

# THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD.

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## THE TRI-WEEKLY HERALD

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At the request of many of our readers we publish the following interesting correspondence. Though late and many having already seen, yet we believe it will be received with pleasure:

### Correspondence between Generals Sherman and Hampton.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIV. OF MISSISSIPPI,  
IN THE FIELD, February 24, 1865.

Lieut.-Gen. Wade Hampton,  
Commanding Cavalry Forces, C. S. A.

GENERAL: It is officially reported to me that our foraging parties are murdered after capture, and labeled, "Death to all Foragers." One instance of a lieutenant and seven men near Chesterville, and another of twenty, "near a ravine, eighty rods from the main road," about three miles from Feasterville. I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner.

I hold about one thousand prisoners captured in various ways, and can stand it as long as you; but I hardly think these murders are committed with your knowledge, and would suggest that you give notice to the people at large that every life taken by them simply results in the death of one of your confederates.

Of course you cannot question my right to forage on the country. It is a war right as old as history. The manner of exercising it varies with circumstances, and if the civil authorities will supply my requisitions I will forbid all foraging.—But I find no civil authorities who can respond to the calls for forage or provisions, and therefore must collect directly of the people. I have no doubt this is the occasion of much misbehaviour on the part of our men, but I cannot permit an enemy to judge or punish with wholesale murder.

Personally, I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this war; but they were to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow, and made war inevitable, ought not in fairness, to reproach us for the natural consequences. I merely assert our war right to forage, and my resolve to protect my foragers to the extent of life for life.

I am, with respect,  
Your obedient servant,  
[Signed] W. T. SHERMAN,  
Major-General United States Army.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,  
February 27, 1865.

Major-General W. T. Sherman,  
United States Army.

GENERAL: Your communication of the 24th instant reached me to-day. In it you state that it has been officially reported that your foraging parties were "murdered" after capture; and you go on to say that you had "ordered a similar number of prisoners in your hands to be disposed of in like manner." That is to say, you have ordered a number of Confederate soldiers to be "murdered."

You characterize your order in proper terms; for the public voice, even in your own country, where it seldom dares to express itself in vindication of truth, honor or justice, will surely agree with you in pronouncing you guilty of murder if your order is carried out.

Before dismissing this portion of your letter, I beg to assure you for every soldier of mine "murdered" by you I shall have executed at once two of yours, giving, in all cases, preference to any officers, who may be in my hands.

In reference to the statement you make regarding the death of your foragers, I have only to say that I know nothing of it; that no orders given by me authorize the killing of prisoners after capture, and that I do not believe that my men killed any of yours except under circumstances in which it was perfectly legitimate and proper they should kill them.

It is a part of the system of the thieves whom you designate as your foragers to fire the dwelling of those citizens whom they have robbed.

To check this inhuman system, which is justly execrated by every civilized nation, I have directed my men to shoot down all of your men who are caught burning houses. This order shall remain in force as long as

you disgrace the profession of arms by allowing your men to destroy private dwellings.

You say that I cannot, of course question your right to forage on the country. "It is a right as old as history." I do not, sir, question this right. But there is a right older even than this, and one inalienable—the right that every man has to defend his home and to protect those who are dependent upon him. And from my heart I wish that every old man and boy in my country who can fire a gun would shoot down, as he would a wild beast, the men who are desolating their land, burning their houses, and insulting their women.

You are particular in defining and claiming "war rights." May I ask if you enumerate among them the right to fire upon a defenceless city without notice; to burn that city to the ground after it had been surrendered by the authorities, who claimed, though in vain, that protection which is always accorded in civilized warfare to non-combatants; to fire the dwelling-houses of citizens after robbing them, and to perpetrate even darker crimes than these—crimes too black to be mentioned.

You have permitted, if you have not ordered, the commission of these offences against humanity and the rules of war. You fired into the city of Columbia without a word of warning. After its surrender by the Mayor, who demanded protection to private property, you laid the whole city in ashes, leaving amid its ruins thousands of old men and helpless women and children, who are likely to perish of starvation and exposure. Your line of march can be traced by the lurid light of burning houses, and in more than one household there is an agony more bitter than that of death.

The Indian scalped his victim regardless of sex or age, but with all his barbarity he always respected the persons of his female captives. Your soldiers, more savage than the Indian, insult those whose natural protectors are absent.

In conclusion, I have only to request that whenever you have any of my men "disposed of" or "murdered"—for the terms appear to be synonymous with you—you will let me hear of it, in order that I may know what action to take in the matter. In the meantime, I shall hold fifty-six of your men as hostages for those whom you have ordered to be executed.

I am yours, etc.,  
[Signed] WADE HAMPTON,  
Lieutenant-General

The following resolution was agreed to by the Senate on the 9th instant, in reference to the above correspondence:

Resolved by the Congress of the Confederate States of America, That the thanks of Congress and the whole country are due, and are hereby tendered, to Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton for his manly letter of the 27th February, 1865, addressed to General W. T. Sherman; and that, in the opinion of Congress, the Executive Department should sustain General Hampton in carrying out the policy indicated in his letter.

### Movements of Thomas.

AUGUSTA, March 17.

The latest advices from New Orleans of March 4th state that there were forty thousand Yankee troops in that city, mostly from Thomas' command. Who proclaimed openly their intention to capture Selma, by the way of Pensacola.

One corps of Thomas' command was left with Thomas in North Alabama, which he increased to twenty thousand on the first instant when he was at Huntville, and his advance guard of mounted infantry thirty miles south of Guntersville.

The raid on Milton, Florida, on the 4th was a small affair. A working party of about three hundred Yankees, with an armed squad were engaged in the expedition. Their appearance was unexpected, and our forces were completely surprised, losing thirty men captured. Not a gun was fired, and the enemy after securing the object of their trip returned to their former position.

BABY IN THE SUNBEAM.—A baby not old enough to speak or walk was creeping on the floor. By-and-by a bright ray of sunlight fell upon the carpet. She looked at it, and crept all around it; with the greatest curiosity in her sweet face; and then putting down her lips, she kissed it. Now, was not that beautiful? This little sunbeam lighted up joy in her baby heart, and she expressed that joy with a sweet kiss.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.—A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago; but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago—so that matters are not so much changed after all.

### A Patriotic Letter.

We present to the readers of the Bulletin to-day a letter from a Mecklenburg soldier, now in the army near Petersburg. We hope it will attract the attention of such cronkers in the country as have been predicting the failure of our arms, and have been consoling themselves with the illusion that the Yankees have already subjugated the South. It is wrong—it is a sin to distrust the "God of Battles" who in former instances of similar, even of greater emergencies, has graciously intervened for our deliverance and given to our arms the victory.

The letter should produce the blush of shame to any amongst us, who by believing and disseminating amongst our people at home discouraging rumors of the invincibility of our enemies and the inadequacy of our resources to meet and vanquish our foes. Never let it be said again in old Mecklenburg that we are whipped—our cause is a failure—or that the South can be subjugated. Let the spirit of 1775 be again revived, and the enthusiasm of 1861 kept alive in spite of Lincoln and his plunderers.

The writer from the camp we know to be truthful and candid. We bespeak for his communication the close attention of our readers.

LANE'S BRIGADE HOSPITAL,  
Army of Northern Virginia,  
March 6th, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have an opportunity of sending a letter to Charlotte, and will write to you.

I have not heard from you since Sherman turned his course from Charlotte. I was very much relieved when we heard that, although he may pay you a call at some future day; but I hope not.

We are having a very quiet time here at present. After many days rain it is clear again; in a few days (if clear) the roads will be in condition to move. The first few moves will determine our fortune. I see no reason for so much despondency, neither at home nor in the army; we have not the odds to contend with that we had last spring. When that campaign opened, Gen. Lee had only forty thousand muskets and Gen. Grant met him on the first field with one hundred and twenty thousand; and in the three months campaign Grant received enough reinforcements to swell his army to two hundred and seventy-five thousand; and at the end of three months Grant could not muster one hundred thousand effective men, showing a total loss of 175,000 of the Federal army; and Lee's army was then stronger than it was on the 5th of May, when the campaign opened.

Had I time or room I could relate facts that would satisfy any one that the "God of battles was with us." In one battle the enemy lost ten thousand, and our total loss was only twelve men killed and thirty-five wounded. In another the enemy lost four hundred killed on the field besides their wounded, while our loss was one man killed and twelve wounded. With such results as these why do our people despond? We have our last army in the field; so have the Federals their last. If we destroy the present army they are done; they acknowledge it.

It might not be prudent to say what our strength is at this time even if I knew; but suffice it to say that we can compare much better than we did one year ago. I think and hope that the army in North Carolina will be united to this, and then we will have but one grand army; and probably one grand battle may close the bloody drama which has lasted for nearly four years.

Tell the good people to cheer up, and while we are favored by the "God of battles" as we were last year, no power on earth can conquer us.

The moral and general spirit of this army is much better than it was a few days since. Desertions have almost entirely ceased.

Your son,

POLITENESS.—Our friends of the Pacifical have the following reminder in their last issue: "Politeness is never out of place. It is acceptable and commendable everywhere. But more particularly should it be observed in the house of God. A stranger visiting a church should always be kindly invited to a seat, and not be permitted to walk through the church hunting for one, nor left standing at the door during the service. And when the minister goes in the pulpit to preach, it is a great want of courtesy, to say the least of it, to be jumping up and running out. It is insulting to the Priest, and disturbing to the congregation."

We do not intend these suggestions for anybody or any church in particular; but offer them in the kindest spirit to all our readers, believing that one and all will agree with us in what we have said.

Religious education is the cheapest defence of nations.

How DO FOLKS LIVE?—That is the question which now puzzles more than Hamlet ever dreamed of when he gave utterance to his celebrated soliloquy—"to be or not to be."

The hotels in our city charge fifty dollars per day for board, a price by no means higher than that demanded at other hotels in the Confederacy, and if a poor Confederate soldier wants a single meal the price is fifteen dollars—just four dollars more than his month's pay. Everything a man has to eat or drink costs a fabulous price, and yet the services of the mechanic or laborer in no way corresponds with the amount he receives for those services. Most of them lead the life of a dog from one week's end to another and it seems almost a miracle that they can earn enough to live upon. There are some people in the community who are making rapid fortunes who before the war were for the most part insolvent. Like the lilies of the field "they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these?"

[Augusta Constitutionalist.]

HOW TO SAVE BUTTER.—In these times of necessity, when butter is from five to ten dollars per pound, any method by which we can economize in its use ought to meet with consideration. The Petersburg Express mentions a plan which has already been adopted in some portions of North Carolina. That journal says:

It is the custom of nine out of ten people to bite their bread with the buttered side up. As the tongue is the organ of taste, and as butter is spread upon the bread to impart a pleasant taste to it, the true way to eat is with the buttered side next the tongue. In this manner a thin layer of butter will serve the purpose of and render the bread as palatable as though it were spread with a double coating. This practice, we understand, has been partially adopted among the economical in North Carolina, and originated with Quakers out there. It is said to be an excellent recipe, especially when cold bread is eaten, and saves from one-half to two-thirds of the butter usually consumed.

KEEP THE BIRTHDAY.—Keep the birthdays rigorously; they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it be remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they are heroes. The special pudding or cake is made for them; a new jacket or trousers, with pockets, or the first pair of boots are donned; and big brothers and sisters sing into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Mothers who have had a dozen little ones to care for apt to neglect birthdays; they come too often—sometimes when they are nervous—but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their pet Susy or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the hearthstone, and they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in old fashioned phrase, "many happy returns to their birthday," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a mother's privilege.

HOME INFLUENCES.—There are certain localities in North Carolina, and doubtless in all the States, where every evil influence is brought to bear upon our noble soldiers, and to which are evidently owing many of the desertions that weaken our cause and disgrace the deserters and their families. An officer now at home on account of a severe wound received in battle, was speaking of this a few days ago, and told us how often the best and most cheerful soldiers returned gloomy and discontented to camp after a furlough. He said that on remonstrating with one of his men, an acquaintance from his own county, he had succeeded in dispelling his gloom, when the man apologized for it, remarking that, "The fact is that if Jeff. Davis were to go to the settlement and stay three weeks, I'm d—d if he too wouldn't desert." [Fayetteville Observer.]

A public teacher who had just received an appointment in a quiet country village, says that on the second morning "I found leisure to look about me, and among the scanty furniture, I espied a three legged stool. 'Is that the dunce's stool?' I said to a little girl of five. The eyes sparkled, and the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out—'I suppose it is—the teacher always sits on it.'"

One of the Shetland mares imported by John S. Rarey, of Ohio, lately gave birth to a colt, which is considered as the smallest specimen of the horse kind in the world, being only twenty inches in height, and only weighing twenty-one pounds. The mother of the colt weighs only seventy-five pounds.

"In what company is your life insured sir?" asked a sprightly young miss.  
"In the Hope," was the reply.  
"I prefer the Alliance," said she blushing.  
"Then we'll make a joint stock operation, if you choose," said the delighted old bachelor.