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everything imaginable. We turned our team around and drove into the lot and under the shed at the crib, took out and fed our team. Sometime previous, the Yankees had made a foraging trip through the country and took every scrap of meat from an old man who lived about two miles west of us with his wife and daughter. He was 80 years old and not able to do manual labor, and near him also lived a middle aged man who was shot and crippled for life at the fight at Fort Donaldson: so I told Mother I wanted to go tell them to come over and get some supplies as neither side would ever come back for the wagon, and if they did, they did not know what was in it. She finally agreed, and I went & told them both. They came in a one-horse wagon, an old mule hitched to it and we loaded them up. I gave them hams and middlings, and I gave the old man a 50# sack of flour, and the other 100#, as he had 6 little children, also a supply of coffee and rice and soda and told them to help themselves to as many skillets and frying pans as they could use. Then I went to bed feeling I had done right and still feel that way. No one ever came to claim those supplies. After a reasonable length of time my father and I opened up the packages and found 18 pr. of shoes, 20 suits of federal uniforms, more or less worn, 35 shirts mostly woolen, considerable underwear and love letters without number, and in the doctor's valise, we found a pair of medical saddlebags stuffed full of medicine, one suit of nice clothes and underwear, and a lot of writing material and about 300 3-cent stamps and more photographs than any man needed. We sold the saddle bags to a local doctor for \$24.00 and all put together, got about \$200.00 worth out of that one load. Much of it was un-salable and we bartered all we could to the negroes and let them cut wood for much of it or would exchange for a pig or a calf or for chickens or anything we could use.

I believe in a previous statement I told you we had a negro woman named Rose. She was not considered smart, in fact, she was looked on as being very ignorant. She was about 40 or 45 years old, was a good hand to work and very handy about the place in keeping chips and kindling for the fires. She had an ax she called her own, it was small and generally very dull. She was agreeable and humble and peaceable, but when mad and out of humor, she would fight the devil and all his angels. We also had several billy-goats that would fight and they took a delight in fighting Rose, and when they had a mad spell on them, would come home and run Rose and all the children into the house where they would bar the doors to keep them out and blow the conk for me to come home, if I was at work anywhere near home. Usually, we kept the gates fastened so the goats would stay in their place, but by some hook or crook, gates would sometimes get unfastened, and then the goats would make their raids on the house and women-folks. One of my sisters had raised a motherless "kid" to be hearly grown, and it usually stayed about the house. I was chopping wood one day not far from home when the conk blew long and loud. I went as fast as I could and found the women shut up except Rose; and the goats were in charge, 3 of them. They had butted Rose down near the edge of the house, and for protection she had crawled underneath and was waiting and watching with not enough room to turn around. In our back yard, near the wood-pile was an old office once used as a doctor's office. I soon had the goats in that office shut up until I could repair the lot gate, which was down, and while doing so the Yankees came and was all over the place when I first saw them..... a company of Yankee negroes with white officers. Several negroes were in the lot catching goats to kill when two negro soldiers caught up my sister's little pet kid, and were preparing to chop off its head when my sister began to scream. The wood pile was between the office and house and the