

# THE LAND WE LOVE.

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VOL. IV.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITY OF  
COLUMBIA, S. C., ON THE NIGHT OF 17TH FEBRUARY, 1865?

Before entering on this inquiry, it may be as well to premise, that what I shall have to say, may be as much calculated to decide *who is not* responsible for this flagrant outrage, as to fix it specifically upon any one particular individual. Yet of this, each one may form his own judgment, after learning the facts as they were presented to my own personal observation. For as this outrage subjected thousands of innocent and helpless individuals to an incalculable amount of woe, want and suffering, so it will, in an equal degree, entail upon its perpetrators for all time to come, the odium and infamy which properly pertain to such deliberate and brutal inhumanity. I would not, therefore, for these reasons, be disposed to fix the blame upon any one, hastily, and without the most indubitable proofs.

In the first place, I was not a little astounded to hear that the destruction of Columbia was chargeable to the acts or orders of General Wade Hampton, whilst in command of the Confederate forces here. Surely this charge could not have been seriously made, by any one who had any opportunities of knowing any thing of the state of things existing here at the time of that most unfortunate occurrence: for as sure as fate, it must have been well known to every man, woman and child, who had the misfortune to be present, that this was any thing but the truth. Indeed, I can scarcely bring myself to the belief that it is necessary to say one word in disproof of this charge. With those who have the happiness to know him, I am sure it would not; yet it may be, that those at a distance, whose minds may

## EQUIPOISE.

## A SONNET.

Just when we think we've fixed the golden mean,—  
 The diamond point, on which to balance fair,  
 Life and life's lofty issues,—weighing there,  
 With fractional precision, close and keen,  
 Thought, motive, word and deed,—there comes between,  
 Some wayward circumstance, some jostling care,  
 Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair,  
 That mars the equilibrium, unforeseen,  
 And spoils our nice adjustment!—Happy he,  
 Whose soul's calm equipoise can know no jar,  
 Because the unwavering hand that holds the scales,  
 Is the same hand that weighed each steadfast star—  
 Is the same hand that on the sacred tree,  
 Bore for his sake, the anguish of the nails!

Lexington, Va.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

## BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN HERBERT KELLY.

THE young hero whose name years of age, where his scholastic  
 adorns this page, was born at attainments and gentlemanly  
 Carrolton, Pickens county, Ala- bearing won the admiration of  
 bama, on the 31st day of March, all who were associated with him.  
 1840. He was the son of Isham Within a few months of the ter-  
 H. and Elizabeth Kelly. Being mination of his course at that  
 orphaned at an early age, he be- institution, he resigned, at com-  
 came the object of devoted care mand of his native State, report-  
 and strict guardianship from his ed to our authorities, and was as-  
 grand-mother, Mrs. Harriet H. signed to duty, at Fort Morgan,  
 Hawthorne. under General Hardee, entering

Manliness of purpose, devoted- the service as 2nd Lieutenant A.  
 ness of attachments, and impul- C. S., in the year 1861. In per-  
 sive action were characteristics of sonal appearance, his figure was  
 his boyhood, and precursors of slender, straight and graceful, his  
 his brilliant career in the cause of face fair and smooth, delicate in  
 Southern Independence. John feature, with blue eyes and light  
 Kelly entered West Point at 17 hair. At that period, his manners