

Saturday Morning, April 1, 1865.

Foraging Sherman.

"If," says Sherman to Hampton—"if the civil authorities will supply my requisitions, I will forbid all foraging." Cool, this, and wonderfully logical, in the case of one whose chief performances have been found in destroying all the forage and provisions in the country, and every possible public and private means of transportation—wagons, vehicles of all sorts and railways. In his insolent flippancy, this ravager shows himself a fool. "I must collect directly from the people." His collections and methods of making them are characteristic enough. But foraging and destroying are surely different things. "I have no doubt this is the occasion of much *misbehavior* on the part of my men." *Misbehavior!* the innocent lambskins! What an epithet applied to Sherman's lambs! A pistol at a woman's bosom, demanding her money, is merely a playful piece of levity. To hang a citizen up—an old man of three-score—to extort from him a confession of the place where his money is hidden, is a *misbehavior*, or a thoughtless impulse; and to fire the dwelling over the heads of mothers and sucking babes, is certainly a sort of horse-play which may be said to amount to an indiscretion! These misbehaviors, levities, horse-plays and indiscretions, Sherman "cannot permit an enemy to judge and punish." Oh! no! You must grin and bear it, lest you suffer worse!

THE OATH! THE OATH!—Much virtuous swearing is said to be going on in Charleston since the Yankees have concluded to administer the oath; and men who claimed to have fired the first gun at Fort Sumter, have rushed headlong to take the first oath to Lincoln. So eager is the competition among these loyalists, that no man's coins are safe in the struggle. Their consciences are in no danger, being of that moral caoutchouc which accommodates itself to any grasp.

JOHNSTON'S ARMY.—According to the *Carolinian*, Johnston's army has the inside track of Sherman, and is in a position to command the first move on the political chess-board. Sherman has effected a junction with Schofield, near Goldsboro, but they are reported to be entrenching there—a tacit acknowledgment of temporary inability to keep the field.

The buildings were occupied by Confederate hospitals, where some three hundred invalids and convalescents found harborage. The yellow flag would have proved but little protection for them, but for the efforts of these gentlemen, and, perhaps, because of other considerations. They held forth no promise of plunder, were remote from those parts of the city where the temptations were most numerous, and the professors of colleges are not usually bondsmen, or even gentlemen of gold and silver vessels. These generally occupied the dwellings of the College; they escaped with some petty losses. Professor John LeConte was made a prisoner and carried off; but why he was selected thus, is not very apparent. After a few days in durance, he was suffered to depart, and left the army on its march. In a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Porter regarding the safety of the College library, General Sherman indulged in a sneer; "I would rather," said he, "give you books than destroy them. I am sure your people need them very much." To this Mr. Porter made no reply, suffering the eloquent General to rave for awhile, upon a favorite text with him, the glories of his flag and the perpetuation of the Union, which he solemnly pledged himself to maintain against all the fates.

That his own people did not value books, in any proper degree, may be shown by their invariable treatment of libraries. These were almost universally destroyed, tumbled into the weather, the streets, gutters, hacked and hewn and trampled, even when the collections were of the rarest value and in immense numbers. Libraries of ten thousand volumes—books such as cannot again be procured—were sacrificed in the hope of procuring a few hundred dollars worth of plunder. It will suffice to illustrate the numerous losses of this sort in Columbia, to report the fate of the fine collections of Dr. R. W. Gibbs. This gentleman, a man of letters and science, a *virtuoso*, busied all his life in the accumulation of works of art and literature, and rare objects of interest to the amateur and student, has been long known to the American world, North and South, in the character of a *savant*. Perhaps no other person in South Carolina has more distinguished himself by his scientific writings, and by the indefatigable research which illustrated them, by the accumulation of proofs from the natural world. A friendly correspondent gives us a mournful narrative of the disasters to his house, his home, his manuscripts and his various and valuable collections, from which we condense the following particulars:

"Besides the fine mansion of Dr. Gibbs and its usual contents of furniture, his real estate on Main street, &c., his scientific collections and paintings were of immense value, occasioning more regret than could arise from any loss of mere property. His gallery contained upwards of two hundred paintings, among which were two pictures by Washington Allston, of inestimable value; several by Sully and

Inman, and many admirable landscapes by Charles Fraser. The earliest and latest works of DeVeaux constituted treasures of infinite value, which the future would have rejoiced to study; and many originals and copies, by European hands, were highly prized from their intrinsic excellence and interesting associations—each having its own history. There was an original portrait of Garrick, by Pine, and one of the "Seven Ages" of Shakspeare, painted for Alderman Boydell; there were portraits of Washington Allston, Gen. Z. Taylor, Col. Wade Hampton—all friends of the proprietor, and from the hands of the best artists. The family portraits in the collection were also numerous—some ancient, all valuable; and several admirable busts graced his drawing room. His portfolios contained collections of the best engravings, from the most famous pictures of the old masters and by the most excellent engravers of the age. These were mostly bequeathed from the venerable C. Fraser, who was one of those who best knew what a good engraving or picture should be, and who had, all his life, been engaged in accumulating the most valuable illustrations of the progress of art. Nor was the library of Dr. G. less rich in stores of letters and science, art and medicine. His historical collection was particularly rich, especially in American and South Carolina history. His cabinet of Southern fossils and memorials, along with those brought from the remotest regions, was equally select and extensive. It contained no less than ten thousand specimens. The collection of shark's teeth was pronounced by Agassiz to be the finest in the world. His collections of historical documents, original correspondence of the Revolution, especially that of South Carolina, was exceedingly large and valuable. From these he had compiled and edited three volumes, and had there arrested the publication, in order to transfer his *matériel* to the Historical Society of South Carolina. All are now lost. So, also, was his collection of autographs—the letters of eminent correspondents in every department of letters, science and art. Many relics of our aborigines, others from the pyramids and tombs of Egypt, of Herculaneum, Pompeii and Mexico, with numerous memorials from the Revolutionary and recent battle-fields of our country, shared the same fate—are gone down to the same abyss of ruin. The records of the Surgeon General's Department of the State, from its organization, no longer exist. The dwelling which contained these inestimable treasures was deliberately fired by men, for whose excuse no whiskey influence could be pleaded. They were quite as sober as in a thousand other cases where they sped with the torch of the incendiary. It was fired in the owner's presence, and when he expostulated with them, he was laughed to scorn. A friend who sought to extinguish the fire kindled in his very parlor, was seized by the collar and hurled aside, with the ejaculation, "Let the d—d house burn."

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]