

The Camden Daily Journal.

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By D. D. HOCOTT.

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An Hour with Mosby.

A nervous individual, who signs himself "P. T. Q.," furnishes the Newark *Daily Advertiser* with the following account of Mosby's recent visit to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad:

At a quarter past nine o'clock on Thursday night, October 18th, a party, consisting of two ladies, a baby, purse and myself, left the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad depot at Baltimore for Martinsburg, Va. The ticket agent told us that at 3 a. m. we would be at the latter station, safe and sound. Nothing of interest occurred until near a station called Honeyville, ten miles south of Harper's Ferry, and about the same distance from Martinsburg. I looked at my watch and found it 2 1-2. In another instant we were alarmed by a sudden crash, which threw many passengers from their seats; then followed numerous shots outside. The passengers crouched down close to the bottom of the car for safety; cries of "guerrillas!" "guerrillas!" responded on every side, and altogether a scene of panic was presented that can be better imagined than described. To add to the tumult, three or four shots were fired through the windows, breaking the glass in a thousand pieces.

In an instant we heard the robbers entering the cars from both ends. Surmising their errand I jerked my watch from my pocket and handed it to a lady companion, telling her to secrete it, which she did. Just then one of the fellows stopped before me with a pistol to my head and demanded my pocket book. I obeyed with commendable diligence. He passed on to relieve my neighbor of his hat, coat, watch and pocket book.

Another of the band approached pistol in hand, "Here you d—d Yank hand over your watch." "You are too late," I answered promptly; "it is gone." The fellow seemed satisfied with this and went on.

A very demonstrative fat lady seated near the end of our car, then jumped up, caught one of the rebels in her arms, "Oh, my love, my dear man, you will not kill me," she screamed, and at the same time clinging to him, until in ungallant anger he roared "Confound you, let me go. I will lose my part of the plunder with your simplicity." We were then ordered out, as the train was to be set on fire.

On leaving the cars we had to climb a steep sand bank, about twenty feet high, there to await further orders.

The passengers in the sleeping cars fared worse, as all, with one exception, lost their hats, coats, boots, watches and money. When they were ejected from their quarters and ascended the hill, they presented a sorry appearance—just conscious of their loss, trembling with cold, and fearing they might be invited to visit Richmond. In one car, there were sixty German emigrants, bound for Ohio, who, when the thieves demanded their money, showed fight. To intimidate the rest, two men were instantly shot by the butchers, and a woman wounded. The remainder were ordered to leave the cars, but did not understand the command. Mosby ordered his men to fire the cars, and burn the "d—n Dutch." The Conductor begged of him to hold on until he could find a man who could speak German. The poor creatures were at last made to understand. They left the car; it was set on fire, and the two men and one wounded woman left in the flames.

There were about thirty Union soldiers on board, unarmed, returning to their commands. These were taken prisoners, and also forty or fifty of the passengers were ordered to fall in line to be taken off. About this time I felt a little nervous—not having any strong desire to visit Libby—but fortunately, as I had a

screaming babe in my arms, I was not one of the chosen.

Among the persons taken was a burly negro, who contrived to escape by falling face down on the road. The whole party were soon ordered to march. Then followed hurried, agonizing farewells, and the victims moved forward. We all supposed they were on their way to Richmond, but only the soldiers met with this fate. The citizens were taken a short distance to a piece of woods and thoroughly searched and robbed of whatever money they had left and the rest of their clothes.

While standing with the ladies I saw a Union soldier approach cautiously along the fence. When close beside us, he quickly pulled off his coat, then his pantaloons, and threw them across the fence, having nothing left but his shirt and pair of drawers. He then walked forth boldly among the marauders, asked for some clothing to keep him warm, complaining that the rebels had taken all his clothes. The noise saved him from further attack. Then arose a cry that the "Yanks" were in the woods; the guerrillas mounted and started off in a hurry, but in five minutes they were back, and exclaimed, "a false alarm!" and they fell to plundering still further. By this time the mail, express and baggage had been robbed, and what they general did not want was in flames, and the gentlemen were left no extra clothing, and certainly no surplus cash.

One of the ladies of our party lost all her baggage. In vain she begged a pathetic looking guerrilla to spare her clothing and that of her child. "There are no valuables in the trunk; you certainly can do nothing with its contents," she plead. "Pooh," answered the "chivalry," as he swaggered past her. "They will do to help on the flames," and help the flames they did.

It was then announced by one of the officers that every rider had a place for a woman in front of him on his horse; but this heavenly threat was not carried out. They then made a final search and saw the work was complete; the train was burned; the Postmaster with \$63,000 robbed; the passengers plundered of their hats, coats, boots, watches and money; and locking and burning the mail, express and baggage, they bade us a boisterous farewell.

A gentleman from Ohio, who had lost \$1,700, his coat, hat and watch, had a McClellan badge pinned to his vest. Some fellow ventured to ask him, "How were the Peace Democrats?" He tore off the badge, threw it on the ground, and said, "D—n Mac and the peace devils. I am going to vote for Lincoln."

Another said he always was a sound Democrat and would remain so, but he certainly would vote for Lincoln, so as to give these fiends their deserts.

A lady, who had recovered her spirits after the danger was passed, laughingly offered a premium of twenty five cents for a Peace Democrat, but none were to be found in that party.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT LADIGA, ALA.—We learn from Sergeant Flannery, of Boyles regiment, Jackson's cavalry, who left the front on Friday last, that a brisk affair took place that morning in Calhoun county, sixteen miles north-east of Jacksonville. The enemy being reported advancing, as was believed, about four thousand strong, from the direction of Rome, Gen. Ferguson, commanding division, formed his line on Terrapin Creek, about a mile north of Ladiga, Ala., and engaged the rebels at ten o'clock. The fight lasted an hour and ten minutes, the enemy being completely whipped and retiring in confusion. They were a portion of Kilpatrick's cavalry, commanded by General Guard. One regiment was composed of Alabama Tories. We captured an elegant stand of colors and eleven prisoners, including four wounded. The enemy left some half dozen killed on the field, and citizens report that their ambulances were full of dead and wounded. Our loss was one officer, of 2d Alabama, wounded, supposed mortally, and three privates killed. Ferguson's brigade, Colonel Boyles, commanding, did the fighting, being posted on the road. The brigades on the right and left were not engaged. —*Mobile Register*, 2d.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN THE SOUTH—One of the most striking things in Southern politics is the severity of its press upon Jeff Davis and his Cabinet. It is honorable to human nature to know that the papers are not suppressed and their editors are not incarcerated in pits or prisons. —*Constitutional Union*.

CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.

TUESDAY MORNING NOV. 15.

We would call the attention of every good citizen to the communication over the signature of "Chris." The remarks are pertinent for the times, and we heartily endorse the sentiment and spirit contained therein; and would add that the installation of such labor in our midst, or in any part of our Confederacy, if persisted in, will prove a "damnable scheme," and, no, too, be calculated, of all others, to compromise our dear and best interests and bring us back to the deplorable and repulsive state of being from which we have so recently severed our connection. We, too, raise our voice of disapprobation and distrust, and feel assured that we have not in our district a mother or sister that would not gladly sacrifice the labor of their households to yield in favor of government in any capacity—where our cause was the stake—sooner than see inaugurated in our midst the labor of him who has sinned in our fathers and brothers, and whose lives are devoted to rapine and murder.

That the people of the District and our brethren of the press elsewhere might fully understand our own as well as the remarks of our friend "Chris," we would add, that there has been imported five Yankee prisoners, from Florence, within the past few days, to this place, to make barrels for government, and placed in a locality where they may have free access to communication with our slaves on adjacent plantations, and who we have every reason, from their pedigree, to believe, will take advantage of such liberty having no guard over them, but enjoying the same privilege of freedom as our own people—at will to roam in the suburbs of our town or wherever their fancy may suggest—always on the alert to poison the minds of our domestics. We do not know who the responsible importer may be, but we would feel ourselves under obligation to any friend who could tender such information. Probably the gentleman himself might enlighten us.

[FOR THE CAMDEN DAILY JOURNAL.]

RECONSTRUCTION—YANKEE INTERCOURSE—Who has the audacity to say that South Carolina, or at least some part of it, are not ready for reconstruction and free intercourse with the Yankee race. The war is still raging in all its ferocity. Our land is being pillaged, our altars desecrated, our homes devastated by an unscrupulous and damnable foe. The graves of our loved ones who have fallen in defence of our rights and our liberties have scarcely become settled; the fresh earth still marks the spot when our beloved ones lay, and yet in the midst of our troubles and sorrows, in the very faces of our community, we behold Yankees riding through our streets on wagons employed to haul them wood, going with our negroes to the woods, and then to be employed at wages to do the work of making barrels for our Government, for which they are to receive fair wages. I ask in the name of liberty itself, if this is the return we are to receive from our Government for the blood of our loved ones freely shed, for what? To separate us from the government and from the polluting touch of the race of Plymouth Pilgrims.

For one, I raise my protest in the name of all we hold dear, to any such employment of those who volunteered to destroy us, to cut our throats, to inaugurate the damnable scheme of arming our slaves, and inciting them to deeds of rapine and murder.

Let them remain where the rules of civilized warfare places them—in prison, as prisoners of war, where they cannot enjoy the pleasant intercourse with our slaves that they so much desire. As one of the community, Mr. Editor, I call upon our citizens to raise their voices, and it need be, their arms against any such an act. I have felt the pangs of sorrow in the loss of my own flesh and blood by yankee bullets, and I am not willing to suffer my feelings to be outraged in addition by such a course. If the government can't find hands to do their work, our wives and daughters will cheerfully take the drawing knife, and draw hoops a distance for barrels, rather than have these our sworn enemies, turned loose in our midst, with even a gun around them.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

REPORTS OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

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

FROM GEORGIA.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 14.—Gov. Br. wh. has published a letter in the *Chronicle*, in which he states that Bayler, the traitor, was never credi-

ted with any special or diplomatic functions. He had some mercantile commission, in accordance with a resolution passed by the Legislature. The statement made that he was a member of the Governor's staff is false.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 14.—Ex-Governor Hammond of South Carolina died at his residence on Beach Island, Sunday, aged 57 years.

A large warehouse at Hamburg was burned with its contents this morning, with 1500 bales cotton. Loss one million dollars, partly insured. The fire was accidental.

FROM THE WEST.

CLINTON, LA., Nov. 13.—Two transports loaded with Yankee wounded have come down White River and gone to New Orleans. This indicates fighting somewhere in northern Arkansas. Eight transports loaded with troops and two Parrot batteries have left Morganza for White River. The Yankees landed at Bayou Sara a few days ago, and commenced pulling down houses and carrying the material to Morganza for building winter quarters. While there they committed such outrages upon the ladies that they have been put in irons, and the officers who permitted it are to be cashiered.

NORTHERN NEWS.

RICHMOND, November 14.—New York papers and the Baltimore *American* of the evening of Saturday has been received. Telegrams from Chattanooga says: On Wednesday morning the enemy made three attacks on Atlanta, their shells being thrown as far as the Rolling Mills. A most desperate attack was made on Rough and Ready road, the enemy's artillery being within one hundred yards of our works, and their infantry and dismounted cavalry within two hundred yards. Our forces quickly manned the defenses and drove the rebels off. We sustained no loss. The enemy was part of Young's command, and finally retreated towards Macon. A telegram says: News has been received from Sherman of an important and favorable character, but not published, being considered contraband. Hood's whereabouts unknown to authorities. Federal movements will be developed in a few days. McClellan has resigned his commission in the army. Lincoln's majority in Grant's army reported to be 8000. A portion of Gen. A. J. Smith's command has arrived at Paducah. The *Tribune* says: Fenton is elected Governor of New York by 9900 majority. Gold in New York 242.

According to the *Tribune's* account New York gave Lincoln 150,000, including soldier's vote; Pennsylvania from 20,000 to 30,000 in majority, including soldier's vote; Maryland, 10,000; Ohio, 50,000; Iowa, 50,000; Illinois, 25,000; Wisconsin, 15,000. No opposition to Lincoln in Western Virginia. Missouri voted for Lincoln. McClellan's majority in New Jersey 7600. He carried Delaware and Kentucky. The Republicans gained largely in Congressional delegation in Nashville. Lincoln 2500.

Lord Lyons is very ill with typhoid fever at Washington.

RICHMOND, Nov. 14.—Seymour is re-elected Governor of New York. It is reported that Lincoln has called for a million more men. Lincoln received about 190 electoral votes. An official telegram from the Valley says: Sheridan's army entrenched between Newtown and Kernstown. Two divisions of cavalry attacked Roper on the 10th, but were repulsed and driven back several miles, losing 25 prisoners and a number of horses. Roper command behaved very handsomely, particularly Lomax's brigade, under Col. Payne. About the same time another cavalry brigade attacked McCausland's brigade, at Cedarville on Front Royal road, and drove it back across the river.

For Sale.

A TRAVELLING TRUCK FOR Sale at M. THESON & CO. November 15 5

For Sale.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE A trust negro—age over fifty years. For further particulars apply to D. D. HOCOTT. Nov. 15 11