

I then presented a Gun and told him he was in the wrong crowd and that he was my Prisoner. When I told him this he looked as bad as I felt and I can assure you that was pretty tolerable Bad - I thought we had enough to do to take care of ourselves so I told him to go one way and attend to his own Business and we would do the same, we lay all that Day about 120 yards from where we let him loose - It rained on us nearly half the Day but notwithstanding I don't seem to sound sleeping as I ever done in my life - The Yankees played in 100 yards of us at least 30 times that Day they took a good many Prisoners and I think that night me and White made our way to a house and got something to eat and gave the man five Dollars (only) to show us the way to a Mr Williams who lived  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from him - we knew Williams to be a true Southern man - we told him our Condition, he told us he would put us over the River next morning - me and White slept in his rear house until next morning. I went back after the balance of the Boje and we were all put over