

sleeping negro woman, when the Yankees threw their torches into her bed, from which she was narrowly extricated with life.

Of the recklessness of these soldiers, especially when sharpened by cupidity, an instance is given where they thrust their bayonets into a bed, where they fancied money to be hidden, between two sleeping children—being, it is admitted, somewhat careful not to strike through the bodies of the children.

The treatment of the negroes in their houses was, in the larger proportion of cases, quite as brutal as that which was shown to the whites. They were robbed in like manner, frequently stripped of every article of clothing and provisions, and where the wigwag was not destroyed, it was effectually gutted. Few negroes, having a good hat, good pair of shoes, good overcoat, but were incontinently deprived of them, and roughly handled when they remonstrated. These acts, we believe, were mostly ascribed to Western men. They were repeatedly heard to say: "We are Western men, and don't want your d—d black faces among us." When addressing the negro, they frequently charged him with being the cause of the war. In speaking to the whites on this subject, especially to South Carolinians, the cause was ascribed to them. In more than one instance, we were told: "We are going to burn this d—d town. We've begun, and we'll go through. This thing began here, and we'll stack the houses and burn the town."

XXXIII.

A different role was assigned to, or self-assumed by, the Eastern men. They hob-nobbed with the negro; walked with him, and smoked and joked with him. Filled his ears with all sorts of blarney; lured him, not only with hopes of freedom, but all manner of license. They hovered about the premises of the citizens, seeking all occasion to converse with the negroes. They would elude the guards, slip into the kitchens, if the gates were open, or climb over the rear fences, and pour their subtle poison into the senses of all who would listen. No doubt they succeeded in beguiling many, since nothing is more easy than to seduce, with promises of prosperity, ease and affluence, the labouring classes of any people, white or black. To teach them that they are badly governed and suffering wrong, is the favorite method of demagoguism in all countries, and is that sort of inducement which will always prevail with a people at once vain, sensual and ignorant. But, as far as we have been able to see and learn, a large proportion of the negroes were carried away forcibly. When the beguiler failed to seduce, he resorted to violence. The Yankees, in several cases which have been reported to us, pursued the slaves with the tenacity of blood-hounds; were at their elbows when they went forth, and bunted them up, at all hours, on the premises of the owner. Very frequent are the instances where the negro, thus hotly pursued, besought protection of his master or mistress, sometimes

voluntarily seeking a hiding place along the swamps of the river; at other times, finding it under the bed of the owner; and not leaving these places of refuge till long after the enemy had departed. For fully a month after they had gone, the negroes, singly or in squads, were daily making their way back to Columbia, having escaped from the Yankees by dint of great perseverance and cunning, generally in wretched plight, half-starved and with little clothing. They represented the difficulties in the way of their escape to be very great, the Yankees placing them finally under guards at night, and that they could only succeed in flight at the peril of life or limb. Many of these were negroes of Columbia, but the larger proportion seemed to hail from Barwell. They all sought passports to return to their owners and plantations.

XXXIV.

We should not overlook the ravage and destruction which marked the progress of the enemy in the immediate precincts of the city, though beyond its corporate boundaries. Within a few miles of Columbia, from two to five miles, it was girdled by beautiful country seats, such as those of the Hampton family—Millwood—a place famous of yore for its charm and elegance of society, its frank hospitality and the lavish bounty of its successive hosts. The destruction of this family seat of opulence, and grace, and hospitality, will occasion sensation in European countries, no less than in our own, among those who have enjoyed its grateful privileges, as guests, in better days. This was destroyed by a gang of banditti, sent forth to forage—looting, in Gen. Sherman's dictionary, being identical with burglary and arson. The beautiful country seats of Mr. Secretary Trenholm, of Dr. John Wallace, Mrs. Thos. Starke, Col. Thomas Taylor, Capt. J. U. Adams, Mr. C. P. Pelham, Mill Creek, as well as homestead—and many more—all shared the fate of Millwood—all were robbed and ruined, then given to the flames, and from these places were carried off all horses, mules, cattle and hogs, stock of every sort, and the provisions not carried off, were destroyed. In many cases, where mules and horses were not choice, they were shot down; and where the marauders abandoned their own beasts, in finding better, they almost invariably slew those which they left. But this was the common history. On all the farms and plantations, and along the road sides everywhere, far many a mile, horses, mules and cattle, strew the face of the country. Young colts, however fine the stock, had their throats cut. The same demonic spirit, prompted the destruction of every vehicle when the plunderers could not carry away. Our informant tells us that in one place he counted forty slain mules on the banks of the Santee.

XXXV.

But there were other barbarities of more heinous character, reported of their proceedings in the more isolated farm settlements and

country houses. Horrid narratives of rape are given which we dare not attempt to individualize. Individuals suspected of having embezzled large sums of money, were hung up repeatedly, until, almost in the agonies of death and to escape the torture, they confessed where the deposit had been made. A family of the name of Fox, of Lexington, were treated with especial cruelty. The head of the family was hung up thrice by the neck till nearly dead, when he yielded \$9,000 in specie to the robbers. Mr. Meefe, of the same district, is reported to have been robbed in like manner and by the same process; and one poor idiot—a crazy creature, mistaken for another party, was subjected, till nearly dead, to the same treatment. This mode of torture, from what we can learn, was frequently resorted to. Other parties were whipped; others buffeted or knocked down, and, indeed, every form of brutality seems to have been put in practice, whenever cupidity was sharpened into rage by denial or disappointment. But we sicken at the further recital of these cruelties and horrors! The soul turns away with loathing from their contemplation. The heart bleeds, the mind, in despair, cries to the great Master of nations, with plea and prayer asking if there be no vengeance in the stores of heaven—no fiery bolts—to alight upon the heads of these fiends set free, and annihilate them with the swiftest and sweetest of dooms—such as justice and mercy and all the virtues must sanction with clapping of hands, even in the sacred abodes of eternity. Can it be that these reckless demons, mocking, equally God and humanity, shall pursue with impunity their diabolical progress. Do they not march to retribution? Are they not cursed with such impediments, as will take courage out of their souls and strength out of their limbs? The spoils they have borne away from ten thousand desolated homes, must weigh equally upon their shoulders, their consciences and courage. Robbers are rarely brave men, and whatever might have existed in virtue of their cause, is forfeit by the process which they have taken for its maintenance. Encountered by a determined enemy, stung by the sense of loss and suffering, intensified by the stings of such a record of violated homes, as is here written, they will surely quail before our sons. We look yet to behold the retribution, in its most terrible aspects, dogging their heels and bearing at their throats. The judgment of God on crimes of the foulest—the revenge of man, for deeds too terrible for humanity to contemplate—these, will arm our people, fighting *pro aris et focis*, with a power which they will face in vain—with a vengeance which shall teach them what they deserve, however little they may be prepared to endure.

Barter! Barter!!

THE subscriber will exchange HIDES and SALT for SOLE LEATHER and CORN, on favorable terms. JOHN H. HEISE. April 1