
Written for The Observer.

The winter of '63 found the writer employed as a school ma'am in a family school, in an old-fashioned farm house in McDowell county, N. C. It was a huge old house, with long, wide porches, the original building constructed of logs 12 inches square, some time in the beginning of this century or the latter part of the last. From time to time, additions had been made to the main building, numerous offices had been built, and it had been for years a summer resort; well known to seekers of health and pleasure from eastern Carolina. Pleasure seekers were few at this troubulous time, but one or two refugees, two or three school girls, the family consisting of Col. Carson, his wife and two little girls, and myself occupied the wild old house. Besides it was, and had been for many years, one of the stopping places on the old stage line between Morganton and Asheville, and every morning the stage got in before day light, bringing a load of passengers, generally sol-
diers, who waited for breakfast, and gave us the latest news. Our postoffice, Marion, being four miles distant, mails were not received till 11 o'clock. In exciting junctures, you could hear anything from the "reliable gentleman" who was generally at this breakfast table, so that our hopes and fears were often aroused, to be dashed or quieted when the mail arrived. Far removed from the seat of war, our only contact with the outer world was at this breakfast table. Up to the winter of '64-'65 our experience of the trials of the war, was confined to the anxiety about friends in the army, and the privations which were lightly esteemed and cheerfully borne, hoping always for a joyful end. True we were as far removed from blockade goods; but what cared we. Factory cloth, which our negroes used to wear, bought at a good price, and warranted to last until "six months after a treaty of peace" made most valuable underwear; and our homespun dresses, dyed in soft dark colors by our native barks and roots, with a thread of real indigo or madder, and made and fitted with as much care as would have been bestowed on handsome material in former times, looked, as we imagined, very stylish. The getting up of a bonnet was a difficult undertaking, as "sky-scrappers" were in the fashion when the war commenced, and continued in vogue with us till it closed, and it took no little to cover one of these aspiring frames: but I had from various ancient receptacles, gathered together silk, flowers, and above all, plumes, real ostrich plumes, all to match. The plumes covered a deficiency in the silk, and underneath was a piece of pasteboard, which supplied a deficiency in the frame, so the plumes were absolutely essential to the recherche effect of the
grand combination. But one fatal Sunday, feeling unusually frisky when leaving the church, I proposed to one of the children to take my place in the carriage, and let me ride the pony, accompanied by mine host, who always went on horseback. I only added the long riding skirt to my church costume, and mounted for a four-mile ride. It was a clear bright day in winter, with a stiff breeze blowing, and I soon found that I carried too much topsail, but managing though with some difficulty to keep my "sky-scraper" on, I sailed on triumphantly, meeting the carriage, which had come by another road, at the gate. The first remark of one of the children was: "Oh, Miss R., what is the matter with your bonnet?" I put my hand up—the plume was gone—and the pasteboard was bare. I walked on to my room, took the bonnet off, looked at the space for a minute, calmly took in the whole situation, and gave it up. I had forded both the river and the creek, and the plume was probably carried off by the fresh breeze in its clear sweep down the river. So search was useless, and I laid the bonnet down "slowly and tenderly, fashioned so old, and so bare," and closely inspecting my second best hat, resolved to promote it to a higher position. About a week afterwards, the children raised a great outcry, "Oh, Miss R., your plume is found." I ran down to meet the coming procession, and found them carrying the plume aloft, looking like an old rooster on a rainy day. A cursory glance showed that it was past recovery and "off duty forever." However, more serious troubles were ahead of us. The invading army in a constantly narrowing circle approached us. We had thought it highly improbable that a blue coat would ever be seen in our secluded re-
gion, but rumors of raids and marauders came thick and fast during the last winter of the war. Kirk's men were plundering in the counties adjoining us, and had dashed down within ten, and even five miles of us. We began to hide out our clothes and to so arrange our valuables when we retired as to best protect them in case of a dash in the night. In the early spring of '65, it was confidently reported that the Yankees were coming both from the east and the west. One morning a gentleman well known to Col. C., came by from Asheville and said we might certainly expect them that day or the next; that he heard when only a few miles from Asheville that they had actually reached that point, and we might look out. The day was passed in anxious suspense, and we looked up the road many times. It was Friday evening, and one of the school girls who lived in Marion was going home. A saddled horse stood at the gate, and a little negro boy, who had brought it for her, sat on a mule close by. Just then a cry came that the Yankees were coming. I flew to the upper porch where I could best see the Asheville road, and there sure enough was a column of mounted soldiers winding slowly round the high hill that shut out the road from our view, at a distance something less than a quarter of a mile. On reporting this, a general stampede commenced. The master of the house was rushed off through the back door, his wife entreating him to leave her and fly. Every darkey on the place, about fifty in number, placed their backs to the foe, and pressed forward. A beautiful creek flowed through the yard, along the banks of which was a road leading off at right angle from the Asheville road. Down this road ran men, women and children—helter-skelter, pell-
mell, some with a horse or a mule that they had been able to seize at the moment, but more on foot. The little girl, anxious to reach home, had mounted in hot haste and was clattering across the creek at 2.40 speed, followed by her muleterian escort. Before she had gone a hundred yards, the girth broke, and down came "lady and saddle and all." A negro man rushing ahead of her caught the horse, and she, rising to her feet, nothing hurt, screamed "Put me on, Uncle Davis, please put me on." And this time either for greater security, the saddle being lost, or by accident, she took a position in which she could have used both stirrups if there had been any, and so, with bonnet off, hair flying, across the river, around and over the hills, in less than half an hour she made the four miles, and dashed into Marion and up to the male academy, where her brothers were, screaming at the extent of her voice "4,000 Yankees at Uncle Logan's!" a cry that she kept up down the village street till she reached her home. In the meantime Mrs. C. and I with three children stood on the porch with hearts in our throats, awaiting the dreaded approach of the Yankees, who looked much less formidable near at hand than far away. They made no stop, but went slowly riding by, a company of some 50 or 60 men—some with Confederate uniform and some with no uniform at all. When they had nearly all passed I turned and broke into a laugh and cried out, "Are we going to let these men pass without finding out who they are? Let us run and speak to them." So the older girl and I ran to the gate, and found in halting the troop, that it was a company of Vaughn's men—some of our own precious cavalry, who for some months had been roaming round in our mountain fastness, seeking
what they might devour, and now had unwittingly caused this panic. When the situation was explained, they were much amused, and rode on, with the inclination it seems to humor the joke. The first person they met happened to be the very man who had come from Asheville in the morning and brought the first report. On his return from Marion he had met the little girl, and though hearing her screaming report, had determined to go a little nearer, and see for himself; but meeting this cavalcade, he wheeled his horse, and as he did so, some of the boys for fun, fired their pistols, which he, of course, thought were aimed at him. He galloped back, arriving in Marion shortly after the school girl, confirming her report, and adding that the Yankees were just behind and had fired on him. The result was that by the time these men rode quietly into the village, the whole male population had gone, without "standing on order of their going." A recruiting officer who had been there for some months never stopped till he reached Rutherfordton, 28 miles distant, where of course, he told the tale as "'twas told to him."

But there came a day when "wolf" was cried in earnest. About the middle of April, I went on Friday evening to spend the Saturday with a friend, two miles off, across the river. Sunday morning before day light I awoke to find one of the ladies of the family standing by my bed with a candle in one hand, and an open letter in the other. I shall never forget the ghostly picture. The tall figure with face as pallid as the night dress she wore, the dim blue light, and the whole foreshadowing of evil. The letter was sent by a special messenger from Statesville, and informed us
that Stoneman's raiders, which had dashed in and out of the State some weeks before, had appeared at Salisbury, released their prisoners, captured our forces there, and were en route for Tennessee, probably via Asheville. It is impossible to realize now the dread terror with which we received these tidings. All the horrors, of which we had heard from others were about to burst upon us, and I was away from home. Oh, how I longed to be there. But to reach my home, I would have to go meeting the raiders, and no one would take me and run the risk of being captured, both man and horse. I could only be still and wait and trust. We went to church, and our blessed old pastor gave us all the hope and strength he could gather from the Bible, reminding us that there were lions in the way, but God could shut the lions' mouths. The scenes of the week brought up his words with great force. I went back to Col C's from church, and in the morning a scene of active preparation commenced—the biggest burying I ever attended.

Huge excavations were made—one I remember large enough to hold a piano box, which was filled with hams, and buried in an old house near where the sorghum had been made the fall before, and the cane litter was spread over it to hide the fresh earth. I blistered my hands burying a box of Confederate money. It was only a foot long and about half as wide and deep, but I thought I would never get the hole deep enough, and I chose a soft place too. It was Col. C's money. About this time I began to think I had more clothes than I knew what to do with, though my wardrobe would have been a show in these times. Large quantities of clothing, including my most valuable trunk, were sent to a cabin a mile or two off
the road, so poor looking that we thought it would offer no temptation to search, and so it proved, for we saved everything that was there. To me it seemed idle to secrete when every servant on the plantation knew where everything was hid—in fact, did most of the hiding, but, to their honor be it said, not a single disclosure was made to their friends and our foes. Tuesday morning the horses and mules and cows were driven off up the creek, and hid out in the bushes a few miles from the road and then we sat down in dread-ful expectation to wait.

About noon a small squad of men passed, sent by Gen. Martin to reconnoitre. Gen. M., commanded our forces in Asheville at that time, and had come over with his small force to the top of the Blue Ridge to offer what resistance he might. In a very short time, they came galloping back, saying that the Yankees were just across the river. The time had now come when all who had determined to abandon the post must leave. Mrs. C. urged her husband to hide out in the mountains, as he could be no protection to his family, and it would be a relief to her to have him out of the way. So off he went, and most of the darkeys disappeared, leaving Mrs. C., her two little daughters and myself standing in the front door watching our skirmishers, who were stationed at the front gate and who told us they would fire at the Yankee videttes from that point. The approaching troops were now heard, but instead of coming up the direct road, they were on the road up the creek that passed the end of the house, and came into the main road at a right angle. As the house was in this angle we saw in a moment that we would be right in the line if there should be any firing, but just then our
captain lifted his cap and called to us that he had concluded not
to fire from that place lest the enemy should burn the house. As
they wheeled and galloped off the Yankees caught sight of them and
dashed after, firing on them, our men firing back. We were dread-
fully afraid that they would capture our boys, but they did not,
nor touch one of them. It was said that one of the raiders was
killed, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. It was stated
afterwards in some newspapers that this was the last skirmish of
the war. If so, it was a remarkable coincidence of dates for it
was the 19th of April—exactly four years from the day on which
the first conflict occurred in the Confederate war and also the
anniversary of the day on which the first blood was shed in the
Revolutionary war.

By the time this little skirmish was over the horrid blue
cloaks were swarming in and through and around the house. We stood
in the front door, hoping to keep them out, but when we looked
back, they were pouring in the back door, and every other door and
window. They rushed past us and up the stairs and in every room.
Every office and out house seemed to be full of them, and still
they came. There seemed to us that there were about a million of
them, but I suppose there were only a few hundred in the yard. An
impudent lieutenant demanded of me where the horses were secreted.
He hooted at my reply that the negroes had taken them off and hid
them. He asserted that he was a Southerner—a Kentuckian, and
knew as much about negroes as I did, and that was a likely story
which I was telling. I told him that if he was a Kentuckian he
ought to be ashamed of being in that band of marauders. After some
insolence he departed in search of the horses saying, "Be sure, Miss, we will find them—Yankees never fail in a search." In the meantime Mrs. C. and I took seats in the porch and waited an hour or two until the road and house began to thin out, and hoping that they had all passed, we began to reconnoitre. The pantry was as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Most of the meat had been taken out of the smoke house, and what was left was thrown down on the floor and a barrel of vinegar poured over it and then covered with dust and ashes. It was some consolation that the next set that came along took this same meat and ate it. The spring house was as bare as the pantry, and as far as we could see, nothing was left to eat. Some old turkeys which were setting had their heads cut off, but were still "a setting" in heedless dignity on their nests. Another squad of regular plunderers now came into the yard, and we resumed our stand in the front porch. They demanded clothes, provisions, etc., and threatened, if not supplied, to sack the house. We told them to sack away; that their own people had been there, and they would not be apt to find much left. They started on their rounds, but soon returned for the keys. It was then discovered that the keys had been carried off by the first set. (A good many of them were found weeks afterwards scattered over a wheat field near the house). They pretended not to believe this, and declared with very rough language that they would open the doors any way. (A few of them had been left locked). We soon heard them splitting out the panels with an axe, but finding little or nothing, they soon rode on, cursing the house and its inmates as they went.

Night was now drawing on, and to heighten its horrors, a dark
thunder cloud was rising in the west, and when we went to Mrs. C's room to try and arrange for the night, we found that we had no light. The candles were in the press with heavy oaken doors, the keys were gone, and we had not skill or strength to break the locks or split the doors. The very idea of being left in darkness, and those wretches so near us! Just then some of the negroes came peering around, and one of them told us that Col. C. had been taken prisoner, but was paroled (he was over 60 years old) and had sent him down to see if Mrs. C. was willing for him to come home, and stay that night. She was not willing, for she thought both he and we were safer if he was absent, so she sent him word to remain where he was. There was a large pile of new shingles at the back door with which to recover the house. We carried in enough of those to keep a light all night, built up a fire and sat down, after bolting and barricading the door as best we could. The room was a desolate confusion, the beds thrown on the floor, bureau drawers out and pulled to pieces and darkness and discomfort all around. We had no supper and wanted none. The children went to sleep, but Mrs. C. and I kept watch. We afterwards learned that there was a camp on each side of us, but the rain fell in torrents, and there was little passing and no stopping until the morning light, for which we were most truly thankful.

Aunt Hannah, the negro cook, came early in the morning to say that she had some breakfast for us, but 'lowed it was not worth while to bring it up there—"some of 'em would be coming along and snatching it." So we marched off to her cabin, where she had set a table as neatly as she could, and prepared for us some turkey,
cut up and stewed, saving part uncooked for future meals, scrambled eggs, bread and butter and rye coffee. From the same hospitable cabin we got all our meals for the next four or five days, the negroes catering for us, and using their own rations, which had been given out to them for the week, only the day before, and which the Yankees did not take. Col. C. came in and informed me that the raiders had come through Lenoir, where my home was, and now my troubles were increased tenfold by anxiety about my dear ones there.

A beautiful morning followed the rain, and as the house was too forlorn to occupy, we took possession of the front porch again. Very soon another regiment that had camped below commenced passing. Fewer stragglers came in this morning, and they, finding nothing, remained but a short time. The gate was open, and a mounted soldier turned from the column, galloped up to the very door, and said, "I would like to see Miss R. Is she here?" If His Satanic majesty had called for me, I could have scarcely have been more astonished, but I stepped to the edge of the porch, and announced that I was Miss R. "I guarded your father's house when in Lenoir" said he. "and here is a letter which I promised to deliver to you." I seized the letter, but turned with eager inquiries to the man, "How long were you in Lenoir? What did you do there." "Oh! Lenoir was not injured by us at all, we stopped there one day with our prisoners, but no houses were burnt." I knew then that they had eaten up all the meagre supplies which the village afforded, if nothing more. I thanked him as he rode away, and then turned to the letter. Oh, how glad I was to get that letter, and to hear that my folks had come off lightly in the sore visitation.
About this time a young lieutenant rode in, bowed politely, and asked for a drink of water. He looked more like a gentleman than any of them I had seen, and I made bold to tell him how his men had been behaving and asked him if he could not stay and guard us while a negro regiment that was just coming in sight was passing. He politely acceded to my request, and ordered a big black negro in an officer's uniform, who was just going into the back door, back to the lines. Oh! how horrid those negroes looked in that blue uniform; how the air was filled with oaths! But that was characteristic of their white comrades also. Did our army fill the air with blasphemies as they marched along? How thankful we were to have protection, even for this hour. The officer guarding was Lieutenant Davis, a Kentuckian. He told me that he had been raised by a good father and mother, and that he was heartily ashamed of being in such a command—that his cheeks had tingled at the outrages they had committed ever since they started from Tennessee. I told him I thought he had good reason to be ashamed. He said that the stragglers who followed the raid, and belonged to no command, were the worst, and that as the regiment just passed was the last, we would probably be more annoyed than we had been before, but that he was the officer of the day, and if stragglers should come in, to say that he had just left, and threaten them with him. Regretting that he must leave us so unprotected, but compelled he said, by his duty, he now followed on.

Col. C. had been about the house all the morning, continuously urged by his wife to hide out again, but reluctant to leave. Scarcely had Lieutenant Davis gone before we say half dozen men dashing up the creek, whooping and yelling and cursing, and as drunk as
they could be. There was a still house half a mile down the creek, and straight from it they came. Col. C. was in the parlor and there was no time to get out unseen. Mrs. C. entreated him to remain quietly seated on the sofa, which was on the same side with the door, which opened on the front porch, and in the doorway we stood to keep him from being seen. The wretches left their horses at the gate, fairly ran up the walk, and two of them rushed up to Mrs. C. and myself, and with cocked pistols nearly touching our breasts, demanded all the watches and jewelry in the house. Col. and Mrs. C. had hid their watches but mine was concealed on my person. I had no idea of giving it up. I knew they were only threatening, and I did not suppose they intended to shoot us, but in their tremulous drunken hands, I knew there was great danger of the pistols firing. We threatened to report them to the officer of the day, who we told them was near at hand, but they cursed him and all the other officers, and said they belonged to no command and feared nobody. Still we stood there determined to keep them from seeing into the room. Mrs. C. was an invalid, and with extreme terror for her husband, who was so near her, and yet so powerless to protect her, I feared she would faint, but she did not. We stood our ground and they stood theirs, holding their pistols pointed close to us, and making horrid threats what they would do, if we did not disclose the hiding place of various hidden treasures, but especially of the watches, which they declared they would have—every one of them, and moreover, that they knew exactly how many there were in the house. Two of the gang now called out that they were going to burn the house, and placing some straw and other light material on the floor of the porch, they put a match to it, and it blazed up.
We thought our time had come now sure enough, but there was nothing to do but escape ourselves, and there was time enough for that; so we just stood still, and to our surprise, they knocked out the fire themselves before the floor had fairly caught. Some of them in the meantime had been looking about the house, and finding it so bare, came out, saying, "Come along boys, and let the women alone; there is nothing to be got here," and so they left. As soon as they were out of sight Mrs. C. turned to her husband and said, "Now go, and I beseech you not to come back again while those dreadful creatures are about. You see you can be no protection to me, and I am a thousand times more afraid when you are here. They threaten to kill, but they would kill you." So he went, but he did not stay.

For several hours we sat in solemn stillness. There was no passing, and we began to hope that it was all over, and that we had seen the last of them but it was a vain wish.

A Captain with 50 men now came over with a flag of truce from Gen. Palmer to Gen. Gilliam. Palmer had turned off at Morganton, going across by Hickory Nut Gap. He came in, and ordered supper for his men, to be served in half an hour. Mrs. C. told him there was nothing to cook, and she had no one to cook it if there was. "Cook it yourselves," with the most impudent tone and manner. "I intend to have supper, and if you do not get it for us, I will turn my men loose in the house." That was not a very serious threat, considering the condition of the house after his people had been loose in it a day or two. We gave him to understand that we neither could nor would cook for him, and in marched his men. We heard them setting the table in the dining room, and making a great clat-
ter and wondered what they were doing. So far as we knew there
was not a thing to eat in the house. After an hour or more, they
filed out, and the captain, after stopping for another insolent
word with us rode on.

We then ventured into the house to see what they had been do-
ing. At the dining room door, we stopped and laughed. A long ta-
ble was set out, covered with the remnants of a feast that seem to
have been composed of corn batter cakes, and sorghum, and over ev-
everything, floor, table, dishes, chairs and all they had smeared
sorghum. We raised our skirts and tipped across to the kitchen,
where the same scene of dirt and confusion met our eye. Mrs. C.
then remembered that she had had a bag of meal and a keg of sorghum
thrown up above a half open ceiling in a narrow entrance leading
to the kitchen, and this, overlooked by the others, they had found.

We made no attempt to clean up, and the house remained in the
condition they had left it for days. Night was now at hand and we
began to dread going into the house. It seemed safer in the open
air. We, two lone women, and the two little girls, felt so awfully
desolate and forsaken in that great bare house in the darkness. We
hoped, however, that the last enemy was far on his way, and we
would see no more of them till the judgment day. Just at dusk,
however, here came a long column marching back. Gen. Martin had
come from Asheville to the top of the Blue Ridge, and so obstructed
the narrow mountain road, by felling trees and throwing in large
stones that, as one of the Yankees told me "it would take a month
to clear out the road." So they were all returning and would "go
around by Hickory Nut Gap." Just to think of having all that army
pass us again! Co. C., now came in, and said that a regiment would camp out before the door, and the colonel——Howard, I think was the name——would make his headquarters in the house. I stepped out into the porch which was filling with men, and enquired for the officer of the day, and, in the fading twilight, recognized the man who presented himself as Lieutenant Davis, our friend of the morning. Informing him that Mrs. C. was sick and ready to give up with fatigue, I begged him to put a guard at the door of our room. He brought up his colonel, introduced him, who expressed great regret at the treatment we had received, promised all we asked and bowed himself off. Supperless, we bolted ourselves in, fixed up the beds and went to sleep and slept all night. Col. C. called us to look at the camp fires, but we did not care to see them. I am he thought surprised that they looked pretty, as they were built up of rails, leaving exposed his growing fields.

The next morning our polite colonel started on an early march. On one side of the road was a broad field of wheat, now the latter part of April, giving promise of abundant harvest. A halt was made, which for a moment we did not understand, but the explanation came soon enough. The fence was torn down, and over and over the growing wheat that cavalry galloped in wanton destruction. This was after the war was over, Lee having surrendered, though we had only heard of it through the raiders, and would not believe it. A flag of truce had been sent from Gen. Palmer to these men only the evening before, so this piece of maliciousness was purely gratuitous.

This was only a repetition of the day before. One man wanted shirts for the hospital. Col. C. told him he could not find one in the house, he was sure. "Well sir," pointing his pistol at him——
"give me the one you have on." He went in the house and took it off and was left with only his flannel underwear, and the man rode off with his shirt.

One party found an old rifle and a musket, and with great furor, broke stock and lock, and dashed them over the terrace into the creek. Never shall I forget the clangor of those great cavalry spurs and sabres as they dragged over the bare floors of those long passages and porches. Mrs. C. was still sick, so we could not remain out doors. Without ceremony they rushed in and out of her room, a kick at the door the only way in which they asked permission to enter. We left the door open for a while to avoid this. Once a mere boy with a red head, and a redder face—not from the bottomless pit he looked—ran in as if pursued, jerked open drawers, banged the closet doors, and at last reached up on the high old-fashioned mantel, pulled open the old clock door, and down it came with a bang on his head, the weights falling out and the whole thing coming down with a crash on the floor. All this time he had seemed never to notice that the room was occupied; but just then his pursuer appeared with a raised sabre, and out of the back door, one after the other, over the banisters of a high porch, away they went, and we saw them no more. We had missed our breakfast that morning, for just as we entered Aunt Hannah's door, two or three blue coats ran out with the breakfast in their hands. It was a little tantalizing, but we had not much appetite, and I don't think we were as much disturbed as Aunt Hannah was over it.

Another night now came on with all the terrors of darkness. I felt comparatively strong during the day, but the utter helpless—
ness of two weak women and children made my heart faint at night.
We were entirely alone. After the encounter about the shirt, Col. C. again left, having promised his wife not to return till the Yankees were all gone. We fastened the doors of our room as securely as possible, determined not to open them to any comers, but knowing well how easily they could be forced open, we could only hope and pray that none would come during the night. Whenever we heard horses hoofs, our hearts would rise up in our throats, but when we heard the splash in the creek, we knew they had passed for that time, and thanked God for that. Sometime after midnight we heard a halt. In breathless terror, we listened to the sound of spur and sabre and heavy tramp up the walk, through the passage, down the long porch of the house in which was our room, and straight to our door, where the sound stopped, with a heavy kick on the door. Not a word could we utter. A rough voice cried "Open the door. We want a light to go to the barn." No answer. "Open the door, or we'll break it down," was howled, with an oath, from the outside. Mrs. C. then spoke, "I have but one piece of candle" (she had found this in one of the rooms) "and I cannot give it to you." "Give us a piece of it," they cried. "I have no knife to cut it," said she. "Open the door, and we'll give you one." She hesitated. After a moment she said, "If you'll promise not to come in I'll open the door wide enough to get the knife, and give you a piece of candle." They promised. I did not trust to "honor among thieves" and expected them to push in. But she opened a crack in the door, got the knife, gave them the candle, and off they went. Just after daylight, the same rough voice was heard at the door. "Open this door, I tell you, or I'll break it open," and heavy kicks followed
under which the door threatened to give way every moment. We now concluded to open the door. A man rather old, with the most frightful countenance I think I ever saw, pushed in. I think I should know that face after all these years. He came pretty near where I was standing, and immediately spied an insignificant breastpin which I wore habitually, and had not thought of concealing. "Give me that pin," he insolently demanded. "No, you cannot have it," I said. "If you don't take it off, I'll take it off for you," he replied. "No, you will not dare touch me," I said. I moved back toward the fireplace, where there was a large iron shovel, keeping my eye fixed steadily upon him as he slowly moved after me. I determined if he attempted to touch me to seize the shovel, and do the best I could with it. I never took my eye off him, but did not allow him to shorten the distance between us, as he moved toward me I moved back till we had gone half way around the room. I persistently refused to let him have the pin, and to all his horrid threats told him he dared not touch me. "Dare not," he said, "I fear not God or man." "I fear God," said I, "and you cannot harm me." After many minutes, as it seemed to me, he moved off, leaving me weak kneed, and ready enough to drop into the nearest seat. A few days before a lady near by my home in Lenoir had been knocked down and robbed of her watch by one of this same gang of marauders, and I know of no earthly reason why this wretch should have desisted, but just at this hour, as I afterwards learned, my dear father was on his knees, imploring the protection of God upon his absent child, amid the dangers by which she was surround-
ed.
The day passed in comparative quiet, only a few stragglers, and they employing themselves in digging around for buried valuables, but not one thing did they get. It was found that they had dug within six inches of the box of hands, and still failed to find it. The horses had been found on the second day, and the children's pony was paraded up and down at the front door before their tearful eyes, before they carried them off. Toward evening, quiet settled upon us. No raider had passed for hours, and we were beginning to breathe freely, as we sat in the soft April sunlight, which seemed to be the only thing that vile man could not mar. Down the road from Morganton at last rode two men. They might be friends, but for fear they might be foes, we retired to the back of the house, and shut the door. In a little while, we heard a knock at the front entrance. "O, Mrs. C.," I cried, "That's no Yankees! They come in with a kick, and never with a knock." I flew to the door, and there stood a major in the lovely Confederate uniform. It seemed to me months since I had seen a friend, and I thought he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. He introduced himself as Major Herndon from Asheville, (I learned later a brother-in-law of Governor Vance), and I seized the hand which he offered with both of mine, and came near kissing him. Mrs. C. now came forward, recognized him, and begged him to stay all night. He said he wanted to stop, but his servant at the gate was in charge of two fine horses which he was anxious to get home without encountering any Yankees. We told him none had passed since noon, and we thought the horses could be sent to a place of safety. We walked to the gate with him, and while we were consulting about the best disposition to
make of the horses, one of the negroes came running round the corner crying, "Run, Massa, run, for God's sake, run! They's a coming from the still house, just as drunk as they can be!" One leap to his horse's back, and with "Good bye, ladies, I am sorry to leave you," he was gone. Back we ran to Mrs. C.'s room, and shut the door, but from the window we could see and hear the drunken crowd whooping and cursing. In a moment they rushed in, and were standing before us with pistols presented, crying "Meat, give us meat, or we will shoot you." Mrs. C. told them they might have all they could find, but there was none there. Finding we were not to be intimated by pistols and oaths, they left us, and after a fruitless search in the smoke house, they rode off. If I remember aright, these were the last of the raiders that we saw, but it was days before we felt secure.

Time and space fail me to relate the result of the inventory taken soon after, but I will only say that old Aunt Lucindy's shroud was one of the things that this noble army took away with them. She was an old African—-a "King's daughter" of course in her native land. She was said to be over a hundred years old, and had her shroud laid up in her "chist" for many years. A rapacious blue coat dragged it out, put it on, danced around in it, to the infinite horror of the negroes, and, in spite of their entreaties, carried it away.

Miss E. L. R.