

Wm. H. Martin, Jr.



OFFICIAL REPORT

RELATIVE

TO THE CONDUCT OF FEDERAL TROOPS
IN WESTERN LOUISIANA,

DURING THE

INVASIONS OF 1863 AND 1864.

COMPILED FROM SWORN TESTIMONY,

UNDER DIRECTION OF

GOVERNOR HENRY W. ALLEN.

SHREVEPORT, LA.:

AT THE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT—JOHN DICKINSON, PROPRIETOR.

1865.



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OFFICIAL REPORT

From

*Mr. W. R. Raguet to his
RELATIVE
Grandson L. M. Timmes Thron to*

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COMPILED FROM SWORN TESTIMONY,

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GOVERNOR HENRY W. ALLEN. *who was*

not only great but an honest man

himself SHREVEPORT, APRIL 1865. *in all his acts*

W. R. Raguet

SHREVEPORT, LA.:

THE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT—JOHN DICKINSON, PROPRIETOR.

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OFFICIAL REPORT

RELATIVE

TO THE CONDUCT OF FEDERAL TROOPS

IN WESTERN LOUISIANA

REPORT

MADE DURING THE

OPERATIONS OF 1863 AND 1864

BY

JOHN B. HENRY, CAPTAIN

OF THE

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

WASHINGTON: GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1864

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EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SHREVEPORT, LA., March 20, 1863.

In June I appointed commissioners to gather and collect testimony concerning the conduct of the enemy during their brief and inglorious occupancy of a part of West Louisiana. I addressed to each of them the following letter:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SHREVEPORT, LA., June 20, 1864.

SIR—I desire to obtain for publication and historical record a careful, accurate, authentic statement of the atrocities and barbarities committed by the Federal officers, troops and camp followers during their late invasion of Western Louisiana.

Confiding in your known industry, your love of truth, and your judgment in discriminating between what is important and what is not, I appoint you an agent and commissioner for the purpose aboth set forth. I wish you to spare no pains in getting statements in writing from eye-witnesses and sufferers, signed and sworn to. Hearsay reports should be carefully sifted before being received and incorporated in your statement.

It will be borne in mind by you that the testimony thus taken will be *ex parte*, the accused not having the privilege of introducing evidence to explain, mitigate or rebut what will be published against them; hence it is important that the publication when made should contain intrinsic evidence of its own credibility. It may be well therefore to introduce such details as will corroborate the general statements of your report. If you hear of any special acts of kindness that may have been done to our citizens by Federal officers or soldiers, please report them, with the names, rank, &c., of those who acted thus creditably. I hope, for the honor of human nature, that some such instances may be reported by you.

When your report is completed, forward it to this office with the affidavits on which it is founded, together with an account of your necessary and reasonable expenses while actually employed under this order, which will be repaid to you in addition to an equitable compensation for your services.

Commissioners will be appointed for other invaded parishes, with whom you may do well to communicate.

Very respectfully,

your obedient servant,

HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

Hon. T. C. Manning, of Rapides; Gen. John G. Pratt and Col. John E. King, of St. Landry; Hon. J. W. Butler and Col. Phanor Prudhomme, of Natchitoches; Hon. E. North Cullum and E. de Generes, Esq., of Avoyelles, were appointed for their respective parishes. Only the commissioners for Rapides and St. Landry have sent in their reports. Should the others be received before the printing of the reports of Messrs. Manning, Pratt and King is completed, they will be added; otherwise they will be issued in a supplement.

I have thought proper thus to obtain a verified statement of the occurrences which gave to the late invasion an atrocious, savage and most execrable character, while they were still fresh in the recollection of our people. I do not expect that this statement will be seen by many of our enemies, or that it will arouse them to a sense of the disgrace which impartial history will attach to them; nor can I expect that it will awaken much interest with the few strangers into whose hands it may chance to fall. But I hope the publication of a few hundred copies of this report will preserve for the future historian many facts which might otherwise be forgotten.

The commissioners have performed their task with praiseworthy fidelity and with great ability. Within the limits of the State their high character and personal merit command implicit confidence and belief; but they have done their duty so well that their reports will stand secure on their own internal evidence in the mind of every discriminating and enlightened foreigner, while the scholar will be pleased with the accuracy, dignity and classic elegance of the language and style in which they are compiled.

HENRY W. ALLEN,
Governor of Louisiana.

REPORT OF MESSRS. PRATT AND KING.

To His Excellency, Henry W. Allen, Governor of the State of Louisiana :

SIR—Appointed in June last by your Excellency, Commissioners, to make a full, accurate and authentic report of the barbarities and atrocities committed by the officers, troops and camp-followers of the Federal army, during its several invasions of South-western Louisiana, we, soon after the reception of the commission, proceeded carefully and industriously to collect the necessary materials. How far we have succeeded will best appear from the body of our report. The objects had in view by your Excellency, we thought; would be best accomplished, by giving such statistical, geographical, and local information, as might be necessary to understand fully the details. If many of the facts enumerated in these pages seem incredulous, from their offensiveness to the moral sense of mankind, they will be found to be supported by an array of distinguished names among the eye-witnesses and the sufferers, by the personal observation of your Commissioners, and by undisputed notoriety.

The district within which our investigations have been made, extends from the southern boundaries of Rapides and Avoyelles to Berwick's Bay, and includes the Parishes of St. Landry, Lafayette, St. Martin and St. Mary. Few countries were more highly favored by nature, and embellished by art, than the belt of land lying on either side of the water-courses of this fertile region, and which, in St. Landry and Lafayette, spreads out in high prairies, intersected by woods. The productive soil and genial climate here favor the growth of the fruits of tropical and temperate regions; and to these natural advantages had been added the labor of art and industry, in the development of its resources. The great staples of the country were profitably cultivated on the opulent soil of this belt. While there were no cotton plantations of any great magnitude, innumerable small ones produced an annual aggregate crop of about thirty-eight thousand bales. Some two hundred and eighty-eight sugar estates, many of them employing expensive machinery, and using all the modern improvements, yielded annually, for export, about forty thousand hogsheads of sugar, and sixty thousand barrels of molasses, besides what the villages and people of the country consumed. Added to these products of the soil, there were annually driven to the plantations on the coast and to New Orleans, some thirty thousand head of cattle, taken from the numerous herds which range, summer and winter, on the luxuriant prairies and the wild swamps, lands of the adjacent swamps. The total value of these products amounted to about five million dollars, which, in an aggregate popula-

tion of sixty-five thousand one hundred and seventeen, (see Auditor's report for 1858,) of which population, thirty-five thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven were slaves, gave more than four hundred dollars in value, of surplus exportable products, for each family of five persons—a result which is seldom obtained in any agricultural district of the same area and population.

These parishes, including Vermilion and Calcasieu, formed the ancient counties of Opelousas and Attakapas, which, in 1810, had an aggregate population of 12,417, of which 4,802 were slaves. The same district had, in 1858, an aggregated population of 73,368, of which 37,737 were slaves. It is a remarkable fact, that this unexampled increase of population, which, in every decade has more than doubled its number, and maintained almost an equilibrium between the races, is due less to accretion from abroad, than to the patriarchal habits of the people and a salubrious climate. Absenteeism has never been the vice of this country: like the ancient patriarch, the proprietor has always lived in the midst of his family, his servants and his flocks, content to fulfill the simple duties imposed upon him by his condition.

Before this fair land had been wasted, and the labor of years destroyed, the planter's spacious mansion was surrounded by fields of waving corn and cane, and overlooked broad prairies animated with flocks and herds, and checkered with farms of cotton, whose trim and careful culture recalled the husbandry of the patient Hollander. Around the planters' dwellings were seen the numerous out-buildings used for agricultural purposes, and the negro cottages, always enlivened by groups of happy children. When the labors of the day were over, the scene was ever animated by the loud laugh, the rude sports, and the merry faces, indicating the happiness of the returning laborers. In the midst of these evidences of contentment, the planter enjoyed a more elevated pleasure, in communion with his family, in literary pursuits, or in the entertainment of his friends,—his highest social enjoyment consisting in administering the rite of hospitality under his roof. The master and the slave were alike happy, in their respective vocations. Such a condition naturally suggests the reflection, that the system which has produced them could only be in harmony with the wise designs of a beneficent Providence.

The insulated district we have described, enclosed within a narrow territory, and separated from the parishes bordering the Mississippi, by an intricate network of bayous and lakes, presents, it would seem, no grand route for the passage of armies, and no strategic point for their concentration; and it might reasonably have been anticipated, that it would have escaped the ordinary havoc of war, if conducted on principles recognized by the civilized world. Had the poverty of this district been as apparent as its isolation, it cannot be doubted that it would have remained free from invasion. But unhappily, we are engaged in war with an enemy who recognizes only such principles of warfare as suit his caprice, his convenience, or the gratification of his vindictive

rage; who does not scruple to recruit his soldiers from the felons of penitentiaries and prisons; who appoints Generals often without conduct, without honor, and without humanity; who wages war upon our hospitals, on peaceful citizens, and on women and children; who riots in robbery and pillage, in devastation and destruction; and who sympathizes with the demoniacal joy exhibited by Gen. A. J. Smith, at Alexandria, where, surrounded by the flames of a peaceful village, in the midst of falling timbers, crumbling walls, and flying women and children, he waved his sword in an exultation inspired by so congenial a scene, exclaiming—"This, boys, is something like war!" That such is the character of the warfare of the enemy, the history of the several invasions of Attakapas and Opelousas will abundantly show.

In the spring of 1863, Gen. Banks, suddenly abandoning the siege of Port Hudson, threw his army across the Mississippi river, and marched through the parishes watered by the Lafourche to Berwick's Bay, which is an enlargement of the Atchafalaya river near its mouth. The Bay was then in possession of the enemy's gunboats, which had free communication with the waters stretching along the parishes of St. Mary and St. Martin. Crossing the Bay, and marching a few miles above the junction of the Tèche with the Atchafalaya, his army, numbering about twenty thousand men, of all arms, found itself confronted by the Confederate forces, numbering about thirty-five hundred men, under Gen. Taylor. The latter occupied a slightly intrenched position across the peninsula through which the Tèche flows, in the lower part of St. Mary. Repulsed before this position, Gen. Banks sent a column by transports to operate in Gen. Taylor's rear. Finding it impossible with his small force, to keep open his communications, Gen. Taylor concluded, reluctantly, to evacuate the country. Holding in check the column which numbered more than his whole force, and which had effected a landing some fifteen miles above his position, with a small force and several detached sections of artillery, the Confederate General effected his retreat along a line of road which ran within cannon shot of the Federal column, without the loss of any of his material. From this time the advancing columns of the enemy met with no obstacles to impede their progress, except occasional skirmishing with his advanced guard, until they reached the Bayou Vermilion. While the enemy was effecting the crossing of this bayou, defended by less than five hundred Confederate troops—(magnified by the apprehensions of the enemy into the dimensions of an army.)—Gen. Banks was writing, from the Côté Gelée, his first official dispatch, in which he asserts, with the characteristic mendacity of Federal war bulletins, that his army had fought *half a dozen pitched battles* between Berwick's Bay and the Vermilion.

Gen. Taylor having skilfully conducted his army beyond the indefensible boundary, the beautiful and wealthy district of Opelousas and Attakapas was left an open prey to the ravages of the enemy. Meeting with no opposition, the progress of his columns was marked by

scenes of spoliation and devastation unparalleled in civilized warfare. His advanced guard maintained some degree of order, as it penetrated into the country; but it was followed by a confused mob of officers and men, horse and foot, spread out in every direction, plundering and destroying whatever came within their reach. While some were attacking with sword and bayonet the domestic animals, and shooting into the poultry yards, others penetrated to the negro quarters, and endeavored, with inquisitorial ingenuity, to extract from the slaves the secret of the buried treasures of their masters, or to excite them to revolt.

From the many statements of eye-witnesses to these scenes of plunder and pillage, we select the description of a venerable and accomplished lady, living by the way-side. "I was" she says "watching from my window, the apparent orderly march of the first Yankees that appeared in view and passed up the road, when, suddenly, as if by magic, the whole plantation was covered with men, like bees from an overthrown hive; and, as far as my vision extended, an inextricable medley of men and animals met my eye. In one place, excited troopers were firing into the flock of sheep; in another, officers and men were in pursuit of the boys' ponies; and in another, a crowd were in excited chase of the work animals. The kitchen was soon filled with some, carrying off the cooking utensils and the provisions of the day; the yard with others, pursuing poultry, and firing their revolvers into the trees. They penetrated under the house, into the out-buildings, and went into the garden, stripping it in a moment of all its vegetables, and trenching the ground with their bayonets, in search of buried treasures. This continued during the day, as the army was passing, amid a bewildering sound of oaths and imprecations, mingled with the clatter of the poultry and the noise of the animals. At one time during the day, passing through the house, my attention was attracted to a noise in the parlor. I opened the door, and was just in time to see two soldiers springing out of the window, in possession of some books and daguerreotypes they had taken from the table. Securing the windows, I turned to other parts of the house. In the children's room, I found a trunk broken open, and its contents strewn upon the floor, and I discovered that some articles had been taken. When the army had passed, we were left almost destitute." Another lady confessed to us her inability to describe the scene. "I can only say," said she, "it was bedlam let loose." Though varied in particulars, many of which will be given in the sequel, the testimony of every eye-witness on the enemy's line of march, is to the same purport. A gentleman of high character, and distinguished in the political annals of the State, was arrested at his residence near Vermilionville, and carried, on the line over which was passing this motley crowd, twelve miles to the Carencro, where the head of the Federal column was then resting. The country through which this line passed was thickly dotted with farms and plantations, intersected by the public road and lateral lanes. Though we cannot

reproduce his graphic description of what he witnessed, in his own words, we take the liberty of giving enough of it, from memory, to convey an idea of this licentious march. "The road," said he, "was filled with an indiscriminate mass of armed men, on horseback and on foot, carts, wagons, cannon and caissons, rolling along in most tumultuous disorder, while to the right and to the left, joining the mass, and detaching from it, singly and in groups, were hundreds going empty-handed and returning laden. Disregarding the lanes and pathways, they broke through fields and enclosures, spreading in every direction that promised plunder or attracted curiosity. Country carts, horses, mules and oxen, followed by negro men, women, and even children, (who were pressed into service to carry the plunder,) laden with every conceivable object, were approaching and mingling in the mass from every side. The most whimsical scenes presented themselves, at every step: horses and even gentle oxen, were pulled, pushed, and beaten along towards this seething current, with pigs, sheep, geese, ducks, and chickens swinging from their backs, fluttering, squealing, and quacking, while the burthened animals, in bewildered amazement, were endeavoring to escape from their persecutors. These scenes, repeated at every step on my way to Carencro, was only varied on my return, by the diminished objects of plunder left for those that came after."

The Federal army established, on its route, military posts at Franklin, New Iberia, St. Martinsville and Vermilionville, with sufficient "transportation" to carry out what seemed to be the main object of the campaign. Halting at Opelousas, with its right resting on the Courtableau at Washington, adequate preparations were made to gather the fruits of its manifold victories. Immediately, the Commissary and Quartermaster's wagons, with all the teams which could be pressed in the country, were put in requisition to collect cotton and sugar, to carry to the different landings on the bayou, thence to be taken off by steamers. Horsemen were sent to scour the country in every direction for stock. The less philosophic of the astonished proprietors, rushing to Head Quarters to remonstrate against being deprived of their property in so summary a manner, were insultingly told that "receipts would be given, and if after the war, they could prove their loyalty, they might be paid." Even the lip service, which has sometimes passed current, would not be received, in exchange for property. The work of spoliation went on. The finest blooded stock, imported at great expense, and every living thing of value, were indiscriminately appropriated for transportation or slaughtered, papers ransacked, locks picked, strong-boxes broken open; and all exportable commodities, convertible into money, were shipped as fast as they could be transported by steamers.

While matters were progressing thus favorably, with no enemy within a hundred miles, General Banks was summoned to a new scene of action. The intelligence having reached Opelousas that Admiral Porter had forced the defences of Red River, and was steaming towards

Alexandria with his fleet, it became necessary for the Federal General to put his army in motion, to share with Porter the glory of the conquest of an interior undefended town. He accordingly undertook a forced march to that point. *En route*, he passed up the Bayou Boeuf, through a planting district, lying on either side of that stream, remarkable for its exuberant fertility, and ornamented with extensive plantations, cultivated by proprietors of education, refinement and wealth.— So effectually was this wealthy region laid waste during this Vandal march, that the few inhabitants who remained clinging to their desolated homesteads, amidst the ruins that surrounded them, were spared the presence of the Federal army, when the autumn brought it back to consummate its work of destruction.

Whatever agreeable visions may have occupied the mind of General Banks, during his occupation of Alexandria, were rudely dispelled by a summons to less congenial duties than those of reducing helpless citizens to poverty. Giving his weary soldiers but little time to rest, after their forced march to Red River, he precipitately withdrew from Alexandria, crossed the Mississippi, and resumed the siege of Port Hudson. Meanwhile, the several small corps, strung along his rear, retreated by way of Berwick's Bay, carrying with them loads of plunder, and thousands of negroes, as will be more particularly noticed in another place.

After the Federal forces were thus withdrawn, in the spring of 1863, for four months these parishes were left in peace. Many of the citizens believing that the storm had passed, set about repairing their damaged fortunes; while others less confident and more wise, gathered up what was left of the wreck, and removed beyond the borders of the district.

In the month of September, 1863, the Federal army again crossed Berwick's Bay, advanced leisurely along the route taken in the spring; and rested the head of its column, on the Courtableau, at Washington. After having remained in this position several weeks, it fell gradually back, sweeping, as with a drag-net, every thing in its way, until it massed itself along the Teche, on the Peninsula embraced within the limits of St. Mary, where it remained encamped during the winter months.

The Red River campaign, which terminated so disastrously to the Federal arms at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, opened in March, 1864, just one year after the expedition undertaken for the devastation of Opelousas and Attakapas. The larger portion of the army, which had fallen back upon the Peninsula, was withdrawn from time to time, during the winters of 1863-4, leaving but a remnant to complete the destruction of that beautiful Parish. But in the early spring, it was joined by the several corps and commands, which were to compose "The Grand Army of Louisiana and Texas." This grand column of invasion commenced the blunders, which culminated in its disaster and route in North Louisiana, by marching through the country which it had previously stripped of the means of furnishing subsistence or forage, when it might have reached Alexandria in twenty-four hours by

river transports from New Orleans. On the 22d of March, the rear guard of the "grand army" passed the northern limits of St. Landry.— Since then, with the exception of occasional visits to the wooded outskirts, from Military posts on the Mississippi, by marauders who came to open a ballot box, in which to deposit their own votes; or to capture or murder an unoffending citizen, this district has been free from the tread of the enemy.

From this general description of the country, and the operations of the invading forces, it will be seen how far the Federal General may congratulate himself, on the accomplishment of his congenial mission, viz: the impoverishment of the people, and the destruction of the resources of the country. Gen. Banks found this district a garden; he left it a desert. By his hand, the fruit of the patient labor of half a century has been destroyed. The flocks and herds that ranged upon its verdant praries have been wantonly swept away. Citizens, whose means once enabled them to dispense a liberal and heart-warm hospitality, have been reduced to poverty and destitution. Families, who had enjoyed a cultivated ease in their elegant homes, have been forced into voluntary exile, to seek immunity from Federal persecution in a land of strangers. The contented and happy negro, who had grown upon the soil, fulfilling the destiny that God had prepared for him, and through which He might have been leading his race to higher destinies, has been recklessly driven, with the family, from a once peaceful and happy home, to a life of degradation, want, and painful death. For the proper fulfillment of the duties assigned to us, under the commission with which we have been honored by your Excellency, we have traversed the high-roads, on which are grouped the most considerable plantations of this district, from the lower limits of Rapides and Avoyelles, to the junction of the Teche with the Atchafalaya; and although it was in the early autumn, and on the approach of the harvest, with the exception of occasional half-cultivated "patches," enclosed by the wreck of former field fences, we saw, along this whole route of 180 miles, but a few meagre vestiges of the treasures of the earth, cultivated by the hand of man. Along the entire route could be traced the melancholy monuments of the devastating march of the enemy. Uninclosed fields were covered with the rank luxuriance of weeds and wild vines, which encroached upon the very thresholds of the mansions, still standing, as memorials of former prosperity. Some of these dwellings were occupied by families, living upon the wreck of their former fortunes. Others were entirely deserted, presenting, with their unhinged doors and broken windows, a gloomy picture of decay. The sites of others were marked by charred ruins, from the midst of which arose the blackened remains of crumbling chimney stacks. The large and costly structures erected for the manufacture of sugar, as well as the less expensive buildings of the cotton planter, we found in every stage of decay, dilapidation and ruin, owing, either to the absence of the proprietor, or the destroying hand of the enemy. But no

less remarkable than these general features, was the absence of the domestic animals. Through St. Landry and Lafayette, where the broad prairies sweep down to the road, may yet be seen a few cattle that have wandered in by the way side; but along the Teche, animal life diminished at every step, until, below Franklin, even the most necessary domestic animals disappeared. For miles nothing could be seen but the vulture brooding, from some shattered tree top, over the desolate scene; or the hawk, flying low, in search of his prey, over the tangled thickets usurping the once cultivated fields. But the exuberance of nature, as if in mockery of man's desolation, was still prodigal of its bounties. The vine of the pumpkin, overlapping the thicket, deposited its golden treasure, even by the way side; and we saw them, in one instance, gathered by the girls of the adjacent village, who gleaned over this desolated field for bounties thus spontaneously bestowed. An exception to this scene may be found in some lends of the bayons, some curvatures of the road, or some sequestered nooks on the lakes, protected by their situation from waste and destruction; but these places are few, and their combined products, for the present year, will not equal what has been produced annually by a single large plantation on the Têche.

But out of the calamities with which the scourge of war has afflicted the people of this ill-fated district, has come some good. Like gold purified in the fire, they have become more ardent in their patriotism, in the midst of their adversity. They have been inspired with a new zeal in the cause of our independence. More men have girded on their armor for battle; and more mothers have sent out their husbands and sons, to defend their homes and firesides against the tread of the Vandal, and the torch of the incendiary.

It might have been anticipated that the exactions of a hostile army, occupying a rich agricultural country, would fall with peculiar severity on its inhabitants; that the foraging parties would not nicely balance between their military rights, and the right of property in the proprietor; and that many acts of hardship and oppression would occur from the exercise of unrestrained power. A just appreciation of the evils incident to a state of war, might have taught the reflecting citizen to brave such hardships with becoming equanimity; and the reflection that invading armies are not always entirely free from the presence of the dissolute and the depraved, might have led him to anticipate some rule attempt upon his purse, or some aggravated assault upon his person.— But the outrages committed by the enemy did not flow from the ordinary sources of the calamities of modern warfare, as the facts embraced in our narrative will fully demonstrate.

We have been commissioned by your Excellency, to prepare “for publication and historical record, a full, accurate, authentic statement “of the atrocities and barbarities committed by the Federal officers, “troops and camp followers, during their late invasions;” and we will more clearly subserve the purposes of the commission, by first enumer-

ating, under their respective heads, the charges brought against the enemy, and afterwards under corresponding heads, corroborating them by details.

1. The Federalists not only robbed the planters of the produce of their fields, and plundered the goods of the merchants; but they destroyed the libraries and depositories of professional men.

2. They sacked private dwellings, and while reveling upon the contents of the pantries and wine cellars, they grossly and indecently insulted the unprotected females, and wantonly destroyed their last remnants of food and clothing. They shattered the crockery, glass-ware, and mirrors, strewing the floor with their fragments; they stove, with the butts of their muskets, the doors of side-boards and closets, prized open drawers with the points of their bayonets, and slashed with their sabres prized objects of taste, or ornaments consecrated to pious uses; in cooler blood, when their intoxication, or the excitement of a general licence had subsided, they dashed to pieces and burned for fuel costly articles of furniture, and prized heir-looms from former generations.

3. They violently plundered the rich of their money, the poor of their necessary effects, the women of their jewelry, and even the children of their trinkets. Nor did they spare the dead. They sacrilegiously ravished from them the last covering which enclosed their mortal remains.

4. They fired volleys among passing citizens, and groups of women and children, in the streets of a peaceful village.

5. They violated the sanctuary and the tomb.

6. They arbitrarily arrested peaceful and unoffending citizens, whom they dragged though the country like felons; whom they confined under guard in exposed situations, or lodged in jails from which they had loosed the depraved and the criminal; or, whom they transported to a distant city, to languish for months in prison, a prey to the cares and anxieties haunting the victim thus rudely torn from his family.

7. In violation of the decencies and proprieties of life, they unnecessarily occupied private dwellings, or surrounded them with their camps, so that helpless ladies were driven to seek refuge in interior rooms, where, besides the annoyances of interrupted privacy, and the apprehension of more serious intrusion, they were deprived of the comforts, and, sometimes, of the necessaries of life.

8. They not only razed to their foundations, or wantonly burned plantation buildings and dwellings, from which they had driven the inmates; but they tore down, over their heads, the sheltering roof of the widow and the orphan.

9. They destroyed not only the poultry, the flocks and herds, the fields, the gardens, and the orchards, and attempted to destroy the sources of food, all essential to sustain and preserve life, but they also destroyed the medicines and surgical instruments, indispensable to restore health. They not only chopped to pieces or burned the aratory instruments, the carts and wagons, the corn and sugar mills, necessary for the pro-

duction of a new supply of food; but they hacked in pieces the cards, the spinning wheels, and the looms, required to furnish the necessary clothing; and, as if this were not sufficient to gratify the most refined malignity, they introduced loathsome diseases among the people whom they had previously bereft and despoiled.

10. While thus violating, on the one hand, the law of the christian, and, on the other, the precept of the Mohammedan, they set at naught both, by neither keeping faith nor covenant with those whom they drove to accept their protection, on the condition of professed allegiance, nor with the credulous negroes, whom they had perfidiously drawn into their toils.

I. We have already alluded to the fact, that means of transportation was put in motion, in the words of the worthy commandant of the post at Opelousas, "to collect the valuable products of the country;" and his report will show the result of the operations in the Parish of St. Landry. What was collected at the other Federal military posts, we have no accurate means of judging; but, as we find the same complaints throughout the district, we presume that the officers commanding them, if less diligent, had a success at least commensurate with their efforts. With regard to the merchants, as the suspension of foreign commerce had reduced their stocks of merchandize to a low ebb, (except in a few instances,) the only articles of value they still retained were the exchangeable objects of the country, such as hides, tobacco, flour, &c. These, with such goods as were left on the shelves, were generally taken; none escaped but the very few who were covered by foreign protection, or who had made some particular interest with the enemy, and even those were sometimes plundered. The iron safes, possessed by most of the merchants in the country, unless they were emptied and purposely left open, as in some instances they were, were forcibly entered, and their contents taken or destroyed. Mr. Hine, of the Parish of St. Mary, had replenished his stock of goods; and, on the second advance of the enemy, he had, probably, a larger supply than had been in the possession of any one merchant in this district, since the close of the first year of the war. His store was sacked by a New York regiment, under the command of a Col. Love. This officer, however he may have illustrated the tenderness of his name, while engaged at home in his handicraft or other peaceful pursuit, sadly belied it here, as Mr. Hine testifies. Under his superintendance, this store was broken open, and those articles which could not be taken away, such as hardware, were thrown into the Teche, which ran near by. After thus disposing of the contents of the building, his men attacked the iron safe which was very large and strong. Working faithfully eight hours without success, with a battering ram constructed with bars of iron lashed together, they were about ceasing their labors; but encouraged by the Colonel, who cried, "Go on, boys, don't give it up so!" they persevered and finally accomplished their object. Finding the contents to consist only of merchants' account books and papers, which,

though of the last importance to the owner, were of no possible value to them, they gratified their disappointment in the destruction of the fruits of years of unremitting industry. Not content with plundering and destroying his visible effects, they now annihilated the evidence of his credits. Turning his account books inside out, they trampled the leaves in the mud; and tearing asunder his bundles of valuable papers, they scattered them in the street; then, to crown their malevolence, they "besmeared," to use the words of Mr. Hine, "the house from top to bottom, and left it."

This account which we have from this gentleman, corroborated from other sources, well illustrates the Federal mode of proceeding with the merchant; with those of the learned professions, the proceedings were no less summary. We have witnessed this, in the torn and charred remains of libraries which are scattered broadcast in the villages; and in the broken and mutilated safes which once enclosed their important legal documents and papers,—for the lawyer's strong-box shared the same fate with that of the merchant. Major Anderson, a Representative in the State Legislature from the Parish of St. Landry, had a valuable library which was consumed as fuel under the boilers of his engine, "set in operation" to grind meal, by the Forty First Massachusetts regiment.

II. In entering upon the subjects appropriated to this head, we are met at the threshold, by a mass of testimony, written and verbal, so voluminous and so alike in general character, that we find it difficult to make proper selections. It would appear from this testimony that the general license accorded to the Federal army, on entering the country, was restricted after passing the Vermillion. We may judge that this restriction had been necessary to prevent the entire dissolution of the bonds which bound the army together in a controllable mass; but, be this as it may, we find, as it approached St. Landry, that there was a prohibition against entering private dwellings, which was attempted to be enforced; while below dwellings were entered with impunity, and sacked under the eye of the officers.

As the Federal column advanced up the banks of the lower Atchafalaya and the Teche, its gunboats, which moved a little in advance, threw shells to the right and left, over houses and among the buildings of the plantations. The startled inmates, overwhelmed with terror, rushed wildly, taking with them nothing but the clothes on their persons, in search of places of shelter and protection. When the imminent danger was over, or after the column had passed, they returned to their homes to find themselves bereft of every article of luxury, of comfort and necessity.

We have before us a statement from the family of John M. Bateman, Esqr., an aged and wealthy planter, who lives on the lower Atchafalaya, nearest the Bay, the starting point of the Federal advance, which we shall use in this and other places, to illustrate the character of the Federal outrages. Admonished by a shell "which passed through the din-

ing room and exploded in the yard beyond," this family abruptly fled from their dwelling. Returning the next day, they found a scene of desolation difficult to be described. "Fences were broken down; shrubbery broken and trampled under foot; corn husks, fodder, hay and broken glass, and table ware, were scattered over the yard: without all was disorder; within, all ruin. A company of Federals had occupied the residence, fed their horses around the house, from the provender of the place, while they had helped themselves from the garden, store-room, closet and dairy. Making the servants cook for them, they had feasted on all they could find to gratify their appetites. With their bayonets they had split open the pan-~~el~~ of a costly side-board, and broken into a closet, from which they had abstracted the liquors, preserves and jellies. Nor was feasting and drinking all the damage they had done. With bayonets and kicks, they had broken the glass in the windows, the large parlor mirror, the glass in the doors of the dining room safe, and the fine cut-glass table ware, with a beautiful set of china, imported from France before the war. They had carried off knives, spoons, kitchen utensils, table cloths, napkins, and dairy bowls, in fact, every thing portable about the house."

Mr. Fortier, a highly respectable gentleman from the coast, with his family consisting of a wife and nine children, the youngest an infant, had taken refuge in St. Mary. He occupied a dwelling on a plantation between Franklin and Jeanerets. At this time, hearing the firing below, he, with his family, fled in conservation for safety and protection, to a neighboring plantation. In his absence many soldiers, including officers, from the advancing columns, fell out, and taking possession of the premises, they gathered in the servants of the plantation, whom, while administering to their pleasures, they incited to plunder. Then commenced a regular bacchanalian carouse. Drawing out the hoarded luxuries of the family, dashing open side-boards and closets, to come more readily at their contents, they drank wassail amid the clashes of glasses, which were thrown over their shoulders as fast as emptied, and with stentorian voices calling for more, they danced in mad glee among the fragments. While their wants were being supplied by servants, with whom to hear was to obey, they varied their entertainment with feats of dexterity against mirrors and such other objects as afford sport to the licentious. At length, in the fervor of excitement, an officer, it is said, mounted the table and commenced auctioning off the furniture and other objects, which could not be conveniently carried away. The servants, participating in the excitement, brought in their little hoards of silver, and an active bidding immediately ensued. Pianos, armors, side-boards, &c., were knocked off on the most liberal terms, amidst peals of wild laughter, and the low chuckle of the grinning negroes. These deluded victims thought, undoubtedly, that the world had turned upside down, and that, by a happy chance, they had come uppermost. The grossest African bought articles adapted to the most refined taste,

and even the more discriminating loaded themselves with objects unsuited to their wants or condition. While this was going on, the more prudent of the soldiers, those who perhaps, in Massachusetts, had been early taught that the pleasures of the bowl were always subordinate to the "main chance," were making perquisitions for "the valuable products." Learning from the blacks, or conjecturing from the circumstances of the family, that plate and jewelry were concealed in the house, they penetrated into every supposed hiding place. They tore down the wainscot from floor to ceiling; and in the ardor of their search they hardly spared the roof. What ever may have been their success here, it is certain they found in the house a large amount of "valuable product," which, with every other portable object they carried away. When this family returned, they found themselves suddenly bereft of every thing they had: not a morsel of food, none of the luxuries or conveniences of life, not even a change of clothing for the infant, was left to them, in their destitution.

Mr. Eugene Olivier, living below New Iberia, was driven from his dwelling by the apprehensions which impelled so many to leave theirs. On the near approach of the gunboats, taking his child in his arms, and followed by his shrinking wife, he ran up on the banks of the bayou, trusting that no ball would be directed towards him as long as he remained with his family in view of the gunners. Presently he was halted by a soldier from the opposite bank, who, leveling his gun, cried: "I only want to shoot you, put down your child!" Mrs. Olivier, with the characteristic generosity of her sex in similar situations, flew to interpose her own person between her husband and the menacing gun. The gentleman, while holding off his wife with his disengaged arm, scornfully taunted the ruffian for his baseness [*lachete*]; the soldier, dropping his weapon, churlishly ordered him to go on. He did so, and at every step the wild sounds of revelry, proceeding from his dwelling, reached his ear. He could hear, blended with the sound of his piano, which sent forth notes such as could only be drawn from it by the heavy hand of a drunken dragoon, the sound of heavy tramping, and clanging scabbards, mingled with the rude laughter and ruder imprecations of the licentious soldiers, who were desecrating his household with their mad dance. He returned to his residence to find it entirely denuded. Furniture, beds and bedding, food and raiment, and cooking utensils had been alike appropriated or destroyed.

Mr. Hau, residing in St. Landry, not apprehending danger, had gone with his family to visit a daughter, who resided a day's journey from him. When he returned the Federal army had passed. Like the angel of death, it had rested but a moment to leave ruin in its track. From kitchen to parlor, from cellar to garret, all was empty; even the bucket had been taken from the well.

But if freer scope was given in houses untenanted, those whose inmates remained were, in many instances, violated with the same indecency.

The dwelling of Capt. F. O. Darby, situated above Franklin, was sacked in the presence of his family, by a regiment of Gen. Dwight's division, which was then acting under the command of one Captain Frederick. Ordering his men to shoot Capt. Darby, if he should attempt to resist, he proceeded with a deliberateness of design that discovered his instincts as well as his expertness. While some of his men secured the animals used for the purposes of luxury or convenience, others fell upon the carriages and carts, destroying such as could not be readily taken away, while others were employed in chasing the flocks and the poultry with which the premises were abundantly stocked. But the larger portion were engaged in more agreeable occupations. They brought out the wines and liquors from the well-filled cellar. The medicines they trampled under foot. They appropriated the silver plate, the bed and table linen, the articles of the toilet, and the entire family wardrobe, and destroyed all the furniture of the table and of the house. Captain Frederick then left the family standing on their bare floors.

The dwelling of Mr. Davisan Olivier was searched in his presence, though fortunately in the absence of the female members of his family, by the Second Rhode Island Cavalry. While a lusty dragoon thumped upon the piano, his fellows whirled around in the excited mazes of a dance, which was enlivened by the clank of scabbards against the floor or the furniture, by rowdy songs, obscene exclamations, and resounding whoops, which would have delighted a band of Sioux or Pottawatomies. Had this entertainment ended here, the proprietor of the house might have been compensated for his lacerated sensibilities by the safety of his effects; but when the war dance ended, the pillage commenced. A party, attacking an armoire with their sabres, were spared the hazard of breaking by Mr. Olivier, who promptly presented the key, and stood by to witness all his clothing and the contents of his pocket-book distributed among the licentious soldiers. Parties penetrating other rooms, soon came forth laden with the spoils of the parlor, the dining room, the bed chamber, the closets and other receptacles of household effects. Nothing, which could be carried away, was left behind—not even a supply of food for the evening meal.

On the Olivier estate, in the parish of St. Mary, resided a venerable lady, the head of that numerous and highly respectable family, the relict of a distinguished gentleman, who was the connecting link between an honorable ancestry and descendants noted for the qualities which enlighten the council-board and adorn the social circle. But neither age, nor worth, nor position, could protect her against insult. As the column of Gen. Banks trailed its slow length along, like the serpent which carries its venom within its coils, the dwelling of this venerable lady was filled with riotous soldiery, whose sounds of revelry might have been distinctly heard by the trailing masses as they passed along the road. Her dining room, and the various offices connected with her *menage*, were situated on the lower floor of the dwelling.

This portion of the building was occupied all the day by a ribald rout, who, while they were reveling on the contents of the plentiful pantry, store-room and wine-cellar, called in the female servants of the plantation, whom they compelled to share in their debaucheries, to assist in the pillage, and to minister to their pleasures. The more refined maid servants of the house fled for protection to their mistresses, to whose private apartments they were pursued by intoxicated ruffians, who, with drawn sabres, and using indecent and opprobrious epithets, drove them forth. To the weeping ladies, whom they abused with ribald tongues, and whose tears they derided, one of them, with menacing gestures cried: "Dry up; we've seen enough of you Southern women's tears." The venerable lady of the mansion, thinking perhaps that her presence might inspire respect, had gone below, to exert her influence on the rout, to cause them to cease their orgies, and to spare at least something on which to subsist the family. Upon entering the dining room, she was accosted by an intoxicated soldier, who rushed towards her, thrusting to her lips a goblet of wine, brutally exclaiming: "Drink, you damned old rebel, drink to the Union!" The precipitate retreat of the lady was followed by jeers and taunts, and shouts of drunken laughter. She gained with effort the apartment to which her family had withdrawn, where overwhelmed with bitter tears, she sank exhausted in the arms of her despairing children. During the ensuing night these ladies were guarded by the feeble arm of a private soldier, whose conduct would be more particularly noticed except for the reason given in the sequel. The next day the soldiers, after having broken what they could not carry away, and destroyed what they could not consume, left the premises; and the family, on re-occupying them found only a disordered mass of broken fragments lying around.

The last instance we shall give of this species of outrage, occurred in the family of Major G. La C. Fusilier, who resides on the lower Teche, in the same Parish. Maj. Fusilier, the representative of one of the most distinguished creole families of Attakapas, was as noted for his munificent hospitality, as for the chivalric character which impelled him, at an advanced age, to encounter the hardships of the camp, and to brave the perils of the field. His lady, who united refinement of manners and dignified deportment, with the quality of an accomplished manager of a large domestic establishment, was left, like a chieftainess of old, to manage her numerous dependents and servants, while her husband stemmed the heady fight, or joined in the toilsome march.—One day a company of Federalists halted at the front gate, and from it a detachment rode to the door of the house. Hastily dismounting, some threw their reins to others who remained behind, and rushed in, as if to carry by assault a defended place. Meeting the lady in the hall, they passed her rudely, without remark or explanation, and immediately commenced ransacking the house. Without waiting for keys, or even demanding them, they violently broke open doors, armoirs, drawers, and whatever interposed an obstacle to their search,

indulging in boisterous oaths and obscene language, and pillaging every article that could be conveniently bestowed about their persons. The terrified domestics, running through the house, were pursued, with indecent and menacing exclamations, which added to the general confusion. One of the party, perhaps touched by the distress of the mistress of the mansion, addressed her in French, suggesting that ing that his party were unauthorized to search for arms in this manner, and that she should appeal to the Colonel, who was with the main body. The Colonel presently appeared in person. She represented to him her situation, and demanded the protection which is due to every lady. "Protect you!" he cried, rushing by her, the hilt of his sword catching in her dress and whirling her around; "Protect you, a rebel; never!—No protection to rebels!" The presence of the Colonel only increased the rudeness of his followers. They found, up stairs, some brandy, which rendered them still more boisterous. Some of the party, coming down, presented him a travelling bag, remarking, "Here, Colonel, is something that will suit you." It contained Major Fusilier's clothes, on perceiving which, the Colonel turned to the lady and said: "I shall pass here this evening, and I want this bag. If I don't find it here, you'll see what'll happen." He then peremptorily ordered breakfast for his command, which, being provided by the servants, and eaten, the party rode off. Two hours after, the sergeant, who conducted the search in the morning, returned and demanded the travelling bag.—Madame Fusilier answered by informing him of the threat of his Colonel. "The Colonel has sent for it," he answered. "What is the name of your Colonel?" responded the lady. "That's none of your business," he replied. She then asked him for a receipt. He gruffly refused and snatched the bag from her hands. Going to the front of the house, he delivered it to one of his men on horseback, and went round the house to the rear, where he found the gardener, a Frenchman, advanced in years, and who could not speak the English language. Him he ordered to get a brand of fire to burn the house. The man, only understanding the menacing looks and gestures of the Sergeant, shrunk back, terrified. The Sergeant drew his pistol and felled him to the earth, and immediately jumping upon him commenced rifling his pockets. Having thus robbed the poor fellow of what money he had, he dragged him to the kitchen, put a fire brand in his hand, and hauled him back to the house. Meeting the lady in the hall, he exhibited to her the fire, which he ordered to be thrown upon the floor.—Then presenting his pistol to her breast, he demanded all the clothes she had hidden. While she was denying and expostulating, one of the men without called to him. He went out; and, after a brief consultation, the party hurriedly rode away. The fire, which was left kindling on the floor, was soon extinguished. The federalists, at this time, were in undisputed occupation of the country; and the only protection which could be sought was that of the Federal commander.—Madame Fusilier, finding, not only her dwelling, but her life in jeopar-

dy, abandoned her home to the charge of faithful domestics, and sought this protection. While she remained in Franklin, then the Federal head-quarters, she lodged at the house of a friend, from whence, every day, she saw her carriage and horses driven, with insolent bravado, under window, conveying officers smoking cigars, and reclining in every attitude in the stolen equipage. And while these scenes were enacted under her eye, her elegant house in the country was occupied by federal officers, who outraged the sensibilities of the christian, and the obligations of common decency, by desecrating her private chapel, and breaking down the altar with all its appropriate decorations, and by breaking to pieces and burning, on her hearthstones, her splendid furniture; thus destroying the objects associated, in her mind, with the most pleasing and holiest recollections of her domestic life. She was compelled to remain in Franklin until the work of destruction had been completed. Not until then could she receive a "pass" to return. "Then," says she, "I found my house empty. The little furniture that had been saved, my servants had secreted in their cabins. My carpets had been cut to pieces, my curtains torn down and destroyed, and my furniture broken up and burned for fuel. The windows and doors were broken, and the hall, covered with litter, appeared as if it had been used for stabling horses. My cooking range, and cooking utensils even, had been broken or carried away." Furniture, it would appear, was found in many places a convenient substitute for firewood. The Rev. Mr. Rand, of Vermilionville, was arrested in the dead hour of night, on some frivolous pretext, and conducted to an officer, who was comfortably stretched before a fire, made of tables and chairs taken from a neighboring house.

III. We have already described the perquisition for concealed treasure, on the march; we shall have occasion, in another place, to refer to the robbery of the negroes. But we may observe here, that while the success of the latter was commensurate with the effort, that of the former was not inconsiderable. On the approach of the enemy, most of the families, with a well-grounded distrust, or a distinctive apprehension of the Union-savers, concealed or buried their valuable plate and ornaments. Sometimes by the treachery of the servants, and sometimes by accident, these treasures were discovered and seized. A lady in St. Mary had sent to a relation in St. Landry, her plate and jewelry, of no inconsiderable value; and the relation, not venturing to keep what he could not protect, buried it, with his own, in a remote place, and, as he thought, with great secrecy; it was found, disinterred, and carried away. In trenching a garden near Opelousas with the bayonet, not an unusual proceeding, a lucky soldier threw up a thousand or more dollars in gold and silver, which amply rewarded him for his virtuous labors. In an island of woods near the same town, after diligent search a valuable deposit of gold and silver, and jewelry, was brought to light and appropriated by the robbers. Plundering was universal; and, as the impunity offered to the soldiers was not suffi-

cient, suitable auxiliaries were employed to make it more thorough.—The arts used to obtain treasure, were such as have been employed by the unprincipled in every age; delusive promises, violent seizure, terror, the cord, and the baton. At Mr. Joseph Frere's, in St. Mary, the proceeding was *a l'aimable*. A party of officers, leaving their command at the gate—for the appearance of the premises promised higher game than was suited to the common herd—entered the house. Meeting Mr. Frere in the hall, after complimenting him on the general appearance of his mansion and the surrounding property, they suggested in the mildest manner, the possibility of its being protected; indeed, if properly remunerated, they had no doubt they could afford all the protection necessary. Mr. Frere was not in funds. Had he not some articles of value—a watch for instance? One of the party was immediately made happy in the possession of the gentleman's watch. Another thought such an appendage would gratify him; and another watch was produced.—The others, charmed with the appearance of their fellows, with their newly acquired property, would each like a watch. Fortunately, among the ladies of the family, a sufficient number were found to gratify those whose wants were the most pressing. But they were not restricted in their fancies. They had sweet-hearts and wives. Chains, broaches, bracelets, diamond and even plain rings, it was insinuated, would be acceptable. In fact, on reflection, they had pressing need of those articles, and would be obliged to take them. The ladies of the family, in consternation at the increasing demands, which now assured them that personal violence would follow refusal, divested themselves of their ornaments, and handed them over to these gentlemen of the Federal army. But as they could not appear in ornaments only suitable for ladies, at the entertainments given by the Commander-in-Chief and other officers, in the confiscated houses in New Orleans, they thought it desirable to have some which would be more appropriate and better adapted to the dignity of their rank. One of them gently insinuated his fingers into the bosom of Mr. Frere's shirt, and extracted a diamond stud. No further ceremony was now necessary, and no more was attempted. Proceeding directly to the business in hand, they broke open the gentleman's armoires, bureaux, and other receptacles, and abstracted such articles of clothing and taste as suited their fancy. They were particularly gratified in finding several dozen fine Parisian shirts, which, with the other little articles of *bijoutrie* they had picked up, no doubt made them objects of envy, at the promenade concerns of the ensuing winter, in the metropolis.

In other instances, they disregarded the *suaviter in modo*, and resorted to the most summary means. At Mr. John D. Hudspeth's, in St. Landry, they placed a negro on guard over the person of the venerable proprietor, while they conducted the search. They found some money. But the supply not corresponding with their expectations, they were indecent in their abuse, and gratified their disappointment by appropriating all Mr. Hudspeth's wearing apparel

At Mr. Boudreau's in Lafayette, they robbed the gentleman, who was infirm and confined to his bed, of every thing in the house and on the premises, taking even the covering on which the invalid was lying.

At Mr. Delhomme's, in St. Martin, the lady of the house had recently died; they pillaged the effects of the dead. The servants of the family begged them, with tears in their eyes, to leave them some memorial of their old mistress, but they were inexorable.

On Petite-Anse Island, they entered the house of Mr. Hayes, then in the ninetieth year of his age, and forcing from him the key of his iron safe, they opened and robbed it of all the papers it contained.— Fortunately his money had been taken from it the evening before.— Passing from this, they opened all his trunks, and abstracted their contents of clothing and other articles; then, robbing the beds of their covering, they departed, after bestowing on the aged man a volley of abusive epithets.

At Mr. Antoine Goulas', in St. Mary, they not only stripped the family of all their wearing apparel, even the infant's clothing and all the bedding, but they presented their pistols to Mrs. Goulas' head, threatening to shoot her if she did not reveal the hiding place of her money. Afterwards another squad came along, and leveling their guns on Mr. Goulas, demanded his money.

At Mr. Sandoz's, near St. Martinsville, while plundering the plantation, they assaulted Mr. Sandoz and tore his watch from his pocket. They afterwards came in the night, and first arresting the gentleman in the house, demanded his money. On being answered that he had none, they told him they would search, and if any was found they would shoot him. The tone and manner of the menace assured him that it was no idle threat; but he answered, "You may search, and I will abide the consequences." They dug under the floor of a basement room, but met with no success. While they were thus engaged the lady of the house came in; and they immediately placed their cocked pistols to her head, demanding that she should discover to them the place where her husband's money was buried. She stood the ordeal as firmly as her husband, and the ruffians were foiled.

At Mr. Kemper's, in Cypres-mort, after robbing the house of every object of value, they took from the persons of the ladies their breast-pins and rings.

At Mr. Alexander Vilmeau's, in Fausse Pointe, they not only robbed him of a large sum of money, but plundered him of everything he possessed. While the party were pillaging the house he heard his wife loudly crying for help. Running to her assistance, he found several ruffians scuffling with her; one had wrenched a ring from her finger, after biting it so severely that she suffered many weeks from the effects; another had snatched her ear-pendants, tearing away the end of one ear. While attempting to rescue her, Mr. Vilmeau was shot at twice, and grazed by the bullets. On leaving the premises the ruffians fired

several shots from the gate, at the house, among the family, but the balls not taking effect, they were spared from further harm.

At Mr. Dasincourt Borel's, near New Iberia, they pillaged his house, taking from it every article, his own and his children's wearing apparel, all his blankets and bed-covering, leaving him completely stripped; and, on going away, they took his only horse. Mr. Borel went to Gen. Banks, who was then on the Olivier Estate, and applied for his horse. "It is the only means of support I have left me," said he, "and if I do not get it, I cannot support my family. My children will starve." Gen. Banks replied: "The horse is no more your property than the rest. Louisiana is mine. I intend to take everything." "But I have a right to be protected," answered Borel, "I have taken the oath." "When you shoulder your musket," retorted the General, "you may receive further protection." The poor man went back sorrowing to his destitute children. He had accumulated the little sum of five hundred dollars in specie, which he had hidden; it was all he had left.—He may probably have made this remark, for the news soon reached the Federal camp. A day or two after the interview with Gen. Banks, an officer rode up to his door and commenced a sympathizing conversation with him. He expressed great regret for the loss Mr. Borel had sustained, and great indignation at the perpetrators of the outrage.—Taking his departure, he rode down the lane, and meeting a negro, began to question him about Borel's money. "If you can find out where it is hidden," said he, "I'll manage the business and share with you." The negro promised, but immediately informed Borel. That night, four men came to his house at a late hour, and arrested him, as they said, to take him to the Provost Marshal at New Iberia. Getting him to the bottom of the lane, a pistol was put to his head, and he was told that if he did not at once reveal where he had hidden his five hundred dollars, he would be instantly shot. "I know," said Borel, "you are capable of everything. You have taken the last morsel from my children's mouths. You would kill me as remorselessly. Let us go back; you shall have the money." They went back; and Borel delivered to them his last dollar—his last means of supporting his children.

At Mr. Cesair Deblanc's, on the Bayou Petite Anse, they found the proprietor and his wife, an aged couple whose grey hairs should have commanded respect, if their feeble condition had not inspired pity. They had money; and in the pursuit of such spoil, the Federal soldiers neither regarded age, nor condition, nor infirmity, nor any of the obligations which bind man to man in civilized society. A large party surrounded the house; and employing every means that ingenuity could devise to inspire terror, drew from the aged couple their hoarded wealth. But in the conflict, the venerable lady succumbed. By her anxious and sorrow-stricken servants she was carried to the bed, from which she never arose.

At Mr. David Berwick's, on the Bayou Salée, the residence of another gentleman far stricken in years, the representative of the family which

gives its name to Berwick's Bay, occurred another scene, which, if it was not so fatal in its consequences, exceeded the one just mentioned, in atrocity of design. This gentleman was aroused at a late hour in the night, by the noise of crushing blows upon his door, which brought him, hastily appareled to answer the rude summons. He was met by a party of cavalry from the adjacent camp, whose horses were held in the yard. They demanded his money—used threats to extort it—and then resorted to more potent weapons. A pistol presented to his breast was knocked down, when in the act of being fired. Another, raised over his head to strike, was turned aside by one who suggested a better expedient. Going to his horse, he returned with a lariat, which he skilfully tied in a noose, as he traversed the yard. The noose was at once, and without further parley, put over Mr. Berwick's head, the end of the rope drawn around a column of the gallery, and then pulled tight. In a moment it was loosened, and the demand reiterated. While the old gentleman was recovering his faculties, and before he could answer, the rope was again drawn tight—this time bringing him to the verge of suffocation. The ingenuity that was exercised in gauging the extent of suffocation, as well as in applying the means, betrayed a practiced hand; the success which followed was no doubt as nicely calculated from the effects observed on previous experiments. They drew from their victim about six thousand dollars, and then left him both tortured in body, and a prey to serious apprehensions. That night the road was full of inebriated troopers riding furiously, and robbing every one by the way. Though they did not again attack Mr. Berwick, the fear of such an event impelled him to abandon his house, and take refuge in an out-building. Before morning, an officer penetrated his hiding place, who said he was seeking his men; but, from the attendant circumstances, was doubtless an accessory seeking his principals in crime.

Mr. Narcisse Thibodeau, at Brough's bridge, near four-score years of age, was taken from his house by Federal soldiers accompanied by negroes, and beaten with sticks, until he confessed where his treasures were hidden. They took from him many thousand dollars in gold; but not satisfied with this, or incited by their unusual success, they pursued their robberies from house to house. Some citizens, gathering courage from the magnitude of the danger, united in pursuit of the marauders. They found them at Grande Pointe, in the act of laying violent hands on an aged lady—Mrs. Guidry,—to compel her to disgorge her money. Arresting them here, they returned, and on their way home were themselves robbed of their prisoners, and the money they had recovered, by a body of Federal troops they met on the road.

But it is unnecessary to multiply these sickening details. Nothing was too little, nothing too great, nothing too sacred, to stay the Federal hand. While robbing the rich and the provident, it pillaged the poor, cutting, as we have seen, from their looms, the cloth woven by

their hands. But its rapacity was not satiated upon the living; it fell even upon the dead. The men who brutally invaded the domestic sanctuary, did not scruple to desecrate the ashes of the departed. At Brashear city reposed the remains of the late Dr. Brashear, long distinguished in the councils of his adopted State, the cherished associate of great men, the friend and countryman of Henry Clay. The sacrilegious invaders, with the instincts of the hyena, ravished his tomb, and appropriated to their own use, and carried off, enclosing their own dead, the metallic coffin which had contained his mortal remains.

Gen. Bank's policy embraced the use of auxiliaries, when the harvest was not too great for his own reapers, as was exemplified at Opelousas. On the western confines of St. Landry and Lafayette, where the extended prairies are fringed by the pine forests, there are but few cultivated fields. The occasional huts of the herdsmen only, as in the wilds of Australia, for many miles are here sparsely scattered around. For more than half a century, this country has also been the refuge of the idle and the depraved, who have avoided the haunts of civilization, to enjoy in solitude the pursuits which society rejects. Subsisting upon the cattle belonging to more industrious proprietors, they have never wished to enjoy the fruits of their own industry. So long as their depredations were confined to the herds on the prairies, but few were interested in suppressing them. Some attempts it is true, had been made; but the difficulty of detection and the consequent immunity from punishment, seemed only to confirm them in their incorrigible habits. With the same instincts that lead the vultures to gather around the carcass, these men flocked to Gen. Banks at Opelousas. They were armed at once, and sent ostensibly to gather in the stock; but, seeming intuitively to apprehend the full design of the Federal commander, they commenced plundering the houses of the citizens, who repaired to head quarters in crowds to enter their complaints. In the temporary absence of Gen. Banks on a visit to New Orleans, Gen. Emory was then in command of the army. With the promptness of a soldier trained to the duties of his profession, he undertook to remedy the evil. He arrested the marauders within reach, and issued the following proclamation:

HEAD QUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES, }
Opelousas, April 27, 1863. }

It having come to the knowledge of the General temporarily in command of the United States Forces, that unauthorized persons are temporarily banded together, and committing plunder and outrage on the peaceful inhabitants of this country, it is hereby ordered and declared to be without the authority of the United States, and all the United States troops are commanded to shoot down at sight, and disperse, all such bands of robbers and thieves.

(Signed) WM. H. EMORY,
By the General Com'd'g., Brig. Gen. Com'd'g.
(Signed) RICH'D B. IRWIN, A. A. G.

Gen. Banks on his return from New Orleans, disavowed the order, and annulled it, by reinstating the robbers, furnishing them again with arms and ammunition, and sending them forth to plunder and destroy. The creatures, as cowardly as they were depraved, hesitated in the performance of their task. Halting on the outskirts of the village, they sent back for succor; and the 41st Massachusetts regiment was mounted, and sent out to guard them against the outraged citizens. Thus was inaugurated and organized that band of "jayhawkers" who have since become such a pest to the country. In the very midst of the depredations of these armed marauders, and the daily accumulating spoils plundered by his own orders from unoffending citizens, Gen. Banks, with characteristic duplicity, issued a proclamation reflecting upon plunderers, and inhibiting conduct derogatory to the honor (!) of his army.

IV. The town of St Martinsville is situated on the right bank of the Tèche, which, at its narrow point, is but a stone's throw from bank to bank. Its streets intersect at right angles, those fronting the stream running to the water's edge perpendicularly. For some time after the Federal army had fallen back to New Iberia, this town occupied, in the bend of the bayou, a neutral territory between the Confederate and Federal lines. The pickets of either party sometimes entered the town, as, by tacit consent, the neutrality of the position was recognized. The citizens, unmolested, pursued their ordinary avocations; and on the Sabbath, gathered, as usual, at the church. According to the customs of the Catholic towns of Europe, which they inherited from their ancestors, after church services they met in groups upon the streets to indulge in friendly conversation, or to interchange social civilities. On one of these occasions, a bright, joyous Sunday morning had invited unusual numbers to the open air of the streets. In the midst of their friendly greetings, they observed a Federal regiment filing up on the opposite bank, which, being no unusual occurrence, attracted but little attention. The column advancing, covered the principal streets; when, suddenly facing to the front, it enfiladed them with volleys of musketry. The scene which ensued baffles description. An instinctive impulse directed the feet of every one to the nearest shelter. Families thus became separated, and soon the shrieks of mothers, the cries of children, the frantic exclamations of husbands and fathers, all a prey to the most agonizing apprehensions, rent the air. After the volleys ceased, the streets were filled with men, women and children, seeking their lost loved ones. Fortunately, with one exception, all were found. As if more strikingly to indicate the peculiar victims of Federal persecution, the bullets of the regiment took effect only upon a man of hoary head and tottering step, while he was receiving the kindly greetings of a passing friend.

Col. Robison, who commanded this regiment, bearing the name of Louisiana, unblushingly avowed the act, and declared that he would repeat it every time his regiment passed the rebel town. The inhabitants sent an express to General Green, then the nearest Confederate

commander. He immediately sent notice, under a flag of truce, to the General commanding at New Iberia, that if the act was repeated, he would retaliate on the prisoners he held. The act was not repeated; but the conduct of the Colonel passed without censure.

V. In the early days of the French Revolution, when, in the fervor of new ideas the altars of God were thrown down, and the reason of man enthroned, the churches of France were devoted to base uses, but the sacrilege has justly received the reprobation of mankind; and among nations, whether Christian or Infidel, that recognize the supremacy of an overruling God, the edifices consecrated to His service are universally respected. An exception was found in the Federal army. The Catholic church at Opelousas, after having its enclosures torn down and destroyed, was saved from further desecration by the Irish Catholics in the enemy's ranks, who rose in mutiny against the sacrilege; while the Protestants of that army permitted, without murmur or protest, the desecrating hand of Massachusetts to make of the Protestant Episcopal Church a den of infamy. They stole the sacred vessels from the Catholic Church at New Iberia, and danced in the robes of the priest who served at its altar. They struck with the flats of their sabres, and kicked the venerable priest who ministered at the altar of the Church of St. Martinsville, while his fingers were yet moist from the sacred symbols of the body and blood of Christ; and they violently took away the humble conveyance which carried him to the bedsides of his parishioners, to administer the consolations of religion. They ravished from the Methodist Church at Franklin the chairs, the pews, the chancel, the lamps and the chandelier, to furnish a theater in a billiard saloon, where ribald farces might be represented. But further, they shocked the sensibilities of the human race, which lead even the savage to approach with awe the graves of the dead. They broke down and burned for fuel the enclosure around the cemetery at Opelousas; they used the materials of the tombs and monuments at New Iberia for chimneys and hearthstones; they picketed their horses among the graves, and spread their forage upon the tombs in the cemetery at Franklin. In the vain search of treasure, they threw out the freshly buried or mouldering remains of the dead. They ransacked family vaults under the eye of the family, breaking and shattering the coffins they enclosed; and so often were these revolting scenes enacted, that some citizens, brought, as a last refuge, the bones of their ancestors under the sheltering roof of their dwellings.

VI. In the parish of Lafayette resided Basil C. Crow, Esq., who, in former years, was distinguished as one of the prominent men of Opelousas and Attakapas. Bred to the bar, he was engaged, in the vigor of manhood, in the active practice of his profession; but as his sons and daughters grew up, he retired to his estate on the banks of the Vermilion, and devoted the energies of a robust age to the cares of a large domestic establishment, and to settling them around him. One by one they had left the paternal roof, until, either on neighboring es-

tates, or in the adjacent village, they had separate establishments, with a new generation of children growing up around them. Understanding, on the approach of the enemy, that the line of the Vermilion would be defended, which would expose their dwellings to the fire of the opposing forces, these families, with loaded wagons and carriages, hurriedly started for a place eight miles distant, to await the result of the anticipated conflict. Learning, presently, that the Confederate forces had retreated without giving battle, and that the Federalists had crossed the Vermilion, they set about returning to reoccupy their homes. Approaching the village of Vermilionville, they were met by a New York regiment that had come out in line of battle to meet them. Advancing at a charge, its wings speedily enveloped the train, and the soldiers, as exultant as if they had captured an opposing force, fired guns over the carriages, and subjected the inmates to their coarse jests and ridicule. Leading the train in triumph to the village, they sent the ladies and children to their empty dwellings, without permitting them to retain either food, raiment or bedding; and confining the gentlemen in jail, they ordered the carriages and wagons containing the personal and household effects to Opelousas, twenty-five miles above. The gentlemen were soon sent after, to report, under the charge of an officer, to the "Military Governor," then engaged in "collecting" at Opelousas. While these families were at home, suffering in the deprivation of the most necessary articles, they were kept here many days. At length, through the intercession of an officer, a written order was obtained to release them. As they were leaving the "Governor's" office, he stopped them. "By the by," said he, "there is some silver plate among those things; this must be confiscated. Come back here tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock;" and he turned aside to other business. The gentlemen left, with the written order in possession, which they were not slow to render available. Before ten o'clock the next morning they with their effects, including the silver plate, worth several thousand dollars, were beyond the jurisdiction of the Military Governor, and out of the reach of his collectors.

While the Federal army was passing by the Cote Gelée, in the disarray we have described, some soldiers in the rear of a division, in quarreling over their spoils, killed one of their number, and leaving the body by the wayside, rejoined their command. As the next division passed the body was discovered, and the officer in command sent to the nearest house and caused to be arrested its only inmate, a man well stricken in years, and who did not understand the language of his captors. Without investigation, enquiry or ceremony, he was dragged to the corpse and made to kneel before it. A firing party was drawn up in front, and as the word was about being given to fire, it was arrested by the arrival of a burying party from the division in advance, who had been sent to inter the body. The old man, thus rescued from the jaws of death, was released and with menacing gestures ordered back to his home.

As the army marched up the Bayou Bœuf, a Capt. Dwight, following in the rear, was shot from the opposite bank of the bayou by some Confederate scouts. Under the circumstances, as they have been related to us, the act was according to the usages of war. But whether it was or not, it was done by soldiers of the regular army acting in their line of duty; and this fact was made apparent to the Federal general commanding. Yet, notwithstanding, to retaliate he caused to be arrested the next day all the male citizens dwelling on the bayou over a line of forty miles. Sixteen, from St. Landry, grandfathers, fathers and sons, from early youth to four-score, respectable citizens, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life, were forced along twenty-eight miles of road, and guarded at night in an open enclosure on a dung-heap. The next morning, part of the way on foot, part of the way in open wagons without seats, they were carried back forty miles, to Washington. On the way, none were permitted to stop at their homes, to bid farewell, or explain their position to their families; and but one was released, Mr. Jesse Andrus, aged eighty years, the head of a numerous and respectable family, after being dragged on foot over fifteen miles, hauled in a wagon forty, and confined and guarded as above stated, all within the space of thirty hours, was permitted to return home. The others were taken the next day to Opelousas and confined four days in the common jail, from which felons had just been loosed upon the community. They were then brought out, formed in line, and marched between lines of soldiers to Port Barré; from thence they were shipped to Brashear City, and on the passage had only the cotton bales with which the boat was laden to sleep upon. At Brashear they were placed on the railroad, in a box car without seats, which had last carried stone coal, and were thus transported to Algiers. Here they were imprisoned in a deserted iron foundry for three weeks and then sent across the river to New Orleans. Here they remained confined two months, after which the survivors were released to make their way home as well as they could. The trials of the march had brought Mr. James Hicks, an old man, to the verge of the grave, and he remained in the hospital during the time the others were confined. Two died in prison: Mr. Hiram G. Roberts, aged 46 years, and Mr. Solomon Link, aged fifty. It is a simple story. We have read before of a similar fate befalling a party of men—they were shipwrecked mariners thrown upon a barbarous coast.

When Gen. Burbridge was repulsed in an action at the Bayou Bourbeux, in the parish of St. Landry, and thrown back to New Iberia, he, by the common impulse of ignoble souls, retaliated his shameful disaster on the defenceless citizens of that place. He compelled the entire male population, old and young, at the point of the bayonet, to work fifteen days on his line of ditches, and he arrested and held under guard young and delicate ladies, who had preferred not to walk under his disgraced brigade flag.

Before the first invasion of Gen. Banks, a raid was made on the

Rentrop estate, on the lower Atchafalaya, by a portion of the 21st Indiana regiment, under the command of Col. McMillan. The command was brought up by the gunboat *Estrella*. The men on landing committed the customary depredations, conducted in the usual licentious manner. Mr. Rentrop was then lying very ill, and his wife, leaving the bedside of her husband, sought the officer in command and implored him with pathetic eloquence to do his untimely work as quietly as possible, as she felt assured that the least excitement would prove injurious, if not fatal to the invalid. Her supplications were treated with contempt. The depredations went on with increased boisterousness. The men fired their guns among the poultry and flocks, under the window of the dying man. They even entered his room, and taunted and jeered him at the very portals of death. After continuing this inhuman conduct all the day, at night-fall they departed. Before the morning dawned the suffering invalid, overcome by the excitement, had breathed his last. The next morning the *Estrella* brought back the depredators of the preceding day. The family were gathered around the corpse of the husband and father. Their mournful wailing issued from every opening of the dwelling; but disregarding these sounds of grief, the soldiers with rude and boisterous mirth rioted on the luxuries of the orange groves and indulged in unrestrained license on the premises. In the very midst of these discordant sounds of affliction and ill-timed mirth, Lieut. Harwick entered the house, arrested the two sons of the deceased while kneeling before the body of their murdered father, and dragged them away amidst the shrieks of their sisters and the heart-broken groans of their agonized mother. The boat returned again the next day, and the men, landing, renewed the boisterous scenes of the previous days. Nor was this all: persecuted in the body, his bones were not permitted to remain quiet in the tomb. They were disturbed by other robbers from the same army, and as they were not permitted to rest in peace in the home allotted to the dead, the family were compelled to bring them back to the home of the living. The two boys who were so rudely arrested while weeping over their father's remains—one a mere youth, and the other discharged for disability from the army—were not soldiers then: they are soldiers now.

But the indulgence of private animosities was undoubtedly a prolific source of arbitrary arrests. The Federal army was followed by vicious and lawless men of the country, who had not the principles to attach them to any government. As like bodies gravitate towards each other, they have been drawn to the Federal ranks, and with the zeal of converts and the malignity of their kind they directed the Federal hand against every citizen whose prominence excited their apprehension, or who had been instrumental in restraining their vicious conduct.

The house of Dr. Francis Mudd, a practicing physician of Vermilionville, was surrounded one evening by Federal soldiers, under Capt.

Martin, who conducted the affair with a method which could only have been acquired by experience. The doctor was quietly sitting, conversing with his wife, on the gallery, when the officer approached and announced that he was his prisoner. Startled at the summary proceeding, he enquired the reasons, or what might be the charges against him; but the officer could only show the order of arrest, which came from Gen. Washburne, and which was couched with that military brevity not calculated to assure the mind. The gentleman begged to be permitted to remain at home that night, as his wife would be alone, and the next morning, after making proper provision for her protection and comfort, he would report in person at the general's headquarters. The officer had no discretion; he could only wait to examine his papers, and for this purpose he demanded his keys. The search being fruitlessly made, the doctor was conducted to headquarters, some two miles from his residence. There he found several other citizens, who had just been dragged from their families without any assigned cause. Not being permitted to see the general, they were given what was said to be six days rations, which consisted of hard crackers and black tea, and were confined and strictly guarded in a neighboring cooper's shop, which was open and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Here, among deserters, criminals of the army and negroes, besides suffering from the discomforts of their situation and the nauseous filth of their fellow prisoners, they were subject constantly to the vulgar abuse of the guard, and of those whom curiosity attracted to the place. They applied to Capt. Gorsuch, the Provost Marshal, for the charges on which they were thus ignominiously confined. He replied that he knew of no charges; he was simply acting under orders. They could get no satisfaction here or elsewhere; but at length after thirteen days confinement, another order, signed by a Major Morgan, an officer of Washburne's staff, came for their release. When Dr. Mudd returned to his house he found, what others similarly situated had found, that his substance had been made way with or destroyed.

One morning, while St. Martinsville was occupying the neutral position we have described, a body of about four hundred Federal soldiers, with two pieces of artillery, drove in the Confederate pickets above that town, and proceeded to the residence of Mr. Olivier Duclotel, which was not far distant. After forcing off all his negroes, who had been proof against the seductions of the Federal missionaries, and stripping the premises of everything, not excepting the clothing of the family, they took Madam Duclotel, who was sixty years of age and afflicted with aneurism, and forcing her to kneel among them, they gratified their fiendish rage in abusive and indecent epithets, and disregarding the blood that flowed profusely from her dilated arteries, they rocked her backward and forward, pushed her to the right and left, and threw her down and raised her up, until exhausted nature could bear no more, and she sank in a swoon. Then arresting and carrying away her husband, her son and her daughter, they left her

prostrate on the floor. Some two hours after, this aged lady recovered to find herself alone, surrounded by a scene of desolation. Her first impulse was to fly to seek her family, but her physical energies being overcome by exhaustion, she fell prostrate in the yard, where she was afterwards found insensible by one of her grand-children. Her husband, Mr. Duclosel, was aged, gouty and obese. He had not been known for years to walk a hundred paces at a time; yet his inhuman persecutors pushed him on foot, at the point of the bayonet, over a mile of muddy road to St. Martinsville, where in mockery of his sufferings they made him stand the remainder of the day in one of the streets.

Recently a raid was made in that part of St. Landry which stretches along the upper Atchafalaya, by a body of Federal troops from Morganza. A party of soldiers from this body, conducted by a *soi-disant* Union man who had been driven from the country for his crimes, went at midnight to the house of Mr. John Lyons, once well known as a popular and skillful commander of steamboats on the inland waters of this district, then a respectable planter, and calling him out from his bed, cruelly murdered him on the threshold of his own door.

The citizens of every town and neighborhood were subject to arrest, confinement and release, under the Yankee system of *lettres-de-cachet*; but many prisoners were dragged to New Orleans, and languished in prison or on parole for months without any assignable cause.

On the first advance of the enemy, the Hon. Alexander Mouton, ex-Governor of Louisiana, while quietly occupying a private station, was taken from his home, sent to New Orleans, kept six months, and then released as abruptly as he was arrested. Many others were sent there at the same time, and languished for months in close confinement. Subsequently a large number of prisoners fell into the hands of Gen. Taylor, on the Lafourche and at the Bay, and a correspondence under a flag of truce ensued between the Confederate and Federal commanders in reference to them, or on the general subject of the exchange and treatment of prisoners. In this correspondence there were expressions used by the Federal commander which led Gen. Taylor to infer that he had entirely changed his policy, and that no more non-combattants would be arrested by him. Assuming this to be the future Federal policy here, he advised those gentlemen who were preparing to fly from their homes to escape Federal persecution to remain in the quiet pursuit of their ordinary avocations, and one of the undersigned commissioners, who was not then in the military service, and also a sufferer from ill health, acted upon the advice. He was arrested and sent to New Orleans. On his way thither he met, in an unfurnished guard house without even a bench for the weary, several citizens of Lafayette, who had been arrested by Gen. Ord, at the instigation of a Union man, a worthless fellow, who had been under the ban of the law for crimes not political. Your commissioner took occasion to inform Gen. Ord that these men had been in the militia, and at the time they were

proceeding as charged they were acting under his orders, and that he alone was responsible for the act, not to any Federal authority, but to the Governor of the State. They were however sent down, and one of them at least, perhaps more, died in prison in New Orleans. At this time there was no parish in the district but had its representatives, (arrested under similar circumstances) in the prisons of that city—indeed they were full of them.

Soon after, a correspondent of the New York Herald was made prisoner at Bourbeux, and the pressing instances of the proprietors of that journal induced Gen. Banks to make an effort for his release. He accordingly enclosed the Herald's correspondence and wrote himself to Gen. Franklin, from whose headquarters flags passed between the belligerents. Gen. Banks did not venture to sully his character before his enemies, by preferring a request for this person's release, in the terms of his commander's letter; he simply forwarded it with the accompanying correspondence, to have all the weight to which it was entitled. One of us has read this letter, characteristic of the writer. In it Gen. Banks comments on the impropriety of *making prisoners of non-combatants*, and concludes with the assertion that he always scrupulously avoided such practices! On the receipt of this extraordinary communication, and without requiring the usual parole, Gen. Taylor sent the Herald correspondent, with such other non-combatant prisoners as he held in possession, to the enemy's lines, and demanded at the same time the return of our prisoners held in New Orleans. It having come to the knowledge of your commissioner, then a prisoner, that these persons had arrived in the city, he, fully under the impression that they could not have been released without provision made for the release of non-combatants in Federal hands, wrote a note to Gen. Banks, which, while it assumed a compact between the belligerents, demanded his immediate release. The reply of Gen. Banks, through his chief of staff, denied the compact, but ended by saying "that Gen. Banks had concluded to permit you [him] to return home on giving a parole not to do any act hostile to the government of the United States until released from the effect of the parole by some officer of the United States Government." Considering that if there was no obligation to release, the manner of imprisonment only would be changed; and if there was that the parole would have no binding effect, either in conscience or in fact, he accepted the conditions, and was immediately sent out of the Federal lines: Messrs. Voorhies, O'Brian, Broussard, and perhaps others, were not released until nearly eight months after. These facts require no comment, and we pass to another subject.

VII. In a country abounding with shady groves overshadowing a smooth sod the Federal commanders selected for their headquarter encampments the smiling parterres, or the verdant lawns, tastefully embellished, and spreading out in front of the private dwellings. Female modesty was often shocked at the indelicate exhibitions of camp life immediately in view of their private apartments. Half-

dressed officers and their indecent menials did not hesitate in language and manner to violate all the proprieties due to the inmates of the domestic circle. If their conduct only offended delicacy or offered inconvenience, it might have been tolerated, as in consideration of greater calamities it might have passed only with a partial notice. But like other Federal outrages, this carried with it material destruction, bodily discomfort, and often starvation and death. We have, in our note book, many instances where opulent families, surrounded by luxuriant fields and gardens, with enclosures filled with poultry, flocks and fatted oxen, with magazines bursting with stores of provision for man and beast, were subjected in a day to extreme destitution, and who were compelled to subsist for many days on the corn snatched from under the feet of the horses, or on the scanty provision surreptitiously taken by faithful servants from the luxurious tables of the officers.

A banquet was one day provided, in the dining room of Madame Olivier, for Gen. Banks and his staff, who feasted on the lower story, waited on by the servants of the estate, while the ladies above were suffering for the necessaries of life; and after the banquet was over, as if in mockery, the field negroes were called in to consume what remained.

Mrs. McKerral, with her three daughters, without any male protector, was residing on her plantation near Franklin. Her premises were occupied for a camp; the rooms of her dwelling were taken for quarters; and she, with her three daughters, after her servants had been forced away, was confined to the occupancy of three rooms. She had secured some poultry in an upper room of the house; every fowl was taken; her provisions were consumed; and she saw from her window, not only the last outbuilding on her place destroyed, but her last milch cow shot in the yard. Surrounded by a noisy, vulgar, profane crowd, she suffered there, for days, all the tortures of shocked delicacy, apprehension and want. When the camp was removed she found that even the family carriage had been maliciously taken to pieces, and the necessary parts either thrown away or destroyed.

Gen. Burbridge occupied the enclosures around the residence of the Hon. John Moore, in New Iberia, and flaunted his brigade flag over the entrance gate. He was not satisfied with occupying the kitchen and all the out-buildings, thus depriving the family of the conveniences of the household, but he took possession of the lower rooms of the dwelling. Mrs. Moore, a lady far advanced in years, belonging to a family distinguished in the annals of the nation, accustomed, not only to the conveniences, but the elegancies of life, was driven, with the ladies of her family, to the upper apartments, where she was subjected to every privation. Gen. Franklin, with his military family, arriving shortly afterwards, fell into possession of the quarters. His presence, however, did not ameliorate the condition of the family; on the contrary, his continued occupation daily increased its privations. No relief was obtained—none offered. Gen. Franklin says, none was asked.

Mrs. Moore succumbed in the midst of these manifold privations. She died—died, imprisoned in her own dwelling, deprived of the comforts she would have bestowed upon the humblest of her servants; and, as at the Rentrops, Federal persecution followed her to the grave; her tomb was desecrated to furnish brick for Federal hearths.

We desire to do justice to Gen. Franklin. Though an enemy, his character and former associations entitle him to consideration. We have reason to believe that he fell into these quarters, as he would have fallen into them had they occupied any other place, without enquiry, and without being aware of the distress his occupancy caused; and we think his sin was rather one of omission than of commission.

Not so of another officer of the old U. S. Army. When Gen. Weitzel's division encamped on the Rentrop estate, his camp extended to the enclosures of the dwelling. Mrs. Rentrop, the afflicted lady of the mansion whose sufferings on another occasion we have noticed, being alone with five other ladies of the family solicited the General to occupy one of the rooms, or at least to encamp near, as a protection against the rude intrusion of his soldiers. He not only refused this reasonable request, but he pitched his tent at the lower extremity of his camp, as if, and as the ladies believe, to give a freer scope to the licentiousness of his followers. We have before us a communication from a member of this family, which would make a chapter of itself—a chapter of inconceivable atrocity. Omitting many details, we give the substance in the language of the lady who relates them: "As he must have expected, and as he no doubt wished, the men immediately commenced depredations. They broke into the sugar house, and help-ed themselves to all the sugar they could devour or carry away; they drank all the water of the cistern; they shot down all the work oxen, and killed the hogs in the pen; and they tore up the fences and burn-ed them in their camp fires. Mrs. R. went to Gen. Weitzel and begged for a guard. He sent her two men to guard the house; but it was all a sham. One said he would not use his gun to prevent what his words would not. Some chickens had been saved, to be used only for the sick: these were hastily secured in a room of the dwelling. While Mrs. R. was absent, her daughter and another young lady guarded the door; unconscious of danger they felt no fear, until vile oaths and obscene language met their ears. Crowds had approached, and it would have been evident, to less suspecting ears that evil was intended.— Ere the vile purpose was carried into effect, an officer came with orders to search the house for rebel uniforms. This officer dispersed the mob, reached the house, and was satisfied the report was false.— But before the usual time for retiring another came, followed by a half dozen of the most ragged and dirty which hang around an army.— They proceeded from room to room, peeping into this and into that, evidently to see what the house contained. After passing a sleepless night, at early dawn, Mrs. Rentrop again returned to Gen. Weitzel to beg for a more efficient guard. Soon the black-smith's shop was dis-

"covered to be in flames, and soldiers prowling about said that this was
 "to be the fate of every building on the rebel place. The plantation
 "bell which had long been unused, now pealed forth a summons long
 "and loud. One would have supposed this to be a signal that help
 "was needed to extinguish the fire. This, however, was not intended.
 "The building burned to the ground without an effort to extinguish
 "the flames. It was a signal of another kind—to assemble a mob!—
 "Soldiers collected in crowds around the house. The ladies becoming
 "alarmed, closed and fastened every opening of the dwelling. Those
 "alone who have seen a mob collecting, can form an idea of what they
 "witnessed, as they stood tremulously gazing through the window
 "blinds. Some rushing into the kitchen; others into the store room,
 "breaking, destroying, or carrying away, whatever they could lay their
 "hands on; while hundreds surrounded the house, yelling, cursing,
 "swearing, and making most fearful threats, as they tried to open the
 "doors, climbed up outside, or crept underneath the floors. The ladies
 "within knew not what to do. Trembling in every limb, they walked
 "from room to room, or paused to beg aid of the only source of help,
 "the God of Heaven! The mob broke open the door of the room in
 "which were the chickens. They cursed, swore, and squabbled for
 "them; this scene might have been ludicrous to the ladies at any oth-
 "er time, but now they were filled with horror at seeing themselves in
 "the power of beings so utterly depraved. They had hastily secured
 "the door between the robbers and themselves, and were now in mo-
 "mentary dread of that being broken. Mrs. Rentrop's sister, being in
 "terror as to the probable fate of her daughter and nieces, determined
 "to risk herself to save them. She bravely passed out at the front
 "door, which was quickly closed by the frightened inmates, and walk-
 "ed through these crowds unmolested. They were startled by the sud-
 "den appearance of a lady in their midst, and momentarily awed by her
 "dignified manner. She hurried down the road until she met an officer
 "on horseback. She begged him to fly to the rescue of the innocent
 "females shut up in the house. He listened to her earnest appeal, and
 "God obliged him to grant it. He rode on with his company and
 "dispersed the mob. Seeing the flames bursting forth, between the
 "wing and main building, he cried, 'Your house is on fire.' Yet he
 "made no effort to extinguish it—he did not even order the soldiers to
 "bring water from the bayou for that purpose. Fortunately the day
 "previous the ladies, finding that all the water of the cisterns was go-
 "ing, had filled all the pitchers, buckets and tubs in the house; and
 "now with their own hands they brought it out and extinguished the
 "fire."

After the family were thus saved, Mrs. Rentrop returned with a
 guard. Her daughter ran out to meet her. "O mother!" she exclaim-
 ed out of breath, "what a dreadful time we have had! What would
 "my dear brothers say, if they knew what we have endured this day?
 "Could they have seen that ruffian with raised club, curse me and

"call me a vile name, and swear he would knock my head off, if I came out with the water, would they not feel that they had rather die in the cause of independence, than to be united with such a vile race as this!" While this work was going on—while the fire-bell was sounding the alarm, Mrs. Rentrop, a lady delicately reared, of education and manners belonging to an elevated station in society, was compelled to dance attendance before Gen. Weitzel's tent. He did not deign to see her, as she expresses it, "until he had eaten two breakfasts"—until, in fact, complete time had been given for the contemplated destruction of the dwelling sheltering these feeble and unprotected women.

But we find this officer again, on the Tarlton estate. He here followed the more usual custom. His camp was pitched within the enclosures, and under the windows of the dwelling; his officers and men occupied the out-buildings, where they committed the ordinary depredations and excesses; and he, personally, as the evidence discloses, by his coarse manners and language, and by his indecent behavior, drove the ladies of the family to their most secluded apartments. Generally intoxicated, he exhibited himself openly and shamelessly in fond dalliance with negro servant girls. His staff imitated their chief in vulgarity of speech and behavior. Finally his camp broke up; when he rode out of the yard calling out, "Come on boys, there are other rich plantations here to sack!"

There were instances of protection being offered by officers high in command; but the policy of the Commanding General prevailed over them, if they were sincere in their offers or their efforts.

Gen. Lee requested permission to take apartments in the dwelling occupied by Mrs. Smedes, on her plantation near New Iberia; and as an inducement to her compliance with his request, he suggested that his presence would be a protection to her property. She very gladly acceded to it, and the gentleman and another officer established themselves very comfortably. But presently, the lady found herself deprived of the use of her servants; that her provisions were gone; and that her gardens, orchards and fields were being wasted, her fences burned, her plantation buildings destroyed, and the building attached to her residence consumed. She saw at last the fire put to her corn-fields; and she indignantly asked the General if this was the promised protection. He recoiled in shame, and humbly confessed his inability to protect her.

But the instances were rare where inhabited dwellings were occupied in this manner; whenever caprice or convenience suggested a want, no motive of delicacy restrained the Federal hand. The country was full of deserted houses from which families had fled; yet inhabited dwellings were remorselessly taken for purposes which exposed the inmates, not merely to inconvenience or deprivation, but sometimes to disease and death.

The residence of Mr. Ledoux, situated in the country, near St. Mar-

tinsville, was, in opposition to his earnest remonstrances, taken for a Federal hospital. His family were reluctantly permitted to occupy one room in their own dwelling—the room of his wife—the room in which she had been confined for many years by ill health, and in which she was then lying, too low to be removed without endangering her life.

VIII. As the enemy advanced through the country he devastated and tortured; as he retreated he used the torch. The lower waters of the Teche and Atchafalaya, while the Federalists have occupied Berwick's Bay, have been open to their gunboats; and under their protection advances have been undertaken, and sudden retreats made; not without leaving some evidence of their presence, in chimney stacks arising out of the charred ruins of costly edifices. These still stand, marking the places where once stood the elegant and hospitable mansions of the Rhodes', the Bateman's, the Stirling's, the Wilcoxon's, the Fusilier's, the Carpenter's, the Corney's, the Perkins', the Bethel's, the Smith's, the Harding's, the Burns', and others. And but for a happy accident, a quick discovery, and an active effort, the site of Franklin, the thriving commercial town of the Teche, would have been thus marked. As the pressed rear of Chickering's column fled through the town, his soldiers fired the warehouses on the wharf; but the sharp crack of Fournet's rifles ringing in their ears, paralyzed their arms; and their work, bunglingly executed, was soon discovered by the citizens, who subdued the rising flames.

But the hand of the destroyer fell no less heavily than that of the incendiary: wherever directed by caprice, convenience or wantonness, wherever the materials could serve a temporary purpose, or offer a momentary gratification, it fell upon the most costly and valuable edifices.

On the wooded banks of the Vermilion, whose waters are shaded by timber trees, which, when felled, would stretch across them, the sugar house of Mr. Crow was pulled down, and the materials transported half a mile, to construct a bridge across the bayou. The destruction of this building for that purpose, not only involved its loss to the owner, but the loss of many thousand dollars worth of seed cotton, left in the open air to waste and decay. The neighboring dwelling house of Major Sothene Mouton, after being partly torn down to provide tent floors, was wantonly burned to the ground; and other buildings in the neighborhood were, in the same manner, destroyed. The wood work of Governor Mouton's sugar house, even the lintels over the doors, were torn out, and consumed, with the materials of his corn cribs and barns, at the enemy's watch-fires on the banks of the Vermilion, and in the midst of its forest trees. In fact, on all the farms and estates where the enemy encamped, though transportation was abundant and forests near, the most valuable buildings and other costly material were consumed for fire-wood. On the Olivier estate, not only the barns and a large sugar house were torn down and used in this manner, but a large cotton gin, which contained in seed cotton what might now be

considered a fortune, was torn to pieces and its contents thrown into the bayou, while the valuable machinery of the other buildings followed the same destination. On the Brashear side of Berwick's Bay, many citizens have been driven away by the continued presence of the enemy; and those who remain, though accepting his protection, under the correlative obligation of obedience to his laws, are subject to every species of persecution. In the winter of 1863-4, all the unoccupied buildings here, were torn down and consumed for fuel. Even the house of a poor widow, on the Young estate, was torn down over the heads of herself and her children; and she with them was driven to one roofless room, with a part of its gable down. In this miserable abode she and her children were left to shiver over a meagre fire of faggots.—Mrs. Martha Collins, another poor sufferer, shared the same fate.—Robbed of everything she possessed, and her house burned down by the Federal soldiers, she and a large family of children were reduced to want, and turned adrift without food, raiment or shelter.

IX. The Koran of the Mohammedan enjoins that, in warfare, the cattle and the harvest of the husbandman be spared, except in so far as they may be used to supply absolute wants; the Divine law of the Christian requires that the evils of war be mitigated, by sparing peaceful men and feeble women and children; but the men of the "higher law," in the Federal army, will be found to illustrate a code of morals peculiar to themselves.

General Bank's auxiliary robbers, assisted by the forty-first Massachusetts regiment, swept the prairies around Opelousas, bringing in every animal that could be driven—the milch-cow that yielded her daily supply of nourishment—the gentle ox that received his food from his master's hand—the horse for the family—the light horses of the herdsman; the hack-horses of the plantation—the ponies that carried the children to school—the devons, the durhams and ayreshires, from the cultivated pastures—the merinos, the cotswells, and the south-downs, from the fleecy flocks, and every animal adapted to the sustenance or service of man. They were penned in and around the village, and as no care was bestowed upon them many died there and on the road as they were driven away. They were drawn out as they were required, and so many were slaughtered, that not only a superfluity of beef remained in the camps, but it was thrown out to all comers without stint. Horses were distributed so freely, that every camp-follower was provided.—Had these animals been required for the use of the Federal army, the inhabitants might still have justly complained of the manner in which they were taken, and consumed; but, on the contrary, few in comparison to the number taken, were consumed or used by it. Thousands were driven off as booty, and sold at prices such as only the robber can afford to receive for his plunder. Such were the number of animals thrown upon the Lafourche and the city of New Orleans, that they became comparatively valueless.

From Opelousas to the Bay, wherever this army encamped, or wher-

ever it left a detachment, a squad, or a courier station, animals, far exceeding the number required, were daily slaughtered, and parts of the carcasses with the offal, were left upon the ground to fester and poison the air. At a courier station below Opelousas, where there were five soldiers, they slaughtered for themselves each day, a beef, a sheep, or a hog, and the parts left to decay poisoned the air of a populous neighborhood. During the time that a division encamped near Mr. Elise Thibodeaux', on the Vermilion, cattle were driven up by hundreds and butchered before his door; and so recklessly were they shot down that the bullets used penetrated his dwelling. He was an old man—he could not speak the language of his enemies; and therefore, he could not remonstrate—he could only suffer. While cutting up the carcasses, they warmed their feet at fires kindled with his wife's hand-cards, and fed with his plough beams and her loom. The atmosphere around was infected by the stench of offal and putrified carcasses; and as soon as the division moved away, his neighbors gathered to bury the festering remains. While engaged in this work, they counted one thousand seven hundred cattle heads, lying around, in every stage of decay.

Stragglers over the prairies would kill calves for their tongues; and foraging parties, too, destroyed animals in mere wantonness. A large party were foraging on the Kemper plantation, in the Cypres-mort.—The depredations of the soldiers reached the dwelling, and threatened to invade it. Mrs. Kemper ran out to find the officer in command to obtain, if possible, a guard for her house; but she was turned back before reaching him, by the shocking and sickening sight that met her eye. She made three efforts, but she says her heart sickened and her brain reeled—she could not go forward. The sight of slaughtered cows and hogs, of rude soldiers breaking the backs of calves with billets of wood, and tossing sheep and pigs upon their bayonets, was too revolting. The Federal army also killed colts following their dams, in order to get rid of them; and numbers of these carcasses were found after the evacuation of the country.

The fields, the gardens, the orchards, the fruit, and even the shade trees, were destroyed as ruthlessly, as wastefully, and as wantonly, as the animals. The gardens were rooted up and their fences consumed for fuel; the orchards were broken down, limb by limb; and we have seen pecan trees, the growth of several generations, under which the children of many succeeding families had played, cut down to facilitate the gathering of their fruit. We have seen, too, the pride of the mansion, the venerable live oak, with its evergreen foliage and its extending branches, covering a space where a regiment might find shelter from the scorching rays of the sun, and which had perhaps sheltered the Chiefs, in council, of the Attakapas and the Opelousas, at the time Columbus was answering the doubts of the learned men of Cordova, burned at the roots, and its branches hacked away to make fuel for camp-fires.

They would have destroyed, as previously stated, the sources of the supply of salt, with the same wantonness. They tried their feeble hands upon it, but failed; for God had planted it there, as He had the alluvion of Attakapas, in masses too great to be destroyed, or rendered sterile; and their hands were as impotent to destroy it, as they would have been to exhaust the granite rocks of New England.

To destroy the limited store of medicines hoarded by families, and purchased at incredible expense by druggists, cost but little labor; and their destruction was pursued with as much ardor and vigor, as if they had been magazines of defence. They appropriated and destroyed them, wherever found—in the household, or in the shop. They were made a particular object of search, and when found were thrown into the dirt, if not appropriated. The 114th New York regiment, under Lieut. Col. Purlee, forced open the drug store of Mr. Duchamp, at St. Martinsville, and carried away or destroyed all the medicines, the lancets, and other instruments useful to the surgeon or the physician. It was necessary for the druggists to conceal their stores to save them.—In opposition to the usages of the civilized world, have medicines been made contraband of war, and destroyed as are instruments of warfare. For the first time in history, do we find a civilized people making war upon hospitals, old men, and helpless women and children, and glorying in it. But the other day, the report of the Federal general, who made a successful raid into an interior town, boasted, not of the guns and cartridges, the cannon and bombs, he had captured, but of the large quantity of quinine, and other medicines, he had destroyed or brought away.

Dr. E. Millard, an experienced and distinguished physician of St. Landry, assures us that, of those who fall sick, particularly the aged and the children, a larger per centage die now, for want of the proper medicines, than before the war, when they were easily obtained. Let our enemies receive all the satisfaction this assurance will give them. The war they make against the feeble, is more successful than that they wage against the strong.

While the means of sustaining and preserving health were being thus destroyed, the same fell spirit directed the destruction of the means of repairing the consummated waste. In pursuing our investigation, we have seen on different plantations piles of the remains of aratory instruments, plows, harrows, cultivators, shovels, hoes; of coopers', carpenters', and blacksmiths' tools; of iron axles, hub boxes, tires, and other iron work of plantation carts, the wood work consumed by fire, and the iron parts bent or broken. We have seen the remains of the corn mills, that had been violently hurled down, the stones broken, the spindles wrenched out, and the gearing broken in pieces. And we have seen the most valuable machinery for grinding cane and manufacturing sugar, that had been broken, and essential parts had been destroyed, carried away, or thrown into the neighboring bayou. The wantonness and completeness of destruction on the Têche, may be no

better illustrated than in the memorandum of one planter, Mr. Nelson, which is attached to a protest intended for public record. On this plantation, twelve miles of fence around the place, enough cypress boards for two more miles of fence, the fences around the house, the orchard and the vegetable garden, the gutters around the building leading to two large cisterns, a valuable floating plantation bridge across the Têche, two hundred and fifty sugar hogsheads, two hundred and fifty molasses barrels, and dressed staves and heading for two hundred more hogsheads, were consumed for fuel at the Federal camp-fires. They also tore down for fire-wood the mill-house, two barns, and nine other out-buildings. They took all the corn, fodder and hay on the plantation, leaving none for either the white family or the negroes. They tore up and destroyed the plantation tan-yard; unshipped and destroyed valuable portions of a fine steam engine; tore down the corn mill, and destroyed the running gear; and they cut to pieces, burned or broke the plows, cane carts, harness, axes, hoes, cane knives, and blacksmith's, carpenter's, cooper's and tanner's tools, belonging to the plantation.

But this destroying spirit, like the pestilence, spared neither rich nor poor—it fell on all alike—on the small farmers of the prairies, as on their more opulent neighbors of the bayous. The quiet and upstart manners of these inhabitants, their frugal and industrious habits, and their unaggressive disposition, which they derive, as they do their language, from their ancestors, the persecuted refugees from their northern Acadia—should have secured for them at least, immunity from the ravages of war; but, on the contrary, it only seemed to invite the aggression of the Federal soldiers. They fell upon them with the virulence which animates ignoble minds against the weak, the defenceless, and those whose language cannot offer the poor shield of expostulation, and deprived them, as we have before stated, of even their food and clothing.

It would be supposed that the most refined malignity could go no farther; but God, as if to show the deep depravity of man, when released from the restraint of His law, has permitted this army to sound the depth of human corruption. From the evidence before us, they spread abroad among the citizens a virus, as sure in its effects as the handful of ashes thrown out by Moses before Pharaoh, which brought boils upon the people of Egypt, though its consequences were more terrific. This followed the course of the blood, attacked the finger nails, the toe nails, the joints, the bones, and threw out upon the surface of the body the foulest ulcers.

This charge is so grave, even against those who have proved themselves, as we have seen, so utterly depraved, that we would hesitate to give it place here, were it not supported by such respectable and concurrent testimony.

When the enemy was encamped at New Iberia, the small-pox broke out in virulent form among the troops; and as they were constantly

making excursions into the country for foraging and other purposes, the inhabitants of the farras, plantations, and neighboring villages were exposed to taking the disease. They became seriously alarmed; there was no vaccine matter in the country, and their position precluded the possibility of obtaining it outside of the Federal lines. Their physicians, of necessity, sent to the Federal surgeons for it; and they were supplied with a virus which was used upon infants, children, feeble women and strong men with the same results: its results spread with the rapidity of fire. Had this been in some isolated cases, or had the same effect followed among the soldiers who were vaccinated, we might charitably conclude that the result in the country was from an accidental cause. But while no complaint came from the soldiers, at least no general complaint, the country was filled with cases of this kind, the cause not coming from one source, but from many, and all from the same fountain head—the Federal camp. Dr. Sabatier, a physician of extensive practice at St. Martinsville, says: “In December, 1863, when the small-pox broke out among the Federal troops, then occupying New Iberia, it was impossible in our vicinity to procure the smallest portion of vaccine matter. Exposed as we were to the contagion of the disease, by the constant raids made by the Federalists in our town, I used my best exertions to procure some vaccine from the Federal physicians in New Iberia, and through one of my *confreres* succeeded in getting a few points loaded with vaccine, which I immediately inoculated to my own children. The disastrous effects of the poison were as quick as fire. A few days after the operation, one of my poor little baby’s arms was horribly swollen and inflamed, and on the second day appeared a pustule which had nothing of the appearance of vaccine. Three days after, the pustule opened, letting out a little quantity of greenish matter, and to that succeeded a terrible ulcer, which kept growing larger and larger, until it came to the size of a dollar. New pustules formed around the ulcer, and followed the same course. I cannot describe the sufferings of the poor little thing. The disease lasted more than six months; the child lost all its finger and toe nails. The lymphatic glands of the neck and groin formed abscesses which had to be opened, and it was only after a regular course of mercurial treatment that I succeeded in curing the poor child. *The description of this case is nothing to be compared with HUNDREDS OF OTHERS whom I have been called upon to treat.*”

We leave this horrid recital to speak for itself, and trust, for the sake of humanity, that few such instances are to be recorded.

X. A captive, it is said, was brought before an Asiatic prince: the scimeter was already raised over his head, when oppressed by intolerable thirst he begged for water. A cup was handed him: he held it as if apprehensive lest the scimeter would fall while he was in the act of drinking. “Take courage,” said the prince; “your life will be spared till you have drunk this water.” He instantly dashed the cup and water to the ground. The good faith of the barbarian saved him. The word

had passed: it was enough; and the captive went on his way rejoicing. But we would not try the Federal invaders by so severe a test; for their total disregard of all the obligations of faith and covenant would shame even the king of Dahomey.

The few old men and unprotected women who remained in the lower part of this district, were invited by the Federal authorities to accept their protection; and their peculiar situation, exposed as they were to continuous attacks, both on their persons and property, made it in many instances imperative for them to do so. Their fate as citizens was not to be decided by their own actions, but by the event of the war; and they might perhaps with propriety assume an obligation, which in its nature could be but temporary; and they might, with equal propriety, (as indeed they could scarcely do otherwise,) pursue the even path of peaceful citizens, while receiving the protection of the governing power. The Federalists required, for the protection rightly due to peaceful citizens, the oath of allegiance to their government, as if they were to remain in permanent possession, and exercise its functions. The obligation of this oath could only bind the parties taking it, to obedience to the rules and regulations established by this government; and so long as they did not violate them, they were entitled to the protection extended to every citizen. We do not remember to have read of any State that thought it necessary or proper to penetrate the recesses of the mind, to ascertain if obedience proceeded from affection, or from other motives which may control the individual. Obedience to the law, we believe, has been considered sufficient. It was probably many years after this territory was ceded by France, before the affections of the inhabitants adhered to the government; yet there never was a people more obedient to the law, or who performed the duties of citizens in a more exemplary manner. But the rule of practice and the code of morals of the Federalist, is *sui generis*. He invites, nay, he forces people to assume the obligations of citizenship, then derides their motives, and refuses the correlative obligation of protection to which he has doubly bound himself, by receiving the one and promising the other. We have already seen how poor Borel (who had taken the oath of allegiance) fared when he applied to Gen. Banks for his last horse—his last means of support: others fared no better. Indeed, but few received any protection for their property; and those who did, it is thought used more potent influences than personal service or allegiance.

A provost guard, under a Capt. Ellis of the 174th New York, was stationed at Madame Olivier's. He took possession of the magazines, corn-cribs, and other out-buildings, and besides prohibiting the negroes of the place from serving the family in any manner, he incited them by his speeches to insurrectionary proceedings against them. They were denied access to their own corn and meal, after having been deprived before of all the provisions (an ample store) which their house contained. Madame Olivier was insultingly told that she owned nothing; that if she wished for meal, she must buy it of the servants, or if they

chose, they might give it to her. She had no recourse but in the protection of the Federal authorities. She sought and received the promised protection; but the proceedings of Capt. Ellis continued as before. The only subsistence she could get for herself and family was covertly obtained and brought to her by some domestics who had remained faithful. Aged and feeble, she was compelled to ride twenty-three miles to general headquarters to seek redress. There her representations and remonstrances were unheeded; and she was sneeringly told to apply to the nearest post—to the officer of which she had already complained, and against whom she had such just cause of complaint.

Madame Fusilier had packed up her clothing, silver plate and jewelry in boxes, and sent them away to the house of a friend. They were discovered, seized and carried off in the quartermaster wagons. This lady was subsequently compelled to seek Federal protection: it was promised. She made application for her boxes. On investigation it was found that the box containing the jewelry was missing, though it was on the list held by the quartermaster. The silver plate was valuable, and, like the plate of the Crow family, had to be looked into. She was put off from time to time by evasive answers, but still led to believe that it would be returned. At length she pressed the matter to a conclusion, and was then, for the first time, coolly informed that her husband and her sons being in the Confederate army, *her plate* was confiscated by the orders of the War Department. Paul Jones returned the Earl of Selkirk's, though he had to force it from his soldiers who claimed it as legitimate booty.

Mr. Bateman, whose house was sacked as we have related, had, through his numerous relatives and friends, refurnished his house and collected new supplies of provisions and a little necessary farm stock. The feeble old gentleman, who had reached the advanced age of three score years and ten, had taken the required oath to receive the Federal protection. Though he had pursued the course of a peaceful, quiet and unoffending citizen, his plantation was frequently despoiled by marauders, and at length all his substance was taken away by regularly organized bodies of Federal troops. A detachment from the 18th New York cavalry and some negro troops, under the command of a Colonel Jones, made a raid up the Atchafalaya, protected by two gunboats. They halted at Mr. Bateman's, and the gunboat No. 49, commanded by Capt. Leonard, landed to receive the plunder from the plantation. Mr. Bateman entreated the officers in command to spare him! He exhibited his papers and claimed protection under them; but neither the entreaty nor covenant availed him, nor did his position or his age protect him against their coarse abuse. They both reviled and despoiled him. All his provisions were taken from his store-rooms; the few barrels of molasses he had saved were rolled aboard the boat; his poultry, hogs and vegetables were taken off, and his house was thoroughly eviscerated from garret to cellar. In the former sack, the upper rooms, to which the ladies had withdrawn, escaped; but on this occasion the

work was perfect. They prized open the drawers, armoires and trunks and emptied their contents into sacks, made by ripping open the beds and throwing out their feathers, hair or moss. They destroyed, or carried away, the family portraits and miniatures, private letters, the toys of the children, and every memorial and heir-loom consecrated in the affections of the family. And then, to crown the villainy, they put fire to the large and costly sugar house and burned it to the ground.

These evidences of broken faith and covenant are recorded as examples of hundreds of others; but we are yet to present its most striking exhibition, in the treatment of the black race, who became the easy victims of their professed friends and liberators.

The story of the degradation of the barracoons of the Slave Coast, and the horrors of the middle passage, has been told in history and recited in song, everywhere exciting the sympathies of mankind; but it has been reserved for the peculiar friends of the African race to reproduce, in an enlightened age, aggravated scenes of horror parallel to those so eloquently commemorated by the historian and the poet. The public documents of the enemy, characterized by the same disingenuousness that marks his conduct, invariably convey the impression that the negro seeking freedom under his protection is only received from a sense of duty to relieve his suffering condition. The truthful narrator of the exodus of the negroes from these parishes will exhibit in burning characters the falsity of the impression thus sought to be conveyed.

On its march the Federal army, through its emissaries, who penetrated every negro quarter, proclaimed the freedom of the slave. While it occupied the country, its officers and men were spread in every direction, engaged in inciting the slaves to licentiousness and disobedience, and in spreading artfully devised tales designed to excite their imagination and impress them with the desire of leaving their comfortable homes, in quest of the new El Dorado depicted by their friends. Intimately associating with the blacks, and stimulating them to appropriate such of their master's property as gratified their cupidity, these emissaries succeeded only so far as to divert them from their usual pursuits, or to induce them to appropriate articles of trifling value on the plantations. And it is not less remarkable that insurrection and revolt—the object of these machinations of the enemy—evaporated in occasional disrespect to accustomed authority, or harmless displays of vanity resulting from imagined ideas of equality. The tales circulated for the ear of this credulous and somewhat imaginative people were as fascinating as those of the Arabian Nights. The social condition was to be inverted; the slave was to be served by his master, and to occupy his place and condition; he was to enjoy an uninterrupted exemption from labor; fine equipages were to await his bidding, and he was to enjoy his ease in the quiet mansion of the planter, or in the confiscated dwellings of the City, with their rich furniture and their splendid decorations. The faith in such extravagant promises might simply provoke

a smile at the credulity of those to whom they were addressed, did not the criminal motives of their propagators excite a sentiment of disgust and abhorrence. The efforts of the enemy might have resulted in driving into his arms the entire slave population, had not his emissaries been as diligently engaged in plundering as in emancipating the poor objects of their solicitude; for the fact is notorious that on all the plantations the negro women were robbed by the soldiers of their trinkets and the men of their little savings of money. Distrusting those who preached so well and practiced so badly, few of the slaves at first left their homes, but at length, attracted by curiosity and by the desire to follow those who had preceded them, others followed, until the depots under the jurisdiction of the provost marshals on the Teche, at Vermilionville and at Opelousas became swollen by the influx. To understand properly the subject of which we are now treating, it will be necessary to describe the inner life of one of those depots, and we select for that purpose the slave barracoon at Opelousas.

Near the centre of the town is an open square, on three sides of which are private dwellings with wide galleries looking upon the front, and on the fourth, warehouses and stores partially unoccupied. From the centre of this square rises the Protestant Episcopal Church, which had but recently been dedicated according to the solemn and imposing rites of the church. It was so placed that at some future day it might be surrounded by luxuriant shade trees on either side of pleasant avenues, where the citizen might enjoy his exemption from toil, and the christian might find a retreat for religious meditation. Little did its builders imagine that the words of our Savior to the money-changers of the temple would so soon meet with an application here: "My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." This square and church were set apart as a slave depot by the Federal commander. At first the blacks were invited to visit the barracoon, were feasted at the expense of their friends, and were permitted to go and come as they saw proper. The place soon became popular. The handsome reception with which they were greeted, the free affable manners of the gentlemen of the army, the generous liquors and the tempting food so liberally distributed, the exciting declamation of black and white exhorters within the church, soon collected a dense sable crowd upon the square who found themselves finally under guard, and prohibited from all egress. The poor negro had been told by his white friends that he was free; he had just heard the same fact proclaimed from the pulpit; he had enjoyed the freedom his instincts led him to seek, in the festivities around him, and in the unrestrained indulgence of his appetites; but when his inclination naturally led him to return home, he was met with crossed bayonets and forbidden to leave the place. An inexorable fatality seemed to hold him within the bounds of his prison. One man, more bold than his fellows, rushed past the guard, and was mercilessly shot. This immediately put an end to all attempts at escape, though it did not prevent some from

making their way out by eluding the vigilance of the guard. In the meantime, however, many new comers, men, women and children, were drawn into the vortex, until the church, the square and the adjoining warehouses were filled to overflowing. The accomplished officer who presided over the scenes daily enacted in this barracoon was the "Military Governor of Opelousas," Col. Chickering, of the 41st Massachusetts regiment, who occupied the most conspicuous residence, fronting the entrance of the church. From his eligible position he had, as from the royal box at the opera, the most comprehensive view of the scenes passing beneath. Morning and evening, as he promenaded his spacious gallery, in all the glitter of military button and strap, he passed in review the living panorama before him, which was to furnish such valuable acquisitions to the confiscated plantations on the Lafourche and the coast. The scenes which he so complacently surveyed will long live in the memory of the then inhabitants of the town. In one place groups of human beings, with melancholy faces, were crouched on the earth around some decaying embers; in another, men, women and children were moving in some African dance to the discordant chant of a hundred voices; in another, crowds were reclining in listless idleness on the ground, in every attitude that betrays the vacant mind; in another, half clad men and women were feasting and rioting amidst peals and shouts of unearthly merriment; in another, awkward field hands, grotesquely dressed, were being taken through the exercises of squad drill and the manual of arms, while in the midst of all these scenes blue-coated officers and men were seen in amorous dalliance with the colored Aspasia of the town, exhibiting, in their degradation, a contempt for the commonest decencies of life. Nor was the spectacle less humiliating in the church. From its sacred chancel a half crazy negro, with the voice of a Stentor and the fire of Peter the Hermit, declaimed in a barbaric jargon to an auditory whose appreciation was manifested in wild shouts and screams. The declamation of the preacher, in which the name of God was connected with ideas of heathen superstition, seemed to light up in the minds of his hearers the dormant spark of African barbarism which had smouldered for generations.

These degrading exhibitions, which caused the abashed and shocked families of the neighborhood to seek refuge in the inmost recesses of their houses continued, until the removal of the Depot to Port Barre, on the 10th of May, put an end to the scene. At the latter place, in utter disregard of the considerations of humanity, to say nothing of decency and propriety, the miserable wretches taken from Opelousas were promiscuously huddled together in a hollow square, formed by parking wagons and carts around; and here, without any protection from the then scorching rays of the sun, or the weather, they remained until relieved, to unite with the retreating army.

As Gen. Banks fell back from Alexandria, to cross the Mississippi,

his emissaries were sent below in hot haste to spread an alarm in the cabins of the negroes. It came to the ear of the poor negro "like the alarm of a fire-bell in the night." "Haste! haste!" was the cry, "Haste, the Rebels are coming. They are slaying the slaves as they advance. Fly! fly!" Agitated by contending emotions, the attachment of home at length smothered under a vague fear of impending calamity, the poor creatures fell upon everything within their reach, which could convey them away. Vehicles of every description were hastily packed with household goods and human beings. The aged, the infirm, and the children, thus provided for, the more robust mounted in the greatest disorder on mules and horses, and precipitately joined the Federal ranks.

Col. Chickering, in the mean time, had arranged his retreat, with the view of sweeping both banks of the Teche. The 114th New York regiment, under Lieut. Col. Purlee, which had just arrived in Opelousas, was directed to encamp on a plantation below, owned by a gentleman then in the military service of the State, and after "cleaning it out," (we use the elegant language of Col. Chickering,) to proceed by the right bank of the Teche to St. Martinsville, while the other column would take the left. His preparations were accelerated by the news of the rapid advance of the Confederate Cavalry from the direction of Texas, under Gen. Mouton.

From Port Barre, eight miles from Opelousas, near the upper Teche, commenced, on the 21st of May 1863, the memorable Hégira, which will always occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of Opelousas and Attakapas.

As the fugitives of Damascens, threatened by the "Sword of God," "gathered in haste and terror their most precious movables, and abandoned with loud lamentations or silent anguish, their native homes, and the pleasant banks of the Pharphar;" so the poor negroes, the victims of a perfidy of which the fierce Faracen would have been incapable, abandoned their homes, in wild disorder, and deep despair of threatened calamity. The flight down the Teche, from its inception to its termination at Berwick's Bay, a distance of a hundred miles, was marked by visible evidence of disorder and despair, in abandoned children and infants by the wayside, thrown from their mother's arms to perish, or to find some stranger hand to bestow a mother's care. In a private carriage, taken from a lady living near Opelousas, Col. Chickering led the flight, and directed its movements. A few miles below Port Barre, Col. Purlee, by a detour which led him through the village of Grand Coteau and the adjoining plantations, reached the Teche. On the way he had admirably fulfilled his mission, by effectually "cleaning out," at the point of the bayonet, the obnoxious plantation; for he brought with him every living thing, and every movable attached to it; and as twenty of the negroes subsequently died under Federal treatment, his success was complete. On his route, many negroes, influenced by the alarm already spreading, fell into the current

and swelled its mass, so as to make no mean addition to the flowing stream of humanity in which it was disgorged.

Above St. Martinsville, situated in a Parish which the Federal President had excepted from the effects of his Emancipation Proclamation, is the large estate of a gentleman, descended from ancestors who settled in Louisiana under the Spanish government, and distinguished for the fine abilities and social qualities which adorned the high honors to which he has been elevated in this State. In the alarming crisis which followed the election of Mr. Lincoln, he reluctantly withdrew from an honorable retirement, to represent his fellow-citizens in the Convention, which was to decide the destinies of the State. Vindictive, malevolence could not pass near such a person without inflicting injury; and this was best to be accomplished by forcing from the master, the servants who had been attached to him and his family, from their infancy. Two difficulties, however, must have suggested themselves to Col. Purlee's mind: one, the implied security of slave property here, under the proclamation, which forbade force; the other, the apprehension of a hostile force in his rear, which demanded haste. Chance solved the latter, by bringing his flying column, at night-fall, in the neighborhood; he provided against the former, by going with his regiment over the bayou, and off from the line of retreat, to encamp one night among the negro cabins of the estate. The result may be imagined: Col. Purlee joined Col. Chickering at St. Martinsville, with another mass of human beings, led like victims to the slaughter. But before his departure, a scene occurred, highly illustrative of the conduct of the Federals in their ereption of the slaves. An aunt, belonging to a neighboring plantation, who had joined in the flight, taking a fancy to carry with her a little niece, whose mother was absent, and, failing to persuade her, appealed to the Federal officers to apply force. The child flew for protection to the residence of the manager of the estate, and impelled by a natural impulse, clung to the dress of the lady of the house, and in piteous accents implored her to save her. The sympathetic impulses of the manager prompted him to interpose his person, at the risk of his life, against the first military intruders, who sought to enter his house; to tear the child away. Col. Purlee, being informed of the position of affairs, came in person, and with pistol in hand, rushing into the house, he tore, with his own hand, the screaming girl from the protection of the lady, and carried her away.

The sensibilities of the few remaining inhabitants of New Iberia were excited by another scene more aggravated in its character, because its consequences involved higher degrees of crime. The robust males of the negro families here, caught in the Federal toils, were rudely torn from their mothers and wives and children, who parted from them with loud lamentations, and claimed them as the only protectors the boon of freedom had left them. These men were forced into the Federal ranks, unwilling soldiers, to serve in a cause they did not appreciate, against those with whom they had joined in the sports of

childhood, with whom they had enjoyed in manhood the reciprocal relations of provident care and attached obedience; and to take up arms against those with whom they had enjoyed all the sympathetic relations of every period of life.

But, impelled by the alarm from the rear that the rebels were on its track, thirsting for vengeance, the flying caravan came plunging in with accelerated haste. On the estate below New Iberia, where a depot had been established, and a provost guard installed, around the mansion we have already described, in the dead hour of night there was a beat to arms, while the bell pealed forth loud summons to the negroes of the neighboring plantations. They gathered by hundreds.—Provoked already by terrifying alarms and excited to phrenzy by the reflection that the ties which had hitherto bound them were rudely severed, their barbarous instincts were further inflamed by liberal distributions of whiskey. Soon their conduct knew no bounds; in crowds they swayed about the house, animated by a raving and uncontrollable fury, and uttering shrieks of demoniacal rage. The ladies of the family, like the gentle flock menaced by the howling wolf, huddled together in an upper room, in agonies of suffering, and uttering prayers for their deliverance—for it seemed to them that God alone could save them. The venerable lady of the mansion, who had borne up under so many scenes of horror, succumbed to this; she was borne by her sorrowing children to the bed, from which her remains were soon carried to that tomb, which had before been so sacrilegiously violated. The hurrying flight of the retreating army only spared this devoted family from the barbaric rage of an infuriated multitude, who in a moment, as it were, under Federal influence, had extinguished in their bosoms the civilizing influences of a century. Retreating in all the disarray of a beaten and pursued host, the Federal caravan hardly suspended its flight for rest or sleep, until it reached the Bay, under the protection of the gunboats.

The remembrance of the scenes exhibited in this flight, will long live in the memory of the inhabitants along its route. It was a moving panorama of strange and incongruous sights. The family coach, the buggy, the village hack, and the caleche, mingled with huge cane-wagons, village wagons, creaking ox-carts, bread-carts, and the small carts of the plantations, drawn by every species of draft animal, hastily caught and hastily attached, were loaded with huge piles of clothing and bedding, in which sat and clung a squalid, filthy, dust-begrimed, anxious looking multitude of human beings. These vehicles were driven and goaded on by impatient, sweating and terrified drivers, by whose sides were men, women and children, by ones, twos, and threes, mounted on plantation mules just from the plow, and on ponies freshly caught from the prairies, spurring and beating on these exhausted creatures, in heated haste. Stalking along by the side of the road were men bearing bundles, women with infants in their arms—despair depicted in their faces. Boys and girls followed along, dodging from

time to time, with youthful dexterity, among the panting animals, to get a ride on some over-burthened beast, or catch a lift on the projecting parts of the groaning vehicles. The scorching sun was sending down his most ardent rays; and a dense cloud of dust covered, as with a pall, the sweltering mass, which extended eight miles over a closely packed road. Chickering, in the advance, and riding in state in his confiscated carriage, was pressing on; and Purlee in the rear, with his faithful 114th, pushing forward, rolled the heaving congeries irresistably along. Like some dark river swollen to a torrent, and sweeping away with its inundating waters, the flocks and the herds, and the buildings along its banks, this flood of animated life moved along its course.— The ravages of the overflow may, however, be repaired; the husbandman may replenish his stores, and increase his flocks, and repair his losses; but can the grave give up its dead? Of the tide of human beings we have described, two thousand perished in six weeks. Their shallow graves lie along the waters of the Ramos. Scooped out with careless indifference, and covered with indecent haste, they were only marked by swarms of fattened flies, living on the putrid matter oozing through the loose earth above them. They have found their freedom; such freedom as God vouchsafes to all the children of men.

In the latter part of the month of June, Gen. Taylor, in command of the then small Confederate force of this District, took, by a *coup-de-main*, the opposite bank of Berwick's Bay, which gave him the command of its waters, and throw open to his occupation the country watered by the Lafourche. The planters of these Parishes immediately repaired to the captured District, in search of their lost property. Many, following the army, were present, and crossed with it; and thus had an opportunity to witness the actual condition of the slaves, the moment they passed from the Federal hands.

Seven miles from the town of Brashear, on the banks of the Bayou Ramos, they found, as we have described, the graves of the dead; the condition of the living, as they found them, we will attempt to describe. Skirting the bayou, in a thicket of undergrowth and briars, were encamped, without shelter, a wretched, death-stricken crowd of human beings, who, but a few short weeks before, had been driven from their homes full of the vigor of health, and overflowing with the exuberance of animal life, and now were dying in squalid filth, or living in abject misery. The adjacent thicket, filled with the decomposing bodies of those, who, dragging themselves thither, and falling from exhaustion, had, unable to return, died there, spread over the camps a nauseous stench, which threatened death to the survivors. Crouched to the earth, with their heads sunk between their knees, or lying with up-turned faces, gazing vacantly in the air, the poor surviving negroes were moved by no sympathies for the sufferers around them. Sunk in despondency and despair, or oppressed by deadly stupor, they not only neglected the last duties to the dead, but they regarded with stupid indifference those who were falling into the jaws of death. Many were

dying; and, like the living, overwhelmed and oppressed, they sought no relief; thus they passed away, uttering neither moan nor sigh, nor groan—without murmur, without complaint, without hope. Many gentlemen had come, animated, perhaps, by some vindictive feeling, against those slaves, who, in leaving, had carried off some of the movables of the plantation. Standing here in the midst of these harrowing scenes, their vindictiveness melted away in their tears. The strong man, unused to weeping, could not stifle his emotions; the less stoical, unnerved and unmanned, giving way to his natural sympathy, wept like a child. It was afterwards remarked, that even hard men, who found their slaves on neighboring plantations, softened by so many exhibitions of destitution, suffering and death, met them with the feelings of a father, and welcomed the return of the prodigal son. Whilst sadly contemplating this sorrowful spectacle, whispered tales of horrors passed among the surrounding groups, and they shudderingly drew together, as if their heaving bosoms, oppressed by horrid sensations, could only be relieved by sympathetic contact. Every eye turned instinctively to the sugar house, standing near by, as if to penetrate its mysteries. Soon the door was approached by persons whose curiosity overcame their repugnance; but most of them recoiled at the first view. Only a few entered, for the purposes of close examination. The mysteries of the sugar house, we will leave another to explain.

Dr. George Hill, a distinguished physician and surgeon of Opelousas, whose nerves had been fortified by an active professional practice for forty years, has, under the solemnity of an oath, furnished us with a statement of what he witnessed. We copy the essential portions of his communication:

“In the summer of 1863, Berwick's Bay and a portion of the Lafourche country were taken possession of by the Confederate army. I, with many others, who had lost their property by the raid which the Federal army had made, between the 20th of April and the 20th of May, of this year, visited the Bay for the the purpose of recovering our property. I was among the first who crossed the Bay; and having been informed, on the night of my arrival, by a gentleman of the name of March, that I had lost several negroes at the sugar house of Dr. Saunders, and that others were there in a dying condition, in the morning, as soon as a horse could be obtained, I proceeded to the sugar house of Dr. S., and entered it by a door in the west end.—The scene which then and there presented itself, can never be effaced from my memory. On the right hand side of the Purgery floor, from where I stood, lay three female corpses in a state of nudity, and also in a far advanced stage of decomposition. Many others were lying all over the floor; many speechless and in a dying condition. All appeared to have died of the same disease—bloody flux. The floor was slippery with blood, mucus and fœces. The dying, and all those unable to help themselves, were lying with their scanty garments rolled around their heads and breasts—the lower part of the body na-

“ked—and every time an involuntary discharge of blood and feces, combined with air, would pass, making a slight noise, clouds of flies, such as I never saw before, would immediately rise and settle down again on all the exposed parts of the dying. * * In passing through the house, a cold chill shook my frame, from which I did not recover for several months, and, indeed, it came near causing my life.

* * * * *

“As I passed from the house I met with a negro man of my own, who informed me that he had lost his wife and two children. I asked him if his friends, the Yankees, had not furnished him with medicine. He said ‘No, and if they had, I would not have given it to my family, as all who took their medicine died in twelve hours from the time of its being given.’”

This deposition having been read to Dr. Saunders, the proprietor of the sugar house in question, and now a representative of St. Mary in the State Senate, he declared, that while it was faithful in the general description, it did not exhibit all the horrors of the scene; as *before the arrival of Dr. Hill, he had caused many decomposed bodies that filled the coolers to be removed and interred.* A hundred others would, if necessary, add their testimony to that of these gentlemen.

There were other places on the island where the poor wretches were bivouacked, all presenting the same scenes of squalid misery. On the representation of the gentlemen who witnessed them, the Confederate officer in charge of the post, moved by a manly sympathy, immediately put in requisition his military transports, then pressingly needed for the military service, and had all the poor creatures removed, under proper medical superintendance, to a more salubrious place on the Teche, where they could receive proper attention, with pure water and wholesome food. Had not this been promptly done, it is the opinion of the medical men present, that every soul, amounting to many hundreds, would have perished.

Penetrating into the interior, and spreading in every direction, the planters found their negroes distributed among the plantations, through an extent of more than a hundred miles of country. Dismembered fragments of families were found recklessly scattered, without regard to affinities or family ties. One of your Commissioners found two children under ten years of age separated from their parents. He subsequently learned, that while the father had been taken for the army, the mother had been thrown upon a plantation below the city of New Orleans. He found a mother with two children, who had been separated from one, a little girl aged eleven; and he subsequently learned that she was living with a free mulatto family opposite that city. He ascertained, beyond doubt, that all the aged, all the infants, and many of the smaller children taken from his plantation had perished. Subsequently he learned the sad history of one of the families. The father and mother had lived happily together through many years of married life. They had been espoused in their youth, and lived to see grow up

around them a family of six children—the eldest of whom had already attained the age of manhood. This family had been taken from the plantation with the others we have mentioned, and within the short space of three months from the time of their departure, five of the children occupied neglected graves, the father and son had been pressed into the Federal service, and the wretched mother was found living with a mulatto man at Algiers. The experience of your Commissioner has been the experience of hundreds. Every planter who lost slaves, has an analagous tale to tell. The cabins of every government plantation were found containing some of the living, while the adjacent fields were marked by the graves of many of the dead: The masters took the survivors to their homes, where they nourished and reuscitated them; and then, they too had their tales to tell! Living in the midst of this simple race, and knowing, as we do, that their habits of mind, regulated more by impulse than reason, render their evidence extremely doubtful when their feelings are enlisted, we reluctantly allude to the voluntary witness they have borne. But the Federalists, during their occupation of the country, attached the highest importance to this kind of testimony; and it is but right that they should have the benefit of all the evidence elicited on this subject. The negroes recaptured on the Lafourche and at Berwicks Bay in July, 1863, almost unanimously declare that the Yankees poisoned the aged, the infirm, and the infants! While we reject the competency of such testimony, as do our courts of judicature, we will add that we know the negroes religiously *believe* what they state.

Two thousand negroes fell victims to the perfidy of the enemy within the short space of six weeks. The flight commenced from Fort Barré on the 21st of May; on the 29th of June Gen. Taylor crossed Berwick's Bay; the planters and proprietors of slaves crossing immediately after, found, after diligent search and enquiry on comparing notes, that this number had already died. In his cruel treatment, and in his agony, the poor negro might well have cried with the psalmist:

"Bow thy Heavens, O Jehovah, and come down: touch the mountains, and they shall smoke: cast forth lightning and scatter them: shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them: send thine hand from above: *rid me and deliver me, out of the great waters, from the hand of strange children; whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a hand of falsehood.*"

Many of the facts enumerated in the preceding pages, though repugnant to the usages of civilized warfare, and offensive to the moral sense of mankind, have not only not been disavowed by the enemy, but have been published for the approbation of the New England public. We have before us a pamphlet published in Boston, by the officers of the 41st Massachusetts regiment, commanded by Col. Chickering, which contains the military diary of that officer, and a letter of Gen. Banks recommending him for promotion, for the very services which desolated Opelousas and Attakapas. We insert here such portions of it as seem

most pertinent to the subject of our report. This regiment was claimed by the people of Boston, as a representative regiment. It was organized out of the best materials for the work before it, and was ushered upon its career of licentiousness and plunder, in the midst of the most magnificent demonstrations of the metropolis of Massachusetts. After reaching Louisiana, burning a few bridges, and attempting to destroy the salt works near New Iberia, we found it at Opelousas, where it arrived on the 20th of April, 1863. This chronicle says: "On the 20th, Col. Chickering was appointed Military Governor of Opelousas, and the regiment assigned to provost duty, AND THE COLLECTION OF THE VALUABLE PRODUCTS OF THE COUNTRY. Lieutenant Colonel Sargent was appointed Provost Marshal, and Major Vinal assumed command of the regiment. Remained in Opelousas till May 11, 1863, when Col. Chickering, with the troops at Opelousas, were ordered to Barré's Landing, there to establish a Post and Military Depot for supplies to the nineteenth Army Corps, then at Alexandria, Louisiana, and Colonel Chickering appointed commandant of the post, with a force of seven regiments of infantry, the 41st Mounted Rifles, and a section of Nin's Artillery. While at Opelousas, the 41st were converted into a regiment of mounted rifles, *providing their own horses from the surrounding country*, and drawing horse equipments from Barré's Landing. During the term of duty of the 41st at Opelousas and Barré's Landing, they COLLECTED and sent to New Orleans, via Brashear, upwards of *six thousand bales of cotton, large quantities of sugar and molasses, and other products of the country.*" (hides, vehicles, silver plate, jewelry, &c.) "*and at least ten thousand 'contrabands,' men, women and children, to work THE GOVERNMENT PLANTATIONS IN THE LAFOURCHE COUNTRY.* The 41st set all the corn mills in operation, furnishing large quantities of meal to the troops and inhabitants, and feeding the 'contrabands.' They established a free market for the benefit of the poor inhabitants, re-opened the printing office, and issued a daily paper." * * * * * "The troops at Barré's Landing left that point on the morning of May 21st, 1863, at day-break, under command of Colonel Chickering, with a train of army wagons, 'contrabands,' &c., extending five miles in length," [filled up afterwards by Purlee's accessions and other contrabands so as to extend eight miles.] "*consisting of fifty best army wagons, five hundred emigrant wagons, with about six thousand negroes, and a large drove of horses, mules, and beef,* guarded by the 41st Regiment Mounted Rifles in advance, with a flank and rear guard of seven regiments of infantry, and a section of artillery. The troops and train marched down the easterly bank of the Teche, via Leonville, Braux Bridge, to St. Martinsville; thence crossing the Teche, continued down the western bank via New Iberia, Franklin, Pattersonville and Centerville to Berwick—arriving at the latter city at day-break, on the 26th of May, 1863, after a march of one hundred and ten miles in five days, bringing in the whole *Caravan train in safety.*" This diary or chron-

icicle closes June 17th, 1863, leaving the regiment in the neighborhood of Port Hudson. It has the merit of entire faithfulness of representation. We observe in it but few errors, and only one important omission; and, as there is no attempt to conceal either motive or fact, this occurred no doubt in the rapidity of narration. The chronicle omits to mention that nearly five hundred private carriages (including every description of vehicles of luxury and convenience) were taken from the citizens of St. Landry, most of which went down with the "caravan train."

In reviewing this diary, conversant as we are with the facts, we cannot but be diverted at the vein of facetiousness which runs through it. "Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol," the Page says, "will steal anything, and call it purchase." The 41st Massachusetts only — collects! But the application of the terms "Contraband," "Emigrant wagons," and "Caravan," to the poor negro and his exodus, has a grim significance, which, under the circumstances, strikes one as did the grin of the skeleton chained bolt upright in an oubliette of Mont St. Michel. Undoubtedly this narration proved agreeable to the people of Massachusetts, who saw their peculiar notions of ethics and philanthropy, so extensively carried into practice by their representative regiment, under the supervision of the distinguished "Military Governor of Opelousas." To show that we are not disposed to judge rashly, we append a letter from the representative General of Massachusetts, which we find in the chronicle:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
"New Orleans, July 29, 1863. }

"Honorable * * * * *

"*Dear Sir*: I take great pleasure in commending to your favor
"Col. Thomas E. Chickering, of the Forty-first Massachusetts Volun-
"teers. Colonel Chickering, in his term of command in this depart-
"ment, has rendered to the Government *distinguished and important*
"services. His regiment has been among the most faithful and efficient
"of the army, always *prompt and fearless*, appearing in full strength,
"ready for any duty. It is impossible that this should have been its
"invariable character except for the most thorough and honorable
"attentions to his duties as its commander. In addition to this, which
"high praise is deserved in this instance, he has well performed the
"very difficult and important duties which have been constantly com-
"mitted to him. No city (!) in possession of our Government has been
"subjected to a wiser or more just rule than the city of Opelousas while
"Col. Chickering was its Military Governor. It was to his untiring
"energy and activity that we were enabled to *collect the products of the*
"country, a part of which were sent to Boston (!!) as you will remember
"for the benefit of the Government.

"Upon moving our small column across the Mississippi, for the re-
"duction of Port Hudson, he was charged with the safe conduct of the

"train—of nearly a thousand wagons, embracing our whole transportation, which it was impossible to move across the river,—to New Orleans. I regarded the safety of our train as the *guage of our success* in the campaign. It was beought in without the loss of a wagon, after a march of one hundred and fifty miles through a country occupied by the enemy's cavalry. This success reflects, as do all his other official acts, the highest credit upon Col. Chickering as an officer of fidelity, capacity and patriotism. (!) Unhesitatingly I can say that he is well qualified for higher duties and position than that he now so honorably fills."

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

"N. P. BANKS, M. G. C."

There is a material discrepancy, it will be perceived, between the statement of Gen. Banks that the train consisted of "a thousand wagons," and that of Col. Chickering in his diary, fixing his transportation at "fifty army wagons." The former doubtless intended to include what the latter denominated "emigrant wagons," and which formed the largest part of his transportation for the "caravan." It was therefore not the battles he had fought, and the armies he had conquered, that Gen. Banks regarded "as the guage of his success;" but the safe arrival of the vehicles laden with the negroes and the rich plunder "collected" in Opelousas and Attakapas. In reference to the *wise and just rule* of the Military Governor of Opelousas, it may not be improper to observe that the usual population of this "city" was about 1500, but owing to the removal of many of its inhabitants the number was reduced to much less than a thousand, when its affairs were so ably administered by the distinguished commander of the 41st Massachusetts.

We have been instructed by your Excellency to report "any special acts of kindness that may have been done to our citizens by Federal officers or soldiers, with the name, rank, &c., of those who acted thus creditably." Animated by the same feeling that prompted your Excellency to "hope for the honor of humanity that some such instances might be reported," we have made dilligent enquiries on the subject. We have found occasional instances of Federal officers evincing a disposition to protect the suffering citizen and to alleviate his condition; but powerless to extend adequate relief, the disposition has only been shown in ineffectual attempts, or in words of sympathy. We have found some rare instances where Federal officers were polite and courteous, and where they have manifested a proper appreciation of the legitimate services of the army, and a desire to extend the utmost protection to non-combatants; but in these instances they requested that their names should not be mentioned, as they would be subjected to the censure of their superior officers, or quietly relieved of their commands. The fortunes of war may again bring them into the country,

and our silence will best secure their future kind offices in the relief of the oppressed.

In concluding our report, we may be permitted to indulge in some brief reflections which the subject suggests. In every stage of the world's history we may undoubtedly find enacted scenes similar to those we have described: "there is nothing new under the sun." But it has been reserved to our enemies to conduct a war, professedly to restore a Union founded on compact and the consent of the governed, with all the bitterness and rancor which characterize wars undertaken to gratify the passion of conquest, the desire for booty, and the thirst for revenge; to parallel the crimes of all ages and times, without exhibiting many of the virtues which have accompanied in their warfare the most barbarous of the ancient and the most embittered of the modern nations; to shock the sensibilities of mankind by desecrating the sanctuary and disturbing the repose of the dead; and to violate the good faith practiced alike by the savage and the infidel.

If the Mohammedans, presenting the alternative of the Koran or tribute, found believing Christians to dissemble their faith for a moment; if, in the middle ages, the chivalry of Normandy and Brittany swore allegiance to every chief who alternately occupied their territory; if, in the Civil Wars, the landholders of England imitated the facility of the Vicar of Bray, and afterwards her reverend bishops risked damnation in another for their temporalities in this world; and if, in recent times, the haughty Spaniard took refuge under Junot's oaths—they gave, or found the protection that the sacrifice demanded: but it is reserved to our enemies to set the first example of breaking plighted faith with those who were driven to seek their protection.

In the early part of the sixth century, Alaric sacked Rome; he plundered the nobles of their gold and silver; he carried off their precious articles of luxury and the rich furniture of their palaces; but he spared the churches and all those who were sheltered by their sacred precincts. Gibbon says: "While the barbarians ramed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin, who had devoted her life to the service of the altar, was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession, and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate, of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition in the following words: 'There,' said she, 'are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter: if you presume to touch them the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend.' The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, despatched a messenger to inform the king of the treasure which he had discovered, and received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported,

without damage or delay, to the Church of the Apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft in their hands the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession, and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age, or rank, or sex, or even sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican."

In the seventh century the people of the Roman Empire trembled at the approach of the Saracen, who, emerging from the then almost unknown peninsula of Arabia, was carrying his conquering arms to the west, along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. The terror that then prevailed has come down to our times, embodied in history and song, investing the name of Saracen with vices revolting to society and attributes repulsive to humanity. Yet the instructions of the first Caliph, Abuleker, the companion of the Prophet, to Caled, the Sword of God, then leading the army to its encampment amid the palm groves and by the gushing fountains of Damascus, might not be thought unworthy of an age in which it is pretended that society is regulated by maxims of benevolence, and that humanity is tempered by the influences of christianity. "Remember," said the successor of the Prophet, "that you are always in the presence of God, on the verge of death, "in the assurance of judgment, and the hope of paradise. Avoid injustice and oppression; consult with your brethren, and study to preserve the love and confidence of your troops. When you fight the battles of the Lord, acquit yourselves like men, without turning your backs; but let not your victory be stained with the blood of women and children. *Destroy no palm trees, nor burn any fields of corn. Cut down no fruit trees, nor do any mischief to cattle, only such as you kill to eat. When you make a covenant or art cle, stand to it, and be as good as your word.*"

In the seventeenth century, under the direction of the French minister, Louvois, the army of Turenne entered and devastated the Palatinate. The intelligence shocked Europe, and called down upon the perpetrators of the act the animadversion of the civilized world. It exposed to infamy the character of Louvois, tarnished the laurels of Turenne, and brought upon Louis XIV the reproaches of mankind. The chivalrous French, at this day, would gladly expunge this meffaceable blot from the lilies of France.

In the beginning of the present century England was engaged in war with France. The long continuance of this war, familiar to every reader of history, had so inflamed the passions of those at the head of the respective governments, that each party was drawn into acts of retaliation, which, in less excited moments, were found not only imprac-

ticable to accomplish the ends proposed, but contrary to the public law, and violative of the established usages of war. Among the acts of retaliation resorted to by England was the prohibition of the exportation of Peruvian bark to the countries occupied by the French—a prohibition of little consequence compared with the Federal practice of making all medicines contraband of war, and destroying them wherever found in Confederate possession. Mr. Allison, the eminent English historian, who leans always to the side of his country, expresses his views in condemnation of this act, and which, we doubt not, are now the views of all intelligent Englishmen. "There is," says the historian, "one measure on the part of the British government connected with commercial transactions, however, on which, from the very outset, a decided opinion may be hazarded. This is the bill introduced by Mr. Percival, and which passed both houses of Parliament, for prohibiting the exportation of Peruvian bark to the countries occupied by the French troops, unless they took it with a certain quantity of British produce or manufactures. This was a stretch of hostility unworthy of the character of England, and derogatory to the noble attitude she had maintained throughout the war. No excess of intemperance or violence on the part of the enemy should have betrayed the British government into such a measure, which made war not on the French emperor, but the sick and wounded in his hospitals."

We live in an age of boasted progress, not only in the arts which add to the comforts and embellishments of life, but in that higher civilization which elevates the religion and the morals of the human race. Might we not doubt the latter, when the world views without notice or passes without censure the exhibition of vices and the perpetration of atrocities inhibited in the code of the barbarian; when licentious troops have been permitted to oppress the feeble, to make war upon the hospitals, to burn the homesteads of women and children, and to destroy the moss-grown trees which had shaded the mansions of other generations; and when, added to these, they have laid unholy hands upon the sanctuary, and wantonly ravished the homes of the dead, without the sensibility to shame of the Englishman, with less moderation even than Louvois, less good faith than the Conqueror, less reverence than the Goth, and less virtue than the Saracen? But there is a retribution; and we cannot doubt the great and universal principle which governs mankind, and which, in good time, adjusts the jarring elements set in motion by the guilty passions of men. "Every passion," says the eminent author of the History of Civilization in England, "excites its opposite. Cruelty to-day produces sympathy to-morrow. A hatred of injustice contributes more than any other principle to correct the inequalities of life, and to maintain the balance of affairs. It is this loathing of tyranny which, by stirring to the innermost depth the warmest feelings of the heart, makes it impossible that tyranny should ever finally succeed. This, in sooth, is the noble side of our nature. This is that part of us which, stamped with a God-like beauty, reveals

its divine origin, and, providing for the most vital contingencies, is our surest guarantee that violence shall never ultimately triumph; that, sooner or later, despotism shall always be overthrown, and that the great and permanent interests of the human race shall never be injured by the wicked councils of unjust men."

We have the honor to be, with the highest consideration, your Excellency's obedient servants,

JOHN G. PRATT,

JOHN E. KING,

Special Commissioners.

RAPIDES PARISH.

Report of Honorable Thomas C. Manning, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. Federal Atrocities—Burning and Sack of Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA, La., December 22nd, 1864.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY,

HENRY W. ALLEN, GOVERNOR:

The devastation of this town and Parish by the enemy during the occupation of last spring was very thorough. Whether maddened by the failure of their campaign in its ultimate purposes, they determined to destroy what they could not hold—or whether they only pursued here the policy of systematic pillage and conflagration, which their Press enforces and Government approves—it is bootless to enquire. I shall attempt to give you a recital of a portion of the outrages perpetrated in this locality, premising that my narrative will not be as full as the facts will warrant. There are two reasons for this. When a man has passed through a crashing calamity, his sensibility becomes in a degree callous and hardened. Each successive blow, more severe than that which preceded it, makes him oblivious of lesser suffering. When I returned to this town on its re-occupation by our forces, I found the citizens who had remained, were forgetful of minor incidents of brutality, their whole minds being absorbed in the contemplation of the last and crowning act of infamy of the enemy—the conflagration of the town. Another difficulty in

the way is the indisposition of the people to give information in an authentic form of the conduct of the enemy, since they fear to be again under his domination, and tremble lest his vindictiveness may subject them to new and exceptional suffering.

The gunboats appeared before the town on the 15th March, and were soon succeeded by transports conveying the 16th and 17th corps d'armee of U. S., under command of Gen. A. J. Smith, from Fort De Russy, which he had captured a day or two before. License for unlimited pillage was either expressly given or tacitly permitted them. Roving at will through the town, entering and sacking private houses and stores, the common soldiery had but to imitate the conduct of their officers in enacting the most degrading acts of dishonorable meanness. I do not speak here of mere pillage, such as breaking and smashing the contents of drug stores, or gutting dry goods stores and such like, but I mean, low acts of theft and spoliation committed upon the property of negroes. A Capt. De West, of Mower's division, with two privates; after pilfering sundry inconsiderable articles, espied a silver watch on the person of a negro man. He was in his master's yard, watching the extraordinary spectacle of white men stealing in the open day, little dreaming that his own watch was in any danger. They relieved him of the encumbrance very speedily. (Affidavit No. 9.)

Not satisfied with theft, they proceeded in some instances to the entire demolition of houses. A characteristic instance of their affectionate care for the blacks is developed in affidavit No. 4. The affiant, you will perceive, is a free negress. She owned a house, in which she had lived over twenty years, unmolested and unharmed. During that time she had accumulated the conveniences, and enjoyed the comforts of house keeping. She speaks with feeling of the loss of her sheets, table cloths and looking glasses, her knives, forks and plates. Perhaps I shall be more graphic if I transcribe her own words. "The Yankees," says the woman, "came to my house the first day they entered town, and commenced stealing my poultry. On seeing me they asked who I was. I told them. They asked me who my master was. I said I had no master, that I was a free colored woman. They said I lied and that my masrer was hid. They commenced pillaging the house, taking out my knives and forks, plates, and table cloths, sheets, and looking glasses, and then pulled down my house, which was a frame house. They asked me who the house belonged to. I told them it belonged to me, at which they cursed me, and called me liar again, and said niggers could not own property in the South, and before they stopped the house was clean pulled down, and even the bricks taken out of the chimney. My own clothes, and my daughter's, a grown woman, were all taken by them—among them some merinos and lawns, and my husband's gold watch, which I minded more than the clothes. My husband has been dead two years." She had several thousand feet of lumber,

with which she intended to improve her homestead, but they chopped it up, and stole all her provisions, not leaving her anything whatever. "I had a great many nice things in my house, the affidavit concludes, in the house keeping way, but they did not leave me a single article."

The daughter of this free negress, (Affidavit No. 5), went on the same day to Gen. Mower, and told him his soldiers had stolen "all her clothes, bonnets and jewelry." She got no satisfaction, and made no further effort to recover them, nor did she get back anything: "The Yankees said we should not have our things back; that they knew they were not ours, for colored people were not allowed to own so much property down here. * * * I went to Col. Shaw and told him the Union soldiers had killed and taken away my mother's hog, and had taken all of her provisions, and wanted him to give me some. He said I could go and kill some of the rebels' hogs; that if I wanted to stay down here, I could get the rebels to feed me."

The spoliation of the negroes was in other instances even more detestable and disgraceful than that just mentioned—at least in the manner in which it was effected. The negroes always hoard specie. Even in ordinary times they instinctively prefer gold or silver to the best bank note that is current. There was not one of them of ordinary industry or prudence that did not have some amount, however small, in coin, and a few could count more pieces than their masters had preserved. The Yankees had learned the peculiarities of these blacks very early in the war, and, with characteristic cunning and mendacity, turned them to their own profit. When the negro failed to disclose his hoarded earnings the soldier or officer found access to his cabin, and soon brought to light the object of his search. But in most instances the negro was seduced into an unsuspecting confidence by the assurance that the persons thus inquiring for his treasure were deputed specially by "Old Abe," or Gen. Banks, (the commander of the expedition,) to gather all such valuables, and that the negro would receive it again so soon as it and himself were transported beyond the reach of the rebels. In this way large sums in the aggregate have been transferred from the pockets of our slaves to those poverty-stricken wretches of the North, whose eyes were never gladdened by a sight of much comfort, at their own homes as they found in our negro cabins. Of course I refer here to the poorer class of whites, who compose the file of the Federal army.

I might mention numerous individual instances, the details of which would justify the general assertions I have made. Some of the despoiled negroes remained, and piteously narrated the manner in which they had been tricked to their masters. Jerry, a slave of Dr. Smith, had accumulated about five hundred dollars in coin. The rapacious spirit of the Federal soldiery, which was displayed early after their arrival, warned him of the insecurity of his money at his own house. He had

often in traveling observed gentlemen deposit their valuables in the safe of the steamer, and he adopted that method of saving what otherwise could not have eluded the prying and persistent searches of the soldiers through the town. Carrying his money on either a transport or a gunboat, most likely the former, he deposited it in the iron safe. Shortly before the departure of the fleet he applied for its return. He was referred by the officer to some other officer who he said had the key, and by him to some other officer who was the one that received it, and by him to some other, and so on in endless continuity. He never obtained it, and finally went away with them, although he had been with his master through the early Virginia and Tennessee campaigns, having frequent opportunities to escape, but never availing himself of them. Doubtless his hope of regaining his money was the cause of abandoning his home. This instance is a fair example of their treatment of the slaves. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

Outrages committed, and beastly acts perpetrated by the navy, excite more surprise than when the same things are done by the army. The navy have fought as gallantly as the army. They do not steal as much. They act more in accordance with the usages of modern warfare, are more civilized, and have some regard for the opinion of the world. This arises from the circumstance that there is a greater infusion of Southern men in their navy than the army. There are more born gentlemen in it. But their volunteer navy is composed of the same materials as their volunteer army. A commissioned officer of the navy, accompanied by two marines, stole from the residence of Mrs. Caleb Taylor in this town, in broad daylight, the clock, which they took from the mantel-piece, and wrapping it up in a quilt, betook their prize to their gunboat, lying in the stream opposite. And this commissioned naval officer, (known from their badges,) with two negroes in naval dress, (doubtless marines,) were seen near the Episcopal church, while the town was in flames, rifling a pile of furniture which the owner was attempting to save. They picked up two fine paintings, a musquito bar, and some curtains, and walked off with them.--[Aff. No. 9.]

Directly the "Black Hawk" arrived, (Porter's flag boat;) her crew entered Rachal's warehouse, rolled out the cotton, all of which was private property, and marked on one end C. S., and on the other U. S. N., thus endeavoring to make it appear the cotton was captured property of the Confederate Government. Rear Admiral Porter was present, witnessed the fraud, and seemed in high glee at the adroitness with which his rascally ingenuity could outwit Banks, and appropriate the spoils of the expedition. The same thing was repeated in every yard, barn and cuthouse where they found cotton. They seemed to believe it was hidden everywhere.--[Aff. No. 9.]

The destruction of private property, and the conflagration of towns and plantation mansions are not the only acts which indicate the fiendish purposes of our enemy. Their diabolical malignity which prompts them to unparalleled atrocities, is not restrained by apprehensions of

the censure of the world, by the suggestions of humanity, or the promptings of religion or civilization. They are angry that a people welcome even their inflictions of misery, if by endurance they can attest their devotion to the cause of their country's independence. They are phrenzied at the sight of so much wealth, happiness and contentment among the slaves, (I use the first term in a comparative sense,) and will not tolerate any desire in the poor creatures to remain with their masters. So well is this understood now by the slaves, that when the Federal army begins a retreat, those slaves who wish to remain, secrete themselves.

The same practice was followed here as elsewhere, of crowding them in a "contraband camp." The space between the levee and the edge of the river bank was used here for that purpose. It is of course very narrow, but large numbers were crowded into it, where the most fortunate succeeded in making a shanty, not larger than a dog kennel, in which as many crowded as could. The mortality was inevitably very great. Hence they were carried to the abandoned estates of the planters on the Teche, Lafourche and lower Mississippi, to work on what they denominate government plantations. The passionate prayer of families not to be separated was disregarded, and the men were thrust into the ranks, while the women and those of the children who survive, are put to work under the free labor system of Gen. Banks, under which they are fined for misconduct and laziness, and made to furnish their own clothes, and to beg for their own medicines—the result being that they never get either the one or the other, and the fines absorb their wages. The free negro finds to his surprise, that his labor is thus appropriated by a task-master, who, unlike his former master, furnishes him neither with sufficient food or raiment, and at the end of the year, instead of the money which as a slave he always made by the sale of his poultry and of the corn or other produce of the little patch allotted him by his master, he finds himself without a dollar with which to make a merry Christmas.

I have made a careful estimate of the number of slaves taken from this Parish by the enemy in the two expeditions of May, 1863, and March, 1864; and after comparing my own with that made by others, have no hesitation in stating the number at eight thousand. Some have been recaptured, a few returned, or rather were brought back, and all concur in representing their misery and destitution as deplorable, and the mortality as frightful. Gen. Banks in his tour through New England confesses the mortality to be one fourth, but it is believed to be at least one half.

I incorporate here, Dr. Davidson's statement, furnished at my request:

"In the progress of the barbarous and unnatural war by the North against a country guilty only of loving the laws and religion of liberty, events have transpired having no parallel in history, and whose recital will never be believed save by those who witnessed them. The truth

has been studiously suppressed, and the world at large knows not what enormities have followed in the track of the Federal bands. Armies composed of the vilest material that was ever gathered to scourge mankind, inflamed by promise of gain and unfettered license, marched to the conquest of an unoffending people.

"It has become the fixed purpose of the enemy to lay waste and destroy a country they find themselves unable to conquer by the legitimate course of war. Butler in Louisiana; Hunter and Foster in the Carolinas; Rosecranz in Tennessee; Pope, Milroy and others in Virginia; and Sherman in Mississippi and Georgia, have sufficiently established the line of policy their Dictator has adopted, in the hope of subjugating a brave and unconquerable people.

"This purpose was distinctly declared in reference to the delta of Red River, by Gen. Banks, while occupying Alexandria in the spring of 1863; which he announced to a committee of citizens who waited on him, to ascertain what orders he would issue to redress any disorderly conduct of the negroes just set at large by the presence of the army, and to obtain from him assurances of protection, &c., &c., in these words: 'Believe it, gentlemen, as if you heard God himself speak it, I will lay waste your country, destroy your crops, stock and agricultural implements, so that you shall never organize and maintain another army in this department.'

"This threat he was unable to carry into effect until his return in the month of March of the present year. In the army corps of Sherman, commanded by Gen. A. J. Smith, constituting a part of Gen. Banks' army, he found agents fresh from the sacking and burning of a large district in Mississippi meet for the work he had in hand.

"It cannot therefore excite surprise in the minds of any, that the line of march of the army under Gen. Banks can be traced like an Indian war trail, or the fire path of the prairie—by smouldering ruins of villages, dwellings, gins and sugar houses—the conversion of a rich, beautiful and highly improved agricultural region into a vast wilderness. The marvel is, that attempts should have been made, on the part of the Federal press and the defenders of Gen. Banks, to prove that these acts of incendiarism and wholesale destruction were committed by the army under his immediate and personal command without his orders and sanction. As well might all the regular and legitimate operations of his army be said to have been equally conducted, without his orders or direction.

"The 16th army corps, commanded by Gen. Mower, constituted the advance of the invading army under Gen. Banks, and reached Alexandria on transports the morning of the 16th of March, 1864. Immediately on disembarking, they were permitted to rush through the streets of the town, unrestrained by the presence of their officers. They made an indiscriminate onslaught upon every private residence, appropriating to themselves everything valuable upon which they could lay their hands—and the depositories of food were at once forced open and their

contents borne away. I saw officers present at Dr. French's, while his store-room, meat-house, cribs, &c., were being robbed, and heard the appeal of Mrs. French to them for protection. The only reply vouchsafed was, that the army needed food and must be fed.

"Private houses were thus invaded, and the inmates subjected to the rudest insults and treatment. The defenceless females whose protectors were absent, only escaped personal violence by the determined and resolute manner in which they met the insults and gross language of the invaders of the sanctity of their homes. It would be impossible to give a detailed account of all the acts of outrage and insult inflicted throughout the town. Prominence should be given to the wanton destruction of the Public Records in the office of the Recorder and Clerk of the Court—the documents from which were scattered through the streets and burnt—and to the destruction of the private letters and papers of individuals.

"The drug stores, three in number, were among the first places taken possession of. These were at once despoiled of their contents, which were used in furnishing their hospitals in town, and one devoted to the reception of cases of small pox, two miles below town. Forty-four cases of this disease were landed from the transports on the day of their arrival. The stores of all descriptions underwent a similar spoliation; the iron safes forced and emptied, the ledgers, promissory notes, and accounts destroyed. Private residences were entered at night; writing desks, bureaus and armoires rifled, and the occupants insulted and abused in the grossest manner, despite the efforts of the provost marshal, Capt. Wolf, who evinced every disposition to afford protection to those applying to him for guards about their premises. I obtained from him at night, details of his guard for families whose dwellings had been disturbed by the presence of straggling soldiers, pillaging and insulting. The force at the command of the provost marshal was wholly inadequate to the protection of the town.

"Immediately on the occupation of the town by the Federal army, recruiting offices were opened for the enlistment of disaffected citizens into the service of the United States, under the title of 'Louisiana Scouts,' to whom a large bounty was offered. In a few days three companies of these men, (commonly called 'jayhawkers,') were organized, and placed under the command of men notorious for their resistance to the authority of the Confederate Government, and who burned with revenge against many of the loyal citizens of the parish. To these organizations was committed the patrolling of the country adjacent; they scoured it, visiting upon individuals their vengeance and vindictiveness. This irregular force entered the residences of planters, carrying off whatever they needed or could appropriate, and in many instances offering violence and insults. In the remote parts of the parish they burnt the dwellings of those who were supposed to have been active in pointing out or aiding in arresting conscripts. In one instance within my knowledge, an attempt was made to confine the

wife of one who had been somewhat active in designating the haunts of skulking conscripts, to the house, while they committed it to the flames. After the army marched for Shreveport, something of order and quiet was enforced by Gen. Grover, the commandant of the post.

"The discomfiture and defeat of Gen. Banks' army at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, by the forces under Gen. Taylor, brought the Federal army down upon us again, maddened by the disgraceful result of the boasted expedition, and gloating over the scenes of outrage, burning and destruction they had perpetrated on their march from Pleasant Hill to Alexandria.

"It became soon generally known throughout the town, that the enemy designed to devote the place to pillage and burning on the day they should evacuate it. Threats to this effect were publicly made by the privates as they walked the streets; and the citizens were warned by those of the army less fanatical and brutal, to provide against such a contingency. Measures were therefore taken to prevent so dire a calamity, by appealing to Gen. Banks for protection. He was waited upon repeatedly by those having access to him; and a written communication was sent by him, giving assurance that every means would be employed to prevent any attempt to fire the town. Notwithstanding this assurance on the part of the Federal commander, many persons connected with the army continued to insist that orders were issued for the burning of the place. It was well known that friction matches were issued to the troops occupying the town two days before the evacuation, and for this purpose. Officers and men were overheard discussing the subject, and insisting that it should be carried into execution. On the morning of the evacuation I overheard a person say to Mrs. Smith, who keeps a boarding house, in a very hurried manner—'As soon as you have breakfasted close your doors, for we are going to have fun this morning.' Struck with his manner, as well as his language, I asked him—'what do you mean by having fun?' He replied, 'we are going to burn up your d——d town.' On the preceding day, in the afternoon, standing at the window of the same house, I overheard three officers conversing on the side-walk, where they had just halted in their promenade: one of them remarked with great emphasis—'The only way is to drive out the women and children and burn their dwellings!' Similar remarks could be indefinitely multiplied, as the subject was constantly a theme of conversation. An army once demoralized by having been instructed in work of this kind, as was the case with Sherman's corps, could not well omit perpetrating an act so ripe to their hands, and offering the resistless temptation of pillage. Long before the army marched towards Shreveport, in a conversation with a Dr. Lucas, medical director in the 16th (Mower's) army corps, I complained to him of the enormities enacted by the Federal army; to which he replied—'Why, sir, this is nothing; if your town is served as were all the towns we passed through in Mississippi, nothing but the black-

ened chimney stacks would mark the place where your town once stood.'

“For two days and nights before the evacuation, the town was guarded by the 113th New York regiment, (Zouaves,) who faithfully and efficiently discharged the duty assigned to them. They were removed the morning of the fire, and the police of the town committed to a body of cavalry. To this circumstance is due the facility with which the burning of the town was carried out, and leads to the conviction of a pre-meditated design of the kind. The fire was communicated to a building on front street, in a central part of the town—a strong north wind blowing at the time—and from the droughth which had prevailed for some weeks, the flames spread rapidly from building to building. At the premises of Frozine, f. w. c., below the origin of the fire and to the rear of it, men entered the yard with a tin bucket and mop, and sprinkled the fencing and out-buildings with a mixture of turpentine and camphene, saying that they ‘were preparing the place for Hell!’ At several points where the progress of the fire was arrested by the interposition of a brick edifice, similar means were resorted to, to continue the conflagration. This was done with the Court House, the brick store houses of H. Robertson & Co., and Mr. Welsh, and the brick dwelling houses of P. O’Shee and Giles Smith. In the last named house, Mr. Smith had placed wetted blankets on the window shutters and doors, and the roof being of slate, the building, with the watching and care of the owner, would not have been consumed; but the family were ordered out, and inflammable material distributed through it, and all was consumed. At many points persons were seen, belonging to the army, in the act of setting fire to the houses. This was the case in the Court House, O’Shee’s dwelling, H. Robertson’s and Welsh’s stores, and the railroad car depot.

“During the conflagration of the buildings, they were entered by gangs of soldiers and pillaged of everything valuable—oftentimes under the pretext of aiding the occupants—while many honest and generous men devoted themselves to heroic efforts to save the buildings or the property within. Many officers were conspicuous in their exertions in behalf of the suffering citizens; and to them was due the saving of a number of dwellings from destruction—Col. Neaffie, provost marshal, Dr. Roberts and Col. De Vere, and others whose names I regret have escaped me. While the fire was raging, Gen. A. J. Smith rode through the town, sword in hand, exclaiming—‘Hurrah, boys, this looks like war!’ Gen. Banks early appeared in the streets, and is said to have given orders for a detail of men to assist in putting out the fire, and to aid the citizens in rescuing their household effects.

“Many families lost a considerable part of whatever was safely taken from the reach of the fire, by the prowling stragglers who fell upon everything thus rescued by the unfortunate. Lieut. Beebe and Capt. Francis, both on the staff of Gen. Banks, exerted themselves to repress these men, and thus saved much valuable property. While thus en-

gaged near my premises, both of these officers ascribed the fire to the men belonging to Gen. A. J. Smith's command—remarking that he gave no written orders, but that it was his custom to give them verbally, and that this was well understood by his men. It is due to this corps to say, that Capt. Slough, A. A. G.; on Smith's staff, on the retreat from Alexandria, stopped at the residence of John R. Williams and said to Mrs. Williams, his sister-in-law—'All the blame of the burning of the town will fall upon our corps; but the orders to burn were issued by Gen. Banks himself.' Gen. Kilby Smith and Gen. Mower, who were with the advance column on the retreat, while near the residence of Mr. Thos. K. Smith, a planter of respectability and standing, remarked, 'That the town of Alexandria would be burnt, and that they regretted exceedingly that the same had not been done with Natchitoches, but that the rebels pushed them so closely that they could not do it.'

In the face of all these facts, establishing clearly the purpose of the retiring army to destroy the town by fire, the apologists of General Banks, who represent him as weeping on beholding the burning town, and who attempt to ascribe the act as one of accident wholly, must be content to have their efforts in his behalf classed as a portion of the wilful suppression of the truth, and design to gloss over the enormities and barbarities of their government and its agents, in the prosecution of a war of extermination.

J. P. DAVIDSON.

To Hon. THOS. C. MANNING, Commissioner.

The efforts of Gen. Emory saved the upper portion of the town, says affidavit No. 9. All the guards were removed at sunrise on the day of the burning, when the apprehensions of the citizens long entertained and by this act confirmed, impelled them to send Dr. G. W. Southwick, a refugee from the coast, to Gen. Banks, to apprise him of the fears of the citizens and the threats of the soldiers. The following reply was returned:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
Alexandria, May 13, 1864.

Dr. G. W. Southwick:

Sir: The General wishes me to inform you that Col. Gooding will, with 500 men, guard the town, and his force will be strengthened, if possible, in order to provide against the emergency you fear.

I am, sir, yours truly,

GEO. B. DRAKE, A. A. G.

This was satisfactory, but several hours having elapsed and no guard making its appearance, suspicion began to be entertained that Gen. Banks designed by this note only to disarm the citizens of their fears.

and hence to diminish their precautions. As this belief strengthened, a party of citizens started to hunt up Gen. Banks, to inform him his promised guard had not arrived. He was gone. The party then found Lieut. W. S. Beebe, one of his ordnance officers, I believe his Chief of Ordnance, and shewed him Banks' note. Lieut. Beebe instantly volunteered to go with the party to Col. Gooding, whom they found at his camp, just above the last house on Second street, near the bayou Rapides. The party told him their errand, showed him Banks' note in which he officially promised, only a few hours before, that Col. Gooding, with 500 men, should guard the town to save it from conflagration. Col. Gooding was surprised, and evidently his surprise was not feigned, said "it was news to him," and then, with an oath, "this is just like old Banks."

These facts suffice to put on Gen. Banks the responsibility of the destruction of the town. He was warned repeatedly of the danger, acknowledged the necessity of precautionary measures, and admitted there were grounds for the fears of the citizens, by officially notifying them that a guard should be assigned, and designated the particular command selected. He left without ordering or intimating to that command or any other, the duty which he had promised to impose on them, and without taking any measure whatever to prevent the calamity which he knew was impending. The intended conflagration was insultingly proclaimed wherever Smith's corps were. Affiant No 7 says, "business brought me in the presence of Gen. A. J. Smith, at his headquarters on the steamboat Clara Belle, then laying at the town of Alexandria. Gen. Smith's division had just arrived from Pleasant Hill. Whilst in his presence, and that of his staff, I heard several of his officers express their determination to burn the town before they left—said they would proceed to the business at once, were it not for the sick and wounded in hospitals. They also expressed their regrets at not having burned the town of Natchitoches. Gen. A. J. Smith heard this remark—it was addressed to him."

It is not to be supposed that Gen. Banks ordered the town to be burned. Men do not usually make a record of their infamy. But my narrative substantiates that he connived at it, and intended that it should be done. His march from five miles outside of Natchitoches, had been illumined by the glare of burning homesteads. It cannot be known whether, in this, he was purposely imitating the barbarous conduct of Sherman in his Mississippi raid, or passively submitting to the headstrong will and malignant passion of his subordinate. It is most likely he was afraid to thwart A. J. Smith. The latter had unsparingly ridiculed his superior's imbecility, and denounced his cowardice. The expedition commanded by Banks ought to have been a splendid success. His army was magnificently appointed. In all the appurtenances of war, as in all the luxuries, indeed, of camp, it lacked nothing.—He numbered three to one of his antagonist. He was supported by the largest fleet of gunboats ever assembled. The easy capture of Fort

De Russy, the only Fort on Red River, gave them the prestige of success, and inspired their troops with martial confidence. Yet he was whipped in two battles; and driven back cowering, dismayed and panic-stricken to this place, amid the taunts of his own soldiers, and with the shouts of General Taylor's inconsiderable army ringing in his ears.

A. J. Smith amused the citizens here, declaring in his drunken orgies that he was only staying here to play wet nurse to Banks—that he was ordered back with his command to Vicksburg, but could not leave lest Dick Taylor should swallow Banks up. There is no doubt on my mind that Banks felt he had failed where he ought to have obtained a lasting success—that his management of the expedition had brought it to an impotent conclusion, a fact which no one appeared to appreciate with more zest than A. J. Smith, and he was afraid therefore to run counter to the latter's wishes. If the expedition could not be a military success, its fruits must be the desolation of the rich valley of Red River, which they had expected to occupy, and through which they were now forced to retreat, crest-fallen and humiliated. The power that was inadequate to the conquest was more than sufficient for the desolation of the country.

It may not be amiss to mention here, that the burning and plundering was the work of the 16th and 17th corps, composed exclusively of Northwestern men. When, on the return of peace, these men resume their commerce on the Mississippi, and attempt to foster trade relations by professions of a common hatred of New Englanders, the recollection of wanton cruelties and brutal outrages voluntarily inflicted by them, may serve to keep alive our indignation, and perpetuate a hatred which it were more than human not to feel. The 19th corps was composed entirely of New England regiments. Besides being more orderly and disciplined, they did not have the savage thirst for devastation, which distinguished both officers and men of the 16th and 17th corps. They stole, but with the sly cunning which forms one of the peculiarities of the Yankee pure and proper, and when caught in the act, substituted to the truculent defiance of the hoosier, the sanctimonious placidity of the self-justified puritan.

The town was fired between 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M., of the 13th May. The first building fired was a store on Front street, in the block next below the hotel. A fence in the rear of this house had previously been smeared with turpentine, which quickly caught. This fact is stated by a lady who lived on the block, and who saw the soldiers applying the turpentine, but whose affidavit is not made for excess of prudence. Affiant No. 1 was standing on the levee in front of the store, when it was fired by the soldiers, who first plundered it, and then ascending to the second story applied the torch.

A considerable portion of the houses on Front and Second streets were brick. On the lower corner of the block first fired, there was a fire-proof brick building, which effectually stayed the progress of the flames. To insure a successful incendiarism, it was necessary to apply

the torch again, and below this fire-proof building. When the flames reached the Court House square, they would again have been stayed, had they not been renewed. The Court House was the only building on the square. It fronted the river, the three other sides facing blocks of buildings, all of which had been consumed, and had fallen down in smouldering ruins, and yet the Court House stood uninjured. It was fired in the interior, and was consumed, with every record of the Parish. The Episcopal and Methodist churches were burned, and every building upon twenty-two blocks.

One of the most disgraceful stratagems adopted by them to facilitate the plundering, was that of alarming the residents in the neighborhood of the Episcopal Church, by telling them the Church was about to be blown up with powder, in order to stay the progress of the fire. The inhabitants fled from their houses in dismay, and the soldiers who had told the tale entered and rifled them of their contents. Two doors below the Church was a house, "built," says its owner, (Affidavit No. 3,) "entirely of brick, with slate roof and parapets. Hynson's house, (between his and the Church,) had burned to the ground. It was of wood, distant about ninety feet from mine. My house had not caught fire; I had wet blankets on the side next to Hynson, and took out the window sash, which were of wood. Four or five officers came into the lower apartments, and ordered my wife and family out, when I observed the cavalymen go up stairs, whom I immediately followed. One of them went into the rooms on one side of the passage, and the other into the other side. There was a mattrass in one room, and the Yankee who went into that room walked up to it, and drawing his hand across it with a wide swoop, the mattrass instantly caught fire, and the room was in a blaze. I did not see anything in his hand, and do not know what it was he had, but suppose it was turpentine that he threw upon the mattrass, which was ignited by a lucifer match. I seized the mattrass, got it down stairs, and in the street where it burned up. After this, a Lieutenant and two privates, (cavalry,) came to my house, and asked me roughly what I was doing there. On my answering it was my house, they ordered me away, but I would not go, and they went in. Soon after they came out, an explosion was heard in the house, and the whole fabric tumbled down. It was blown up by the last party, doubtless by a torpedo, since it did not catch fire from the neighboring buildings, and that seemed the only means of destroying it.—The torpedo was exploded by means of a galvanic battery. I have now from the ruins a part of the battery, and jars, which I picked up, which are of course broken. I saw an officer set on fire the car-house of the Railroad. He sat on his horse and ejected from some sort of instrument in his hand, a liquid upon the roof, which immediately ignited and burned with great rapidity."

I conclude my narrative of the destruction of the town, by giving Gen. Banks the benefit of a disclaimer, made by one of his officers.—The atrocity of the conflagration, was so great, that those officers who

deserved the name were solicitous to relieve themselves and their commander of its odium. "I heard Capt. Francis," says a citizen, "whom I understood to be on Gen. Bank's staff, say to the daughters of Dr. Davidson, one of our citizens, that Gen. A. J. Smith gave verbal orders to his troops to burn and destroy, and that he would be court-martialed for it." At the time he said this, the young ladies were near the lot, upon which their residence had stood in the morning; and Capt. Francis and Lieut. Beebe, another Yankee officer, were offering assistance to the ladies. The former had before offered to such citizens as had been burned out free passage to New Orleans; as he said, by orders of Gen. Banks. He denied that Gen. Banks approved or countenanced the burning that had been accomplished, and was, as I understood, repelling the natural suspicion of the citizens, that his Chief, who was the Commander of the army, was the cause of the disaster."—Aff. No. 2.

The army was then evacuating the town. The evacuation was complete that night, or before daylight on the 14th. The wanton destruction of property on plantations is circumstantially related in affidavit No 6. The mansion houses were first robbed; and the valuable furniture in some instances broken, in others removed. The piano, in that particular instance, was carried on board A. J. Smith's boat, the "Clara Belle,"—the family portraits defaced, and the quarters, gin-house, etc., totally demolished. Every building on the plantations of Ex-Gov. Moore; and Lieut. Chambers, was rased. The residence of Mrs. Winn was burned to conceal its robbery. Gen. Dwight, whose command was encamped near, advised that lady to go into town, (it was but two miles distant,) to obtain a protection for her place. On returning, she met soldiers carrying different pieces of her silver plate, and on approaching her residence discovered it in flames, notwithstanding that officer had assured her nothing should be touched during her absence.

But it were needless to specify these individual instances of outrages on plantations. Each homestead has some story to tell of mingled perfidy and ruin. A desolate waste marks the path of Gen. Banks' retreating army—a track of ruin, embracing alike the property of men in public service, of women, and orphan children. Nor did these latter escape without personal indignity. A child of Capt. Kelso, a little boy of four years, boasted that he was a rebel in the presence of a knot of Yankee officers and soldiers. One of them applied a cord to his neck and suspended him as if he intended to inflict death. When gasping for breath he was taken down, and asked if he were still a rebel. The stout hearted little patriot reaffirmed his rebellious sentiments, when he was again suspended, and so remained until a returning sense of humanity of some of the bystanders compelled his release. The child bore for some days the mark on his neck of this partial strangulation.

Besides the entire destruction of the Records of this Parish, con-

sumed in the conflagration of the Court House, many valuable libraries were destroyed. In the mansion house of Mrs. Seip was a very considerable collection of rare and costly works, selected through a series of years by a deceased lawyer. A skirmish was had near it (seven miles from this place) and one of their wounded comrades was carried to the piazza by the enemy. They retreated through the plantation, hard pressed by our cavalry, but halted long enough to set fire to the house with the aid of their matches and turpentine. Their wounded companion, unable to move himself, frantically implored them not to devote him to a sure and horrible death, but his cries were unheeded, and his ashes now mingle with the cinders of the house and its contents.

I have approached with disgust, and shall leave with satisfaction, the narrative of brutalities which shock the common sensibilities of mankind. I turn to the more pleasing office of recording the acts of humanity performed by a few of the officers, and regret that in so large an army and fleet as formed this formidable expedition, the number of those who exhibited the feelings and principles of christian people and native gentlemen were so small that their names can be remembered without omission, and their acts specified without tediousness.

Col. Neafie and Lieut. Venum, who were quartered respectively at Dr. Smith's and Mr. Elgee's, were considerate in their attention to these families during the occupation, and untiring in their efforts to assist in saving a portion of the furniture and provisions, when the near approach of the fire made the loss of the house certain; Gen. Emory never disgraced his sword and his manhood by encouraging or permitting the rapine of his soldiers, and Lieut. Beebe's effort to assist the citizens in procuring the guard which might have saved the town, has already been mentioned. Gen. Grover remained as Commandant of the Post, while the army advanced to receive their chastisement at Mansfield, and while performing his duty to his Government, remembered that he was ruling a heroic and gallant people whose temporary reverses were only due to their disproportion of the resources of war. Col. Sharp displayed the consideration which humanity claims of all who feel its instincts. Major Von Heovnan, a foreigner, and an officer of Gen. Banks' staff, who was quartered in my own house, energetically stigmatized the conduct of the army as degrading to the national character, and Dr. Cleaver bore himself with a refined and gentlemanly delicacy that was the more conspicuous from its rarity. Dr. Roberts, an elderly surgeon of the Marine Brigade I believe, was an inmate of my house during the whole occupation, and has entitled himself to my respect and gratitude for his paternal protection to my family. When the fire approached my dwelling, he considerately bore to a place of safety, on his own shoulders, my family portraits, and took under his charge my silver. After the cornice and front steps of my house had caught

fire, he labored with generous assiduity to extinguish the flames, and with a faithful slave, aided by some of the citizens, finally succeeded.

It were strange indeed, in a nation which has grown up under the influences of the present century, and which can justly lay claim to extraordinary progress, to a rapid improvement in literature, and to the sudden attainment of respectable national importance, if some instances were not found, where brutish passion had not degraded manhood, and obliterated the effects of civilization from the human heart. But they are rare in their army and navy. The present war exhibits to the world the people of the United States in no doubtful or uncertain light. The Eastern troops are needy adventurers, whose poverty at home is exhibited by their careful theft of the commonest articles of ornament or use in the parlors of our planters and the cabins of our slaves. Following the examples of their New England Generals, (Butler and Banks,) whose houses are adorned by the furniture stolen in Louisiana, they content themselves with appropriating luxuries never before within their reach. The Western troops destroy what they cannot plunder. Ferocious in their brutality, scorning the restraints of humanity which they do not feel, and the instincts of civilization of which they are ignorant, they revel in a fiendish saturnalia of ruin, which spares neither age nor sex, homestead nor barn, the vessels of the sanctuary, the vestments of the priest, nor the sacred house itself—nay, their infernal malignity penetrates the recesses of the tomb, and rudely disturbs the bones of its inmates.

Political or social affiliation with such a people would be to us more degrading than any human vassalage yet known on earth, more to be dreaded than death, and more intolerable than exile, penury or other earthly calamity. Providence, and the heroism of our army and the endurance of our people, will take care that no such fate is reserved for the people of the Confederate States.

Respectfully submitted,

THOS. C. MANNING.

[No. 1.]

STATE OF LOUISIANA, }
 Parish of Rapides. }

I have resided in this town (Alexandria) twenty-four years, and am a native of Germany—am fifty years old. This town was fired on the morning of Friday, May 13th, between 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M. Several Yankee soldiers broke into the store on Front street next to mine, and pilfered the tobacco, sugar and lard, which were the sole contents. While the party were below, another set went into the second story, and immediately afterwards the house commenced burning. The fire was applied in the second story. While this was going on, I was standing on the levee, which runs along one side of the street, immediately opposite the store, and about eighty feet from it. This was the commencement of the conflagration. The store and those on either side adjoining were wooden buildings.

J. WALKER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, June 27th, 1864.

THOS. C. MANNING,
 Associate Justice Supreme Court, La.

[No. 2.]

I was in the town of Alexandria during the conflagration, and for many days previous. On the morning of the day the town was burned I heard Capt. Francis, whom I understood to be on Gen. Banks' staff, say to the daughters of Dr. Davidson, one of the citizens, that Gen. A. J. Smith gave verbal orders to his troops to burn and destroy, and that he would be court-martialed for it. At the time he said this the young ladies were near the lot upon which their residence had stood in the morning, and Capt. Francis and Lieut. Beebe, another Yankee officer, were offering assistance to the ladies. The former had before offered to such citizens as had been burned out, free passage to New Orleans, as he said by orders from Gen. Banks. He denied that Gen. Banks approved or countenanced the burning that had been accomplished, and was, as I understand, repelling the natural suspicion of the citizens that his chief, who was the commander of the army, was the cause of the disaster.

LEWIS TEXADA.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, June 28th, 1864.

THOS. C. MANNING,
 Judge Supreme Court.

[No. 3.]

STATE OF LOUISIANA, }
 Parish of Rapides. }

I have resided in this town eighteen years. My residence was on Second street, with one house (R. C. Hynson's) intervening between it and the Episcopal Church. It was new, built entirely of brick, with slate roof and parapets. Hynson's house had burned to the ground; it was of wood, distant about ninety feet from mine. My house had not caught fire. I had wet blankets on the side next to Hynson, and took out the window sash, which were of wood. Four or five officers came into the lower apartments and ordered my wife and family out, when I observed two cavalrymen go up stairs, whom I immediately followed. One of them went into the rooms on one side of the passage, and the other into the other side. There was a mattress in one room, and the Yankee went into that room, walked up to it, and drawing his hand across it with a wide swoop, the mattress instantly caught fire, and the room was in a blaze. I did not see anything in his hand, and do not know what it was he had, but suppose it was turpentine that he threw upon the mattress, which was ignited by a lucifer match. I seized the mattress, got it down stairs and in the street, where it burned up. After this, a lieutenant and two privates (cavalry) came to my house and asked me roughly what I was doing there. On my answering it was my house, they ordered me away, but I would not go, and they went in. Soon after they came out, an explosion was heard in the house, and the whole fabric tumbled down. It was blown up by this last party, doubtless by a torpedo, since it did not catch fire from the neighboring buildings, and that seemed the only means of destroying it. This was about noon. The torpedo was exploded by means of a galvanic battery. I have now from the ruins a part of the battery and jars, which I picked up, which were of course broken. I saw an officer set on fire the car house of the little railroad, about 150 feet from Denis Sullivan's house. He sat on his horse and ejected from some sort of instrument in his hand a liquid upon the roof, which immediately ignited and burned with great rapidity.

GILES O. SMITH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, July 11th, 1864.

THOS. C. MANNING,

Associate Justice Supreme Court.

[No. 4.]

STATE OF LOUISIANA, }
 Parish of Rapides. }

I am a free black woman, and have lived in this town (Alexandria) over twenty years. I was a slave of Mr. Henry Patterson, and was

freed by him about twenty years ago. The Yankees came to my house the first day they entered town, which is in the suburbs, and commenced stealing my poultry. On seeing me they asked who I was. I told them. They asked, who my master was. I said I had no master, that I was a free colored woman. They said I lied, and that my master was hid. They commenced pillaging the house, taking out my knives and forks, plates and table cloths and sheets and looking glasses, and then pulled down my house, which was a frame house. I begged them to stop, to leave me my house. They then asked me whom the house belonged to. I told them it belonged to me, at which they cursed me and called me liar again, and said niggers could not own property in this State; and before they stopped the house was clean pulled down, and even the bricks taken out of the chimney. My own clothes and my daughter's, a grown woman, were all taken by them, among them some merinos and lawns, and my husband's gold watch, which I minded more than the clothes. My husband has been dead ten years. The clothes were given by them to one of their colored women and a white woman who came off one of the gunboats in the river just in front of the town. I had a great many nice things in my house in the housekeeping way, but they did not leave me a single article. The clothes I had on my back were all that I had when they got through. They even chopped up my lumber, of which I had several thousand feet, and stole all my provisions.

FANNY K. CARR

Sworn and subscribed before me, July 11th, 1864.

THOS. C. MANNING,

Associate Justice Supreme Court.

[No. 5.]

STATE OF LOUISIANA,

Parish of Rapides.

I am a free black woman, am the daughter of Fanny Carr, and live with my mother. I was not at home when the Yankees came there and robbed the house, being at that time in service to Mrs. Manning; but went down next day, when I found they had stolen all my clothes and bonnets and jewelry. I went on the same day to Gen. Mower, but got no satisfaction; but made no further effort to recover my effects. I never got back anything. The Yankees said we should not have our things back; that they knew they were not ours, for colored people were not allowed to own so much property down here. I told them they did belong to us, but I never recovered anything. They wanted me to go away with them. I went to Col. Shaw and told him the Union soldiers had killed and taken away my mother's hog; and had

taken all of her provisions, and wanted him to give me some. He said I could go and kill some of the rebels' hogs; that if I wanted to stay down here I could get the rebels to feed me. I told him the rebels would feed me, and I should not go away from them. Since my mother's house was destroyed, she has been staying with my sister, and I have stayed chiefly at Mrs. Manning's.

CATHERINE CARR

Sworn to and subscribed before me, August 2d, 1864.

THOS. C. MANNING,

Associate Justice.

The two negroes—mother and daughter—whose affidavits I have taken above, are well known to me. They are truthful and industrious people.

THOS. C. MANNING.

[No. 6.]

COTILE, LA., December 4, 1864.

Dear Sir: In conformity with your request I send you a statement of the Yankee outrages done in Cotile vicinity. The house of B. Blanchard & Brother's plantation was completely sacked, on their advance, having made their encampment on the opposite side of the bayou for ten days, giving them full time for the damages sustained, viz: All the furniture was broken to pieces, bedding torn up, scattering all the feathers over the yard, and mattresses carried away, together with the bedding paraphernalia, such as sheets, blankets, &c. Carpets were torn from the floors and carried to their camping ground, horse coverings being made out of them, which I saw myself, upon their backs, on a visit over there. They also carried away all the kitchen utensils, and stole all the meat, molasses and sugar contained in the smoke house and store rooms. A good deal of furniture, such as chairs, were carried on board their boats, leaving the house completely riddled, save the bedsteads and broken looking glasses. They even cut into ribbons the portraits of the Colonel's two wives, and defaced his own and that of his mother. My own library and that of Col. B. were stolen away, as well as all my clothes, leaving me only the suit which covered my body at the time. The crockery ware was taken off; in a word, the whole house was robbed of its contents.

On their retreat they burned the dwelling house, gin, stables, and every house in the quarter yard, leaving nothing but a few chicken houses. They put themselves to the trouble of going into the different parts of the field and burned some weather sheds. The gin and the houses around contained between 400 and 450 bales of cotton in seed, which Mr. Labat is demanding taxes on, and which I refused to pay, as I saw a law published in the Democrat and other papers, passed by Congress, February 17th, 1863, remitting such taxes, and I would like to learn from you whether I am responsible for such payment.

peremptorily refused to pay them, and from what I can gather from others, who met the same losses on their cotton, they have done the same. The estate has no money to pay, as its only revenue from which taxes could be gathered was destroyed by the Yankees and Confederates. The latter burnt 250 packed bales. Such as I have described is the condition of the plantation and its resources.

There is now remaining of what was once a beautiful plantation the naked land and only fifteen negroes out of ninety-nine which were on the place prior to the last raid of the Yankees. What a sad picture I have portrayed of what was once beautiful to behold, but now its wretched remains are heart-rending to the eye.

I have given a lengthy detail of the destruction *complete* of one plantation. Of my neighbors' losses, I shall be brief:—Mrs. Dark lost only her gin house and three cabins, burnt by the Yankees; Judge Boyce's place, adjoining Dr. Sullivan's, was entirely burnt, only a few chicken houses standing; Mrs. Manning's gin destroyed also, and Mrs. Jones'; Ben Hunter's gin, and nearly all his cabins; Daniel Roberts' gin house and two cabins, at the hands of the same vandals.

I believe I have given you, as far as I am able, a narrative of the Yankee outrages in my vicinity. Most of my neighbors suffered more or less in negro property: Mr. Bowles lost twenty-three; Mrs. Jones lost all but seven or eight, out of forty or fifty on the place. The property of Mr. Roberts' sons and buildings contained thereon all destroyed.

Hoping my narrative will meet the demand in your note, I will conclude, giving all the information I have, relative to the vicinity in which I reside, of the outrages committed by the Yankee scoundrels. I however must inform you that Gen. A. J. Smith sent a party of men and took the piano from the Blanchard house, which I saw landed on board of his flag boat, the Clara Belle. What a dog he is; the English language hardly affords epithets too vile, with which to stigmatize him. Enough for the present, as the mention of such a man makes my blood boil. God grant he may meet with his deserts; but according to the old adage, nought is never in danger.

In haste, yours respectfully,

J. N. TAYLOR.

Judge T. C. MANNING,

Alexandria, La.

[No. 7.]

I have resided in the parish of Rapides, State of Louisiana, upwards of twenty years. My residence is on Red River, nine miles below Alexandria. Business brought me into the presence of Gen. A. J. Smith, at his head quarters on the steamboat Clara Belle, then lying at the town of Alexandria. Gen. Smith's division had just arrived from Pleasant Hill. While in his presence, and that of his staff, I

heard several of his regimental officers express their determination to burn the town before they left;—said they would proceed to the business at once, were it not for the sick and wounded in the hospitals. They also expressed their regrets for not having burnt the town of Natchitochés when they passed through it. Gen. A. J. Smith heard this remark—it was addressed to him.

THOS. K. SMITH.

Alexandria, Nov. 30th, 1864.—Sworn and subscribed before me,

THOS. C. MANNING,

Associate Justice Supreme Court of La.

[No. 9.]

ALEXANDRIA, LA., Dec. 25, 1864.

HON. T. C. MANNING,

Commissioner, &c.:

Sir—I remained here during the occupation of this place by the Federals, from the 15th of March to the 14th of May, 1864, and had good opportunities of being an eye witness to their outrages.

So soon as the men of Gen. A. J. Smith landed from the boats, for full twenty-four hours they were left free to do as they pleased, and well did they employ their time. Every store in the town was at once forcibly entered and robbed of every article, and the cases, windows, iron chests, shelves, etc., broken to a thousand fragments. I was on front street and saw these scenes: officers of all grades were present, and took a part in it, and did their share of the plundering. Private houses were entered in like manner, and robbed and desecrated in the most infamous manner. A Captain DeWest, of Gen. Mower's division, walked in my premises with two privates, and acted well their part. The Captain stole my gun and a small piece of carpeting; his two men all the eggs they could find, and a silver watch from my servant boy George.

Nearly all the poultry of the place was taken by the marines, and nearly in every instance an officer with sword belted on was present, and gave the orders. I saw several trips made with loads of chickens, &c., on board the Black Hawk, the flag ship of Admiral Porter.

In less than fifteen minutes after the arrival and landing at the wharf, at Rachal's warehouse, of the Black Hawk, the *entire crew* marched to the warehouse, broke down the doors, and rolled out the cotton in the streets, and *at once* marked it C. S. on one end, and U. S. N. on the other!! Admiral F. Porter I saw present, and looking on with apparent glee, in this getting the start of Banks. They overhauled every yard, back house, barn, etc., in the town, in search of cotton and sugar, and without ceremony had it taken aboard their gunboats and their tenders. I saw a commissioned officer of the navy with two marines in broad daylight walk into the private residence of Mrs. Caleb Taylor,

on second street, take the clock down from the mantel-piece, wrap it up in a quilt on the bed, and then take both off aboard their gunboat, lying anchored out in the river opposite the street where the pontoon bridge is. These men started expressly on this thieving raid, and seemed to be perfectly at ease in the business. I also witnessed a regular commissioned naval officer, with two negro marines, near the Episcopal church, while the town was in flames, go to a pile of furniture, &c., saved from the fire, and pick out two fine paintings, a fine musquito bar, and two curtains, and walk off with them. I am almost certain these articles were from the residence of the late J. K. Elgee, as I recognized the portrait of Bishop Polk. Three infantry Captains and a detective entered my house and rudely searched it for three hours, and took off all my title deeds, a copy of which I had made out—all my private papers, and a large lot of stationery.

As regards the firing of the town, nothing else was spoken of for weeks before they left. It was the work of design and premeditation. The efforts of Gen. Emory alone saved what is left of it. All the guards were removed at sunrise the morning of the burning. We expected the fire, and as a matter of safety we desired Dr. G. W. Southwick, who knew Banks, to write him a note and tell him of the fears of the people, and the threats of the soldiers. I enclose you his reply. It is useless to tell you that Gen. Banks falsified his word, and never sent the guard; nor did he ever order Col. Goodwin to guard the town. After waiting several hours for the guard to come, several of us hunted for Banks and found he had left. We then called on his chief of ordnance, Lt. W. S. Beebe, showed him the note of Gen. Banks, on which he volunteered to go with us and see Col. Goodwin, whose head quarters were just above Ryan's house. We found him in his tent, told him our errand, and showed him the note of Gen. Banks. He was perfectly surprised, and stated it was news to him—and with an oath remarked, "it is just like old Banks." In a word, his written and official promise was a cheat and a fraud, designed to cover up his real design.

Respectfully, &c.,

E. R. BLOSSAT.

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THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA.

YANKEE TESTIMONY.

The Richmond Enquirer of August 11, 1864, republished from the St. Louis "Republican," a long extract from the letter of a correspondent who wrote from Cairo, Illinois, giving an account of the burning of Alexandria. It appears to be from an eye-witness, and although inaccurate in some of its details, it corroborates the foregoing report.

The correspondent says :

When the gunboats were all over the falls, and the order to evacuate was promulgated, and the army nearly all on the march, some of our soldiers, both white and black, as if by general understanding, set fire to the city in nearly every part, almost simultaneously. The flames spread rapidly, increased by a heavy wind. Most of the houses were of wooden structure, and were soon devoured by the flames. Alexandria was a town of between four and five thousand inhabitants. All that part of the city north of the railroad was swept from the face of the earth in a few hours, not a building being left. About nine-tenths of the town was consumed, comprising all the business part and all the fine residences, the Ice House Hotel, the Court House, all the churches except the Catholic, a number of livery stables, and the entire front row of large and splendid business houses. The "Ice House" was a large brick hotel, which must have cost one hundred thousand dollars, which was owned by Judge Ariail, a member of the late Constitutional Convention, who voted for immediate and unconditional emancipation in Louisiana; which convention also sent delegates to the Baltimore Convention. While Judge A. was thus serving the administration, the Federal torch was applied to his houses, his law office, his private and law library, and all his household goods and effects. All this property, be it remembered, has been protected for three years by the Confederates, who all the time knew the Judge's Union proclivities. Hundreds of other instances might be cited of Union men who suffered in like manner. *Ex uno judice omne.*

The scenes attending the burning of the city are appalling. Women gathering their helpless babes in their arms, rushing frantically through the streets with screams and cries that would have melted the hardest hearts to tears. Little boys and girls were running hither and thither crying for their mothers and fathers; old men leaning on a staff for support to their trembling limbs, were hurrying away from the suffocating heat of their burning dwellings and homes. The fair and beautiful daughters of the South, whose fathers and brothers

were in one army or the other; the frail and helpless wives and children of absent husbands and fathers were, almost in the twinkling of an eye, driven from their burning homes into the streets, leaving everything behind but the clothes they then wore. Owing to the simultaneous burning in every part of the city, the people found no security in the streets, where the heat was so intense as almost to create suffocation. Everybody rushed to the river's edge, being protected there from the heat by the high bank of the river. The steamboats lying at the landing were subjected to great annoyance, the heat being so great that the decks had to be flooded with water to prevent the boats from taking fire. Among those who thus crowded the river bank were the wives, daughters and children, helpless and now all homeless, of the Union men who had joined the Federal army since the occupation of Alexandria. Their husbands had already been marched off in the front towards Simmsport, leaving their families in their old homes, but to the tender mercies of the Confederates.

The Federal torch had now destroyed their dwellings, their household goods and apparel, the last morsel of provisions, and left them starving and destitute. As might be expected, they desired to go along with the Federal army, where their husbands had gone. They applied to Gen. Banks with tears and entreaties to be allowed to go aboard the transports. They were refused. They became frantic with excitement and rage. Their screams and piteous cries were heart-rending. With tears streaming down their cheeks, women and children begged and implored the boats to take them on board. The officers of the boats were desirous of doing so, but there was the peremptory order from Gen. Banks, not to allow any white citizens to go on board. A rush would have been made upon the boats, but there stood the guard with fixed bayonet, and none could mount the stage plank, except they bore the special permit of the Commanding General. Could anything be more inhuman and cruel? But this is not all. General Banks found room on his transports for six or seven thousand negroes, that had been gathered in from the surrounding country.

Cotton that had been loaded on transports to be shipped through the Quartermaster to New Orleans, under Banks' order, was thrown overboard to make room for negroes. But no room could be found for white women and children, whose husbands and brothers were in the Federal army, and whose houses and all had been burned by the Federal torch. I challenge the records of all wars for acts of such perfidy and cruelty.

But there is still another chapter in this perfidious military and political campaign. Banks, on arriving at Alexandria, told the people that his occupation of the country was permanent. That he intended to protect all those who would come forward and take the oath of allegiance; while those who would not were threatened with banishment and confiscation of property. An election was held, and delegates were sent to the Constitutional Convention then in session at New Orleans.

A recruiting officer was appointed, and over a thousand white men were mustered into the United States service. Quite a number of permanent citizens of Alexandria took the oath, and were promised protection. Their houses and other property have now all been reduced to ashes, and they turned out into the world with nothing—absolutely nothing—save the amnesty oath! They could not now go to the Confederates and apply for charity. They, too, applied to General Banks to be allowed to go aboard the transports and go to New Orleans. They were refused in every instance! Among those who applied was a Mr. Parker, a lawyer of feeble health, who had been quite prominent making speeches since the Union occupation, in favor of emancipation, unconditional Union, and the suppression of the rebellion. Permission to go on a transport was refused him. He could not stay, and hence, feeble as he was, he went on afoot with the army. Among the prominent citizens who took the oath was Judge John K. Elgee, of Alexandria.

Before the return of the army from Grand Ecore, Judge Elgee went to New Orleans, leaving his family behind expecting to return. He was not able to do so before the evacuation of Alexandria. Judge Elgee is one of the most accomplished and able men of the South. A lawyer by profession, he occupied a prominent position, both politically and social, and had immense influence. So great stress was placed upon his taking the oath, that one of our bands serenaded him at his residence, and Gen. Grover and Gen. Banks honored him in every possible way. During my stay in Alexandria, I had occasion to call upon the Judge at his residence, and at his office, (which were both in the same building,) on business. His law and literary library, occupied three large rooms—being as fine a collection of books as I ever saw. His residence was richly and tastefully furnished; a single painting cost twelve hundred dollars. In his absence, the Government he had sworn to support, and which had promised him protection, allowed its soldiers to apply the torch to his dwelling, and turn his family into the streets. His fine residence, with all its costly furniture, his books, papers, and his fine paintings, were burned up. It may be that many of the last named articles will yet find their way to the North, having been rescued from the flames by pilferers and thieves; for where arson is resorted to, it is generally to cover theft.

J. Madison Wells, the Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana, elected with Hahn, by General Black's orders, was not spared. He had been a Union man from the beginning. He had a splendid residence in Alexandria, well and richly furnished, at which his own and his son's family resided. His son was absent in New Orleans, attending the Constitutional Convention, of which he was a member, and in which he voted for abolition and all the ultra measures. But that did not secure his family the protection of the Government. All was burned. Thousands of people—men, women and children, were, in a few short hours, driven from comfortable homes, into the street. Their shelter, their

provisions, their beds, were all consumed. In their extremity, which our own culpability had brought about, the Commanding General turned his back upon them. The General, perhaps, did not laugh at their calamity, nor mock when their fear came, but doubtless regarded it as the dawn of a political millenium. The march of the army from Alexandria to Fort De Russy was lighted up with the flames of burning dwellings. Thus has General Banks become the "Liberator of Louisiana."

When the army arrived at Simmsport the feeling against Banks was perfectly uncontrollable. He was absolutely afraid to appear in the midst of the men, lest he might be assassinated. He took refuge in an iron-clad gunboat. As the boat lay in the Atchafalaya river, the soldiers on the banks would cry out aloud for Banks to put his head above the decks, declaring, with curses, that they would put a ball through it. He kept his head inside. When General Canby arrived, he made a speech to the men, and told them that no more fatal expeditions should be gotten up. A long cry arose from the men: "We want to see Gen. Banks punished; we want to see him hung;" and many such expressions. Gen. Canby said that he had reported Banks to the authorities at Washington, and had no doubt he would be dealt with as his conduct deserved. The soldiers were furious, and would have mobbed Banks, if he had made his appearance. Many declared that they would do no more service until Banks was punished. Gen. Canby told them that hereafter they were under his command, and appealed to the men to return to duty and obey all his orders. Thus ended the Red River expedition—a fine sequel to a scheme conceived in politics and brought forth in iniquity.





