

Value & Money

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By D. D. HOODT.

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POET'S CORNER.

SUNSHINE

BY THE LATE CHARLES EDWARD LEVERETTE, JR.

There's sunshine in the valley, and
There's sunshine on the hill,
There's sunshine on the grassy lake,
And in the sparkling rill;
There's sunshine in the woodland glen,
On every leaf and tree;
There's sunshine lavished on the world,
But none of it for me!

There's sunshine in the palace, and
Within the peasant's cot;
There's sunshine a nook of earth wherein
The sunshine dwelleth not—
The lucky cove, crown'd with
The banner on the ho—
There's sunshine everywhere, but, ah!
There's none of it for me!

I lie upon my couch and hear
The happy world go by,
There's sunshine smiling on each lip
And laughing in each eye,
The mocking bird, the merry child,
The cotter humming by—
Their hearts are full of sunshine; why
Was none of it for me?

Oh, 'twere not meant for me—the joy
That other mortals know;
It was not meant that I should look
In sunshine here below,
But when the silent hand of death,
Shall see my spirit free,
In Heaven, I'll find that God has made
Some sunshine, too, for me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FINANCIAL VALUE OF HONESTY.

All the civilized Governments in the world use credit instead of cash to carry on the operations of Government. Barbarians have no honesty, and, therefore, they have no credit. All dealings with them, consequently, are in cash and hard money.

The nations of Europe perfectly understand the value of honesty as an instrument of credit and finance. Hence the rigid punctuality with which their engagements are fulfilled. If they fail to fulfill their engagements in the most trifling particular, it immediately affects their capacity to borrow money; because, as nations cannot be compelled to observe their obligations, their integrity is all the lender has to rely on to insure the payment of their debts. Let their integrity be suspected, and their financial resources in borrowing money is impaired. Let it be plainly forfeited, and this resource ends.

The Government of the Confederate States, it appears to us, in some of its measures, has not duly appreciated the importance of these truths. It has not valued the financial importance of honesty.

The very first thing a man does who is indebted, and intends to meet his engagements, is to provide means to the extent of his ability to take them up.

Now the Confederate Government neglected most flagrantly to do this simple act of integrity. It had vast resources, by taxation, to meet its obligations. Yet, in the midst of a war occasioning an enormous demand for larger issues of paper, it neglected, for a whole year, to lay any taxes to redeem its promises to pay; and then only laid a tax collectable one year after. Thus, for two whole years, it continued to flood the country with its Treasury notes, without any income from taxation to absorb them. Is this the course of a Government which is insistent on preserving its integrity, and regards dishonor as a wound?

We wish to say nothing about the late tax act, for we earnestly desire it to be carried out by the people, as a voluntary contribution to sustain our great cause; but certainly no one will differ from us in the opinion that it is not the very best exemplification of financial integrity the world contains.

The press generally, in their patriotic desire to see our currency and finances restored to efficiency and soundness, are almost unanimous in the opinion, that by the diminution of the currency, which this Act is calculated to pro-

duce, we will soon have a rapid reduction in prices, and a stable and healthy currency. We hope that this may be the result. But there are two causes which cheapen the currency of a country: 1st Its undue expansion beyond the wants of trade; and, 2d. Distrust of the integrity of the Government. If we have not confidence in the integrity of an individual, whom we cannot make pay his obligation, whether his paper is one thousand, or a hundred thousand, we are unwilling to take or to hold it. And so in the case of the Confederate Government—unless its integrity is unquestionable, the mere diminution of the currency may not make it dear. It certainly cannot do so, to the exact extent of its diminution. Judais says, speaking of Lord Chatham, "confidence is a plant of slow growth." Confidence is the result of honesty. Hence, although the currency may be vastly diminished by the late financial measures passed by Congress, the Confederate Government must vindicate its integrity, to give it renewed confidence. Let all its arrangements to carry out the Tax Act, and the funding of its Treasury notes, be in accordance with the highest integrity. The circumstances and the perils which surround us, will give potency to all efforts, to win the confidence of the people. They are willing to trust. Give them the power of doing so.

Mercury.

WARREN WHEELER AT AN ATLANTIC HOTEL.

About an hour anterior to the dawn we were aroused by a distressing noise resembling somewhat the tumbling down of an old house, at the same time our head came in violent contact with the floor, while our feet seem an angle of ninety degrees. On taking a survey we made the important discovery that all the slats near the upper part of the bed had given away—and thus caused us to approximate the door rather more speedily than mature judgment would have dictated. Inwardly imprecating the proprietor, chambermaid and all intervening employees, we sulkily dressed ourselves, and descended to the office room, which we found crowded with a very morose looking set of hairy men. Next morning at the same hour the same loud crash awoke us, the same collision awaited us, and our beds were again vainly endeavoring to attach themselves to the canopy.

Determined to put up no longer with such an imposition, we approached and addressed the spectacled clerk, who sat like a Delphic oracle upon a tripod, and demanded to be furnished with another room. Slowly extricating a pen from behind his ear, he descended gradually from his perch, stalked majestically toward the wall, elevated his spectacles upon his forehead, consulted a little oblong board with numerous slips of paper adorning it, looking very much like a prostituted Spanish pool board, and said:

"Number?
'31.'
"Wheeler?
'Yes.'

Then assuming a very affable appearance, continued, "Certainly, Mr. Wheeler; give you 'nuther room. But what's the matter with yours?"

"Nothing; the room is very good for its height. But confound your bed. The slats fall out just one hour before day, and we, greatly against our inclination, accompanied them."

"I would suggest to you, sir, since you are comfortably lodged, to continue where you are. All the beds in the hotel are similarly arranged. The cause of it, sir, you will perceive is this:—There are so many trains leaving here every morning and so many people wish to leave with them, that it is impossible for the porter to remember to wake 'em all up; so we adopted this plan. It's an invention of my own—works admirably. We turned General Pillow out a short time ago, and Governor Harris, of Tennessee—(fighting Isham—you've heard of him!) also; they didn't like it at first. When you get used to it, you'll find the sensation rather pleasant than otherwise. It's an inexorable rule with us now, sir, to permit no sleeping after one hour before day."

Mobile Tribune.

Howell Cobb says "A man who is not willing to fund his Treasury notes when the condition of his country demands it is not worthy of a Government. These are my views upon the currency question. They are short and quite satisfactory to myself. Will men complain of the tax on money, and not complain of the tax on the blood of their countrymen? Go pay the taxes that our brave soldiers are paying with their heart's blood, and then cease to complain of a little taxation on your money and your property."

SUNDAY READING.

RELIGION IN THE "RUINS OF SUMTER."

We quote from the Macon Index:

Rev. A. Van Hoose has been actively engaged as a missionary to the army under the appointment of the Domestic Board, [Richmond] and is sustained by contributions from the Central Association of Georgia. In a late communication he says, "In company with brother Jewel of Eatonton, I landed on this Island, (James' Island S. C.) the 30th of January, and finding a gracious meeting in progress we were welcomed as co-laborers by those conducting the meeting. Here I labored for two weeks until Gen. Colanitt and brigade were ordered to Florida. This operating very injuriously upon the meeting, I determined to leave, and to visit and preach for some Georgia troops on Sullivan's Island. After a walk of about 12 miles and an hour's ride on a steam boat I landed among the troops on the Island about 9 o'clock P. M. The walk was rather too much for me—for two or three days I could scarcely walk but continued to preach. The 8th Ga. Batt., has been there for some 6 or 8 months, and had heard only one sermon until my visit. I preached for them one week, had a good meeting, got them engaged in a prayer-meeting and left them on the 19th inst. to visit Fort Sumter. While preaching my first time to the Battalion a shell from Morris Island killed one man and wounded two or three others. This is so common it has ceased to have any effect. I remained at Sumter two days and nights. I attended a prayer-meeting on Saturday night and preached twice on Sabbath. Col. Elliott is an Episcopalian and christian gentleman. He invites all denominations to preach for the garrison and is always present himself. They have no chaplain, and have preaching only when some one visits them. By the way, I may add that Sumter will never be taken by the Yanks. It is now doubtless the strongest fortification on the continent and is being strengthened every day. I preached 22 sermons the first month, and, having taken a severe cold, I thought myself unfit for preaching, and came back to this Island, (James') to rest a few days. But the revival spirit is still manifest, and I have been preaching every night since my arrival. 92 have joined the several denominations since this meeting began. The soldiers every where seem anxious for and give most excellent attention to preaching. I am satisfied that our army presents the most inviting and promising field for usefulness ever presented to our ministers. My soul has been revived and refreshed, and I feel that I am now laboring just where the Almighty would have me labor. Nearly all the regiments have chaplains; but I have neither found nor heard of only two Baptist chaplains in all the army here. But we have a goodly number of missionaries preaching here. By the way I have met and labored with brother D. M. Breaker under the employ of your Board. He is an active, laborious man and a good preacher. I must close."

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

The Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of New York, recently delivered a lecture before the Historical Society of that city, when he related the following story among others, illustrative of female heroism:

"Among these, he observed, who formed a part of the settlement during the revolutionary struggle, was a poor widow, who, having buried her husband, was left in poverty, with the task upon her hands of raising three sons. Of these, the two eldest, ere long, fell in the cause of their country, and she struggled on with the youngest as she could. After the fall of Charleston, and the disastrous defeat of Col. Buford, of the State of Virginia, by Tarleton, permission was given to some four or five American females to carry necessaries and provisions, and administer some relief to the prisoners on board the prison ship and in the jails of Charleston. The widow was one of the volunteers upon this errand of mercy. She was admitted within the city, and braving the horrors of pestilence, employed herself to the extent of her humble means in alleviating the deplorable sufferings of her countrymen. She knew what she had to encounter; but, notwithstanding, went bravely on. Her mission of humanity having been fulfilled, she left Charleston on her return; but alas! her exposure to the pestilential atmosphere she had been obliged to breathe, had planted in her system the seeds of fatal disease; and ere she reached her home, she sank under an attack of prison fever, a brave martyr to the cause of humanity and patriotism. The dying mother, who now rests in an unknown grave, thus left her only son, the sole survivor of his

family, to the world's charity; but little did she dream, as death closed her eyes, the future of that orphan boy. The son became President of that free Republic, for that widow was the mother of Andrew Jackson."

HOME.

Home employments, home affections, home courtesies, cannot be too carefully or steadily cultivated. They form the sunshine of the heart. They bless and sanctify our private circle. They become a source of calm delight to the man of business after a day of toil—they teach the merchant the trader, the working man, that there is something pure, more precious even, than the gains of industry. They twine themselves round the heart, call forth, its best and purest emotions and resources, enable us to be more virtuous, more upright, more Christian, in all our relations. We see in the little being around us the elements of gentleness, of truth and the beauty of fidelity and religion. A day of toil is robbed of many of its cares, by the thought that in the evening we may return home and mingle with the family household. There, at least, our experience teaches we may find confiding and loving bosoms those who look up to and lean upon us, and those also to whom we may look for counsel and encouragement. We say to our friends, one and all, cultivate the home virtue, the household beauties of existence. Endeavor to make the little circle of domestic life a cheerful and intelligent, a kindly, and a happy one. Whatever may go wrong in the world of trade, however arduous may be the struggle for fortune or fame, let nothing mar the purity of reciprocal love or throw into its harmonious existence the apple of discord. The winter evening affords many hours for reading, for conversation, the communion of heart and of spirit, and such hours should be devoted as much as possible, not only to mental and moral improvements, but to the cultivation of what may emphatically be termed the home of virtue!

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centred in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly anchor. The home circle, surrounded by such influences, has an ante-part of the joys of a heavenly home.

Little indeed does it concern us in this our mortal stage to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither it is going. Surely such consideration demands the study of a life.

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor in a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in passive life, but in doing right from right motives.

"FIRST CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY."

The editor of the Charlotte Bulletin has gone on editorial furlough to Richmond, and writes a good letter, from which we quote the following geographical problem for the information of travelers:

We once thought that Kingsville was the last place in Christendom, but if we were disposed to sport (to gambol—as Dame Partington might say,) we would venture our "pile" on Weldon. That was rather an irreverent, but a very expressive remark of a soldier, that if he was sentenced to h—ll, and had fifteen days furlough, to be spent at Weldon, he'd say "drive on boys." In staking Weldon against Kingsville, we would be very much in the position of a certain homely individual aboard a Western steamer, who accepted the wager of a fellow passenger, that he was the ugliest man on the steamer. It was scarcely a fair bet as he had the advantage of his adversary in having seen the fireman of the boat, who had been blown up on a Mississippi steamer, (not an uncommon occurrence on the Father of Waters,) and who was, in consequence, most horribly distorted. Fireman was told the wager and good humoredly agreed to compare. He was brought on deck, when in his eagerness to win, he immediately commenced screwing up his mouth and making faces, but his competitor, who also had the misfortune to stutter, soon put an end to this by saying, "st-st-stop my fr-friend, st-st-stay ju-ju-just as Go-Go-God made you; you-you-you'll win." Now we have had the advantage (!) of seeing both Kingville and Weldon, and we can assure those of our friends indiscreetly given to betting, and who may want a "hard case" subject, that they can safely "go it" on Weldon, and let her be just as she is.