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By D. D. HOCOTT.

TERMS.

12 Months, \$5 00
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Rates for Advertising:

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No insertion made subject to our regular advertising patrons.

From the South Carolinian.

A SENSATION.—The "Bee" Store, which opened yesterday was the yolk of the city's egg of business—the veritable Bee-bomb of the hour. Anticipation had been long on the quiver. Extravagant tales of wonderful bargains had for weeks rung musically in the ears of the public, mingled with the delicious rustle of Confederate Treasury notes. Embryonic visions of colossal piles of goods, from which a process might choose, danced merrily before the eyes of maid and wife, and even the lords of creation prepared to defer into this Golconda mine for a supply of its untold treasures. Columbia has had no sensation like unto it for months. The long expected day arrived—the store opened, and the civilized radi, ever obedient to a law of nature, converged irresistibly towards that common centre—the point where money could be spent most freely. In-door business with us was pressing, but we contributed a five minutes' walk, and stood on what Mrs. Partridge would call the "outskirts" of the crowd. The streets were an omelette of mud and water, but from up and down, from front and rear, there came an ever-varying, every-burrowing procession of domestic Eve-angelizers, intent upon the bargains that one could see peckering around their money as far as these openings in their pretty physiognomies were visible. The sidewalks were frightful, and it did not add at all to the picturesque of the interesting views, to observe that each one of the sex had her stenographer behind her, and was carrying along a faithful imprint of the state of the streets, written by a reporting petticoat upon the white pages of her heels. One by one these took their places in the crowd, or rather, the "jam," and there awaited admission to the Bee-hive. And such a crowd! John Morgan or the fat lady, would not have been a circumstance to the attraction which kept that multitude standing for hours on their pedestals, packed like sardines, and hugging the thousands of dollars which they were so frantic to disburse over the counters of the new El Dorado of domestic supplies. The people who enjoyed the privileges of carriages, sat in their vehicles with the most exemplary of gaiter perolita patience, while those who perambulated demurely collected themselves Bee-stiffed, when, by the oscillations of the crowd, they were permitted to enjoy the luxury of jammies; their precious noses against the window pane had separated them from the inner temple.

By-and-by the door is unlocked—opened; the favored few who had been patiently admitted essay to emerge; the outsiders strive to get in; one pushes, another pushes, a third is elbowing with might and main, while a fourth brushes with pins, which she inserts dexterously into the back of that fat man in front, whose face looks like a pumpkin in October. For a few moments the struggle that entices is fearful. The mass is upheaved. The opening of the door has been like an earthquake. The crowd, chaffing, swarming, swaying—and we almost wrote, of some of the men—swearing, wrestles itself into a sort of temporary dislocation. The ladies utter their eloquent little shrieks, or with voices sweet enough "to draw a nail from a heart of oak," implore for "better places;" the men grumble vociferously—"keep your elbows out of my ribs"—"get off my corns"—"do you think my toes are insured?" &c. &c.; while small boys lose themselves amid the leafy labyrinths of morning dresses. The batch who have gone in and had the key turned upon them by the guardians of the place, have been propelled on the high pressure principle, but those who come out look, alas! like so many bundles of collapsed enthusiasm. Beyond a short telescopic view, we have no personal experience, thank fortune, of the scenes as described, but we judge of the afflictions which everybody suffered by the remark of a stout old lady, with a Bonnet very much poked in on one side, who, suddenly disgorged by the crowd, landed on her feet at an acute angle, the perpendicular, vibrated for a few seconds an attempt to preserve an equilibrium, wicketing up with a loud "phew!" and then mournfully exclaimed,

"Well, I declare! I'm mad enough to shake hands with old Satan, in his fire clothes. Here's my gown twisted hind side afore, and my hat knocked in. I've got only a handful of things for a thousand dollars, and I've been almost squashed!"

We were compelled, unfortunately, to sympathize with a great many people in the same predicament—some of whom had been "squashed" much worse, and came away with the paradoxical reflection that the world is a fool taken by the day; it is only wise taken by the year. It is when we ascend the rounds of the ladder that we discover the follies we have left behind us.

From the Memphis Appeal.

FINANCE AND SUBSISTENCE.

The dispatch of yesterday from Richmond, to the effect that the finance bill had passed the House on Saturday, in secret session—judged of by what has transpired in regard to its general tenor—cannot, if not misjudged, fail to beget a sense of lively satisfaction in the mind of the country. Probably the element strongest in the prevalent popular depression upon the state of the country, has not been that springing from the status of hostilities, the result of late reverses, so much as the apparently inextricable condition of the public treasury.

In wars of revolution, there is one predominant thought in the popular mind, and that is fighting or military display, to the exclusion of other and so efficient thoughts connected with the pay and subsistence of the army, and the maintenance of the equability of the commercial and industrial interests of the country.—While in our war, effort has been made to keep these latter thoughts prominently in view, the effort has not been attended with the success which could be desired; witnessed by the failure to sustain the army and country properly, at a time when the material of subsistence was never so abundant, and by financial prostration in the country and Government in the midst of an excess, or certainly an abundance of unconverted capital never before witnessed. That the net has been in a great measure the cause of the first will hardly admit of question. For, while the effects of currency, bloated almost to the point of bursting, has been to enhance the price of necessary subsistence to a point in figures almost unheard of; it has had the effect of creating an alarmed apprehension in the popular mind as to the value of currency, which has induced the withholding and secreting stores which have only to be unlocked and exposed, to give us ample abundance for all purposes, military and domestic alike. No doubt the latter effect has been very much increased by legislation in raw, or for improvement of property and tax in kind; which, while an effort to evade the evil of financial administration, has had the further effect of increasing the evil in withdrawing a large part of the products of the country actually from market, and thereby further increasing the plethora, and vitalizing the popular apprehension of the value of Confederate notes and credits.

The general value of a tax law sufficiently heavy to absorb the redundant circulation, and keep it absorbed to a proximately necessary point for the wants and interests of the country, over and above the funding scheme of John Frazer & Co, endorsed by the Secretary of the Treasury, may be briefly illustrated by the fact, that the funding scheme provided for an annual tax in gold or silver, greater in amount than a sum necessary in gold or silver, at the present relation of values to pay the whole surplus debt. Sixty millions is the sum required to meet the annual interest on the thousand millions of that famous scheme, whereas, if any one will take the trouble to divide seven hundred and twenty millions of currency by twenty, the supposed, indeed, current value in gold, he will find the quotient in gold to be only thirty-six millions, or the annual interest on the funding scheme, minus twenty-four millions. Every dollar assessed and gathered by the tax law pays twenty dollars in gold, or what is equivalent, pays twenty dollars of debt payable in gold if postponed; the general difference between paying now by tax, and paying twenty years hence on the funding plan, being the difference between paying thirty-six millions in gold, and twenty-two hundred millions, not counting compound interest.

While this may be accepted as an estimate of the general value to the country of an efficient tax law, its general effect—in cheapening, by the confidence imparted to the Government, and reduction of values—may be accepted in the increase to the country and the army of all necessary supplies now withheld, and the furnishing to them all articles of necessary consumption at a rate within the means of those of fixed salaries and stated incomes.

Such being this general effect, it is needless to

say that the consequences of the general effect will be soon visible in the values of money—hitherto regarded, in consequence of its procuring so little for its face, with a distrust amounting almost to aversion—enchanted to the degree of being largely sought after and preciously prized; in the attainable abundance of many things to eat and to wear at prices which will not shame times of peace; in increased confidence in the Government; in increased hope for independence; in increased zeal in the cause, resting for its successful prosecution and final success, not upon the abstract idea that war is a matter of mere fighting; but, while a matter of fighting, a matter of intelligent contemporaneous administration of the financial resources and industrial and commercial interests of the country as well.

All that we will say to the country in the way of suggestion, deep-seated, earnest suggestion, is, if a heavy tax law has been passed by Congress, do not regard it as a burden, of occasion for complaint or alarm, but regard and receive it as the greatest blessing that could have occurred; a blessing involving more than any other one thing, the triumph of the cause and independence of the country, and give it your entire, unreserved, unqualified support. If a man in his private transactions has the option to pay twenty dollars by paying one and does not, or would not do it, he would be regarded as little else than crazy; and let the country regard every man now, or even worse, who, by talking in whispers in counting-rooms or at street corners about high taxes, wishes to induce it to pay twenty-two hundred millions in gold, twenty years hence, for thirty-six millions in gold now. And the more so, when by paying the thirty-six millions now, it will reduce what remains in its hands to a proximate par value in gold; cheapen and render abundant every article of subsistence, support in comfort its army and population; and redeem our cause from the present demoralizing depression, by making it a final and enduring success.

Sen. Howe's Proclamation to Conscript a Million of Men.—The New York Times, commenting on the bill of Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, to call out a million of men for ninety days, says it would take three months to get a million of men mustered into the service, three months longer to drill and brigade them, and require 30,000 officers, who cannot be found:

Considering the state of the South, however, it would seem wise for our crusaders to take at least a million of sheep with them to cook as they went along, and it would be well for every man to drive his own animal.

They would be sure to die like cockroaches before they ever got near the enemy. And we need hardly say, that when they did meet him, ten thousand of such troops as Lee or Johnston command would be a match for one hundred thousand of them, and would readily drive that number off the field in utter rout.

The sole result of his "grand uprising" would, therefore, probably be the desolation of some hundred thousand Northern homes, and the leaving down South in the hands of Jefferson Davis' "ragamuffins" one million muskets, one million hats and coats, and pocket handkerchiefs, several hundred tons of pie and hard tack, and, we were going to add, one million pairs of pantaloons; but we believe that our fugitives stick to their pantaloons as well as their pantaloons to them, even in the wildest rout. In a word, no force can carry either food or clothing to the Richmond captives except a highly disciplined, well organized and perfectly manageable one, led by able and experienced officers. The Senate Committee on Military Affairs know this, so they will, of course, not waste much time over the consideration of Mr. Howe's bill.

FROM CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON, January 25.—Seven shells were fired at the city, since our last report. The enemy were engaged all day hauling ammunition to Gregg, and Cummings Point batteries. Considerable activity has been observed among the fleet, and three Monitors have anchored inside, between Cummings Point batteries and Fort Sumter. No other changes of importance.

RUSSELLVILLE, Jan. 23.—Advices from the front very encouraging. Our cavalry are within five miles of Knoxville, and have captured five hundred beef cattle, one hundred wagons, besides a large amount of other property.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 11.—The Senate of Maryland, today, passed a resolution appointing a committee to wait on the President to protest against the operations of Gen. Barney, in seizing slaves in Maryland. The House refused to concur by a vote of 21 to 26, twenty members not voting.

A SNARE UNCOVERED.

We have as yet seen nothing from the press which indicates that the real design of Lincoln's proclamation has been penetrated; but a critical examination will show that in the under current of its diplomacy and duplicity, it means nothing less than the re-election of Lincoln and the prolongation of the war. That proclamation empowers ten per cent. of the population of any rebellious State to form a State Government; and, under this, to re-enter the Union on terms of perfect equality with the rest of the Northern States. It will be easy for Lincoln, in those portions of the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky which are now commanded by his armies, to find tools enough on these conditions to form bogus States. With the votes of these States, to which must be added the new State of Western Virginia, Lincoln, holding, as he already does, the votes of New England, several of the Western States, and at least one of the Middle States, will possess a large majority in the electoral college. Thus, through a contrivance as clever as its purpose is adroitly concealed, his election is made a matter of certainty. The opponents of the war cannot easily defeat the plot. It is on its face at least an overture for peace, though doubtless insidiously designed only to deceive, or to propitiate the mob of the party. The cheat will succeed. Nor will it be possible to object to the votes of the new States. Once admitted into the Union, their right to share in the election of a President is unquestionable. There will, indeed, be scarcely any disposition to question it. To the moderate party, the presence of Louisiana representatives will look like a step towards their favorite measure of reconstruction. At the same time, the vanity of the whole Yankee nation will be gratified, by the proof which the mere formation of these States will appear to afford, of the partial triumph of their cause. So much, at least, of the South will seem to have been gained, traitors will be welcomed as returning brothers, and perhaps not a vote may be lifted in opposition.

The prospect need not discourage our people. Lincoln's re-election undoubtedly, signifies war as long as he can carry it on. He cannot make peace, for peace to him and his party is ruin and, perhaps, death. But it is certain, on the other hand, that the cunning despot will not be able to conduct the war on its present scale beyond the next campaign. If we battle him in that, as we will do, with courage and determination on our part, the contest with every year must grow less and less portentous.

A SCENE AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.—The incident here related occurred at Jackson, Mississippi, in Gen. Evans' brigade, during the seven days' bombardment, on the 13th of July, after a storm of shot and shell had been thrown in and over the city during the day. As the night shades were covering the wounded, dying and dead, our zealous and beloved chaplain, Rev. W. S. Black, of the South Carolina conference, gave notice to the different commanders of companies that he would like to have a word of prayer with and for them, indicating the center of the line as the most suitable place. It would have made your heart glad, to see those brave and half starved soldiers, (who had but one meal a day several days and at this time were breaking their fast for the first time that day) throwing down their victuals and flocking to the indicated spot. The chaplain gave out his hymn, and then the officers and men united in singing the praise of God.

Oh! how we felt to praise and adore Him, who had been our preserver through the storms of the day, and when it was said "let us pray," I imagine that I (with many officers) had never more cheerfully humbled ourselves in the dust and lifted our hearts to God in believing prayer. It seemed to be (of all others) the time to pray! The missiles of death, the music of the distant cannon, and the sharp crackling sound of the sharpshooters' guns, were in striking contrast with the hallelujahs and praises of that devoted band of christian soldiers. At such a sight angels might gaze with astonishment and admiration! Our blessed Saviour, whose ear is always open to the plaintive cry, drew near and comforted our hearts. Some of us felt that all would be well both in life and death.

Some of that band have crossed the stream since then, and left us to "finish our course," fight our battles, and then cross over to meet them, where wars are no more, to sing and praise God without being disturbed by hostile forces.

AN OFFICER.
26th Reg't S. C. Vols.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing more steadfast than faith.