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Editors: J. F. GRENEKER, R. H. GRENEKER.

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The Destruction of Columbia, S. C.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

LETTER FROM GEN. WADE HAMPTON.

In yesterday's issue of the News we published the letter of Major-General Sherman on the burning of Columbia, S. C. To-day we present the bold and outspoken letter of Gen. Wade Hampton. Both of these we have given entire, as important records that will be handed down to posterity in the history of the war just ended. We do not feel called upon to make any comment on General Hampton's letter, as it certainly speaks for itself in a remarkably plain manner. In regard to General Hampton's statement in relation to the atrocities committed in Columbia by General Sherman's troops, we would only remark that in the hands of witnesses can attest the truth thereof. With this brief introduction we submit the letter to our readers:

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 19, 1865.

To the Editors of the New York Inq. Book:

GENTS: In your paper of 6th 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 in the very heart of the city, near the court house, but a fire was partially subdued by the labor of our soldiers. Before one single public building had been fired by order, the snuffing fire set by Hampton's order were extinguished by the wind, and communicated to the buildings around. About dark they began to spread and get beyond 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 unincinerated. And without hesitation, charge Gen. 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 fuel, 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 "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 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 this 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 unincinerated." The Mayor had been informed that he would be notified when to surrender the city, knowing that intellectual 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 six o'clock A. M., on that day, the Mayor, at the head of the deputation from the City Council, went out to meet General 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 the 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, he counselled him to retire to rest, saying, "Not a finger's breadth, Mr. Mayor, of your sleep 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 we 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 12 o'clock P. M., that of the jail was rekindled and was again extinguished."

"The experience of the firemen in putting out the fire in the cotton 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 capture, no punishment." * * * "Among the first fires at 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 Main-street, 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 from the morning of engines and hose were soon driven from their labors by the pertinacious hostility of the incendiaries. Engines were tumbled over and disabled, the hose was 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 pistol 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 facts in the case. They burst into their chamber—took rings from the lady's fingers, plucked the watch from beneath her pillow, shrieked offensive language in her ears, and so overwhelmed her with terror that she sank under the treatment, surviving but a day or two." * * * "The churches were at first sought by many streams of population. Thither the belated 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 firebrands thrown from the height into the deepest hollows of the Park taught the wretched fugitives to despair of any escape from enemies of such unwearied and unrelenting 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 General 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. Tremholm, Gen. Lovell, Mrs. Stark, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Arthur, Mr. Latta and Mrs. English, all in the same vicinity, shared the same

fate. General Sherman cannot deny that these houses were burned by his men, nor can he deny that in destroyed, in part, or in whole, the villages of Barnwell, Blackville, Graham, Bamberg, Buford's Bridge, Orangeburg, Lexington, Alston, Pomaria, Winnsboro, Blackstocks, Society Hill, Camder, 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 the infamy which, like the leprosy of Gehazi, shall cleave unto him and 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 exhort from their 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.

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.

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 tinkles of a dead, dead leop.

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 many 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, General 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 have 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 insatiable 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-riddled 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 writes under the blows of its children and the cruelties of the world-furnishes human hyenas to exult in 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 years' war. He wanted fifty thousand men to fight a million to the death, but he never left in beside them a spear, or a sword, or a bullet, or a stone. He wanted to share a common fate. Like Job's war-horse, he 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 Polkhan, 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.

Draped the picture of a nation in its agony, and cover its laurels with the mourning cypress. Furl the conquered banner with a farewell look, and shroud 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 killed 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.

A woman's club is about to be formed at Paris. The well known Madame Olympe Andouard is at the head of it. She has just published a violent diatribe against men. "War to Men" is its title, and it describes men as monsters, who damn woman to seap-making and stocking mending.

Richmond papers take encouraging views of the next crop, and prophesy better times for products of tobacco and cereals.

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

The following is the letter of Major-General Sherman on the burning of Columbia, S. C., an abstract of which says the Charleston *News*, has already been published in our columns. It will be seen that he is opposed to the payment of Southern war claims of even the most worthy character, though he expresses sympathy for those who sustained losses:

HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
St. Louis, Mo., March 8, 1866.
Benj. Rowles, 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 bridge 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 morning, 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.

A FEARFUL RAILROAD RIDE.—A passenger sends to the St. Louis *Republican* the following brief but thrilling account of a merciful escape from a terrible fate on the Pacific Railroad.

The down train from Kansas City did not arrive at Jefferson City until 10 o'clock on Wednesday night, and the sickness of a member of my family compelled me to leave there that fearfully cold night for St. Louis.

The train consisted of six cars, all well filled with passengers, among whom were two newly married couples, who started off from points above when the knot was tied, on matrimonial excursions. Nothing worthy of note occurred until we had reached within about four miles of Hermann, which we did between 12 and 1 o'clock Thursday morning, the recollection of which will, the longest day I live, be indelibly impressed on my memory. The thermometer must have been several degrees below zero, the passengers were crowded around the stove, some lying down, endeavoring to sleep, others standing, holding their feet to get warm, and others who could not get near the fires in consequence of there being no available space for them to creep in, were stamping on the floor, endeavoring by that means to keep the blood in circulation, and cause some degree of warmth to pervade the interior members, who all in a second, and before any one on board had time to make an exclamation, the cars commenced jumping to such a fearful pitch that the fires in the stoves were knocked about the floor, the lamps were all blown out, and several of the passengers that had been standing around the fires were either tumbled on to those who occupied seats in their immediate vicinity, or compelled to hold on with hands and feet to the nearest benches within reach.

This scene could not have lasted over ten minutes, but to the unfortunate passengers in the cars it was ten of the most terrifically momentous minutes that the human mind could comprehend. The lady passengers, and there were quite a number on board, sat in their seats with their hands holding on to the benches before them, and their faces presenting the most fearful picture of horror and despair. When the locomotive was got under control and came to a stand still, the passengers ran to the doors and looked out, and merciful heaven! what a sight was presented to the eye!

The train had been running on the verge of a precipice some thirty or forty feet in depth, at the bottom of which was the Missouri River, bearing on its bosom flakes of ice, nothing to be seen but snow—the wind blowing a penetrating breeze from the North, and the hindmost cars careened considerably to the river side and completely off the track. The three foremost cars had, through the most providential coincidence, jumped on the track, and this circumstance was no doubt the saving of the lives of all on board, as had the train kept off even one minute more it would inevitably have gone down the precipice into the river, and all would have perished.

A shoemaker in Leeds, England, undertook, lately, for a wager, to eat an uncooked rabbit, fur, skin and all. He succeeded, but immediately went into convulsions, which continued for an hour, when he died.

MARVELOUS CAVE STORY.—SKELETON OF A GIANT FOUND—HIS HEIGHT THIRTY-EIGHT FEET.—TERTIARY INCISORS LONG, &c.—A St. Joseph, Mo., correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that a wonderful cave has been found in the bluff about a mile above St. Joseph, which has been explored by some of the leading citizens of the place.

Provided with all things necessary, they entered the cavern about 10 A. M. and were gone until 4 P. M., when they returned, expressing the greatest wonder, and relating marvels too strange almost for credence. Before proceeding very far they came to a vast and splendid chamber, whose ceiling and sides were adorned with various stalactites of every form and hue, and transparent in their brightness. Fish and beast and human forms were represented by this brilliant accretion, and massive curtains of it, brilliant in hue, were pendant from the ceiling and hung heavily around the walls.

Passing through this vast chamber, they found themselves in a sort of grotto, whose sides were formed of crystalline columns and whose arched ceiling resembled a gorgeous bow of diamonds. Emerging thence, they beheld another hall vaster than the first one, and far more gorgeous in all its appointments. Here were niches, columns, recesses, fountains, all arranged as if by the hand of some great artist; and what was stranger still, a sort of lava that seemed to fill all the space. The lava that attributed to the marmur of a crystal streamlet, which leaped from a portion of the wall, and ran into a recess over glittering pebbles. On one side was a raised platform of pure white marble, extending the entire length of the room; and on this platform they discovered a human skeleton of a gigantic size, and in excellent preservation. Its length, from head to feet, was thirty-eight feet six inches. They could not measure the circumference of his head, but it was immense, they should imagine about six feet. Two of the teeth were dislocated, and these they brought to town, and I have seen. They are now on the counter of the office of the Pacific Hotel, for general inspection. One of them is ten inches in circumference, and the other about six. It is almost impossible to imagine an animal large enough to use such masticators.

PALESTINE.—One of the curious enterprises of the day is a project, gotten up by some Hebrew people, for colonizing Palestine. The head of it is Mr. Adams, editor of a monthly paper called "The Sword of Truth and Harbinger of Peace," who has applied to the Government at Washington to obtain from the Sultan a "firman" of protection for the colony. "The colonists," as we learn from the *Intelligencer*, "have already purchased a beautiful location for their first city or trading port, within ten minutes' walk of Jaffa, the ancient 'Joppa.' The location is situated in the midst of orange and lemon groves and pomegranate orchards; also surrounded with fig trees, date trees and grape vineyards. We understand they are building two vessels suitable for carrying passengers and freight. The first vessel, with some twenty five or thirty families, they purpose shall sail about the 15th of July next. Their object is to get there just in time to put in crops of wheat and barley. They take with them, their furniture, the materials for their houses, and all kinds of agricultural implements, and among their reaping machines, and threshing machines. Among those who go, first will be carpenters, masons, cabinet makers, boat-builders, coopers, milliners, farmers, shoemakers, school-teachers and merchants. One gentleman will build a large hotel to accommodate some of the thirty thousand European pilgrims who annually visit Jerusalem by the way of Jaffa. They go there to become practical benefactors of the country and people—to introduce American agriculture, arts, science and mechanics; and to help resuscitate that once glorious land, as they believe the time has now come to prepare the way for the restoration of the descendants of Abraham to the land of their fathers. They purpose having their vessels run between Jaffa and this country, carrying lumber and in return bring hides, wine, olives, oil, dates, figs, lemons, oranges, and other kinds of fruit and productions of the country."

A SUREWED EDITOR.—At a Welsh celebration in New York, Dr. Jones told the following amusing anecdote:

"The speaker said the editors were like other shrewd men who have to live with their eyes and ears open. He related the story of an editor who started a paper in a new village in the West. The town was infested with gamblers whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor that if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a smasher next day. Sure enough, his next issue contained the promise 'smasher,' and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum cutting out news, when in walked a large man with a club in his hand, and demanded to know if the editor was in. 'No, sir,' was the reply, 'he has stepped out; take a seat and read the papers; he will return in a minute.' Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vanished down stairs, and at the landing below he met another excited man with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in. 'Yes, sir,' was the prompt editor was in. 'You will find him seated up stairs reading a newspaper.' The latter, on entering the room, with a furious oath, commenced a violent assault on the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and pounded each other to their hearts' content."

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—A decision of some interest was made by Hon. C. S. McGowan, Judge of Probate for Sumter county, Alabama, recently. The question was the liability of a guardian for amount of debts for which payment had been received in Confederate Treasury notes during the existence of the Confederacy, said debts having been contracted previous to the year 1861. The decision of the Judge was, that the guardian was not liable. In other words that he was entitled to credit for amount so received.

QUACK FOR VENEREAL SMALL POX, SCARLATINA AND MEASLES.—A merchant and shipowner of Boston has had the following recipe sent to him from England, where it was furnished by Mr. L. Larkin, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, who vouches it as "a medicine that will effect a revolution in the healing art, as regards the prevention and cure, not only of small pox, but also of measles and scarlatina, however malignant the type, in a manner more efficient and extraordinary than could ever have been anticipated even by the most ardent philanthropist."

"On the first appearance of fever or irritation ushering in attacks, whether occurring in families or large communities, the suggested mode of treatment should be as once, as often: Take one grain each of powdered ergot, glycerol or digitalis (value in the ratio of its greenness—the dark should be rejected), and one of sulphate of zinc (this article is commonly known as white vitriol). These should be rubbed thoroughly in a mortar or other convenient vessel, with four or five drops of water; this done, a noggin (or about four ounces) more, with some syrup or sugar, should be given an adult, and two teaspoonfuls to a child every second hour, until all symptoms of disease vanish. Thus conducted, convalescence, as if by magic, will result.

The rapidity of an event so auspicious will equally delight and astonish. It may, however, be necessary further to note, that should the bowels become obstructed in progress of the disease—an evil by no means uncommon—then a drachm of the compound powder of jalap (formed of two parts cream of tartar, with one of jalap), and one grain of the herb, treated as above, formed into a pill with syrup or sugar, should be given to an adult, and half the quantity to a child. This simple medicine shuts out every other form of article whatever, as totally unnecessary, if not pernicious. The *Methodus medendi* of these medicines, capable of effecting results so gigantic, remain now only to be given, and appear to be as follows: The herb, by its antifebrile properties, lays hold at once of the fever, the prolific source of woe, which it immediately strangles, while the aloë acts the part of tonic, instantly restoring the equilibrium.

Mr. Larkin adds: "No emigrant or Government vessel should hereafter be allowed to put to sea without a few pouches worth of these protectors, and it is further ardently hoped that as the dearest interests of our common humanity are so fully involved in this discovery, the press of all countries will give publicity to this announcement."

A DUEL BY LAMP-LIGHT.—A singular occurrence took place at Culpepper Court House on Saturday night last, the particulars of which we give below as received from an eye witness. It appears that a difficulty occurred at the Watery House, in that place, between Edward Freeman, Esq., residing Justice of the County Court, and a Mr. Walter B. Robinson, of the late Confederate army. To adjust the matter amicably, and after the manner prescribed by all true sons of chivalry, a "code" was resorted to. After the preliminary challenges and acceptance had been disposed of, arrangements were completed for the meeting, which took place on the platform of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad Depot, time, 12:40 A. M., yesterday (Sunday) weapons, pistols. Mr. J. K. Coughtry acted as the "friend" of Mr. Robinson, and Mr. John H. D. Vaughan, (formerly of this city) as that of Mr. Freeman. The night being very dark, lamps were resorted to as a means whereby the opponents might be enabled to distinguish and extinguish each other. This arrangement, however, proved wholly unnecessary, as after the exchange of a couple of shots, neither of which "hit the mark," the seconds, probably fearing that their own personal safety would be endangered by a continuance of the "exercise," interfered, and the contestants, having pronounced themselves "satisfied," became at once "reconciled." We failed to learn the precise cause which led to the difficulty, but believe that it was of a trifling character.

[Alexandria (Va.) Journal.]

A FEDERAL COLONEL COMPARES JEFFERSON DAVIS TO BONAPARTE.—We clip from the New York *Citizen* the following tribute to Jefferson Davis. When it is considered that the *Citizen* is a Republican paper, and that the editor is Col. HALPERN, late of the Federal army, it will add materially to the weight of the opinion offered. We cannot too highly commend the noble-minded liberality of sentiment of this true soldier, who can so freely accord the meed of praise to a fallen adversary. Col. HALPERN speaks thus of Mr. Davis:

Let those loyal gentlemen, disciples of Mr. Abbott, who worship the character of Bonaparte, make some consistent homage to the brilliant directory of Jefferson Davis. Both were men of destiny, and the personal of the survivor is by far the nobler. Of the fanatical angels, whose dark plumes swept from our Senate halls, he made the most courtly address. Of all decisions, his was the most earnest. Of all decisions, his was the most prompt, and the most enduring. He only of the conspirators, felt that his quarrel with the Union was irreconcilable, and stood with his capital to the last, and has never yet admitted submission. His captivity has been limited by none of Bonaparte's querulousness. Blind and gray, and wasted, his dominions are narrowed to a casemate, while the republic he would overthrow reaches to the silent oceans.

LEPACIOUS SCENE IN A CHURCH.—An aged clergyman, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said that during the whole term of forty years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never been once disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, he noticed a man directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery, with something in his hand, which he afterwards discovered to be a big chew of tobacco, just taken from his mouth. Directly below sat a man fast asleep, with his head back and mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was instantly engaged in raising and lowering his hand, taking an exact observation, till at last, having got it right, he let fall his quid, and it went plump into the mouth of the sleeper below! The whole scene was so indescribably ludicrous, that for the first and last time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher.