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By D. D. HOCOTT.

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## POET'S CORNER.

### SPRING.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Spring with that nameless pathos in the air  
Which dwells with all things fair;  
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,  
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns  
Its fragrant lamps, and turns  
Into a royal court with green festoons  
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree  
The blood is all aglow;  
And there's a look about the leafless bowers  
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand  
Of winter in the land,  
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,  
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange resemblances we find  
That age to childhood bind,  
The elm puts on, as if in nature's scorn,  
The brown of autumn's crown.

Alas! yet the turf is dark, although you know  
That, not a span below,  
A thousand germs are creeping through the glads,  
And soon will burst their way.

Already, here and there, on frail stem,  
Appear some azure gems;  
Small as might dew, upon a pale day,  
The forebode of a day.

In gardens you see, amid the dourth,  
The crocus breaking earth;  
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,  
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass  
Along the budding grass,  
And weeks away, before the enamored South  
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still, there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn  
In the sweet air of morn;  
One almost looks to find the very signet  
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes, blowing by,  
And brings you know not why,  
A feeling as when eager crowds await  
Before a palace gate.

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,  
If from a bush's heart  
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,  
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime  
With such a blessed time!  
Who, in the West wind's agonized breath,  
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet, not more surely shall the spring awake  
The voice of wood and leek,  
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charm,  
A million men at arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains  
Than all her sun-bright rains,  
And every gladdening influence around,  
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,  
Methinks that I behold,  
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,  
Spring kneeling on the sod.

And calling with the voice of all her hills  
Upon the ancient hills,  
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves  
Who turn her meads to graves.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MILITARY NECESSITY.

Since the war, a new element has been introduced into the free Governments on both sides of the Potomac. The Yankees, under the United States Constitution, hail enthroned as the grand absorbent and tyrant of their system of Government, "the general welfare!" This was in the days of their immaturity, when the Southern sun quickened into life various impediments to their growth and progress. This "general welfare" was their device mainly for robbing the South. It set up banks. It built Yankee breakwaters. It cleaned out harbors and rivers. It gave them our territories. It annihilated States, and made them Counties

or Districts. In fact, made them our masters. But "general welfare" is no where since the war. Its vocation is gone with our departure from their clutches; and is dead and buried. But a new power has arisen, braver and stronger, and purer (since it comes not out of the Constitution). That power is military necessity! No more refined sophistries about the Constitution. No more reliance on Chief Justice Marshall or the great expounder of the Constitution! "Military necessity!" strides over and tramples down all Constitutions. At the very opening of the war it seized editors of newspapers and put them into prisons. Seward rang his little bell and forthwith some luckless wretch was seized in his bed, or taken out of his field, and marched off with bayonets behind him, to some secure fortress. It made paper money a legal tender. It arrested the members of the Legislature of Maryland and dispersed it. It put the judicial authorities of the States and of the United States at defiance and when Chief Justice Taney and Judge Dred Scott ventured to issue writs of Habeas Corpus to liberate its victims, it laughed at them. It coolly abolished the whole Constitution of the United States, and, by a law of Congress, made Lincoln a despot.

Now, all moralists teach us that evil is catching. It was impossible to see what "military necessity" had accomplished on the other side of the Potomac, without a longing being raised on our side, to taste of its sweets. Presently, there were heard whispers in the wind that military necessity required that the Executive should be, on this side of the Potomac, as strong as he was on the other. The military resources of the Confederacy should be concentrated under one head; and how can this be done, with a Congress to supervise and question? Congress was a nuisance, and must be treated accordingly, by having its laws contemptuously vetoed, until it became conveniently submissive. It must know, that it had a master, like Lincoln's Congress. And is it not plain, that "military necessity" requires the limit to its getting men or money? Why should it not build Railroads! The Constitution says no! Does it! A fig for the Constitution. And you want it to protect those who criticize and blame the Government! *Habeas Corpus!* Has not Lincoln kicked it on the other side of the Potomac, and why should it exist on this? "Military necessity" requires that every man who cannot hold his tongue should be put in jail. Are not the greater part of the people in the army! And is not the army a despotism! Why should those not in the army fare better, and not have a despotism also over them! Of course we must have a despotism, and "military necessity" is just the thing to accomplish it. Lincoln says, and so do we, that after the war is over, and "military necessity" no longer exists, the Constitution may get up. That's patriotic! and only one fit for the discipline of Adjutant General Cooper's lately organized Military Courts, would object to it.—*Mercury.*

A CONTRAST.—To the Editor of the *Mercury*:—A reader takes the liberty of sending for the *Mercury* two facts, taken from Drayton's Memoirs of South Carolina, pages 226 and 273, volume 1st:

THEN AND NOW.—From the 8th March to the 26th April, 1775 there was collected for the poor of Boston, Mass., from St. Philip's Parish (Charleston, S. C.) £1400 in cash, and 66 barrels of rice; from St. Michael's Parish £700 in cash, and 14 barrels rice; from St. Stephen's Parish £800 in cash; from St. Paul's Parish £600 in cash.

YANKEE METHOD OF RETURNING BORROWED AMMUNITION.—The efforts of General Washington to expel the British forces from Boston in 1775 would probably have failed, but for the timely arrival of a supply of powder, sent to the then suffering Yankees by the citizens of Charleston, S. C., who obtained it from their good friends of Savannah, Ga. The Yankee Quincy Adams Gillmore has been, for eight months past, returning this powder to Charleston (mixed with Greek fire) inside incendiary shells.

A LAUDABLE UNDERTAKING.—Capt. George Chase invites the public, and particularly the soldiers, to aid him in completing a work on which he is now engaged, and the object of which is to record and preserve well attested incidents of "remarkable daring, endurance, sufferings, sacrifices and other trials in imprisonment, hospital, marches and battles." The facts "must be attested by one or two persons, and endorsed by a superior officer, giving in full the command." Letters to Captain Chase should be addressed to the care of "The Magnolia Weekly," Richmond, Va.

### THE POSITION OF THE DEAD ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

A prominent officer attached to the French army in Italy published some time ago the result of some curious and interesting observations made by himself and others upon the battlefield of the late Napoleonic war with Austria, in regard to the position which the bodies of the slain assumed under the effect of mortal wounds produced by different missiles of death. In a number of cases the dead soldier was found almost in the speaking attitude of life. A passage in Dr. Armand's report says:

A Hungarian hussar, killed at the same moment with his horse, was only slightly moved in his saddle, and sat there dead, holding the point of his sabre in advance, in the position of charging. A parallel case occurred in the death of an Austrian artilleryman. Those wounded in the head, it was remarked, generally fell with face and abdomen flat to the ground. Wounds in the chest and heart produced a like posture of the body, though in the latter cases modifications of the position and expression more frequently took place than in the former. A Zouave struck full in the chest was "doubled upon his musket as if taking a position to charge bayonets, his face full of energy, with an attitude more menacing than that of a lion."

But the report of Dr. Armand, after all, contains no cases so remarkable as the two which are reported in a Northern paper to have been observed upon the battlefield of Shiloh. A letter in the *New York Journal of Commerce* says:

On that bloody field, when the carnage was over, a soldier was found standing, his legs somewhat spread apart, and his arms thrown convulsively outward, his posture that of a living man, agitated, perhaps, by a very strong emotion; he was nevertheless stone dead, a ghastly monument of seeming life alongside the hecatomb of fallen corpses. Another body lay partially prostrated on one side, the right hand holding to the mouth a piece of cheese, which the set teeth were almost in the act of grasping. Lying upon the back; with the arms extended, and the knees drawn up towards the face, was a posture frequently to be observed on this as well as other fields. Other observations would be of interest, if described; but the living attitude of the dead soldier still standing upon his feet, and the grim mockery of life in the apparent offer of food to a corpse, are hardly surpassed by any reported incident of war. The facts are derived from an officer who witnessed the unusual spectacle.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS IN NEW YORK.—A New York letter in the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, gives the following account of the mad folly reigning in that city:

If the condition of New York society is correctly indicated by the tone and drift of our public journals just now, I am afraid a stranger coming among us might be led to believe we are rapidly going to the bad. The Post, for example, tells of a people up town who are building marble statues for their horses, and of others who are constructing edifices for private theatricals, who are giving dinner parties that cost one thousand dollars, and parties to children where every child was clad in dresses entirely imported from Paris.

The Times dwells on the gorgeous displays of jewelry at all our places of public amusement, on the costliness of the equipages which whirl through the aristocratic avenues almost every hour of the day, and the ostentatious prodigality which prevails elsewhere. The *Journal of Commerce*, the *Express* and the *World* add other illustrations of the same character, while the *Daily News* is showing that "while the rich are thus getting richer, the poor are getting poorer." The utmost pronouncement is given to the working men's strikes for higher wages, and the woes of the poor needle women are as usual made the burden of elaborate lamentation.

A paper called the *New Nation* has been started in New York, in the interest of Fremont, which lays down the following platform:

- First—Absolute, complete and immediate liberty, without distinction of race or color.
- Second—The absolute maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine.
- Third—Another and better military organization than that of President Lincoln.
- Fourth—A diminution of the powers of the Executive and a larger responsibility of Cabinet ministers to Congress.
- Fifth—A nation in the place of a confederation.

### "MISCEGENATION" AT THE NORTH.

"Miscegenation"—the new term for amalgamation—is the last and newest phase of abolitionism at the North—openly and unblushingly avowed, and preached even from the pulpit. The *New York Times* makes the following remarkable confession about the matter:

#### WHAT ARE WE COMING TO!

A rage for marrying black people has lately taken possession of the Republican party. The Radicals have carried everything before them, and if things go on at their present rate it is feared that, in three months, every white man who is not connected by marriage with a colored family will be "read out" of the party. The gusto with which the abolitionists go into the insane movements is something at once disgusting and alarming. We shrink from putting on paper the stories which reach us as to the prevalence of this evil. We will only say that they will very soon be hardly a family in the city belonging to the Republican persuasion which will not be glorying in the possession of a negro son-in-law. It is said, we know not with what truth, that the Union League Club has fitted up a night bell at its door, and keeps a black minister on the premises who marries all couples of different colors at any hour of the day or night. Soon, we may expect to hear of duels being fought about some black washer-woman, and crowds of white men thronging the basements of those families who have colored servants in their houses for the purpose of soliciting the honor of their hands.

It is with great reluctance that we speak out our minds in this matter. But we have no hesitation in saying that if we had at the outset conceived it possible that hostility to slavery would ever have led to wholesale intermarriage with negroes, the Republican party should never have received any countenance or support from this journal. We owe it to ourselves and to posterity to say that the thing has taken us by surprise. It never entered our head. We now see and confess our error and deplore it.

The question which now naturally suggests itself to every right-minded white man and woman is, where is this to end? Whither are we tending? What is to be done to stop this unnatural and detestable movement. For it is as plain as a pike staff that if it continues there will be soon no whites left in this once great and prosperous country. We shall all be mangled, and be afflicted with all the peculiarities, both mental and physical, of that unhappy race. The signs of this great and terrible change already begin to make themselves manifest in our streets; for the most careless observer who walks down Broadway can hardly fail to observe the appearance of a vast number of faces of the well known brownish tinge. Let that tinge once become general, and then fare well, a long farewell, to all our whiteness.

There is but one quarter—and we are not ashamed to own it—in which, in our opinion, we can look for either help or comfort, at this crisis, and that is to the great, old, truly national Democratic party. It has its faults; nobody has been forced to call attention to them oftener than we; but it has never yet proved false to its race, and we are satisfied that whatever can be done by it will be done to preserve the purity of our blood.

MR. MASON IN LONDON.—The London correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes:

It is to be noted in connection with these movements that Mr. Mason, the Southern Commissioner, has been instructed to return to London. There is a rumor of some big diplomatic movement of the Emperor, and, in spite of the news of the Federal victories, the Confederate stock is rising, and is being exchanged for the Mexican. It is said, with a degree of confidence which certainly surprises, that Mexico and France will and must acknowledge the independence of the Confederate States. I do not see the grounds for the assertion, and it may rest entirely upon supposed necessity of interposing a friendly power between the Mexican Empire and the great Northern Republic—the necessity for a balance of power on the Western continent.

The *New York Herald* states that the *New York Tribune's* daily circulation has fallen off one half, and only amounts to 22,000, and that its weekly has been reduced 100,000.

Jerrold once went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled his friends and said to his host on entering the room "my dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see your friend mastered."