

Discharge

In October thar was a board of examinares appointed by the War Department to examin the officers in the Fourth Arkansas Cavalry to see if they were competent to fill thar places. Thar was about one third of the officers that had bin appointed from the Northern Regiments. Them and the Arkansas boys did not get along vary well. In fact, they were educated men and the native Arkansas was not so.

The board was composed of Northern men and all but two of the Arkansas men was turned out. They were college graduates. My Uncle Willis Jones had bin twice elected to the State Senate but he was turned down. We was examined in Tacticks, Army rules and regulations. I passed in all right. The next test was figures, Geography and Astrology. In this I was a blank, so I jest stept to one side. (Why it is necessary fur a Lut. to understand Astrology I don't know, unless the United States aimes to try to capture the Moon, in order to do so they will have to slip bey some of the Planets.)

After I was discharged, Major Bennett come to me and sed it was a shame, as I had done so much to make up the Regiment and had recruited ten men to any other man's one. If thar was a dangers scout to make I had always bin put in charge above my rank. He sed jealousy was the cause of it all. (He made me feel good.) The Col. sed if I would come back into the company he would go to the Govnor and have me reinstated. I thanked the Col. fur his concurn, but I was out and I would stay out.

My discharge reads that I was discharged in order to promotion and this taken effect on the 20th day of Oct., 1864.

While waiting fur my discharge I was sent to gard

a coal pit. The Rebs had captured the gard the week before, so I was given orders to keep a sharp lookout.

I had bin here a week when I heard someone coming. I went to the outpoast. They were some distance away but was coming over a ruff rocky ridge. I halted them and ask hoo they were. The answer was Feds. I then ask where did they belong. They sed the Third Missouri. It was Col. Read. He had bin captured at the Salene fight the spring before and carried to the Stockades in Tyler, Texas. He had bribed the gard and made his escape. He had come thru Rebel lines all the way. He was in company with a man bey the name of Speer. He toald hoo he was when he was captured. I thought it was a trick to discive me. I toald them that I did not fall fur that line. Then Speer spoak up and give his name and where he lived. I toald him I once knew a George Speer but he had bin killed a year ago. He sed that report had got out on him but he was thar to prove himself. So I toald him to come up so I could have a better look at his face. I was soon satisfied and toald the Col. to come inside. When the Col. got in the light I taken a good look at him and he looked like the oald bugerman himself. He had not shaved ner changed clouse sence he was taken prisnor.

The Col. started to hallo, saying, "Hoo-rah fur the United States and thank God I am one time more where the oald Flag waves."

I toald them to help themselves to our chuck. It had bin some time since they had ett. Read and Speer set up prity-near all night telling of the many narrow escapes they had. The next morning Read wanted to go to town before he went to his Regiment. He went to a photo gallry and had his picture taken in evry position he could think of, then

went and got a shave and haircut and got the best
suit of military clouse he could find. I did not
recognize him a tall.

A Jewel Above Price

It was but a few days after this, thar was a man and a officer dashed up to camp and sed that my wife had got a fall off of a horse and the doctor sed fur me to come at once. The man had come bey the regiment expecting to find me thar, so the Col. had sent a man to take my place.

I toald the man I was going to travel as fast as my horse could go and it would be useless fur him to try to keep up with me. When I went to my saddle my horse seamed to know I was in a hurry. We left at good half-speed and the futher the faster. When I got thar my wife was conscious and calm. She was not suffering much and was glad to see me. The doctor seamed to think the worst was pass and fur a time I felt hopeful that Molly would get well.

The second day I notice a change fur the worse so I sent fur the doctor. When he come, he sed he did not think thar was any cause fur me to be alarmed. I ses, "It's plane to see that she is worse," and I insisted he should send fur Dr. Woodrough to council with. He finally a-greed to this.

When Dr. Woodrough finally got thar he went through a close examination, then turned to me and sed, "You have put it off too long in sending fur me, I can do your wife no good now."

I beg him to try, to do anything or something, but he jest shuck his head. He mite as well put a knife into my hart as to tell me that.

Molly was at Macus Hargroves. She had come thar far a day's visit. Uncle Dick Flichter heard of her accident so he was thar before I was. If she had bin his daughter he could not have dun anymore fur her. At her death, I never can forget his words to me, "A man only had to know your wife to know

your loss, she was a jewel above price.”

She died in Little Rock and was buried at the Saint John Cemetery. I have ever felt grateful to all those that was so kind to her in her sickness.

I lost all energy and was sick just to think I had been away fighting a unholy war. I was within days of being with her, and we could start our lives together. We had looked for that time so long, and to have it end like this was hard for me to take.

I never went back to the Regiment. Several of the officers come to me to get me to go back. Lt. Col. Grege come and said I ought to go back in for I had more friends than any man in the Regiment.

I said, Colonel, that is a high compliment for an illiterate man to get and I am proud the boys count me among their friends.” I also told the Col. that I knew Capt. Warner was glad I was out. He then ask me what was the trouble between me and Capt. Warner. I told him we fell out over Hand's shooting that young boy. Warner was far saying nothing about it and I reported it against his orders, so that was a bur between us ever since. With this I will close my war record and pass on.

Lieutenant Whiten bought out a family grocery store and I went in as his partner. John Canderday wanted to put up a photo gallery at one end of the store but did not have the means, said if I would furnish him with a 100 dollars he would do the work and give me half. So I fit him up and I would have made money if I had attended to business, but it seemed after I lost Molly I lost all energy and couldn't get satisfied with anything. As soon as spring come, I closed out what I had in town and bought a crop below town. I found that I was not contented with that so I sold it. I had got in the habit of loafing in town and drinking more Ball face but

hard whiskey than was good for the stomach or brain either. I was never drunk but not sober. I drank from four or five drams during the day. This was growing on me while it was giving my pocket the swinney bad morels down the country.

Brother Joe

I will devote a chapter to brother Joe's history. The reader has often heard me speak of him. When I left the twelve month troops, he did not go with me, but never went into the Army but got jobs of work and when thar would be a chance to get home he would go with me on scouts. So one time when he was home he concluded to stay and lye out in the woods. Thar was a plot set up to catch him.

He was lying out in the woods between Mother's and widow Pollard. The widow had a son in the Confederat service. Ben Pollard got his mother to go to see Mother and tell her that he beleaved the Federals was right and he wanted to quit the Confet and go to the Federal Army and he wanted to hide out with Joe. Oald lady Pollard wanted my Mother to see Joe and see if he was willing fur Ben to go with him. He wanted to lye out with Joe till they got a chance to go through to the Rock.

Mother, thinking this was all strate, went to see Joe. He thought it was right so toald Mother to let Ben come to Mother's and stay a few days.

Joe met him and they had a talk. Ben went to Joe's camp and stayed a day or two then made some excuse to go to see his Mother. He went fur Burk's company. At daylight they charged the camp with Ben leading. Joe had got up early in order to kill a deer so he sean them a-coming and as they made thar charge on the camp, he hid and they failed to find him. Joe thought it likely that Ben would stay with his Mother that night so he went and waited fur him. Shore-nuff, he was thar. Joe wanted to kill him on sight but when he slipped up to the house Ben was setting bey the fire between his Mother and sister so he could not shoot him thar. He started to

walk off and had got 75 or 80 yds then looked back and seen Ben come to the door and take a drink of water. It was dark but the light from the house was shining on Ben. As he raised the dipper to his mouth, Joe fired on him, cutting two of his fingers off. Ben loosing his fingers had nothing to do with the use of his legs. He started to run and squall like a cat. This was what he got fur lying.

Sometime after this Joe heard that his family had the smallpox. It was after I had left the Army. Nothing would do Joe but to go home to see about them. He come to me and wanted me to go with him. I couldn't go and thought I had him talked out of the notion, telling him that he could do them no good. Cousen Willis Draper went with him. They went over 100 miles inside of Rebel lines, Confederate scouts and bushwackers. (So nothing darterd these ferly men.) They got in 20 miles of home. On coming to the top of a steep hill at the foot was a Blacksmith shop, thar was a whole company of Rebs eating dinner and getting thar horses shod. They were in 75 yds when they discovered them.

Draper ses, "Let's turn and run."

Joe ses, "No, let's draw our pistols and charge through them." Joe yell, "Come on boys, here they are," and commenst shooting.

Thar was a farm on one side of the road and the Rebs fell over the fence and left thar horses, guns, scattered like a bunch of wild cattle. The blacksmith toald me after the war, it beat all the stamppeeds he had ever sean in his life. They thought thar was a whole Army and never knew the difference.

Joe went as near home as he could. Thar was a company camped at his spring so he could not go to his house. He stayed with a friend bey the name of Neighbors. He got Neighbors to make daily visits to

his family and get the news. One night two of the men stayed all night with Neighbors. He got them up early to get them out of the way before Joe come down from the bresh. Joe was early that morning and walked right in on them while they were eating.

Joe spoke to them and sed, "Boys, I have the advantage over you, but I don't want to hurt a hair on your heads." saying he was seeing about his sick folks and ask them to say nothing about seeing him. They boath sed they would keep thar mouths shut. Joe knew them, Toby Sanders and Charly Boman, and they all eat breakfast together.

Neighbors toald Joe that they was going fur help and toald him to get away while getting was good. They would spair no panes to catch him and he had better leave the settlement. So Joe conclued to go about 10 milds to where a cousen lived, Pruet Jones. It had bin raining and the ground was soft. Toby Sanders and Charly Boman got two more men and taken Joe's tracks. Pruet Jones wasn't home so after talking to his wife Joe decided to go on. Thar was a broad hollow to cross, something like a half a mild wide. They must have sean him as he come on top of the hill. Two of them hid in the top of a tree the other two in bushes. The two in the tree fired on Joe. His horse flew around, knocking his gun out of his hands.

Joe yelled, "I'll kill you, Sanders," and drew his pistol and shot Sanders down. He next shot Crowley and broke his arm. He started fur the other two but they broke and run. His horse was acting up. He was using a oald time cap and ball pistol and the cap hung in the cilender and it failed to revolve so he was working the hammer.

His horse was cutting up, throwing his head back. Joe somehow fired his pistol of the ball, striking his

horse in the side of the neck, knocking him off of his horse. When Borman seen him fall he went for his gun. Joe seen him coming and made a effort to get his pistol but fell over it. Borman got the pistol and shot him in the side, then left Joe and Sanders.

Pruett Jones heard the shooting and come to see what was the cause. When he got thar he found Joe and Sanders mortally wounded. Pruett put Sanders in the wagon first. When he went to get Joe, his knife was out and open. Pruett reached for Joe's knife.

Joe ses, "I want it when you put me in the wagon." As Joe got into the wagon he ground his fist down in Sanders face and probably ained to use his knife, but Sanders ses, "Oh, Joe, we are boath killed and I am to blame."

They boath lived several days. The doctors dun all that they could but it was the shot that Borman give Joe that was fatal.

Thar was several men that come in and curst and abused Joe while he lay wounded. One cowardly scoundrel even taken his clouse. I never did know for sure jest hoo they were and they left the country when I come home. Joe had as many friends as any one, but his friends would tell me nothing.

I truely beleave Joe was as brave a man as I ever sean and Bud Lay, one of the men that was along when Joe was wounded, proved that statement. But toald how the four was station when they fired on Joe. They all fired on Joe at once but Lay was a kid of seventeen years oald and was not a good shot with a gun. He sed he never hit Joe and if Joe had not a-shot himself he would have killed all four of them.

Lay's uncle come to me and toald me how his nephew come to be along with Crowley, Sanders and Borman. Lay tried to talk them into letting Joe go as

they had nothing against him. The oalder men called Lay a coward and toald him that he would go with them and do as toald. His uncle ask me not to kill Lay as he was so young and could not fight the other three men, so I toald his uncle to tell him never to speak to me and if he happen to go into a crowd that I was in, he had better leave and if I happen to pass him in the road fur him to leave the road and take to the woods.

I never sean Bud Lay but twice, once at church and one time I rode up to a house, he was thar and went out the back door. Crowley Sanders was killed bey a man after he left the country and as fur Charley Borman, I have spent time and money hunting him but never found him.

I was at Little Rock when I heard of Joe's death. I got two men and started out. The waters was all up and we had them all to swim. We come to a washout and had to turn back and I now feel proud it was so, far I was mad and no doubt would have done something that I would have regret.

I will write one more of Joe's scraps that happen long before me and him was boath in the army together.

At the time Ples Garner, the man that come back to camp and boasted that he pulled the oald man Asburn up to hang and sed that he would treat all the Union men the same way, Joe happen to meet him one day and aimed to take him prisnor but Ples broke to run, so Joe fired on him, hitting him in the shoulder. Ples was leaning forward in his saddle so the ball rained forward and loged so the oald fellow has always bin a cripple ever sence. I met him a few years ago in Hot Springs and while I was talking to him, a man stepped up to me, and pointing to Garner, says, "That was one bad shot you made."

I ses, "You are mistaken, I am not the one that made that shot."

He ses, "Well, a oald man the other day give me your history and sed that was one of the good things you dun."

I ses, "He was giving me credit fur too much."