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General Sherman on the Burning of Columbia, S. C.

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS., ST. LOUIS, MO., March 8, 1866.

Bem. Rawls, Columbia, S. C.

DEAR SIR—I have your letter enclosing a petition to the Congress of the United States, asking to be indemnified for the loss by fire of your house and contents, at the time of our occupation in February, 1865. I assure you that I feel deeply for you and all others who lost their property in the fire; but if the United States were to assume the liability, it would be an admission that we had done wrong. This is not true.

The rightful authority of the National Government had been resisted in the State of South Carolina for years, and we were compelled, at a great cost of life and money, to conduct thither a vast army, and our progress was resisted by all the force the State could obtain. Your own citizens resisted our approach, not only with arms, but by burning the bridges over the Edisto, Congaree, Saluda, and Broad Rivers. They burned the depot in Columbia before we entered the city, because it contained corn and stores they supposed we needed, and set fire to thousands of bales of cotton rolled out into the streets, and which were burning before we entered Columbia. I myself was in the city as early as noon, and saw those fires, and know that efforts were made to extinguish them, but a high and strong wind kept them alive. I gave no orders for the burning of your city; but, on the contrary, the reverse, and I believe the conflagration resulted from the great imprudence of cutting the cotton bales, whereby the contents were spread by the winds, so that it became an impossibility to arrest the fire.

I saw in your Columbia newspapers the printed order of General Wade Hampton, that on the approach of the Yankee army all the cotton should be burned, and, from what I saw myself, have no hesitation in saying that he was the cause of the destruction of your property. Your true remedy is against him, and such others of your own citizens as conspired with him and made the military occupation of your city an absolute necessity. I hardly think it is fair that Congress should tax the people of Ohio, Illinois and Missouri to pay such losses; but as it is not my province to judge in such matters, I send your petition according to its address.

I again assure you of my personal sympathy by reason of your age and infirmity, but this must not lead me to endorse a wrong principle.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

Destruction of Columbia, S. C.—Who is Responsible?—Letter From Gen. Wade Hampton.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 16, 1865

To the Editors of the New York Day Book:

GENTS:—In your paper of the 6th of May I have just seen General Sherman's official report of his march through the two Carolinas. As this report misrepresents me in the grossest and falsest manner, I trust that you will not deny me the right to vindicate myself. It is due to history, if not to me, that the falsehoods of General Sherman in reference to the destruction of this city should be exposed. This shall be done in the briefest possible manner.

The report says: "General Wade Hampton, who commanded the Confederate rear guard of cavalry, had, in anticipation of our capture of Columbia, ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the street and fired to prevent our making use of it." Some of these piles of cotton were burning, especially one in the very heart of the city, near the court house, but the fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers.

Before one single building had been fired by order, the smouldering fires set by Hampton's order were rekindled by the wind, and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread and got beyond the control of the brigade on duty within the city. The whole of Wood's division was brought in, but it was found impossible to check the flames, which, by midnight, had become unmanageable, and raged until about four o'clock, A. M., when the wind subsiding, they were got under control.

I disclaim on the part of my army, any agency in this fire, but, on the contrary, claim that we saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed. And, without hesitation charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with malicious intent, as the manifestation of a silly

"Roman stoicism," but from folly and want of sense in filling it with lint, cotton and tinder. Our officers and men on duty worked well to extinguish the flames.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to express, in an equal number of paragraphs, a greater number of falsehoods than are contained in the above extracts. There is not one word of truth in all that has been quoted, except the statement that "General Hampton commanded the Confederate rear guard of cavalry." He did not order any cotton to be "moved into the streets and fired." On the contrary, my first act on taking command of the cavalry—to which I was assigned only the night before the evacuation of Columbia—was to represent to General Beauregard the danger to the town of firing the cotton in the streets. Upon this representation, he authorized me to give orders that no cotton in the town should be fired, which order was strictly carried out. I left the city after the head of Sherman's column entered it, and I assert, what can be proved by thousands that not one bale of cotton was on fire when he took possession of the city. His assertion to the contrary is false, and he knows it to be so. A distinguished citizen of the State—whose name, were I at liberty to give it, would be a sufficient voucher, even at the North, for the truth of any statement made by him—has given to the public a minute history of the destruction of the city.

From this document, which is too long for insertion in your paper, I will make a few extracts, which will show how true is General Sherman's solemn disclaimer of "any agency in this fire," and his claim to have "saved what of Columbia remains unconsumed." The Mayor had been informed that he would be notified when to surrender the city, knowing that ineffectual resistance on our part would furnish the ready excuse for all lawlessness on the part of the enemy. I would not allow my troops to become engaged in the city, and they were withdrawn on the morning of the 17th of February.

At nine o'clock A. M., on that day, the Mayor, at the head of the deputation of the City Council, went out to meet Gen. Sherman for the purpose of surrendering the city, which he did in the following letter:

"COLUMBIA, S. C., February 17, 1865.

To Major-General Sherman:

"The Confederate forces having evacuated Columbia, I deem it my duty, as Mayor and representative of the city, to ask for its citizens the treatment accorded by the usages of civilized warfare. I, therefore, respectfully request that you will send a sufficient guard in advance of the army, to maintain order in the city, and to protect persons and property of citizens.

"Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
[Signed]  
T. G. GOODWYN, Mayor."

The deputation met the advance guard of the enemy, under Colonel Stone—Fifteenth Corps—outside of the city, and Colonel Stone returned with them to the town in their carriage.

The Mayor reports that on surrendering the city to Colonel Stone, the latter assured him of the safety of the citizens and the protection of their property while under his command. He could not answer for General Sherman, who was in the rear, but he expressed the conviction that he would fully confirm the assurances which he (Colonel Stone) had given. Subsequently General Sherman did confirm them, and that night, seeing that the Mayor was exhausted by the labors of the day, "Not a finger's breadth, Mr. Mayor, of your city shall be harmed. You may lie down to sleep, satisfied that your town shall be as safe in my hands as if wholly in your own."

"At about eleven o'clock the head of the column reached Market Hall. Hardly had the troops reached the head of Main-street when the work of pillage was begun. Stores were broken open in the presence of thousands within the first hour after their arrival. No attempt was made to arrest the burglars. The authorities, officers, soldiers, all seemed to consider it a matter of course. And woe to him who carried a watch with gold chain pendant, or who wore a choice hat, or overcoat, or boots, or shoes. He was stripped by ready experts in the twinkling of an eye."

"About twelve o'clock the jail was discovered to be on fire from within. This building was immediately in the rear of the market or City Hall, and in a densely built portion of the city. The fire in the jail had been preceded by that of some cotton piled in the streets. Both fires were soon subdued by our firemen. At about 1-2 o'clock P. M., that of the jail was rekindled and again extinguished."

"The experience of the fireman in putting out the fire in the jail was of a sort to discourage their further efforts. They were thwarted and embarrassed by the continued interference of the soldiery. Finally, their hose was chopped with swords and axes, and pierced with bayonets so as to be rendered useless. The engines were in some cases demolished also. And so the miserable day wore on in pillage, insult and constant confusion and alarm. We have shown that the robbery of the persons of citizens and the plunder of their houses commenced within one hour after they had reached the Market Hall. It continued without intermission throughout the day. Sherman traversed the streets everywhere, so did his officers, yet they saw nothing to rebuke or restrain."

"Robbery was going on at every corner, in every house, yet there was no

censure, no punishment."

"Among the first fires that evening was one about dark, which broke out in a filthy portion of low houses, occupied mostly as brothels. There were then some twenty fires in full blast, in as many different quarters, at nearly the same moment, and while the alarm sounded from these quarters, a similar alarm was sent up almost simultaneously from Cotton Town, the northernmost limit of the city, and from Mainstreet, in its very centre."

"The wretches engaged in this appointed incendiarism were well prepared with all the appliances essential to their work. They carried with them from house to house pots and vessels containing combustible liquids, and with balls of fire saturated in this liquid, they conveyed the flames with wonderful rapidity from dwelling to dwelling. "What remained in the morning, of engines and hose were brought out by the firemen, but these were soon driven from their labors by the pertinacious hostility of the incendiaries. Engines were tumbled over and disabled, the hose were hewn to pieces, and the firemen, dreading worse usage to themselves, left the field in despair."

"Old men and women and children were to be seen, often while the flames were rolling and raging around them—while walls were cracking and rafters tottering and tumbling, in the endeavor to save their clothing and some of their more valuable effects. They were driven out headlong, pistols clapped to their heads, violent hands laid on throat and collar, and the ruffians seemed to make but little distinction in their treatment of man and woman. Ladies were hustled from their chambers under the strong arm or with their menacing pistols at their hearts. Their ornaments plucked from their breasts—their bundles taken from their hands."

"A lady undergoing pains of labor had to be borne out on a mattress into the open air to escape the fire. It was in vain that her situation was described to the incendiaries, as they applied the torch within and without the house. They beheld the situation of the sufferer and laughed to scorn the prayer for her safety. Another lady was but recently confined. Her life hung upon a hair. The demons were apprised of the fact in the case. They burst into her chamber—took rings from the lady's finger, plucked the watch from beneath her pillow; shrieked offensive language in her ears, and so overwhelmed her with terror that she sunk under the treatment, surviving but a day or two."

"The churches were at first sought by many streams of population. Thither the hellish perseverance of the fiends followed them, and the Churches of God were set on flame. Again driven forth, numbers made their way into the recesses of Sydney Park, and here fancied to find security. But the ingenuity of hate and malice was not to be baffled, and frebrands thrown from the height into the deepest hollows of the Park taught the wretched fugitives to despair of any escape from enemies of such unwearying and unremitting rage."

But enough of this atrocity, the bare recital of which makes humanity shudder, the heart grow sick. Surely enough has been quoted from the narrative of these horrors to prove that Gen. Sherman alone is responsible for the destruction of Columbia, and for the many other atrocities committed by his army. He declares that the fires set by my order consumed the city. I have shown how false is this statement; but even if it were true, how does he clear himself of the guilt of burning private dwellings outside of the city limits? Early in the afternoon of the day he entered Columbia, my house, which was two miles from the city, was fired, soon after the houses of Mr. Trenholm, Gen. Lovell, Mrs. Stark, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Latta and Mrs. English, all in the same vicinity, shared the same fate. Gen. Sherman cannot deny that these houses were burned by his men, nor can he deny that he destroyed, in part, or in whole the villages of Barnwell, Blackville, Graham, Bamberg, Buford's Bridge, Orangeburg, Lexington, Alston, Pomaria, Winnsboro', Blackstocks, Society Hill, Camden and Cheraw. Does not the fate of these unoffending towns give the lie to his disclaimer of any agency in burning this city.

Along the line of march followed by him there is scarcely one house left standing, from the Savannah River to the Pee Dee, and yet he dares to declare solemnly that he did not burn Columbia! I do not wonder that he should strive to escape from the infamy which, like the leprosy of Gehazi, shall cleave unto his seed forever, for the commission of this dark deed. Nor am I surprised that he should naturally seek to escape by taking refuge behind a falsehood. But he shall not with impunity make me the scapegoat for his sins. Wherever he has taken his army in this State, women have been insulted or outraged, old men have been hung to extort from them hidden treasure. The fruits of the earth have been destroyed leaving starvation where plenty once reigned, and the dwellings of rich and poor alike have been laid in ashes. For these deeds history will brand him as a robber and incendiary, and will deservedly "damn him to everlasting fame."

I am, your obedient servant,  
WADE HAMPTON,  
Lieutenant-General

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

CAMDEN, FRIDAY, MAR. 30.

W. T. WALTER, of the firm of DERBEC & WALTER, (factorage and commission merchants,) is the only authorized agent for the Camden weekly JOURNAL for Columbia, S. C.

Col. THOS. P. SLIDER, is the only authorized agent of the Camden JOURNAL for the city of Charleston. He may be found at the Mills house in that city.

Cotton and Goff in New York. On the 23d inst., the best average cotton sold at 41 cents. Gold, 27 1-2.

Military and Dress Goods.

See advertisement in another column of Mrs. WILSON'S stock of military and dress goods. Her stock embraces a rich and handsome assortment of all kinds and styles of goods usually kept in a dress establishment, and invites the attention of the ladies.

Heavy Taxation.

The New York Tribune says that the taxes in this country are heavier than are, or ever were, borne by any other thirty millions of people on earth. Adding our State and Municipal to our national taxes, they amount to not a penny less than \$20 each, per annum, for the whole American people.

New York Daily News.

The Postmaster at this place, Mr. J. M. GAYLE, is the authorized agent for this valuable daily northern journal, and will receive and forward subscriptions for the same.

He is also agent for "Godey's Lady's Book," "Peterson's Ladies National Magazine," "De Bow's Review," and "The Ladies' Friend."

Pavilion Hotel.

Merchants and others visiting Charleston will find the Pavilion Hotel handsomely furnished, the table supplied with an abundance of substantial, luxuries in great variety, the price moderate, and last, though not by any means the least item to be considered, the prince of hosts (BUTTERFIELD) to preside over it. See card in another column.

Baum, Bro. & Co.

This sterling firm are daily in receipt of dry goods, clothing, and gentlemen's furnishing goods of all styles and quality. Everything that is to be found in a first-class establishment can be seen at this store. The ladies are especially invited to examine his stock of spring dress goods—all of which have been selected with care and a view to please the trade of this section. See advertisement.

Burglary.

On Tuesday night last the storehouse of Mr. JAMES JONES was entered and a considerable amount of goods stolen. Early the following morning Capt. SCHMUCK was informed of circumstances attending the robbery which led to the detection and arrest of the burglar, who confessed his guilt and made evidence against an accomplice, who has fled from justice, and is supposed to have carried with him a portion of the articles extracted. Strange to say the money drawer, containing some dollars in change, was left untouched. The punishment for this outrage is death—according to our State laws—the offender may have a hard but short road to travel.

We also learn that on Friday night last the store of Mr. E. W. BOSSER was entered, and the contents of the money drawer lifted. Fortunately there was but a few dollars in change.

Since penning the above, we learn that the fellow who robbed Mr. Jones' store has made his escape from the cell in which was confined, and is now at large.

Cotton in New York.

We understand that the New Orleans shippers hesitate about sending cotton to this market, owing to the high charges—current here for cartage, storage and insurance, and owing to the loss resulting from theft. In several instances within our knowledge, captains of vessels which have been sent out to New Orleans to load for New York, have telegraphed for permission to load for Liverpool direct, shippers refused to send their cotton here for the reasons enumerated above. It is to be hoped that this important trade will not be driven from our city by any such causes, and render the expenses of handling &c., less onerous. As to the matter of pilfering, it is done with impunity. It is no uncommon thing to see a half dozen women congregated in the vicinity of a lot of cotton which is being handled by laborers, who permit them to fill their aprons and stuff their clothes full without remonstrance. In this way a good deal of cotton may be extracted from a bale, especially if it is loosely put up, or the bagging becomes worn out. Every house dealing in cotton ought to appoint some one who can be trusted to oversee the handling of it, for the laborers, as a rule, wink at the operations of the female thieves.—New York Price Current and Commercial List.

FIRE AT DARLINGTON AND MARION.

We were pained, last evening, to learn from passengers by the Northeastern Railroad, that a most destructive fire occurred in Darlington village on Sunday morning, destroying a large part of the business portion of the town. Our contemporaries, Darlington Southerner and New Era, were destroyed. At Marion on the same day, early in the morning, some half dozen buildings were consumed. These fires are supposed to be the acts of incendiaries, and the loss at the present time will fall very hard upon the communities of these villages.—Charleston News of the 26th.

He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.

A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

He who expects a friend without faults will never find one.

Municipal Election.

The approaching municipal election for Intendant and Wardens for the town of Camden will take place on Monday next. There is but a single ticket before the people—all good and true men. Should the names of other of our citizens be presented, it is to be hoped that each voter will have at heart the best interest for the future of our town—casting aside prejudices and vote with judgment and intelligence. The voter should see that the candidates are gentlemen of intelligence, of energy, of judgement, of moral worth, of pleasing address, of legislative capacity, and of financial ability. These are all qualifications our municipal authorities should possess. To this and we shall have reason to be proud of our City Fathers.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 22.—Although there is no certain data on the subject, a report generally prevailed among members of Congress to-day, that the President will veto the Civil Rights Bill.

Great Fire in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, March 23.—There was a great conflagration in this city this morning, by which Pike's Opera House, the Enquirer office, and several prominent business establishments, were destroyed. Loss estimated at \$200,000.

Later from South America—Arrival of the Aspinwall.

NEW YORK, March 23.—The steamship Aspinwall has arrived from Panama, with South American dates to the 15th inst.

Two Spanish frigates have been repulsed in an attack on Chilean fortifications.

Bolivia has entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Chili and Peru.

Peru is preparing to take a full share in the war.

The Colombian Congress has rejected a proposition to declare war against Spain.

France, the United States and Mexico.

In his last letter from Paris to the New York News, John Michol gives it as his belief that there is no danger of trouble between the United States and France. He says:

The name of Mexico is seldom heard here now. Every one seems perfectly satisfied that this affair is, if not actually settled, in a very fair way of settlement. Frenchmen have the utmost confidence in the good will of Americans toward themselves, which, indeed, they cordially reciprocate; and the utter absurdity of those two nations engaging in a horrible war about Mexico seems to remove that event out of the bounds of possibility.

There was, undoubtedly, for a time, a good deal of uneasiness in France lest American adventurers should gather in such force upon the frontier, and become so venturesome that "heavy skirmishing" might take place; and if that had befallen, undoubtedly there would have been a war; and all France, though with some reluctance, would have accepted the trial by battle. Happily all chance of that appears now to be removed.

Cotton in New York.

We understand that the New Orleans shippers hesitate about sending cotton to this market, owing to the high charges—current here for cartage, storage and insurance, and owing to the loss resulting from theft. In several instances within our knowledge, captains of vessels which have been sent out to New Orleans to load for New York, have telegraphed for permission to load for Liverpool direct, shippers refused to send their cotton here for the reasons enumerated above. It is to be hoped that this important trade will not be driven from our city by any such causes, and render the expenses of handling &c., less onerous. As to the matter of pilfering, it is done with impunity. It is no uncommon thing to see a half dozen women congregated in the vicinity of a lot of cotton which is being handled by laborers, who permit them to fill their aprons and stuff their clothes full without remonstrance. In this way a good deal of cotton may be extracted from a bale, especially if it is loosely put up, or the bagging becomes worn out. Every house dealing in cotton ought to appoint some one who can be trusted to oversee the handling of it, for the laborers, as a rule, wink at the operations of the female thieves.—New York Price Current and Commercial List.

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Ex-Governor Allen on E. A. Pollard.

The following article, from the pen of Ex-Governor Allen, of Louisiana, and now editor of the Mexican Times, is clipped from that paper of the 6th of January. It is a composition worthy of the immortal Junius. In its power, in its force of bitterness and sentiment, it is an unequalled piece of writing. Of the personality of the article we have nothing to say, but submit it to our readers as a specimen of most extraordinary composition.—Charleston News.

The civil war in America is ended, and the "banner of the bars" that waved over Jackson and gleamed upon the track of Stuart's reckless riders has been put away as men hide the trinkets of a dear, dead love.

Although the blood of Virginia's best and bravest is not yet dry in the valleys, nor has the grass grown over the premature graves of the manly Confederates who fell before Petersburg, yet Mr. E. A. Pollard, a pretty writer and talented editor, in a long newspaper article, denounces ex-President Davis, Generals Lee, Johnston and Beauregard, and says "the Southern people disgraced themselves forever when they refused to fight to extermination; that they lack courage and endurance—statesmanship and intelligence." He criticizes campaigns, ridicules strategical movements, sneers at retreats, and laughs at every heroic effort of the brave men who left to history an immortal name.

Who is Mr. E. A. Pollard? He is a Virginian, the editor of the Richmond Examiner, and the author of the "Southern History of the War." We have grief for the first, blushes for the second, and contempt for the last.

During all those years of carnage and of blood, this Richmond Examiner was an insatiate fiend of opposition and hatred. Step by step it broke down the brave, fond heart of Sidney Johnston; again and again it lacerated and gored the sensitive soul of Beauregard; week after week it denounced the heroic efforts of Joseph E. Johnston; and now, when Jefferson Davis is chained amid the waves of his rock-ribbed prison, it tries to stab his reputation and his honor.

It is not often that men like Pollard and Jordan can gloat over the agony of such a spirit and the degradation of such a name. It is not often that such a bosom as Lee's is laid bare for the thrust of every ruffian's spear, or the dagger of every coward's hand. It is not often that a desolated nation writhes under the blows of its children and the cruelties of its own offspring. It is not often that the world furnishes human hyenas to exult the bodies of her sainted dead, and howl in horrid delight over the revolting feast.

Pollard wanted extermination, but he was in New York city, hob-nobbing with Greeley, and telling the pleasant story in his pleasant way of the four year's war. He wanted fifty thousand men to fight a million to the death, but he never fell in beside them and preferred to share a common fate. Like Job's war-horse, snuffed the battle from afar! Shoddy is cheap, and humbug is cheap, and Henry Ward Beecher's patent sermons are cheap; and sincerity, faith, honor, chivalry, manhood! how pure and unpopular.

Pollard's mother State lies prostrate in the dust, her hearth-stones desolate and her idol shattered. All over the land he can see her bereaved daughters weeping for the young, fresh faces that looked back to them from the heat and yellow dust of the conflict just before the horses' feet trod them down. He can almost hear the breezes from the Wilderness singing their melancholy dirges over Stuart and Ashby, and Pelham, and Hill, and Jackson, dear to God. He has no love, nor veneration, nor tenderness, nor pity for any of these; but tearing open the graves of the immortalized dead, he blends them with the living in one sacrilegious anathema of contemptuous hatred.

Drape the picture of a nation in its agony, and cover its laurels with mourning cypress. Furl the conquered banner with a farewell look, and shrine its memory in our heart of hearts; but to the brutal hardihood of those who curse and vilify a ruined race, give vengeance, scorn, and a never-dying contempt. History tells how Coriolanus halted his victorious legions beyond the Yellow Tiber, but that Nero fiddled a godly tune while Rome was burning. Amid the graves of his kindred; the anguish and despair of brave men in their crushing overthrow, amid the blue skies and green fields of his nativity, E. A. Pollard dips his pen in gall of the New England hate and writes the record of his own everlasting infamy and disgrace.

New Military Store.

MISS MATILDA WILSON

WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM THE Ladies of Camden and Kirkwood, and the public generally, that she has opened a

MILITARY STORE

At the old stand of Mrs. Hammersloagh, where she is prepared to execute all orders in the LATEST STYLE and at the SHORTEST NOTICE. Also, a fine selection of DRESS GOODS and DRESS TRIMMINGS for sale.

March 30—1f

PAVILION HOTEL,

Corner Meeting & Hazel Streets.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Rates of Board per day, \$3.00

H. L. BUTTERFIELD, Proprietor.