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POETRY.

GOING HOME.

The following touching little poem appeared some time ago in the *Atlantic Record*. It was written on seeing a regiment of paroled Confederate prisoners pass along Broadway, New York, en route for Richmond:

No flaunting banners o'er them wave,
No arms flash back the sun's bright ray,
No shouting crowds around them throng,
No music cheers them on their way;
They're going home. By adverse fate
Compelled their trusty swords to sheath;
True soldiers they, even tho' disarmed—
Heroes, tho' robbed of victory's wreath.

Brave Southerners! with sorrowing hearts,
We gaze upon them through our tears,
And sadly feel how vain were all
Their heroic deeds through weary years;
Yet 'mid their enemies they move
With firm, bold step and dauntless mien:
Oh, liberty, in every age,
Such have thy chosen champions been.

Going home! Alas, to them the words
Bring visions fraught with gloom and woe.
Since last they saw those cherished homes,
The legions of the invading foe
Hath swept, like the simoon, along,
Spreading destruction far and wide.
They found a garden, but they left
A howling wilderness behind.

Ah! in those desolated homes,
To which the "fate of war has come,"
Sad is the welcome—poor the feast—
That waits the soldier's coming home;
Yet loving ones will round him throng,
With smiles more tender, if less gay,
And joy will brighten pale cheeks
At sight of the dear boys in gray.

Aye, give them welcome home, fair South,
For you they've made a deathless name;
Bright through all after-time will glow
The glorious record of their fame.
They made a nation. What, though soon
Its radiant sun has seemed to set:
The past has shown what they can do,
The future holds bright promise yet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Young Victim—A Sad Story of Gambling.

"SO YOUNG, AND YET SO LOST."

[Young men, read the following narrative, and let the solemn warning never be forgotten.]

We have already given one or two illustrations of the sad effects of gambling. Their publication has, we have reason to believe, not been without salutary effects. The vice is, generally speaking, practised in secret, and therefore it is that the ruin, despair, crime and suicide, which it so frequently causes, escape public notice—the surviving relatives and friends of the victims being anxious to draw the veil of the oblivion over the errors and infirmities of the tempted and the lost. We have, however, heard of another case, which seems to us full of admonition. It bears, too, more particularly upon the error into which so many, indeed, that no harm can arise from card-playing merely for amusement, or with a trifle only at stake.

A few years since, Mr. Green, the reformed gambler, took passage on board a steamboat at Louisville, bound for New Orleans. A short time after the boat pushed off, it was discovered that there were no less than twenty gamblers on board, and much dissatisfaction was expressed, because so many had chosen the same boat. It was soon agreed that ten or fifteen should return ashore at the first opportunity, and wait for another boat. Shortly after, this determination was carried into effect, and it was while Mr. Green was standing on the hurricane-deck, noticing the landing of a portion of his old friends, that his attention was arrested by a young man, looking anxiously upon the departing gamblers. He was pale and agitated, and a tear-drop glistened in his eye. His whole appearance was so remarkable, that even Green became excited and interested. He sought the youth, and asked him whether he was going? He replied that he "knew not where," and, as if to shun further notice, left the deck and descended into the cabin.

Green, still more curious, followed him, and by the expression of sympathy, finally induced him to unbosom himself. He said that his first reply was correct

—that he really did not know whither he was going. He was the son of reputable parents in Boston, and had left that city a few weeks before for the purpose of visiting Louisville, "which place," he continued, "we have just passed." The reasons for this course were sad ones. He had a sister at Louisville, who had married and removed thither, while he was yet a child. The death of that sister's husband had induced her to write for her brother to come on, to protect her in her widowhood, and assist in settling up the estate. His parents provided him with all the necessaries for the journey, gave him permission to marry, a few days at New York and Philadelphia, should he think proper, and also gave him about two hundred dollars in money. All went smoothly and pleasantly until he arrived in Philadelphia. Here he took lodgings at a leading hotel, and soon formed an acquaintance with two young men of genteel exterior, plausible manners, and captivating address. Accompanied by them, he, during the day, visited several of the leading institutions, and at night accepted an invitation to play a game at whist, the only game of cards with which he was familiar.

Several days and evenings were occupied in a similar manner. He then determined to continue his journey, which he did, by taking passage in one of the Lines for Pittsburgh. On appearing at the depot the next morning, he was delighted to find his two companions. They also had business West, and they regarded it as a pleasure to have so agreeable a companion. After exhausting the ordinary topics of the day, the game of whist was again thought of and renewed. They first played for the cards, then for liquor, and finally for small sums of money. The youth became excited, and ere they reached the iron city, he had lost every dollar that belonged to him, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to pay his passage from Louisville. But again the strangers made their appearance on board an Ohio river steamer, and in the hope of recovering what he had lost, the deluded young man played again, when his gold watch was the sacrifice. On arriving at Cincinnati, he was nearly mad. He then bethought himself of a package which his mother had confided to him for his sister. He sought for it in his trunk, found and opened it. It contained a necklace as a love gift, and an unsealed letter, in which was enclosed a bank note for \$100.

Still tempted by the demon of gambling, and still anxious to regain what he had lost, he returned to his vile companions and whist. He played hour after hour, lost the money, and then staked and lost the necklace. At this point, the horrors of his situation were indelible. Louisville was at hand, but how could he meet his sister? How could he explain his folly, his infatuation and his crime? He had left home with a good name, on a mission of sacred duty, and he was now a thief and a robber. He had misemployed funds given under hallowed circumstances, and his condition was indeed desperate. Confused and perplexed, he at last determined to rush from the boat, leave the rifled package at the house of his sister, return and follow the fortune of the gamblers, who had tempted and betrayed him, in the hope that they would not be so heartless as to throw him off. But this hope was of short duration, for they were among the party that left the boat as above described, in consequence of there being too many of the fraternity on board.

It was while they were returning that he was noticed by Green, and that hence a tear forced itself to his eye, when he realized the loneliness and wretchedness of his situation. He was an outcast and a robber—had become so a few days, from having ventured upon what he called an innocent game of whist, and thus he truly said, in reply to the question put to him—that he knew not whither he was going. Green advised him to return to his sister and make a frank confession—but his heart failed him—he had not the moral nerve. He could not meet the being he had so bitterly wronged. He gratefully accepted a slight loan from Green, and soon after departed.

Two years rolled by. Green was again on the Mississippi, a passenger on the steamer Mediterranean, on her way from Orleans to Louisville. An accident happened by which she was induced to stop near Plaquemine. While there, a fellow-passenger remarked that he had just witnessed a horrible sight upon the forward deck of the boat. "Ah!" exclaimed Green—and immediately proceeded to the spot designated. He there beheld five men in chains—convicts, on their way from New Orleans to Baton Rouge, where the State Penitentiary of Louisiana is located. Among them was young Melmot—the name is of course fictitious; the wretched youth whose unfortunate journey from Boston to Louisville, we have here so hastily described! He had but a few days before been convicted of

forgery, and sentenced to the State Prison for five years! This, gentle reader, is no fiction, but a true story, and the moral it conveys as to the danger of gambling, cannot be mistaken.—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

The Fire in Darlington.

From John F. Quinn, Esq., late foreman of the Darlington Southern, who came down by the Northeastern Railroad last night, we learn that the fire mentioned in our issue of yesterday, broke out on Sunday morning, between three and four o'clock, in the store of Messrs. B. A. & J. F. Early. It spread thence on one side as far as Mr. Lee's drug store, in which building the *New Era* was published. On the other side it extended to Mr. Iseman's, and from there crossed over to the other Iseman, and swept the southern and eastern portion of the square, leaving only a few houses on the north side. Among these the office of the *Southern*, and Mr. Brown's store; also Mr. Woodruff's and Mr. McCall's. Some twenty-five buildings destroyed in all. Among these was the Court House, Colonel Charles' store and banking agency. The *New Era* saved its type, though in a pined condition; press and imposing stone burned. The *Southern* saved everything; the type on the "standing galley," however, was pined; and it will take some two weeks, probably, to get things into working order again. Mr. Brown lost a good deal by the removal of his goods, as is usual at fires. There was no engine in the village. The citizens all worked with might and main to stay the progress of the flames; and our informant speaks in the highest terms of the assistance rendered by the soldiers stationed there; we believe they were part of the 29th Maine and 30th Massachusetts regiments.

The fire was, doubtless, the work of an incendiary. Of the value of the property destroyed, we can form no estimate; nor are we in possession of any facts regarding insurance, except that we heard that Messrs. Early had insurance on their store, at Mr. W. B. Heriot's Agency, and also in Cheraw.—*Charleston News of the 29th ult.*

A Big Job.

A writer in a Mississippi paper introduces the American Eagle, which for five years has been a comparative stranger in those parts, in this style, preliminary to the 4th of July: "The American Eagle is looking at us. His tall feathers have been plucked out, but still he is on the roost. Miss Columbia is also standing with her flag staff and flag on to it, but she looks like a pinner. Fourth of July comes but once a year, but it's dull. We must fix up the Eagle, get the Goddess a new set of teeth and a waterfall, and have 4th of July got up regardless of expense. We must give all the Mormon women a husband apiece, marry the anxious school maams that come down South to teach the darkeys, put the niggers to work, build a horse rail road from New York to the City of Mexico, dam up the Gulf Stream, lick England (old and new), annex Cuba, and we will be again a great and glorious country."

The Beautiful World.

Ah, this beautiful world! Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and Heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts nor on our hearts; and all without and within is dismal, cold and dark. Every heart has its secret sorrows, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

Comfort at Funerals.

The progress of luxury is rapid—especially in New York. A company advertises that they have a convenient and beautiful cemetery near that city; that is reached by railroad; that the cars are warmed in cold weather, so that mourners suffer no exposure; that, in fact, they have introduced all the modern improvements, and can undertake to bury the dead in the shortest time and in style which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of ease, rapidity and comfort. Competition may be the life of trade; but it is slightly shocking to have that life carried up to the gates of the grave.—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE OF THE HORRORS.—A Western soldier, who has been through all the campaigns, and shared in many of the fiercest battles of the war, writes from his home that he "never realized the horror of war, till he got home to Indiana and found his girl married to a stay-at-home dry goods clerk."

Romance of the War—Thrilling Adventures of a Young and Beautiful Woman.

Among the many thrilling events of the late war, none can exceed the adventures of Mrs. Loreta DeCamp, the subject of this sketch. Mrs. DeCamp, whose maiden name was Roach, was born in the West Indies, in 1838, and is now about twenty-eight years of age. At an early period her parents moved to the United States, and settled in the Parish of St. James, Louisiana. The current of her life was naturally on until the outbreak of the Southern independence, when, fired by enthusiasm, she thought, the cause of liberty, she donned the male attire, and was among the first to rush to arms. Raising a company of cavalry and equipping it at her own expense, she proceeded to Virginia, and there served for eight months on the Peninsula, under the command of the celebrated Col. Drew, before her sex was discovered. When this occurred she was at once mustered out and ordered home. Instead of obeying the order, she proceeded to Columbus, Kentucky, and was serving with Gen. Polk at the evacuation of that place.

She proceeded to Island No. 10, but not being satisfied with the manner in which affairs were conducted there, she left and went to Fort Pillow, where she was elected 1st Lieutenant in Capt. Phillip's Company of Independent Tennessee Cavalry. With her company she proceeded to Corinth, and reported to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson. At the battle of Shiloh, Capt. Phillip fell mortally wounded, and the command then devolved on her. While gallantly leading her company in a charge she was twice wounded and carried from the field. After the retreat from Corinth, she was taken to New Orleans for surgical treatment, and when the city fell into the Federal hands, she was amongst those taken prisoner.—After a confinement of several months, she was paroled and soon exchanged.

Proceeding at once to Richmond, the disguised female soldier was commissioned 1st Lieutenant in the Adjutant General's Department, and ordered to report to Gen. Marcus J. Wright, commanding the district of Atlanta. Upon reporting, she was assigned to duty with the provost marshal, as chief of detectives and military conductor. Serving for several months in this capacity, she met Maj. DeCamp of the Third Arkansas Cavalry, to whom she was engaged to be married previous to the war. The ceremony was then performed at Atlanta, and from the dashing Lieut. Roach she was transformed to the sober Mrs. Maj. DeCamp. From this time, her services ceased as an officer in the field, and she was engaged in secret service—sometimes in the Confederacy, again in England, and then in Canada.

In 1864, she spent several months traveling in the United States, and even went as far as the Sioux country, in Minnesota. Her father, who was taken prisoner in the fall of 1863, while serving with his regiment in Georgia, was carried to New York. After a long and arduous siege, she at length succeeded in getting him paroled, in January, 1865, but he lived only eight days after his release from prison. Subsequently to the death of her husband, (in January 1865), she proceeded to Columbus, Ohio, to watch over the interest of the Confederate prisoners confined at Camp Chase. After the final collapse of the Confederacy, Mrs. DeCamp remained in the North until January, when she returned to her home, in Louisiana; but remaining there only a few days, she proceeded to Memphis and purchased a stock of goods, which were shipped on the ill-fated steamer Miami, which was blown up on the Arkansas in February. She was one of the two ladies who were saved, but with the sacrifice of all her baggage and goods. By an unfortunate oversight on the part of her merchants, her goods were not insured, and, consequently, she lost her all.

Mrs. DeCamp is now in this city, and sojourning at the Southern Hotel. Many who served in the Confederate army will remember the dashing Lieut. Roach, of whom so much was said in Mobile and Selma, in 1863. Our space will not permit a full recital of her adventures.—*St. Louis Republican.*

WE CONGRATULATE GOV. WATTS!—The Hon. H. S. Foote has written a book, from which we propose to give extracts some of these days. According to the wonderful historian and deserter, the Cabinet of Jefferson Davis consisted of two knaves, Benjamin and Seddon; two fools, Mallory and Memminger, and only two members, Watts and Reagan, whose "qualifications were respectable."

Our Worthy ex-Governor is let off easy. Whether it may be a compliment to receive even a respectable commendation from Helter Skelter Foote is doubtful.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.*

Is the canon of a cathedral its greatest gun?

A Northern Estimate of Confederate Leaders.

We extract the following from a long review of the late war in the *New York Citizen*, a Republican paper, edited by Col. Halpine, late of the United States army:

Davis. Let those loyal gentlemen, disciples of Mr. Abbott, who worship the character of Bonaparte, make some consistent homage to the brilliant directory of Jefferson Davis. Both were men of destiny, and the personnel of the survivor is by far the nobler. Of the fallen angels, whose dark plumage swept from our Senate halls, he made the most judicious adieu. Of all the traitors, he was most entirely in earnest. Of all decisions, his was the sagest, the promptest, and the most enduring. He, of all the traitors, felt that his quarrel with the Union was irreconcilable, and stood by his Capital to the very last, and has never yet advised submission. His captivity has been belittled by none of Bonaparte's querulousness. Blind, and gray, and wasted, his dominions are narrowed to a casemate, while the Republic he would overthrow reaches to the silent oceans.

LEE. In Robert Lee, the same austere Providence, to purify our Republicanism, shattered our faith in traditional respectability. The heir of Washington went with the rest of the new chivalry, and with ten times the talent of that great Fabius, crushed the armies of our lesser respectabilities, till he met a man without a pedigree. He was the equal of Wellington in manoeuvring great bodies of troops upon small interior forces. The Duke, at Waterloo, fought his whole army upon a mile and a quarter arc; but Lee, at Cold Harbor, for five days presented a solid line of battle wherever we sought for him, till his whole force seemed manoeuvred by the wink of his eye, and every salient point that we touched was a corpse.—While the fortifications of Richmond stand, his name shall evoke admiration. The art of war is unacquainted with any defence so admirable. Splendid as were the triumphs of his engineering, the victories of his infantry were his best monuments. But over the glory of his talent fell a shadow as eternal as his memory—the frown of a resolute Democracy whose sacrifice was longer than his art.

STUART. I stood in the cemetery at Hollywood, at the grave of Stuart—a space without a shaft. He revolutionized the cavalry tactics of our time, and was, in dissoluteness, the Prince Rupert of the West. Forrest and Stoneman, Morgan and Grierson, Mosby and Kilpatrick were his imitators. He inaugurated the grand raid which taught Sheridan the nothingness of distance, and emboldened Sherman to tear the continent like a pocket map.

The fervid imagination of the Southern people, demonstrated in feats of romance, like Stuart's, made them, during the war, the great suggestive captains. They built the first iron-clad, made the first of the great raids, and under Stoneman executed the earliest of the great infantry marches. But the colder adaptability of the North developed every hint from the South into a perfect system. The experiment of the Merrimack has grown to the Dictator, the Dunderberg and the Ironsides.—The engineering assiduity of Beauregard, imitated at the North, has marked the camps of our armies, as if the protecting mountains had followed our columns. But it may be doubted that any division commander has yet arisen to rival the splendid infantry genius of Jackson.

JACKSON. As Lee was master of manoeuvre, Jackson was the great captain of aggressive warfare. He combined the cunning and boldness of Napoleon. To cover his great movement by the flank, in 1862, he did not hesitate to fight Pope's whole army with a division, and the celerity of his march up the Shenandoah, to appear again on the field of Bull Run, was only equalled by the energy of his attack. He moved infantry with the speed of horse, and having hurled three great commanders back from the Old Dominion, died before the lustre of his arms had diminished in the flush of victory, when rebellion had indeed assumed the proportions of a nation. He was the most republican of rebels; stern and simple as any Roundhead; and this is why we hold his memory greener than that of his companions, whose detection to the Union was augmented by their treason to popular institutions.

There were other personages identified with this grand historical defence, but these are the great statues, Davis, Lee, Jackson, Stuart and Beauregard.

A smart young clerk, hearing it stated that "man is merely a machine," said—"Then I suppose a lawyer may be said to be a suing machine."

Death by Fright.

We learn that a young lady was frightened to death last week, in the lower part of the county, the name of whom we were unable to learn. The death was caused under the following circumstances: Two ladies living alone were preparing to retire when some one knocked, and receiving no answer, one of the ladies started across the floor to an adjoining room and dropped dead from sheer fright. This brought a shriek from the remaining lady as she ran to her sister's assistance; just then the door opened, and in rushed the brother of the two sisters, who had been mourned for as dead for nearly three years. He stated that he intended a nice surprise for his sisters by not making himself known until after they had admitted him, and judge of his grief on learning that his surprise had resulted in the death of one of his much beloved sisters.—*Salem Union Advocate.*

While the crowd lingered and all present seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely, a gentleman from London, well acquainted with the real Colonel, entered the parlor, and discovering the imposition, directly charged it upon the cheat. It is possible he had been under fire before. Certain it is that he preserved his self-possession, and coolly requested the audience to suspend judgment for a few moments until while he retired to his room for indubitable evidence of his identity.

While the crowd patiently waited his return, the impudent scapegrace decamped leaving all bills unsettled as a matter of course.—*Stanton (Va.) Spectator.*

Amendments to the United States Constitution.

The *New York Post* (Republican) ridicules the number of amendments proposed by Congress to the Constitution, and very truly says:

Our constitution is not a thing to be brought to hand in a sort of contempt for its imperfection, and finally mended like an old shoe, with a new heel and a new toe-piece, a patch upon one side and a patch on the other. We fought the Rebel States, which had thrown off its authority; we poured out our blood like water in its defence; we bridged the ravines of long prosperous years that we might reduce the insurgents under its dominion; we enliterated it through the four years of that cruel war as a frame of government which had never been felt by the Rebel States and their population, save in the benefits of it conferred and we brought the insurgents back by persevering efforts and immense sacrifices to their allegiance. It does not become us now to treat this venerable instrument as if it were the work of schoolboys, a thing yet to be licked into shape, and upon which every man who happens to be returned to Congress is invited to try his ingenuity.

Monstrous.

"It is monstrous that four millions of people, who have been free and independent, should be deprived of the right to vote for no better reason than the color of their skin." So said Mr. Hart of this State, in the debate in the House, last Saturday, on the reconstruction question, and we concur entirely in the sentiment, though we differ from Mr. H. in the practical application of it. It is totally inapplicable to the negroes of the South—who, by the way, do not number four millions, nor anything like it—for they have never heretofore been "free and independent," and, as they have never heretofore had the right to vote, it is not easy to comprehend how they can be "deprived" of such right. But there are men at the South, more than four millions of whites, who have been free and independent, and who are practically disfranchised by the action of Mr. Hart and his coadjutors, for no other reason, that we can see, than the color of their skin. And it is unquestionably "monstrous" that this should be so. Perhaps, after all, this is what Mr. Hart meant.—*N. Y. News.*