

The Camden Daily Journal.

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By D. D. HOCOTT.

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The Deserted Mansion of General Lee at Arlington.

A Washington correspondent thus daguerreotypes the deserted mansion of General Lee, standing on Arlington Heights, with the Potomac broadening far below:

Lee's old Arlington mansion is reached at last, and you stand in the lofty portico, with its eight massive columns of marble. There is nothing light and elegant about it, but all is grand—almost severe. The walls are finished in stucco, and patches of it have fallen off here and there; and panels once filled with figures in relief are empty or defaced; an hundred swallow nests bead the cornices, as with a mourning necklace, and the plaint of young birds and the flutter of wings "fill the silence like a speech." The wooden shutters are fast closed.

The broad doors that once stood wide, bending to the front a hospitable, almost a human smile, are sealed like the lips of the dead. I fell as I did when standing before the bolted door of a tomb on Georgetown Heights, bearing a name forever fallen out of common speech. Did ever a lovelier landscape greet the eye from a portico before? The rolls of green, washing up into richest foliage, lapse away to the Potomac with its silver flow. At your left, the old garden that, like deserted Eden, lacks many hands to "lop the wanton growth," yet makes a gorgeous show of flowers. Your eye catches the telegraph wire spun along from tree to tree, and through a crevice in the window, a paralyzed nerve of the old headquarters established here. What things from the field have flashed along that wire; what syllables of triumph and defeat!

Before you lies Washington; exactly in your front lifts the Monument, a mighty mile stone "to count the ages by." Straight out beyond the dome of the Capitol, a splendid bubble, as if an angel's breath had blown it. And he who once stood here turned from the scene a traitor! I push open the reluctant door and enter the deserted hall; the floors covered with dust; the frescoes and the walls are dim with cobwebs; the arches are stained and battered. A rusty chain dangles from the ceiling, suspending the fragment of a lamp, its light put out forever. The antlered heads of old Virginia deer, trophies of some forgotten field-day, to the merry music of the hounds and the dashing leaps of blooded hunters, yet cling to the walls like sculptures. Paintings are here, too, that have gone into history; starting enough now, and as literal as a Scotchman, but yet time has done for them what it does for looks and friends and wine.

I open a door and am in the dining room; there stands the table yet, the cloth removed for its old host forever; the table, with its lion's claws, leaving footprints in the dust as you move it, as if the mansion were indeed a haunt for the beasts of the wilderness. Here Lafayette sat a guest; here sparkled jest and wine; here rose the song; died out so long ago in sighing; here woman's smile shone round the board, now faded out in dying. A scarred sideboard of some ancient fashion against the wall; not so did it look in the old days, flashing in the glory of cutglass, ruby and amber. Do you mark the door and double the walls? Wine is a truth teller, they say, and so no syllables over the third bottle could stray beyond this room to ears intent. I catch myself in this dim and shuttered place of banquets—alas, "funeral baked meats" all they seem now—trying to think how they looked who thronged it; who sat here and there yonder; but the picture is faded, and my hand cannot restore it.

I go from room to room. Here hangs one

of old Arrowsmith's tawken colored maps of North America, with no Northwest in it at all, but a symbolic bear and "Lo, the poor Indian!" There is a leaf of Virginia story—a picture of Pocahontas. Here a stray loiterer of a velvet chair; old bureaus full of emptiness; a chest of drawers with a "till" in the top. I had not seen one in twenty years, and lifted the lid almost expecting to see my old fashioned mother's gold beads and the pencil sketch of "the little boy that died," for these old mothers, you know, kept their bits of treasure in the "till." Gilded picture frames and nothing in them; a high post bedstead big enough for a mill; a broken mirror with a spider watching at the fracture; fragments of marble mantles strewn about the floor; the guest chambers carpetless, comfortable, and as cheerless as the cave of Macpelah; the footfall sounds as sharply as the stroke of a hammer.

And so I go from room to room, and think of Hogarth's pictures of the end of all things, and that it wants only this to complete it.—This has been Federal headquarters, I told you, and traces of truth remain; oblong boxes, marked "Habana;" bottles suspiciously labelled "Sillery," and "Old Tom;" riding gloves, tarnished spurs, "passes," out of date, rosters of regiments in the front or in heaven; such signs or parlor doors or chamber doors as "Quartermaster," "Adjutant," "No Admittance." A strange jumble it all is, of yesterday and to day.

Retracing my steps, I go out from the heavy, darkened air of the silent house into the glad sunlight, where the trees are waving and the birds are singing, as if this were some man's land. Not far from the mansion, on the hillside, are the gray tablets bearing such old names as Randolph, Washington and others, that some time had wearers to illustrate and adorn them. Returning to the portico where the birds so brave are bringing home the dinner, I find a soldier curled up beside the door and lazily curving a laurel-root pipe. "How do you think old Lee will like the improvements," he said; "a Freedman's Village on one side, a National Cemetery on the other, and his house given up to the birds, if not to the bats? "Lee is dead," I gravely replied, and passed out, but not before I heard the soldier mutter, "He be d—d."

CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

MONDAY MORNING, SEPT. 19

The election for President and Vice President in Lincolnism will be held on Tuesday, the 6th day of November, 1864.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.—An arrangement has been agreed upon between Gens. HOOD and SHERMAN to exchange the prisoners who have been captured by their commands. The exchange will take place immediately.

Of the nearly forty thousand Yankee prisoners confined at Andersonville, there are not exceeding fifteen thousand whose term of service has not expired. That is a correct solution of all the points involved in the question of exchange.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—The world is coming to an end in 1865. Professor NEUMAYER, of Munich, says so. He adds that a comet will run against the earth and absorb it, as one drop of mercury absorbs another.

THE GEORGIA NOT DESTROYED.—An item of Northern news by telegraph in yesterday's paper, stated that the steamer Georgia had been destroyed off Lisbon. A gentleman in this city has just received a letter from a private in the marines on board that vessel, dated, "Near Savannah, September 6th, 1864." We rather think the Yankees are mistaken as to the destruction of the Georgia.—*Rebel.*

The idea of utilizing coal dust, by putting it in such form as to serve for fuel, is practically carried out in Belgium. The end is effected by combining eight parts of coal tar with ninety-four parts of coal dust.—This mixture, subjected to a great heat, becomes a paste, which is pressed into cakes. These cakes are warranted to produce not more than six per cent. of ashes, and are in great demand for generating steam on railway locomotives.

A small picture not larger than a plate, said to be painted by Raphael when only twelve years of age was sold at the Hotel Dronot. It was knocked down to Baron de Rothschild for 5,700 pounds.—*Paris Letter.*

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

REPORTS OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

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

FROM PETERSBURG.

PETERSBURG, Sept. 17.—Hampton's cavalry made a most successful dash into the enemy's lines on Thursday last near Sycamore Church, Prince George County, capturing 2500 head of fat beef cattle; 300 prisoners; a large number of horses; ten wagons, &c. The spoils are now safe within the Confederate lines. Gregg's division of Yankee cavalry made an effort to cut off Hampton, but was handsomely flogged for his pains. Hampton and his men are in fine spirits and eager for another chance at Grant's choice beef.

FROM MOBILE.

MOBILE, Sept. 16.—A gun boat yesterday came close in shore near the mouth of Dog River. Our field batteries opened, giving her a few shots, when she retired. It is reported that the enemy have repaired the gun boat Gaiety and put her in commission. The Fish River expedition has returned badly peppered by our cavalry.

FROM MACON.

MACON, Sept. 16.—Refugees from Atlanta report Sherman's army being rapidly depleted by the loss of those whose time of service have expired. Some statements place the number at ten thousand. Yesterday was universally observed throughout the State as a day of fasting and prayer by the army and people.

The Chattanooga Gazette of the 13th has been received. It reports that Wheeler had been driven from middle Tennessee. Gen. Morgan's staff had arrived at Chattanooga. Sherman had issued an address to his army saying, the fall of Atlanta had completed the campaign, and must be attributed to a mistake of Hood in sending his cavalry to the rear. He says Hood managed his army patiently and skillfully, but at last made the fatal mistake that gave us Atlanta.

MACON Sept 17.—It is reported, with considerable show of probability, that Sherman had sent an informal request to Gov. Brown for Vice President Stephens and Senator Johnston to meet him in Atlanta to talk about terms of peace. Brig. Gen. F. A. Sharp has been relieved from duty as Chief of Staff. Refugees from Atlanta continue to arrive in the most destitute condition. Sherman and Hood have agreed upon a special exchange of prisoners.

NORTHERN NEWS.

RICHMOND, Sept. 16.—Park Benjamin, well known as a literary man, died at New York. Thos. F. Meager has been ordered to report for duty to Sherman. Gen. Martindale of the army of the Potomac has resigned. The draft is ordered to commence in Ohio and other States that have not filled up their quotas by the 19th inst. Several journals formerly Republican have come out for McClellan. The Cincinnati Times and Albany Statesman, both publicans, predict the defeat of Lincoln and urge his withdrawal. The Boston Post says: It is a great relief to the Democracy to get rid of such men as the Woods. Says Valparaiso will follow them, and have a rough road to travel. Seymour peremptory refuses renomination for Governor. Gen. Hooker opposes the election of McClellan. Seward has said the draft would surely come; if the people did not volunteer.—It is reported at St. Louis that fifteen thousand rebels are concentrating north Red River.—Gold opened at 218—closed at 228.

RICHMOND, Sept. 16.—The Baltimore Gazette of the 14th contains lies of the New York News of the 13th, indicating an armed

resistance to McClellan by that journal. It says: We covit sincerely and ardently a unit of the Democratic party, but some council and will have no part in its demoralization and disgrace. The Courier also withdraws its support from McClellan. Sherman strictly prohibits persons not in military service from entering Atlanta. Neither manufacturing or trading permitted, the city to be used exclusively for military purposes.

CANTON, LA., Shelby's victory in Arkansas is complete. The railroad is torn up for several miles. One entire regiment has been captured. The army worn has destroyed all the cotton crop on the river from Vicksburg to New Orleans. The yellow fever is very violent at Key West and Tortugas.

GRENADA, Sept. 15.—Memphis dates of the 13th has been received. Gov. Flannigan of Arkansas has called a special session of the legislature. Communication between Memphis and Little Rock interrupted. The Memphis Argus says: An official bulletin from Stanton gives interesting facts relative to the call for 500,000 men. Credits to States for previous excess consumes two-fifths of the number, leaving 300,000 men—actually need one-third. Last amount all required by Gen. Grant. The remaining two-thirds to supply casualties of battle, discharges and desertions, to garrison forts, fight guerrillas and keep open communication.

When Ulysses was informed that in addition to the rout at Reno's, on Thursday Hill and Hampton had captured nine of his splendid Napoleon guns, his rage knew no bounds, and turning to his unlucky informant, he exclaimed, "A curse upon your young Napoleons, (Little Mac) your old Napoleons, your Louis Napoleons, your Napoleon guns, and all other Napoleons. Cuffy, do you hear bring me a flagon of Bourbon, and let it be a full 12 pounder." Meade coming in at the time, with a curl of the lip he added, "Bring Gen. Meade a little 'Ale-ree,' and see that it is sweet and weak—anything strong effects his head."—*Richmond Whig.*

The Washington Republican states that Franklin Pierce is amongst the supporters of McClellan.

Office of the Department.

CAMDEN, Sept. 15th, 1864

PLANTERS ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED to haul in immediately all new fodder and as well as old fodder and stumps, in order to meet pressing demands of our armies. They are also notified that they can have credit their Title of 1864, for their deliveries of corn if prefer it to payment in cash. CONWAY BELL Agt. A. Q. Sept. 16

Notice.

OFFICE S. C. R. Co. CAMDEN, Sept. 15, 1864. ON AND AFTER THIS DATE, FREIGHT ON all packages will be required before delivery—This rule will be strictly observed. Sept. 16 G. JAMES JONES, Agent.

Notice.

ALL PERSONS ARE FOREWARNED NOT to trade for a note given by me, to John Baker, for five hundred dollars, dated some time in June, 1864, as the property, for which it was given, has proved sound, I will not pay said note, unless compelled by law. JAMES A. THOMPSON Sept. 16

Musical Instructions.

MISS ALEXANDER WILL REOPEN her musical SCHOOL, the first Monday October, if a sufficient number of pupils can be cured to warrant her return. Terms \$75 per quart. All pupils commencing a quarter, will be charged the close. Those wishing to apply, will leave their names with Mrs. McAndrews by the 20th of September. September 16