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From the Charlotte Democrat.

Sherman's March through S. Carolina.

BURNING OF COLUMBIA, WINNSBOROUGH, &c.

We had a conversation on last Thursday with Dr. Glover of Orangeburg, S. C., who was captured by Sherman's troops between Orangeburg C. H. and Columbia, and held as a prisoner until the Yankee army passed Lancaster C. H. Dr. Glover was with the enemy in their march through Columbia and Winnsborough, and gives an interesting account of their conduct in those places and on the line of march.

There was no regular battle at Columbia; only slight skirmishing on the part of our cavalry. The enemy commenced marching into the city on Friday the 17th, and very soon afterwards the city was in flames. The conflagration extended from the Capitol on both sides of Main street to "Cotton Town," consuming about eighty squares of buildings. The old Capitol, the Catholic Convent, the Court House and Jail and the Printing Offices, were burnt, along with hundreds of other buildings. The new Capitol, our informant thinks, was partially destroyed, though others say it was not injured because it would require a large amount of powder to blow it up. The S. C. College buildings and Lunatic Asylum escaped. It is said that the firing was done before Gen. Sherman himself reached the city, and that he afterwards expressed regret at it; but of course all that will pass for hypocrisy. After Sherman reached the city he posted guards with orders to shoot any soldier caught getting fire to a house, and our informant says three Yankee soldiers were shot. Childs's Factory near the city was burnt. General Sherman occupied Gen. Hampton's house as his headquarters.

When the enemy went into Columbia a number of white and Union flags were found flying, but the Yankee soldiers did not seem to respect them much, and told those who sought protection in that way that they were found "in d—d bad company." But when the enemy left the city a number of citizens (supposed to be northerners and foreigners,) went off with them, the enemy furnishing transportation for women and baggage.

At Winnsborough, about twenty buildings in the business portion of the town were burnt, and all residences and stores were robbed of provisions, clothing, spoons, knives and forks, &c.

We learn that the citizens of Columbia and Winnsborough are now suffering very much for food—everything of the kind having been taken from them. Thousands of the citizens of Columbia are houseless.

The Charlotte and S. C. Railroad was destroyed from Columbia to Blackstock, (a station between Chester and Winnsborough,) a distance of about fifty miles. The cross-ties were burnt and the rails twisted.

Our informant says that so far as he could see or learn no personal injury was inflicted on persons found in their houses—instances of violence may have occurred, but he saw nothing of the kind. Every man they met on the road was captured and held as a prisoner, unless he could produce evidence that he was not liable to military service.

In regard to the destruction of property through the country along the enemy's line of march, we are told that all cotton, gin-houses and mills were burnt, also dwellings unoccupied. Where the owner of a house had left and put some one in possession to take care of it the enemy would remove the occupant and burn it. Horses, mules and provisions of all kinds were seized wherever found. But few negroes were forced off—some went voluntarily. It is said the Yankees generally treated the negroes very badly, compelling them to carry heavy burdens on the march, and when they broke down beat or shoot them. A gentleman who remained in Winnsborough while the enemy was there, says that they treated the negroes a great deal worse than the white people.

The army, in marching through the country, did not keep the roads open as they

ran straight in the direction the enemy wished to go. For whole days the march was through the woods. Companies of foragers were sent out in all directions to procure supplies. The army consisted of four corps—the 15th, 17th, 20th and 24th, besides Kilpatrick's cavalry. The rations of the soldiers appeared to be short, and those who were held as prisoners suffered for food—our informant going four or six days without anything to eat.

Our informant, Dr. Glover, was held as a prisoner until the Yankee army reached Lynch's Creek (between Camden and Cheraw,) in or near Chesterfield District, when he was released by Gen. Blair, commander of the 17th corps. From the direction the army was then marching he thinks they were making for Georgetown. The talk among the soldiers was that they were going to Georgetown, but there was no certainty about their destination.

The Yankee cavalry remained a few days in Lancaster District, foraging and plundering, and were met two or three times by our cavalry and scattered. On Sunday morning, the 26th, Gen. Wheeler met a small body of the enemy's cavalry three miles this side of Lancaster C. H., and whipped them, killing five and capturing seven. The Yankee infantry passed about six miles below Lancaster C. H.—none came nearer than that to the village.

VISIT OF YANKEE CAVALRY TO MONROE, N. C.—On Wednesday last, about 3 o'clock, a squad of thirty-five Yankee cavalry dashed into the village of Monroe, Union county, remained about an hour and left, carrying off all the horses and mules they could gather up. A train of wagons, ten in number, belonging to a party of refugees from Chester District, had just reached the village and were standing in the street when the Yankees appeared. Of course the train was seized, and horses, mules, and wagons with their contents, and nineteen negro men were carried off. Thirteen of them escaped from the enemy and returned to Monroe the same night. The loss is a heavy one to the unfortunate refugees, for we suppose the wagons contained all the valuables they possessed. The women and children that accompanied the wagons were left standing in the streets of Monroe.

No buildings were burnt in the village not even the Court House and jail were injured—but the enemy seized whatever they wanted and carried it off. Two couriers (sent out from this place,) stationed at Monroe, were captured—Charley Brem and Marshall Jones.

THE MORMONS.

The following extract is taken from Bishop Talbot's report, the Missionary Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the North-West:

At Salt Lake, I had no opportunity for religious services of any kind. So completely is the country under Mormon rule, that I was entirely excluded from that privilege, except upon terms, which, as a Bishop of the Church, I could not accept. For the same reason, it will be impossible to establish a mission in that Territory, whatever opening may present itself, until there is some change in the administration of its government, or the authority of our national government is exerted for the protection of the missionaries. No Mormon would be allowed to rent his house for the purposes of Christian worship, and the laws against street or field preaching, enacted and executed by the Mormon leaders, work the effectual exclusion of that pure religion which condemns their iniquity. The State of society in Salt Lake presents the most remarkable contrast anywhere to be found. Outwardly, it is the most moral, orderly and quiet city I have ever seen. Containing a population of at least fifteen thousand souls, it is absolutely free from those enticements to immorality which abound in all other places of its size. So far as I could ascertain, there is not a single drinking saloon, or gambling establishment, or house of ill-fame within its limits. There is no drunkenness or riot-

ing in its streets. Good order prevails. Yet its inner-life is most shocking to the Christian sense. The most flagrant and open violations of the Christian law of marriage abound. Nor is the evil confined to the fact of plurality of wives. Own sisters are often found in the same family, as the wives of its master, and the mothers of his children. In at least one instance, a Mormon claims as his lawful wives, a mother and her two daughters! No wonder that the Christian's Bible, and the Christian Church are so carefully excluded. Yet this is in a Territory of the United States—a country which recognizes Christianity, at least so far as to pass laws for the prevention of acts subversive of Christian morality. Polygamy is disallowed and forbidden by our national legislature. Yet polygamy, open, unblushing and defiant, exists in Utah. Nor does it seem possible, as yet, to prevent it, except by the strong hand of military power, invoked to the aid of the civil. The only peaceful remedy is a large increase of American population, affording material for juries and officers who will sustain the authority of law. I say American population; for it is very observable, that the great mass of the Mormon society is from abroad. The leaders, who amass immense fortunes out of this stupendous imposture, are, I believe, almost all native born. The dupes are foreigners; and, for the most part, as ignorant as they are degraded. I cannot believe that this great Territory, containing sixty thousand souls, is to be left in this condition, and I confidently look forward to the time when it will be possible not only, but easy, to introduce a purer faith, and, with it, a higher standard of domestic and social life.

CHRISTIAN OLD AGE.

I was thinking, lately, of Psalm xcii, 14—"They shall bring forth fruit in old age." And I thought I found a cluster of such fruits in Rom. v. 3-5.

Old age, thought I, is a time in which tribulations commonly beat down the spirit; and if unsanctified, they work perverseness; but if sanctified, patience. I have known many a good old Christian, whose heart was softened and mellowed by them. His firmness became tempered with gentleness, and his zeal with tenderness and prudence. When a youth, it may be he was full of fire, and would hardly be persuaded to put up with an injury; but now he will give up everything but truth and a good conscience for the sake of peace.

Old age, thought I, farther, is a time in which experience becomes mature. Observation and reflection are now ripened into decision. This, if unsanctified, works obstinacy; but, if sanctified, "the meekness of wisdom." The aged Christian has had large experience of his own ignorance, weakness and depravity; and this renders him humble and forbearing.

Old age is a time in which heaven draws near, and hope goes forth to meet it. Old age, if unsanctified, commonly increases in covetousness. Strange as it may seem, when men are about to leave the world, they cling the fastest to it. The "lust of the flesh" has nearly spent its force; the "pride of life" has lost its charms; depravity, therefore, has only one channel left—"the lust of the eye;" and this commonly flows deeper and stronger. But, sanctified by the grace of God, we shall look higher, and seek after a better portion. How charming is it to see the mind soar, while the body bows, and to hear the venerable saint uttering, with broken but affecting accents, the words of the apostle—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," &c.; or of the dying patriarch—"I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." Such hope "maketh not ashamed;" for, having received the earnest in the shedding abroad of God's love in the heart, we shall receive the inheritance; and so shall not be ashamed nor confounded before Him at His coming.

Fuller.

Promiscuous Foragers Non-plussed by a Woman.

A Mississippi correspondent of the Mobile Register narrates the annexed incident of war:

One of the regiments of cavalry in this section has the reputation of being a hard regiment. They have always depredated without mercy or feeling on every one who happened in their path. One evening of last fall they stopped on the plantation of Mrs. S., an old lady living in Cherokee county. She has always been one of the truest patriots and kindest-hearted women to our sick and wounded soldiers, making her house a welcome home to them, but she is easily aroused and vengeful on those who steel from her or impose on her good nature. On the evening mentioned, while she was preparing supper for a number of our worn-out and straggling barefoots and sick, her negro came into the house and told her that the lot was full of cavalry, who were taking all of her corn and fodder. She hurried out and witnessed in a moment the extent of the pillage. The fellows were cursing about, riding furiously here and there, and despoiling her of the last particle of forage. Instantly she took up a large stick of fat pine and lighted it, then dashed into their midst, and began poking it into the fodder the men had fastened on their horses. In a few moments the singed and maddened animals and scorched riders were mingling in wild confusion, knocking each other over, jumping and rearing, and setting fire to the others, while their riders were cursing and yelling and shouting and burning in all quarters. A panic struck them, and as they rushed furiously down the road, the blazing fodder and dropping fire flying behind them and beside them, presented a fearful, yet most ludicrous scene.

In a few moments the old lady returned to the house and proceeded with her duties with an air of satisfaction that words could not express. Next morning Gen. F. visited her, and told her she had done so handsome a deed the night before that he owed her his many thanks; that she had attacked, dispersed and routed three hundred of the biggest rascals in his command. He told her that numbers of the horses had their hair completely singed off, and that a great many of the men were badly burned—some had only half a whisker; others were completely scorched, the hair on their heads and faces completely gone; others with their clothes half-burned, and one fellow had the legs and seat of his breeches entirely burned off, and the man himself was unable to sit. He thanked her, hoping the lesson would be a good one. She answered that she hoped it would; that a soldier was always welcome to the hospitalities of her home, and could have all she had if they asked for it; but for thieves she had nothing, and did not regret that she had taught them the lesson.

HOW TO BE UNHAPPY.

In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself and of your own things. Do not care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous, lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off, in any respect, than yourself; think unkindly towards them, and speak ill of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for every thing that is your own, though it may not be worth a dime; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness, in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.