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**J. H. Sullivan**  
Laurens, S. C.

LAND SALE  
State of South Carolina,  
County of Laurens.

Pursuant to the decree of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Laurens in said State in case of L. F. McSwain vs Mike Hill, I will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder at Laurens Court House, South Carolina, during legal hours for public sales, on salesday in April, 1914, all that lot of land with three room dwelling house thereon, containing one quarter of an acre, more or less, situate within the corporate limits of the Town of Cross Hill, in county and state aforesaid, bounded on north by lands of the Presbyterian church, east by lot of W. M. Miller, south by lot of Ernest Noffz and west by lot of L. F. McSwain. Terms of sale: cash, purchaser to pay for papers. If purchaser does not comply with terms of sale, land shall be resold on same or on some subsequent salesday at risk of defaulting purchaser.

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Clerk of Court.

34-3t

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DICEY LANGSTON.  
Extracts From Early South Carolina History.  
(Printed for County Educational Department.)

There was a black-eyed girl baby born on a South Carolina plantation in the year 1760, who was to grow up with far more of guile than the fear of man in her heart, and who was to do deeds of daring during the war for independence that would send her name down in history along with those of Sumter and Marion, Pickens and Moultrie, and other chivalrous souls of the Southland.

The little maid, Dicey Langston, was the daughter of Solomon Langston, an elderly planter, living in the Laurens district, on the Knoxee River, a section overrun with British soldiers, Tories, and outlaws, who trained with the Tories during the latter days of the Revolution, writes Mary and Harry Green in an exchange. Her mother died during her childhood, a period of which we have little regard except that she grew up with her brothers, learning their lessons and playing her part in their boyish sports. Naturally she became a bold and reckless rider and an expert shot along with her more lady-like accomplishments, and was a proud, imperious, high-spirited young woman, rather below the medium height, but graceful and attractive in face and manner. Of course, she became an earnest and outspoken patriot, as were her brothers, though they had relatives in their own neighborhood who were strong sympathizers with the policy of King George.

Old Solomon Langston was an ardent Whig, and though incapacitated by age and infirmities from active participation in the struggle, he was always ready with purse and influence to aid the cause of independence. Both the sons were in the field and had been since the breaking out of hostilities, in some capacity or other. In order to save the family from annoyance, they did not live at home, nor visit the some except surreptitiously at rare intervals, but were in constant communication with their sister.

#### Royalists Numerous.

Living as she did in a community where she was surrounded with Royalists, some of whom were her own relatives, the girl found it easy to learn what was going on, the movements and plans of the enemy, and how it was likely to affect their friends, and she did not hesitate to secure and use this information by communicating to her brother, who was encamped with a little band of Whigs along the opposite shore of the river, some miles away. After a time there began to arise questionings as to how certain information could have come to the ears of the rebels, and the suspicions of their Tory neighbors were turned toward Solomon Langston and his high spirited and outspoken daughter. Mr. Langston was waited upon by some of these same Tories and told that if there was any more information carried he would be held personally responsible for his daughter's conduct. Mr. Langston was an old man, and not only his own safety but that of his daughter and his property depended upon these same neighbors, so he administered a stern rebuke to Miss Dicey and warned her of the danger in which they stood. The meekness with which the young woman received the admonitions of her esteemed parent may be imagined, also the mental reservations with which she promised to carry no more news to the Whig camps.

#### "The Bloody Scouts."

For a time she obeyed the command of her father, but the probabilities are that it was because she had nothing worth telling. A few weeks later, however, it came to her ears accidentally that a band of Tory outlaws called the "Bloody Scouts," because of their ruthless cruelty in wantonly killing and plundering defenceless families known to be sympathizers with the patriot cause, were next day to attack Little Eden settlement, near where her brother and his little band lay in hiding. She knew that the band was especially incensed at her brother and that if captured he and all his band would be put to death. Orders or no orders, she determined to warn her brother and the people of Little Eden settlement. Yet how, was the question. The slightest suspicion falling on her father's family would bring down on their heads the wrath of the "Bloody Scouts" already looking for an excuse to harry the old man and plunder his property. She had no one to send, no one whom she could trust, even to go with her. No she must go alone at night and on foot if she would avoid suspicion.

#### Across Country.

That was a journey long to be remembered. Starting late at night, after the family and servants had all gone to bed, she walked many miles through the woods, across marshes and creeks, over which there were no bridges, and often no foot logs, and

finally came to the Tyger, a stream where the only chance of crossing lay in wading a ford. It had rained and the stream was swollen. Yet there was no other way than wading through, and she waded. Deeper and deeper the water became and stronger grew the current with each forward step. Near the middle of the stream, in fighting to retain her footing against the current, with the rushing water up to her shoulders, she fell, and, becoming bewildered, "turned around," as she expressed it in later year, and could not tell, for the life of her, from which bank she had come and toward which bank she wanted to go. For some time—how long she never could tell—she plunged and struggled out in the stream, falling and regaining her footing only to fall again, until finally she dragged herself out on the bank and lay, half drowned and water-soaked, until she had recovered. She found the path again, decided that she was on the right side, and after a short time she was with her brother and his little party.

In a few words she told of the coming attack and of the peril of the little settlement, and urged that no delay be made in sending the warning to every settler. The soldiers had just returned from a long and tiresome excursion, and were worn out, wet and hungry. There came complaint that the men were faint for lack of food. Though tired, wet and shivering herself, the girl at once said:

"Build me a fire and get me some corn-meal or flour."

#### The Quarry Flown.

It was short work to pull down a few boards from the roof of their hovel and start a fire, and in a few minutes a hoecake lay baking in the embers. This, browned and broken into pieces, was thrust into the shot pouches of the men so that they could eat as they ran on their messages of warning. So well did young Langston and his party do their work that when morning came and the "Bloody Scouts" descended upon the settlement at Little Eden it was as empty of human occupation as was that other Eden after the angel of the Lord had driven out Adam and Eve. And the demure Miss Dicey, fresh and dainty, sat with her family at their breakfast and made irrelevant replies to the conversation until they rallied her upon her absent-mindedness. And it was many weeks before they knew of that twenty and more mile tramp through the woods and morasses in the darkness of the night.

The failure of the "Bloody Scouts" to find the settlers of Little Eden only added to the enmity of the band toward the few patriots in the Laurens district, and though they could not trace the carrying of any warning to the Langston family, the growing hate and suspicion toward the old man marked him for a victim. After a sortie which a party of Whigs of which his son was a member made on the Tories it was decided that the old man must die, and the band went to his house to kill him and plunder his belongings. Mr. Langston, too infirm to escape or even attempt to hide, and too proud to ask for mercy, faced them boldly and denied that he was in any way taking part in the struggle. "You lie, you old rebel!" angrily shouted the leader, pointing a pistol at the old man's breast. The girl sprang between her father and the maddened Tory.

"You get out of the way, or I'll put a bullet through your heart," he snarled.

#### "You Coward."

"He's an old man, you coward," said the girl, almost beside herself with terror, but only clasping her father the closer and still keeping herself between him and his would-be assassin. Her fearless devotion must have touched another of the "Bloody Scouts", for he interferred and the old man was spared.

At another time, when coming home from a Whig settlement, Miss Langston was met by a company of loyalists who ordered her to tell them the news among the rebels.

"I have seen no rebels and I know of no news," she said, trying to evade further parley, as the leader was a lawless character who had been a renegade from justice before he won the protection of the British by taking up arms against his neighbors.

"Yes you have, too. Now tell, or I'll shoot you?" at the same time drawing his pistol.

"I'll tell you nothing," was her spirited reply.

"Tell, d— you, or you'll die in your tracks."

"Shoot if you dare, I have nothing to tell."

The outlaw would have carried out his threat had not a young man of the command struck up the barrel of his pistol and the bullet was wasted in the air. In the altercation that ensued between the guerrillas the girl, who was mounted on a fleet young horse, made her escape.

It is told of her that at one time her brother, James Langston, had her a rifle in her keeping with the

standing that he would send a man for it who would give a certain counter-sign. A company of men came to the house one day and one of them said that her brother had told him to bring his gun back with them. Miss Dicey went after the gun and then all at once chanced to think that she did not know but they might be Tories. So she refused to give up the gun until they had given her the countersign.

"You're too late, Mistress Langston," said the leader, a big, handsome, happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow, "both you and the gun are now in our possession."

"Oh, we are," she said, quick as a flash turning the gun point blank at his head and cocking it, "then come and get us."

She was so deeply in earnest that the young man lost no time in giving the countersign, and that very respectfully while his companions laughed long and loud. This was the young man, it is said, who came back after the war was over and then kept on coming until one day he carried her away with him, for better or worse.

#### A Narrow Escape.

On one occasion Mistress Dicey came near getting into trouble from trying to carry water on both shoulders. A party of Whigs stopped at her father's house for refreshments and in the conversation said that they were on their way to visit a Tory neighbor of the Langstons and take away his horses. As the neighbor was, in the main, a peaceable citizen and a good neighbor, the girl determined to save his horses. She slipped out and, going to the neighbor's house, warned him that his horses had been marked for a change of ownership without his leave. What was her consternation to hear, accidentally, just before leaving for home, that the neighbor had sent a messenger to a band of Tories which he knew was in the neighborhood, to capture the unsuspecting Whigs. She hurried back in time to warn the Whigs, and so in one day had saved the property of a Tory neighbor and probably the lives of several Whig friends.

Dicey Langston was married shortly after the close of the war to Thomas Springfield, of Greenville, S. C., where she lived until her death, at a very old age, surrounded by a large and prosperous family. She was wont to boast in her last days that she had thirty-two sons and grandsons able to vote or to fight in defence of their liberty. She sleeps in the old graveyard in Greenville and her State is still proud to do her honor.

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Charlotte, N. C.

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