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The Camden Confederate,

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J. T. HERSHMAN, Editor.

Gen. Gillmore's Demand for the Evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter—Gen. Beauregard's Reply, etc.

We lay before our readers this morning the demand of General Quincy A. Gillmore for the evacuation of Fort Sumter and our Morris Is- batteries, with the reply of General Beauregard: HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, } Morris Island S. C. Aug. 21, 1863. }

GENERAL: I have the honor to demand of you the immediate evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter, by the Confederate forces. The present condition of Fort Sumter, and the rapid and progressive destruction which it is undergoing from my Batteries, seem to render its complete demolition, within a few hours, a matter of certainty. All my heaviest guns have not yet opened.

Should you refuse compliance with this demand, or should I receive no reply thereto, within four hours after it is delivered into the hands of your subordinate at Fort Wagner, for transmission, I shall open fire on the city of Charleston from batteries already established, within easy effective [range] of the heart of the city.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) [Q. A. GILLMORE,]

Brig. Gen. Commanding.

To Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Commanding Confederate forces, Charleston, S. C.

The above communication was received, without signature, at quarter before eleven o'clock on Friday night. It was returned with the following endorsement:

HEADQ'RS. DEPARTMENT S. C., GA. AND FLA. } CHARLESTON, August, 21, 1863. }

This paper is returned for the signature of the writer.

THOMAS JORDAN,

(Signed.) Chief of staff.

On Saturday morning the Communication was sent back to our lines, this time signed by Q. A. Gillmore. We give below the reply of General Beauregard:

HEADQ'RS. DEPARTMENT OF S. C., GA. FLA. } CHARLESTON, S. C., August, 22, 1863. }

SIR: Last night, at 15 minutes before 11 o'clock, during my absence on reconnoissance of my fortifications, a communication was received at these Headquarters, dated Headquarters Department of the South, Morris Island, S. C., August 21st, 1863, demanding the "immediate evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter by the Confederate forces," on the alleged grounds that the present condition of Fort Sumter, and the rapid and progressive destruction it is undergoing from my batteries, seem to render its complete demolition within a few hours a matter of certainty," and that if this demand "was not complied with, or no reply thereto was received within four hours after it is delivered into the hands of your (my) subordinate commander at Fort Wagner for transmission "a fire would be opened on the City of Charleston from batteries already established within easy and effective (range) of the heart of the city." This communication, to my address, was without signature, and was of course returned.

About half-past one this morning one of your batteries did actually open fire, and threw a number of heavy rifle shells into the city, the inhabitants of which, of course, were asleep and unwarned. About nine o'clock this morning the communication alluded to above was returned to these Headquarters, bearing your

recognized official signature; and it can now be noticed as your deliberate official act.

Among nations not barbarous the usages of war prescribe that, when a city is about to be attacked, timely notice shall be given by the attacking commander, in order that non-combatants may have an opportunity for withdrawing beyond its limits. Generally the time allowed is from one to three days—that is, time for the withdrawal, in good faith, of at least the women and children. You, sir, give only four hours, knowing that your notice, under existing circumstances, could not reach me in less than two hours, and that not less than the same time would be required for an answer to be conveyed from this city to Battery Wagner. With this knowledge, you threaten to open fire on the city, not to oblige its surrender, but to force me to evacuate these works, which you, assisted by a great naval force, have been attacking in vain for more than forty days.

Batteries Wagner and Gregg and Fort Sumter are nearly due north from your batteries on Morris Island, and in distance therefrom varying from half mile to two and a quarter miles; this city, on the other hand, is to the north-west, and quite five miles distant from the battery opened against it this morning.

It would appear, sir, that, despairing of reducing these works, you now resort to the rovel measure of turning your guns against the old men, the women and children, and the hospitals of a sleeping city; an act of inexcusable barbarity from your own confessed point of sight, inasmuch as you allege that the "complete demolition of Fort Sumter" within a few hours by your guns seems to you "a matter of certainty."

Your omission to attach your signature to such a grave paper, must show the recklessness of the course upon which you have adventured. While the facts that you knowingly fixed a limit for receiving an answer to your demand, which made it almost beyond the possibility of receiving any reply within that time, and that you actually did open fire and throw a number of the most destructive missiles ever used in war, into the midst of a city taken unawares, and filled with sleeping women and children, will give you a bad eminence in history—even in the history of this war.

I am only surprised, sir, at the limits you have set to your demand. If, in order to attain the abandonment of Morris Island and Fort Sumter you feel authorized to fire on this city, why did you not also include the works on Sullivan's and James' Islands—nay, even the city of Charleston—in the same demand?

Since you have felt warranted in inaugurating this method of reducing batteries in your immediate front, which were found otherwise impregnable, and a mode of warfare which I confidently declare to be atrocious and unworthy of any soldier, I now solemnly warn you, that if you fire again on this city from your Morris Island batteries, without granting a somewhat more reasonable time to remove non-combatants, I shall feel impelled to employ such stringent means of retaliation as may be available during the continuance of this attack.

Finally, I reply, that neither the works on Morris Island or Fort Sumter will be evacuated on the demand you have been pleased to make. Already, however, I am taking measures to remove, with the utmost possible celerity, all non-combatants—who are now fully aware of, and alive to, what they may expect at your hands.

Respectfully, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

To Brigadier General Q. A. Gillmore, commanding U. S. Forces, Morris Island.

To this, a rejoinder was received yesterday afternoon, in which General Gillmore extends a notification that he would suspend his fire "until 11 p. m. to-morrow" (Sunday), in order to give time for the removal of non-combatants. As this communication was not delivered at Battery Wagner until noon on Sunday, it was not noticed that the date was 9 p. m. Saturday and hence, "to-morrow" was erroneously supposed to refer to this (Monday) night. This impression was very general in our community last evening. But a few minutes before 12 o'clock last night the whiz of the first shell warned us that the ball had opened.

A Good Joke on the Chaplain.

THE "STOLEN BUFFALO ROBE."—We published some time ago a humorous letter from the Rev. T. D. Gwin, Chaplain of the 1st South Carolina Volunteers, calling upon the "man who stole his buffalo robe" and sundry other baggage, to return the same if he valued at all the blessings of a clear conscience, and an improved prospect of future salvation. The following pious and noble spirited response to the reverend gentlemen will show that the appeal through the Enquirer has not been altogether unproductive:

SEVENTEENTH MISS. REG'T POSEY'S BRIGADE, } Camp near Bunker Hill, Va., July 16, 1863. }

MY DEAR GWIN: I was expressly shocked to learn from your letter in the Enquirer, of the 4th inst., that the temporary loan of your "buffalo robe," blankets, shawl and pillow should have given you such inconvenience, and even suspended your arduous duties in the field for a week.

Had I known that these articles belonged to a chaplain, the sacred package should have remained inviolate.

But supposing from the mark, "Captain," that it belonged to some poor officer of the line, and knowing that it was more baggage than he was entitled to carry, I relieved him of it from motives that will be appreciated by any officer of the line or the field.

On my arrival at camp, on the first of April, I divided the blankets among my mess, and in a sudden fit of generosity, I retained the buffalo robe, shawl and pillow for my own use.

The other members now join me in returning thanks, and feel that to your warm and gushing heart these thanks will be the richest recompense.

We are, all of us, exceedingly anxious for you to change your field of labor to this army, where the duties of chaplains are much lighter than they could possibly be any where else.

Here they devote themselves to trading horses and collecting table delicacies, with a zeal that eminently entitles them to the appellation of *Birds of Prey*.

I am now patiently waiting for your coat and boots, which I presume you will send me, in accordance with the following injunction:

"If any man take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also."—St. Mathew, chap. v, ver. 40.

For the regulation of the amount of baggage which a chaplain in the army should carry, we refer you to the following:

"Provide neither gold, nor silver nor brass in your purses.

"Nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats; neither shoes, nor yet slaves, for the workman is worthy of his meat."—Matt. chap. x, verse 9, 10.

Anything you may have in excess of the above allowance will be respectfully received by me.

I remain, dear Gwin, with sentiments of eternal gratitude.

"THE MAN WHO STOLE YOUR BUFFALO ROBE."

To Rev. T. D. Gwin, Chaplain 1st S. C. V. Richmond Enquirer.

A VIGILANT SENTINEL.—A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal tells the following:

As a specimen of the vigilance exercised by the soldiers on duty here, take the following: The other morning as General Joseph E. Johnston approached the cars with the purpose of getting aboard, enroute for Mobile, his ears were saluted by the gruff word "Halt!" coming from the stentorian throat of a grey coated private, who demanded, when the veteran General had come to a stand, what was his business "on this here train?" The General told him he was going to Mobile—"Let me see your certificate," at the same time promptly bringing his piece to an "arms port." "Old man," said the watchful sentinel, "no one goes on this train unless he has a surgeon's certificate." At this crisis, one of the General's aids interfered, and explained to the soldier who the "old man" was, much to the amusement of the latter, but to the horror and confusion of the worthy guard, who took the General's compliment to his faithful performance of duty, as a reprimand.

A New Candidate for Congress.

The Chattanooga Rebel publishes the subjoined card from Hon. John. Happy: *To my fellow citizens of Tennessee:*

At the earnest and most frantic solicitations of two friends, with whom I have just taken a small drink, I have consented to allow my name to go before the public as a candidate to represent the 12th Congressional District of Tennessee in the next Confederate Congress. My claims for civil preferment are multitudinous, in a military point of view. I have been in every famous retreat in this war, from Fishing Creek to Lavergne. As retreating constitutes one of the chief strategic features of this war, I flatter myself (since nobody else does) that I am as expert on a backward movement as a double bug. I have served heroically in the quartermaster's department ever since the war began—and would do it still to the close, if the authorities would abstain from court martialing me every two weeks for malfeasance in office.

To my dear, indulgent, sweet, goodnatured gallant, heroic, high-toned, badly clothed, poorly fed, magnanimous, brave, self-sacrificing, kind-hearted, patriotic friends of the rank and file, I have ever been a true friend. If I should be disgraced with a seat in Congress, (I don't care if its even a seat on the stone steps of the Speaker's stand,) the first step I shall take on behalf of the suffering soldier will be step round to the Exchange Hotel and drink his health. I shall vote to have the pay of the private soldiers raised to \$3,000 a year, and probably introduce a bill to tax every man who sports a star or a bar on his collar \$100 a month for each star and bar, the fund thus raised to be divided out amongst the privates, with which to indulge in the game called "poker." Consequently, every man who sports a bar on his shoulder, (unless it be a crowbar—and it ought to be, in many instances,) must expect to pay for the glory, if I am elected. I shall also introduce a bill to place all soldier's wives who flirt with other wives' husbands who ain't soldiers, in the lunatic asylum.

Also a resolution, which I shall introduce, (and shall thrash every Congress-man who refuses to vote for it,) that any Lieutenant General, Major-General, Brigadier, Colonel, Captain or Lieutenant, who shall permit his men to burn fence rails, steal cabbages, &c., after dark, shall be immediately promoted and assigned to duty in the Damphool Brigade,

The time has come, my fellow-citizens, when good men and true, who are anxious to get into some sort of hole to avoid the conscript, should be selected for offices of public trust. I am good, I'm a true man—Congress is my hole. Hoping each man of you will cast as many votes for me as can stuff into the ballot box, I remain your best friend.

J. H.

P. S.—I neglected to mention that, not elected, I shall retire, like Cincinnatus, to the fields and there spend the rest of my furlough on earth beneath my own "gourd-vine and frog-tree," with the sublimest indifference.

General Morgan's Appearance.

We have just got back from the Morgan race, and had the satisfaction of being in the chase yesterday when he was caught. Everybody has something to say or enquire about the great guerrilla chief. We have been asked a thousand and one times what kind of a man Morgan is, and how he looks. We would say for the relief of all concerned, he has neither hoofs nor horns, but like Lincoln's maul, he is a mere man. He informed me that his age is thirty-three years, though his present appearance would indicate forty. I presume he told me the truth. His careworn countenance at this time is not a proper index of his age. His stature is six feet; weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds; shoulders square and broad; body straight; head common size; small feet for a man of his size; small graish eyes, with rather deep and numerous wrinkles at the corner of each in the skin, with an expression of mirthfulness. Whiskers and moustache black, dark auburn hair, slightly curled at the end; fair complected; red face; good looking, soft, pleasant, musical voice; agreeable manners &c; in short, a ladies' man. He was dressed, when captured, with black soft, slouch, broad brimmed hat, gray round-about, gray pants, fine kipskin boots, pants inside his boot legs. He was not dressed different from private soldiers.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*