

"My mother did not hesitate. Crying loudly, 'Indians! Run for the house!' she suited her advice to actions. I can well remember my sensation at hearing that dread cry! My brother and myself bolted in the direction of the house. I stumbled and fell. Precious moments were lost. The Indians were now firing rapidly. I rounded the smoke house. A bullet struck the corner by which my small head had just passed. I skimmed a corner of the rail fence, scarcely touching the top. Under ordinary conditions I could never have cleared it so easily. Fear lends wings to our feet!

"After what seemed to us all an unendurable time we reached the door of our house. My father, who had heard our racing footsteps, rushed to the door, frantically trying to load his gun. He pushed us past him, shouting within, 'My gun won't fire! Underhill, if yours will, for God's sake, shoot!' He then slammed the door and shot the wooden bolt in place. Not one moment too soon! A bullet from an Indian's gun splintered the planks and ploughed through the forehead of Aunt Line; she was painfully wounded but my mother eventually nursed her back to health.

"My father and Mr. Underhill took up their places at each side of the brick chimney and fired on the Indians who were hiding behind the corner of the fence. Mr. Underhill on his first shot brought down one who fell outside the enclosure between the pen and the smokehouse.

"As the smoke from the guns of father and Mr. Underhill indicated their positions to the Indians, they were obliged to fire and jump back to safety. This of course forced them to fire much more slowly than their enemies. One bullet struck a crack near father's leaning body, but the logs were so finely notched that the bullet was deflected and my father's life was spared. He ever afterwards boasted of the fine workmanship of our house."

The sound of the firing was heard at Fort Meade. Lieutenant Alderman Carlton hurriedly mounted six men: Daniel Carlton, John C. Oates, William Parker, William McCullough, Henry Hollingsworth & Lot Whidden. James D. Tillis continues:

"The galloping hoofbeats of their approaching horses warned our enemies, who crawled from their position behind our cattlepen and fortified themselves in the south end of a ten acre field to the south end of our house. Lt. Carlton was the first to round our house in a cloud of dust. He called out 'Where are the Indians?' My father indicated their direction, but shouted, 'How many men have you, Lieutenant?' 'Only seven', was the reply. Father cried out warningly, 'You are outnumbered more than two to one!'

"Lt. Carlton whirled to give his command, but at that moment William Parker sighted the Indians moving cautiously in the field, and calling, 'Come on boys, we'll charge them!' wheeled his horse and tore for the field. Behind him followed the others.

"Three raced down one side of the field and four down the other, closing in on the Indians in a cloud of dust. But the crouching Seminoles had the advantage. They were stationary. Their brave attackers were mounted and moving rapidly. The Indians fired. Lt. Carlton, William Parker and Lot