

THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRESIS THE ROYAL THRONE UPON WHICH SHE SITS, AN ENETHRONMONARCH."

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The Confederate

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THE WEIGHT OF A TEAR.

A pair of scales before him, a rich man sat and weighed.

A piece of gold—a widow's all, and unto her he said:

"Your coin is not the proper weight, so take it back again,

Or sell it me for half its worth; it lacks a single grain."

With tearful eyes the widow said, "Oh! weigh it once more:

I pray you be not so exact, nor drive me from your door."

"Why! see yourself, it's undr weight! your tears are of no avail."

The second time he tries it, it just bears down the scale;

But little guessed that rich man, who held his gold so dear,

That the extra weight which bore it down had been the widow's tear.

The Murder of Six Confederate Prisoners at St. Louis—Particulars of the Execution.

Several paragraphs have been published from the latest Yankee papers, announcing the intention to shoot six Confederate soldiers in retaliation for six Yankees who were killed during General Price's expedition. The murders took place at St. Louis on the 1st instant. Six Confederates were elected from the prisoners in the Gratiot street prison, but one of them proving to have been a teamster, his name was stricken from the death roll and that of George F. Bunch, of the Third Missouri Cavalry, was substituted. The men were not informed of their fate until the day of execution. The St. Louis Democrat gives the following details of their murder:

At about two o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, the six men were taken from the prison, placed in a covered wagon, and escorted to the place of execution by a detachment of the Tenth Kansas, followed by a number of other soldiers, and by a few citizens. Fort No. 4, a short distance south of Lafayette Park, was selected as the place of execution, and to that point the procession marched without music.

On the west side of the fort six posts had been set in the ground, each with a seat attached, and each tied with a strip of white cotton cloth, afterwards used in bandaging the eyes of the prisoners. Fifty-four men were selected as the executioners, forty-four belonging to the Tenth Kansas and ten to the Forty-first Missouri. Thirty-six of these composed the front firing party, eighteen being reserved in case they should not do the work effectually.

About three o'clock the prisoners arrived on the ground and sat down, attached to the posts. They all appeared to be more or less affected, but, considering the circumstances, remained remarkably firm. Father Ward and Rev. Mr. McKim spoke to the men in their last moments, exhorting them to put their trust in God. The row of posts ranged north and south, and at the first on the north was Asa V. Ladd, on his left was George Nichols, next Harvey H. Blackburn, George T. Bunch, Charles W. Minniken and James W. Gates. Ladd and Blackburn sat with perfect calmness, with their eyes fixed on the ground, and did not speak. Nichols gave no sign of emotion at first, but sat with seeming indifference, scraping the ground with his heel. He asked one of the surgeons if there was any hope of a postponement, and being assured that there was none, he looked more serious, and frequently ejaculated, "Lord, have mercy on my poor soul!" Again he said: "O, to think of the news that will go to father and mother!"

After the reading of the sentence by Colonel Heinrichs, Minniken expressed a desire to say a few words. He said:

"Soldiers, and all of you who hear me, take warning from me. I have been a Confederate soldier four years and have served my country

faithfully, I am now to be shot for what other men have done, that I had no hand in, and knew nothing about. I never was a guerrilla and I am sorry to be shot for what I had nothing to do with, and what I am not guilty of. When I took a prisoner I always treated him kindly, and never harmed a man after he surrendered. I hope God will take me to his bosom when I am dead. O Lord be with me."

While the sergeant was bandaging his eyes Minniken said—"Sergeant, I don't blame you I hope we will all meet in heaven. Boys, when you kill me, kill me dead."

The eyes of all being bandaged, they bade each other farewell. "Good bye, George," one said; "Farewell, Nicholas," said other; "Good bye, Blackburn," uttered several; and two or three of them said, "Boys, farewell to you all; the Lord have mercy on our poor souls."

The firing party was about ten paces off.—Some of the Kansas men appeared to be reluctant to fire upon the prisoners, but Captain Jones told them it was their duty; that they should have no hesitation, as these men had taken the life of many a Union man who was innocent as themselves.

At the word, the thirty-six soldiers fired simultaneously—the discharge sounding like a single explosion. The aim of every man was true. One or two of the victims groaned, and Blackburn cried out, "Oh, kill me quick!"—In five minutes they were all dead—their heads falling to one side and their bodies swinging around to the sides of the posts, and being kept from falling by the pinions on their arms. Five of them were shot through the heart, and the sixth received three balls in his breast, dying almost instantly.

The two Candidates.

George Francis Train has made another great speech, in which he destroys both candidates. The following is a specimen of his style:

One is Old Abe and the other is not. [Laughter.] The people pay their money, but the politicians give them no choice. George and Abram are very much alike, especially George. George goes in for wiping out States. So does Abram. Abram goes in for the draft. So does George. George goes in for liberal arrests. So does Abram. Abram goes in for manumitting the slaves as a military necessity. So does George. George goes in for suspension of *habeas corpus*. So does Abram. Abram goes in for military interference at the polls. So does George. George goes in for spoils. So does Abram. Abram goes in for prosecuting the war. George dodges the question; but would wade through a national graveyard to get to the White House.

George is surrounded by corrupt politicians. So is Abram. Abram would commit all the crimes in the calendar to retain office. So would George to obtain office. [O.] George stands on the fence when they *elhim to*. So does Abram. Where, then, is the difference between the two? Here it is. George is mortgaged to Rothschild, inside and outside, right side and left side, back side and front side. The recent panic in politics has used up the margins; hence the speculation is a bad one, and the broker will be ready to sell out on Tuesday night, when the returns come in from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Abram is not sold to England. Again, Abram has his pockets full. George's are empty. This reminds me of Erasmus' little story. [Laughter.] Fast confessor applies for situation.—Keep fast horses? Yes. Fast women? Yes. All paid for? Yes. Those diamonds—yours? Yes. The business man turned to the Bard and said: He is our man; has all these things now; hence, won't get them out of us. [Laughter.]

Snake Soup.—The Charlottesville (Virginia) Chronicle is responsible for the following:

We receive many communications daily to know how to make snake soup. The directions are as follows: Take a couple of snakes, eighteen inches long; remove head and skin, and sprinkle freely with salt and pepper. Put in a pot of hot water, and add a teaspoonful of vitriol, a few handfuls of Jamestown weed, about a gill of spirits of turpentine, a small quantity of turmeric, and a few spoonfuls of bisulphuret of carbon, with vegetables.—Boil about three quarters of an hour, and drop in a few roots of *Veratrum album*, or white hellebore—or of the *Colchicum autumnale*, or meadow saffron.

Then eat, taking care not to eat too much.

Camden, Wednesday, November 16.

J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

EXAMINING BOARD.—The Medical Board for the 6th Congressional District, will hold their next meeting for Kershaw in this town on to-morrow—Thursday.

The time for holding the regular tri-weekly Union Prayer Meeting has been changed, and until further notice will be held on Wednesday evenings only, at the Baptist Church.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—We have received and perused the President's Message. It is an ably written paper, and we regret that we are unable to publish it in full in this week's issue. However, a synopsis of the leading points discussed will be found in another column. In another issue we will endeavor to set forth our views concerning some matters contained of the most vital importance to our best interests.

THE DUTIES OF A JUDGE ADVOCATE.—We have received from the publishing house of EVANS & COGSWELL, Columbia, S. C., a copy of the duties of a Judge Advocate, in a trial before a General Court Martial. It is compiled from various military works on the military laws of the country, by Capt. R. C. GILCHRIST, acting Judge Advocate General of the department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. The work is published with the approbation of the Secretary of War.

Messrs. EVANS & COGSWELL are entitled to great credit for the handsome manner in which they issue all publications emanating from their house.

YANKEE MECHANICS.—We see by yesterday's issue of the *Journal* that our neighbor is considerably exercised, in consequence of an importation of Yankee mechanics—located in our town—for the purpose of making barrels for government, and we think justly so. The views set forth by "CIVIS," are such as every true Southerner should entertain. If any of our intelligent citizens can reason in favor of such a system of labor, without a sufficient guard to overlook, as prisoners of war, such characters, we would be glad to hear from them. We propose making some remarks in reference to this matter in our next issue, and would be glad to publish the views of any of our citizens. It is a subject to be seriously pondered over, and one in which every man, woman and child in our land is vitally interested.

ANOTHER JOKE FROM "OLD ABE."—Mr. Lincoln is uncommonly full of jokes at the present time. The Herald makes the following illustration:

Complaint was made to him by a Western Democratic Congressman, a few days ago, that the Colonel of one of the cavalry regiments from the Congressman's State had sent home eight hundred and sixty votes, of which there were seven hundred and ninety for Mr. Lincoln, and the balance of fifty for McClellan. "Now, Mr. Lincoln," complained the irate M. C., "that regiment has not today in its ranks, according to the Colonel's own official return, one hundred and fifty men present for duty. The fact is," continued the Congressman, "that the Colonel and Adjutant just took the old muster roll of the regiment as it left the State over two years ago, and returned the votes of every man they saw thereon just as it pleased themselves." The complainant wound up with a vigorous appeal for justice against the offending officer. "My dear sir," replied the President, rubbing his lean hands together and chuckling away down to the bottom of his boots, "it would seem that these officers have taken my words, 'there is nobody hurt,' somewhat too literally; but the matter of correction is not within my power. It is a State affair, and if corrected at all—for which, let me confess, I see no pressing necessity—the proper remedies must be applied by the State authorities. What I propose is to conduct my own campaign in my own way, and to let the friends of Gen. McClellan conduct theirs as they please."

A Southern Poet in a Northern Prison.

Colonel WILLIAM S. HAWKINS, of Tennessee, one of the finest soldiers and most skilful scouts in the army of the West, is yet but a young man—we believe but twenty-six. His excellent qualities as a soldier were early recognized by Gen. WHEELER; but his talents and his successes in the walks of literature and oratory had already endeared him to every Tennessean. From his place of incarceration (Camp Chase, Ohio), we see he still writes verses which extort the praise of even the Yankee critics. PRENTICE, of the *Louisville Journal*, whose sagacity in criticism is as unerring as his course in politics is slippery, gives him the highest praises, while the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, the *New York News*, the *Metropolitan Record*, and the *Knickerbocker Monthly*, have sought the contributions of his polished pen. We copy the following from the columns of the latter—the best of Northern magazines and a staunch Democratic and Conservative organ:

[From the *New York Knickerbocker*.]

"TRUE TO THE LAST"

We give the following pathetic verses to our readers, promising that they were written upon an incident which occurred in the last battle of one of the author's friends. Having a foreboding of his fate, he penciled on the plating of his scabbard the name of his lady love; and the words "in the face of death my thoughts are thine." A faithful comrade removed from his body and bore to the weeping maiden this token of his constancy. Colonel W. Stewart Hawkins, of Tennessee, is one of the most chivalrous and accomplished gentlemen of the South, and though a foeman, he has won the esteem of his opponents on the field, and his captors, while in prison, by his noble and manly spirit, his gallant and generous bearing. He is very youthful, and with the enthusiasm of his years, seems to unite in himself the literary tastes of Sidney, the valor of Bayard, and the endurance of Roderick.

I.
The bugles blow the battle call,
And through the camp each stalwart band
To-day its serried column forms,
To fight for God and native land!
Brave men are fighting by my side,
Our banners floating glad and free,
But yet amid this brilliant scene
I give my thoughts to thee!

II.
The horsemen dashing to and fro—
The drums with wild and thunderous roll—
The sights and sounds—all things that tend
To kindle valor in the soul:
These all are here—but in the maze
Of squadrons moved with furious glee,
Still true to every vow we made,
I give my thoughts to thee.

III.
The deep booms spite the troubled air,
Each thro' proclaims the foeman near,
And faintly echoed from the front,
I hear my gallant comrades cheer.
Wild joys of heroes marching on
Through blood, their glorious land to free!
I give to freedom here my life—
But all my thoughts to thee!

IV.
And yet, beloved, I must not think
What undreamed bliss may soon be mine,
It would unman me in the work
Of guarding well our country's shrine.
Here on this sword I write my truth;
These words shall yet thy solace be,
They'll tell how, in this last fierce hour,
I gave my thoughts to thee.

V.
Along the east the early morn
Reviews late's many cares and joys,
This hour I hope some wish for me
Thy pure and tender prayer employs.
Another beautiful dawn of light
These eyes, alas! may never see;
But even dying, faint, and maimed,
I still would think of thee.

VI.
And then in coming years that roll,
When scenes of peace and brightness throng,
And round each happy hour is twined
The wreaths of friendship, love and song,
Go to the grave whose heart was thine,
And by that spot a mourner be—
One tear for him thy loved and lost,
Whose last thought clung to thee!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN THE SOUTH.—One of the most striking things in Southern politics is the severity of its press upon Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet. It is honorable to human nature to know that the papers are not suppressed and their editors are not incarcerated in pits or prisons.—*Constitutional Union*.