fore setting out they loaded their taken by Colonel Wade as a prowagons with salt and such other tege, was asleep in one of the articles as were needed most in wagons, and being roused by the the Pedee country. They crossed firing of the guns and before he the Cape Fear at Sproal's, now McNeill's ferry, in the afternoon and after going a few miles took can Ferguson, a renegade deserter up camp for the night. That from the American Army, told night or next morning some of him to come out and he would their men or hands went off the road and stole a piece of coarse cloth from Marren McDaniel, a poor servant girl who had hired herself to a man by the name of John McDaniel. She had been ran. Ferguson took after him unable to pay the weaver, for the cloth was so coarse that he would take no part of it for pay, and he was about to retain the whole until payment was made much to the grief of the poor girl, but old boy and then with his broad Daniel Munroe, being present and seeing her troubles, paid the weaver and let her take the cloth and the other half on the other home. In the course of that night John McNeill, son of Archd. and Jennet (Bann) McNeill then living on Anderson's Creek, having learned where this company of Whigs were, started out his runners to collect the Tories, many of whom were lying out in the swamps and other places, with directions for them to rendezvous the next night at Long Street and pursue Wade. Next morning John McNeill went over to Colonel Folsone's (Whig) and remained until sundown. He then mounted a very fleet horse, joined the Tories at or a little beyond Long Street, and about an hour before day, came up with Wade and company, encamped on Piney Bottom, a branch of the Rockfish, and apparently all asleep except the sentinel. They consulted and made their arrangements, got into order and marched up.

THE SURPRISE

The sentinel hailed them but received no answer. He hailed them again but received no answer. Duncan McCallum cocked his gun and determined to shoot at The sentinel fired and Mc-Wade's men had his arm broke by a ball and Duncan McCallum Then they rushed upon the sleeping company just as they were roused by the fire of the sentinel's gun and shot down five or six of them but the rest escaped leaving everything behind them.

was fully awake cried out, "Parole me! parole me!" Dunparole him. He came out and dropped upon his knees, bégging for his life, but on seeing Ferguson approaching him in a threatening manner he jumped up and and Colonel McDougal after Ferguson, threatening him that if he touched the boy he would cut him down. Ferguson still ran on, however, until he overtook the sword split his head wide open so that half of it fell on one shoulder shoulder. The wagons were then plundered, the officers taking the money and the men whatever else they could carry away. There were two or three hundred of the Tories. All the McNeills (Bans) were there except Malcom. Wade and Culp had only a few men to guard their families while they were returning home in a peacable manner, and the fact that many of their guns were found without flints and unloaded proves that they apprehended no danger.

After plundering the wagons of everything they burned them and carried away the iron traces. In a day or two, when the woodwork of the wagons was all consumed some of the Tories returned and carried away the tires and other irons. They pretended to bury the dead but did it so slightly that when Malcom Munro, Allen Cameron, Neill Smith and Philip Hodges, who had been sent out by Captain McCranie as a scout, came to the place a few days after they found three of them more or exposed, having the flash of the sentinel's gun. scratched up by the wolves and and arm of one of them was en-Callum shot at the flash. One of tirely out of the ground. This looked like extending their cruelty even to the dead, or perhaps claimed the honor of breaking it. they became suddenly alarmed for their own safety and fled, but the Whig scout had them buried more decently and covered the grave with logs so as to protect it from beasts of prev.

On his way home from the motherless boy, who had been scene of his nocturnal slaughter

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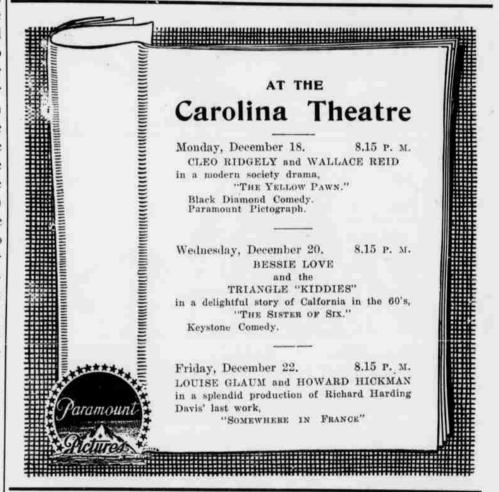
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