

"Only once that spring we had a scare, and it amounted to nothing. Mother, my two sisters and I and the two younger children were in the sitting-room, about eight in the evening, when two Yankee soldiers came in at the front door. They were the first we had seen—the Federals were pursuing President Davis and a large party of them passed through the county and the village. The men looked around and asked for food. Their manner was not exactly threatening, but not reassuring, and we women were half a mile from the next house where white people lived. I was scared speechless, but Lucy's presence of mind did not leave her, she went to the outer door, of the next room, and called, 'Larry! Some men are here!' 'All right!' was the answer from the yard, and I never felt quite so relieved in my life. Lucy had remembered that my brother had gone a little while before to look after something on the plantation and it occurred to her that possibly he had not started, and so it was. I could see a change in the manner of the men. Larry came into the house, we gave the men some food, and they went away politely enough. I was dreadfully scared.

"The white people were still in charge of the government, your father was elected to the Legislature that summer, but our 'hard times' began toward the end of the year. The depression was bad in 1866, and the uncertainty and anxiety grew worse and worse. After 1866 we had better crops and more money, but there was no feeling of safety until the Federal garrison left and the Hampton government went into office in 1877."

The Federal cavalry who were hurrying after the Davis party arrived in Laurens late in the evening, halting only for supper, an hour or two, and a Confederate soldier, Robert E. Ellison, about seventeen years old, on his way to his home in Fairfield County farther south, happened to be in the village that night. On the depot lot not far from the hotel he discovered as he strolled about the streets lines of horses and mules feeding. They stood by the hitching racks, but their halters and bridle reins lay loose on the ground as they ate their forage, and a single soldier marched up and down the lines, about thirty yards, guarding them. It was quite dark. The other

"The State that forgot" Means ?

soldiers had scattered over the town. A scheme quickly framed itself in the daring young fellow's mind, and, first, to carry it out he hired a negro, promising him a mule. Watching his chance, the soldier crawled on his belly close to the horses at one end of the line and waited till the sentinel was at the other. Then, gently (he knew horses as most southern boys did) he gathered together the halters of five, or it may have been seven, of the animals and led them away, quietly, the negro boy helping him. No negro in South Carolina ever earned a mule in shorter time, or with less exertion. The young man and his negro rode east with their horses and the soldiers went west, toward Georgia. The horses which the youth acquired had been appropriated by the Federals on their southward march, no prices had been paid, and they were more useful to their new possessor, for his county lay in the path of General Sherman's army and live stock was now scarce in it. The youth might have been shot, but he was not one to be caught, and the fact is that he was one of the few in his county who made a crop that year, for he had horses and mules.

Shortly after the surrender gangs of desperadoes and marauders, natives and some of them former Confederate soldiers, caused trouble in Anderson County. They were dangerous to the white people as well as to the negroes, and the Federal Government sent soldiers to the county. I quote from my record of a conversation with Richard Ligon, of Anderson, July 21, 1928:

"The soldiers went to private houses, searched them and took possession of all firearms. One day a soldier came to our house at Pendleton and inquired of my mother if she had any guns or pistols. My father was not at home. I was then about five, and I was present. My mother told the man that an old seven-shooter pistol in which home-molded bullets were used was the only weapon in the house, and this she produced. The soldier placed it in his pocket. 'You wouldn't take the only pistol with which a woman could defend herself?' my mother said, and the soldier answered, with curses, that he would, and so he carried it away. The next day my brother, Will Ligon, thirteen, and his chum, George Gaillard, came upon the man at

a spring, and as he bent pistol fell from his pocket picked it up and ran hom pistol and was told by a gone off with it. George my mother, who told W raspberry bushes, in the house on a mule, accomp heard him order the ne I'll kill you.' As the s from his pocket and w entering his leg or thigh. could for the prostrate mandeered the Reverenc and conveyed the wound day he died. The old se our family."

The months and year ferer and terror everyv ruffian soldier who insul was an incident of ther side of the picture. Pre me the story that day told me:

"There was a garrise village of Anderson, cor 'Jolly gang' ('Mance' peradoes) had been mal off a man occasionally. killed and were buried after their graves. Witl told, appropriated mon national cemetery in G

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