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MISCELLANEOUS.

A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

In conformity with a recent custom that may now be regarded as established on national consent and approval, I, Andrew Johnson, of the United States, do hereby recommend to my fellow-citizens that Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November next, be set apart and observed throughout the Republic as a day of national thanksgiving and praise to the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with whom are dominion and fear, who maketh peace in his high places.

Resting and refraining from secular labours on that day, let us reverently and devotedly give thanks to our Heavenly Father for the mercies and blessings with which He has crowned the now closing year. Especially let us remember that He has covered our land, through all its extent, with greatly needed and very abundant harvests; that He has caused our industry to prosper, not only in our fields, but also in our workshops, in our mines and in our forests. He has permitted us to multiply ships upon our lakes and rivers, and upon the high seas, and at the same time to extend our iron roads so far into the secluded places of the continent as to guarantee speedy overland intercourse between the two oceans. He has inclined our hearts to turn away from domestic contentions and commotions consequent upon a distracting and desolating civil war, and to walk more and more in the ancient ways of loyalty, and conciliation and brotherly love. He has blessed the peaceful efforts with which we have established new and important commercial treaties with foreign nations, while we have at the same time strengthened our national defenses, and greatly enlarged our national borders.

While thus rendering the unanimous and heartfelt tribute of national praise and thanksgiving, which is so justly due to Almighty God, let us not fail to implore him that the same divine protection and care which we have hitherto so undeservedly, and yet so constantly enjoyed, may be continued to our country and our people throughout all their generations forever.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States the ninety-second

[SEAL.] ANDREW JOHNSON,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

ECCLESIASTICAL ROBBERY.—At a recent meeting of the Methodist Clergy of Charleston District, the following special report from the Committee on the State of the Church was adopted:

With the close of a sectional war, the disbandment of sectional armies, the removal by emancipation of one great cause of sectional strife, thousands of warm, Southern Methodist hearts believed that sectional church differences were at an end, and looked with eager hope to the early reunion of the two great divisions of American Methodism. The expectation in the South was general, in this district the hope was almost unanimous. But this bright vision—worthy of the millennium—has been rudely dispelled, proving that slavery was neither the cause of disruption nor the ground of continued separation.

As a representative portion of the Church, this District Conference solemnly and in the fear of God disclaims any responsibility for the present awful spectacle of divided Methodism. With the entrance of the Federal ar-

mies to this section came the missionaries of the M. E. Church (North), who were most affectionately and warmly welcomed by our people.—They were invited to our homes and in the absence of our own pastors, as brethren beloved, cheerfully given possession of our pulpits.

To our horror and disappointment when our pastors returned, these missionaries, who had breathed only brotherly affection, refused them admittance to their own pulpits, and turned upon us with military orders, under which they claimed forcible and continued possession of our church property, and still so hold some of it, despite our remonstrances and entreaties.

Spring street Church, Charleston, cost us \$26,000. Of this amount \$275 was contributed by the coloured membership, now its occupants, in the name of the M. E. Church North, and this transaction is permitted by a church numbering its millions of dollars, collected in celebration of its centenary! What a crowning act to the centenary of Methodism! We call Heaven and earth to witness, that as a church, we are free from the guilt of dishonour entailed by such acts upon our common Mother. We most solemnly deny what has been charged against us, that we are in any way responsible for the revulsion of public sentiment in this section against the M. E. Church (North), or are in any shape or form the authors of the profound contempt in which its name is now held, nor of the abhorrence with which its agents here are now regarded. They and they alone, are the sole authors of this infamy, and we can only weep over the indelible dishonour thus inherited by our common Methodism. This Conference however, cannot but believe that the Bishops and leading men of the M. E. Church (North) are misled by the misrepresentations of their local agents—therefore,

Resolved, That the Secretary be hereby instructed to furnish an official copy of this declaration to Bishops Morris, James and Simpson, in the full expectation that they will interest themselves for the protection of the fair name of their church, and the enforcement of justice; and that copies be furnished to the *Christian Advocate* and *Methodist*, in New York, with a request to publish them.

Charleston Mercury.

THE JEWELS OF CLAREMONT LODGE RESTORED.—NOBLE-HEARTED MASONIC LIBERALITY.—The jewels of Claremont Lodge of Ancient Free Masons, located at this place, were stolen and carried off by Potter's raiders when passing through Sumter, in April, 1865. But the sacred ties of fraternal feeling and brotherhood, which bind every true hearted Mason, have at length brought them to light. The vandalism which prompted the theft and sale of the sacred emblems of this order, is only in keeping with that which desecrated and robbed the house of God in the South.

The jewels of this Lodge bore upon them the name of the Lodge and its location. They are borne away as a portion of the booty gathered at Sumter and find their way to Syracuse, N. Y. Here they fall into the hands of a noble-hearted Mason, Mr. Robert Seymour—and let his name be written in the hearts of the brotherhood. He is a dealer in silver-ware and buys them amidst a lot of old silver which is offered to him for sale. He makes the fact known to the Order in this State. Mr. H. Claremont Mosses, for some past our worthy acting Master of Claremont Lodge, opens a correspondence with him. It is found that several of the jewels are missing. Mr. Seymour not only restores all in his possession, without charge, but, supplies deficiencies, elegantly wrought, and adds some costly emblems, elaborately wrought, and which he presents, with warm expression of sympathy and affection. This liberality cannot be too highly spoken of, whilst his Masonic conduct in the matter shines forth to give lustre to the Order and rid it of any charge of bias by sectional influences.

Sumter Watchman.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have when you are convinced he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

From the New Orleans Crescent.

THE LAST RATION.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

Few hear the immortals of Lee's army speak of the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House, the scene of the army's apotheosis, and the reason for this silence can be well understood. Knowing nothing and thinking little about the condition of the army outside of their own commands, the great body of the men in their reliance on their great commander, simply performed the duties imposed upon them, suffered the agencies that necessarily fell to their lot, and met calmly the death which ended those duties and agencies for many days before the memorable 9th of April.

The sufferings of the rank and file of the army, on that occasion, were mercifully deadened by a stupor if not recklessness, superinduced by the peculiar hardships to which they were subjected. The enemy, with his overwhelming force of splendidly mounted and equipped cavalry, held, in addition, the direct point aimed at by Gen. Lee, retarding his advance, compelling him to fight while daylight lasted and to do his marching by night. The want of sleep, and during the last four days of the retreat, the entire lack of provisions, produced in the men the mental and physical condition I have mentioned. And although after the surrender the men and officers of the federal army vied with each, in their kindness, and exhibited a desire to do everything in their power to relieve the necessities of their late foes, the destruction of a portion of their supply train by Gen. Rosser and Fitzhugh Lee, and the detention of the balance by the awful condition of the roads, left themselves in a critical condition and incapable of affording Lee's army the much needed supplies.

Great efforts were made, and successfully, to complete as soon as possible the paroling of the men, in order that they might be dispersed from a place where there was no sustenance of any description for man or beast. Among the first commands ready to leave were the first and second Louisiana brigades, then commanded by Col. Waggaman, and with them portions of the Washington Artillery, Louisiana Guard Battery and Donaldsonville Artillery, all hailing from the same State, and naturally clustering together when about to return once more to their dear Southern homes. The condition of these men were really deplorable. Starved, worn out and many of them stricken with fever, they looked with dismay on the dismal march to Burksville Station, the nearest point at which they could expect to find transportation. Col. Waggaman and many of the officers did not believe half of them would be able to perform the journey, and as a *denier resort*, and also in some measure to inspire the men with hopes which he himself believed to be delusive, Col. W. started the brigade commissary ahead to try and pick up something for man and beast on the route they were traveling. The commissary, with no more hope of success than his commanding officer, started off, and after traveling a few miles over a tract which gave no promise of supplies, being dubious about the road the brigade would travel, accosted an old, grey-headed, and very ragged negro he found sitting at a cross-road, and questioned him in regard to the route to Burksville. The negro replied intelligently, giving him the necessary directions, and the commissary was about to ride on, when he thought that the darkey might possibly assist him in his search for something eatable. He began by asking if he knew where he could get feed for his horse. After a moment's hesitation and a rapid inspection of the questioner, the darkey replied in the affirmative, and immediately led the way through a gate to a small clearing in the piney woods. Stopping in the yard of a small shanty, he went in and got the key of a pretty good-sized corn crib which he opened, and displayed to the commissary's gaze forty or fifty bushels of the finest corn in the ear he had ever seen even in Virginia.—He took out a liberal feed for the horse and remarked, "The Yanks had spar'd him that much." The commissary saw in his mind's eye his brigade once more eating a "square meal," and assuming his most persuasive tone, commenced:

"Uncle, I have about six hundred

men behind here a little ways who have eaten nothing to speak of for five or six days. They have some thirty or forty miles to travel on foot, and they will never be able to make the trip in their present condition.—Could you not let them have a couple of ears of corn apiece, and save their lives?"

Darkey.—"Is they Southern soldiers?"

Commissary.—"Yes."

Darkey.—"Well, I reckon, young master, they's the last I'll see. You just tell them to come along and take what they want." And having said this, the poor old fellow sat down on a stone and cried like a child.

In an hour or so the troops came along, and were marched up in single file to the corn crib and given two ears apiece. The old darkey in the meantime had knocked in the head of a barrel of sorghum molasses, and nearly every man got a tin cupful.—There were a few cases of colic that night among those who were not fortunate enough to get any sorghum, but that did not lessen the gratitude of the men for the Confederate ration issued to the Louisiana troops in Virginia.

"DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS."

There is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by many young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark: "It is never aisy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact be always remembered by the young, that no life-work can be found entirely agreeable to a man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard, persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life. Determined, obstinate perseverance in one single channel, is everything. Hence, should any one of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought, as he would a temptation to do evil. If you think you made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did, don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the life boat that sustained you in the middle of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it until you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort steadily persevered in, will make your business or profession grow, since no one should expect to reach a period when he can feel that his life work is just the one he could have done best, and liked best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but not in others; yet all have them.

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd around that short sentence—"Saturday night!" How many thousand memories are stirred up in their cells buzz like startled bees as the words are written down. And yet it is but the prelude to more heavenly associations, which the tired frame and thankful soul with new and renewed joy at each succeeding return.

'Tis then the din of busy life ceases—that cares and anxieties are forgotten—that the worn out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns—with joy looking to the coming day of rest, so wisely and beneficently set apart for man's peace and happiness by the great Creator.

The tired laborer now seeks his humble home, and his wife and children meet him at the threshold with smiles and caresses. Here he realizes the bliss of his hard-earned comforts; and at this time, perhaps, more than any other, the happiness of domestic life and its attendant blessings.

Released from the multifarious cares of the week, the merchant and the professional man gladly behold the return of "Saturday night," and as gladly seek in the bosoms of their families, the reality of these joys which, at this congenial season, have ever spread for its increasing bounty.

But, perhaps, it is on the ear of the Christian that the sound of "Saturday night" breaks most pleasantly. He has reached the verge of another of those blessed resting places in the way of life, which is a type of that endless Sabbath—that perpetual rest for the vigilant and the faithful—towards which he is tending, and hastening with every breath.

THE MOTHER AND HER SEVEN SONS.—A Jewish mother and her seven sons were brought before Antiochus, charged with having refused to worship his idol.

The king addressed them separately, and began with the eldest, by commanding to worship the idol.

"I cannot," said he; "for my God has commanded me, saying, 'I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out the land of Egypt.'"

This refusal enraged the king, and he immediately ordered that the boy should be killed on the spot.

The second boy was then brought forth.

"Acknowledge my idol as one of thy gods," said the king.

"How can I?" replied the boy, "The law tells me 'thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

The king, enraged at his obstinacy, had him executed as the third son was led in.

Antiochus then lowered his demands by asking him merely to bow down before the idol; but the boy said:

"I dare not. The word of God commands me, 'Thou shalt not bow down thyself before them,' and he was executed.

The fourth son was then ordered to acknowledge the idol merely as a divine power who influenced the earth. "No," said he; "for it is said, 'know therefore this day, and consider in thine heart that the Lord He is God in the heaven above and upon the earth beneath; and there is none else.'"

Having thus refused to comply with the king's wish he too was led forth to death, and the fifth son brought in. The king now asked still less, and only requested the boy to show the idol some reverence.

"I must not," was the reply, "for 'He that sacrifices to any god save unto the Lord only, shall be utterly destroyed.'"

The king, enraged at being thus repeatedly foiled, ordered him put to death also.

The sixth son was called to the king's presence and was asked, not to embrace idolatry, but only to deny his faith.

"No," said the lad, "for God has thus spoken to Israel, saying, 'The Lord has anointed thee this day to be his peculiar people.'"

He too, was ordered to be put to death.

At length the mother and her seventh son, a mere child, the only survivors of the noble band of martyrs, were led before Antiochus. He tried all his powers of persuasion to make the child do his bidding, but in vain. Even his hard heart began to melt, and he would gladly have saved the child, but he could not, for thousands were crowding around his throne, and all his royal dignity would have been lost if it appeared that he was obliged to yield.

"On one condition," said he addressing the child, "will I spare thy life. I will drop this sygne-ring of mine; pick it up, and thou shalt be saved."

But the boy perceived the king's device.

"What!" said he, "shall I be more mindful of thine honor than of my Gods!"

And the brave boy's words sealed his doom.

"Let me kiss my boy before his death," asked the mother.

She kissed him and said, "When thou art in heaven, an see Abraham, our ancestor, tell him he has a rival; for he erected an altar for the sacrifice of one son, but I have seven altars for the sacrifice of seven sons."

The heroic mother did not long survive her noble sons.

A man in Hendricks County, Indiana, named James Adams, ate thirty-two peaches, a couple of muskmelons and one raw sweet potato, and drank two gallons of buttermilk. He leaves a widow.

To save your meat from spoiling in summer, it should be eaten in the spring.

AIL FOR RECONSTRUCTION.—The New York Sun says that the masses of the Northern people desire a reconstruction policy giving security against future rebellion, and are opposed to the spiteful schemes of the Republican extremists. The masses of the Southern people are of the same mind as to reconstruction. They do not care much about security against another rebellion, for they know there never "can, may or should be" another. But they want reconstruction, no matter what becomes of the Republican or any other party. That point, they are convinced, will be righted in the future by the good sense of the American people. Let the masses of the Northern people who desire reconstruction, therefore, "go ahead."—*Phoenix*.

GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.—The movement made throughout the country to nominate Grant for the Presidency has developed itself in Washington, in the presence of a strong pressure made upon him for a letter clearly defining his views on the pending important national questions. Such of his friends as are urging the writing and publication of a letter, are confident that one will be forth-coming before the November election.—*World*.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin speaks of the terrible carnage of the late Chinese rebellion. One district is described which yielded 60,000 chests of tea per annum before the war and is now a desert waste. A belt of land 400 miles long by 200 miles wide is literally without an inhabitant. The writer says: The distinguished China traveller and savant, Dr. Macgowan, estimates the loss of life by the Taiping war at 25,000,000 souls; but intelligent Chinese whom I have conversed with say that full 100,000,000 were killed or perished from starvation. There was not much to choose on either side. Whether Imperial or Taiping, the victorious party, put men, women and children to death. The Grand Canal used to be choked with dead bodies, and I have seen even the swift flowing Yantze crimson with blood of all ages, sexes and conditions in life.

How to do Good.—Dr. Johnson wisely said, "He who wants to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deal. The greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovel of dirt after another—one shovel at a time. Thus, drops make the ocean. Hence, we should be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world we must be willing to do good in little things—little acts one after another; speaking a good word here, giving a tract there, and setting a good example all the time; we must do the first thing we can, and then the next, and so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus shall we do all the good in our power.

MODESTY.—If you would add lustre to your accomplishments, study a modest behavior. To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit, on account of one's accomplishments, is greater. Consider if you have natural gifts, you owe them to Divine bounty. If you have improved your understanding and studied virtue, you have only done your duty, and there seems little reason for vanity.

BROWNLOW.—The Louisville Courier says that a great sensation was created in that city by the late announcement that Governor Brownlow was dead. The news-boys made a good thing of the rumor, and shouted the tidings through the streets, selling a goodly number of papers thereby. The Courier thinks they would be glad if somebody would kill the old cuss every day. The grief of the citizens on hearing of the sad news, which proved to be false, is described as being of that excruciating type which forebore outward manifestations, and required numerous and frequent drinks.

Man is wonderfully made, and, in the present day, so is woman.