

"These are North Carolina state bills," said he, "but I found after I arrived home that I could exchange them for \$50.00 in greenbacks, and I did this. The morning came for me to turn my face homeward. After receiving praises and best wishes for a safe journey, with my faversack filled with everything I could desire to eat, I left my uncle's home for North Carolina. I was afraid to go through East Tennessee, as there were so many Union men in that section, so I decided to set out for Marion, N. C., I made many stops on the way. I was kindly treated by all. Sometimes I offered \$5.00 in Confederate money to pay for my lodging, but often it was returned to me. They knew the Confederacy was gone and with it her money. When coming down the Swannanoa river I heard that there were many Yankee negroes in Asheville. A Confederate soldier named Shelton, whose home was in Jackson County, was with me. We decided to flank Asheville over to Cane Creek, where we were entertained by a Mr. Cooper. The next morning we were directed by him to go to Sandy Bottom, where we waded the French Broad river at the ford. We made our way to the Waynesville road. About one o'clock we landed at Uncle Sammy Gudger's on Hominy. There we stopped and called for a lunch. Instead we received one of the best dinners I ever ate. I have never forgotten it. It was prepared by Miss Laura, now Mrs. Stikeleather, while we were entertained by her mother. After taking up our march again we were arrested by Colonel Bartlett's scouts. We told them that Lee surrendered on the 9th of April. This was the 9th of May. They then permitted us to pursue our journey. We were again arrested near Clyde, N. C. We were then taken to Colonel Bartlett's tent, where he questioned us for a while, and then allowed us to go on not beyond his picket line. We stayed with John Killian. He then owned and lived where Joe Collins now lives. We were kindly treated. On May 10th we passed through the town of Waynesville. I never thought then that this town would be my future home. Only a few people lived here then. Captain Pink Welch was a native. The Yankees captured him near the four mile post above town. Bartlett's regiment stopped three or four hours or more. They talked as though they would kill him for something he had done in Tennessee. They brought him back, and he was finally released. Colonel William Thomas' legion, five hundred Cherokee Indians, or more, was stationed at Balsam Gap.

Bartlett was afraid to attack them. He decided to retreat and go back to Tennessee via Cataloochee. We made our way up to the Gap. When we saw a few white men we felt better, as we did not know what the Indians would do. They were kind to us. We gave them what information we had in regard to Bartlett's men, and they started after them and bushwhacked them all the way to the Tennessee line. We stopped on Scott's Creek with John Brown. (I think this was the name.) I was then in two days' journey of my mother's home in Cashiers Valley. When I reached there I found my mother in destitute circumstances. The whole country was suffering. I was overjoyed to get home. My mother thanked God that her boy had been spared to reach home in safety.