ESCAPE OF

Gen. John H. Morgan and Capt. Thos. H. Hines

FROM THE

OHIO PENITENTIARY, NOV. 27, 1863.

From Manuscript written January, 1864, by one of the Confederate Officers confined in the Penitentiary.

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The command of Gen. Morgan, now wearied down by the long march and exhausting fatigue, and a number of the men being unable to ride, he made but slow progress in comparison with his usual celerity of movements, and was overtaken by a largely superior force, when only within eight miles of the Pennsylvania line, and on the 21st of July, he surrendered to Gen. Shackelford. The terms of surrender were liberal enough. It was agreed that the officers should retain their side arms and their property; and it was further stipulated that they, with their men, should be packed and sent, without delay, through the Federal lines. Gen. Morgan and his officers were hurried to the headquarters of Gen. Burnside, at Cincinnati, and ushered into the presence of that august warrior, who positively and disdainfully refused to recognize the conditions as set forth in the articles of surrender, and ordered the seizure of all private property. Officers and men were accordingly searched, and every thing, except what they managed to conceal, was ruthlessly taken from them. The privates were sent to Camp Douglas, and a large number of officers were sent to Johnson's island, but were subsequently removed to the penitentiary at Alleghany City. Gen. Morgan, with seventy officers, including his staff, were conveyed to the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, at which place they arrived on the 30th of July and 1st of August, and were turned over to the State authorities. On their arrival at the penitentiary they were subjected to every indignity that malignant hatred and fiendish malice could suggest. The officers were treated like convicts, with the exception that they were allowed to wear citizens clothes. One by one they were stripped of their clothing, and put into a tub of dirty water. Thirty men being scrubbed and washed in the same water. The tonsorial art was now brought into requisition. Their beards were cut and shaved clean, and their hair cut so close that their heads had the appearance of having been shorn. They were put upon convict fare for the first day or two, but were afterwards allowed a little cold meat. No better illustration of the character of these yankees can be given than the recital of an incident which occurred during the confinement of these noble Confederates in the Ohio penitentiary. A convict, who had long been an inmate of the prison, was subject

to periodical attacks of insanity. While he was suffering from one of these attacks he was ordered out of his cell by the keeper, and refusing to obey, an iron hook, heated red, was thrust through his groins, and in this manner he was dragged from his cell. The excruciating pain caused him to grasp the hook with both hands, burning them to the very bones. In this condition he lingered a few days, and then died. This is but a plain, unvarnished statement of a fact, attested by Gen. Morgan and his officers, and occurring in the middle of the 19th century, among a people claiming to be a civilized, liberty-loving, God-fearing christian nation—boasting of "the best government the world ever saw!" "Oh, tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the strands of Askalon!" Capt. Buford A. Tracey, a member of Gen. Morgan's command, and a young gentleman of great natural worth, very innocently remarked that he very much doubted the possibility of a supplication reaching the throne of grace from such a wicked place, and through such numerous bars and bolts.

Capt. Hines says, after the General had undergone the scrubbing, shaving, and shearing process, he was conducted by the Warden of the penitentiary, with the most obsequious politeness, to a cell. On the way the Warden remarked to the General that he would furnish him a room more elegant than he had been accustomed to. Imagine then his feelings when the keeper, with his demoniac laugh, thrust him into a narrow, dark, and damp cell—a living grave! I can never think that the General, himself, with his unrivalled powers for expressing his own thoughts and feelings, could ever convey to one, who had never passed through the same ordeal, a just idea of his situation. Sixteen hours, out of the twenty-four, we were confined in the cells, and not permitted to recognize the presence of each other even by a whisper. The remaining hours of the twenty-four we were permitted, by his royal highness, the Warden, to promenade in the narrow hall in front of our cells, which was sixty feet in length, and twelve feet in width. We were forbidden correspondence with our friends, except of the most meagre nature, and that subject to the censorship of both civil and military authorities. Thus cut off from all intercourse with the world, through the press or by correspondence, we remained four months.

Major Webber, a member of Gen. Morgan's command, a native of Mississippi, and one of the most gallant and accomplished officers in the service, is now languishing in one of the horrid dungeons in this institution, for the most trivial offence. Sometime in September, 1863, Maj. Webber wrote to some friends in Kentucky, expressing a desire (and such were the feelings of every officer of the command) to remain a prisoner during the war, rather than our government should submit to the exchange of officers of negro regiments. This letter was sent through the regular channels, and for this offence he is now in solitary confinement in a loathsome dungeon. I am happy to hear that our government has taken this matter into consideration, and in retaliation placed Maj. White, of Pennsylvania Legislature, under similar treatment.

Gen. Morgan and his officers were confined in the east wing of the building, the cells of which consisted of solid stone masonry, six feet long, six feet high, and three feet wide, and formed the narrow passage mentioned before, and which was sixty feet long, and twelve feet wide. The cells were composed of five tiers, one above the other, with steps to reach them. The first and second tiers were occupied by Gen. Morgan and his officers, there being no other prisoners confined in this portion of the building. Gen. Morgan's cell was in the second tier, and Capt. Hines' about the center of the first tier. Thus encased in solid stone masonry and iron, an attempt at escape would have been to most minds as impossible, but with the bold and daring Hines, who had already braved so many dangers, and surmounted so many difficulties, nothing was impossible; he therefore determined to make his escape, and on the 3d of November, he matured, and communicated to Capt. Sam. Taylor, of Col. A. R. Johnson's 10th Kentucky Cavalry, a plan, if carried out, he was confident would prove entirely successful. Reasoning upon scientific and philosophical principles, and having closely studied the plan of the building, he came to the conclusion that the dryness of the cells was due to the air chamber beneath, and that by removing the cement and bricks, which constituted the floors of the cells, the air chamber underneath might be reached, and that by operating in this chamber, and undermining the foun-

dation, they might readily effect their escape. Captain Taylor was struck with the force of Hines' reasoning, and immediately entered into the plan with might and main. But tools must be procured with which to do the work. Hines knew we had some sick men in the prison, and when their food was sent to them, knives were also sent, he therefore determined to "press" those knives into service, and was fortunate enough to obtain two, which proved to be of remarkable good metal. The plan having been matured and the tools procured, General Morgan and four others were now let into the secret.

The General listened with the most profound and anxious attention, while Hines unfolded and explained to him his plan, the cause that had led him to adopt it, and the mode of proceeding. His mind grasped the whole matter in a moment, and he gave to it his most cordial and hearty approval. Everything now being ready, having determined to begin the work in his own cell, so that if he was detected, none would suffer by being incarcerated in the dungeon, save himself. On the 4th of November the work began. Hines detailed two men, at a time, to work in his cell, while the other prisoners promenaded the the hall for exercise. The details were relieved every hour, and worked from four to six hours every day. Hines kept a strict watch himself, and established a system of signals, which was explained to the operators—one knock on the floor of the cell, was the signal to commence work; two knocks, to stop, and three knocks, the alarm to come out. As the work progressed in Hines' cell he had the cement and bricks hid in his bed. The most complete system of guards had been organized by the authorities, composed of both civil and military, and they watched with eagerness every movement and action of our prisoners. Privileged convicts, too, were authorized to watch our men, and overhear their conversation; and every precaution was taken to prevent any attempt at escape. But, notwithstanding the most uninterrupted and dogged surveillance, the work went bravely on. The bedsteads, which were small iron stools, fastened to the wall with hinges, could be hooked up or allowed to stand on the floor, and to prevent any suspicion for several days before the work was begun, the men made it a habit to let them down and sit at their doors and read. Hines

superintended the work in part, and General Morgan assisted him in keeping watch, and, to divert the attention of the sentinel, whose duty it was to come around during the day and see if anything was going on wrong.

Having cut a space eighteen inches in diameter, through six inches of cement and six layers of brick, laid edge ways, they struck the air chamber, as Hines had predicted. They now removed all the rubbish, cement and bricks, from Hines' bed and cell, to the air chamber, and covered the hole in the floor, with a large carpet sack, which was in the cell. Hines, now furnished with a candle and match, went into the air chamber to reconnoitre—descending through the open space in the floor of his cell, he reached the air chamber—the opening above, having been covered with the carpet sack after his descent, he struck a match upon the wall of the air chamber, and for the first time since its construction, it was illuminated by the light. What must have been the feelings of that brave man as he crouched in that chamber, underneath the cells of the prison, making an exploration to see if, by any means, he and his noble comrades could make their escape. He found the chamber sixty feet long, three feet wide and three feet high. Not a ray of light had ever penetrated that dark passage until now, and there was not a crack or crevice by which it could be discovered from the outside. That candle was now throwing out its feeble light in that abrupt darkness. Hines saw that his herculean task had but commenced; on all sides was solid masonry, built in the most artistic and substantial manner—nor did the builders of those walls believe that any human being would ever have the daring courage to undertake this almost impossible task of cutting through the solid stone walls with any kind of tools, much less with two case knives. But Hines faltered not in his purpose; he directed the good work to go on. From this air chamber they cut through the wall of solid masonry, twelve feet in thickness; they undermined another wall, by cutting through fourteen feet of grouting, consisting of stone and cement, and then undermined the outer wall by cutting through five feet of graveled earth, which led them into the yard of the penitentiary. One day, while Hockersmith was down under the floor working away, the sentinel came around, and missing him, said:

"Where is Hockersmith." The General replied: "He is very home-sick," and to divert the attention of the sentinel, he immediately pulled a document from his pocket and said: "Here is a memorial I have drawn up to forward to the Government at Washington. What do you think of it?" The sentinel, highly flattered by the General's attention to him, took the document in his hand, and having scanned it very eagerly for several minutes before he deigned any reply, returned it to the General and expressed himself as very much pleased with it. In the meantime Hines had signaled Hockersmith to come up, and when he made his appearance complained of being very unwell. They found this sentinel to be the most dangerous obstacle in their way, because it was impossible to tell at what time he would make his appearance during the day, and at night it was his custom to come regularly, every two hours, to each cell and thrust a light through the bars of their door, to see that they were in their cells and asleep; and oftentimes, when he had made the tour of his round, he would noiselessly creep back in the dark, with a pair of India-rubber shoes on, to listen at the cells, and try to overhear what was going on. Gen. Morgan says the near approach of this man always produced in him a kind of magnetic shudder, but to be guarded against a surprise and detection, bits of coal were every morning sprinkled before the cell doors, so that when he stepped upon them they would produce a grating noise, and this warned them of their danger. Having now cut through the wall of solid masonry, and having undermined the outer walls, and worked the surface near enough to push up a small cane until it showed daylight, they made preparations to overcome the other difficulties. Let it here be understood that they struck the top of the earth, with their subterranean passage, just in the angle of the building, at a point that was not frequented, for had they cut so near the surface at any other point, and any person had walked on the spot, it would, in all probability, have caved in, and thus exposed their work and designs. It was now necessary to cut through the floor of the other cells, and, as the danger of detection would be much less by cutting up from the air chamber, it was determined to adopt that plan. But here another difficulty arose; the cells which they wished

to cut into were not adjacent, but far apart, and it was necessary that they should have some kind of means to determine exactly where to cut. The inventive mind of Hines was again brought into play. He raised a dispute with the keeper in regard to the length of the hall, and to settle the matter, and to prove that he was right, the keeper brought in a tape line, with which he measured the hall, and thus convinced Hines, and others, that he was right. Some of the officers engaged the keeper in conversation, during which he laid down his tape line, seeing which, Hines immediately pressed it into his service, as he had previously done with the case knives. Knowing the exact size of the cells, he dropped into the air chamber, and measured from the center of the hole in his cell each way, the proper distance for the other holes, and put the men to work digging through. While this part of the work was being performed underneath, they had Calvin Morgan, a brother of the General's, engaged in making a rope out of the bed ticks, for the purpose of scaling the walls. The work in the cells is finished; the rope seventy feet long is finished; a hook made out of a small iron poker is fastened to one end; a stone wrapped in a piece of cloth is tied to the other. It is the 24th of November, General Morgan descends to the air chamber, and traverses the subterranean passages, he closely examines everything and expresses his great surprise and delight to Hines, and immediately arranges for the escape on the night of the 27th. It was arranged to make their escape twenty-five minutes after midnight, knowing that the train left Columbus for Cincinnati at twenty-five minutes past one in the morning. It was determined that Captain Sam Taylor, who had a watch, should, at the given time, descend into the air chamber, and passing under the cells, touch each man as a signal to come forth, to prevent the making of any noise, which might disturb the quiet stillness of the night, and thus give alarm. All things having been arranged, they awaited with great anxiety the coming of the morrow. They most devoutly prayed that God might interfere in their behalf; they prayed that the day might bring with it rain; but, alas, the morning dawned bright and beautiful; towards evening, however, clouds began to appear, and trusting in a Merciful Provi-

dence for its interposition in their behalf, they watched with anguished hearts every movement before action, and to their great joy the probabilities were, it would prove a dark, if not a rainy night. The mail was brought into the prisoners—a letter was handed to General Morgan—he opened it, and to his surprise and wonder, he found it was from a poor Irish woman of his acquaintance in Kentucky, telling him that she felt sure he would attempt to make his escape from prison, and begging that, for his own sake, he would not make the attempt, for he would only be detected or recaptured, and made to suffer more than he now was. She then went on to speak of the General's great kindness to the poor when he lived in Lexington, and concluded by exhorting him to trust in God and patiently bide his time. At the same time a letter was handed to Hines, it was from his sister in Kentucky, informing him that it was generally believed by his friends, that he had effected his escape. What could this mean? Just on the eve of their escape, just as everything was made ready for them to risk everything for liberty and home, just as their prospects seem brightened, these letters are received from dear hearts in Kentucky, with their contents almost the very same, and coming through the regular prison channels. What, if suspicion should be aroused? But, no! from that strong prison, with its bolts and bars, and walls of solid granite, with its almost perfect system of guards and watches, with sentinels within and sentinels without, with fierce watch-dogs and iron walls, with its efficient gates of iron and wood, it was impossible that a prisoner could escape. So thought the keepers; so thought Lincoln and his Wardens, we will say. The hour approached for the prisoners to be locked up for the night, and the time had arrived when the General and Colonel R. C. Morgan must change cells. Having changed coats, each stood at the other's cell door, with his back to the turnkey, and pretended to be making up their beds. He did not detect the change, but locked them in. They slept on with golden dreams of hope and freedom—of home and friends. At the appointed hour Captain Sam Taylor descended to the air chamber, and forcing admittance to the cells, touched each man as the signal that the hour had arrived to go.

Knowing that the guards would be around every two hours

to examine their cells, they folded their bed clothes so as to represent the forms of sleeping men, and bidding farewell to their prison chambers, they descended to the air chamber beneath. As they moved cautiously and quietly along through the dark subterranean passage that they had dug, the General struck a match; its lurid glare dimly lighted that dark passage, but unveiled a sight, which can never be forgotten. Crouched down and slowly feeling their way, were seven men, with proud and defiant hearts, and "courage never to submit or yield," they resolved to be free or die in the attempt. They had entered into a solemn vow with each other to fight their way out if detected, or else perish in the attempt. The General was armed with a bowie-knife, made out of a corn knife, and the others were armed with rocks. Having reached the terminus of the passage, they removed the soft earth, then emerged into the yard, and breathed again the fresh air of heaven. Within ten paces of them stood three grim sentinels. It was now very dark and raining. "Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide" through the darkness towards the outer wall. Having been discovered by one of the prison dogs, who would not even let his keeper pass at night, he came bounding towards them with a low, but savage growl, and approaching within ten feet of them, barked once; and then, as if he was too noble to attack the brave men, who had sacrificed everything for their country, and who were now bearing such dangers, once more to gain their freedom, and to buckle on the armour of the soil in defense of home, country and liberty, he turned away and retired to his kennel.

Hurrying on they reached the wall safely at the east gate. It was a double gate, thirty feet high, one outside made of stone and iron and the other, inside, made of wooden cross-pieces and uprights, with open spaces between. Captain Taylor, who had the rope, now threw the stone attached to one end of it, over the top of the inside gate, the weight of the stone drawing down the rope.

Securing the hook to one of the uprights, one by one, the men climbed up to the top of the gate, and then easily mounted the top of the wall, taking the rope with them. Here they found a rope extending all around on top of the wall, which

the General immediately cut, suspecting, as he did, that it might lead into the Warden's room, and be attached to an alarm bell, which proved to be correct. They now entered the sentry box on the wall, and took off the clothes, which, to prevent them from getting soiled in passing through the passage, they had slipped over their other clothes. Securing the hook to the top of the wall, they let themselves down, and in so doing the General skinned his hand very badly, and some of the others were more or less hurt. Reaching the ground near a large post, with the gas burning almost as bright as day, and outside sentinels only a few paces off, the parties separated, Morgan and Hines together; the others to shape their own course as best they may. The General and Hines proceeded quietly to the depot to purchase tickets and take the train for Cincinnati.

Hines, after planning the escape, and knowing that money would have to be obtained, wrote to a lady friend in Kentucky, in a peculiar cypher, which, when handed to the authorities contained nothing convicting, but which, if the young lady received, being tested by a key which Hines had previously given her, instructed her to send him some books, in the back of which she concealed the money and wrote her name across, to designate the spot where the money could be found. The book came to hand; Hines opened the back and secured the money.

At the ticket office guards were stationed, but going boldly up, Hines procured two tickets, while General Morgan stood a little distance off, adjusting his glass goggles over his eyes. Entering the cars, the General immediately looked around, to see if there were any soldiers on board, and, observing a Federal officer, he walked up and took a seat beside him. The General remarked that, "as the night was damp and chilly, perhaps he would join him in a drink," to which the officer readily agreed, and they soon became very agreeable to each other. The cars, in crossing the Scioto, passed within a short distance of the penitentiary, and the officer remarked: "There is the hotel at which Morgan and his officers are spending their leisure." "Yes," replied General Morgan, "and I sincerely hope he will make up his mind to board there during the balance of this war, for he is just a nuisance." The train reached Cincinnati, but was detained, by some accident, at Day-

ton, for more than an hour. They were now in great danger, for, if the sentinels in going around at two o'clock, should discover their absence, it would be immediately telegraphed throughout the country. Imagine then, their great anxiety, as soldier after soldier, passed through the cars. The train was due in Cincinnati at six o'clock, at which time the prisoners were turned out of their cells, and, of course, their escape most certainly would then be discovered—in a few minutes it would be known all over the country. The train was running rapidly—it was already after six o'clock. The General said to Hines, "if we go to the depot, we are dead men before noon." They went to the rear and put on brakes. Hines jumped first, but, was badly stunned by the fall—another turn of the brakes, and the General jumped, and was fortunate enough to alight on his feet. There were some soldiers standing near, who remarked: "what do you mean by jumping off the cars here." The General replied: "what is the use of my going into town, when I live here; besides, what business is it of yours!" They now hurried to the Ohio river, striking it at Ludlow's ferry. Here they found a boy with a skiff, who had just ferried across some ladies from Covington. They were now afraid to turn their heads, fearing they should see the guards coming. Hines whispered to General Morgan: "look and see if anybody is coming." The General told the boy he wished to cross, but the boy was inclined to wait for more passengers. The General, however, paid him double fare, and the skiff dashed out into the stream, and in a few minutes they reached the Kentucky shore, and with hearts gleaming with thankfulness. They could but utter that lofty sentiment, so beautifully expressed by Sir Walter Scott:

> "Breathe there a man with soul so dead,
> As never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart," &c.

From the boy they had the place of residence of a young lady friend, and thither they went, and were received with unbounded joy, and the most liberal hospitality. Taking breakfast, and horses here being furnished them, they departed, and that day, 28th November, were in the town of Union, in Boone

county, and twenty-eight miles from Covington. Here they stayed all night, and spent the next day, and on the night of the 29th, with volunteer guards, they again commenced their journey, traveling by neighborhood and by-roads, passing through Gallatin, and stopping there with a friend, on the Owen county line, spent the day of the 30th. At night, they resumed their journey, and at 2 o'clock A. M., on the 1st of December, stopped twelve miles the other side of New Castle. Pushing on, and traveling hard all day, they reached, that night, a point eight miles this side of Shelbyville, where they were warmly and joyously received and entertained by friends, and spent the day of the 2d. Night coming on, they bade their friends adieu, and again traveled on, passing through Taylorsville, and on the morning of the 3d, at five o'clock, reached the city of Bardstown. Here, again, they met with the most unbounded hospitality and cordial greeting, and remained with their friends until the night of the 4th. Again, over the road, they passed through Nelson county, stopping on Rolling Fork—left on the night of the 5th, and reached Greensburg, having passed between the enemy's pickets and their fort.

The party now consisted of six, General Morgan and Hines having been joined by four others. They concealed themselves within the lines of the enemy's pickets during the day, and on the night of the 6th, having procured guides, they took their departure for the Cumberland river. They found it difficult to get along, as the road was strongly picketed by the yankees. On the morning of the 7th, at 10 o'clock, they reached the river, nine miles below Burksville, having made a forced march of sixty miles that night. They passed themselves for Federal cavalry, and crossed the river in a canoe, swimming their horses. Calling at a good Union friends house, and telling him they were a part of Jacob's cavalry, he treated them kindly, and took good care of them during the night. On the 8th, learning that a large scouting party of yankees, were just ahead of them, in search of General Morgan, they followed in their rear, and reached Oberton county, Tenn.

General Morgan having been informed that a number of escaped prisoners of his command, were in this region, a part of whom were under Captain Ray, he determined to wait until

they could be got together, and in order to take them out with him, he laid over until the 12th of December. After they had crossed Obey's river, and got down into middle Tennessee, they found it almost impossible to avoid recognition. At one time, they passed some poor women, and one of them commenced clapping her hands and said: "I know who that is, I know who that is," but, catching herself, she stopped short, and passed on with her companions.

The party had by this time increased to forty men, and General Morgan put them under command of Captain Hines. Crossing a spur of the Cumberland mountains, by way of Crossville, between Sparta and Knoxville, they reached Bridge's ferry, on the Tennessee river, on the morning of the 13th of December, at 7 o'clock. They were under the necessity of felling trees to make a raft upon which to cross, there being no boat there. This ferry was not more than two and a half miles from a large yankee cavalry camp. The men hurried on with this work, and by 2 o'clock in the evening, had succeeded in crossing twenty-five men and six horses. But just at this time a force of yankee cavalry came upon them on the north side of the river, and fired into the men, and succeeded in capturing those on foot—the others succeeded in making their escape. At the same time the enemy appeared on the other side of the river. Gen. Morgan, Hines, and four others, mounted their horses to escape. Here Gen. Morgan gave as strong proof of his attachment to his men, as on his noble sacrifice of self at Bellville, Ohio. Some twenty of the party who had succeeded in crossing the Tennessee river, were without horses. The General refused positively to leave them, notwithstanding his inability to render them any assistance—in fact, his presence would rather endanger, than secure them from harm. Hines pointed out to him this fact, and urged him to save himself, for the sake of his friends, and his country; for his wife, who was hourly praying for his safety. This last appeal seemed to have the desired effect, and he at last slowly and reluctantly withdrew. Fortunately none who were left afoot were captured. All have reached the Confederate lines in safety. On the Mountain near a farm, Gen. Morgan and Hines were separated. Hines having gone to a house to procure a guide was captured. By

this time it was growing very dark, and every pass of the mountain was strongly guarded. As the General reached the foot of the mountain, leading his horse, he came upon a yankee picket, and his first impulse was to kill him, but seeing that he was asleep, he determined not to trouble him, but pushed on and made his way to the house of a Union man that he knew lived near there. Reaching the house he passed himself off as Capt. Quinter Morten, of Hunt's regiment, on his way to Athens, engaging supplies of sugar and coffee for the Union people of Tennessee. The old lady, who was apparently asleep while this conversation was going on with her husband, at the mention of sugar and coffee, jumped up out of bed in her night clothes and cried out, "Thank God for that, for we ain't seen no real coffee up here for God knows how long." Being delighted with the prospect of getting sugar and coffee, she made up a fire and got supper for Gen. Morgan. Having partaken of a hearty supper the General remarked that he understood some rebels had tried to cross the river this afternoon. "Yes," said the old lady, "but our men killed some in the river, and drove the others back." "I know that," says the General, "but didn't some of them get across?" "Yes," the old lady replied, "but they are on the mountains, and can't get down without being killed, for every road is stopped up." "Well," says Gen. Morgan, "it is all important for me to get to Athens to-morrow night, or I may loose that sugar and coffee, and I am afraid to go down any of the roads, for fear my own men will kill me." The old lady could not endure, for a moment, the idea of losing that sugar and coffee, so she says: "Paul, why can't you show the Captain through our farm; that road down by the field." The General added: "Of course, Paul, you can do it, and as the night is very cold I will give you ten dollars in gold to help you along." The gold, and the prospect of sugar and coffee, had their effect. Getting a horse, and the General bidding the old lady farewell, and she "God loving" him, and "sure not forget that real coffee," Paul took him seven miles to the big road.