

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA

February 17, 1865, Sherman and His Army Set Fire to Columbia--Two Eyewitnesses Tell of Happenings of That Never-to-be Forgotten Day.

Friday was the anniversary of the burning of Columbia by Sherman, which took place February 17, 1865.

Two well known Columbians, John F. Williams and F. F. Whilden, both of whom witnessed the burning, have contributed to the State interesting accounts of that day as remembered by them.

Mr. Williams's Account.

Mr. Williams's account follows: "February 17 should be marked in red in our calendars as a memorial of Sherman's burning of Columbia in 1865.

"On the 15th there was considerable skirmishing around Cayce and on the 16th the Confederate troops fell back across the river and burned the bridges and Sherman planted a battery across the river on Mayrant's hill opposite the penitentiary and from there he shelled the city all day. All during the 16th there was considerable fighting across the river at the Broad river bridge and both the Saluda and Broad river bridges were burned.

On the morning of the 17th Sherman came across Broad river, just above the bridge, on his pontoon boats and commenced coming into the city. Dr. Goodwyn, who was mayor of the city, met the advance guard on the river road and surrendered the city. It was about 2 o'clock when the main army came in. I was at the corner of Elmwood avenue and Main street when they came in. Those who had come in in the morning had been plundering all day and when the main army got in it was a general plunder.

"The plundering was kept up until night and then the work of destruction commenced from the Keenan home on north Main street, where Bouknight's shop now stands, to the state house, but one building was left on Main street. It was a small cottage on the 1900 block and was occupied by the French consul, who had come here from Charleston and he put up the French flag and saved his house."

"From Taylor street to Lady on the east side of Assembly not a house was left and on through to Marion street and on Washington to Bull, with the exception of the old high school building, on Plain street to Bull, on Taylor to Bull the house was left on the corner of Marion and Taylor; on Blanding one house to Bull the house now occupied by F. C. Troeger, and on the south side of Laurel to the house now occupied by Mrs. Clark Waring, on Richland street to Marion. Any one who will go over these streets as I have put them down can form some idea of the destruction.

"Ebenezer Lutheran, Grace Episcopal, Washington Street Methodist, Ladson chapel and the Jewish synagogue fell victims to the flames.

"On the morning of the 18th I went down town to see the ruins and it was a fearful sight--women and children huddled together around what little stuff they could get out of their homes and no place to go. On Assembly street, near where the sub-station now stands, I saw a woman and her little children around a few things they had gotten out and among her things she had saved a piano, and one of Sherman's men came riding up and dismounting his horse, deliberately pulled four or five of the keys out of the piano and putting them in his pocket, rode off.

"Many of the people went down in the park, but there they followed them, setting fire to the dry grass. Plundering continued through Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday they hauled ammunition from the state arsenal in the lot at the governor's mansion and threw it into the Congaree river just below the bridge, and then stuck fire to the buildings. One of the teams hauling was blown up on the river banks, one of them being blown into the river and the other was left on the bank. They never buried him but left him lying where he died. He was pushed into the river and that was his grave.

"Sherman said war was hell and he tried to make it as near so as possible. He claimed that Columbia was burned by the Confederates burning cotton in the streets but his statement was absolutely false. The Confederates had left early in the morning and there was not a fire until after dark and then in a short while the burning began. The old city clock struck 12 o'clock that night for the last time.

"I have written this that the younger generation may know something of what the older ones had to endure."

Mr. Whilden Says:

The recollection of the burning of

Columbia by Frank F. Whilden follows:

"On the evening of February 17, 1865, the city of Columbia was filled with the blue coats of Sherman's army; they were coming in all day.

"It was Friday, in the afternoon, just after we had taken our dinner. Hampton calvary, or what was left of it, passed our door, going out through Laurel street to the east, where they met a number of soldiers of the Union army, and a skirmish occurred between the two just at the point where Laurel street turns north, going toward Camden.

"As this body of men were passing our house, our cousin, then Capt. John F. Lanneau, chief of engineers on Hampton's staff, rode on his horse up to the pavement alongside our piazza, and saluting the gathered family who had assembled to see our men go out from the city, said to my grandfather, Fleetwood Lanneau: "Uncle Fleetwood, come along with us, do not remain a moment longer, as the Yankees are coming into the city, and will take you prisoner, and no telling what will come of you." So hailing one of their wagons of the engineering troop which was then passing, he ordered it to halt, and my grandfather, an elderly gentleman, ran out from the house with only what he stood in, and a few things he could gather up in the moment, climbed up over the back wheel and into the wagon, and grandfather and Uncle John Lanneau waved goodbye, as we saw them disappearing down Laurel street going east.

"We did not hear from grandfather for a long while, and he had to endure many hardships, as we did also before we came together again.

"This Captain Lanneau was afterwards Prof. John F. Lanneau, of Wake Forest college. He was a graduate of the Citadel, in Charleston, and as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword.

"While the calvary was passing our house at full gallop, one of the soldiers had the leather strap to his canteen break. He tried to regain it by drawing his sword, and fishing it up, but failing in this he gave it up. The foot of some horse struck it and threw outside the line of march, and as soon as the cavalry passed I ran out and picked up the canteen, and found it to be full of molasses. We did not get the benefit of this find as it was destroyed that night in the burning of our home.

"I quote from my 'Mother's Recollections of War' (page 9): 'Our soldiers had meantime left the city, feeling that resistance against such odds was useless. Never shall I forget the dejected look of the calvary as they rode past my door on Laurel street, near Sumter. Quite a number halted to say 'Goodbye, and God help you.' 'As the last of our little band disappeared, I felt for the first time my courage fail, and realized that we were an unprotected community of women and children in the hands of a merciless foe. It was a moment to try the souls of the most courageous but the best must be made of the emergency.'

"I have often had the question asked me: 'Did our ladies suffer any indignation at the hands of the United States soldiers?' I can answer this by relating a true incident: That evening about 8 p. m. we had a United States soldier stationed at the front door as a guard to our home. There entered by the back door a drunken soldier. My mother was in the bedroom at the rear of the house. He walked in unannounced into the presence of mother, in the privacy of her room. She of course demanded of him what he wanted. He replied he would go where he pleased, and do as he pleased, and was otherwise insulting, as the city belonged to them. Mother called the guard, who at once responded with fixed bayonet, and the intruder retired at once. Of course in the great excitement that surrounded us nothing more was thought of the incident.

"The next morning on visiting the wreck of our home, we found no trace of anything except the melted glass and crockery among the ashes where the dining room had stood. We saw the charred remains of a man and a dog lying near each other at the place where the back steps went down from the piazza. We had neglected to unchain our pet dog the afternoon before, and he had burned to death. The soldier was so drunk that he must have tumbled down the back steps, and when he struck the ground went to sleep, and in his drunken stupor was burned to a crisp when

the home fell in. This is only one of the many horrors of that awful night.

"It seems but as yesterday, but it was just 57 years ago that the following incident happened in my life and indelibly impressed itself on my memory:

"On the night of February 17, 1865, the children had been put to bed as usual and were soon asleep, but by 10 o'clock mother awakened us and we dressed as if it were morning. We went on the front piazza of our house on Laurel street, next to Sumter, and saw great fires, houses burning all around us. Tying a towel around the outside of our 'brown aprons,' mother stuck in this belt knives, spoons, hair brushes, towels, and then tied by strings to the same belt coffee pots, cups, tin pans and such articles that were small and light, and these with what we stood in was all we saved. We had to leave our home some time early in the night for the middle of the street just in front of the large house on the corner of Sumter and Marion, where we spent the night. Sparks were dropping all over us, and we had to be frequently sprinkling ourselves with water to keep from catching fire. Just as we left our home it was set on fire by the Yankee soldiers. My mother saw them do it.

"The next morning my mother and grandmother succeeded in getting from Dr. Howe the lower room on the northwest corner of the theological seminary building. There we lived, rather existed, for several weeks; there were 16 souls all told including our two negro servants. In the street that night there were four generations of our family, my great-grandmother being over 80 years of age.

"A few days after we had moved in the seminary building my baby sister, only a few months old, was taken sick. Grandmother and mother went to 'headquarters,' the building formerly occupied by Chicora college for Women on Blanding street, to see a doctor, whom they were sure they could find there. They were met at the head of the steps by an officer. There was a large United States flag draped from the large columns. Standing under this flag the doctor, in full uniform, came out. The reception my mother got was a volley of oaths and curses. After a supposed examination of the baby the doctor went into his office and returned in a few minutes with a bottle of medicine and said that half a teaspoonful would cure the baby. Thanking the doctor, mother went to the room and got a teaspoon. Grandmother opened the vial, and being an elderly woman and having considerable experience in nursing, she examined the contents of the vial and found it to be laudanum. Of course, the medicine was not given, and today that baby is a matronly lady with a large family living in Hendersonville, N. C.

"It might be interesting to know that we came near starving, for food was scarce, and when we did get anything to cook we had no wood to kindle fire, for all wood had been burned. This was in February, cold and windy, but we had sunshine. The seminary grounds was a camp crowded with tents and soldiers, and their horses tethered there. In feeding they would drop corn from their mouths, and we children would pick up the grains, wash them, mash them between stones, and boil this into a mush and eat. The soldiers were kind to us children, oftentimes giving us some of their food as we played around at feed time."

LONG FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Man and Three Dogs Engaged in Great Battle With Animal.

A man, three dogs and a big cougar engaged in a frightful battle near Husum, Wash., in the foothills of Mount Adams, according to Gus Olsen, who is under doctors' care for several dozen deep cuts on his body.

Olsen, seeking a cougar guilty of robbing him of several calves, started three experienced hunting dogs on the trail and they intercepted the furious animal in a hollow. The cougar backed upward into a low hanging cedar and coolly faced the dogs, which went after it from all sides.

The first dog within range of the sharp claws of the big cat had its head nearly severed and the second dog to launch an offensive was ripped open from end to end. The third plucky dog was sailing into the flying claws of the cougar when Olsen arrived and fired.

Thinking the animal dead, Olsen reached for its tail to pull it from the tree. The cougar, suddenly became a dynamo of destruction and in a few minutes had torn Olsen's clothing to shreds and left him bleeding from several dozen deep scratches.

Olsen was entirely exhausted when the cougar fell dead from the slow effects of the bullet in its lungs.

Philadelphia has 263 women physicians and nine female clergymen.

One Crop System Given Hard Blow

Diversified farming has come to stay in Allendale county, according to reports from that section. The boll weevil will find hard going this year in a section of the state where the value of diversified farming has been proven by actual experience. That the farmers of Allendale county are no longer willing to take a chance on the one-crop system is evidenced by the fact that many of them are planting or preparing to plant a variety of crops, says an article in Monday's News and Courier.

The growing of asparagus has attracted the attention of many farmers in the Allendale section and it is stated that several hundred acres will probably be planted in asparagus this year. This is a move in the high direction but should not be carried to the extreme of growing asparagus to the detriment of all other crops. The great cry for diversification has not been a direct attack on cotton any more than on other crops. The fight is being waged against the one-crop system and if any other crop takes the place of cotton and excludes all other crops it will be open to the same attack that has been and is being waged against the one-crop system. It happens that in the south the one-crop has been cotton and to all intents and purposes the attack has been made on cotton.

Variety of Crops.

Farmers in Allendale are not planning on any one crop, according to the Allendale County Citizen, which says:

"Besides asparagus, the progressive farmers about here are making preparations to put in a larger acreage than ever in Irish and sweet potatoes, other vegetables and grains, besides the usual crops of canteloupes, watermelons and cucumbers. Indications are that this will be the boll weevil's year, and those who are familiar with conditions in the past in the face of this prediction, will be very slow, it is believed, in putting in a larger crop of cotton."

The Citizen has the following to say regarding the growing of asparagus in Allendale county:

"Despite rumors to the effect that the farmers of this section will return this year to the raising of cotton on a large scale, it is not the general belief here that such will be the case. On the other hand, in the few days of spring weather that have been the order of the day here for the past week, preparations have been going forward to refute such a rumor.

To Grow Asparagus.

"New crops, in addition to those already attempted here, are already being talked of and put into operation. Chief among these is asparagus. While this section of the state is one of the largest asparagus producing sections of the world, Allendale county has never gone in for that product until the present season. During the past week there have been several hundred acres of this produce begun with a prospect of many more during the next few days. This product is one of the big money crops of certain portions of this section, and one which is nearly always assured a good market, and it is not strange that the progressive farmers of this section have seen the advantages of it. It is understood that the United States government has recognized the importance of quick marketing of asparagus and are now preparing to handle large amounts, even to carload lots by parcel post. This will add greatly to the past rather unsatisfactory methods of transportation and will be of great benefit to the producer.

"Among those here and about the county, who have begun the production of asparagus, are: W. A. Chavous, T. E. Crane, C. O. All, W. D. Gray, J. J. Walker, N. D. Loadholt, Laurens Youmans, H. W. All, W. I. Johns and W. T. Allen.

"It is hoped that the proposed acreage this year will be increased from year to year and that Allendale county will soon be a recognized leader in the production of asparagus. One of the large nearby producers of asparagus stated that he would like to see 10,000 acres of this product around Allendale. It would then be possible for the section to practically control the market inasmuch as they are favored in most instances over California producers as regards transportation, quality and so forth."

Afraids.

She had just received a proposal of marriage.

"Mary," said the young man, "you know that I have always turned to you; that I have always thought of you. May I—that is—oh, will you be my wife?"

"What a start you gave me, George," said Mary at last. "Do you know, I thought from your manner that you were going to ask me to lend you some money."

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Mrs. A. McB. Speaks, Rice St., Box No. 123, Bamberg, says: "I had weak kidneys and pains in my back I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and they greatly relieved me."

The above statement was given on May 30, 1914, and on Jan. 22, 1918 Mrs. Speaks added: "I have had no trouble with my back or kidneys since Doan's cured me." 60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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