

Democratic Banner.

BY D. W. MOORE.

CLEARFIELD, PA. NOV. 1, 1845.

NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. NO. 28—WHOLE NO. 1000.

TERMS

The "DEMOCRATIC BANNER" is published weekly on Wednesday mornings, at \$2 per annum—\$1 75 if paid in advance. No paper can be discontinued (unless at the option of the editor) until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements, &c., at the usual rates.

From the Charleston Courier.

Fanny Kemble in North Carolina.

Messrs. Editors:—With some little chagrin I read some time since in an English periodical, (*Beniley*), a paper by Mrs. Butler, late Fanny Kemble, entitled "A winter's journey to Georgia." My chagrin was not occasioned by her graphic and rather amusing descriptions of the dirty taverns, insolent servants, miserable meals, wet towels, and bad roads, or the slaves and boars' who gathered round and stared at her, and the steam carriages, both equally new in our pine woods,—for them I have nothing to say, only I would suggest that the perfect novelty at that time of every thing connected with travelling conveniences in this section of our State, should give us claim to an extra share of charity; and that the success of the wonderful exertion then making by the citizens of North Carolina in forming the great communication between North Carolina and Baltimore, has removed all those difficulties so trying to a lady, who, like Mrs. Butler, had always enjoyed every luxury and received every attention a fine lady required. We hope too the manners of our boars' are somewhat improved—and I would suggest that the anxiety to see our first railroad trains was intense, and large crowds assembled at every point to witness their arrival and departure. And even Mrs. B. will excuse them when she learns that the boars' of North Carolina advanced all the money to build the 160 miles of road and purchased the fine fine steamboats which convey the passengers to and from Charleston. All the stock is owned in this State on the line of the road.

The cause of offence is one that I, in common with thousands of North Carolinians, feel far more deeply than any trollop-like cuts at our poverty and boorish manners. I allude to the slanderous imputation made on one of the most esteemed citizens of our State, Col. Slocumb. I should not have thought it of sufficient importance had it been confined to a foreign paper, but to-day I find the whole copied into one of the best papers of the Union, the *New York Express*, and this indicates it will be sent through the whole of the States.

Mrs. B. gives a very correct account of the Colonel and of his mansion as it appeared by night. It is a common two-story frame house, very ancient—and so was its master, for I regret to say the venerable Colonel died on the 7th day of July, 1840, in the 89th year of his age. 'Tis this long life he maintained a character for unbounded hospitality and strict morality. That he swerved from his known habits on that one occasion to levy a fifty cent contribution for a bad supper on unfortunate travellers, no one who ever knew him will believe. Many of the passengers offered to pay for their supper, and it was refused, some of them left money but not on the demand of Col. Slocumb. The other charge—that three of the sable demsels who waited at the supper table were the Colonel's own progeny—is entirely a gratuitous untruth. Of his numerous slaves, he had but one one fourth white—her father a mulatto, and her mother a perfect African. Well might Mrs. B. style them sable demsels, for a blacker crew never assembled on board a Guinea-man, and nothing but the malicious wish to give a slanderous cut at a wealthy slaveholder, induced her to make the remark, which had Col. Slocumb lived to hear it, would have grieved his honest heart more than any accusation she could make, unless she called him tory.

A few sketches of Col. S.'s services, will, I think amuse your readers, and serve to show that we, his neighbors, do not over estimate the man. Fanny Kemble was not the first British party who intruded themselves on the mansion of Col. Slocumb, and surrounded his hospitable board, drank his home-made wine, (which, begging the lady's pardon, was peach brandy, and excellent at was too,) and partook of such dainties as a North Carolina farmer's wife could provide.

In the year 1781, after the battles of the Cowpens, Guilford, &c., Lord Cornwallis led his troops through this part of North Carolina; for several days past his head quarters were at Springbank, on the Neuse, the plantation at present of Gen. Nicholson, Washington; while Col. Tarleton with his renowned legion, encamped on Slocumb's plantation, and had his head quarters in the mansion so graphically described by Mrs. Butler. Slocumb at that time held a subaltern's commission in the State line, under the command of Col. William Washington. His troop consisted of Carolina boars', raised in his own neighborhood, and as rudely armed as such troops ever were. [A musket, part of Fanny's armory, was one of their most effective weapons.] He, Lieutenant S., had been sent into the low country with some 12 or 15 men for recruits, and to act

as scouts in the neighborhood of the renowned British General. The morning of the day on which Tarleton took possession of his plantation, he was in the neighborhood of Springbank, and reconnoitered Cornwallis' encampment, supposing it was his whole force. The manner of his reconnoissance was so peculiar and characteristic of the men who fought our revolutionary battles, that I cannot refrain from relating concisely the history, although having no direct connection with the subject of this memoir, except it occurred on the same day. The Lieutenant had directed one of his boldest and most trustworthy men, by the name of McKenne, (whose descendants are among our most respected citizens, and one of them has the honor of representing his native district in our national Legislature,) to go and make a careful examination of the British encampment and report. On reaching the vicinity of Lord Cornwallis' post, he concealed his horse in a thicket, and advanced under cover of the wood to the skirts of the plantation. Here he saw a square mile covered with the tents, the baggage and artillery of the best equipped and disciplined army which had ever visited America.

The sight was one to strike terror to a man but such a heart, but he resolved never to leave the ground without doing something for his country. He had not long been in his concealment, when an officer wearing two epaulettes rode within range of his deadly weapon. The ball sped, and the unfortunate invader bit the dust; without loss of time he gained his horse, in whose speed he had full confidence; but on emerging from the thicket, he found himself within one hundred yards of three British troopers, apparently as well mounted as himself. A race across the sand-hills ensued, and for a mile and a half the distance between him and the headmost horseman was little varied. Here, a bullet whistled past his ear—good, your short gun is not so true as my long rifle, said he, but his congratulation was short. An instant after, came a second report, and his gallant horse fell, the ball having struck and broke the bone of his off fore leg, and before he could recover from his fall, the two headmost troopers flew by like lightning, each giving him a dreadful sabre cut across the head and shoulders. The third came up more leisurely and passed his sword through his body, near the shoulder, and was preparing to give the final coup de grace, when his sword arm was severed nearly in two, and he rolled dismounted in the sand, near his fallen enemy. The second dragoon was encountered instantly by the same powerful arm, and fell with his helmet and his head cleft—while the foremost, seeing his comrade's discomfiture, dismounted and surrendered himself a prisoner to Major Williams, whose name is enrolled among the heroes of our country, and who being engaged in the same service of reconnoitering, had joined in this singular race; without the knowledge of either party. To secure his prisoner, and mount the half dead rifleman on one of the dragoon horses, was the work of but a few minutes; and by his careful assistance, they reached Whitehall in safety, where McKenne's wounds were dressed in their rude manner, and Williams joined Slocumb, and his small troop of recruits.

Such feats of the Carolina boars', were too common to gain the attention of our historians, while our magnanimous enemies stigmatized such acts as assassinations. They risked certain death, if caught, but to destroy an enemy, the risk was frequently taken. The party under Slocumb and Williams pursued their way slowly on the South bank of the Neuse, in the direction of Slocumb's house, little dreaming that his peaceful home, where a few months before he left his wife and infant, was then in possession of the terrible Tarleton. The writer had the following scene, almost verbatim, from Mrs. Slocumb, many years since, and prefers copying from notes then made, her account of Tarleton's residence with her. About 10 o'clock of a beautiful spring day, a splendidly dressed officer accompanied by two aids, and followed at a short distance by a guard of some twenty troopers, dashed up to the piazza, in front of the house, where Mrs. Slocumb, with her child and a young lady, a near relative, afterwards the wife of Major Williams, and a few house servants were sitting. Raising his cap and bowing to his horse's neck, he addressed the lady: "Have I the pleasure of seeing the mistress of this house and plantation?" "It belongs to my husband." "Is he at home?" "He is not." "Is he a rebel?" "No, sir; he is in the army of his country, and fighting against our invaders, therefore not a rebel." (Is it not strange, the people of that day gloried in their rebellion, but always took offence at being called rebels.) "I fear we differ in opinion, madam. A friend to his country will be a friend to his King, our master." "Slaves only acknowledge a master in this country." A deep flush ran over the florid cheeks

of Tarleton, for he was the speaker, and turning to one of his aids he ordered him to pitch the tents and form the encampment in the orchard and field on their right. [A beautiful ground which I regret the darkness prevented Mrs. Butler from admiring, as she then would know our State is not entirely made of interminable pine barrens.] To his other aid his orders were to detach a quarter guard and station pickets on each road. Then bowing very low, he added: "Madam, the service of His Majesty requires the temporary occupation of your property, and if it would not be too great an inconvenience, I will take my quarters in your house."

The tone admitted no controversy. Mrs. S. replied: "My family consists of only myself, my sister and child, and a few negroes. We are your prisoners." From the piazza where he seated himself, Tarleton commanded a view of the ground on which his troops were arranging their camp. Different officers were frequently coming up, making their reports and receiving orders. Among others, a Tory Captain, whom Mrs. S. recognized as a man, who, previous to joining the British army lived some 15 or 20 miles below; [his name I suppress as the family live in the State, and some of them are said to be respectable.] received orders to take his troop and scour the country for two or three miles round. In an hour every thing was quiet and still, and the plantation presented the romantic spectacle of a regular encampment of 10 or 11 hundred of the choicest cavalry of the British King.

Half a century after, the good lady told the writer of this article that she prepared for the King's officers "as good a dinner as you have now before you, and much the same materials." Now, for the information of Mrs. B. and others of the delinquents of the present day, I will try to describe what, in North Carolina, they was called a good dinner. The first dish was, of course, the boiled ham, flanked by the plate of greens. Opposite was the turkey, supported by the laughing baked sweet potatoes; a plate of boiled beef, another of sausages, and a third with a pair of baked toils, formed a line of different pickles, stewed fruit, and other condiments filled all the interstices of the board. Such was the dinner which the good old lady compared to that she set for King George's officers. I have forgotten to say that the fashion of those days introduced stimulating drinks to the dinner table, and the peach brandy prepared under Mr. Slocumb's own personal supervision, and which others besides Mrs. Butler have mistaken for home made wine, received the unreserved praise of the party. Any person who has visited a Carolina plantation where no lady presides over the cuisine department, will readily allow the probability that the Colonel, when unexpectedly visited by the lady and her travelling friends, had a bad supper. But his phiz should have told a person of intelligence and observation that he had been used to better.

The dinner had been well discussed, and the officers were freely discussing the peach toddy. A Scotch officer, whom I take to have been Maj. Ferguson, speaking of it by the name of whiskey—said he had never drank as good out of Scotland. An officer speaking with a slight brogue, insisted it was not whiskey, and no Scotch drink ever equalled it. "To my mind," said he, "it tastes as that orchard smells." "Allow me, madam," said Col. Tarleton, "to enquire where the spirits we are drinking is procured?" Mrs. S.—"From the orchard where your tents stand."

"Faith," said the Irish Captain, "we'll have few sober men in the morning; but Colonel, when we conquer this country, is it to be divided out amongst us?" Col. Tarleton.—"The officers of this army will undoubtedly receive large possessions of the conquered American provinces."

Mrs. S.—"Allow me to observe and prophecy, the only land in these United States, that will ever remain in possession of a British officer, will measure but six feet by two."

Tarleton.—"Excuse me, madam. For your sake I regret to say, that this beautiful plantation will be the dual seat for some of us."

Mrs. S.—"Don't trouble yourself about me, my husband is not a man who would let a Duke, or a King even, have a quiet seat on this ground."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by rapid yollies of firearms, appearing to be in the wood a short distance to the eastward. "It is some straggling scout," said one of the aids, "running from the piquet guard."

"There are rifles and muskets," said Tarleton, "as well as pistols, and too many to pass unnoticed. Order boots and saddles, and you Capt.—take your troop in the direction of the firing."

The officer rushed out to execute his orders, while the Colonel walked to the piazza, and was immediately followed by the anxious ladies, who too well guessed the cause of the interruption.

"May I be allowed, without offence, madam, to enquire if any part of Washington's army are in this neighborhood," said Tarleton.

I presume, replied the lady that it is known to you, that the Marquis and Green are in this State; and added she, "you would of course not be surprised at a call from Lee, or your old friend Col. Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said, shook your hand [pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre] very rudely, when last you met."

A loud order to form the troops on the right, was the only reply, and springing on his charger, dashed down the avenue a few hundred feet to a breach in the hedge row, leaped the fence, and in a moment was at the head of his regiment already in line.

Being an inexperienced narrator, the writer has omitted a description of the localities, which is necessary to understand the scene which now ensued, and will endeavour to remedy as far as possible, by a short description. The house fronts the east, and an avenue of half a mile in length and about 150 feet in breadth, stretches to the easternmost side of the plantation, where was a highway, and beyond that open grounds partly dry meadow and part sand barren. This avenue was lined on the south side by a high fence and in a thick hedge row of forest trees now removed and replaced by the Pride of Indian and other ornamental trees; on the north side the common rail fence of seven or eight feet high, such as is seen on all plantations of good farmers in the low country where the necessary timber is convenient. The encampment of the British troops being on that part of the plantation lying south of the avenue were completely screened by the fences and hedge row from the sight of any person approaching from down the country. As soon as Tarleton reached the ground, he ordered the company which he had detached not to leave the ground, being apprehensive from what Mrs. S. had said that the fight in the woods was only a prelude to an attack on his camp. At this moment some of the Tory troop, whom it will be recollected were ordered to reconnoitre the country, appeared in the open ground described as the east and northeast of the plantation, closely pursued by a body of American mounted militia, and a running fight with every kind of weapon, in which four or five broadswords shone conspicuous, was seen. The pursuing party appeared to be in too great haste and too busy with the Tories to see any thing else, and both parties entered the avenue together. With what horror did Mrs. Slocumb recognize in the leader of the pursuing party, her husband and Major Williams, and two of her neighbors, following the Tory troop half way down the avenue, where one of the Tories fell, and their pursuers were interrupted in their course by one of those providential interferences which has so often saved the brave and imprudent.

When Mrs. Slocumb heard the order given for the Tory captain to patrol the country round, she sent for an old negro and gave orders for him to take a bag of corn to the mill, about four miles off, on the road which she knew her husband must travel if he returned that day; thinking in this way to warn him of the danger of approaching his home. With the intolerance and curiosity natural to his race, the old fellow had remained loitering about the premises, and was now lurking under the hedge row, admiring the red coats, dashing plumes and shining helmets of the British troopers, he suddenly sprang before the young men's horses crying out, "Hold on, massa! The debble, here look you!" A glance to the left showed to the young men their danger. They were within pistol shot of a thousand men drawn up in order of battle. On wheeling their horses they discovered a troop already leaping the fence into the avenue in their rear. Quick as thought they wheeled their horses and dashed down the avenue directly towards the house, where stood the quarter guard to receive them. On reaching the garden fence, a rude structure, which was formed of a kind of lath, and which we call a wattled fence, they leapt that, the next amid a shower of balls from the guard, cleared the canal, a tremendous leap, and scouring across the open field to the northwest, were sheltered in the wood before their pursuers could clear the fences of the enclosure. If this description should excite the curiosity of any travelling reader, he may see the whole ground as he passes over the Wilmington Railroad, 1½ miles south of Dudley Depot.

A platoon of the troops had commenced the pursuit, but such was the impression created on the mind of the commandant by Mrs. S.'s allusion to Washington, and the bold bearing of the young men, that the recall was sounded before they passed the canal.

Tarleton had rode up to the front of the house, where he remained eagerly looking after the flying Americans till they disappeared in the wood. "Send Capt.—in to me." The Tory captain appeared.—"Who are those men, and where is your troop?" said he. "Those men are villainous rebels, and my troop, was attacked in the wood and cut to pieces or dispersed."

"What force attacked you?" "I cannot tell, but I suppose an hundred men."

Tarleton: "We saw but some half dozen, and five of you were running from three

men and a boy." "Yes, your honor, but we are all wounded; a ball from that boy's pistol gave me this wound, which has disabled my sword arm." The men were Slocumb and Maj. Williams, of Lee's light horse. "Are any of the American regular troops with them?" "I saw none but that officer, and I think he served in this scout as a volunteer." "Go," said the Colonel, "have your wounds dressed, and see what has become of your men."

The last part of this order was useless; for nearly half of his troop fell on the ground where they met the Carolina boars, and that ground is known to this day as the Dead Men's Field. As Tarleton walked into the house, he said to Mrs. Slocumb, "Your husband made us a short visit, Madame. I should have been happy to make his acquaintance, and that of his friend, Major Williams." "I have little doubt," said the lady, "you will meet the gentlemen, and they will thank you for the polite manner you treat their friends." "Necessity, Madame, compels us to occupy your property; rest assured every thing in my power shall be done to render my stay as little disagreeable as possible. The British army are not robbers; we shall take only such things as are requisite to our support, and my master's orders are to pay well for every thing we use." Mrs. S. expressed her thankfulness for his kindness, and withdrew to her room, while the officers returned to their peach toddy and coffee, and closed the day with a merry night. Mr. Slocumb and the small party with him passed rapidly round the plantation and returned to the battle ground, collecting on the way a few stragglers of his troop, who directed him where he could find the balance of his men, not one of whom was killed. On approaching their bivouac he saw a young man suspended by a bridle rein round his neck from the top of a sapling, bent down for the purpose, & struggling in the agonies of death. Dashing up to the spot, he severed the rein with a stroke of his sword, and with much difficulty restored him to life. It was a Tory prisoner whom they had captured, and the brother of the captain so often mentioned. Should this memoir be read in the lower part of North Carolina, many can remember an old man, alive a few years since, whose protruded eyes and suffused countenance had the appearance of a half strangled man. He it was who in this hour of excitement owed his life, and after, his liberty, to the kindness of Mr. Slocumb. Mr. S. succeeded, in aid of Major W., in raising in the neighborhood about two hundred men, with which they followed in the rear of the royal army, harassing, and frequently cutting off foraging parties, until they crossed the Roanoke, when they joined the army of La Fayette, at Warrenton. In many of these partisan fights, it is much to be regretted, but little attention was paid to the rules of war in the treatment of prisoners, particularly when Tories fell into the hands of the militia. A depot of prisoners was established at Halifax, and many times an order to convey a prisoner to Halifax was synonymous to one to take him out of sight and shoot him—and the non-commissioned officer would return in half an hour and report the prisoner at Halifax. Hence arose the expression, "sent to hell or Halifax."

Col. S. assured the writer this cruelty was never attempted in his troop after the scene just related, of the hanging of young ——. Mr. S. remained with the army till the surrender at Yorktown.

On reviewing these pages, the writer feels a fear that he has laid himself liable to the suspicion of romancing; but the leading events can be verified by every intelligent old person in this section of the country, and the writer could fill your paper for a year with recitable traditions equally romantic with that here related. Perhaps at some future time, leisure and inclination for writing, he may extend them. Here, however, it is intended to rest Col. Slocumb's claims to revolutionary services, which were rewarded by the gratitude of his fellow citizens in after life, by appointing him to every office of honor and trust in their gift, all of which were honorably and ably filled and their confidence never lost. A pension enlightened his latter days, which he valued more as a mark of acknowledgement than as a pecuniary consideration. This was the man whose services to his country were never slightly spoken of, except by a foreign adventurer.

As the name of Mrs. Slocumb has incidentally been mentioned in this memoir, the writer will take the liberty of mentioning a scene illustrative of her character, which came under his personal observation.

In her 72d year, Mrs. S. was afflicted with a cancer, which her surgeon told her must be extirpated with the knife. At the appointed time the surgeon appeared with some assistants to perform the operation. The old lady protested against being held, but the surgeon (not knowing the resolution of the woman he had to do with) insisted on his assistants holding her securely. The first incision with the knife was extensive, and one of the assistants exclaimed he was sick and should faint. "You're a fool," said Mrs. S. "go away, I don't want you." Driving them off, she braced herself on the table and next moved a muscle or girted a grain thro'