

The Camden Daily Journal.

VOL. 1 CAMDEN, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1864. NO. 46.

By D. D. HOCOTT.

Terms of Subscription.

Daily paper per month . . . \$3.00
" " " for Six Months . . . \$15.00
Weekly, . . . \$5.00

Rates for Advertising:

For one Square—twelve lines or less—TWO DOLLARS and FIFTY CENTS for the first insertion, and TWO DOLLARS for each subsequent. OBITUARY 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.

Mountainous Islands in the Pacific.

The islands of this class, with but very few exceptions are truly splendid. The immense mountains rise gradually from their base, till their lofty summits are lost amid the clouds of heaven; some are broken into a thousand fantastic shapes; here a pyramid piercing the skies, and there a spire presenting its apex above the belt of clouds by which it is girt; and then you see a precipitous rock, lifting itself in solemn grandeur, and frowning, like the mouldering battlements of some immense castle, over your head. The sides of these magnificent heights are clothed with bright verdure, of varied shades.—Beauty, grandeur, wildness and sublimity, are so fantastically blended and contrasted, as to excite the most varied and delightful feelings. Then there is the ocean beneath you stretching away in boundless majesty, until it appears to embrace the heavens in the distance. At their base are fertile and luxuriant valleys, intermingled with the stately breadfruit tree, the banana, the Brazilian plum and many other tropical productions; some of which are trees of gigantic growth and richest foliage,—all equally beautiful, but each having its own hue, from the darkest shade to green of the lightest tint. The plumes of the coconut tree, over-topping the whole, and waving majestically to the passing breeze from the ocean, give an exquisite finish to the landscape.

RICH—VERY.—Yankee official bulletins since the war commenced, have announced the killing of 500,000 Confederate soldiers in skirmishes, and 2,500,000 in pitched battles; they also estimate that 500,000 more have died of diseases incident to camp life; making a grand total of 3 1-2 millions of our men who have been killed during the war, which is considerably more than the entire fighting population of the South, at the beginning of the struggle! The conclusion, therefore, is irresistible, that Yankee official reports are Munchausenisms, (lies, and monstrous lies at that,) or else the grand armies which the papers tell us the South still has in the field, are altogether fabulous—mythical creations of the press. According to Yankee reports, if we believed them, we would say there was not a white male between 16 to 60 left in the Confederacy. But the Yankees know, as well as we do, that although many of our brave men have indeed fallen, there are still left in Dixie a few more of the same sort.—*Sumter Watchman.*

Our reporter states that a lady who died of cholera, and was laid out by her friends, was found the following night standing at the cupboard eating cucumber pickles, or in other words:—

They left her "a laying in" white,
Prepared for the grave's quiet slumbers,
But they found her the very next night
"A laying in" pickled cucumbers!

CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUG. 24.

The term of service of twenty-six regiments in SHERMAN'S army expires during the month of August.

Major RODGERS, of the City Battalion, during the late fight near Macon, heard firing half a mile ahead of our line, and on going there found three convalescents of CLEBURNE'S Division fighting the Yankees "on their own hook."

DEATH OF AN OLD EDITOR.—The New Orleans papers announce the death of PETER K. WAGNER, Esq., the oldest printer and editor of that city. He was, it is stated, a brother of the editor of the old *Federal Republican*, published in Baltimore in 1812.

We regret to learn that Capt. James Doby, of the Kirkwood Rangers, was wounded in the thigh in one of the late cavalry fights in Virginia. Privates Charles Young, Jesse Arthur and Alex. Johnson, of the Wateree Mounted Rifles were taken prisoners, and private Jos. W. Doby is reported missing. Also Capt. John L. Jones, of the 7th S. C. Battalion was taken prisoner, and Lieut. Lewis Elyburn severely wounded.

In the trenches in front of Atlanta, among the Georgia Militia, is the veteran soldier, Captain Samuel R. Anderson, of Tennessee. The history of this war, fruitful as it has been, does not afford a nobler example of gallantry and patriotism. Few Tennesseans will recognize our old friend as Captain Anderson. It is not claiming too much to say that no State won more credit in the war with Mexico than Tennessee, and it will not be doing injustice to any one to say that no one of her gallant sons acquitted himself with more credit in that war than Samuel R. Anderson, the Lieutenant Colonel of the 1st Tennessee regiment. At the breaking out of the present war, he was appointed, by Governor Harris, Major-General in the Provisional Army of Tennessee. Upon the transfer of that army to the Confederacy, he was continued in command by President Davis as a Brigadier General, and made an arduous campaign in Western Virginia, under General Lee when he confronted Rosecrans. The impaired health of Gen. A. forced him to resign his commission. Recent events found him a refugee in Georgia. His health having entirely restored, General A., regardless of rank, looking to the service of the country rather than to his own advancement, became a private in the Georgia Militia. Desiring the benefit of his experience, he was prevailed upon to accept the captaincy of the company to which he was attached.—*Carolinian.*

INTERESTING TO YANKEE PURCHASERS OF REAL ESTATE.—Gen. Bradley Johnson, during the recent invasion of Maryland, found himself one evening quartered in what was once his own house, which had, however, been sold under the confiscation act some months before. He sent for the new owner and asked how long he had occupied it. The reply was "about fourteen months." "Well," said Bradley, "this house belongs to me, and unless you immediately pay me the back rent at the rate of \$100 per month, there will be a little difficulty between us." The disconcerted occupant stirred round and pretty soon raised the amount which was over. Upon being asked if he desired a receipt, he replied that it was not necessary.

"Well," said Johnson, "I will give you twenty minutes to move your things out of my house, for I am not going to rent it again. I intend to burn it."

And burnt it was.

FOREIGNERS.—A Yankee correspondent in Sherman's army amuses himself with the following story of a woman he, or some of his comrades, met in North Georgia. The old lady had a very correct idea, in the main, on the subject of foreigners:

"You'n fellows don't fight wee'n's fair," said the old lady; with the air of a Madam Roland.

"How so?" said the soldier:

"Why, you'n's fight wid bags, and that's not fair," said the old lady, drawing a very indignant puff from the pipe; "besides," said she, "you'n's have forruners fightin'."

"Not that I know."

"You'n's can't come over me that way, wasn't there fellows from a place called New York here to-day?"

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

REPORTS OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1863, by J. S. THURASHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Confederate States for the Northern District of Georgia.

FROM VIRGINIA.

PETERSBURG, August 22.—All quiet along the lines to-day; there is less picket firing and but little shelling. The enemy still hold his position on the Weldon road, and our scouts report him strengthening his fortifications.

The *Baltimore Gazette* of the 20th says that Grant captured 500 prisoners on the north bank of the James. The object of the expedition was to prevent the rebels from drowning our men by cutting a canal across the Dutch Gap.

The same paper states that Sheridan had retreated from the Valley, making his escape along the border. Innumerable rumors are in circulation in regard to the fate of Sheridan's expedition. He is said to have lost 800 men, captured at Strasburg, and 70 wagons, near Perryville, forming the larger portion of his supply train.

Telegrams from Wheeler are confused,—one account states that he whipped Hall at Dalton; another that he whipped Stedman, eight miles from Chattanooga.

RICHMOND, August 22.—Official dispatches state that Gen. Hill attacked the enemy, on the Weldon road, on Sunday morning, drove him from his advanced lines to his entrenchments, and captured 300 prisoners. Our loss was principally in Hagood's Brigade which mounted the enemy's entrenchments, but, not being supported, were captured. Dispatches from Atlanta state that the enemy's cavalry lost two stand of colors and one piece of artillery in the fight on the 20th, mentioned in our dispatches of yesterday.

A BURIAL AT SEA.—A Nassau paper of June 4th publishes the following:

A melancholy incident occurred on Friday of last week upon the steamship *Fannie*, while being chased by a Yankee man of war. One of the passengers on board, Captain Frank DuBarry, late Chief of Ordnance on Gen Beauregard's Staff, C. S. A., died that morning. Preparations had to be completed for his burial, which took place amid all the excitement of the chase. A burial at sea is a ceremony at all times full of solemnity, but it is when coupled with such events as this, that war assumes its most repulsive aspect. In that frail little steamer, quivering with her efforts to escape the relentless fate bearing down on her with frowning guns, and the ferocity of a tiger, while every living heart on board was throbbing with anxiety for safety, they were suddenly called upon to render the last and most solemn rites known to our existence. No time then to stop in mid-ocean, while words that conigned "dust to dust," "ashes to ashes," went up in presence of the grim destroyer, but still dashing onward through the waves—a short and hurried service—a heavy splash—and a body sank to its eternal resting place, in the broad ocean's bosom, while all that was dear to it in life sped from it on its way like the arrow from the bow.

Some years ago, a rich banker in Berlin was robbed to a very great extent by one of his clerks, who fled to America with his spoils.—A few days ago, the banker received a letter, and with it the entire sum of money of which he had been robbed. The thief made a large fortune in America, and being mortally wounded in an engagement with the Confederates, he desired that he might be carried to the hospital to make his will, which he was enabled to accomplish before dying. In the will he left his former employer the money he had taken from him.

Poetry is the flower of literature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are apple dumplings.

The Fires in Maine.

The people in many parts of Maine have suffered terribly, both in apprehension and actual loss, from the fires which have been raging in that State. A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writes from Winthrop, Me., during the prevalence of the fire:

The State seems shrouded in a heavy pall of smoke. We are cut off from the light of the sun. We hear that in our towns and cities the people are really preparing to flee, before this worse than rebel foe. Many homes have already been destroyed, many fruitful fields swept over by the flames. In one instance, where a member of the family had just died, the fire came so swiftly that there was not time to remove the dead to a place of safety, and the wretched family were forced to leave it to be burned. 'Tis had enough daytimes to endure with fortitude such a state of things; even at noon we cannot, on some days, see a quarter of a mile in distance, and the birds seem ominously thick and tame about the house; but nights are fearful. We are wrapped in darkness that can be felt and smelt, and that stifles and sickens us. "We cannot see the fire until it is just upon us," said a little maiden, sadly, one night this week when we had started up from our beds alarmed at an appearance of sparks flying about not far from us, "and when it comes we shall not know which way to go."

Maj. Gen. Buell, who was mustered out of service as a Federal Major General of volunteers, being reduced to his original rank as Colonel in the regular army, resigned.

He has lately written a letter from Bedford Springs, in which he gives the following reason for his resigning. He is another witness of the infamous manner in which this war against the Confederate States has been conducted by Lincoln and his supporters. As the Presidential canvass progresses we shall have more letters of a similar character published in the Yankee press:

I believe that the policy and means with which the war was being prosecuted were discreditable to the nation and a stain upon civilization; and that they would not only fail to restore the Union, if indeed, they had not already rendered its restoration impossible, but that their tendency was to subvert the institutions under which the country had realized unexampled prosperity and happiness; and to such a work I could not lend my hand.

SHARP TRICK OF CHINESE IMPORTERS.—The custom house authorities at San Francisco discovered a very ingenious trick, which led to the seizure of another lot of smuggled opium. Among the cargo of the bark *Ceres* were 400 tubes invoiced eggs, value stated at one dollar each. The eggs were coated with a peculiar kind of varnish to preserve them. One of the officers, in examining the eggs, scraped off a little varnish and disclosed a metallic case, egg-shaped, filled with opium. So far as the examination has proceeded, 500 have been found.

Notice to Distillers.

DISTILLERS OF FRUIT FOR NINETY DAYS or less are required to pay a tax of sixty dollars, and also fifty cents per gallon on the first ten gallons, and two dollars per gallon on all spirits distilled beyond that quantity. Parties interested will please take notice of this, otherwise the penalty will be imposed.

JOHN CANTREY, Assessors.

R. M. KENNEDY.

WAR TAX OFFICE, August 20th 1864.

August 23

2

Garden Seeds.

A SMALL SUPPLY OF THE FOLLOWING Garden Seeds are for sale at the Post Office: Early York, Drumhead, Savoy and Enfield Turnips; Yellow Dutch, White Stone and Red Norfolk Cabbages; Beets, Carrot and Parsnip.

These Seed were imported by the Confederate Government, and are believed to be fresh and genuine.

—ALSO—

Ruta Baga, White Norfolk and country Turnip.

July 29

3

Notice.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the Estate of Angus McLeod, of Kershaw District deceased, will present the same to me duly attested, all persons indebted to said Estate will make payment to me, as it is desirable to settle up the Estate as soon as possible.

August 24

3

J. E. RODGERS, Ex'lr.