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MOORE COUNTY PAPERS

Judson Kilpatrick Runs into a Trap. Sherman's Famous Calvary

Leader Escapes from Greenspring Monroe's in his Nightshirt

Looking back at it now, it seems almost like a legend, or a part of some Homeric tale, drifted down on the lyres of wandering minstrels from the mists of time. Coming with tennis racquets and creamy flannels into the warmth of a welcome that is no less pervasive than the sunshine the Boston and New York traveler can scarcely believe that the old fellows he meets on the roadside, and that pilot him over their own cover crops to locate the coveys of quail, are the self-same Johnnies that welcomed the last great immigration of his kinsmen with grape and cannister. It is incredible that the self same lazy landscape over which Charlie Williams whoops his hounds was the identical scene of the last stand of these patriarchs, then comprizing poor old Dixies bottom dollar; or that the country of Drowning Creek and the Little River, flanking the golf courses of Pinehurst heard the echo of invading bugles, and the roar of battle within the memory of living men.

Drawn by the spell of the all but forgotten memories of this drama, Clyde Davis and I set out to follow the track of that dashing and dangerous horseman, Judson Kilpatrick, commander of calvary in the United States Army, and forager and flanker and eyes and ears of the late William Tecumseh Sherman, leader of men. To us he and his troopers in the faded army blue, with their short carbines and their jangling sabres belonged among those dim and heroic figures which led by Hannibal and Napoleon, predominate the strange and fascinating fairy stories of incredible journeys and exploits which make up history. But to the old riflemen that we found in the cabins and homesteads of the venerable Scotch settlement, remnants of the followers of Ole Marse Robert, Kilpatrick and his Yankee squadrons were among the commonplaces of existence, and their coming and going hardly regarded as worthy of comment.

We have already recorded in these papers the story of Kilpatrick's first appearance in the Sandhills, how he entered the plateau of Flora Macdonald by the historic gateway of invasion, crossing the Lumbee river below Derby's plantation at Markham's Bridge, while his outriders thundered over the old covered structure that spans Drowning Creek just below Jackson Springs, and made hot foot straight down the old Morgantown road through the picnic grove now belonging to Parker Whittemore and Robert Hunter, right over the site of the Pinehurst dairy, and so on to the Cross Roads, since known as Southern Pines. Alexander McLeod has told how he spent the night at the McLeod place, while Alex spent his night in the swamp, and the McLeod girls—who are still there in the self same spot,—refused to cook his dinner.

FIGHTING JOE WHEELER

This was on the 9th of March, 1865. And at the very moment that this Yankee brigadier was sounding boots and saddles there near Pine Bluff, General Joe Wheeler, in command of Confederate Light horse—in other words of a band of children from this neighborhood and other Southern resorts,—the same that later led at San Juan, was eating breakfast as casually as you please and praising his hostess' sweet potato coffee right here at Southern Pines, in the Shaw house, that same old mansion whose vine-covered portals make such a charming picture for the passengers in the bus that runs daily to the Highland Pines Hotel from the Pinehurst store.

Here was a situation that promised some immediate developments. Neither of these gentlemen were famous for their caution. And it was an affectation of both to consider the other an entirely negligible quantity.

KILPATRICK'S FROLIC

Hence it was that when Kilpatrick had eaten his dinner at the Buchan plantation, now a part of Jim Boyd's Weymouth Estate, he decided to take his own personal caravan and retinue to Greenspring Monroe's. The reasons for this were obvious. Greenspring was reputed to have the only thoroughly comfortable quarters left in that neck of the woods. Moreover he ran a farm still providing an abundant provinder for a troop of Cavalry, and a chicken dinner good enough for any field marshal. General Kilpatrick belonged to that happy Celtic race that loves and combines its fights and its frolics. Wheeler or no Wheeler, he and his staff were off for a night at Greenspring Monroes. The daring in this decision lay in the fact that this haven lay several miles beyond the direct line of march and the route taken by the majority of his command. And that to his right, making by all the roads there were towards Fayetteville, lay the whole of the famous army that marched to the sea—depending upon this intrepid Irishman to protect the encircling fires.

THE OLD PLANTATION

But the call of the plantation prevailed. That night at dusk the sleepy old Southern hamlet was aroused by the inrushing troop—and was in short order made comfortable for the general and his staff, while the picked squadron of the army bivouaced in the orchard and down by the stream below the barns. Here, we are told by the old people who were left in the section at the time, the tedium of the march was forgotten, and the logs were piled high, and toasts were drunk to all that beauty, all that wealth 'ere gave. To look at the bending rafters of the indestructible but long since deserted shanty, it is almost im-

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