into a garden behind the store. Sure enough, a dozen or more horses were hitched along the fence by the side of the store. I told him to meet me at a barn which stood near the river bank.

I now went among the horses and examined them. Some of them were hitched within ten feet of the platform in front of the store where a lot of men were talking. I noticed a church opposite the store and a lot of horses were hitched around the church lot.

I crossed the street keeping as much out of the light that shone through the door as possible. No one seemed to notice me. In the church lot I found two horses hitched close together with cavalry saddles on them. They both seemed to be good ones, so I took them both, one for me and one for Jake.

I got on one and led the other, and passed right in front of the store. They all stopped talking and looked, but no one said anything. The lane I took at the store ended at the barn lot into which I passed and then whistled to Jake.

He soon joined me. We tore down a fence and went into a cornfield, keeping down the river. I will say here that a regiment of Confederates were camped just above Salina on Obey River, and the soldiers at Salina were provost and patrol guards. Their picket post was some hundred yards from the river where the light from their fire would be out of sight from the opposite shore, while a solitary videt guarded the ford.

The next thing was to locate this picket post and come out into the road between them and the river.

I left Jake in the field with the horses while I crept around to look for the picket post which I found in a low place near the road. Four men were sitting or lying around a small fire while one stood guard. The next thing was to find the videt.

I crawled along toward the river with eyes blared and ears alert holding my breath to listen after each movement. Down the river bank I crawled under dark shadows of the heavy birch and over hanging reed canes which fringed the narrow road. Everything was as still as death when a voice by the road side only a few feet away cried out, "Fhwat the divil is that, halt. Is that man or a beast? Spake out quake or oil foir on yes!"

"It's me, Pat," I said, "don't shoot."

"An phway yer doin' crawlin' around here loik a snake, now, let this be the last toim I catch yes up to such foolishness, and sure, I was cockin' me gun to foir on yes."

I told him I was trying to get across the river to the still house.

"Thin shure, an whoy didn't you come up loik a man and not be crawlin' around on yes belly loik a dammed snake?"

I told him I was afraid he would not let us pass, and that I was trying to find out where he was so we could slip around him. I told him I had a partner with our horses up on the bank. "And how did yes pass the picket pose," said he. I told him we slipped around them.

"An shure," said he, "I thought ye was one of the boys tryin' to skeer me. Well," said he, "as thers only two ov ye an as the sargint at the picket post don't know yes are out, and if yes will bring me a canteen full when I give yes the money to pay for it, Yes can go." All this I promised to do and ran back after Jake and the horses. We were soon with the videt.

"And who are yes," said the Irishman as he handed me his canteen and money?" I gave him some fictitious name which seemed to satisfy him.

I handed his money back and told him that if we succeeded in getting the whisky that it would not cost him a cent.

"Shure, that's good ov ye my boy and ye shall niver regret it; now moined that, when we git better acquainted I will do as much fer yes, and how soon will ye git back?" said he, as I started to go. "The still house is thray moils away an the ould divil is hard to git awake this toim of the noit. Shure, yil not git back while oim on guard, so I'll give yes the word which will let yes pass in. It is Thry Branch. So when yes are halted when comin' in yes must say, aich ov ye, when yes come up to the gaird, Thry branch, in a whisper. Moind that now; and he will let yes pass on. Thin I will, if I'm off me bate, Mate ye on the hill beant. Now hurry back yes, for me mouths waterin' now from the thought of a taste before I loi down."

"Are any of the boys over there?" I said.

"Not a soul has passed since our squad came on picket at sundown or I would not be botherin' yes to git me a drap."

We were soon fording the river which was very deep, but Jake knew the ford perfectly. When we passed the still house there were several men there who seemed to be very drunk. When they saw we were not going to stop they hallowed after us insulting words.

I answered them in pretty rough language and they fired on us. We answered their fire as briskly as we could, both of us were armed with two pistols each. They mounted their horses and charged us, and we were soon in a running fight which kept up for at least four miles, and was brought to a sudden end by us running into a company.

We ran into a company of cavalry drawn up in line of battle across a lane. It happened that I had fired off all the chambers in my pistols and was reloading as I ran. This was fortunate for some of the cavalymen with whom I came in close quarters, as I could not shoot, but struck right and left with my pistol, using it as a shillallah, at the same time spurring my horse with both spurs, trying to tear through their crowded ranks.

I was finally knocked off my horse by Wm. Ewney, and overpowered.

To my great relief, when things got settled, I found I was in the hands of the 13th Ky., Union cavalry, who were patrolling in the vicinity. Two of the boys had sore heads from the licks from my pistol.

Jake did not fare as well as I did, for he was shot from his horse after fighting desperately with those who surrounded him. Several of the patrol were wounded, but whether by us or

themselves in the night struggle, we could never tell.

Among those who chased us from the still house was Capt.----- I will not give his name as he is still living, and at that time was very drunk and came very near killing me after I had been captured. I was explaining to his Lieut. why I was found coming out of the Confederate lines and why I had a strange citizen with me. I also told him that I had no idea that the men at the still house were Union men. If I had known it I would gladly have surrendered to them and prevented the fight which had occurred, and in which Jake and four of the patrol had been badly wounded.

During my explanation, Capt.---- was like a raving maniac. He found the Lieut. and me talking and ordered that I be shot immediately. Four men sprang forward and seized my hands and attempted to pinion them to my back. While I scuffled with the man, I heard the Lieut. say that I should not be shot until I had a chance to prove my innocence, and that he would deliver me up to Col. Weatherford, as I had asked him to do. And, in my statement to him, I told him that I would then prove I was all right.

Just as I jerked loose from the men whom the Capt. ordered to tie me, and the Lieut. had ordered them to release me, the Capt. put a pistol to my head and fired, just as I shoved it up. The charge burned a great furrow through my hair like a red hot iron.

Others now caught hold of the Capt. and disarmed him, but not until he had struck me twice in the face. Being maddened with whisky, he even bit pieces out of his own flesh. One of his drunken men also tried to kill me, a ball from his carbine passed through my jacket under my arm. I grabbed a carbine from one of my guards and knocked him senseless. The Lieut. ordered him arrested as soon as he came to. Jake, being wounded, nothing was said to him. He was in the hands of kind and sober men, so was taken good care of.

When we arrived at Center Point the next morning, Col. Weatherford happened to be there and I was immediately released. When I explained everything to him, the drunken Captain was arrested for conduct unbecoming an officer. I now wanted to settle the matter with the drunken wretch but was prevented by the Colonel.

When the Captain became sober, the Colonel explained to him where I had been, what I had been doing, and that I had been sent by Hobson. The Capt. then begged my pardon and was afterwards very polite and exceedingly friendly towards me. He afterwards told me that he was terribly mortified for the way he treated me, but that he had often suspected me of being a Rebel spy on account of me being away from the regiment so much. And when he caught me that night he thought he had a plain case against me and would be justified in

killing me.

When I had rested only a day and night, Col. Weatherford said he had heard from a citizen that the Confederate Col. Hulman had moved from his camp to near Bairdstown toward Albany, and he would like to locate him and learn what he was going to do.

So I crossed the river near Center Point and took the Bairdstown road and stayed that night within four miles of Bairdstown with a Mr. Smith who lived two miles off the main road. I stayed with him before and knew him well. He was a Union man and kept well posted. He was well liked by his neighbors, most of whom sympathized with the south, but Ferguson's guerillas, some of whom lived near by had tried hard to pick a quarrel with him.

When I rode up to his house that evening his wife told me he had just left to pilot some Confederate soldiers across the knobs to their camp. They had taken the wrong road and got lost. He soon returned and told me that we would have to lay out that night as Ferguson and his men were at the Confederate camp. It was a little over two miles across the hills on a creek. That they would be foraging through the country before morning, and as some of them lived near him, and knew him to be a Union man, they would be sure to come to his house.

After putting two of his little children on guard to warn us if anyone approached, we ate supper. I gave Mrs. Smith a five-dollar greenback to make her more diligent. She fixed us up a lunch and gave us a pot of coffee to take with us. Mr. Smith told her that if anyone came, to tell them that he was over at the Confederate camp.

We took my horse and went up a long hollow among some high cliffs where we built a fire to keep our coffee warm and sat down to talk over what had passed since we last met. Both he and I had a great deal to tell each other. I had often stopped with him before and he knew my true character. He often had been to our camp and had given us a great deal of information, especially at one time, which led to the capture of the notorious guerilla, Col. Hamilton, near Salina. We had no secrets to keep from each other.

We spent the night smoking, eating and talking. Early the next morning we heard Mrs. Smith away down the hollow calling cows. "Listen," said Smith, "that means something."

He went down the hollow until he saw she was only hunting us to bring us our breakfast. She said that Champ Ferguson and three other men came soon after we left and stayed until nearly midnight waiting for him to come home. That she knew they watched the house until nearly daylight as she heard them whispering and tramping around.

I told him that I was trying to find out whether the Confederate troops had been moved towards Albany. He assured me that none had been moved to Calf Creek, on account of there being more wood and water there.

When we had eaten our breakfast and Mrs. Smith had left us, we went upon a hill where we could see their camps.

Sure enough, when we reached the hilltop there, not a half mile away in a little creek bottom, were the white tents and covered wagons of a whole brigade of cavalry. We sat for hours and watched dozens of squads drilling and companies maneuvering. We then went back down to where we had stayed all night among the cliffs. Mrs. Smith was there with our dinner and feed for my horse.

After eating I bade them goodbye and left for Center Point as I had found out all that was required of me. I avoided the direct road as much as possible during the afternoon fearing I would meet the Confederate patrol.

As I stood on the hill surveying the road which I could see for some distance, the patrol numbering at least one hundred men passed me going the same way I was going. If I had taken the road a little sooner and traveled at a reasonable gait I would have had a clear road and been in no danger. But now I was in their rear and could do nothing but follow them which was easy enough while daylight lasted. Soon night set in and I had to follow very cautiously.

In passing a house I ran upon a dozen or more horses hitched to the front fence. Some of the command had stopped, but I knew from the number of horses that the main body of the command was still in front of me.

Two men were with the horses, one of which was evidently an officer, as he accosted me saying, "You had better spur up a little, sonny, if we were going the other way it might not be healthy for you to be lagging behind this way. You must catch up with the command and try to stay up."

Of course, I spurred up. I thought, Holy Moses, what will become of me between the command and the rear guard? If that officer could have seen me by daylight he would have seen that my hair was all standing on end. But, I hurried along and soon came up near the end of the main column, so near that I could hear all that was said.

I heard their commander order them to keep close up and not to speak above a whisper, for we are going as far as the river tonight, if we are not attacked before we get there.

I well knew he would not reach the river as Weatherford had been sending a batallion across the river every night by

order from Gen. Hobson, which had been given nearly two weeks before. On we went at a lively walk without a sound except the thud, thud of the horses feet. We were traveling a dark hollow, and as it widened I knew from the thick woods that we were nearing the Cumberland River.

We passed a cabin where I thought our batallion, if across the river, ought to be, when a loud voice cried out from the darkness, "Halt."

This was answered by a blaze from the advanced guard of the Confederate cavalry which seemed not to be over one hundred yards in advance of the main column, when it should have been a quarter of a mile. A few scattering shots from our pickets was all that came from the Union side, and the Confederate commander ordered his men in line of battle.

I got out to one side of the road just as the rear guard charged past me and went into line with their comrades. The whole column then commenced advancing towards the river. As I could not climb the hill on either side of the hollow, I got back into the road, thinking I would go back until I could scale the hills.

Just as I started back a flash of fire came from the Union side that reached from hill to hill, and the bullets whistled thick around me. A scattering fire from the Confederates brought another volley from the Union side. "Forward," and soon the Confederates were in full retreat, every fellow for himself.

I was mixed up among them and was afraid to stop for the hollow as the air was full of flying bullets. On we went for over a mile, when I ran my horse into a small hollow that came into a large one.

One fellow said, "Don't go in there, they will get you."

I was in the advance of the fleeing Confederates when I went into the hollow. The rear, which contained a large majority of the column was apparently very cool, as their commander formed them just after passing the hollow in which I was concealed and kept the Union troops at bay for twenty minutes

This was as far as our troops followed them. I came out and surrendered myself to Major Hurt, of the 13th cavalry. He had been instructed by Weatherford that I was out, and received me very kindly.

When I got back, Jake had been arrested by three men from Tenn., for horse stealing, and notwithstanding, we had two horses taken from Confederate soldiers, with Confederate saddles and branded, C.S.

Jake had been arrested by the civil authorities from Tenn. but, Col. Weatherford held him as a suspected spy. This was done, however as a ruse to prevent the civil authorities of Tenn. from taking him away until the matter could be explained to Gen. Hobson, who was then on his way up the river from the Johnson raid.

In the trial which followed Gen. Hobson's arrival, Dud Burton, an old attorney known well in this county, was employed to defend Jake.

The examining trial was held at Burksville. I was summoned as the only witness for Jake. They proved by two witnesses that they saw Jake and me with the two horses between the picket post and the river on the night the horses were taken.

They had never attempted to have me arrested, though one of the horses were found in my possession, which I refused to give up until I was ordered to do so by Gen. Hobson.

One of the witnesses was the Irishman that was on videt the night we crossed the river. When pressed closely, they acknowledged that the two horses, bridles and saddles they had identified were the property of the Confederate army. But their attorney stated that no citizen had any more right to steal a horse from an army, than from an individual.

Then Burton claimed that the civil authorities had no jurisdiction in the case. I was called to the stand and stated that I took the two horses in controversy, together with bridle and saddles, from a church lot in Salina, Tenn., on the night mentioned, and that Jake had nothing to do with them other than to ride the one I gave him.

I also stated that I knew the two witnesses, and that both of them were Confederate soldiers. This was a stunner and caused some excitement. Witnesses and lawyers consulted with each other for some time.

When the committee decided that the case was not a civil one, and that he had no jurisdiction on the case, both lawyers, sheriff and two witnesses started to leave the court room. Lieut. Hughes, who was acting provost marshall, arrested the two witnesses as prisoners of war. Jake was set free. When the prisoners were reminded that they were liable to be held as spies, being caught within our lines in disguise, they confessed their identity and were sent north to prison.

Jake ventured back home as I learned afterwards, and was killed by Ferguson's band of guerillas in December.

It had now been only about three weeks since I left Gen. Hobson at Canton, Tenn., and it seemed to me at least three months, as I had traveled many miles, through hills and hollows on foot, besides peddling for over a week in the

Confederate camp. We now started on the road to Saltsville, Va. which I have already narrated as best I could.

Thanking my readers for their patience and interest, I now close, hoping to give you the second Saltsville raid at some time in the near future.