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to hear the sound of shooting in the distance, and I decided I'd better go down and hide the corn in some safer place. A young nigger, Tanse, was with me, and the very first thing we knew he looked up, purple with fright, and yelled, 'Good God, here they come.'

"I broke and ran just as hard as I could pelt for the horses, which my brother and another fellow were guarding down the creek. I wasn't seen, and might have gotten away with them, except for the fool nigger up here on the place.

#### A NARROW ESCAPE

"The Yankees rode into the yard, ran pelter into the house, drew their shining swords and demanded of mother 'her gold, her silver, her sons and her horses.' Mother stood up to them all right, and told them to wipe their feet before they came into the parlor. But seven others made a pass or two at that sorry nigger and offered him his 'onery life if he told instantly where the horses were. As a consequence by the time I got to the place where they were tethered a dozen of the raiders were riding down on us like mad men, shooting like fury. I never yet knew just what happened or why I wasn't riddled to bits. I flung onto a big grey mare without saddle or bridle, and left there on a runaway bareback, the woods ringing with bullets and curses. I finally made my way into the middle of Deep Creek swamp. There I lay listening to the infernal fuss. Five or six thousand of the Union cavalry passed the fords that evening and all night long the bugles were blowing; and the steady beat of hoofs, and the rattle of equipment and the sounds of commands and the cursing of teamsters filled the air. They crossed in two places—at the ford where the present good road from Pine Bluff to Markham's bridge crosses Deep Creek, and on the old sand road below here, which we used in those days. From where I was I could see the innumerable fires springing up all over the hills, like the lights of a great city, and I was distressed to know what had happened to the old home, and the unprotected women.

ENTER JUDSON KILPATRICK

"As a matter of fact they were

all right. For a little after dark a body of officers covered with mud and wet to the skin, dashed up to the house, and without ceremony took possession. There were about twelve of them, led by a stocky bald headed man of medium height, who took instant charge of everything. He ordered dinner, but the girls wouldn't cook it. A soldier came with a bushel of sweet potatoes, which he said were to be prepared for the general and his staff. But the girls threw them in the pot and all got together with their mother in the east room.

"It was Judson Kilpatrick, in command of all of Sherman's cavalry. He was really very decent to the women. He left them unmolested in their room, and took up his quarters right here where we are now sitting. He made up a bunk along the west wall there, and slept while the sentries paced the hall and the yard, and the staff burned up the fences to make a fire outside.

"He called mother in early next morning and asked some questions about the roads, in a very determined but polite manner, and then sprang to saddle and was off. His column had started long before day, and as I circled around by Drowning Creek about eight I didn't see any one. I heard a great shooting and racket over the hill towards where Pine Bluff is now, and concluded they had driven off. So I ventured out onto the road, and right into the arms of half a dozen of the Yankees.

#### CAPTURED BY THE YANKEES

"It was the shock of my life. They had me before I could move an inch—and what they'd have done with me I can't guess. But the firing became so heavy, and began easing around in our direction so violently, that after a short time they paid so little attention to me that I slipped behind a pine and got away.

"By noon it was all over. There wasn't a movable thing left on the place, but the last one of them had gone—and an Alabama Colonel was resting out yonder under the trees. The Alabama patrol had come on the rear of the Yankees right where the tower now stands at Pine Bluff, and they had torn over the ground there shoot-

(Continued on page eighteen)



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