

Father came home one evening driving 6 cows and calves, and told me to hitch up the team, that I was to haul cotton seed from the gin at Pinewood for winter use and that he would wean the calves and feed them on the seed. We had milked goats the previous winter, fed nearly entirely on cotton seed and found them to be a big success. Back in those days cotton seed was considered worthless, and ginners had to hire them hauled out and dumped in a pile to rot; but a few families had learned they were good feed when mixed with other feed, and not fed too extravagantly. He, my father, thought we could use about 500 bushels, and with 4 mules we could haul 100 bushels at a load. Pinewood was one mile north by $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of us, so I went down and loaded on the cotton seed. Now there was a regiment of Yankee soldiers stationed at Pinewood and had been for some time, and I noticed quite a stir among the soldiers about the camps.

As I drove out toward home an officer came up and demanded to know whose team and where I lived, and then summoned me to be there early next morning to haul a load of camping outfits, and provisions to Dickson 16 miles away. I knew it would not suit Father, and told him so whereupon he said he was not out trying to please rebel parents, but for me to understand that he had summoned me and it would be to my interest to obey orders. Mother did not want me to go but Pa did not seem to care, and I had learned from a picket as I came home they were expecting an attack from the rebels next day or the following night. Next morning, bright and early, I was on hand.... they loaded me with meat and flour and sugar and coffee, rice, Irish potatoes, etc. and when I thought I had a load, told them so, but they said if we could not pull it they would double-team on steep hills, that they had another team to go besides mine, and they piled in camping outfits, harness, saddles, bridles, hamper sacks, skillets, frying pans, tinware, and every conceivable thing that was needed in a camp of 500 or 600 men. As I drove out, I was ordered to stop until the soldiers got in front and it seemed to me every fellow that had a big bundle rode by and put it on the wagon, and last came the army surgeon with a large valise, and put that in. I knew I could not pull it up some of the hills this side of Dickson. As I started, a wounded soldier had been shot through the hand, crawled up on the wagon, and we were on our way. The soldiers were soon out of sight, except two soldiers who were detailed to guard the wagons and when we were about half-way out to the county highway, which ran due north to Dickson, and very close to home, the battle broke loose. I stopped my team, the guards deserted, and the wounded soldier disappeared, and I sat there awaiting results and listened to the firing, and wishing I were a soldier so I could help fight, too. While waiting, a rebel captain dashed up and took possession of the load and commanded me to drive out to the highway and turn back to Centerville. And as I turned into the highway toward Centerville, he commanded me to drive down to that house, pointing to where I lived, and he told me to await their return and to be ready to drive at a moments notice on down to Centerville. When I got home, I found Ma crying. She did not know but what I were shot. As the Yankees and Rebels had both been foraging off of us for years, I decided to forage some myself, and proceeded to take out a 100# sack of flour, 2 hams, and 2 middlings, a supply of coffee and rice and soda and soap and it was the first bought bar of soap I ever saw. Pa was not there and Ma did not want me to take it, but I did it anyway, and as the skirmish seemed to be getting farther and farther away we decided to take out our team and feed them. When they were through eating, I hitched them up again ready to go when notified; but as we waited, the battle seemed to grow closer and soon we saw the rebels coming retreating in disorder, and they passed our house, making no halt nor leaving any orders. The Yankees stopped pursuit before they reached our place, therefore we had an elephant on our hands in the way of a load of nearly