

The Camden Confederate.

VOLUME II

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The Camden Confederate,

AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR,

PAYABLE INVARIABLY HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

Terms for Advertising:

For one Square—fourteen lines or less—ONE DOLLAR AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each insertion.

OBITUARY NOTICES, exceeding one Square, charged to advertising rates.

Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

J. T. HERSHMAN, Editor.

FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1863.

Acknowledgement.

Capt. W. CLYBURN requests us to return his lasting thanks and that of the Moffit Rifles, to Miss FANNIE HAY, for a package of finely knit socks.

Exemption and Conscription.

By reference to a Special notice in our advertising columns, it will be seen that the Board of Examining Surgeons will be in Camden on the 26th and 27th instants. This will be the last chance for those wishing to avail themselves of exemption.

Found Dead.

Coroner MARONY, on the 11th inst., impaneled a Jury of Inquest to be holden over the bodies of EDMOND and WILLIAM WAGES, found dead in the woods some 11 or 12 miles from Camden. The only evidence to be found, lives in Richland, in consequence of which the jury was dismissed, until the parties may be presented for examination.

In reference to the circumstances, the *Carolinian* says: "EDMOND WAGES, a deserter from Capt. WATKINS' Company of Artillery, and his brother, BILL WAGES, a conscript, of this district, have eluded the vigilance of the proper officers for several months, and been reported as committing all sorts of depredations on their neighbors in the sand hills—killing stock, stealing produce, &c. On Tuesday night last, while camping in the woods, they were both shot and killed, and up to this time no information has been obtained as to the person or persons by whom the deed was done."

"A Voice from the Army."

"We would call the attention of our readers generally, and more especially the planters of our district, to the communication over the above signature, to be found in another column. It is the production of a ripe and cultivated mind, and cannot but convince every intelligent and patriotic farmer and planter of the fallacy of persisting in planting cotton during our present desperate struggle for life, liberty and independence."

One of our most distinguished and patriotic citizens—whose planting interests are as large as any other in our district—have already expressed his determination not to plant more than enough for seed, or at most an acre to the hand, and devote all his best lands to the culture of the various products on which depends so much the success of our cause. May he live always, and enjoy the fruits of an abundant harvest. Such instances of true patriotism is worthy of record, and deserves the plaudit of a grateful people.

[FOR THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE]

MR. EDITOR: for months our community has been suffering from a growing evil, viz: that of speculation riding from the lower end of Camden, past the outside limits of Kirkwood, in order to meet the country wagons—so as to buy up poultry, provisions, &c., for the purpose of speculation. So long as these speculators only grabbed the contents of said wagons as the prices demanded by the owners, and then shipped to Columbia or Charleston, our market was seriously injured; but when they come and stop at the gates of private houses and offer a much higher price than demanded, and thus prevent parties buying for private use, surely our town authorities ought to take some active step to prevent such an evil.

KIRKWOOD.

[FOR THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE]

To my friends who have nominated me as candidate for the office of Ordinary for Kershaw District, S. C., at the present time, while I appreciate your kindness, I most respectfully decline the nomination, as I am filling an office of much more importance, the term of which is for life time.

J. E. RODGERS.

[FOR THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE]

Declination.

CAMDEN, March 17, 1863.

MR. EDITOR: I notice that my name has been put in nomination for the office of Intendant at the ensuing municipal elections. I return my thanks to the unknown friends for the intended honor, but owing to circumstances over which I have no control, I must decline the nomination, as I could not serve if elected.

Respectfully,

JAS. V. LYLES.

[FOR THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE]

Communication.

MR. EDITOR: The success of our cause depends unquestionably on a sufficiency of men and subsistence. The sagacity and energy of our government will provide the first—the agriculturists of the country must provide the latter. Money can be forced. The welfare of the country demands the sustenance of our finances. To the self-sacrificing spirit, zeal and harmonious action of our farmers, the army and home people must look for food. The Legislatures of several of the States have restricted the cultivation of cotton to a limited number of acres per hand—ours to three. They had no authority to touch the subject. It is contrary to a fundamental principle of our constitution. A convention of the planters by district should have been assembled by patriotic movers—stirring and rigid resolutions passed—and such a spirit aroused in localities that no man would dare contravene it. Sentiment is the lever by which to move the community on such a subject. It was argued that this would not do. Legislation was regarded necessary to give uniformity. The Legislature took cognizance of it. Be it so. Three acres, however, will not answer. The best land will be selected; all the manure placed thereon; corn will be scarce; too much cotton will be grown. It will require nearly all our lands and force to raise provisions enough. Cut off from the grain and meat producing section of our country, the portion of our Confederacy west of the Mississippi, almost separated from us, with the fore-mentioned cornucopia of that vast valley, to the hindrance of its production, with large armies in the field and thousands of those producers, refugees from their homes in our midst; the question of supply is a starting one. If legislation alone develops public spirit, and patriotism is the offspring of force—then let us have it up to the mark. Governor Boham's stirring proclamation will do no good. Three acres are legalized. Legislation must undo legislation. Let that body then be convened; let the planting of cotton be restricted to one acre per hand. Cotton is a surplus production and we need but little of it at present—Mr. Stephens to the contrary. Corn is life, and blessings will follow its cultivation. Neglect it and dismay, confusion, awe, starvation will envelop. Facts warrant the words. The greatest difficulty, the one which creates more uneasiness to day in official circles of the government is this question of supply. Flour is becoming scarce; we will have to resort to corn. This war, on our side, depends on bread. The enemy calculate on our exhaustion. Providence has blessed us most signally. The worst however is coming. We must be true to ourselves, and take heed from past experience. It is with us to merit a final triumph, or meet inglorious humiliation. The people at home must endorse the army. We fight—you must feed. Your generals and army will defeat the sanguine foe, but whilst we are fighting in the front, let not our own countrymen thwart us from the rear. Bread will ensure our independence. The army leans on the farmer. Let the trust be not misplaced. The planter who raises grain for his country is a patriot. The war, 'tis true, is heaviest on him, for his products are not enhanced in proportion to other commodities; yet the approbation of a patriot's heart on contributing his seed to the triumph of our country's cause, is worth more than mere dollars. There are higher aims in life than money. I do not desire to elaborate this matter of corn planting. It is too evident a position. There is no alternative, if we desire success, but to plant it. It seems to me, that our people ought to correct three faults. They are pertinent collectively to our subject. First, there is too little individual responsibility—too little individual patriotism; second, the home people must not regard themselves as a distinct class from the army—the two must act in conjunction; third, let liberty, not money, be the covenant of our country's arms. Above all things plant corn. Bread is safety—Bread is independence—our cause depends on bread. The soldier battling for you on the ensanguined field demands it of you.

A VOICE FROM THE ARMY.

Fighting on the Tallahatchie River.

JACKSON, March 15.—The following official despatch has been received from Gen. Loring:

"FORT PEMBERTON, March 13—1 p. m. "There has been a terrific fire by the enemy, uninterrupted for four hours, from ten to sixteen heavy calibre gunboats, two heavy guns on land and one mortar. All their guns from the boats except one have ceased firing, and the gunboats have retired around the bend, eight hundred yards distant, showing only one gun. The enemy's gunboats and batteries were constantly hit, and large quantities of burning cotton struck from them. We have lost some valuable gunners and a few others. Thank God, our loss is small, so far. The enemy's loss must be very great."

"Later.—March 13, 7, p. m.—Just as I sent off my last despatch to you, the enemy opened upon us again with guns from one gunboat, the land battery and their 13-inch mortar. The fire was kept up with great spirit until after sunset. The ammunition for our heavy guns has just now arrived."

Fort Pemberton is situated at the mouth of the Tallahatchie.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,

March 5, 1863.

Adjutant J. M. DAVIS, of our regiment, has just informed me that he will leave for home to-morrow. Home, how sweetly sounds that precious word; and those of us who were fortunate enough to get furloughs and visit home, and have returned again to the stern duties of this rugged life, appreciate—more than ever—the blessings of having a good one. How fondly the heart clings to its warm affections around its several precincts, for 'tis but ever so humble, there is no place like home. I really envy the Adjutant the treat in store for him of "Home" again. I left Richmond on Tuesday morning, with an immense train of cars filled to overflowing with soldiers returning to the army from a furlough. The weather is now very fine, clear and cold, with a prospect of continuance for several days at least.

Our neighbors over the river, are still in large force, their batteries line the Rappahannock on the Stafford side, and every indication shows that they have not abandoned the idea of making, in all probability another "On to Richmond." The idea prevails in this latitude, and I share in the conviction, that they will hardly reach the "Rebel Capital" by this route.

Gen. Kershaw is at present in command of the Division—Gen. McClaws being absent on furlough, and Col. W. D. DeSaussure (our Colonel) of the Brigade, and ought long ago to have had a permanent command of this grade, or a better officer, in every respect, can hardly be found in the whole Confederacy. But the most worthy do not always have their reward, but every patriot must bide his time: reward will come if not in promotion, at least, in the consciousness of having done ones duty. Since my return to camp, I have learned with painful regret of the deaths of two members of my company. B. P. Parker, son of Mr. Vincent Parker of our District, died in camp, and was buried here during my absence. W. H. Jourdan, died at the hospital in Lynchburg during the past month. I have no official information of his death, but have reliable information which leads me to the conviction that he is dead.

They were both good soldiers, and I hope that their end may have been peaceful. This makes five of my noble men who have died this year. Poor fellows they were all faithful to their country and its sacred cause.

The health of the troops continues pretty good, and their spirits excellent. "Town talk," and snow-balling are favorite amusements. The weather permitting, I will write again.

W.

From Virginia.

RICHMOND, March 18.—Information has been received here that a skirmish occurred yesterday afternoon at Kelly's Ford on the upper Rappahannock, between Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and Pelham's horse artillery. The enemy was about twelve thousand strong, under Gen. S. onchall, who succeeded in crossing at four o'clock in the afternoon. Our force did not exceed two thousand. We have to lament the loss of Maj. Pelham, of Alabama, and Maj. Pullen, of Virginia. The enemy were badly crippled and retreated to the north bank of the Rappahannock, leaving their men and horses straggled in the road. They also left a hospital.

Later.

RICHMOND, March 18.—The engagement yesterday, near the Rappahannock, occurred at Jamison's Woods within six miles of Culpeper. C. H. The enemy was driven across the river with heavy loss. Our loss will not exceed two hundred and fifty killed, wounded and captured. The enemy evidently contemplated a great expedition, but were completely foiled and are discomfited.

According to a recent article in a magazine one-third of the women of England never marry, and three millions of females are thrown upon their own exertions for support.

Movements in Arkansas.

PAROLA, MISS., March 12.—Tolerably authentic advices received here say that Helena, Ark., was attacked in the rear on Monday. Parties from that direction say that heavy firing was heard yesterday. The information comes from deserters, who say there are but 5000 troops left at Helena. A gentleman from a Memphis report that there are 2,500 sick Yankees in the hospitals of that city.

Important from North Carolina.

"Bethel" Hill advancing on Newbern.

RALEIGH, March 15.—The Kingston correspondent of the *State Journal* says that Gen. H. Hill came upon the enemy's outposts at Deep Gully, on the Trent Road, eight miles below and this side of Newbern, yesterday morning. The enemy's force was four companies of infantry and one battery. These became panic-stricken and fled across the stream, destroying the bridge. Gen. Hill had it quickly repaired and pushed on after the enemy. The General's horse was twice struck with a minie ball.

A Yankee and a "buffalo," who were captured, have reached Kingston. They report the enemy at Newbern 12,000 strong.

Gen. Hill is moving on Newbern.

The Late Explosion at Richmond.
RICHMOND, March 14.—Thirty deaths have resulted from the recent explosion of the Cartridge Factory on Brown's Island.

From Charleston.

CHARLESTON, March 18.—All quiet here to-night. If no attack be made to-morrow, it is supposed the enemy will wait fourteen days longer for the next spring tide.

The steamship *Calipso* arrived here from Nassau this morning. She was chased last night by the blockaders who fired repeatedly at her. One shell burst over her deck hurting nobody.

Bombardment of Port Hudson.

PORT HUDSON, March 15.—The bombardment commenced at 2 p. m. yesterday, and continued up to 5 p. m. The enemy fired slowly. Our batteries did not reply. At 12 last night, a most desperate engagement took place. The enemy endeavored to pass our batteries under cover of the darkness. The firing was most terrific, and lasted 2 hours. One gunboat succeeded in passing in a damaged condition. The sloop-of-war *Mississippi* was set on fire and burnt to the water's edge, in front of our batteries. One large vessel was completely riddled, and a third badly crippled and with the rest driven back. At 2 o'clock, the enemy withdrew. Our victory is complete and glorious. As far as known, no casualties on our side. The boat that passed is doubtless so disabled as to render her achievements fruitless. Thirty-six men and one midshipman of the destroyed frigate *Mississippi* were brought in by our cavalry this morning, several of whom were severely wounded.

RICHMOND, March 16.—Official despatches confirm the victory at Port Hudson. The *Mississippi* was burnt. The *Ricmond*, Farragut's flag-ship, went back down the river disabled. Two of the fleet, the *Albatross* and the *Albatross*, got by our batteries in a crippled condition. The land forces advanced on our works but failed to make an attack. The *Mississippi* was one of the best steamers in the Yankee navy. She was built in Philadelphia in 1841, and carried 12 heavy guns.

We find the following advertisement in the *Charleston Mercury* of Saturday last:

WANTED, AN EXCHANGE.—An Assistant Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain, desires an exchange with a Captain of Infantry in any good regiment in the field. Such an officer, wishing a "nice easy berth," "without much to do," who does not mind being called a "diner" by members of Congress and the press, and a "swindler" by the planters—who is willing to be a back for any brainless officer who may have the luck of being "Commandant"—who is thick skinned enough to be buffeted about with contradictory orders issued by officers who think they have the privilege—can be accommodated by addressing A. Q. M., at this office. The present incumbent, though resigned to his fate, lives in hope of a termination of the war or an exchange as now proposed.

OBITUARY.

WM. C. DUTTON, of Sharpburg, Maryland, on the 19th day of September, 1862, from a wound in the head received in that memorable struggle on the 17th day of that month. Born and reared in Camden, he dedicated himself with propriety, and possessed the esteem of all who knew him. A dutiful son, he contributed much to the support of his mother and family. His untimely loss is a sad bereavement to the world. I know him most intimately as a soldier, and in that capacity I desire to pay a merited tribute to his worth and sterling qualities. The call of his State met in him a prompt response, and the boom of the guns from Sumner's embattlements found him in the ranks of the Camden Volunteers. Virginia needed assistance, and in common with the brave spirits of that gallant old Company, whose death roll is a noble attestation of his fidelity and stern battle trials, he left his home to uphold the honor of the South on the soil replete with immorally classic by the life blood of myriads of gallant dead. For eighteen months he participated in the triumph of the army of the Potomac, whose banners have never trailed the dust, but up and on in the smoke of twenty battles has borne a St. Andrew's cross, while a silent of his soldiers have reverberated on the banks of the Potomac, or amid the marshes of the Chickahominy. It is a proud recollection to his friends, that this gallant soldier should have braved the dangers of nine engagements. He was destined to fall at Sharpburg in the fiercest struggle of this war. Brave and ardent, he exhibited in actions the self-possession of a veteran, and by his example urged his comrades to deeds of daring. He was emphatically a good fighter and although weary exhausted and foot sore, he willed himself into that great battle, to stand at the messenger of death. Prompt obedience and fidelity, he was a soldier of the highest order—never absent unless necessarily so, or by permission, he was the pride of his officers. From a private, he rose to be Corporal and subsequently Orderly Sergeant of his company. He supported the discipline, and sustained the military tone of the organization. Hardship, hunger nor danger could cow his spirits, but resolute and patriotic he loved his country with a sincere devotion. She mourns no better soldier—she has no purer patriot.

Wanted to Rent,

IN CAMDEN OR KIRKWOOD, A HOUSE CONTAINING FIVE OR SIX ROOMS.

March 20