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MOORE COUNTY PAPERS

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as some bones were found years afterwards at or near the place of their encampment no doubt could be entertained that he was put to death.

AT KENNETH'S BLACK'S

Early on Sabbath morning they left their camp ground and came down to David Buchan's where they found some trace chains which had been taken from the Piney Bottom, but not finding him at home they set fire to the house and then came on to old Kenneth Black's. He lived where Laughlin McKinnon now lives but in the old field east of the creek. They surrounded the premises but he and his son were lying out in a place of concealment a quarter of a mile or more from the house. Culp and some of his men found them and took them to the house. Both doors being open the men rode into the house until it was full of horses and the family were crowded up into the chimney. Having done so they rode out, alighted, and commenced splitting some "light wood" to burn the house, but concluded that they would first search it, which they did. On going up stairs they found and broke open two large chests belonging to the families of Captains Verdy, Nicholson and McRae who were in the British Army and who had left their families under the care of Mr. Black as their houses were not far apart. One chest was filled with China ware, which they broke, and the other was full of books, which they strewed over the floor having first cut open their backs and rendered them useless.

FLORA MACDONALD'S DAUGHTERS

At this time the far-famed Flora McDonald lived four miles north of the scene which we have been describing, upon a plantation belonging to Mr. Black on Little River and the one on which his son Malcom Black, now lives. Mr. Black's family having had the small pox two daughters of Flora came over to see their friends and his family, but to their utter surprise they found the Whigs there, who took the gold rings from their fingers and the silk hand-

kerchiefs from their necks, then putting their swords into their bosoms, split down their silk dresses and taking them out into the yard stripped them of all their outer clothing.

During all these transactions one man was observed sitting near Colonel Wade who, as well as the Colonel, seemed to pay no attention to what was doing but looked serious and even melancholy. Mrs. Black asked him why he was not gathering up something to take away as well as the rest to which he replied that he did not come there to plunder, for she had nothing he wanted—"But, my son! my son!" was his abrupt and pathetic exclamation, by which the impression made on her mind was that he was the father of that motherless little boy who was such a favorite of Colonel Wade and his company and who had been so cruelly murdered shortly before in the Piney Bottom.

A RUSE DE GUERRE

Having collected their plunder and mounted their horses just ready to start Mrs. Black said to them. "Well, you have a bad companion with you." "What is that?" was the inquiry, and she replied, "the small pox." Instantly they threw down the blankets, clothing and everything else of the kind that they had taken and rode off in great haste. They took Mr. Black along to pilot them down to Mr. Ray's, but after going about half a mile, probably thinking there might be danger of getting the small pox from him they told him he might return home. Some of the men proposed shooting him down, but Culp told them to go on while he stayed behind with Black for his protection. After going the distance of about a hundred yards one of them turned round and fired at Black with his rifle, but the ball missed him and passed very near Culp's head, who ordered them with a loud stern voice to go on and behave themselves. They pursued their course then, and when they got to the fork in the road some went to Alexander Graham's and some to Alexander Black's, the place on which the Honorable Laughlin Bethune now lives, at both of which places a similar course was pursued and with similar results. When those who took the road