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By D. D. HOCOTT.

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Return of the Iron Age.

Great men and minds, as the types and representatives of their race and people, give color and name to the periods during which they exist. We have heard of the men with the "iron mask," but when we consider our President, we congratulate ourselves on his superiority, in being iron all over, and, therefore, having no necessity for a mask of that metal. We are told that he is a man of "iron will," "iron purpose" and "iron determination," and we believe it. We claim him as a true representative of an iron age, come again. If this had not been an iron age, we could not have endured what we have gone through for three years. The actual presence or the attributes of iron are visible everywhere, proving this to be an iron age, our people and iron people, and our President an iron President. Most of our cities have had iron thrown at them, and have thrown it back, at a troublesome parcel of people, with whom we have been for some time interchanging "iron civilities." The iron has penetrated everywhere. It has gone into the Naval Department, and Mr. Mallory has sent it out in iron-clads, and has then sent the iron-clads, either up or down, by the persuasion of gunpowder. Iron has invaded the post office; it has gotten among the mail-bags, and the clerks of the department have dropped their quills, taken rifled tubes of the metal and gone to Bottom's Bridge. And the consequence is, that we fear we shall never see the bottom of our mail-bags, nor anguished dear ones at home the bottom of their sufferings, fears and anxieties about loved ones in the army.

All this comes of our living in an iron age, and having an iron President. Now, we greatly admire iron, but we also do not like too much of it. We praise the President for having so much, but we think he ought not to be wholly iron. We think he should have "bowels of compassion," and not of the stern metal, in order that he may feel how our people want to hear from their children, fathers, husbands, brothers and friends in the army. Iron should, by all means, be kept out of the post office, and the mails allowed to go on. We feel that the "hooks of steel," which bind Bragg and Pemberton to our destinies, are too strong to be broken, but we hope "the iron" has not "entered" too deeply into the mail-bags.

We know that the return of the ten clerks to the post office will jeopardize Bottom's Bridge, but we have that abiding confidence in General Lee, which induces us to believe that he can remedy this withdrawal of troops from his command, by some species of strategy, at present unknown and incomprehensible to us. The ten clerks at Bottom's Bridge are said to be suffering much from mosquitoes and black gnats, and their rest is much broken by the nightly music of hull-frogs. We believe they will be better service to the country, in the post office, than at Bottom's Bridge or any other *pons asinorum* that Grant should attempt to cross.—*Richmond Whig.*

Switzerland, already so rich in beautiful scenery, has found a new feature which adds to its wonders of nature. Near St. Maurice, in the Canton de Vaud, a grand crystal cavern has been discovered, at which one arrives by a boat on a subterranean lake. The cavern lies 1300 feet below the surface of the earth, and it is said to be beautiful beyond description.

RATHER TOUGH.—"What are you doing in Congress?" I inquired yesterday of a thoughtful and moderate M. C. "We tried to confiscate the property of the South," he said, "and as we could not do that, we are now confiscating the property of the North."—*Yankee Paper.*

Gen. Polk.

The Correspondent of the Augusta Constitutional writes:

The death of Gen. Polk is still the theme of conversation. It was announced in the Yankee Army the day after it occurred.

At Resaca Gen. Polk was more than commonly subdued in spirit. At first I attributed this to the fatigue of his march from Demopolis, which had been long, wearisome and exposed, but his health and vigor seemed very robust, and I began to be of the opinion that his mind was uneasy about the situation. He afterwards told me that he had been in the greatest suspense all day on Sunday. "The enemy, sir," said he, "had it in their power at any moment after the loss of those hills on Saturday night, to burn our bridges and completely cut us off; and I was racked by the thought that they would improve the golden opportunity. But God is with us, sir, God is with us." It was on Sunday night that we retreated from Resaca. About noon that day, the General took out his lunch (a bit of cold ham and hard tack, and I believe a piece of mutton,) and as I happened to be near him, offered to divide. I thanked him, but declined. "Tut, tut," said he, "I see from your hungry face that you have had no breakfast, and I insist upon it—there's quite enough for both of us." "Very well, General, but suppose I look up a safer place."

The old man looked above him and a brace of shells came screaming along not far off, "certainly, certainly that will be more agreeable." I found a tree under the hill, came back and reported, and we sought the shelter, where we set to over the luncheon with lively appetites. Presently a shrapnel tore the branches just above us from the trunk, exploding and sending its leaden entrails about us. "Umph!" exclaimed the General, shrugging his shoulders; "you are a nice fellow to send out after a safe place. I guess we'd as well move back to the front."

The day before this he had made a very narrow escape from the enemy's sharpshooters. He went riding with Capt. Hunt, of Hardee's staff, and several of his own military family at the time. They were passing down Cheatham's line, and the Tennesseans, with whom Gen. Polk had always been a great favorite, were cheering him. The party paused in front of a regiment, and a group collected, which attracted the Yankee fire. In an instant, Capt. Hunt's horse fell dead on one side of the General, and the horse of a courier directly on the other. "Ha, that is paying pretty dear for a little hand-shaking," said the General, "good day, Colonel. Pick yourself up, Hunt, my dear fellow, and let's get out of this."

The last time I ever saw him was at New Hope. He was full of business, and talked little. What a bereavement and breaking up to the most charming military family in the army!

The Danish War.

The sitting of the London Conference is adjourned until the 16th of June.

A Copenhagen dispatch says the Danish notables, in an address to the King, intimate that the personal union of Schleswig and Holstein with the kingdom would entail the loss of Schleswig, while the incorporation of the Constitution of Schleswig with that of the kingdom would endanger the independence of Denmark. The continued prolongation of the armistice is impossible unless the basis of a satisfactory peace is proposed.

A Copenhagen journal, calls upon the Government, provided that the support of England and Sweden are withheld on the resumption of hostilities, to seek support from the revolutionary elements of Europe, and to accept Garibaldi's offer. It also urges the raising of a foreign legion.

A telegram from Frankfort states that the plenipotentiary of the Germanic Confederation made a declaration at Thursday's sitting of the Conference, in which he asserted the principle that no part of Schleswig can be ceded to Denmark without the consent of its population.

It is rumored that England will propose a new line of demarcation, but Denmark adheres to the line of Denmark. The Daily News says that the prospects of peace are as remote as ever, as the Germans continue to hold out.

The Paris Constitutionnel, contains an article showing that England will be compelled to take part in the Dan-German war while France can remain neutral.

CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 13.

The Porcelain Works at Augusta, Georgia, manufacture pitchers, bowls, plates, cups and saucers, and many other articles useful to housekeepers.

The Loss of the Alabama.

The people of the Confederate States will read with profound regret, the announcement of the loss of the famous cruiser which has been so long the terror of the Yankees, and the pride of the Confederate Navy. The only accounts of the engagement, which we have yet seen, reached us through Yankee hands; but meagre, unsatisfactory and probably garbled as they are, we yet glean from them two important facts. The Alabama was unscathed when she left port, and therefore overmatched by the Kearsage; and yet her noble commander managed to prolong the contest for nearly two hours, and struck his flag only when his ship was actually in a sinking condition.

The universal Yankee nation will doubtless rejoice with exceeding great joy; LINCOLN will make WYSTON an Admiral; and peradventure a solemn national thanksgiving will be declared. But their joy, we fancy, will be short lived. The Alabama was but so much wood and iron—articles replaced with little difficulty. That which made her a living terror, to sea-faring Yankeeedom, was the genius which animated her senseless timbers, and breathed into them the breath of life. The daring courage, the consummate skill, the untiring energy of SEMMES remain to us intact; and we have no idea that these brilliant qualities will be permitted to rust in inaction. We trust and believe he will soon be afloat again with a vessel worthy of his genius and fame, and better fitted to cope with the crack cruisers of the Yankees. Even if disappointed in these hopes, we have yet the consolation of knowing that the Alabama had fulfilled her mission. Her name has become historical, and as long as the recital of brave deeds has power to stir the human heart, so long will the career of the Alabama challenge the admiration of mankind.

The Bombardment of Fort Sumter.

The Richmond Dispatch has seen some interesting statistical tables descriptive of the different kinds of missiles thrown at Fort Sumter, and other matters connected with the protracted bombardment, a brief summary of which will doubtless prove acceptable to our readers. The missiles embrace almost every description of shells, shrapnel, bolt and shot, from 10 to 23 inches in length and from 3 1/2 to 15 inches in diameter. The heaviest shot fired weighed 425 pounds. A classification of the shot fired by the enemy, from April, 1863, to February 21, 1864, shows the following results: From monitors, 1,443; land guns by day, 14,225; land guns by night, 4,402; mortars, 7,167; total 27,247; of which number 20,216 struck and 6,994 missed. Yet, shattered and crumbling under the hailstorm of iron hurled against it, the energy and skill of southern engineers has raised a new fort like a Phoenix from the debris, whose resistive strength defies the utmost malice of the foe. The weight of metal fired by the enemy against the fort is estimated at 3,627,990 pounds, or nearly 1,620 tons. The number of men killed was 41, of whom 13 were killed by the falling of the wall of the garrison barracks, and 11 by the explosion of the magazine, leaving 17 killed by the enemy's shot.

The writer gives an estimate showing the amount of metal thrown by the enemy to cause the loss to us of one man: 41 men killed by 3,627,990 pounds of metal, that is, 88,487 1/2 pounds, or 39 1/2 tons of iron to the man. Deducting the number killed by accidents, 24, it leaves 17 men killed by 3,627,990 pounds of metal, that is, 213,411 pounds, or 95 1/2 tons of iron to the man. The following is an estimate showing the number of miles of railroad track the amount of metal wasted on Fort Sumter would have laid. A single rail weighs 50 pounds to the yard, which would require 80 tons to lay a track one mile; therefore, 1,620 tons, or the amount thereon, would have laid a track 20 1/2 miles.

The writer proceeds to give an account of the several assaults upon the fort, and, in conclusion, says: "It will thus be seen what mighty efforts have been made by the enemy to reduce this noble fortress, involving them doubtless in six or seven times the expense of her original construction. Twenty-seven thousand of the most destructive projectiles have been hurled against her from the heaviest ordnance ever used in war, and still to-day she stands proudly defiant, and stronger in her defensive qualities than ever before. The kind providence of God has wonderfully shielded her and her garrison in their hours of trial, and to Him would we confidently leave her future history, in the hope that, as in the past, she may ever dwell under the shadow of the Almighty."

Acknowledgement.

The President of "Soldier Rest," gratefully acknowledges the following articles, through Mrs. James Jones of Camden:

From Mrs. Perry and Miss Lizzie Brown, of Liberty Hill, 2 hams, 21 eggs, peck of rice, peck of wheat for coffee, and corn meal: one gallon syrup.

We hope our country friends will continue to remember us. Any article of food will be acceptable—as we have soldiers at our Rest all the time.

The enormous accumulation of debt incurred by this war is beginning to arouse serious attention in the North. A writer in one of the New York papers makes an elaborate review of the finances of the Washington Government, in which, after proving it by figures, he says:

The annual rate of expenditure is now at least one billion dollars per annum. There are sagacious and well informed men who insist that it is not less than four millions a day. Of present reduction of expenditure there is no possible prospect. The taxation which Mr. Chase invokes, as essential to insure success to the finances of the Government, is not less than five hundred millions of dollars a year—that is, five hundred millions of fixed, permanent revenue are necessary, even if there be a military success. Otherwise "all measures will fail."

It requires military success now to make five hundred millions of taxation sufficient to carry on the Government. That, too, be it noted, will be for a peace establishment. What would be needed for a continued war establishment if success shall not come time, and so completely as to close up the war, stop the expenditure, Mr. Chase does not profess to compute, for it is plainly in his thoughts that, if the war be thus finished the present year, the Government is bankrupt.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM THE GEORGIA FRONT.

July 9.—The enemy crossed the Chattahoochee miles north of Atlanta, near Roswell, this morning in heavy force, supposed to be one corps, driving our pickets. Cleburne and Cheatham have gone to meet them. There has been heavy cannonading all day, and right all day. Nine prisoners were brought in. Everything is working right. The utmost of success prevails.

Mr Douglas, of Col. Clark's Missouri command on the trans-Mississippi department, says he received a special despatch in the St. Louis Republican of the 7th, which says Price had captured Little Rock, and 2,000 prisoners. Steele made his escape.

Marmaduke at the same time captured Fort Bluff and its garrison consisting of two regiments.

The last official news Capt. Douglas had was that he was at Duball's Bluff.

Siege of Charleston.

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT.

Nothing of special importance occurred today. The bombardment of Fort Sumter continues without intermission day and night. Gregg and Wagner. From eight A. M. to six P. M., Monday, one hundred and twenty-five shots were fired at the fort. Twenty-seven shots have been fired at the city since the report.

The enemy we learn have abandoned both John's and Battery Islands, and gone to Hog Island, burning the stores before leaving. The last position on John's Island given up by the enemy was exceedingly strong.

From deserters and prisoners taken, we learn that the enemy had five days rations with them with a view of a forward movement, which was checked by our attack Saturday morning.

A letter picked up on the field says: "The move was made with the view of drawing troops from other points." The general impression is that it was an attempt to erect batteries to enfilade and shell our works on James' Island.

The Monitors in Stono have been towed round inside the bar; one certainly in a disabled condition. Six Monitors were reported inside the bar Monday evening.

The number of shells thrown into the city from the commencement of the bombardment up to Saturday, the three hundred and sixty fifth day, (one year,) is seven thousand and ninety-one.

Another English house engaged in blockade running has recently come to grief. Brandon & Noah, shippers and speculators, are declared bankrupts, and one of the causes of their failure is blockade running, or rather being captured.

A law has just been passed in Mecklenburg, which permits any seignior to inflict twenty five lashes on every man or woman on his estate at discretion. Is Germany retreating?