The Fairfield Herald.

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THE

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Poetry.

[As some curiosity has been evoked by quotations from the famous song of the "*German Fatherland*," we give the spirited English version of James Clarence Mangan.]

Ernet Moritz Arndt.

THE GERMAN'S FARHERLAND.

Where is the German's Fatherland?
It's Prussia? Swabia? It's the strand
Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
I'st where the gull skims Baltic's brine?
—No!—yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zayder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends?
—No, brother, no!—thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland!

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps;
Hast found it now?—Not yet? Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
It's where Tyrol's green mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no! 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
O! none shall wrate her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land!

Say then, where lies the German's land!
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
It's Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial Diadem
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No! these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's Fatherland?

That is his land, the lane of lakes,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where Valour lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland
Where Hate pursues each foreign hand—
Where German is the name for friend,
Where Frenchmen is the name for fiend
And France's yoke is spurned and banned—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Great God! look down and bless that land!
And give her noble children souls
To cherish while Existence rolls,
And love with hearts, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland!

[Written for the Winnsboro' News.]

Adventure of the War.

—:o:—

BY WANDERER.

—:o:—

'Twas in the fall of 1864. The 2nd Corps of the Confederate Army—under Genl. Early, was camped at New Market in the Shenandoah valley. Our advanced posts were at Mount Jackson, and between there and Edinburg lay the debatable ground visited by the scouts and foraging parties of both armies.

One fine clear morning, I mounted, and followed by six scouts—well equipped,—tried men and true, I set out for the little village or settlement of Buchaitt, which lay to the left of Edenburg and constantly visited by the enemies forage parties. We were all well mounted and in fine health, and as we trotted gayly along the probability of a brush rather added to our spirits than otherwise. The sun had about reached its meridian when we halted in front of a low stone built cottage occupied by an old valley farmer—his wife—and one daughter. I knew them well, and the daughter had more than once gained information of the enemies' movements that had proved of great advantage to us. Dismounting from my horse I stepped into the house to inquire after my friends and see if I could learn anything of the enemies' movements. I found no one in but Miss Mollie, (the daughter,) whose fair face bore the unmistakable evidences of troubling thought. As soon as she saw me, she came forward greeting me with much kindness, but evident anxiety of manner.

"Good morning Captain," said she. "I am glad to see you, but you must not remain in this neighborhood, you have made yourself too notorious and the yankees swear they'll hang you, if they ever lay hands on you again. There was a party of them here this morning hunting you and they behaved shamefully. The officer spoke very insultingly to me, and I am afraid the next time they come, they will burn the house. I heard them talking to themselves after they left the house, and I think they intend to return to-night, so you had better be on your watch."

"Never fear, Mdlle. If they come back they may meet with a warm reception. Where's your father and mother?"

"They have both stepped out but will be in again soon—what do you intend to do?"

"I intend to way-lay this party and cut them off," I replied. "They will know any how that I've been here and may punish you. I shall conceal my men in that thicket of pines and under growth yonder—across the field,—and when they leave here I can cut them off in the woods about half a mile from here and bushwhack them, you have still two horses left have you not?

"Yes, what about them."

"They must be saddled up and concealed with my party, for if by any chance this party escapes us, they will return and take vengeance on you. So you must be prepared to retreat into our lines with me."

As I finished speaking the old farmer and his wife entered, and after the usual greetings, I unfolded my plans, which met the old gentleman's cordial approval. Every thing was done as I directed, my men moved down to their ambush, the horses were tethered, and the farmer's two horses were caught and saddled and led down to the place of concealment. The old lady and her daughter busied themselves in getting a dinner for us. After seeing that our concealment was perfect, and that every preparation to insure success had been made, I walked back to the house where I learned that a strong picket reserve of yankee cavalry, was camped about two miles from the house, and that it was from them that the party had come who visited the house in the morning.

"By the way, Captain," said Miss Mollie, "If there is any fighting to be done, you had best let me take a hand. I have that little pistol you gave me yet. I keep it loaded, and on occasion like this, I think I could use it."

"Best keep out of the way," I replied. "I don't doubt your courage, but we can't spare you. You are one of my best scouts and must be cared for accordingly."

By this time the dinner was ready and with the assistance of the old gentleman and his daughter, I carried it down to my hungry squad, who camp fashion, soon showed their appreciation of it, by their deeds. A little forage was shaken down to the horses, and after that every thing was on the watch for the enemy. The day wore slowly on, and to our anxious minds it seemed as if night would never come, gradually however, the sun sunk behind the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge, kissing the tops of the grand old oaks, as if to bid them a chaste good night, and leaving everything on the east side of the mountains in solemn and quiet gloom. At this moment the faint blast of a bugle met my ear, and every man sprung to his horse, placed the bit in his mouth, and tight, ened his saddle girth. As my noble animal rubbed his frontal on my shoulder I parted his arching neck and whispered you must stand up to it to-night my bonny bay, for you may have a double weight to carry.

In a few minutes the tramp of horses mingled with the clanking of sabres, and the coarse jest and laugh of the riders met our listening ears, and we now only waited for an opportunity to measure our strength with theirs.

Arrived at the gate, they dismounted and fastening their horses to the fence, entered the yard and I heard them thundering at the door for admittance, gradually the voices died away as they entered the house, and next I saw lights glance from window to window, as they searched the premises. My men were now burning with impatience to advance, and each man stood with his hand wreathed in his horse's mane ready to spring into the saddle at the first word; still I hesitated to precipitate matters. I wanted them to leave the house quietly if they would and attack them on the road for the sake of the family. While I stood hesitating thus, a pistol shot rung out from the house and the next moment the back door was flung wide open and a woman's scream pierced the air.

"Charge!" I shouted, springing into the saddle, and dashing over every object that intervened in the direction of the house. My men were as quick as myself, animated with I know not what apprehensions, at that thrilling scream we spurred our horses to their topmost speed and dashed onwards. Hearing our approach, the yankees broke from the house and attempted to reach their horses. The movement was well thought of, but 'twas too late. The ringing pistol shots, the sharp whistling of the bullets, as they sped on their death mission mingled with cries for quarter and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying, as our maddened horses sprung upon them and trampled them, made up a scene more easily imagined than discribed. The affair hardly lasted ten minutes. Favored by the darkness—some of them succeeded in reaching their horses, and escaped; the balance lay on the field. Two of my party were wounded, whether by their friends or the enemy was not known. Throwing myself from my horse I entered the house. The old farmer lay in one corner bound hand and foot, the mother lay fainting on a sofa, while her daughter bent over her trying to resuscitate her. Near the middle of the room lay the body of a young man in the uniform of a federal captain, stone dead. The bullet had been sped by a sure hand, and he died without a struggle. Hastening to release the old man I next went to the daughter's assistance, and very soon we had the satisfaction of seeing the old lady come to, and raise her head. Hastening out I told two of the men to go and get the farmer's horses, and by the time they arrived the good lady announced herself able to travel. Placing her on one horse I told one of my best men to stay by her and sustain her. The farmer mounted the other horse, and then came the daughter. Leading my horse up to the step, I assisted her to mount and springing into my saddle before her, I told all hands to follow and dashed off at a gallop. As we cleared the place, I asked my fair companion, who had killed the officer. "I did," she replied calmly. "The scoundrel laid his hands on me, and I killed him."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when a shout in our rear apprised us that our retreat was discovered and a party in pursuit. The pace now became tremendous, and cheering my party on, I dashed ahead letting my gallant bay take his own road. My gallant comrades acted splendidly, two at a time would pull up and as the leading files of the enemy would come up, they would pour a volley into them and in the confusion dash after us,—thus retarding the pursuit. I now knew that we must be nearing the ford on the Shenandoah, but it was so dark that I could see nothing. Once across that we were comparatively safe, for a few moments would place us inside of our lines. I listened for the rush of the river, but the thunder of our horses feet drowned it. Finally it broke upon my ear, and at the same moment my horse rose with a bound like a rocket, and sprang into the stream. A cheer of triumph broke from my lips as I felt the water splash in my face, a reckless cry from my old comrades answered me, and forming into line on the bank they prepared to cover the retreat. The old farmer and his wife followed me across, and as we climbed the opposite bank I pointed to the lights of New Market shining across the old fields and told them to spur on. Turning again to the river bank, I waited for my men. Even with a young lady in my arms I could not desert them thus. Naught was heard now but the rush of our pursuers' horses, as they came up. My men stood firm until they got within fifty yards, when they poured in a smashing volley, so close and so withering, that the enemy recoiled from it, as though it had been a battery of artillery. A shout of wild triumph rose from the scouts, as wheeling their horses they dashed them into the flood, and in a few moments stood beside me.

Few words sufficed to convey my further instructions and turning my horse I dashed towards the town. The firing had been heard, and the men even were getting under arms. As I pulled up in front of the Hotel, a crowd rushed out to welcome me, and in a few moments, I placed my blushing charge in her mother's arms.

I immediately dispatched a scout to Genl. Early to explain the firing and turned to say good bye to my fair friend. As I pressed her hand, she whispered,

"God bless you, sir, I shall ne'er forget you."

One of the correspondents who visited Garibaldi at Como, says:

"I was surprised to see a hearty, jovial man, with a great blonde beard. But for the eye-glass he used, and the stick he carried, there were no traces visible of the waves of Time which have dashed against him, or of the cruel bullet which struck him at Aspromonte. He gave me his hand, and a hearty, sailor-like grip into the bargain; and if it be snobbish to have wished to kiss that horny paw, I am glad to have been, for once in my life at all events, a snob most egregious. I suppose he wore the renowned red shirt; but this garment was not visible. His upper man was all swathed in one of those ample striped blankets, through a hole in which the head is passed, and which are called in some parts of South America 'gregos,' and in Mexico 'serapes.' As a head-dres she wore a velvet cap of the pork-pie form, and very coquettishly worked with gold embroidery. And if there be no peril of falling into the Bathos by alluding to a hero's boots—I think there is no such peril; for are not the boots of Napoleon an inseparable part of entity? I may mention that Garibaldi's extremities were shod in 'double-soled, square-toed' lace ups,' the possession of a pair of which would have instilled great joy into the heart of a British clodhopper, but which would scarcely have excited the admiration of Silverstick in Waiting."

Gov. Orr, of S. C., has appealed to Gen. Howard to issue rations to people of his State. He names a dozen districts where people of both colors are crying for relief. Corn is very scarce, and relief positively necessary.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The resolution to expell Rosseau for his assault on Grinnell was defeated, by a vote of 72 against 49—not two thirds. A resolution then passed that Rosseau be summoned to the bar of the House, to be censured by the Speaker. The three gentlemen who were in company with Rosseau, when he committed the assault, were declared guilty of violation of privilege, and are to be brought to the bar of the House.

The resolution of the select committee disapproving of Grinnell's gross language, in debate, against Rosseau was laid on the table.

Later from Europe,

NEW YORK, July 17.—The steamer Peirre has arrived. Prussia and Italy has refused the armistice. The Italians have crossed the Po.

Lord Derby's Cabinet has been installed. It is rumored that Arch-Duke Albert will superintend Benedick's command in the Austrian army. The Austrians evacuated Lombardy.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Freeman Clark, comptroller of currency, has sent in his resignation. The question of the election of President of the Senate to succeed Foster, whose term expires with the present session, is being considered by the Radicals.

From New York.

NEW YORK, July 17.—Nothing has been heard from the Clipper Monarch of the Seas, now four months out from Liverpool. There seems but little doubt that it foundered at sea with all on board. She had 674 emigrants and a crew of fifty-four. The vessel was valued at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. She was insured.

The Tennessee Legislature.

WASHINGTON, July 17. The following dispatch was received to day from Maj. Gen. Thomas:

NASHVILLE, July 14.

LIEUT. GENERAL GRANT: Some of the members of the House of Representatives of the Tennessee General Assembly conduct themselves in a very refractory manner, absenting themselves to prevent a quorum, thus obstructing business. The Govenor cannot manage them with the means at his disposal, and has applied to me for military assistance. Shall I furnish it?

GEO. H. THOMAS, Maj. Gen.

The following answer was immediately given:

WASHINGTON, July 17.

General Grant will instruct General Thomas that the facts stated in his telegram do not warrant the interference of military authorities. The administration of the laws and preservation of the peace in Nashville belong properly to the State authorities, and the duty of the United States forces is not to interfere in any way in the controversy between the political authorities of the State, and Gen. Thomas will strictly abstain from any interference between them.

E. M. STANTON, Sec. War.

From Nashville.

NASHVILLE, July 17.—No quorum in the House. Fifty members present. Williams from Carter county, was arrested by the Sergeant at Arms and brought to the House, and is held in close custody. Judge Williams issued a writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of Williams. A resolution was passed authorizing the arrest of refractory members.

Special Commissioner of Revenue.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed to the new office of Special Commissioner of the Revenue, David A. Wells, now Chairman of the United States Revenue Commission. The office was created by Congress with the express understanding he was to be appointed. This is the first instance where a civil office has been created for a particular individual.

The Weather, &c.

NEW YORK, July 17.—The weather torrid here and in the principal northern cities. The mercury yesterday marked 98, to-day 96. Yesterday was the hottest day in New York for ten years—99 degrees was the highest. There were 25 cases sunstroke—13 fatal.

There were seven cases of cholera in New York yesterday, and four in Brooklyn.

There was a number of deaths from sunstroke in Baltimore and here.

Congressional.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—SENATE—A bill passed appropriating $50,000 to the Portland sufferers.

House resolution to adjourn on the 25th was laid on the table.

The bill to fund the National debt was taken up and the amendment was adopted prohibiting the depositing of money in the National Banks where there was a United States depository. The bill was passed. It provided for the payment of one hundred and eighty millions annually on principal and interest of its debt. Another provision authorizes the excess of gold to be sold for United States notes in open market when the sum in the Treasury is above fifty millions.

Mr. Trumbull offered a joint resolution recognizing Tennessee as a State, and as such entitled to all rights and privileges. Ordered to be printed.

House—Stevens offered a resolution, the Senate concurring, that when Congress adjourn it adjourn to meet Saturday, December 1st, unless sooner called together, such power, in case of emergency, is hereby granted to the presiding officers of both Houses. Some objection being made to the considering of the resolution now, Mr. Stevens withdrew it, but gave notice that he would offer it to morrow.

Bingham called up the joint resolution some months ago reported from Reconstruction Committee, providing for the admission of Tennessee in the Union. Stevens opposed it by a motion to lay it on the table.

Mr. Bingham offered a substitute to at once restore the State to its former relation to the General Government. Pending the subject the House adjourned.

From New York.

NEW YORK, July 19.—In the case of the cotton sold here under the confiscation act on Government account, the claimants moved for removal of adjudication from the United States to State Court. Judge Nelson decided against it yesterday.

The heated term is apparently over, the thermometer this morning being 76 degrees. There were 320 deaths yesterday from all causes. Total sun-strokes this summer 258 which 135 proved fatal.

Struck by Lightning.

NEW YORK, July 19.—The New York rope factory, owned by Lawrence & Sons, Williamsburg, was struck by lightning yesterday, four boilers exploded, two were driven through a brick wall a distance of six hundred feet, destroying several trees, the other two passing through and destroyed a brick stable and fell some distance off, killing one man. The Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, St. John's Chapel and St. Thereses Church, in this city, were also struck and slightly damaged. The ship Cynosure was also struck. Two men were killed by a flash of lightning in the streets of Brooklyn, and a row of twelve unfinished houses was destroyed by the lightning and gale.

From Mexico.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Latest Mexican advices report Tampico and Taxhan taken by the Liberals. General Somalred deserted the Imperialists and surrendered the former city. The relations of Maximilian and Marshall Bazini are said to be unfriendly.

Markets.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Cotton steady and unchanged; sales of 2,000 bales. Gold 51½. Flour declining—Southern $15 75. Wheat dull. Pork heavy, quoted at $31 26. Lard dull. Sugar—Stuart's 11@13. Coffee closed buoyant.

Democratic Meeting.

READING, PENN., July 19.—The Democrats held a great meeting yesterday which was addressed by Montgomery Blair, Geo. H. Pendleton and others. Blair predicted that should the Radicals carry the October election, the result would be the establishment of two Presidents and two Congresses, for the Radicals would then immediately impeach President Johnson and turn him out, while on the other hand, the Democratic members of Congress would unite with the regularly elected Members from the South. He also warned his hearers that they were on the eve of another civil war, the battle-field of which would be in the North, while the South would be a unit.

The Comical Troubles of Mr. Johnson.

Our usually quiet city has given birth lately to a first-class sensation, in the shape of the Pollard and James difficulty, of which you have doubtless been duly informed. Pollard was arrested; but James has succeeded, up to this time, in eluding the police. Their efforts to arrest him have occasioned the most amusing farce of the season. On the arrival of the Northern train at 2½ a.m. a day or so since, a Mr. Johnson, engaged in the "iron front" business, who bears striking resemblance to James' brother, was arrested as Mr. James, notwithstanding his earnest assertion that Johnson was his name. Not wishing to alarm his wife by appearing before her under police escort, he requested to be carried to sundry bars on Broad street, to prove his identity, when, to his great horror, he was invariably addressed as James, and the police were convinced that they had the right man, but in compliance with his urgent entreaties they went with him to several more bars and hotels, where he was always called James. At last, perfectly fuddled, he was carried by his captors to the St. Charles Hotel, on the way to the Station-house, where the proprietor spoke to him as Johnson, and Mrs. Johnson rushed to his arms, claiming him as her husband, but unfortunately he had not previously stated that he was a married man, and the "myrmidons of the law" smelt a rat, and, saying that game could not be played off on them' marched their prisoner to the lock-up, where he sweltered until breakfast time, for the weather was hot enough to boil a man in his perspiration. He then induced the officers to allow him another chance, but the people having got wind of the joke insisted that he was James. So at 10 a.m. perfectly bewildered by the denial of his name by acquaintances and friends, and doubtless affected by frequent visits to bars, he appeared before the Mayor, and in answer to the inquiry who he was, replied he really did not know. That he had always thought himself Johnson, but now he could not say whether he was James or Johnson. At this point amid the laughter of the crowd some persons came forward and identified the gentleman that didn't know himself, and delivered him from limbo. Since then he has been so persistently ignored as Johnson, that he stays at home, fearing that Pollard will shoot him with a double-barreled shot gun for James. We understand he proposes raising a novel legal question in trying to have Pollard bound over to keep the peace as far as he is concerned.—*New York News.*

The War in Europe and the War in South-America

Since our last summary giving an account of the progress in military affairs in Europe, intelligence has reached us of a great battle, or series of engagements upon Austrian territory, in Bohemia, between the Prussian armies under Crown Prince, Frederick Charles, and the Austrian forces under Field Marshal Benedek. These engagements took place on the 27th and 28th of June. Up to the latest advices both sides claimed the victory, so it remains to be seen to whom the substantial fruits of the battles do really belong.

The last week in June, Prince Frederick, after occupying and garrisoning the whole of Saxony, concentrated the Prussian army on the Saxon frontier of Austria, and having notified General Benedek of his intentions crossed into the hostile territory. The behavior of the Prussian troops, as related by army correspondents, while in Saxony, is said to have been admirable. They were confined to the road during the march, and when halted it was upon plots and fields whereon were no growing crops, so that the farmer pursued his avocation unmolested. Every thing that was used was purchased; and the people of Saxony, it is said, seem to have become really attached to their conquerors. The same regulations are kept up in Bohemia. This is civilized warfare, in its most refined state.

The principal engagements were at Nachod, Munchingratz and Trautenau. The Prussians claim to have captured 8,000 prisoners, besides the usual proportion of guns, munitions of war, &c. They also claim to have driven the Austrians on each occasion. On the contrary the Austrians state that the Prussians were defeated on the evening of the 28th after a six hours battle, and that their army had begun to retire from Bohemia. They claim to have captured 18 cannon and many prisoners, and state that after the engagement a proposition for an armistice from Prince Frederick was refused by Gen. Benedek. The losses on both sides were very heavy.

In Italy, since the battle of Custozza, the details of which have reached us, Victor Emanuel remains with his armies on the southside of the river Po, while the Austrians still maintain the defensive on the other. It is reported that Victor Emanuel had called on Napoleon for relief, and had offered Sardinia to him as a bribe. It is certainly true that France is rapidly arming.

In South America the Brazilians and their allies repulsed an attack of the Paraguayans, who lost, it is estimated, 5,000 troops in killed, wounded and prisoners. The allied army lost about 1,200 men.

No material advantage has accrued to the allies by this success.

P. S. Since writing the above the telegraph wires inform us that a great battle has been fought between the Prussians and Austrians at Luddowa, in which the former was successful.

The Austrians lost 14,000 prisoners. This virtually ended the war, for Austria sent in a flag of truce asking for peace and appointing Napoleon mediator. She also consented to the cession of Venetia to Italy.

An European Congress is expected to be assembled at an early day.—*N. C Standard.*

A letter from a Brazilian officer describes some of the beauties of soldiering in South America: "Amphibious creatures abound. In my own tent I have already killed four snakes. Every morning I find myself accompanied by a body-guard of fifteen or twenty monstrous toads, which have quietly spent the night under the corners of the hides that serve me as a bed. Enormous alligators promenade regularly from lake to lake every night. In a major's tent the other day, one was killed that measured about six feet in length, and an unfortunate Brazilian soldier was unexpectedly taken off his legs by one of these horrible creatures and carried into the nearest lake."

THE GROWTH OF WHEAT.—Judge Russell, of Iron county, produced from a single grain of wheat a stool of seventy stalks, averaging twenty-nine grains each, or an aggregate of two thousand one hundred and seventy five grains. Were a bushel and a half (the ordinary quantity) sown on an acre, and produce in the proportion this grain has done, the yield would be 82625 bushels on the acre. As the hundredth part of this quantity is a large yield, and more than double the average crop in the state, an interesting investigation would be to determine what becomes of the wheat sown. Who can tell?—*St. Louis Republican.*

The want of correct tidings from the field of war in Germany and Italy is cleverly explained by a correspondent of an English journal, who has been hunting for General Cialdini's army without finding it, and remarks that it is difficult, indeed almost impossible, for a "correspondent to give any really trustworthy account of events in a country where the press says nothing, the country people know nothing, and you are not allowed to go about and see anything for yourself."

A new mineral has been discovered in Chili containing 10 per cent of iodine. A cargo of it will represent a fortune.

Correspondence.

DESTITUTION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

To Hon. James L. Orr, Governor of South Carolina:

As there seems to be conflicting testimony of an otherwise trustworthy character, as to suffering for want of food in South Carolina, and as General Sickles has disapproved of the ration returns, upon your statement that the want is very much exaggerated, and as these returns have been referred to me for official action, I respectfully request from you some statement that will justify me for withholding supplies, for really it is not the purpose to give where there is not absolute want, and in no case whatever to encourage idleness, but the direct reverse.

O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, S. C.,
COLUMBIA, July 9, 1866.

General:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3d inst., informing me that there was trustworthy testimony as to the suffering for want of food by the poor in South Carolina, of both races, and that General Sickles had disapproved of the ration return upon my statement that the want is very much exaggerated, has just been received, and I hasten to reply, with a view of correcting any misapprehension on the subject growing out of my conversation with General Sickles. There is a great need of distributing rations through the Freedmen's Bureau in every district in the State. In some, the necessity is greater than in others, and what I intended to impress upon General Sickles was that applications were made by many persons, white and colored, who were not fit subject of relief, and that, if all the stories which were told of the officers of the Bureau in different sections were to be credited, the distribution would embrace too wide a range.

I regret that Gen. Sickles should have understood from me, that the necessity for issuing rations to very many people, white and colored, had passed. As early as March last an estimate was made in Chesterfield District, and it was found that there were only seven bushels of corn to each pesron in the district. Without feeding any portion of this to the stock, the supply was inadequate to bread the people. Other districts are nearly as destitute. In Pickens, I am informed that some 600 families are without sufficient supplies of breadstuffs. The scarcity is also great in Barnwell, Beaufort, Colleton, Clarendon, Williamsburg, Lexington, Spartanburg, Lancaster, Richland, Fairfield and Kershaw, and the local authorities, cannot possibly furnish the needy. The tax levied for the support of the poor is a direct tax, and it happens that in those sections where the scarcity is most felt the general population are least able to pay a local tax, and hence there are thousands in the State, white and colored, who must suffer for the commonest means of subsistence unless rations are issued from your Bureau, and I regret extremely that any opinion of mine should have been so understood as to justify or require the suspension of the issue of the rations which it was proposed to distribute in this State. My object and intention was simply to guard against the issue to persons without a claim, and thereby increase idleness and vagabondism. Doubtless I did not sufficiently explain my views, and Gen. Sickles was justified in reaching the conclusion he did.

A month ago it was generally believed that about the time of the wheat harvest an average crop would be made, but since the crop has been thrashed out it is found not to exceed half an average crop, and far less relief will be furnished the needy from that source than I had anticipated. I therefore earnestly request that you will have the rations issued as estimated for by your agents in the State, and which was disapproved by Gen. Sickles. Proper instructions to distributing agents may be, if they have not already been given, to guard against imposition from those who are not proper subjects of relief. I have written to-day to Gen. Sickles, and have explained to him the extent to which I intended my conversation with him to go.

JAMES L. ORR,
Governor of South Carolina.

WHOSE CHILD IS IT?—When Sherman's army stopped at Smithfield, N. C., about fifteen months since, there was found with it a little girl, five or six years of age, of bright countenance and pleasant ways, evidently well-bred who, the soldiers said, followed them from South Carolina, Georgia or Tennessee. The corps to which this little girl seemed attached camped near the house of a lady who had a little girl of nearly the same age, and the two little ones became so fondly attached, that the lady induced the soldiers to give the child to her, and she has been with her ever since. The child has dark eyes, and is quite pretty. She had been so long with the army, that she could give no intelligible account of her home. The lady who has possession of this little wanderer is very much attached to her, and treats her in every way as her own daughter. Parties interested are referred to the "Baptist Minister," Smithfield, Johnston County N. C.