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J. F. BERSHMAN ... D. D. HOCOTT,
EDITORS.

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CAMDEN MONDAY, APRIL 24

THE OCCUPATION OF CAMDEN BY THE ENEMY.—We have not space, nor have we been able to gather particulars with reference to incidents during the enemy's stay in the town. We will endeavor to furnish our readers with an account of their approach and occupation in our next issue.

We are requested by the matrons of the 1st South Carolina hospital, at Camden, to solicit donations of milk and bread for hospital use. Persons having any surplus of the above named articles will confer a favor by sending the same to the hospital, to the care of Mrs. L. R. ANDERSON or Mrs. FARROW.

One week in Camp with the Melish—The Fight at Boykin's & DeSaussure's.

We entered camp at Pine Tree, on Tuesday evening the 11th inst., about sun-set, with Col. Brown's battalion of reserves, and was placed on picket at Chestnut's Crossings, where we rendered no service to the country, except consume a ration. We were relieved at 9 a. m. next morning, with permit to return and report to Capt. KENNEDY, who very blandly informed us that we must report to some certain military functionary in one hour's time—10 o'clock—armed and equipped, as the emergency was a "pressing" one. After performing our much needed ablution, and still further refreshing ourself with a thimble full of XX, reported as ordered, to "the" func., who, after some considerable delay, placed us in charge of func. No 2—he becoming responsible for our prompt appearance at a given hour. Of course we came up to time, and was placed in charge of func. No 3—who, by the way, was a very clever gentleman—when we were marched to the depot as a guard to the magnetic operator, with a view of repairing the line of telegraph, which at that time would have given us communication through to Danville; but our progress was stopped short on our arrival at Camp Boykin, by Capt. TEAM, informing us that the enemy was occupying Stateburg—after which we beat a double quick retreat towards Camden. On our return, we reported to Capt. KENNEDY, who again placed ourself and two others in charge of func. No 2, with instructions to report at the guard house at 8 p. m.—Reported promptly, where we remained in blissful ignorance of our destined position—looking out, in the meantime, for a soft place—until 11 p. m., when we were supplied with cartridges by func. No 4, and immediately thereafter ordered into line by func. No 5, and again marched to the railroad, where we entered the cars, and was off for Camp Boykin. Arrived there about 1, a. m., and being somewhat fatigued and exhausted by the orders and drill of so many func., we threw the drapery of our couch (the ground) around us and lay down to gentle slumber. Thursday morning we were awake just at day break, not by music soft and gentle, but by the Sergeant of a picket guard ordering his men to fall in, right face, march. After enjoying our one third of hard tack we proceeded to re-

connoitre, and whilst perambulating came in range of the rifle pits (or slaughter pens, as many suggested) which were skilfully and strongly made under the joint superintendance of Capt. COLCLOUGH and TEAM.—Whilst loitering around these pits they were visited by some ten or a dozen men—about half the number of our force—some fat and others lean, on whose chubby and thin visaged faces were pictured remorse. The horrors of grim visaged war had made a wrinkled frown in a remarkably short space of time. Their eyes became dilated; their noses, elongated; their mouths, denoting exclamation; and their chins—oh! save us from describing their terrified appearance on beholding these graves for untried heroes—the many execrations heaped upon the devoted heads of the military tunes who were instrumental in making them "hives of the clearest water"—some no doubt sadly impressed with the fact, that

"He who is in battle slain,
Will never live to fight again."

But in two hours thereafter joy unspeakable, if not full of glory, pervaded the hearts of the entire camp—hilarity, jocularity, and many other indications of relief were perceptible, on the appearance of Lewis' Kentucky brigade of mounted infantry, numbering some five hundred men, and as brave and soldier-like fellows as ever engaged in battle.

On Friday morning they pressed towards the enemy's lines, where they remained quiet, yet vigilant, until Saturday. In the meantime our little melish, under command of Capt. CONNER, in company with Col. BROWN's battalion, proceeded to Claremont, where we had not been more than one hour, when the Yankee infantry attacked Gen. Lewis' brigade, four miles beyond Stateburg, who repulsed them with considerable slaughter. Our loss one killed and two wounded. In the afternoon they assaulted our lines again in still greater force, their numerical advantage being so great as to admit the flanking process, when our men promptly retired, and the enemy again occupied Stateburg. In the meantime, we were silent, but attentive listeners—stationed some five miles distant from the scene of strife. It was deemed advisable we should return to Camp Boykin, where we remained over until Monday morning without anything of interest occurring—at which time it was discovered that the enemy had crossed Swift Creek, and was closely besieging Camden.

It was a sad hour to the men on the line of defences at Boykin's Mill, as well as to Capt. COLCLOUGH's gallant band of mounted men, when they discovered that Camden, for which they were ready to shed their life's blood, was to be given up without a struggle. The former had lain along the works all night with the expectation of taking the cars every hour to man the defences at Camden, while Capt. COLCLOUGH's men at the appointed hour, day-light, were at their post, McLEOD's Crossing, to dispute the passage of the enemy, but it was no time for idle regrets and vain repinings. The ever prompt and energetic Gen. ELLIOTT, though suffering greatly from his wound, at once assumed the distribution of the forces on the north of the creek, moved his men to the south side of the mill and creek, and taking Col. BROWN and Col. SHANNON with him at once laid out a much stronger line than that occupied on the north side. An advance set of rifle pits were thrown up during the approach along the line of railroad, while a little to the rear and west of the road, on an elevation, rifle pits were thrown up the whole way to the main road, by the mill. These commanded the whole swamp between the railroad and the mill; on the extreme right our position completely commanded the approach by the main

road, and was very strong, as a cotton press, the grist mill, saw mill and the right line of rifle pits afforded complete shelter to our men—the flanking position from the saw mill up to the right of the line being made doubly strong by heavy timber, put up under the direction of Col. BULL. At about 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning the 18th inst., the approach of the enemy was announced, and soon their near presence was evident from the black smoke rising from the gin houses of Col. T. J. ANCREM and Dr. C. J. SHANNON and Mr. ESK. PRESCOTT. The men were immediately placed in the rifle pits—Col. BROWN's Fifth Battalion of So. Ca. Reserves occupying the extreme left, and strengthened just at the railroad crossing by twenty men from Capt. CONNER's company. The centre line was occupied by Capt. CONNER's line company, which formed the right wing of the battalion, and was under the immediate command of Col. Wm. M. SHANNON, acting as Major of the combined battalion and Capt. CONNER, while the right of the line was occupied by dismounted sharpshooters from Gen. Lewis' command. One of our cannon was placed to command the railroad and the other the main road. We did not have to wait long ere the sharp-shooting commenced, rapidly becoming a pretty brisk skirmish.

As was expected, the weight of the attack was made on the line of railroad, but Colonel BROWN's men, with the detachment from Capt. CONNER's company, were fully up to their work, and a Yankee could not show himself before he got an evidence of the presence and determination of his foe. The firing on this part of the line was rapid, and by those who witnessed it, deemed destructive. At all events, after a few efforts the skirmish lines drew back and the cannon paid its respects pretty heavily with shell and solid shot, doing no harm except covering a few men with dust occasionally. The enemy then tried the approach by the main road, but the Kentucky rifles from the saw mill soon convinced them that line would not do. The crossing directly in front seemed impracticable, as only a few attempted it, and were easily drove back by the right of Capt. CONNER's company, and the left of the Kentuckians. The enemy seemed tired of these attempts, and as evidenced by their cutting, had commenced to build a crossing directly up towards the centre works, but the rifles discouraged that movement, and they tried their inevitable flank movement again below. The shelling in the charge and the cessation of our firing on the extreme left, soon announced that the position was flanked; when Gen. ELLIOTT ordered Col. BROWN and Major SHANNON to withdraw their men from the rifle pits.—This order was beautifully executed—the militia falling back in skirmish line, and in readiness for a renewal of the fight. The battalion composed of Col. BROWN's battalion and Capt. CONNER's militia was formed on the hill beyond the mill, towards Capt. John Boykins, Gen. Elliott directing the movements and leading it towards the Providence road. It was about 3 1-2 o'clock, and very hot, but as we

had to cross an open field, where the enemy might have opened upon us, that gallant general who knows both how to fight his troops and to take care of them, carried us at a double quick until the shelter of the pine grove beyond was reached. We then took up the line of march, and by a little after dark had in turn flanked the enemy, and were in his front at Dinkins' Mill. We had a rapid march, the latter part of it in a pelting rain, but the evening camp fires soon dried us off. But alas! by the time we were prepared for sleep another pouring rain came down, and little sleep was had that night, except by veterans, whom water does not disburd until some of the symptoms of drowning are exhibited. Early on Wednesday we marched rapidly to the railroad crossing on Rafting Creek, hurriedly threw up defences and prepared for the enemy, but were barely in the trenches when orders were received to hurry back to the road by Dinkins' as the enemy were attempting a movement by that line. We got back in a hurry, but did not participate in the fight, merely resting on our arms, while our four guns, two howitzers and two parrots, discoursed sweet music and dealt heavy blows upon the columns of the enemy. Again the superior numbers of the enemy enabled him to flank the position. The larger portion of Gen. Young's command, composed of Lewis' and Hannou's brigades, fell back, fighting the enemy towards Stateburg, while a portion of the cavalry, with the reserves and militia remained all night at Providence. On Thursday morning it was determined that the infantry could not keep up with the movements of the cavalry, and the reserves and militia, including Capt. Colclough's mounted men, were ordered home. The enemy having passed beyond the region of the homes they were so anxious to defend, they took a march of twenty miles between 10 o'clock and dark, in spite of the heavy week's work they had done, and arrived all safe, covered with dirt, if not with glory.

We cannot close this subject without remarking that this community should highly appreciate the earnest and ceaseless efforts of Gen. Elliott, Col. Shannon and Brown, and Capt. Colclough, for their defence, and that the conduct of the militia, under Capt. Conner, was in all respects worthy of men who sought to drive a hated foe from their homes.

It is always the case in campaigning, there are many incidents we would like to record and preserve, but we have neither space nor time; while the funny incidents we hope to laugh over on some happier day. In this dark hour of our country's struggle we cannot pen them.

President Lincoln Assassinated.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—To Major General Sherman: President Lincoln was murdered about 10 o'clock last night in his private box at Ford's theatre, in this city, by an assassin, who shot him in the head with a pistol ball.—About the same hour Mr. Seward's house was entered by another assassin, who stabbed the Secretary in several places, but it is thought he may possibly recover; but his son Fred may possibly die of wounds received from the same. The assassin of the President passed from the box, brandishing a dagger, exclaiming sic semper tyrannus—Virginia is revenged. Mr. Lincoln fell senseless from his seat, and continued in that condition twenty-two minutes after 10 this morning, at which time he breathed his last. Vice President Johnston now becomes President, and will take the oath of office and assume the duties to-day.

E. M. STANTON, Sec. of War.