

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. V.

MARCH, 1868.

VOL. IV.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF
COLUMBIA, S. C., ON THE NIGHT OF 17TH FEBRUARY, 1865?

Before entering on this inquiry, it may be as well to premise, that what I shall have to say, may be as much calculated to decide *who is not* responsible for this flagrant outrage, as to fix it specifically upon any one particular individual. Yet of this, each one may form his own judgment, after learning the facts as they were presented to my own personal observation. For as this outrage subjected thousands of innocent and helpless individuals to an incalculable amount of woe, want and suffering, so it will, in an equal degree, entail upon its perpetrators for all time to come, the odium and infamy which properly pertain to such deliberate and brutal inhumanity. I would not, therefore, for these reasons, be disposed to fix the blame upon any one, hastily, and without the most indubitable proofs.

In the first place, I was not a little astounded to hear that the destruction of Columbia was chargeable to the acts or orders of General Wade Hampton, whilst in command of the Confederate forces here. Surely this charge could not have been seriously made, by any one who had any opportunities of knowing any thing of the state of things existing here at the time of that most unfortunate occurrence: for as sure as fate, it must have been well known to every man, woman and child, who had the misfortune to be present, that this was any thing but the truth. Indeed, I can scarcely bring myself to the belief that it is necessary to say one word in disproof of this charge. With those who have the happiness to know him, I am sure it would not; yet it may be, that those at a distance, whose minds may

ANCIENT ROMAN WIT.

C. Cæsar speaking in the *Forum* with animation, his adversary Phillippus thought to disconcert him, by asking sneeringly: "Why does he bark?" (Comparing his discourse to the noise of a brute,) Cæsar, looking at him, instantly replied: "*Because I see a thief.*"

One of the Neros said of one of his slaves who was very roguish, ironically: "He is the only person in my house from whom there is nothing locked up."

Spurius Curvilius had received in battle an honorable wound, which lamed him for life. His mother observed that when he went on the street, he blushed with embarrassment at his own limping; when she said: "But go on, my son: every time you take a step, think of your gallantry."

Scipio Africanus, sitting down to a banquet, was attempting to adjust a garland on his head; but the band of flowers broke repeatedly. L. Varus said: "No wonder, for it is a great brow."

Crassus, the great lawyer, ridiculing the pomposity of Memmius, said: "Memmius feels himself so big, that when he comes to the *Forum*, passing under the triumphal arch of Fabius Maximus, he has to stoop his head." (This arch was, perhaps, fifty feet high.)

Salinator lost the city of Taren-

tum by his feebleness. Some years after, Fabius Maximus took it: and this same officer being in his army, boasted that it was done by his aid. "Just so;" replied Maximus, "I should certainly not have retaken it, if you — had not lost it."

When Metellus was Consul, and was making a levy of men for his army, C. Cæsar excused himself on the plea of bad eyes. Metellus was skeptical, and asked contemptuously: "Can't you see anything at all?" "Yes," said Cæsar, "I can see your villa from the Esquiline Gate." (This villa was a sore subject to Metellus, because it was the popular opinion, that he had not come fairly by it.)

The poet Ennius was much patronized by the family of the Scipios. Scipio Nasica went one day to his house; and the servant girl at the door told him that her master was "not at home."—Nasica knew that she had been instructed by her master to say so, and that he was within. A few days after, Ennius came to see Nasica, and when he asked for him at the door, Nasica himself called out: "I am not at home." "Why," said Ennius: "how is that? Don't I know your voice?" "What an unreasonable fellow you are," replied Nasica: "When your servant girl told me you were not at home, I believed her. But you don't believe me when I tell you so myself!"

Egilius was a festive fellow, who had the reputation of being very effeminate, but unjustly.— lose my voice.” “Better lose that,” said Granius, “than your client.”

Q. Opimius, whose character had been reported to be very dissolute, said tauntingly: “My dear Miss Egilia, do take your distaff and wool along, and come to see me.” “No; by Pollux,” said Egilius, “I can’t do it; I am afraid; my Mamma don’t let me go near bad girls.”

A very poor speaker made a strong effort, in the conclusion of his speech, to move the sympathy of his audience. As he sat down, he asked the eminent orator, Catulus, if he did not appear to have excited their compassion. “Very greatly, indeed,” answered Catulus; “for I reckon there is nobody so hard-hearted as not to pity that speech of yours.”

A very bad advocate had bawled himself hoarse in a speech for an accused man. Granius advised him to go home and drink a very cold honey-dram. “If I do that,” said the lawyer, “I should

The Senate was discussing the management of the *ager publicus*, and many members complained grievously against a nobleman named Lucilius because his herds grazed the public lands. Appius, the elder, said, ironically: “Those are not Lucilius’ herds; you must be mistaken; I reckon they are free, for they graze wherever they please.”

A fellow of very mean ancestry, being angry with C. Lælius, exclaimed that he was unworthy of his forefathers. “By Hercules,” answered Lælius, “that charge does not lie against you.”

M. Lepidus was lying on the grass in the shade, looking at his friends who were vigorously engaged, in the open field, in their military exercises, when he said: “I wish lying here on the grass were exercise!”