

THE CAMDEN WEEKLY CONFEDERATE

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRESS IS THE ROYAL THRONE UPON WHICH SHE SITS, AN ESTHROINED MONARCH."

VOL. III CAMDEN, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1864.

The Confederate

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SELECTED POETRY.

LETTER FOUND IN THE POCKET OF A POOR REFUGEE.

If men are sometimes sad, children are always joyous; and if it were not for them, it seems to us men would be sad always. What parent but would feel a thrill of joy at receiving from his darling girls far away such joyful effusions as the following *jeu d'esprit*, received by a gentleman of this city, with the likenesses of his daughters—two little girls of angelic beauty:

October 1, 1863.
O, stop a minute, papa:
Dad tell me—can you say
What 'tis that makes my letter
So very fat to-day?
O, how I laugh and caper,
To think how glad you'll be
To test the ugly wrapper,
And—see both Kate and me!
Whenever you are weary
With study or with care,
And feel right lone and dreary,
Without one lov'd one near,
Take us—indeed, there's comfort,
(You'll find to your surprise.)
In seeing Katie's smiling face
And Maggie's loving eyes.
Well come and trolle round you,
And with our might and main,
Will brush away the cobwebs
Thought settles on your brain:
And you will whisper fondly,
How sweet the portion then,
When God, the God of pity,
Gives us one hour again.
Your affectionate daughter,
M. P. S.

An Englishman's Impressions of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

George Augustus Sala, the sprightly English magazineist, and now acting as the American correspondent of the London Telegraph, writes to that paper the following account of his presentation at the Yankee Court, with his impressions of the Northern Sovereigns:

* * * The Blue Parlor—if blue and a parlor it was—was somewhat, but not inconveniently crowded. Ladies and gentlemen were flying in smoothly and silently. I stood on tiptoe to see if I could catch a glimpse of the lady to whom I was to be presented, but in lieu thereof I became suddenly aware of a gentleman, who had no need, so tall was he, to stand on tiptoe in order to look down on me, and on the entire assemblage. And yet that assemblage, in its male portion, number some very tall men. Mr. Sumner edged me between a couple of groups, took me into a corner where the tallest man of all was, said some few polite words, and the next moment my hand was in the cast iron grip of Abraham Lincoln. As to his grip—talk to me of packing cotton bales or screwing ocean steamers off the stocks by hydraulic pressure; amuse me with tales of the big bear of Arkansas' hardest hugs; feed them with stories of the bonoconstrictors crushing out the bones of a goat in a single convulsion; tell me about Professor Harrison, the strong man who crushes pewter pots between his fingers, and the Russian Count Orloff, who crumbles up silver salvers just as Mr. Cobden said he would crumple up Russia—like a sheet of paper.

Narrate to me all these fables, but they are nought in comparison; they are Zephyr breaths, fairy footsteps, butterfly persiflage, when named in company with Abraham Lincoln's grip. He doesn't smile when he takes your hand; he does not ring it like a bell, nor wave it like a flag. He merely takes it, and quietly and silently squeezes it into dough. Great results are said to follow the "putting down his foot" by the President on any public matter. If he were to "put down" his hand on me, I thought 'utter and irretrievable collapse must follow. The general cast of Mr. Lincoln's features must be familiar to you through the photographic portraits in the London shop windows. His actual appearance is even nearer approached by the admirable cartoon sketches of Mr. John Tenniel in Punch. With a curiously intuitive fidelity of appreciation, Tenniel has seized upon that lengthy face, those busy locks, that shovel beard, that ungainly form,

those long muscular, attenuated limbs, those bony and wide spreading extremities. Mr. Lincoln is so tall that, looking up in his face, you might, did not respect forbid you ask "how cold the weather was up there." He is so tall, that a friend who had an interview with him in his private office made use of the expression that when he rose there did not seem the slightest likelihood of getting up ever coming to an end. He seemed to be drawing himself out like a telescope.

There are two, particulars, however, in which you must needs have seen Mr. Lincoln to gain an accurate idea of his appearance. He is excessively dark. Again, this dark face, strongly marked, livid and crow-footed, and fringed with coarse and tangled hair, is so uncouth and so rugged that it narrowly escapes being either terrible or grotesque. A touch of the chisel one way or the other and you would have either a Quasimodo or a Richard III. But the possible grotesque is obviated, the imminent terrible is smoothed away by a peculiar soft almost feminine, expression of melancholy which to me at least seemed to pervade the countenance of this remarkable man. The melancholy look struck me most forcibly when I remembered that I was in the presence of the great joker of jokes—the Sancho Panza made governor of this Trans-Atlantic Barataria; but there the look was—the regard of a thoughtful, weary, saddened, overworked man; of one who was desperately striving to do his best, but who woke up every morning to find the wheat that he had sown growing up as tares; of one who was continually regretting that he did not know more—that he had begun his work too late, and must lay down his sceptre too early. My interview with him was of very brief duration, and mainly made up of commonplaces. Of course, he said that he was glad to see me, that he hoped I liked my stay, that I had come in a very critical period, and that the country presented a very different aspect to that which it once had. Mr. Sumner informed him that I purposed "illustrating" in public what I had seen in America. "Ah," said the President, "indeed! with the pencil or pen? There is a good deal to illustrate just now." I hinted that the pen was my vocation. Neither more or less took place. I saw that Mr. Lincoln had no wish to tell me any stories, or to talk politics; and, after another tremendous squeeze of the hand from him, I retired from his presence.

My presentations were not, however, at an end. I was taken to the centre of the apartment, where standing in a circle of ladies, was one short, plump and well-favored, and attired in a velvet dress of royal purple, profusely trimmed with pearls and lace. This was Mrs. Lincoln. I had the honor to shake her hand; but it was a little hand, and my crushed digits were spared another painful ordeal. I think I can give almost a short hand writer's report of my conversation with Mrs. Lincoln. After the first salutation she said: "Do you keep your health, sir?" I replied that I was happy and thankful to say that I enjoyed tolerable health. "How long have you been in this country, sir?" she asked. I said that I had been seven weeks on the American continent. "How long do you conclude to remain, sir?" she went on. I replied that I hoped to remain about seven months longer. The President's wife was good enough to ask "how I liked the country." I replied diplomatically, that it was large and very wonderful.

Now ensued a deep, and to me, embarrassing silence. I didn't know what was to come next, and I didn't think Mrs. Lincoln did. At last she spoke again, and once more in the interrogatory form: "And you keep your health, sir?" I answered this very kind inquiry as best I might, when, fortuitously, it occurred to me that some years ago, in Russia having to go in much better society than I am in the habit of frequenting at home, I had sought the assistance of a dancing mistress, and at the outlay of about fifty rubles, learnt a series of bows, or "reverences," for grand occasions. I gave Mrs. Lincoln the lowest of these reverences. I moved slowly away, but could hear the Presidentess asking the next gentleman who was presented to her whether he "kept his health." "Do you keep your health?" evidently serves Mrs. Lincoln in the stand that "est it possible?" used to serve Prince George of Denmark.—*Correspondent London Telegraph.*

Complication likely to Arise.

Among the difficulties which are foreseen in the future are the following:

First—In the event of an election, with General McClellan on one side and Abraham Lincoln on the other, should the mass of the soldiers' votes be thrown, through Administration influence, in favor of Mr. Lincoln, the North will at once be plunged into all the horrors of civil war. The Democrats would claim, and will, no doubt, be able to prove, that the vote was, to all intents and purposes, fraudulent; that the soldiers, either through discipline, fear, favoritism, or the doctoring of the returns, were compelled to vote en masse for Mr. Lincoln. In that case, the whole nation would flange up in revolution, and the streets of our cities run blood.

Second—If Abe Lincoln should be elected by the votes of the Western States, under his own Amnesty Proclamation, that also would undoubtedly create an outbreak at the North. The people of the State of New York (for instance) would never consent to be outvoted in the Electoral College by bogus electors representing the camp followers and creators of Mr. Lincoln in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Florida, etc. In other words they would never consent that the few pretended loyal thousands in the Southern States should outvote the undoubted loyal millions in the Northern States.

Thirdly—On the other hand, it is believed that if, by charge of corruption against the Administration and the pre-judicial created by clamor against miscegenation and negro equality, the Democrats should succeed in electing General McClellan, it is not believed that the people who have control of the Administration would consent to give up their power. The monetary interests invoked are so enormous that every consideration which can appeal to the selfishness of ambitious men would tempt the party in power to ignore the election.

It cannot be disguised that the passions of the populace are at fever heat. That paper money, the high prices, the fierce excitement of the war, have wrought upon the passions of the multitude that it needs but a spark to blow the whole framework of society into atoms. It is the man on horseback who would then rule us, and our best liberties would find their grave in the tomb of military despotism. It will thus be seen why it is seriously proposed to postpone the Presidential election.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The festival of the Passover commenced yesterday, that being the fourteenth day of Nisan, and continues eight days. The two first and two last days are kept sacred, but during the four intermediate days business may be attended to. This festival, which is called in the Hebrew *Pysach*, was instituted to commemorate the Providential escape of the Jews, when God, smiting the first born of the Egyptians, "passed over" the houses of the Israelites, the door posts of which were sprinkled with the blood of the paschal lamb. During this festival, the Jews eat no other kind of bread but thin cake, baked of unleavened dough, which are called "mazzos," (pronounced "matzos.") The most interesting ceremonies of the Passover are those that take place on the first and second evenings, in the house of every Jew, which are styled the "giving of the saydor," meaning order or series of costumes and ceremonies, which are as follows:

The table cloth being laid, the mazzos are placed upon a plate, covered with a spotted napkin, and with them a piece of lamb, in memory of the paschal lamb, an egg for the offering of honor, a cup with grated horse radish and bitter herbs, and a cup of salt water, to denote the liver of the ancestors of the family, made bitter by their slavery in Egypt; and lastly, a cup containing a mixture of apples, cinnamon, almonds, &c., in allusion to the bricks and mortar which they were obliged to make. The table being thus formed, every participant has a glass of wine placed before him, for on these nights every Jew is obliged to drink four cups of wine, called especially, "The Four Cups of Wine," which are in memory of the four solemn expressions made use of in token of their redemption: "And I will bring forth," "And I will deliver," "And I will redeem," "And I will take thee hence."

The N. York Herald asserts that "an overwhelming majority of the Republican members of both Houses of Congress are opposed to the reelection of Abraham Lincoln."

Double Murder by A. Boy.

The Savannah News, of Thursday, reports the following lamentable occurrence:

Two Children Shot.—In the mayor's court yesterday, a small boy named William Craven, said to be not than eight years of age, was brought up charged with shooting a white child named Alice Callen, aged three years, and a negro girl, named Virginia, about twelve years of age; the property of Mr. J. G. Watts. It appears that Mr. Wm. R. Craven, the uncle of William, had left a loaded gun in his house, which the lad got possession of, and with which he threatened to shoot some one between seven and eight o'clock on Wednesday night, he aimed the gun at the above named children, and discharged it. The gun was loaded with large turkey shot, and the contents took effect in the head of Alice, causing her death in about ten minutes. Virginia the colored girl, was shot in the side and died on Thursday morning, about three o'clock. The Mayor remarked to the relatives of the boy that this was another occurrence of great criminal carelessness, and that the parent was not free from fault: who placed loaded weapons in such positions that they could easily be taken by children. In this instance, through the carelessness of those who had this boy in charge, two human lives had been sacrificed.

Since the above was in type coroner's jury have returned verdicts in both cases, that the deceased came to their deaths by gunshot wounds inflicted by William Irwin Craven, and that he is guilty of murder. The boy is only between eight and nine years of age.

The Old Bull Run Battlefield.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following description of a visit to the old Bull Run battlefield:

A poet might find here in the suggestive relics of the deadly strife the theme of an epic; or a painter might illustrate on canvas the horrors of war from the mementoes here left of its ruthless work. Bullets are picked up and exhibited by the handful, and soldiers who participated in the fray are comparing at the same time their gathered mementoes and their personal recollections of the bloody field. In the long, luxuriant grass one strikes his foot against skulls and bones, mingled with the deadly missiles that brought them to the earth. Hollow skulls lie contiguous to hemispheres of exploded shells. The shallow graves rise here and there above the grass, sometimes in rows, sometimes alone or scattered at irregular intervals. Through the thin layer of soil that hides the nameless hero who gave his life for his country, one sees the protruding ribs whence the rain has washed their covering, a foot or an arm reached out beyond its earthen bed; once I saw one of these long sleepers covered snugly up to the chin, but with the entire face exposed and turned up to the passer by; one could imagine him a soldier lying on the field wrapped up in his blanket but that the blanket was of clay and the face was fleshless and eyeless. In one case a foot protruded, with the flesh still partly preserved; in another an entire skeleton lay exposed upon the surface, without any covering whatever. The tatters of what had been his uniform showed that he had been a cavalryman. The flesh was, of course, decomposed; but the tanned and shrivelled skin still ceased the bony framework of the body, and even the finger nails were in their places. The ligament that fasten the joints must have been preserved, for he was lifted by the belt which was still around the waist, and not a bone fell out of its place.

A Comet Predicted.

The following, says an English paper, is an extract of a letter just received from Melbourne: Professor Neumayer, on a three years' scientific visit from Bavaria, tells us that in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to endanger this our earth; and should it not attach itself (as one globe of quicksilver to another,) nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to behold. During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train.

Generosity and Self-Sacrifice.

The nurses, ward masters and employees at the hospital Charlottesville, Va; agreed in a body to do without meat for ten days in order to furnish the wherewithal to feed the hungry soldiers of the 19th Virginia Regiment, in the field.

The Old Currency and the New Six Per Cents.

It is not generally known that the old currency may be funded in six per cent. bonds which the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars. The bonds are to bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and thus six hundred and sixty-six dollars, thus invested will yield the same amount of interest as one thousand dollars in the four per cent.—forty dollars per annum in both cases. So the holder of the notes will lose nothing in amount of interest, by neglecting to fund them at their exchange value in four per cents, and funding them hereafter at the rate of sixty-six cents on the dollar in six per cents. The interest on the six per cents is secured by the pledge of the revenues of the Confederacy derived from its import duties on cotton, tobacco and naval stores. No fund or revenue is pledged or set apart for the payment of the interest on the four per cents. The holders of the six per cent. bonds will be preferred creditors of the Government, secured by the mortgage of a sufficient amount of its revenues. It is probably the most desirable disposition to be made of what remains of the currency to the amount of one third, into the new six per cents.—*Richmond Examiner.*

Forrest Victorious Again!

Advices from North Mississippi (says the Meridian Clarion) report that Forrest has had another engagement with the Yankees near White's station, ten miles from Memphis, on the Charleston Railroad, in which he killed and wounded a large number of the enemy and took fifteen hundred prisoners. The number of prisoners taken may be exaggerated, but of the fight and victory there is no doubt.

There is a German family in Galena, who in daily conversation use the English language. The mother teaches her children the same German words she used to teach in her childhood, away back on the river Rhine. One night, as little Ernest, a precocious chap of some four summers, was quietly reading through his evening lessons, he suddenly exclaimed and exclaimed his mother by exclaiming: "Ma, why do we always talk Yankee and pray German? Is God a Dutchman?"

John Bull's Best Advice.

John Bull's best advice is to keep his powder dry and his shot clean.

Quoth Meads to Lee:
"Can you tell me,
In the shortest style of writing,
When people will
Get their fill
Of this big job of fighting?"
Quoth Lee to Meads:
"Why, yes, indeed;
I'll tell you in a minute—
When legislators
And speculators
Are made to enter in it."

Rebel Rams on Red River.

The rebels have three very formidable iron clad rams near Suroport, with which they expect to annihilate the Yankee gunboats. The Missouri is a very superior boat, with fine, powerful machinery and a sharp iron prow, running three feet beneath the surface of the water. She is said to be the fastest boat on the Western or Southern waters, averaging eighteen miles an hour. Her armament is reported to be exceedingly powerful—two 100 pounders, two 6 inch Dahlgren, and four 32 pound rilled pieces, with one or two canonades. The ram Webb is also a monster of considerable power, but is not so fast as the Missouri. She carries ten guns; the calibre of which is known to our forces. The Mary T. is likewise an ugly customer to contend with, although not so large as the two former. With these three rams the enemy expect to repulse our naval forces, and then assist Dick Taylor and Price on land.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Gen. Whiting, commanding the Department of Wilmington, has issued a notice to producers that unless provisions are brought into that market at customary hours, and a fair chance given to buyers residing in this city, the stock will be impressed for the use of the army and navy at Government prices.

Raising the "Siege" of Mobile.

The siege of Mobile by Farragut's iron clads is definitely announced to have been raised. The following is the distribution of the fleet recently employed there:

The gunboats and mortar vessels have been withdrawn, and are now at Panama. The Cowlip and Metacomb, are blockading in the Sound. The rebels are building docks around the Tennessee for the purpose of lighting her over Dog River bar. The Nashville is probably completed. She will not be such a formidable appearing monster as the Tennessee.

On Sunday, March 20 a packet boat belonging to the enemy was captured by the Jackson. In it were five men and an officer, (master's mate). The boat, officer and men belonged to the rebel gunboat Selma.

A letter thus explains the withdrawal: Although Admiral Farragut remained with his fleet after it was known that Sherman had returned to Vicksburg, engaging Fort Poydras, with his mortar vessels and gunboats, there was probably no prospect of hope in the breast of the old command that with those he could capture New Orleans. He could not give the forts to be passed the Jackson and Phillip, owing to the smallness of the water and the nature of the obstacles there placed in the channel in early season.

Mobile must be taken by a land attack, or Admiral Farragut must have two or three iron clads. If no other purpose than to guard his fleet from the attack of the formidable rams Tennessee, the Nashville.

Destruction of the Magazine at Fort De Russy.

On Thursday evening Gen. A. S. Smith gave orders to have the magazines of Fort De Russy blown up with gunpowder. The explosion caused the gunboats and transports in the river to rock as though an earthquake had taken place. As there were some four hundred pounds of powder in three magazines, which were fired simultaneously, the report was terrific. Owing to gross carelessness, several men were badly injured. Shortly after the demolition of the earthworks and the magazines, the report of the explosion was heard by the six rebel gunboats, which were all mounted by the fort. The explosion also caused the men on the gunboats to be very much alarmed.

Plans of the Campaign Against Wilmington.

A Washington correspondent, who professes to know, thus describes the plan of the coming campaign in Virginia: Preparations for the great movement on Richmond, which will now be delayed by the storm in Virginia, are being forward with quiet but incessant energy. The organization of the army of the Potomac has been generally perfected, and the details of the new order of things are being arranged as fast as the facilities caused by the transfer of equipment, and some cases of dissatisfaction among officers, will permit. It is probable now that at least two movements will be made for the purpose of capturing the rebel capital, and perhaps a third. General "Dolly" Smith, it is reported tonight, will have command of two army corps, to be organized at Fortress Monroe. These troops will be pushed up the Potomac, while the army of the Potomac keeps Lee's forces vigorously occupied, and while General Burnside is presumed to attempt the old route via Galathea, North Carolina, cutting the railroad at that point. The Potomac and North Carolina movements could scarcely fail to cause a retreat of large part of the rebel army from its present secure position on the heights beyond the Rappahannock. A prompt, general and persistent attack from all points by our forces would thus most certainly force the fighting in a few days up to the defences of Richmond. That accomplished, the war will have witnessed no more terrific battles than the one which must ensue for the possession of the city. Advice requires bodily details that constant additions are being made to the strength of the defensive works on all sides of the rebel capital. Mines are understood to be ready at the most vital points.

CONUNDRUM EXTRAORDINARY.

Why is L the happiest letter in the alphabet? Because "L" is always in bliss, "B" is in hell, and all the rest are in purgatory.