

# The Camden Journal.

W. H. Lewis  
7th Bat  
Oct 5

VOL XXIII—NO. 2.

CAMDEN, S. C., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1864.

NEW SERIES—VOL 1—NO. 21.

By D. D. HOGOTT.

### TERMS.

12 Months, \$5 00  
6 " " 2 50  
3 " " 1 00

### Rates for Advertising:

For one Square—twelve lines or less—TWO DOLLARS for the first insertion, and ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent. OCTAVER Notices, exceeding one square, charged at advertising rates. Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE. No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

### POET'S CORNER.

#### THE PRISON ON LAKE ERIE.

BY "ANA HARTZ."

The full, round moon, in God's blue head,  
Glides o'er her path so quietly—  
Dark shadows creep, side into light,  
And stars look down anxiously.  
A captive looks out on the scene—  
A woe so sad and dreary;  
And thinks a woe captive's thoughts  
In prison on Lake Erie.

The happy, happy days of youth,  
Fly by like fast and faster;  
The joys which gave no warning note  
Of manhood's dire disaster.  
The days when joy, and peaceful homes,  
And freedom bright and chery,  
Come back to find him sad and worn,  
In prison on Lake Erie.

A passing cloud flits o'er the scene,  
The light, a moment beamed,  
Returns again, but now, alas!  
The vision bright has vanished.  
The happy view of childhood's throng  
Leaves but a picture dreary,  
To rest the aching eye upon,  
In prison on Lake Erie.

How many moons will rise and wane,  
How many suns will laugh and shine—  
Ere Peace, the white-winged angel, comes  
To smother a nation's anguish?  
God send the hour and day for day,  
We love loved ones, bright and chery,  
Shall welcome on beyond the earth,  
From prison on Lake Erie.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE GREAT MILLINER OF PARIS.

A recent letter from Paris contains the following:

The commercial world of Paris is buried beneath the avalanche of amusements and despair occasioned by the extreme steps taken by the great milliner—male dress maker of the fashionable, who has suddenly departed from his magnificent first floor in the rue de la Paix, converted by the quality of his fair customers into a branch establishment of Mahomet's Paradise. This man whose state of mind must have resembled that of a living Pasha, or of a deceased Dervish, entirely filled with the beauty, real and ideal, of the female form, has sprung within the last few years into a notoriety which few milliners of any sex have ever enjoyed before him; and, after a dazzling reign has abdicated by a process called here, I know not why, "a liquidation"—that is to say, he has simply retired from the business, and, proceeding to London, is making the *Sobloniers* no doubt his convent of Saint Just, and has withdrawn thither to meditate, like the great Charles the Fifth, on the dupery of man and the extravagance of womankind. His retirement would in any case have created a universal waiting among the ladies of Paris, but his appointment of a "liquidator" has spread a most frightful panic through the circles of fashion—a panic in which grief and gratitude are all forgotten amid the terror inspired by this necessity of "liquidating" which, of course, the appointment of a "liquidator" has rendered certain and immediate. The existence of the individual, Wirth by name, is perhaps the very last revelation of the state of morals in Paris at this moment which could be offered for the satisfaction of future generations.

He had established himself as sole empire of taste in the world of fashion, and boldly taking the bull by the horns, looked fashion in the face and asked her why prostitution should monopolize the artistic labors of *modistes* and *couturiers* of Paris, and why the ladies of the great world should remain sighing away their lives in solitude at home, while their husbands lovers were kneeling at the feet of the lorettes and *Rigettes*, who had no other merit than their extravagance in dress, their eccentricity in adornment; and the appeal was not made in vain. Eugene Pelletan, in his *Babylone Moderne*, has given us a tolerable insight into the method of proceeding by which Monsieur Wirth insured success. A splendid drawing

room magnificently furnished—a buffet well supplied with the delicacies requisite for a fashionable luncheon—game, turkey, boar's head, ham, jellies, fruit, tea and coffee, all served in silver, liveried domestics, the periodicals and newspapers most in vogue, enabled the crowd of ladies he kept waiting to pass the time patiently. Those he admitted to his sacred presence were compelled to walk, to bend, to stoop, sometimes even to kneel before him, in order that, first of all, he might be better enabled to "study the woman," before he ventured to judge of the style of toilet best calculated to transform the subject into a woman of fashion. This ceremony and importance proved so successful that dozens of carriages were constantly drawn in front of Wirth's door, while their fair owners were waiting, gossiping, eating and slandering up stairs.

This steepleschase of legitimate against unlawful love, contending for the admiration of the other sex, is perhaps unique in female annals, but so it is. Prostitution drives fast in hand, wears the diamonds that are deemed too expensive for virtue, but which prostitution finds cheap enough, occupies the best boxes at the opera, and, of course, is beheld in all its glory and magnificence in the Bois de Boulogne, mocking even imperial grandeur in its extravagance and luxury.

But the champion Wirth has fallen in his praiseworthy endeavors. Long credit must be given to virtue as well as to vice, and in spite of his tremendous prices the house could stand no longer. "The seven balls," as the official balls of the Carnival are called, have just completed his ruin, and the result we have seen. With the most piteous self-justification he declares that business had become impossible on such terms, and points to the leaf of his ledger, which registers the debt of a certain ambassador (not lady Cowley) for 100,000 francs, for the costumes furnished for these seven balls alone.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Queen is for Germany, not only in obedience to the provisions of her great husband, and in friendship of his brother, Prince Augustenburg, but because her niece, the Princess Leiningen is Augustenburg's wife, and has always been high in favor with her Majesty, who appointed the lady's brother, the Prince of Leiningen—an officer in the British navy—to the command of the royal yacht. The Prince of Wales and his party hold with Denmark, and for war on its behalf and that of the pope of the pretty Princess. I believe it is a historical tradition that all the reigning monarchs are at issue with their heirs apparent, and if Queen Victoria and her first born be not greatly beloved by those who pretend to know, they are no exception to the rule. Not to put too fine a point upon it, it is said that they quarrel like cat and dog. Her Majesty likes to have her own way, as was very well known in Prince Albert's time, and the Prince needs none of the inevitable reminding that he is heir to the Empire on which the sun never sets, which must have attended him from his cradle—hence antagonism. They say too—I think a newspaper correspondent is fully justified in using those two "dreadful words" denounced by Aaron Burr, who had good reason for detesting them—that the Queen cannot approve of her son's "goings on"—in the direction of George IV., of odorous memory, in illustration of which I might tell you more stories than are worth repeating. When the Prince got married and set up for himself at Marlborough House, his mother desired him to put his servants into mourning for his dead father; this the young man flatly refused to do, and left Windsor in a huff, not returning for some time.—*London Correspondence of the New York Tribune.*

NAVAL ACHIEVEMENT IN THE GULF.—The Savannah "Republican" is indebted to the courtesy of the operator of the Cuban line for the following private dispatch, received there on the 12th:

TALLAHASSEE, May 9.—Mr. J. K. Harris who has just arrived at Quincy from West Florida, states that the blockade steamer off Appalachicola was captured, with all on board, about 350 men, last night, by an expedition of launches. No loss on our side. Further particulars not yet received.

The following verse is not often quoted, yet it has so much power that it ought to be remembered:

A pebble in the streamlet scant,  
Has turned the course of many a river:  
A dew drop on the baby plant  
Has warped the giant oak forever.

#### MR. LINCOLN, AS PAINTED BY A FRIEND.

Orestes Brownson "strenuously advocates the re-election of Mr. Lincoln," from the fear that by his defeat "the country would be condemned to worse rule." Who the worse man could be it seems difficult to imagine, from the following sketch which Brownson gives of his favorite.—Truly he must have a deplorable choice, if Lincoln is his best. We copy from the *Washington Constitutional Union*:

His soul seems made of leather, and incapable of any grand or noble emotion. Compared with the mass of men, he is a line of flat prose in a beautiful and spirited lyric. He lowers, he never elevates you. You leave his presence with your enthusiasm dampened, your better feelings crushed, and your hopes cast to the winds. You ask not, can this man carry the nation through its terrible struggles, but can the nation carry this man through them, and not perish in the attempt!

He never adopts a clear policy. When he hits upon a policy substantially good in itself, he contrives to belittle it, beamear it, or in some way to render it mean, contemptible and useless. Even wisdom from him seems but foolishness. We blame him not, says the amiable Brownson, because he is mole eyed, and not eagle eyed, and that he has no suspicion of that higher region of thought and action in which lie the great interests and questions he is called upon to deal with as President of the United States. His only fault is in the misfortune of being unconscious of his own unfitness for his place.

Mr. Lincoln's is a renomination eminently unfit to be made. We have never been able to discern in him a single quality in any manner fitting him to be President of the United States at any time. We have found in him no quality not eminently unfitting him for this high office. As to his administration; its extravagance has been appalling, its expenditures enormous, and little to show for them. During four years it will have run up a national debt greater than that of Great Britain, and equal to one-third of the assessed values of the whole Union. And no small portion of the sum has been literally wasted.

James Haunay, an English novelist, has written an admirable sketch of Mr. Thackeray's career for the *Edinburg Courant*, in which the following anecdotes are told:

When we congratulated him, many years ago, on the touch in *Vanity Fair* in which Becky "admires" her husband when he is giving Lord Steyn the chastisement which ruins her for life. "Well," he said, "when I wrote the sentence I slapped my fist on the table, and said that is a touch of genius!" The incident is a trifle, but it will reveal, we suspect, an element of fervor, as well as a heartiness of frankness in recording the fervor, both equally at variance with the vulgar conception of him. This frankness and bonhomie made him delightful in a *tertium-tertium*, and gave a pleasant human flavor to talk full of sense, and wisdom, and experience, and lighted up by the gaiety of the true London man of the world. Though he said witty things now and then, he was not a wit in the sense in which Jerrold was, and he complained sometimes that his best things occurred to him after the occasion had gone by.

He shone most—in his books—in little subtle remarks on life, and little descriptive sketches suggested by the talk. We remember, in particular, one evening after a dinner party at his house, a fancy picture he drew of Shakespeare during his last year at Stratford, sitting out in the summer afternoon watching the people, while all who heard it, brief as it was, thought it equal to the best things in his lecture. But it was not for this sort of talent—rarely exerted by him—that people admired his conversation. They admired, above all, the broad sagacity, sharp insight, large and tolerant liberality, which marked him as one who was a sage as well as a story-teller, and whose stories were valuable because he was a sage.

Thirty-five yankee vessels of war are now waiting for crews, and orders have been issued to disband over a thousand negroes recently enlisted in Maryland, and to transfer them immediately to the navy, Secretary Welles having consented to accept them in default of able or ordinary seamen.

A queer fellow, who has tried it, says there are two sorts of whiskey in Atlanta—"one is like swallowing an angry cat; and the other like pulling the animal back by the tail."

#### GEN. ROBERT F. HOKE.

The name of this gallant officer, the hero of Plymouth, who has recently been made a Major General, to date from the capture of that place, is destined to occupy a prominent position in the history of our struggle for liberty. From a friend, the *Christian Sun* obtains the following concerning the General:

Robert F. Hoke is a native of Lincoln county, N. C. His father was a candidate for Governor when he died. Robert was born about 1835, and is now about twenty-nine years of age, and is, therefore, next to the youngest Major-General in Confederate service. At the time of the breaking up of the Peace Conference, he held a commission in one of the Government Departments at Washington. He immediately resigned and went home, to take command of a company in his native county, to go to Charleston. This was before any Ordinance of Secession had been passed by North Carolina.

His company was placed in the 1st North Carolina Regiment, under command of Col. D. H. Hill. At the battle of Bethel, he distinguished himself, and was honorably mentioned by the commander of the regiment. He was some time after promoted to Major in the 33d Regiment, commanded by Col. Avery. At the battle of Newbern this regiment distinguished itself, and Col. Avery was wounded and captured. The Lieutenant Colonel was also wounded, and the command devolved on Major Hoke. In command of the 33d Regiment, he fought through the battles around Richmond, and was soon after promoted to Colonel of the 25th N. C. Regiment, and placed in Branch's Brigade. Some time previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, he was promoted to Brigadier General. At that battle he made a dashing charge with his brigade upon Sedgwick's corps, and was wounded in five places. He had not sufficiently recovered from his wounds to be at Gettysburg, and soon after the return of his brigade from Maryland he was assigned to duty in his native State.

Gen. Hoke is nearly six feet in height, stands erect, has dark hair and dark eyes, and is noted as a high-toned Christian gentleman, having been for several years a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is a pious, praying man. We record this fact with pleasure, and on it we found our hope of his rising still higher, and endearing himself to the people of North Carolina and the whole Confederacy.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—Louis Napoleon's present personal appearance is thus described in a late letter from Paris:

The personal appearance of Napoleon III. would puzzle the most accurate observer of physiognomy. The face of the man with the iron mask is not more devoid of expression than is his. One may study it for hours without deriving the slightest satisfaction as to the Emperor's mental characteristics. Those fishy, rayless eyes, the parchment like cheeks, the stiff, pointed moustache, all suggest a sort of artificial face prepared for the occasion, while the real man, like the priestess of Apollo, lies hidden, and delivers short, circular responses behind it. He is short in stature, though his body is full the average size. Hence he appears to greater advantage in a posture. Of late years he has grown somewhat corpulent, like the first Napoleon and the other members of his family. His habits at the present day are said to be simple and regular, perhaps necessarily so, if the stories told of his early excesses be true. His appearance on horseback does great credit to his horsemanship, which is generally allowed to be the most skillful in Europe. He is the very fond of horses and has that thorough understanding of their nature which establishes a certain sympathy between the animal and his rider.

THE DIFFERENCE.—One of the officers recently captured by Forrest, made the following remark to Captain Henderon, as the latter reports to the Montgomery *Advertiser*: "The most astounding thing that has arrested my attention since I have been in captivity is the unmurmuring spirit of your soldiers. They are living upon short rations of bread and meat, and yet I never heard a complaint escape their lips. They never mention their pay as a matter of importance, and seem entirely devoted to a principle. On the other hand, our troops have every luxury that men could desire, and yet are filled with discontent. They are ever clamorous for their pay as though it were the sole object. I candidly acknowledge that the contrast strikes me with dismay."