

Abe Lincoln

Lincoln had bin elected President. The people gone wild, mad, or crazy. Everthing like comen sence had taken its flight from the earth. You could not reason with a man on the subject. If you did not agree with him, you was a trator.

I look back to those days and it does seame to me the people was in extream ignorants. We had no railroads, no free schools, thar ware not one man in ten that taken a newspaper.

The Legislature had adjourned to take a vote on cession. I had a Uncle that was a member of the State Sinate. (Willis Jones). He opposed Cession. Fletcher, hoo got to be Govern in time of the war, advertised in a paper that was edited at Arkadelphia that he would meet the citizens of my Uncle Willis Jones District advocating Cession. They met at two of the places on the way. Willis Jones was arrested and kept under guard till the election was over. The news went out he was hung. I was at a muster when a man rode up that had bin in the upper end of the County. Someone asked the news. He sayd it was good, they had hung Willis Jones. Someone present hollowed, "Hoo-Raw fur that!"

At this I lost my head and furgot all my Sunday School lessons, curst evry man that rejoyce at his deth. I wished them a safe trip to that place where they don't keep ice in stock.

In a few days, I had the honor of a commity to wate on me or some men that represented a vigilance commity hoo sayd the commity had past on my case and they had come to tell me the desicion of the gentlement. It was simply this, I had ten days to wind up and go North, or go to a limb.

Jane's Consumption

My wife was in the last stage of consumption. She wanted me to be with her at all times.

I toald the gentlemen they could find me at home anytime, but the damed man that come to run me off would get the contents of my gun. No damed set of scandalous could make me leave my wife at this time.

I trid to learn hoo the commity was. They would not tell me. They had come down by my wife's Uncle Bob Box's and tould thire business. He toald them the condition of my wife and to approach me in as mild of manor as possible. When they left I went back into the house. I had a oald musel-loading rifle and a bar or two of led. I went to rounding up bullets, thinking that if they fooled with me, I would kill the hole Confedracy.

Uncle Bob come in and asked if I was going hunting. I toald him as I had to set round the house, I was getting all of my led together. I didn't want my wife to know what was taking place so I tried to be as com as possible. When he started to leave, he motion me to go out with him. We walked a ways from the house, then set down and started to whiddle. He asked what I was going to do. I sayd I was going to stay home and see after Jane as long as she lived. He sayd, he would try to work this thing out fur me. He wanted me to stay with Jane and he would be back in a day or two.

I was in miserly not knowing what was going to take place. However, I tried to be cheerful with Jane and played with the children.

Uncle Bob came back the second day, saying he tried to get me off but couldn't. However, they assured him if I would join a company, the Capt.

would give me a furlo until my wife got better or died.

Thar was a company making up in the mountains at my oald settlement. I wrote the Capt. to put my name down, also ask him to let me off till things got better at home.

To my surprise, he sent me a furlough. Well, the more I thought over the matter, the mader I got. I had said a hundred times that, if the people brought on war, they could fight it, I would stay at home.

In a few days the election came on to see if the State would secede. Uncle Bob advised me not to go to the election. I tould him I was going to vote if I was shot into doll rags doing it, and I went.

Thar was a oald man in the settlement by the name of Mok. He was seventy five or eighty years oald. He had fought in the war of 1812. He asked me how I was going to vote. I toald him.

“Well, thank God, thar will be two sensible votes given here today,” he said. He was proud thar was one man that had nerve to vote his conviction. (Most of the voters ownd slaves)

Well, my wife grew worse bey the day. She wanted to go to her father’s, so I fixed her as comforable as possible and took her. He lived on the military road in what was known as Meek’s settlement.

It may be infered, as I have spoken so little of my wife, that I was not devoted to her, but thar was no man that could have loved his wife more than I did mine. I can look back and see how patience she bore her affliction, how hopeful she would get well, and plan what we would do when she got well. She had great plans fur our two children and was the best of a mother to them. She looked after me as if I was some King. She possessed all the accomplishments

It takes to make a noble wife and mother.

I had nine Doctors with her. The first and last dun all they could do to restore her helth. This was not destined to be. It was the will of God that we should live together a little over three years.

It was but a few days after we got to her father's till she grew worse. I sean the end was near. My wife would not let anyone wate on her but me, so I never was sound asleep. The weight of her hand on my head would wake me up. It had bin six weeks since I had pulled off my clouse to go to bed. All the sleep I had, I got seting in a chair with my head on her bed.

She past away without a strugle, but, oh, how hard it was to give her up. Surely one so good and kind is received in that upper and better world of God's. She was biered at a church house at four o'clock in the afternoon.

It was fifteen milds to where my Mother lived; I went thar that night, leaving my babes with Jane's father, until I could think things out. I rested fur two days. The third day I went and got my children and what little household goods I had and brought them to my Mother's. I then made a trip to my place and sold it fur seven hundred dollars, taken it out in "Arkansas War Bonds."

I had something near two hundred hogs on the range. I turned them over to Calvin Easley on the shears. I had fortytwo Spad Sows and barrows that was over a year oald. Also had some he was to kill and sell, then send the money to my mother, healping her to take care of my children the next winter. The mast failed that fall and they failed to get fat, so he was going to try to hold them over till the next year and sell them before winter come again. The conscript law was past and he was forsed

into the Army and never lived to get home, so my hogs was turned loose and Mother never received a cent fur them.

I got back to Mother's to find Uncle Ben Davis (her brother) was thar. He wanted to know what I thought about the War. I toald him we would get one of the damndest whippins any-body ever got. He wanted to know why I thought so. We had rebeld against the Goverment and the North would be reconcile bey all the civil Goverments of the World and they had the men and the means to carry on war, we didn't.

He then sayd, "You have taken the broadest view of the war of any man I have tolkd to. Why did you voluntary?"

I tould how it had all come about and used some cuss words in telling it.

His son and my brother was in the same company together. I knew they would be coming after me, as the word about my wife must have reached them bey now, so I got everything ready fur a early start the next morning. When I lay down that night, I taken my little girl on my arm. I didn't sleep at all. To think the children had jest lost thar mother and I was going to war and this may be the last time I would ever take that sweet child in my armes, was almost more than I could bare. A while before day, I rolled her little body off my arme, got up easy and got my horse. I didn't want to have to tell any of the family good-bye, so left them all asleep.

Sworn Into Confederacy

At daylight I was several miles on my way to war, wishing I knew what would happen to my children. Several miles up the way there was a man by the name of Gee that had two boys in the same company, so we rode together. He was going to bring my horse back to Mother's for me. I was in Capt. J. W. Hanson's company. Tattys Battalion there was 3 companies -- Capt. Murf's, Capt. Hadley, and Capt. Payne.

I reported to Capt. Hanson. He sent me over to have a medical examination. My height was 5 ft. 9 in.

I weighed out at 145 lbs. Complexion dark, hair black with brown eyes. The Dr. took my chest measurement. He wrote on the card I was one of the best proportion men he had examined in the outfit. I was then sworn in. That was one oath that was a struggle for me to swallow. It was for one year.

Gee had sold his horse and wanted to ride mine back but wanted to take his saddle, so I tried to sell mine. The Commissary Sargent was allowed a horse and wanted a saddle so I tried to sell him mine. He would not offer me anything like half its worth, so I told him I would hunt some good man and give it to him before I would have the name of selling it at that price. A friend said I could store it in an old house in town. I took it down there. I did not know the Sargent followed me. He went into the house and got it, several of the boys seeing him take it. The Sargent lived between the Rock and De Valls Bluff. He had got a overnight pass to go by home, and was going to meet us at White River the next day. It was but a few days till we got orders to go to Kentucky. Went to De Valls Bluff, Ark. on White River and there chartered a steamboat for Columbia.

We started on the march for White River. The

weather was warm and we had dry canteens. So up in the day we stopped to get water. We was marching down a little creek and I was in the rear of the Command. Instead of the Captain letting us get water bey next one up, they commenst braking the men off bey platoon at the head, letting them get water then take their places back in line. I sean that it would be some time before I would get water, so I thought I would step down and get me a drink.

The Colonel sean me and asked where I was going. I toald him to get a bit of that water. He then hollowed fur me to get back in line. I spoke and sayd, "As soon as I get water, I will do that, Sir."

He then yelled, "Get back you dam scoundred or I will have you bound and gaged on the spot!"

Since I had no gun in my hand, I had no chose but to go back. I honestly beleave if I had a gun, thar would have been one less Colonel to put up with in our outfit. Just to think that a man could talk to me in that manor and I could not help myself, made me sick. Up to this ungodly war I did not have a enemy in the world that I knew of. Now it seamed if I had any friends, they were North of the Mason Dixon Line.

The night before we got to the Bluff, the Sargent that had my saddle, rode into camp. I went up to him, asking why he had taken my saddle. He then acted dumb, denyeing it. I give him the lye with a handle to it.

At this thar was two or three men jumped up and sayd, "Don't let him come here and give our Sargent the lye, knock him down and I will stomp him."

They began rushing up around me. I had backed some five feet away when a friend Zek Whitley, seeing the tight I was in, come to my relief with a

pistole in each of his hands. He toald them to stand back or he would fire into them. Bey then Capt. Payne had got thar, had ordered me and Zek arrested. We refused to submit.

Then Capt. Hanson was walking up, asking me, "What is going on?"

I tould him the Sargent had stold my saddle and wanted to whip me because I wanted my pay fur it. Capt. Hanson sayd they should not arrest us. Capt. Payne sayd he would and have us punished fur coming into his company and raising a row. Capt. Hanson sayd they would have to whip his company first. At this both Captains hollowed fur ther men to fall in line with ther guns. The men bounded into line, faceing each other not more than twenty foot a-part. (Ihad my eye on the lyeing Sargent.) The Colonel come up on the ded run to see what was the matter. He preposed to hold on and investigate the matter.

I proved the Sargent had taken my saddle. They give me eight dollars fur a \$15.00 saddle, however I got \$25.00 worth of experance out of it. So guess I come out prity well.

We soon got to White River, went a-board the boat. Each company was assigned thar quarters. Ours was on the hurricane deck and we were allowed to mix with the other companys. This was the last days of October 1861. We went out at the mouth of White River and up the Mississippi past Memphis. Here we stayd three hours. I got a pass and tuk in the town. Before we got to Columbus we met a snow storm, with us on top of the boat and not a thing to protect us from the wind. When we got

thar we was marched out to the top of the Bluff to Camp.

The snow was 6 ft. deep. We had but one tent in the command and that was the commissary tent. We had no wood, so we scraped the snow off of the ground and spread down fur the night.

The next day we gethered wood, builded a fire and kept warm till our tents come in. The men began to take the measles and pneumonia. In less than six weeks, we had lost twenty one men, two of them being my cousins (William Davis and Hansford Ewing.) We baired them on top of the Bluff.

This was the best fortified place I have ever sean. Thar was one hundred heavy peaces of artilary pointed up the river with 3,000 effective men. It look like if the North ever got it, they would pay dear fur it, but they tuck it without firing a gun.

General G. J. Pillow was in command. He sent a regiment of troops across on the west side of the river. General Grant was at Cairo. He sean a chance to capture them, so he got three steamboats and enough men on them. He run down and landed out of range of the guns on the Bluff, then attack the Confederates.

General Pillow, seeing this, commenst sending troops to support his men as fast as three boats could carry them.

General Grant, seeing the acts of General Pillow, made a run fur his boats. And not a bit too soon. Fifteen minutes more and he never would have bin President.

This was his first fight. The next was at Ft. Donelson. That's what give him fame.

Well, I will give two little incidents that tuck place while here. Thar was ten in our mess. The boys got

prity rough, however we had one good pious man bey the name of Stegale. He drew up articles of a-greement. Any man useing language that would not be becomming before a lady while in the tent, was to pay of fine of not more than 25c or under 5c. This money was to be appropriated fur the benefit of the mess. We all signed it, then elected officers and all it takes fur a business deal.

The boys had all payed fines but me, some of them two or three time. Not that I was any better. I had kep a clouser watch on myself.

One day we went out on dress parade, had our bayonets, our guns and all it takes to make a well dressed soldier. The Major come riding a-long. Jest as he got opposite me his horse stumbled and he commenst whipping his horse with the horse running backward. The boys broke line and let him pass through. He come to me. I planted my bayonet and his horse run against it, cutting a bad gash in his thigh.

The Major commenst cursing me. I returned it in the same language. He then sayd he would have me bound and gagged. I daired him to try it, telling him I was doing my duty, he was acting a dam-fool. He then sayd if I would hush and not say another word, he would fur-git it. So I agreed.

The boys never sayd anything till we got to camp. Then some-one sayd "That the Major got hot about that gash you cut in his horse."

I was all swelled up, jest ready to explode, and I commenst to cust the Major. The boys started counting. When I stopped, I had curst out \$1.00 worth. I was the treasury, so I ask them what they wanted to do with the money. They sayd they would take it out in apples. Thar happen to be a load in camp, so I bought a bushel. We shore enjoyed

eating them. They wouldn't care if the Major tried to run his horse over me every day if they could get the apples.

On Christmas a lot of us got a wall tent and practic some acts, had a concert to pass off some time. I had taken a part in several acts. The last one I was to black my face and dance a jig. We had a few planks in the back end of the tent fur a platform. We had a wageon sheet fur a curtain. The music commenst, the curtain raised and I commenst dancing.

Some of the boys pushed Lt. Thomas and blaimed it on a nigger boy on the platform. Thomas, seeing the nigger in thar, run in and knocked him down. They rolled off the platform. He started beating the nigger with a club, having the nigger's back up against the platform. The thought struck me I could knock Thomas down so easy. The thought and the lick come together. I threw my weight against him, striking him in the back of the head. He went down on top of the nigger. I then went out and washed.

Thomas went around with a stiff neck fur a week or so. I had a broken finger. (Still shose the sign of the lick today.) However, I didn't say anything about the finger as they had fifteen of us a-rested to find out hoo had knocked the Lieutenant down. Nobody give me away. Still thar was twenty that could have swore they saw me hit him. It was lucky fur me. Had I bin reported, no-telling what the penalty would have bin. The last would have bin digging up stumps fur months or so, however it may have bin worth it as Thomas never done anyone rite. I often wondered what happen to the ould boy.

Thar was a lot of us put a-board a train to Ft. Donelson as fast as steam could take us. However, we got a telegram that the Ft. had surrendered. We

reversed the steam and come back like oald nick was bringing up the rear.

I taken the measles. They went prity lite with me. I wasn't sick enough to go to bed, so I reported fur duty and was detail to haul water. It was vary cold. We had to go a mile and a half. Bey the time we got back the barrel was sheted over with ice and thar was two barrels to each company. I worked till I got hot unloading them, went and set down in the tent. In less than ten minets I could not speak a-bov a whisper. My lungs seamed to close up and I had to struggle fur breath.

In a few days I was sent to Memphis hospital. I was so weak I could hardly walk and my stomach was so sensitive that the vary sent of food would make me throw up. I begged the Doctor to let me have food that would agree with my stomach, but he said I would get all right in a few days. In other words, he didn't knock himself out to git me well. So it went on fur three days. The minute I got to the table I would have to jump up and rush to the door to throw up.

The head cook was a Scotch lady. It was posted all over the place to keep out of cook's rooms. But I run the gauntlet and went into the head cook's room. She ordered me out at once. I held up my hand and told her the condition of my stomach. I had money to give the one that saved my life. If I could git something that would agree with me, I would get well and if I died her and the Doctor would be responsible far my death. She then asked me what I thought I could eat. I told her if I could get some corn-bred and sweet milk I thought I could keep it down. She told me to go back and at eleven o'clock to come down and she would have it ready, but not to let anyone see me come to her room.

So when the clock commenst striking, I commenst stepping. She had it ready. I asked her what she charged. She sed all she charged was not to come back anymore. I then said that was the worst charge she could have made far me. I threw a half dollar on the table and started out. She then sayd, "Come at eleven tomorrow," so I did.

She had her dinner on the table, so she set down, asked about my family and where I was from. What I thought about the war. I gave her my sentiment in full and they happen to fit hers. I left 50c more, got an invertation to breakfast. From that time on, I got three meals a day without money in her room. I always thought that first half dollar saved my life. (I got prity chummy with the Scotch lady.)

The Doctor caught me seeing the Scotch lady, ordered me to stay out of her room, but bey this time I had enough of the place and was ready to go back to the command.

I found them at Iseland No. 10. They had left Columbus and fell down to the Iseland and fortifid it. Thar was 100 heavy pieces of artilary pointing up the river. This Iseland was below Lexington, Kantucky in the middle of the Mississippi river.

General Foote had let down two milds off the Iseland, anchord his gun boats across the river, was throwing shells on the Iseland and continued far two weeks after I got back. The Federals had got below on the west side of the river and cut off our communication from below.

One dark rainey night, the Federals prepaired two steamboats. Having all light shaded, they silently dropped down. Jest as they were going bey the Battery, the sut caught fire in the chimney and leaped up ten foot hight, revealing them to the men at the Battery. The long role was beat on the drums.

The men rushed out. The Battery opened up and the rain was coming down in solid sheets. Believe me, it was dark as Egip. The boats got clear without a scratch.

The next day our battalion was sent across on the east side at Tipton Ville. We had a telescope and we could watch the Federals through the day, but that night they commenst running troops across on the lower end of the Iseland and at daylight they ordered surrender. The Confeds could not bring ther guns to bair. They surrendered 3,000 men. 100 heavy peaces of artelary fell into the hands of the Federals.

The Mississippi river was at its high water mark, running a-round through Reelfoot Lake, with us between the lake and the river. As soon as the news reached us, "The Iseland has surrendered," we set out to make our escape. We had six milds of overflow water to wade. (It was the 9th day of April.) The water was ice cold and from knee-deep to waist deep. The sloughs we had to cut trees to make foot logs. It tuck us all day. The last slough was in a half mild of the steamboat. We had to cut two or three trees down here to get a-nuff to get across. The last one stood right on the bank, had to cut it all from one side. When it fell, it jumped the stump and fell into the water and most of it sunk, with the top reaching the other side of the bank. We had only one ax, so tuck turns. I was trying to clear brush away to see how deep the tree had sunk when the ax slipped out of my hands and into the slough.

At this the boys commenst cursing. So, knowing every fellow was far himself and I had bin through worse places than that, I started looking out fur myself. I got holt of some cane and let myself down into the water till I felt the log. It was about two foot

under the water. I steadled myself and commenst to wade across on the log. I had not got far till I felt someone strike the log, looked back and saw the hole command was crossing the same way. As soon as I was across I made tracks far the boat. I found it waiting far us. I was some ways a-hed of the others. As I went aboard, I met the Pilot. He knew me, asking, "Is this John N. Jones?" As I answered, I figured out where I had met him was on the Washitow river.

Then he asked if a drink of whiskey would not be good far me. I remarked, "If it wouldn't, thar is a failure in the stuff."

He reached far my canteen and filled it, saying, "Take a drink."

I did not fite it. Took it very quick.

We stood and talked far sometime. I taken another drink or two. Buy this time it was beganing to effect my head. I told him I had better lye down or fall down prity soon. He got a dry blanket and tarp. I lay down, looked up to see the top of the boat was spinning like a top. I tried to fix my heding a little but found by neck was so limber I could not rase my hed up. I was drunk.

The next thing I recollect we were floting down the river near Fort Pillow. I felt like I could drink the river dry. Now don't get into your head this was a comen thing with me, fur it was not. This is the only time in life I ever had whiskey a-nuff to make me stager. This time I did not stager far I could not get up to stager. I say then and thar, "Never again!"

We had a time trying to get something to eat, as we had to leave everything only what we could carry on our backs in order to get away.

My cough grew worse. We were ordered out between the Forked Deer and Hatchie Rivers. We

had orders to go to Memphis. By this time I was hardly able to walk. We had no commander so the Capt. toald me to take over, with a fellow bey the name of Fowler helping me. We come across some soldiers cooking fish. They seam to have planetary bey cooking a little more. We had not eaten in two days. Even tho the fish was good I could see that Fowler was eating too much. We did not go fur till he got sick and got so bad till he sayd fur me to go on and git someone to come back after him. I dun so but got thar jest as they were huling in the stage plank, had to hurry to get aboard, so this was the last time Fowler was ever heard from.

When we got to Memphis I was sent to the Hospital. I suffered far two weeks. The rite lob of my loungs rose and evry time I breathed it sent a pain through my brest that was all I could bair. The Doctor paid no attention to me, but one day a lady came into the room. She asked the Doctor hoo was the lowest patient he had. He pointed to me. She come to the bunk and she had a little wine and cake, so I drank the wine. She toald me that she would come every day. If it hadn't been fur that kind lady, I wouldn't be here today, as she gave me some nourishment.

The Confederats was fixion to give up the place, so all the sick got furlows. I was put a-board a steamboat far Little Rock, Ark. On board I got acquainted with a man bey the name of Armstrong. He was in better shap than me. When we landed at the Rock and they began to call the sick into line in order to march them to the hospital, we fell in the rear far we had made it up not to go to the hospital to be left to die.

As we were marching to the hospital through town, we dodged into a alley and struck strate far

home. We had to travel slow as we were so weak. We traveled all day and only got two miles out of town. The first night we staid all night with a widow Black. Here Armstrong came vary near killing himself drinking buttermilk. The good women worked with him all night. The next morning a man came along driving a hack. We haled him, found out he was going to Rockport. That was Armstrong's home, so we hire the man to take us with him.

The first part of the road was muddy and he drove slow. I was standing it fine when we come to a long slant down hill that was rocky. He struck a trot. It set me to coughing. I doant think I could have stood it 50 yards futher. I finally got him to stop. I wanted to git out. I toald Armstrong I would stop at some house till I got better, far him to go on. He did not want to leave me, but he could not walk and had better stay with his ride.

I was so weak and sick I jest layed in the road fur a-while. My head was drawed to one side. I was wheezing far every breth while lyeing here. A man come a-long leading a horse, going to Little Rock after a brother that was sick. He knew my brother Alford. He offered to take me but I was too sick, however he helped me on the horse and tuck me to the next house.

The lady sayd I could stay thar till her husband got home. I went in and lay down in a room. She come in every few minits to look about me. I could see she was uneasy. It was jest about night. I had dropped off to sleep. The man had come in. When I commensed to cough and the abses on my lungs broke, my mouth filled with puss and I began to struggel far breath. One Mr. Smith saved my life bey coming in and turning my head off of the bed so I could spit up. I will always be grateful fur him. He

stayed with me all night, telling me later that he didn't think I would live thru the night.

The next morning I was feeling so much better I wanted to go on. I wanted to hire a horse or buggy. He sayd he didn't have one. However he had a nigger that had a gental mule, so I give the nigger a dollar to take me as far as he could to get back that night. We got out his mule and started but we had to go in a slow walk and would have to get down and rest evry little bit. We got fifteen milds. It was gitting late. I toald him to go back. Thar was a house jest ahead, I amed to stay at.

I jest got up to start when I sean the man coming that past me with the lead horse. (That knew my brother Alford.) His brother left the hospital before he got thar, so they missed each other.

He had a cousen that lived eight milds futher on and he wanted to go thar that night. I was all ready giv out but I toald him I would try to make it, so he helped me on the lead horse. Jest before we got thar, it started to rain and we got as wet as drouded rats. When we got thar I was so completely giv out I could not stand on my feet. When I got off my horse, I went to the ground broad side in the mud and I could not get up till I was carried in the house.

The good woman was so nice to me. She wanted to know what I could eat. I didn't want anything. She thought some chicken soupe would be good far me, so she killed a chicken, and before she went to bed we had soupe.

Well, we got to Hot Springs late that night. I thought that Doctor Alecxanda Clingman lived thar, but he had moved and thar was no Doctor thar. I was resting on the street, trying to figure out what to do. First time in my life I couldn't do fur myself, and myself was about done far.

Seeing a oald man bey the name of Fought passing the street, I motioned to him to come over. He did, and finding out hoo I was, he sayd I had to go home with him. He was a horse back. He walked and I rode his horse. He lived on the Washitow River. When I got thar, it seamed the oald lady could not do a-nuff far me. She said I had to stay thar till she could Doctor me up, but the next day McDannel come up far the oald man to help him ferry some wageons across the river, saying it was the last time he was going to cross till he repaired his boat.

I toald the oald man I would go with him to the river, so I went along when the wageons went a-board. I crald under one and lay down and they never knew I was thar till the wageons drove out. When Pete McDannel found out hoo I was, he dun all he could to get me to go back to his house, promising to send me home in a few days. I toald him I was across the river and had better go on.

It was three milds to the first house and he and the oald man said I coulden get thar, let alone home.

They helped me to the top of the bank, bid me good-bye. I started on my way. Had not got a half mild till I sean a man setting down in the road, working at something. When I got to where I could make him out, I knew him. It was a man in my outfit that was playing the fiddle when I nocked the Lutenant down. He was knocking the spoks out of a wagon hub in order to take it home to fill.

He was talking to the man that owned the broken wageon and as strange as it may seam, he was telling this vary story about our Christmas blow-out.

He never sean me till I taken holt of him. He did not reckonis me at the start. When he toald the man I was the one that nocket the Lut. down, he toald

Burrow he had mayd one mistake. Burrow asked what it was. He sayd, "You sayd the man that nocked the Lut. down was a stout man, that he come vary near unjointing his head with his fist. This man can't kill a grasshopper."

Well, I went home with Burrow that night. He sent me to brother Docks the next day. Dock was not at home and thar was no way far me to go on to Mother's. I was getting so anchous to see my children. The mail didn't catch up with me, so I had not heard from home in over a year.

Luck was with me this time, as one of Capt. Hanson's niggers come up. I recognized her and asked if she would go back home and tell Capt. Hanson I needed a gentle horse, I was sick and trying to get home.

In about an hour, Hanson, Darrel Carpenter, and Jasper Robertson all come riding up in a lope. They was glad to see me but couldn't beleave it was me, as the report got out that I was dead.

There was not enough strength in me to return thar excitement, however I was very greatful they thought that much of me. They helped me on the horse, with me telling them to come to see me when I was stronger. So I struck out far home.

Met My Babes

I had not gone more than a mile till I met my Mother and sister. They were on their way to see Capt. Hanson, to learn the details of my death. Knowing who they were, I tried to make myself known but could not talk, so, taking off my hat and waving it, I finally got them to stop. They could not believe their eyes. My sister caught hold of me, giving me a pull. I came to the ground as helpless as a baby. They both pulled on me, crying and laughing and kissing all at the same time. The fall and the excitement they gave me, come very near finishing me.

I could not get back on my horse and they could not help me, so we staggered along the road till we came to a log. I got on it and crossed it till I got to where it was high enough to put my leg over the horse.

I got in the house and met my babes. Language fails to give me words of the joy of that meeting. They had grown so much while I was away fighting that unnecessary war, it brought tears to my eyes. I had gone through more hardships than I thought was possible for a man to endure.

My friends commenced to come in to see me. My two brothers that was Doctors checked me over. Alford thought that was a chance for me to get well but Willis thought my lungs to be badly afflicted.

Seven days after I got home, Parson Dennington came calling on me. He had seen several men from the war that had told conflicting stories about the war, now he wanted to hear mine. I assured him that I would give my opinion straight to the point, him starting it off by asking how long will it last?

"I don't know," I said. "The south is whipped

now, if she knew it.”

“What makes you think so?”

I then answered and went on and toold about the fall of Fort Donelson, Columbus, Memphis, the defeat at Shiloh. He spoke saying that I did not know what I was talking about. “The south is jest tearing them up!”

“Parson, I beg to differ with you. The sooner the south gives up, the better far her. It is now a hopeless case. She mit make a compromise now and save her niggers, but if she waits till she is subjugate they are lost, and ought to be. The fact is, she had rebeled against the Government and that of itself subjects all her property to confiscation.”

At this, he jumped up and sayd I was a trator and a coward, that he had once thought I was a truthful boy.

When he made this statement, I well acknowledge I went a little wild and sayd things that would not look well at Sunday School. He stomped out and toald the best thing the people could do far the country would be to hang me and it ought not be neglected. If I got well, my influance was such that I would do a heap of damage to the cause.

Well, I mended like a ginney pig. Soon got able to fish and hunt squirrels, taking my children with me as much as I could.

Different people toald me that the Parson was trying to git a mob to hang me. As this was up-setting my family, I thought I would help him git it over with.

I met his brother-in-law going down to the Parson's house, so I sent a message saying he was good-a-nuff to come to see me when I was sick, I would return the visit tomorrow. He could prepair fur his neck tyeing party. I was no coward. When I

got thar, he was gone. The word was, he had taken a churching job in another part of the county. I hoped he was sending out a better word than he had done in our end of the county.

The conscrip-law was past. Every man from 18 to 45 had to go to war. They were organizing companys all over the country, making speeches and telling the men they would get back home in time to make a crop as the war was jest about over, the boys would have to hurry or they would gain no laurels in the war.

When they organized a new company, Capt. Hanson had bin beaten fur Captain, so he was raising another company. This time it was calvary. My brother Joe and all of my oald associates were going into it. Since thar was no choise, I joined with them, staying at home with my little babes as long as I could.

The day we started was a sad one to me. We made the start from Capt. Hanson's house and thar was a big crowd to see us off. A good many of the boys seamed to be in high glea with singing and cutting all sorts of monkey shines. I thought, "Poor boys, many of you will never come back."