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Southern Pines, North Carolina

MACLEOD'S STORY OF THE WAR

JUDSON KILPATRICK, IN COMMAND OF SHERMAN'S CAVALRY, MADE HIS HEADQUARTERS AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

The Running Fight from Markham's Bridge to Greenspring Monroe's, and the Old Tale of the Coming of the Yankees



IT WAS a peaceful Summer's day fifty-two years afterwards. Following the ancient highway and the traditions of the country we had traced the path of the left wing of Sherman's Army from Cheraw through Rockingham into the Pinehurst country. An old veteran of eighty Winters had stood as one recalling another world, and pointed out where the hungry column had forded Drowning Creek that 8th of March, eighteen hundred and sixty-four. It was the ancient gate for the invasion of the Scotch country, just above the forks of Naked Creek and the Lumbee River where an older generation witnessed the coming of the continental raiders under Col. Wade, and the end of Fatterson, the last of the pipers. And the trail had led to an old plantation—a fine weatherscarred hamlet built of primaeval heart of pine, and pegged together to last for all time. The hospitable house stood in the shade of two twin sycamores, and giant ancestral oaks.

THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD PLANTATION

It overlooked the slumbering valley of the river, and vistas of cotton rows and banks of pine, a mellow relic of times gone by. We were greeted at the gate by a soldierly and courteous old gentleman, Evander McLeod, and welcomed by Miss Flora with an old world courtliness.

The plantation is off the new roads, and neither the hand of so-called progress nor change nor decay has had the slightest effect upon it. The long leaf pine is there to stay, and the sturdy civilization of the old river bottom, and the inheritance of the followers of Ole Marse Robert are still

young under the roof tree of Evander McLeod.

We saw before us the same scene that greeted the eyes of the advancing Federal column a long time ago. And before we record the passing of the thunderbolt it is right to say that whatever time may bring to the old settlement, it will leave behind it a spirit of peace and good will, a memory of wide hospitable doors and kindly gentle people, of long evenings by great oaken fires, and laughter and story and song and devotion, the loss of which no prosperity in the world will ever recompense.

We were shown into the room on the west wing and the veteran began his story:

"I was twenty-two years old at the time, and my brother and I had been furloughed home from Fort Fisher, and were still in the grey uniform of the Confederate Army. We knew the Yankees were coming, so we were busy hiding everything we owned. The horses we had corralled in a far off bottom near the creek—the corn was binned in an unlikely place in the woods, our pork was kegged up and buried beneath a pile of sand out of a newly dug well.

WADE HAMPTON'S WARNING

"About noon of the 8th of March a small squadron of Wade Hampton's men galloped into the yard and mother and my sister Flora here got them up a good dinner. They were splendid dashing young fellows, from Mississippi, who said our patrols were in touch with the Yankee cavalry all through the Pee Dee country, and that they would be along directly. They said to mother, 'stand up to them, old lady. They will try to scare you, but they won't kill you.' "Along after noon we began