

THE CAMDEN WEEKLY CONFEDERATE.

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

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The Confederate

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"IN THE OLD CHURCH-TOWER."

BY T. BAILEY ALDRICH.

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
And above it on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold, St. Peter stands,
With the keys in his two hands,
And all is well!

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat:
Ah! so loud, and wild, and sweet—
As the person says a prayer
Over happy lovers there,
While all is well!

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again;
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest,
Where all is well!

In the old church-tower
Hangs the bell;
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joy and all our woe;
It is glad when we are well—
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well!

Atrocities of the Enemy in North Alabama.

The darkest chapter in the history of this cruel war, if not in any other war, will record the atrocities of the Yankees wherever, in the Confederate States, they have been permitted to march their thieving brutal hordes. Their deeds, so in violation of all the rules of civilized or humane warfare, entitle them to a place in history with the Goths and Vandals who overran and laid waste Southern Europe. Intent upon their barbarous errand, they have shown themselves entirely wanting in the instincts of common humanity, much less possessing any of the traits of a civilized or humane people. They have not been satisfied to take possession of a portion of Confederate territory, they must needs make it a waste, howling wilderness, by destroying the provisions, buildings, fences, agricultural implements, stocks, etc., and driving defenceless old men, women and children into the woods, in many instances setting fire to their houses over their heads. We take from the *Montgomery Mail* the following account of their atrocities in North Alabama:

In no portion of the Confederate States have they acted more barbarous and cruel than in the Northern portion of Alabama. A journey through parts of Jackson, Madison, Limestone and Lauderdale counties would recall to mind the descriptions of Greece through which the Turkish fire and sword had gone, or the utter destruction of whole sections of Poland by the Russian hordes. We have been lately put in possession of the facts in detail of certain Yankee atrocities in Limestone and Lauderdale counties, which it is well to put on record for the information of the world. In the former county, the outrages were committed by the 9th Illinois Regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Jesse J. Phillips, of Belleville, Illinois.

On January 25th, General Roddy, with a small portion of his command, attacked the forces of Lieut. Col. Phillips, who were encamped near and in the grove of Mrs. Coleman, the widow of Judge Daniel Coleman, deceased. The enemy's pickets were driven into the encampment, when they, with those of the forces who were in camp, took shelter behind the dwelling house of Mrs. Coleman. They fired a few rounds and fled in perfect consternation.

One of our secret scouts, who was in the enemy's lines a day or two after the raid, says that the treatment of Col. Phillips' men to Mrs. Coleman and family was unparalleled in the history of the war. Our men, having accomplished their purpose, were scarcely out of sight, when the Yankees rushed back to their encampment perfectly infuriated because of their defeat. To avenge themselves, they rushed into the house of Mrs. Coleman with fire brands, and built up a large

fire in one of the handsomest parlors. The mother and daughter implored them not to burn the house, but they heeded not their entreaties. They pushed them violently out of the house, drawing pistols on them both. In a few hours that portion of the command which was on a scout at the time of the attack by Gen. Roddy, which was commanded by Major Kuhne, returned to camp. They rushed into the house of Mrs. Coleman, and commenced plundering. Mrs. Coleman appealed to Major Kuhne to control his men and to give her his protection as a defenceless female. He ordered her from his presence, saying: "Woman, go away, I have no protection for you. Men, pitch into her house, and sack it from bottom to top."

The vandals needed no encouragement from their officer, but immediately obeyed his order to do their work of destruction. Mrs. Coleman had with her two little boys, her only protection, she having lost in this cruel war two as noble and brave sons as mother ever had, and her oldest son is now absent in the service of his country. Her little boys were torn from her in the night, put under guard, and carried to the jail. Their mother plead with the Colonel for their release, when he added to her already unutterable anguish by saying that he would have to send the older one of the boys to Northern prisons. He, however, relented in a few days after torturing their mother sufficiently, as he thought, and released the boys from their imprisonment. Mrs. Coleman and daughter were driven from their home in the night to seek refuge in the town of Athens, which was about one mile distant. The furniture, which was of the finest rosewood, was split up. The marble slabs to the bureaus and washstands were broken into pieces, mirrors were shattered, handsome Brussels carpets cut up into saddle blankets, beds dragged out into camp with all the bed clothing, including the finest blankets and Marsilles quilts.

The portrait of Judge Coleman, also that of Mrs. Coleman, were so pierced by their bayonets that they could not be recognized. All of the table ware and several pieces of silver were taken out into camp. Several handsome silk dresses and other articles of clothing belonging to the family were taken. A little trunk which Mrs. Coleman prized more than anything else, because it contained the mementoes and letters of her noble sons, who had given their precious lives to their country, was broken open, and their precious contents destroyed by their infamous hands. The books of a large and select library were scattered through the camp and destroyed. All of Miss Coleman's music was taken. After the completion of their work of destruction, the officers, Major Kuhne and others, took possession of the house and are now quartered in it. Mrs. Coleman, daughter, and two sons, were ordered out of the Yankee lines. Mrs. Coleman's health would not admit of her coming out, hence her order was recorded. Miss Coleman and her two little brothers are now exiles in our lines.

Col. Phillips took Mr. Crenshaw, a respectable citizen of Limestone, into his tent and demanded his money. Crenshaw handed his pocket book and some loose change he had in his vest pocket. Colonel Phillips asked if that was all. Mr. Crenshaw replied no, and Phillips demanded the balance, and took from his person five thousand dollars belted around his person. This man is trying to equal Butler, the Beast, and is the representative of the Lincoln Government.

In Lauderdale County the conduct of the enemy has been as bad as in Limestone. This county is continually ravaged by bands of Tories, who have been armed by the enemy. They are stealing all the horses, mules and cotton.

On the 2d February John Wesson, a Tory, shot and killed Lewis C. Moore, an aged and highly respectable citizen, a member of the Commissioner's Court. Wesson is a young man, and had been reared in Moore's neighborhood, and Moore was in the act of shaking hands with him when Wesson shot him.

It is almost a truth, that nations are thoroughly great and heroic only when they have lost the illusions of arrogant hope; and the love of wealth and material prosperity. The independence of North America was achieved in the "times which tried men's souls." The first Revolutionary war was fought by the American fathers without a Government without a treasury, virtually without an army, and by means of what it would be a mockery to call money.

Southern Generals Described by an Englishman.

One of the latest works on the war is entitled "Three Months in the Southern States—by Lt. Col. Freemantle, Coldstream Guards." The *New York News* makes the following extracts from the book:

GENERAL LEE.

General Lee is, almost without exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw. He is fifty six years old, tall, broad-shouldered, very well made, well set up—a thorough soldier in appearance; and his manners are most courteous and full of dignity. He is a perfect gentleman in every respect. I imagine no man has so few enemies, or is so universally esteemed. Throughout the South, all agree in pronouncing him to be as near perfection as a man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing or swearing, and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones. He generally wears a well worn long gray jacket, a high black felt hat, and blue trousers tucked into his Wellington boots. I never saw him carry arms; and the only mark of his military rank are the three stars under his collar. He rides a handsome horse, which is extremely well groomed. He himself is very neat in his dress and person, and in the most arduous marches he always looks smart and clean.

In the old army he was always considered one of the best officers; and at the outbreak of these troubles he was Lieut. Colonel of the Second Cavalry. He was a rich man, but his fine estate was one of the first to fall into the enemy's hands. I believe he has never slept in a house since he has commanded the army of Virginia, and he invariably declines all offers of hospitality, for fear the person offering it may afterward get into trouble for having sheltered the rebel General. The relations between him and Longstreet are quite touching—they are almost always together. Longstreet's corps complain of this sometimes, as they say that they seldom get a chance of detached service, which falls to the lot of Ewell.

It is impossible to praise Longstreet more than by praising Lee. I believe the two Generals to be as little ambitious and as thoroughly unselfish as any men in the world. Both long for a successful termination of the war, in order that they may retire into obscurity. Stonewall Jackson (until his death the third in command of their army) was just such a simple-minded servant of his country. It is understood that Gen. Lee is a religious man, though not so demonstrative in that respect as Jackson; and, unlike his late brother in arms, he is a member of the Church of England. His only faults, so far as I can learn, arise from his excessive amiability.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSON.

In appearance, is rather below the middle height, spare, soldier-like, and well set up; his features are good, and he has lately taken to wear a grayish beard. He is a Virginian by birth, and 57 years old. He talks in a calm, deliberate, and confident manner; to me he was extremely affable, but he certainly possesses the power of keeping people at a distance when he chooses, and his officers evidently stand in great awe of him. He has undoubtedly acquired the entire confidence of all the officers and soldiers under him. Many of the officers told me they did not consider him inferior to Lee or any one else. Gen. Johnston is a very well read man, and agreeable to converse with. He told me that he considered Marlborough a greater General than Wellington. All Americans have an intense admiration for Napoleon; and they seldom scruple to express their regret that he was beaten at Waterloo.

Remarking upon the extreme prevalence of military titles, Gen. Johnston said, "you must be astonished to find how fond all Americans are of titles, though they are republicans, and, as they can't get any other sort they all take military ones." While seated around the camp fire, an officer remarked to me, "I can assure you, Colonel, that nine men out of ten in the South would sooner become subjects of Queen Victoria than return to the Union." "Nine out of ten?" said General Johnston, "ninety-nine out of a hundred? I consider that few people in the world can be more fortunate in their government than the British Colonies of North America." General Johnston told me that the principal evils a Confederate General had to contend against consisted in the difficulty of making combinations, owing to the uncertainty about the time which the troops would take to march a certain distance

on account of their straggling propensities. He told me he had been wounded ten times. Speaking of Stonewall Jackson, he said that "although he did not possess any great qualifications as a strategist, and was perhaps unfit for the independent command of a large army, yet he was gifted with wonderful courage and determination, and a perfect faith in Providence that he was destined to destroy the enemy. He was much indebted to General Ewell in the campaigns in the Virginia Valley, and was fortunate in commanding the flower of the Virginia troops, and being opposed to the most incapable Federal commanders, such as Fremont and Banks."

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

Is a man of middle height, about 47 years of age. He would be very youthful in appearance were it not for the color of his hair, which is much grayer than his earlier photographs represent. Some persons account for the sudden manner in which his hair turned gray by allusion to his cares and anxieties during the past two years; but the real and less romantic reason is to be found in the rigidity of the Yankee blockade, which interrupts the arrival of articles of toilet. He has a long, straight nose, handsome brown eyes, and a dark moustache without whiskers, and he is extremely polite. He is a New Orleans Creole, and French is his native language. He spoke to me of the inevitable necessity, sooner or later, of a war between the Northern States and Great Britain; and he remarked that if England would join the South at once, the Southern armies, relieved of the present blockade and enormous Yankee pressure, would be able to march right into the Northern States, and by occupying their principal cities would give the Yankees so much employment that they would be unable to spare many men for Canada. He acknowledged that in Mississippi, Gen. Grant had displayed uncommon vigor, and met with considerable success, considering that he had no great military capacity. He regarded the question of ironclads versus forces as settled, especially when the arm from the latter is plunging. If the other monitors had approached as near as the Keokuk, they would have met the same fate. He said his official orders, both from the Government and the City Council, were that he was to allow Charleston to be laid in ashes sooner than surrender it; the Confederates being unanimous in the determination that whatever happened the capital of South Carolina should never have to submit to the fate of New Orleans. But he did not, however, anticipate any such alternative.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET.

Is an Alabamian; a thick set, determined looking man, forty-three years. He was an infantry major in the old army, and now commands the First Corps d'Arme. He is never far from General Lee, who relies very much upon his judgment. By the soldiers he is universally spoken of as the "best fighter in the whole army." While speaking of entering upon the enemy's soil, he said to me that although it might be fair in just retaliation to apply the torch, yet that so doing would demoralize the army and ruin its now excellent discipline. Private property is, therefore, to be respected. Gen. Longstreet is generally a particularly taciturn man, but this evening he and I had a long talk about Texas, where he had been quartered when in the old army. In the course of his conversation he said that Meade was an honorable man, but not so bold, perhaps, as Hooker.

Literary And Scientific Generals.

Some eminent commanders have not been scholars. But the three greatest generals the world has ever produced—Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon—were all men of letters. The first an annotator on Homer, the second a classical author, the third a philosopher, if he had not been an emperor. "Do you think," said Napoleon, "if I had not been general-in-chief, and the instrument of fate to a mighty nation, that I would have thrown myself into the study of exact sciences: my path would have been that of Galileo and Newton; and, since I have always succeeded in my great enterprises, I should have highly distinguished myself also in my scientific labors. I should have left the memory of beautiful discoveries."

POOR OLD ABE.—The *New York Evening Post* and *Greeley's Tribune*, the two strongest Black Republican organs of the North, are both out in opposition to the re-nomination of Lincoln.

General Forrester's Reception at Aberdeen, Mississippi—He Prefers Business to Pleasure.

The reception of Gen. Forrest in this city was as complimentary to him as it was creditable to the community. On Monday, the 14th, nearly the entire population of the city and surrounding country was found on the public square. The anxious and enthusiastic crowd waited until dark for the arrival of the General, but how sadly were they disappointed when it was announced that he could not reach Aberdeen before 9 o'clock, on account of unexpected detention at Columbus on important business. When Gen. Forrest arrived he was escorted to the mansion of our hospitable fellow-citizen, James D. McAllister, where a most elegant and sumptuous supper was prepared for him and his friends. Late as it was, the people flocked in to see the man who had so gallantly defended their homes from desecration. The next day Gen. Forrest received his friends at the residence of Rev. B. B. Barker. For six hours there was a continual stream pouring in to grasp the hand so often raised in defence of his country. Parties, dinners, collations and every kind of demonstration was offered the General, but he preferred business to pleasure, and at 3 o'clock he left amidst the shouts and prayers of a grateful people.

This manifestation was not misplaced. But for his energy, genius and foresight, Grierson would have formed a junction with Sherman, and could then have passed from Meridian to Selma, Montgomery, Atlanta and Chattanooga. Gen. Forrest made a profound impression on the people here. His lofty bearing, affability and gentlemanly deportment captivated all that made his acquaintance. Because he is terrible in battle, and possessed of an honest roughness in grappling with the enemy, it has heretofore been supposed that he is naturally a rough man, devoid of all refined feeling. The writer of this has known him long and intimately. He has been with him in camp, on the march, in battle, and in the most trying circumstances of his peculiarities. While he has a capacious brain, a broad and comprehensive intellect, he has at the same time a big heart, too, of great sensibility—fresh, warm, confiding, and strong in its affections. To him the battle of life has been full of action and turmoil, of stir and agitation, doing and suffering. Thrown at an early age on his own resources, fitted for service amid severe trials and struggle, and borne on to victory by his indomitable energy and resolution, his habits of self-reliance and self-tuition have made him an original thinker and earnest worker, and have given to his character in business transactions some of the ruggedness, the iron firmness, which he displays in battle: but in the social circle no man is more graceful or more punctilious in observing the amenities of life. He bears the impress of character, of greatness, in all his movements. He is one of the few men who do not depreciate as you approach him. His physique is a perfect model—tall, erect and perfect in all its proportions. His face is handsome, and he has just such an eye as might be expected in such a man. He received his friends with grace, dignity and elegance, and his demeanor here convinced the people that while in battle he is as terrible as the storm, in the social circle he is the polished gentleman.

During the recent battle Gen. Forrest lost his horse, which makes the eleventh he has had killed under him during the war. The citizens of Columbus presented him with a beautiful gelding a few days since, as an evidence of their appreciation of his valuable services.—*Letter from Aberdeen (Miss.) to Mobile Advertiser.*

A Good Day's Work.

A quartermaster, stationed at a point on one of the rail roads, not far from Atlanta, discharged from his employ all his assistants who were liable to military duty, when the conscript officer immediately secured thirty-five able-bodied recruits for active service in the field.

A Noble Example.

Lieutenant D. H. Butts, of Chatham County, Georgia, who has a regular discharge from the army, and is also exempt from the fact that he is a member of the Legislature, passed through Columbus lately on his way to Virginia to re-enlist in the 10th Georgia Regiment. He says that he is able to do duty, and being a non-producer at home, feels that he ought to go back to the army instead of remaining in idleness.

Movements of Archduke Maximilian.

Pairs, March 11.—At last I am able to announce the arrival among us of the titular Emperor of Mexico and his wife, the Archduchess, who reached the Northern railway station at 4 o'clock on Saturday last, and were thence conducted to the Tuilleries in the imperial carriage. The Archduke is a good and intelligent looking man, thirty-two years old, if I mistake not, and as you are no doubt aware, next brother to the Emperor of Austria. His love of travel and adventure, and dislike of the stiffness and pedantry of Austrian military life, induced him to choose the navy for his profession, and since the age of sixteen he has been much at sea, visiting all the coast of the Mediterranean, the French provinces of Africa, as Spain, Portugal, Mexico and Madeira.

In 1854, when only twenty-two years old, he was placed at the head of the Austrian marine, and pursued his travels and investigation, with avidity, sailing about the Archipelago and the coast of Syria in his flagship, the *Schwarzenberg*, with a squadron of seventeen vessels. He then proceeded to visit Palestine and Jerusalem, passed through Egypt, into the Red sea, which he investigated with great care, as he did also the works then proceeding of the Suez Canal. He is said to have always manifested a partiality for the Emperor Napoleon III; and it is reported of him that when at Trieste, in December, 1852, the telegraph brought him the news of the restoration of the empire, he immediately invited the whole consular body to a public entertainment, placed the French Consul on his right hand, and proposed the health of Napoleon III, before that sovereign had been recognized by any of the powers of Europe.

The Emperor is not a man to forget such an incident, and hence perhaps, the predilection manifested for his present protegee. The Archduke was last in Paris in 1856, when he stayed a fortnight, in a very private manner, with his wife, returning by Belgium, when he saw, admired, and demanded in marriage, the Princess Marie Charlotte, daughter of Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe. It is a somewhat strange coincidence to see the grand daughter of King Louis Philippe arrive at the Tuilleries as the guest of a Bonaparte, and to see the man who deprived her family of a large portion of their family property, patronizing her husband; and professing to bestow upon him an empire, such as it is.

Soon after his marriage, the Archduke was made Governor General of the Lombardy Venetian Kingdom, in which high and difficult position he acquitted himself in such a way as to make Cavour say that "he was the most dangerous adversary Italian independence had ever had to encounter." He made himself, in fact, so popular as almost to reconcile Lombardy and Venice to the Austrian yoke. Fortunately, perhaps, for Italy, his success only excited the narrow-minded jealousy of the cabinet of Venice, and he was removed from his Government.

The account of the reception of the imperial visitors by their hosts at the Tuilleries is recorded by the court papers as follows: "The Emperor descended six (just 'six' steps and no more) of the grand staircase to meet his guests. His Majesty then 'embraced' the Archduke, 'shook hands' with the Archduchess (which seems to me to be rather reversing the natural order of things), and then, giving his arm to the latter, and leaving the Empress to the care of the Archduke. The usual routine of grand dinners and receptions are taking place in honor of the visitors, but the Archduke still loves his independent and erratic habits, and is fond of stealing away—incog with his wife, a pretty lively French woman, and visiting the Paris shops to make purchases. In a few days they will proceed to England to bid adieu to Queen Victoria, who is cousin to the Archduchess, and to King Leopold, her father. Then they go directly to Trieste, and embark on board an Austrian frigate to cross the ocean about the latter end of May. Two French frigates will complete the squadron.—*Correspondence New York Journal of Commerce.*

"Old Abe."

The *New York Herald* gives him up—hear it: "We abandon 'Honest Old Abe' as a hopeless case. We have puffed him, we have praised him, and have helped him in every way, but can get no good out of him."