

On last Monday afternoon (the 17th Inst.) a Military wagon with four soldiers was driven to this place, and a Sergeant and two privates came to my room, where I was sitting with my sister, we being the only members of the family at home. The Sergeant said to me, "Captain Clayton sent me to get 15 Bushels of oats from you." I replied, "I have no oats for sale." "But you have oats on hand?" "Yes, but none for sale." "Well sir, said the Sergeant, you might as well let me have them, for if you do not, my orders are to take them." "I have no power, I replied, to resist the outrage, but to positively refuse." The Sergeant exhibited to me the orders to forage he under which Capt. Clayton was acting, and tendered me a receipt from Capt. Clayton for 15 Bushels of oats, without price, which I declined to accept, unless he would endorse on it "that after I had declined to furnish the oats, because I had none for sale, he had proceeded to take them by force". This he refused to do, and asked me where the oats were stored, which I refused to tell. He then left my room, saying that he would find and take them. As soon as possible I had myself wheeled round to the Granaries (I have been for many years unable to walk.) The marauders had not found out where the oats were kept, the white hands having refused to give the information. The privates endeavoured by threats to force some of them to tell, but as soon as the Sergeant discovered this he stopped it and reprimanded his subordinates. Daffled in this direction, the Sergeant again applied to me for the oats, saying that if he returned to the Captain without them it would be worse for me. I told him that the threat was idle, that I had no dread of his Captain's vengeance, and that I would neither let him have the oats, nor give him any information about them. He then ordered the privates to seize any of the coloured hands they could find. They entered my Mother's dwelling, seized two coloured servants, and putting a pistol to the head of one of them, threatened him with instant death if he did not tell them where the oats were. Under this threat the boy said they were in the Corn-house. Thither the Sergeant and men went, and finding the door locked, applied to me for the key, which I refused to furnish. The Sergeant then ordered the door to be broken open, which was done by one of the privates and the Sergeant entered the Granary. He then called for a half bushel measure and one of the privates ordered the coloured boy to go and get it - I told the boy not to obey any orders from these men, and not to aid them in their operations in any way. Whereupon the soldier drew his revolver, cocked it and pointing it at the boy's head, said "I'll see, by God, whether you'll obey my orders or not; Go and get the measure." "Shoot him, cried the other private; By God I've taken no part in this before but I'll begin now." I told the boy under these circumstances, that he must obey and get the measure, which he did. The Sergeant and men then took what they said was fifteen bushels of oats and drove off, again tendering me Captain Clayton's receipt, which I refused to take in that shape.

These facts being communicated to Captain Clayton, he said that he would come to see me and investigate the matter. The next morning he came and I stated the case to him - He was courteous and seemed to be annoyed by what had occurred, and said that had he known I was such an invalid I should not have been troubled, but that having heard in Bel Air that Mr. Farnandis was a candidate for the Legislature at the last election, and not knowing