

The Tri-Weekly Journal.

VOL. I.

CAMDEN, S. C., TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1865.

NO 37.

J. T. BISHOPMAN, D. E. MOORE,
EDITORS.

Rates for Advertising:

For one Square—ten lines or less—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for the first insertion and ONE DOLLAR for each subsequent.

ORDINARY NOTICES, exceeding one square, charged at advertising rates.

Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

What Can be Done for the South.

All the powerful reasons for fighting through the late expensive war to keep the South in Union, are equally strong reasons for making the South prosperous now that we have succeeded. The grand reason of the West for fighting was commonly condensed into a single sentence, viz; that the West would never relinquish its right to the Mississippi. The Mississippi is valuable only as affording a cheap and commodious route to a market.—What market? Not mainly the Western Indies; for the consumption of Western products is comparatively small in those islands. Not Europe, most certainly; for the route is too circuitous. The best market the West ever had is the South itself. The products of the West are too heavy and bulky in proportion to their value for distant exportation. The natural circuit of American trade is to convert the grain and pork of the West into cotton, tobacco, and other Southern staples, by feeding the population which grows these staples, and then exporting the fruits of Western agriculture in this less bulky form, which not only saves great expense of freight, but insures the certainty of a market. Whether grain will be in demand in Europe depends upon the European harvests. But American cotton will always be in demand; and Western products are sure of a market as long as they are used to feed cotton growers.

The most important and urgent interest of the West is that the South shall be relieved of its embarrassments at the earliest day possible. What the West above all things needs is a market. The market which, for four years, it lost in the South, has been temporarily supplied by the war. The West had fed our vast armies, and the multitudes employed in the manufacture of army supplies. But this market is about to disappear. Western agriculture will sink into a low and feeble condition unless it gets back the Southern market; of which there is no possibility except by the revival of Southern industry.

The great difficulty in the South is the condition of utter impoverishment into which that section has been brought by the war. The pecuniary prostration of the South is so absolute that its industry cannot be set agoing without a great influx of capital from the Northern States. All the money of the whole section has been annihilated. The property which has been destroyed by the ravages of armies, and come into dilapidation by the absence and neglect of owners, cannot be restored without money to buy materials and to pay wages. The country has been drained of animals, both horses and cattle, till not enough are left to draw the plough. Nobody will send animals there to be sold unless money is supplied, from some quarter, to purchase them.—The North has money in abundance and can easily supply this want, but in the present condition of things the South can give no security except its real estate. Lend money to a planter and there is no way to get a lien upon his slaves; they have all become free. Money

cannot be borrowed upon Southern bank stock or railroad stock; bank and railroads are alike ruined. Northern capitalists will not take the Southern railroads, replenish their rolling stock, and put them in running order, because, for aught they know, what remains of the property will be confiscated to the Government. All real estate in the South is in precisely the same predicament. Who will lend money on a mortgage, when by an unrepented law of Congress, which awaits only execution, the property mortgage does not belong to the reputed owner? And why should a farmer or planter, even if he could command the means, replace his fences, buildings, implements, and animals, when it is certain that a single year's crop would not refund the outlay, and uncertain whether before the crop is gathered, he may not be ousted from possession.

While things continue in this state, Southern industry cannot revive. The West loses its best market; the East loses a profitable field for the investment of capital; the Government loses the revenue which might be collected from a prosperous community. When the South is impoverished and the West unprosperous, how is employment to be found for the hundreds of thousands of men thrown loose by the cessation of the war? Before we can employ the surplus laborers we shall presently have on our hands, we must see a prospect of market. No sound business man will manufacture for the Southern market until he sees a chance that the South will be able to pay for goods; nor manufacture largely for the West till he sees a possibility of the West finding a market for its pork and grain. The chief thing to be done now, at this present time, is for the Government to render it possible for capital to flow into the South to revive its industry. That is to say, the property that is left in the South must be put in such a condition, as regards ownership, that it will be an available security for the loan.—*New York World.*

Mr. Edwin Booth.

Surely every generous heart will sympathize with the peculiarly crushing blow which has befallen Mr. Edwin Booth. A gentleman whose retiring courtesy has universally commanded respect—an actor whose genius and success have delighted his country—a citizen whose sole vote was cast for Abraham Lincoln—a man whose character has made hosts of friends—it is a cruel fate which identifies his name with the national sorrow. "Don't speak to me of politics," said he several months since to a friend who differed from him, "for we can not agree. Abraham Lincoln will be loved and honored hereafter not less than Washington."

Mr. Booth at once, and naturally, withdrew from his present professional engagements.—But he should understand that he is not to be ruined by the crimes of any one who bears his name. The powers which he has always so nobly used are not to be lost to us by any offenses but his own. When the bitterness of the hour has somewhat passed, and the event which now afflicts us can be more calmly contemplated, he will resume his work, we hope, sure of the approval of those whose kind thoughts he most values, and of the public which he charms and instructs. Meanwhile it is our duty to take care that no taint of prejudice attaches to his name.—*Harpers Weekly.*

A married man, who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home, was urged to stay a little longer. "Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well; my wife probably, is already as mad as she can be."

CAMDEN, TUESDAY, JUNE 13.

We are in receipt of several copies of the *Charleston Courier*, of late dates, through the courtesy of Messrs. W. C. COURNEY and R. B. CHAPMAN.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE NORTHERN PRESS.—If the sentiment contained in the few Northern papers which have reached us be illustrative of the universal feeling among our late enemies we must conclude that the most wretched and intolerable fate has befallen the South in its subjugation that ever has been voted out to a nation. In the dark and early ages of the world, captives in the subjugated provinces were generally held and treated as slaves by conquerors. These, in many cases, were the peers or equals of the captives, and in their subjugation had nothing to expect but a state of slavery. The subjugated people of the South according to the Northern press, present now an anomaly in the history of the conquered nations. Let the antipathy and dislike engendered in the hearts of the Northern people be what it may towards the South and her institution heretofore, we cannot encourage the thought of the government endorsing the vile calumny heaped upon us as a people, by the press. Before the war the white class of population of the South were, in a social and political point of view, tree and equal with the whites at the North: while the black race here, constituting a very large portion of the population, were on a social level in most cases, scarcely above the native African; and enjoyed no political privileges whatever.

Through the fortunes of a great and terrible war, this black element is supposed to have been suddenly transferred into the scale of social being, as the equal in all rights and immunities which his former master enjoyed in common with the whites of the free States, while by the press of the North this master is outlawed as a criminal of the highest order; is placed subservient to his late slave; is ostracized and disfranchised, and his property, properly procured by years of toil, is supposed to be confiscated and appropriated. To add to all this the mind of the former bondsmen is poisoned against his former master, and taught to look upon him (his only true friend) as his enemy. The *New York Herald* and *Tribune* are constantly heaping their inexhaustible store of epithets in coloring our "treason," and vocabularies of vengeance are sucked for punishment of "rebels." Horror after horror is recounted among their tales of woe, and no misery is great enough for those, who, pleading for the principles of the common constitution, sought to govern themselves. This desire, to the more effectually ruin us, and hold us up as objects of spleen and contempt, has descended not only from the political forum to the pulpit, but small bodies of fanatics are holding assemblages with a view of deriding us, and refusing the return home of many of those who were engaged in the late struggle. We are amongst those who have and are now enjoying the liberty of the press, but where that liberty is abused and renders itself suicidal to the best and dearest interests of the government who permit its existence, we think that government should adopt measures to suppress it.

If this state of things be permitted to exist, and we of the South are forever to be subjects of derision and contempt, regrets will no doubt spring up in the hearts of many that they did not pursue the policy which the Indian Legend tells us was adopted by the last tribe of the gulf, which sooner than submit to their foes, passed, with the last vestige of their race, into the sea, and where now, on our own Southern coast at times may be heard their mourning dirge.

Niagara! Niagara! o'er much of Mother Earth,
And much of Father Ocean, I have stamp'd it
From my birth;
But never have I witness'd, from old Gotham
to Fern,
A creature play the "drop game" as completely
as you do.

A Conversation with A. H. Stephens.

A friend who saw and conversed with Alex. H. Stephens, on board the steamer at Port Royal, writes as follows in a private letter: He looks much older than when I saw him in the House in '57. He converses freely and does not appear at all like a prisoner of war. He says he never saw so marked a change in four years, in any two men, as in Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. He expressed great regret at the President's assassination, admitted the Confederacy was played out, and seemed anxious to have peace declared and the matter settled as speedily as possible. His idea is to have the different rebel States repeal the ordinances of secession and accept the Constitution of the United States and vote on the constitutional amendment. He expresses the opinion that the seceding States will not pass it. He acknowledged that his Milledgeville speech was almost prophetic, and that he went with the popular current to prevent any clash between himself and Toombs. He appears to have no concern for himself; says he is only anxious to secure as honorable terms as possible for his State and people, the majority of whom, he says, never were secessionists. He is bent over very much, his hair is nearly white, his voice is lower and not so shrill as formerly, and his hand trembles when he uses it; but he talks as smoothly as ever, and his eyes flash as in days gone by.

FRANCE AND FRENCHMEN.—In France the roads are poor, the fences are light and fanciful, the bridges, though beautiful, lack permanence. In Paris the architecture is light, beautiful, and sometimes fantastic. The streets are bad, generally, without sidewalks, and arranged for anything rather than neatness.

The French are hasty, fitful, reckless, and changeable, charmed with glitter and show, and careless of consequences. They are polite, excessively polite, and yet practice the most consummate duplicity. They kiss you to-day, and to-morrow assassinate you. Some sprinkle themselves with holy water, and then go straight to a debauch; others believe in no other heaven but the indulgence of every vile passion.

They are very scientific, and yet very foolish. Still there is much of science and of literature, of taste and beauty, prominent everywhere.—The immorality and irreligion of the French is most deplorable. They are a wicked, godless people, and no wonder that, as a nation, they are so often cursed with despotism, anarchy, revolution, and civil war.

NAPOLEON.—Napier, in his history of the Peninsula war, makes the excellent and just remark on Napoleon:

"Self had no place in his policy save as his personal glory was identified with France and her prosperity. Never before did the world see a man soaring so high and devoid of all selfish ambition. Let those who, honestly seeking truth, doubt this, study Napoleon carefully; let them read the record of his second abdication published by his brother Lucien, that stern republican who refused kingdoms at the price of his principles, and they will no longer doubt."

This is from a British writer who studied the affairs of the times in which Napoleon flourished with more than ordinary fidelity and intelligence; and who, withal, as regular a specimen of John Bull as ever put pen to paper.

Why are fashionables like pounds, ounces, and drachms?
Because they go to make up the ton.