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The Camden Confederate

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J. T. HERSHMAN, Editor.

"SOUTHERN PREMIUM SEWING MACHINE."

One of the kind a man can love,
That wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eye and the daintiest foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with leathers, ribbons and loops,
And an indefinite number of hoops.

One that can dance and possibly flirt,
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady or witch—
Ready to give us the sagest advice,
And do up our collars and things so nice.

We like the machine that can laugh and talk,
And take our arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws—
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
Our wonderful family sewing machine.

Jupiter McFarland, the Richmond Barber, in Washington.

The very interesting colored barber, direct from Richmond, whose arrival in Washington and whose revelations of life in Richmond were thought of sufficient importance to be telegraphed to the New York Times has turned up in that city with a "handkerchief full of locks of hair, shorn from the head of rebel notables, obtained in the course of business," and has been doing a good stroke of trade by selling them to the fanatical dupes. A special meeting, to receive him and hear his stories, was held in the basement of Cheever's church; reporters were in attendance, and the particulars are given in a copy of the Tribune, of the 22d futuro, which was forwarded to us by an obliging friend in the Signal Corps, and received at a late hour last night. We have room only for a few of the most remarkable passages:—*Richmond Examiner*.

Quite a collection of prominent ladies and gentlemen were assembled, last evening, in the basement of the Rev. Dr. Cheever's church, to pay their respects to the very interesting colored barber from Richmond, whose arrival in this city has been anticipated with so much anxiety. Among the celebrities present, we noticed Mr. Greely, of the Tribune; Mr. Raymond, of the Times; Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews; Miss Dix; Prof. Fowler; Mrs. Kemble; Dr. Hodge, of Princeton Seminary; Dr. Guernsey, of Harpers' Monthly; Rev. Dr. Pyne; Dr. Cheever; Mrs. Swishelm, and others. The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, who then introduced the distinguished guest, Mr. Jupiter McFarland, a tall, salmon-colored gentleman, about thirty years of age, quite handsome with intelligent black eyes, hair almost straight, and a decidedly pleasing address. After shaking hands with the principal personages, Mr. McFarland, who "has in his veins the best blood of Virginia," stood up in the centre of the middle aisle and answered, in an audible tone, the questions put to him by Dr. Cheever and others. His education being imperfect, Mr. McFarland's English was not altogether elegant, but his melodious tones and his frank directness of manner made him easily understood.

We pass over the incidents of his escape, which are minutely, and no doubt falsely, narrated, and come at once to the important questions and answers, as given by the reporter, who makes a feeble attempt to imitate the mulatto lingo.

Question.—Are you acquainted with the rebel leaders?

Answer.—Yes, sir, intimately. They come regular to my shop to get shaved.

Question.—All of them?

Answer.—All 'cept Mr. Benjamin and the 'Torney-Gen'ral; they is too busy.

Question.—Does Jeff. Davis come?

Answer.—Yes, he is de fust one, every mornin', sure as de sun shines.

Question.—What sort of a man is he?

Answer.—Well, he don't cuss none sence he joined the church, but he is potty rambunctious when he can't got no good segars from Cuba to smoke.

Question.—Do the people like him?

Answer.—Some un'em does and some un'em does'nt. Them that lives in the Department swars by him, but the rest says he apints mean Gen'als just to spite the people.

Question.—His Cabinet fear him very much, do they not?

Answer.—Well, as for cabinet makers, thar haint but mighty few left; most un'em havin' took to makin' coffins. (Suppressed laughter.)

Question.—There are a great many deaths in the city, then?

Answer.—Yes, sir, we has berried nigh into four millions of 'Fedril soldiers since the war begun. [Sensation]

Question.—Does Jeff. Davis get shaved every day?

Answer.—No, he gits shampooed, and then he sets in a cheer, smokes, and spits about, and talks politicks to his friends.

Question.—What other persons come to your shop?

Answer.—Mr. Letcher comes to git his hair curled, and so does Mr. Seddons. Mr. Memminger and the Press Gen'ral, Mr. Northrup, they comes to git their moustaches confumed, and bathes together.

Question.—You don't mean to say they bathe in the same tub at the same time?

Answer.—Yes, I do; they washes one another with castile soap. They is great friends, and plays into each others hands.

Question.—How do they do that?

Answer.—Why, Mr. Memminger he makes money accordin' to the claims of the Press Gen'ral; and the Press Gen'ral, he is a fierce old man; he say he bedam if he aint going to press everything the people raise to eat, so's to make expenses light.

Question.—There is great scarcity of food in Richmond, then?

Answer.—Yes; people dies every day of starvation.

Question.—That's the reason there are so many mobs of women?

Answer.—Not adzackly, for Government is afraid of their risin', like they did last winter, and so they gives 'em plenty of money; but it's mostly the rich planters that's been drove away from home and lost everything that perishes for the want of something to eat, and is 'shamed to say anything about it. [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Question by Mr. Greely.—How about the rebels rams?

Answer.—I declare, sir, I don't know. I aint taste sheep meat for two year. I don't love it.

[The merriment of the audience at this unexpected reply, says the Tribune reporter, could not be repressed; the lecture room shook with laughter, in which Mr. McFarland joined when his mistake was explained to him. He then stated that the rebels had three or four rams completed and about two dozen more, of the largest size, well under weigh, at the little town of Fluvanna, about five miles above Richmond.]

Question by Miss Dix.—There are a great many low women in the city, are there not?

Answer.—I don't know, old Mississ—

Miss Dix interrupting.—I am your sister, not your mistress; recollect you are free now.

Answer.—So I is. I forgot dat. Well, sister, the women is mostly about your hight, some a leetle higher, may be.

By Mr. Pearl Andrews.—Society is in a very disorganized state, I imagine?

Answer.—A good deal that way. Since the war broke out the furrinors has quit comin' with their organs and monkeys.

By Mr. Raymond.—How long do the rebels think the war will last?

Answer.—About five-and-twenty year, unless the flour and meal gives out.

Question.—I suppose they hate us very heartily?

Answer.—They don't do nothin' eise; and the little boys is worse than the grown folks. If they catches any of your men in the street, trying to get back home, they chokes 'em down, and takes 'em in the back yard of the cullered folks jails, and turns bull-dogs and blood-hounds onto 'em tell they tears 'em to pieces. Cap'n Alexander, at the Libby, has got a big hound that has eat at least two hundred prisoners alive. But they never lets this be known. [Intense indignation and excitement, especially among the ladies.]

Question.—Money is very scarce in Richmond, isn't it?

Answer.—There is plenty of it, but it don't buy nothin', because the Govetument aint got the sense to manage it's business. When I was in Washington, Mr. Chaste larked at his brother Secretary, as he called him, and said he could wind him around his little finger. He had been patterning hard after him, but that had just brought him into trouble, for the two countries warnt in the same fix at all.

[This financial revelation of the Richmond darkey was hailed as a positive proof of the great intellectual capacity of the African, and elicited many compliments from Raymond. At least this is what the Yankee reporter says.]

Question by Gen. McClellan, who had just come in.—How many troops are there in and around Richmond?

Answer.—A good many. There is the Armory Band, and the city Battalion, and General Brown's horse company, and the militia, and about a thousand hundred niggers.

Question.—Are the negroes armed?

Answer.—Yes, sir. They makes out like they was working on the fortifications, but they has as many and good arms as anybody. I seen 'em.

Question.—Who commands the whole force?

Answer.—I haint sartin for sure, but I expect Cap'n Freeman and Gen'ral Brown, the President's fust cousin.

[Here, says the Tribune reporter, the important part of the conversation ended, and Mr. McFarland opened his handkerchief and disposed of a lot of hair trinkets, made out of the capillary excrecence of the noted rebels, male and female, whom he had, at various times, attended in his capacity of barber. Most of the articles brought high figures. A lock of Jeff. Davis hair sold for \$10; a curl of Gov. Letcher's for \$5, and a neat watch guard, made of the plaited tresses of two kinds of beautiful hair, one straight and the other curly, but sweetly harmonizing, was knocked down to Mr. Greely at \$40. Bracelets made of the hair of other secess belles sold at less remarkable rates, but Mr. McFarland must have netted between \$300 and \$400 by the night's operation with "a few more left of the same sort," which may be had on application to him at his lodgings, with Miss Dix, on East Thirty fourth street. The doxology was sung, the benediction pronounced by a clergyman from Boston, whose name we did not catch, and the meeting broke up harmoniously.]

LADIES FOR THE ARMY.—A lady friend suggests the propriety of withdrawing at least 100,000 men from the field, and recruiting in their place the same number of woman. The following are her reasons:

1. The inequality in the sexes is becoming truly alarming.
2. The fact that woman can scratch their way in and out of a fight, better than men.
3. There are some masculine old women at home, who are satisfied in their own minds, that if permitted to manage things, they could compel the Yankees to present arms in a very short time.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.—We learn that a hostile meeting took place on Wednesday afternoon at the Sand Bar Ferry, on the Carolina shore, between Mr. C. H. Red, of this city, and Mr. Richard Copeland, of Maryland, resulting in the death of the latter. The parties fought with Colt's repeaters, to fire at the word, and to advance and fire at will after the first shot. Neither party, however, availed themselves of this privilege, but each kept his original position. Copeland was struck at Red's second fire—the ball entering the body at the upper end of the breast bone, and passing out under the left arm. We are told it was a fair stand up fight, both parties evincing great coolness. Mr. Copeland fired two shots and exploded one cap after being struck. He expired in a few minutes after he fell. Mr. Red's first ball passed through his opponent's hat. We do not know the origin of the difficulty. There were about seventy five spectators of the scene. —*Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*.

GEN. SCOTT ON OUR GENERALS.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says that Gen. Scott was encountered the other day by a leading Washington official, with whom the old veteran fell into a very unreserved talk about our Generals. It will not surprise any one to know that he pronounced Lee the greatest General of the war; or that he declared that he was more disappointed in Gen. McClellan's performances than he was ever before with those of any officer in our service. Gen. Grant's operations he spoke of as displaying more military skill than any other General had exhibited on our side; and could only remember him in the Mexican war as a young lieutenant of undoubted courage, but giving no promise whatever of anything beyond ordinary ability.

"MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN."—The immortal Parson Brownlow has turned up again this time in a letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, breathing fire and destruction upon the "rebels." He says:

For my part, I have every confidence in our ultimate success. Let Rosecrans be reinforced and he will whip the Confederacy. The mediation I advocate is that of the cannon and the sword; and let there be no armistice, on sea or land, until all the rebels, front and rear, North and South, are subjugated or exterminated. And then let condign punishment be speedily meted out to the surviving leaders in this unholy crusade against civilization. My motto is, Greek fire to the masses and hell fire for the leaders. And none but the loyal should be consulted in the great casting up of these accounts. W. G. BROWNLOW.

GEN. D. H. HILL AND THE MUSICIANS.—A correspondent, writing from General Bragg's army, tells the Columbus Inquirer a good joke that was going the rounds of the camp relative to D. H. Hill and a band of musicians. The leader of the band made application, through his Colonel, for furlough for himself and band. The application took the regular channel, and was approved all the way up until it reached General Hill. The General disapproved it, and returned it with the endorsement, "Shooters before Tooters." It smacks of his characteristic aversion to every class but that which carries the musket and the knapsacks.

"POSSUMS HAS RIS."—Good crops don't bring down provisions in war times; an evidence of which is, the 'possum crop is larger than ever known before. The price for this species of bacon has run up to \$3, and in consequence 'possum dogs have taken a spasmodic jump from \$5 to 25, and holders firm.—*Abbeville press*.

The Virginia Legislature has passed a stringent law for the extermination of gamblers. Among the penalties inflicted is "thirty-nine lashes well laid on the bare back at the public whipping post."