

THE CAMDEN CONFEDERATE.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE BRESIS THE ROYAL THRONE UPON WHICH SH SITS, AN ENEDTHRONMONARCH."

Vol. III] CAMDEN, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 11, 1865. [No. 40

The Confederate

IS PUBLISHED AT CAMDEN,
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY
J. T. HERSHMAN.

MY WIFE.

BY MAJOR GEORGE M'NIGHT.

Ye soft winds sigh your mournful song
Above the bed
Where sleeps the dearest one among
The myriad dead
Sweep gently o'er the grassy mound,
Thou weeping willow,
Where my own loved and lost hath found
A dreamless pillow
Ye sunbeams! as ye play upon
The hillock green,
Spread o'er the slumber of this one
Your brightest shafts
Darling! I love thee as I ne'er
Can love another;
And mourn thee in thy happier sphere—
My children's mother.

A Story of Gen. Sherman.

The Baltimore Clipper tells the following story:

A distinguished official who was lately at the headquarters of Gen. Sherman, gives us the following anecdote of the latter, in the necessity under which he lay of sitting in judgment on a class of men in Atlanta, when that place was evacuated by the citizens. Writing us, our friend says:

Let me give you a little incident which took place in my presence at Sherman's headquarters in Atlanta.

You will remember that an order was promulgated directing all citizens to leave Atlanta (North or South) within twelve days. The day of its issue, a gentleman entered Sherman's office and inquired for the general. The latter answered in this way, very promptly, "I am General Sherman." The colloquy was very nearly as follows:

Citizen—General, I am a Northern man, from the State of Connecticut; have been living in Atlanta for nearly seven years; have accumulated considerable property here; and as I see that you have ordered citizens to leave within twelve days, I came to see if you would not make an exception in my case. I fear if I leave, my property will be destroyed.

Gen. Sherman—What kind of property do you own sir? Perhaps I will make an exception in your case, sir.

Citizen—I own a block of stores, three dwellings, a plantation two miles out of town and a foundry.

Gen. Sherman—Foundry, oh! what have you been doing with your foundry?

Citizen—Have been making castings.

Gen. Sherman—What kind of castings? Shot and shell, and all that kind of thing?

Citizen—Yes, I have made some shot and shell.

Gen. Sherman—You have been making shot and shell to destroy your country, have you? and you still claim favor on the account of being a Northern man? Yes, sir, I will make an exception in your case; you shall go South to-morrow morning at sunrise. Adjutant see that this order is carried out. Orderly, show this man the door.

Citizen—But, general, can't I go North?

Gen. Sherman—No, sir. Too many of your class there already, sir.

A gentleman having put out a candle by accident, one night, ordered his man, who was a simple being, to light it again in the kitchen. "But take care John," said he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him, but unluckily, a door which stood half open, passed between his hands and struck him a woful blow upon the nose.

"Dickens!" muttered he when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard I had plagues long nose, but I vow I never have thought before, that it was longer than my arm."

J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

Camden, Wednesday, January 11.

An apprentice, not subject to conscription, and who is willing to be governed by printing office rules, and is of industrious temperate habit might find it to his advantage to make immediate application at the CONFEDERATE office.

Persons desirous of subscribing, or those already having their names on the books of the CONFEDERATE, will please notice the advance rates of subscription and advertising, and govern themselves accordingly. We have some three hundred different accounts out-standing, and due us by responsible parties, contracted during the past four years. We would be pleased to have the money for the same. Our subscription in future, for the paper will be \$10 invariable in advance. Advertising terms—\$5 per square of ten lines or less, for first insertion, and \$4 for each subsequent.

It is said that all of General QUARLES' Staff who were with HOOD's army in the battle of Frankville, were either killed or wounded.

A letter from London in the New York Herald, says: "The hard times are easier.—Rebel bonds are going up, and greenbacks down. Interest has fallen, and the severe pressure seems to be over. But few failures lately."

The New York "Herald" says grass will be growing in the streets of Atlanta in three months.

We suppose it thinks blue grass will spring up from the large number of blue bellies that were planted there.

COTTON IN SAVANNAH.—The Southern Confederacy learns from a high official source that there were about 150,000 bales of cotton in Savannah at the time SHERMAN entered it. Near 120,000 bales of this amount belong to foreign merchants and cannot be interfered with. The remaining 30,000 belonged to American merchants.

A letter from Wilmington to the London Times says: "If, instead of indulging spite against Charleston in April, 1863, the whole power of the Federal navy had been turned against Wilmington, the course of the war might have been more influenced than by burning ten cities of Charleston or capturing half dozen Vicksburgs. Wilmington, being unmoled, has grown into such a fortress as to defy the utmost efforts of Yankees from the sea."

FROM GEN. HOOD.—On official information the Montgomery Appeal is enabled to state that General HOOD, with his army, is once more on this side of the Tennessee River, which he crossed at Bainbridge Ferry, on Monday and Tuesday, 26th and 27th. No particulars whatever are given, though we are inclined to think, from the tenor of recent Yankee despatches, that he was not very closely pressed by THOMAS, and infer that, with the exception of some stragglers and the severely wounded, he has brought his army out entire. There is little reason to doubt also that he has lost a considerable portion of his artillery, though this can easily be replaced. A few days, however, we hope, will place us in possession of all the particulars. Altogether, we can but regard this as an ill-starred campaign, though we feel great relief from the knowledge that he has succeeded in again putting the broad Tennessee between himself and the enemy.

THE ATTACK ON WILMINGTON.—ADMIRAL PORTER in his lengthy report of the Yankee reverse in attacking Wilmington, acknowledges the following disasters in a single paragraph:

"I regret, however, to have to report some severe casualties by the bursting of 100 pounder Parrot cannon. One burst on board the Ticonderoga, killing six of the crew and wounding seven others. Another burst on the Yantic, killing one officer and two men. Another on the Juniata, killing two officers and wounding and killing ten others. Another on the Mackinaw, killing one officer and wounding five other men. Another on the Quaker City, wounding, I believe, two or three. Another on the Susquehanna, killing and wounding seven, I think.

The bursting of the guns—six in all—much disconcerted the crews of the vessels where the accidents happened, and gave one and all a great distrust of the Parrot 100 pounders, and, as subsequent events prove, they were unfit for service, and calculated to kill more of our men than those of the enemy.

GEN. SHERMAN.—The Macon correspondent of the Memphis Appeal, speaking of this celebrated Yankee General, says:

"I notice an ill-timed and injudicious article going the rounds of the press entitled, 'Sherman an Insane Man.' A friend remarked to me, on reading it, that he 'wished we had a crazy man to send after him.' So do I. And so do we. Sherman has taught our generals a lesson they ought to profit by. We haven't a general in our army, from Gen. Lee down, who doesn't constantly entertain chronic apprehensions about communications with his rear. This is sheer, unadulterated Westpointism, which it seems impossible for our generals to get rid of. Sherman throws West Point to the dogs, cuts loose from his base of operations, swings clear of all lines of communication, and marches from Chattanooga to the Atlantic ocean, fighting his way as he goes. There is a spice of Napoleonic genius and daring in this which is admirable, even if it is displayed by a brute.

GAMBLING IN BLOOD.—The Richmond Examiner says of Grant:

To him war is analogous to the game of faro. Persons who have seen him playing at the latter game say his rule is to light a cigar, select two or three cards and put down his money on them, no matter whether they win or lose, until his last cent is gone. As soon as his purse is absolutely empty he rises from his chair, lights a fresh cigar, takes a big drink of brandy and water, and walks out of the gambling hell as cool and imperturbable as though nothing had happened. But he never leaves the table while there is a dollar in his pockets. Faro was Grant's bane in California, and war will be his ruin yet, if Lee watches his game well. Men are no more to him than so many "chips," and all our commanding General has to do is to put no limit on his game and he will soon sacrifice his last man as readily as he has done his last cent a thousand times at faro. What commiseration does he feel for the myriads of wretched privates under his command? Is he not to be the great Lieutenant General commanding all the armies of the United States, and must he not be amused?

FUNNY OLD GAL.—A Canada paper tells the following curious story:

A few days ago an old woman died in the small town of Lievikzee, on the banks of the Scheldt. The old lady was regarded by her simple neighbors as being only a few removes from positive poverty; but she died, and as she had always had her will during her lifetime, she left no will behind her; to the astonishment of her neighbors, what she did leave behind her was cash, bank notes and stock, amounting in value to about two million guilders. There were pots full of gold and silver, of withdrawn and forgotten currencies, which had been buried for years. There was a box full of Austrian and other stock certificates, the coupons of which had not been cut off for a quarter of a century; while in a tin canister, which might have been the domestic tea-caddy, was a quarter of a million's worth of bank notes, musty with the accumulated damp of years.

SHERMAN COMPLIMENTED.—The Macon Telegraph relates the following:

While the Yankee troops were at Milledgeville, a lady residing two miles from town, sent a note to Sherman requesting him to send a guard to her house to protect it from pillage. A faithful old negro named Daniel, was the bearer of the note. Upon arriving at the house where Sherman was quartered, Dan was shown into his presence by a guard, and taking off his hat, presented the missive. The Yankee General read the note, and looking up, said:

"Take a seat, old gentleman, take a seat."

"No, tank ye, massa," said Dan, "Ise just waitin' for de answer to missus note."

"We are about to dine," said Sherman, "and will be happy to have your company. Take a seat."

"Yah, yah! massa, ye make fun wid de old nigger."

"I insist upon it. You must dine with me. I shall be much pleased to talk with you."

In vain Dan protested. Sherman insisted, and the result was, Dan took dinner with the Yankee General. As soon as he could escape, Dan returned to his mistress.

Sherman has good cause to boast of the honor done him. It is rarely he has as honest a man as Dan to sit at his table.

"ALL SORTS OF LADIES."—A sign painter, being called upon to letter the front of a large general clothing establishment, finished one line across the whole front, thus—"Deader in all sorts of Ladies, and finding his ladder too long to paint the next line, returned to his house to get one suitable length; but stepping on a stone, it turned his foot up, sprained his ankle, so that he could not finish the lettering till the next day. In the meantime, the people stared at the new sign, and many of them, knowing the character of the man to be strictly in keeping with that of a good husband and father, it was unaccountable, as "all sorts of ladies," comprised commodities in their antipodes, the best and worst on earth. The neighbors made themselves busy that day in surmises, scurrilous remarks, and injurious quizzing; which could hardly be overcome when the finishing lettering, "and gentlemen's ready made clothing," was added.

A QUICK WAY OF POPPING THE QUESTION.—Rather a bashful acquaintance of ours succeeded a few weeks since in performing that delicate operation in the following handsome manner:

"Mitt, are you a good grammarian?"

"Only moderate."

"Can you parse kissing?"

"No, sir."

"Can you decline matrimony?"

"No, sir."

"Well then, we'll go to house keeping next week."

She blushed, and simpered, "All right."—Macon Telegraph.

THE DESOLATION OF WAR.—A correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal paints the following picture of Northern Georgia:

As you wind through the forest, ravine and open country; from Resaca to Dalton, the utter loneliness, the want of human life, strikes one with a feeling of desolation. The fences are gone, the houses are deserted, the bubbling spring on the roadside shows no happy child drinking or paddling in its waters. No sheep graze in the fields, no cattle browse in the woods, not even the crowing of a cock is heard. The beehive is deserted by its once busy tenants, and the ruined mill is still. So startling is the utter silence, that even when the wild bird of the forest carols a note, you look around surprised that amid such loneliness any living being should be happy. This is the result of war—stern, desolating war! And should the rebels succeed, our homes will present a similar picture.

The highest legal tribunal of Scotland, not long since, decided that, according to the Scotch law of marriage, consent is the essence of the contract, and is sufficient to constitute marriage without any ceremony or publication, or even without the parties living together; that if the parties seriously and actually consent to be man and wife, from that time forth they are man and wife, in Scotland.

The Camden Confederate
11 JAN. 1865