

# The Camden Daily Journal.

VOL. 1 CAMDEN, S. C., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1864 NO. 57.

By D. D. HOCOTT.

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for Six Months \$15.00  
Weekly \$5.00

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## The Burning of Chambersburg.

As it seems not to be generally known that the burning of Chambersburg was done by authority, as an act of retaliation, we deem it proper to publish the following copy of the order under which Brigadier General McCauland laid the town in ashes:

"HEADQ'RS ADVANCE FORCES C. S. A.,  
July 29, 1864.

"To the Municipal Authorities of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania:

"The houses of Andrew Hunter, Esq., Alexander R. Boteler, Esq., and Edmund J. Lee, Esq., citizens of Jefferson County, Virginia, having been burned by order of the officer commanding the Federal forces in the department called the 'Department of West Virginia,' I have directed that your town—pay for the said houses, to be handed over to the owners, the sum of \$100,000 in gold, or its equivalent; or, if that cannot be produced, \$500,000 in current Northern funds: In default of the payment of this money, your town is directed to be laid in ashes, in retaliation for the burning of said houses, and other houses of citizens of Virginia by Federal authority.

"J. A. EARLY,

"Lieut. General Confederate States Army."

The following is a list of the officers of the Confederate steamer Tallahassee:

- John Taylor Wood, Commander.
- Wm. H. Ward, Lieutenant.
- Benton, Lieutenant.
- Joseph Gardner, Lieutenant.
- John W. Tynan, Chief Engineer.
- Charles H. Levy, Assistant Engineer.
- Elias Y. Ball, Assistant Engineer.
- James Foy Green, Assistant Engineer.
- J. J. Lyell, Assistant Engineer.
- H. H. Roberts, Assistant Engineer.
- B. M. Ross, Assistant Engineer.
- Alexander Curtis, Acting Master.
- C. L. Jones, Assistant Paymaster.
- W. L. Sheppardson, Assistant Surgeon.
- Crenshaw, Lieutenant of Marines.
- Cassidy, Boatswain.
- Stewart, Gunner.
- Russell, Master's Mate.

**PROFITS OF BLOCKADE RUNNING.**—An English paper gives some curious information respecting the profits of blockade running. A single trip, it shows by a copy of a bona fide account, costs \$80,265. Of this amount \$5000 went to the captain for one month's service, \$3000 for pilotage out and in, and other sums equally large to officers, engineers, and others, all of whom, in view of the risk incurred, were paid the most liberal wages, even the coalheavers receiving \$200 a month. Against this heavy expenditure, the following is given on the credits side as the earnings:

800 bales of cotton for Government.....\$40,000  
800 bales of cotton for owners.....40,000  
Return freights for Government.....40,000  
Return freights for owners.....40,000  
Passengers.....12,000

Thus, in case of a successful trip, the operators make a monthly profit of \$91,735.

The house in which William Penn and his family resided while they lived in Philadelphia was recently purchased by a citizen of that place, and will soon be demolished. The house was occupied by Penn in 1700, and in this house his son John Penn was born. It is now about one hundred and seventy five years old, and is the last relic of the Penn family.

According to Yankee statements no further raids into Pennsylvania or Maryland are feared for the present.

## CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 6.

The family of President JUAREZ, of Mexico had arrived at New Orleans from Brazos Santiago.

**RING OF THE OLD METAL.**—"Resolved," says the late meeting of the Democracy, in Pike county, Pennsylvania, "That the Government of the United States has no right to coerce a sovereign State."

Capt. SEMMES is about to become the historian of his own exploits, and two firms in New York have announced the re-publication of his book, now preparing in England: "The Cruiser of the Alabama and Sumter, from the Private Journals of the Captain." The newspapers are now referring to a volume of naval sketches written by SEMMES when on board of the United States vessel, the *Somers*, as affording proof of fair literary ability.

CHARLESTON.—The subjoined article, which we appropriate from the *Carolinian*, of Friday last, is so just, and so felicitously expressed that we can not deny ourselves the pleasure of republishing it, although somewhat long for our wee sheet:

Every newspaper in the Confederacy keeps a corner for the brief daily report of the siege of Charleston. When these terse bulletins first began to appear in the columns of the *Courier* and the *Mercury*, they were read with an interest as peculiar as it was profound and universal. Their meagre, colorless descriptions; their calm, laconic narratives; above all, their cool summary of shots that missed and shots that hit, were found to be more darkly and terribly suggestive than the minutest details of the most elaborate letter-writer could ever have been. Gradually, however, the repeated perusal of these pregnant but monotonous paragraphs caused them to assume the character of a "thrice told tale," until at last they lost, in the familiarity of their scenes and incidents, almost all their power of affecting the imagination.

In reading them now, it requires an effort upon our part to fill out the picture of which they are but the faint outlines. Yet they shadow forth too real and too heroic story to be altogether devoid of interest; while, ever and anon, as we glance them over, we encounter a phrase neither particularly new nor at all felicitous—generally, indeed, it is but the bare record of an oft occurring incident—which, somehow or other, seems replete with the same dreadful significance that marked the first fresh reports.—Thus, it happened, not long ago, that in picking up a copy of the *Courier*, our eyes fell upon a clause which simply announced that "the enemy is putting up a new gun bearing upon the city." As if by enchantment, the noble old sea-port rose before our view in all the grandeur and pathos of its present situation. The lower part of the town, with its vacant dwellings, its shattered hearth stones, its dishevelled gardens, its empty streets, its dumb spires and deserted churches; the "Neck," as the other division of the city is called, where the brave and bustling inhabitants of this besieged place are conducting their ordinary avocations, within sound of the enemy's guns, and not so far off from those guns but that an occasional shell helps to vary the dull routine of their business; the lovely bay which, a few short years ago, was thronged with ships from every quarter of the world, but which is now almost as lonely and desolate as when its waves were disturbed only by the canoe of some solitary Indian; Sumter, still brandishing its flag, lying like a fallen giant across the threshold of the harbor; Moultrie, "watching in grim defiance the sea-coast opposite;" the long, low line of Morris' Island, dominated by that infamous flag, a glimpse of which irritates one so much as to drive for a moment all the poetry of the scene from the head; lastly, the dim Atlantic, stripped of its solemn and mysterious influence by the presence of three or four prosy looking Yankee blockaders; in a word, the whole theatre of the touching drama which has been going on for the last fourteen months within and around the metropolis of South Carolina, lay mapped out beneath our sight. No poem, no painting, could worthily embody such a scene; for it derives its principal charm from thoughts which the poet and the painter could, after all, but faintly express—yet it will live roughly sketched upon the page of the historian, with all its precious memories of suffering bravely endured and danger gallantly met, as long as courage and fortitude are admired upon the earth.

But our duty in South Carolina, especially, to keep it ever fresh in our minds. The air is shaken with the bustle of far greater, though not more heroic battles than have ever taken place, or could ever take place in the defence of Charleston; and there is a chance that the thousands of these battles we may, to our regret, get the recollections of that spot, the place of which

should be particularly cherished by the people of this State. As we value that feeling of State pride which has done so much to place South Carolina in the front rank of both the councils and the battles of the Western world, let us avoid this error. We, at least, who occupy a region of which Charleston is the immediate bulwark, will not ignore her glory.

## A Canadian Eulogy of Gen. Lee.

In the New York *Metropolitan Record* of July 22d, we find an admirably written review of the Federal campaign of 1864, copied from the Montreal *Telegraph*, from which we extract the following:

So far, we repeat, the campaign has failed at all points. The Federal armies have been hurled to certain slaughter by a hard-heartedness worse than devilish. No General ever exhibited so great an indifference to the lives of his soldiers as Grant. It is impossible to say that his army has not fought well, and endured all the hardships, dangers and labors of the campaign with heroism and docility. They were directed by a butcher, and opposed by the greatest General of this or any other age. Posterity will rank Gen. Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Turenne, above Marlborough, or Frederick, before Alexander or Caesar.

Careful of the lives of his men, fertile in resource, a profound tactician, gifted with the swift intuition which enables a commander to discern the purpose of his enemy, and the power of rapid combination, which enables him to oppose to it a prompt resistance; modest, frugal, self-denying, void of arrogance or self-assertion; trusting nothing to chance; among men, noble as the noblest; in the lofty dignity of the Christian gentleman; among patriots, less self-seeking and as pure as Washington; and among soldiers, combining the religious simplicity of Hevelock, with the genius of Napoleon, the heroism of Bayard and Sidney, and the untiring, never-faltering duty of Washington.

If this great soldier had at his command the forces and material against which he is called on to contend, the superiority on land and the supremacy on water, in six months the whole Federal States would be prostrated at his feet. As it is, he has made his own name, and that of the Confederacy he serves, immortal.

## Ruskin on Denmark.

Mr. Ruskin, the art critic, in a letter to the London Post, thus bitterly discourses upon the course of the English Government in relation to the Danish question:

The cession of Savoy was the peaceful present of a few crags, goats and goatherds by one king to another; it was also fair to pay for fair work, and in the profoundest sense, no business of ours. Whereupon Mr. Kinglake mewed like a moonstruck cat going to be made a mummy of for Bubostis. But we saw the noble Circassian nation murdered, and never uttered a word for them. We saw the noble Polish nation sent to pine in ice, and never struck a blow for them. Now the nation of our future Queen calls to us for help in its last agony, and we round sentences and turn our backs. Sir, I have no words for these things, because I have no hope. It is not these speaking puppets who play before us whom we have to excuse; it is not by cutting the strings of them that we can redeem our deadly error. We English, as a nation, know not and care not to know, a single broad or basic principle of human justice. We have only our instincts to guide us. We will hit any body again who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets; and we are characterized in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic, generosity whereon generosity is useless, anxiety for the souls of savages, regardlessness of those of civilized nations, enthusiasm for liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavements of whites, proper horror of regicide, polite respect for populicide, sympathy with those whom we can no longer serve, and reverence for the dead, whom we have ourselves delivered from.

IF THE WAR ENDED—ON WHICH I have no doubt and some hope. Why do we not by an armistice and convention of States, as one has just presented a single treaty for the purpose? Can any one suppose that we would like to make any such a thing as a one them? *New York Herald.*

## LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

REPORTS OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION:

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

## FROM THE GEORGIA FRONT.

LOVEJOY, Sept. 4.—Our army is in line of battle, confronting the enemy's advance at this point. All our trains were brought off safely. The Federals entered Atlanta in columns, by the Peach Tree Road on Friday morning at 9 o'clock. The city is quiet, and the citizens who remained were unmolested. The lines are comparatively quiet this morning.

FROM MEXICO.—The latest news we have from Mexico is a letter from Matamoros of the 25th July, which presents the state of affairs in that country as being by no means as unfavorable for Juarez as Maximilian's organs have lately tried to make the world believe. The statement that Urugo deserted Juarez and submitted to the Emperor is refuted in the letter which contains a paragraph from a letter from Urugo himself. Maximilian, even by the showing of the *Esta fette*, and other official organs find many unexpected difficulties. It complains of the want of assistance and cooperation from the influential citizens who heretofore were opposed to Juarez, but they do not seem to like Maximilian any better. We are told that the clergy are very much opposed to this civilization; they expected to get back their property, but Maximilian, Almonte & Co., want it themselves.

## The Peace Mission to Richmond.

Jaquess and Gilmore, the late peace missionaries to Richmond, were as silly as Greely and Colorado Jewett. They displayed none of the diplomatic ability of Napoleon and the Chevalier Wikoff. They humbugged President Lincoln badly enough but Jeff. Davis wound them round his fingers. Two school boys could have cut a better figure in the presence of the rebel chief than Jaquess and Gilmore did, judging by their own story. Jeff. Davis beat them upon every point, and finally cornered them so cruelly that they were glad to sneak out of any further discussion. According to their own accounts, their ignorance is as great as their impudence. They were not authorized to offer any terms, and had no terms to offer. Jaquess evidently set about the business in order to get a furlough and be relieved of working and fighting in our army. Gilmore's object was to collect material for a penny a line article in a magazine, and to seduce newspapers into puffing his stupid book indirectly. We do not believe that the slightest reliance can be placed upon the statement of the romance which Jaquess and Gilmore have written about their visit. Their account will, doubtless, be immediately disclaimed and contradicted by Jeff. Davis.—*New York Herald.*

## Notice to Producers.

WAR TAX OFFICE,  
CAMDEN, S. C., Sept. 6, 1864.  
I WILL ATTEND AT THE FOLLOWING TIMES, and places to receive returns of WHEAT, OATS, RYE, CURED HAY, and WOOL, produced in the present year:

- Liberty Hill, on Monday, September 19.
- Flat Rock, on Tuesday, " 20.
- Buffalo, on Wednesday, " 21.
- Lisibly, on Thursday, " 22.
- Schrocks' Mill, Friday, " 23.
- Curoton's Mill, Saturday, " 24.

There is no exemption on Wheat, Oats and Rye. Wool is taxable when more than ten pounds is grown, and producers will make their returns accordingly.

W. WALLACE,  
Assessor Tax in Kind, 17 Collection District,  
September 6 5dlw

## School Notice.

THE EXERCISES OF MISS. DENOON'S SCHOOL will be resumed on the 1st October next.  
September 6 4t.

## Cotton Yarn.

60 BUNDLES SUPERIOR QUALITY. COTTON CARDS—2 dozen Whittemore's; 3 dozen English. CIGARS! CIGARS!!—10,000 Cigars of Florida Tobacco—a good article.

—ALSO—  
Superior chewing and smoking Tobacco, Salt, spool Thread, Needles, &c. W. C. GERALD & CO.  
Sept. 6 tu. f. 4t.