

Camden Weekly Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.

CAMDEN, S. C., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1865.

NUMBER 25.

J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

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.

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A PIECE OF HOGGEREL.

A friend, not unknown to military fame, sends us the following as a reminiscence of hard times away up Red River, about last Christmas. We know our readers won't get their bristles up about it, but will read it with grunts of satisfaction:

Listen, kind friends, while I tel you in rhyme
Of the danger you passed through in hog killing time,
For my blood and my nerves are so chock full
Of grease,

That until I warn others I'll see no more
pence.
And when you have heard others, you'll know
what to expect,

For in my sad story I'll show the effect
Of living as I have for three weeks or more.
On pig meat—and hog meat—and sow meat—
and boar.

A friend in the country invited me out;
To spend a few d-y's, while loafing about,
To use up a furlough; and, oh, what a d-nice,
I never thought of the sequence, and accepted
at once,

'Twas a kind-hearted fellow, and I know he
meant well,
And we'er thought his kindness would herd me
to hell;

But the temptation was such, and the eating so
good,
That resist I could not, nor would not if I
could.

For though I'm no Gentle, nor am I a Jew,
I'm really afraid that it never will do,
For white men to live upon hog meat alone,
And eat as they do—fat—lean—gristle and
bone;

For to such, Bible reader, 'tis plain to be seen
That Moses pronounced that "the hog is un-
clean."

Unless 'twas intended as a washing to be,
When Christ bade the devil "run those hogs in
the sea."

Well, when dinner time came my friend said a
grace,
Then at eating we went, as if running a race,
And no one was conscious of doing a crime,
For the table showed plainly that 'twas hog
killing time.

I first eat a pig's tail, it seemed very nice,
And it was pick'd clean and gone in a trice,
And then Mr. Hog was turned round about,
And the next piece I eat was off of his snout;

Then came the kidney, and liver, and melt,
Until I am sure I quite satisfied felt.
When still to add more to these wondrous
sights,

They gave me a dish, would you believe it, of
lights,
The spare ribs came next, indeed they were
good,
And really seemed as if intended for food,
And the sausage was splendid and flavored with
sage—

I'm sure they had none in old Moses' age,
Else that wise Patriarch ne'er would have
said,
That the Jews on such hog meat should never
be fed.

The back-bone came next, and it, too, was
fine,
And I honestly state that I'm fond of the chine
And Chinaman never loved fat rat or mouse,
As well as I love a well-picked souce;

And the feet and the ears were thus pickled
and fried,
And I'd have eaten 'em with Moses at my side,
I am sure you will think I have risks enough
taken,

Without waiting for summer to eat up the
bacon,
But Providence intended that side meats and
beans,
Should be baked, while 'tis proper to boil it
with greens;

And from fritters and pan-cakes we'd ever be
barred,
Were it not that kind Providence gave us hog's
lard;

And the Patriarch's surely would not have me
to damn,
To stop me from eating sugar-cured ham.

And thus I've eat hog meat, boiled, stewed and
roasted
A la mode, fricasseed, barbecued, toasted,
Until I'm afraid, if the Bible is true,
And reads for outsiders as well as the Jew,
That the good saints in Heaven will ne'er go
my bail,

For I've eat up a hog from his snout to his tail,
And now for some punishment I must prepare;
For all that I've left of the hog is his hair,
But whether 'twill be in this world or the next,
Moses neglected to state in his text;
And the infliction as yet gives more pleasure
than pain,

Though 'tis plain to be seen that I've hog on
the brain.
M. J. T.
Red River, Texas, Dec. 25, 1864.
[New Orleans Crescent.]

A wife in San Francisco lately put a
petition for divorce in the Court, on the
ground that her husband was a "con-
founded fool." The Judge, who was an
old bachelor, wouldn't admit the plea,
because every man would be liable to the
same imputation who gets married.

CAMDEN, FRIDAY, DEC. 22.

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.—Next week being Christmas no paper will be issued from this office.

In New York, on the 16th, cotton was declining. The average sales made were 49 to 50 cents per pound. Gold 146 1-2.

LAW JUDGES.—The Legislature has chosen the Hon. A. P. ALDRICH, T. N. DAWKINS and F. J. MOSES, Law Judges.

COMPTROLLER GENERAL.—Capt. S. L. LEAHART was elected to the above office on Monday last, by the Legislature.

CHANCELLORS.—The Hon. H. D. LESSEN and W. D. JOHNSON, have been elected Chancellors in law.

C. H. SIMONSON, Esq., of Charleston, was elected Speaker of the House, on Monday to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. A. P. ALDRICH, (elected Law Judge.)

We have seen no official account, but learn from the most reliable source, that the stay law has been materially modified, but are unable to say in what particular.

THE CAMDEN COTTON MARKET.—During the past week there has been but little cotton offered. Middling to middling fair sold at from 32 to 35 cents.

The Camden JOURNAL will be enlarged on the 1st of January, if the material on the way arrives in time; when we will be enabled to present a full sheet, printed on fine white paper.

TO DELINQUENTS.—We have on our books several thousand dollars of notes and accounts, all of which should have been cash. We want all persons indebted to settle before the first of January; as we will credit no one after that date for subscription, advertising or job work.

THE SCARCITY OF CORN.—'Tis strange, yet nevertheless true, that but very few bushels of corn have been offered for sale in this market during the past few weeks; and when offered, has been gobbled up, in most cases, by avaricious speculators, who no doubt expect to make their everlasting fortunes from the purchase and sale of that much needed product.

THE FIELD AND FIRE-SIDE.—We are pleased to welcome in our sanctum, this old and deservedly popular Southern literary journal. The proprietors, W. B. SMITH & Co., announce that its suspension was caused by the destruction of the office of publication, at the end of the war. We would take pleasure in recommending the Field & Fireside to those of our lady readers who are inclined to patronize Southern literature.

FATAL RENOVATION.—On Friday evening last, at the house of JOHN MILAN, on Main street, a difficulty took place between two freedmen, JOSEPH WALKER and SCIPHO SHANNON, whilst playing cards, which resulted in the death of the latter, from two fatal wounds received in the right shoulder and left breast. WALKER fled immediately, but was arrested on Tuesday morning last, by a party of colored men, and confined in the guard house of this town, there to await his trial.

HOG KILLING TIME.—'Tis seldom we have seen a more propitious season for killing and curing pork. The lovers of back-bones, spare-ribs and sausages are living high, and all seem anxious to enjoy a Christmas dinner. On the first column of this week's paper will be found a "Piece of Hoggerel," in which the writer claims to have eat a whole hog, from his snout to his tail, and indulges in vain regrets at not finding the bristles palatable.

CHRISTMAS AND SANTA CLAAS.—Every one feels certain of Christmas, and Santa Claas is expected. In order to prepare for his advent parents should make timely preparations by calling on BALM, BRO. & Co., where the best of dry goods, clothing, groceries and toys may be had, at low prices.

MR. W. DAASCH can also supply you with all kinds of confectionary, and many other delicacies.

A MEETING OF PLANTERS.—A meeting of planters was held in Sumterville on yesterday, with a view of consultation regarding contracts with the freedmen for next year's labor. Brevet Major General SAXTON and Brevet Brig. Gen. RICHARDSON were present. The former gentleman addressed the meeting. It has been suggested that the planters of Kershaw district be prompt in contracting for labor for next year, and the freedmen will no doubt feel the necessity of contracting with the planter, and fulfilling their engagement satisfactorily to their employer.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.—President Johnson is very urgent for the admission of the Tennessee delegation, and it would appear that an exception would be made in this case. The Republican Senatorial caucus was considerably divided on the question, and it would appear that Congress is not disposed to make an issue with the President, if it can be avoided.

The Illinois members have fixed the sum of \$100,000 to be devoted to Mrs. LINCOLN, and in all probability that amount will be appropriated.

A resolution has passed, allowing on the floor the Southern members. We presume, without vote.

Bills were presented for confirming the land titles granted by Gen. SLOCUM last winter on the Sea Islands.

A resolution was presented to the Senate, declaring that the writ of Habeas Corpus be restored to every State.

The above items are the only ones we have deemed worthy of publication, in looking over the Congressional proceedings.

FAILURE OF NATIONAL BANKS.—The following National Banks are reported in the New York City Bank Detector as having failed. Merchants and others are cautioned against receiving them at present:

First National Bank of New York.
Attien Bank, New York.
Syracuse, New York.
Bedford, Maine.
Pittston, Pennsylvania.
Hallowell, Maine.
Bangor, Maine.
Salem, Mass.

The Freedmen
[From the Richmond Whig]

We are induced to believe that a portion of the people of the Northern States of this country—we will not dignify such a collection by terming it a party—in their ignorance, or malice, or both, have taken, and are still taking, measures to increase the discontent of that unfortunate race in the Southern States so recently endowed with freedom; to inflame their passions, and thereby prevent any solution of the social and political question now pending but one that is terrible to contemplate.

The first and most important step now to be taken by the freedmen of the South, is to forget as much as possible of the past, and more especially that more recent period wherein their minds were filled with glowing visions of prosperity, engendered by men either malicious or ignorant. They must forget the falsehoods that have been told them, and look the future honestly in the face. They must know that those who have thus beguiled them are not their friends, and that for aid, counsel and practical friendship, they must look to those among whom they were born, and in community with whom they wish to live. It is terrible to contemplate the condition of the African race of this country in the future, unless their relations are clear and friendly with the Southern people. There can be no middle ground to be assumed: They must be friends with the white population of the South, or they are their enemies, and as such will and must be treated. It is a great pity that these unfortunate creatures cannot realize such a palpable fact. The conservative and sensible portion of the Northern people owe it to themselves to prevent any further mischief emanating from the opposite view. Humanity requires that there shall be no further deception practiced upon these simple-minded beings. If those who have heretofore deceived the freedmen have done it through ignorance, they should inform them of the facts; if through malice and vindictive motives, they should be suppressed.

There can be no disguising the fact that here is bitterness, enmity, and a disregard for the future among the recently liberated slaves of the South. These characteristics are integrated with their nature—they are defects of race. That, in addition thereto, there is discontent, insubordination, insolence, and, in several instances, violence is clearly attributable to the exaltation, the infatuation, produced in the minds of the freedmen by bad and designing men for occult purposes. We believe the intelligent officers of the Freedmen's Bureau have endeavored to dispel the erroneous impressions thus made upon the minds of the negroes, but the latter are loth to credit the assertions of these officers, for, by so doing, they must surrender all their brilliant aspirations—their visions of ease and prosperity. We think this has added to their discontent, for they regard those bright days which have been promised them as so many vested rights, as actual property, of which they are to be deprived. While the officers discharging their duty in toppling some of these air castles over, the mischief-makers are still at work secretly, and, we fear, effectually.

The South desires, may needs, the labor of those people if they can have it assured to them under proper legislation. Association has made them familiar with this kind of labor, and for certain purposes they would prefer it, if the freedmen could be made to comprehend their own interests. But if the continued agitation of social and political questions is to attend the existence of this race among us—if we are to live in a state of chronic disorder, of chaotic disorganization, and see constantly around and amongst us the elements of destruction ready for the use of fanaticism, instead of the peace and quiet we demand—if we are to endure a constant threat of violence unless new and extraordinary privileges are accorded, we risk but little in predicting the end. We can only bid these white breeders of mischief to beware, or the recoil will be dangerous to them.

A FEARFUL DAY.—The Nashville Dispatch gave the following summary of a day's events in that blessed city: Fight between two mad dogs. Robbery of an actress. Highway robbery. Two men dead from starvation. An entire family poisoned by arsenic. A bloody encounter in the street. Horrible tragedy—a man kills his wife and is shot by his neighbors. Another bloody affray upon the public thoroughfares. A nigger soldier killed by a wagoner. In fine, horse-racing in the afternoon, followed by a disastrous fire.

The Washington "lobby" is filled with men who have come "to offer a few suggestions."

A Richmond Editor on Butler.

A terrible calamity has plunged the whole Land in the blackest depths of grief and despair. The nation is reeling from the effects of a fearful loss. Massachusetts, with streaming eyes, is clothing herself with sackcloth, and preparing to sprinkle ashes over her sable habiliments of inconsolable woe. Benjamin, treasonably called Beast, but surnamed Butler, her well beloved and greatest warrior, has shot like a meteoric stone from the military firmament of lesser suns planets and fixed stars, and ceased to be a Major-General. He tendered his resignation the other day, and as Republics are proverbially ungrateful, the President, forgetful of the blazing glories of "Big Bethel" of the immortal honors of "the Gap," and of the flaming renown of "the fire ship," accepted the mighty warrior's resignation. The newspapers, with malignant emphasis, assert that it was "promptly accepted," and our Godless journal viciously hints that the proffered retirement of the mighty Bonaparte was "snapped at by the war office authorities."

Profound as will be the grief of the civilized world at the retirement of this honored and honest hero, Virginia is almost desolated at the national bereavement involved in his loss. We shall always recollect that many of this great man's most famous and wondrous achievements were upon our soil. His first essay at a pitched battle was at "Big Bethel." It was here he dug his immortal "ditch," and from the waters of Virginia the great "fire ship" sailed and exploded with such terrific and harmless splendor a few miles from Fort Fisher, after which explicit the General with characteristic modesty withdrew his forces from before that place, and permitted a younger New England General to gather all the laurels. Two Virginia cities, "near the sea," will ever hold in grateful remembrance the humanity, urbanity, unselfishness and splendid integrity with which he discharged his official trust.

At the very moment when the heart-rending intelligence of his resignation reached us, a member of the Virginia Legislature, anticipating his appointment to the command of this military division, had introduced a resolution redolent of placid reminiscence of the great warrior's deeds of valor in Norfolk and Portsmouth. It was a touching and eloquent tribute to the late Major-General for it recommended, in anticipation of his advent, a "distribution of all the money in the State Treasury among the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers, and also provided for the appointment of swift-footed couriers to convey the glad tidings of his arrival through the land, and to urge all prudent housewives to conceal their silver spoons and forks. It was an amusing peculiarity, we believe of the great departed, that he was fond of plate, and had an exquisite taste in jewelry, musical instruments, household furniture, gold and silver coin. The people of New Orleans delight to keep fresh the memory of his remarkable taste in the fine arts.

At the moment when Benjamin, the well beloved of Massachusetts, is taking leave of a weeping country, and when Columbia with a well moistened mourning handkerchief at each eye, seems to say, "don't go, Ben," it is to be regretted that General Grant should have alluded in his report to the hero of Big Bethel in such insignificant and sarcastic terms, as to show that he greatly contemns and despises his pretensions to military skill.

All of us remember that in the spring of 1864, General Butler, at the head of a vast army, steamed up James River, and landed on the south side of that stream. As dis-cision always entered very largely into the valor of this great chieftain, he failed to advance on Richmond for some eight days, and for two or three of those critical days the Confederates always chuckled at the thought of having kept so valorous a man quiet with, we think, about sixty cavalry and nine hundred infantry. To this special part of General Butler's military career General Grant refers with an amount of grim derision which is very diverting. He charges General Butler with being responsible for the failure of the first grand attack upon this city from the south of the James in May, 1864. It will be remembered that on the 14th of May, 1864 having then, as we have said, wasted eight priceless days, Butler telegraphed that he had put himself across pretty much everything, and added, "General Grant will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to Lee from Beauregard." At that moment Beauregard, as General Grant informs us, thanks to the time wasted by Butler, had drawn in all his "loose forces in North and South Carolina," and was "bringing them to the defence of Petersburg and Richmond. Two days afterward, on the 16th of May he fell upon Butler and "forced him back between the forks of the James and the Appomattox," where, as General Grant, with somewhat unhistorical, but by no means disagreeable malice, observes, "his army though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from future operations against Richmond as if it had been in a bottle strongly corked."

General Grant's quaint picture of Gen. Butler "corked up in a bottle" will live in history, and furnish a splendid theme for the painter and poet. With his characteristic pertinacity, General Grant

having hermetically bottled Butler, deems it not inadvisable to shake him up a little, as if he was a sort of prescription which required such treatment before disposing of him altogether. He pounces down upon him for his famous Fort Fisher fusco, and asserts that Butler went there, with the army and fleet, which was sent to reduce that place, without permission. He pokes an infinite amount of dry fun at him when he says in his report, "I rather formed the idea that General Butler was [in going to North Carolina] actuated by a desire to witness the effects of the explosion of his powder ship." Phew! We call that a cruel hit. And General Grant renews the roar of inextinguishable laughter which followed the explosion of that remarkable ship by saying, with the most delightful maliciousness, that the "aforesaid ship blew up so harmlessly that nobody in the Confederate States had the remotest idea what the explosion meant, until the Northern papers explained the mystery." In this opinion, Gen. Grant is strictly correct, for we really thought that a frightful disaster had befallen an "iron-clad," until we were convulsed with merriment at the result of the ingenious Butler's plan for blowing up Fort Fisher. In his, as in many other instances, Gen. Butler was singularly sparing of Confederate lives. The care, which, as a prudent, thoughtful warrior, he invariably took of his own precious life, made him unwilling to shed human blood. When his was his strong point, and when he moved with his confidant cohorts in the rear of a "fighting general," he was really grand. But alas! this great and good man—this incomparable military governor and predicacious and prudent warrior—this hero, whose name is familiar as a household word in three continents, whose deeds are at once the admiration of the brigands of Greece and the pirates of the Chinese seas, and whom Verres and Hastings might have envied, as the upright Governor of conquered Provinces, lay prone from our midst, and no longer illuminates, with his splendid and incomparable reputation, an honorable profession. We still hope that a very lofty and well-merited exaltation awaits him, although tardy justice, and the ingratitude of war, may postpone it to his very last moments. Nemesis is sometimes apparently inattentive to her favorites, but she rarely fails, in the long run, to mete out to them a measure of reward fully commensurate to their merits. —Richmond Times.

LETTER FROM GEN. BEAUREGARD.—Gen. Beauregard writes the following letter to the LEO: Atlanta:

New Orleans, November 18, 1865.—My Dear Sir: I beg leave to thank you for your article of the 27th of October, in reply to an attack upon me by the Paris Avenue National, a paper which ought to be satisfied that I am not a soldier of fortune. When my native State, Louisiana, required my services, I drew my sword without hesitation, as a son rushes to rescue his mother from the torrent, without thought of his own safety. At one time, in order to escape the hatred of the Northern fanatics, I thought of seeking a refuge in Brazil, but the generous sentiments expressed by President Johnson towards the Southern States have persuaded me, together with a great many other Confederate officers and soldiers, to remain in Louisiana. I prefer to live here, poor and forgotten, than to be endowed with honor and riches in a foreign country.

With sincere respect, your obt' servt,
G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Washington St. Church, Columbia.

To the Ministers of the South Carolina Conference.

DEAR BROTHEREN: Relying upon your pledges, so cordially given at our last session in Charlotte, you have commenced the work of reconstruction. We must pay our workmen weekly, and we look to you for the means with which to meet their claims. We are in the midst of ashes and ruins, and without your help we must remain where we are. Send on your collections as speedily as possible. If we can keep the workmen constantly employed, the Lecture Room will be completed before the Spring opens. At present we are indebted to our Baptist brethren for the use of their Church on Sabbath afternoons. Send your collections to Robert Bryce, Columbia, or to your brother.

W. T. CAPERS, Pastor W. S. C.

Editors of papers published within the limits of the South Carolina Conference, who sympathize with the people of Columbia, will please publish the above card.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—We trust that no decent Southern man will ever again patronize this concentrated essence of all that is mean and malignant. Its object seems to be to keep up, as far as possible, a feeling of hostility between the North and South. Its cuts and illustrations are gotten up for this express purpose; and while it pretends to observe the strictest neutrality, it is constantly vilifying a people, who are so immeasurably superior to the proprietors of Harper's Weekly as to be lowered by comparison. The articles written for, and the cuts and illustrations presented in it, seems to be the production of some fiend whose single object is to denounce and caricature the Southern people. —Wilmington Journal.

Artemus Ward's Autobiography.

BY HIMSELF.
New York, near Fifth Avenue Hotel, Org. 1865.

Dr. Sur;—Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents of my life so you can write my bogirfy for the papers' came dooly to hand. I have no doubt that a article onto my life, grammatically jerked and properly punctuated, would be a addition to the choice literature of the day.

I was born in the State of Maine, of parents. As a infant, I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours, and say, "How brite that little face looks. How much he noose!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, saying I was "muzzer's kezzzy darlin, and 'cety little ting." It was nice, though I wasn't old enuff to appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darlin now.

I have alius sustaned a good moral karakter. I was never a railroad' director in my life.

Altho in early life I did not invariably confine myself to truth in my oral bill. I have bin gradooly grown respectabler and respectabler every year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I am not a member of any meetin house, but I firmly believe in meetin houses, and stouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudanum, and lay down in the street of a village, that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pocket.

My temperment is bilious, altho I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser. My wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also ladd headed. I keep two cows.

I live in Baidusville, Indiana. My next door nabor is old Steve Billins. He tell you a little story about old Steve that will make you laif. He jined the church last spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, brother Billins, and erect a family alter in your house," whereupon the egrigius old cuss went home and bilt a regular pulpit in his settin room. He had the jiners in his house every four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time with his ruthless scythe, is ever bizzzy. He gathers 'em in, he gathers 'em in. I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anyting more, Mr. Editor.

If you should give my portrait in connection with my bogirfy, please have me engraved in a languishing attytool, leaning on a marble pillar—having in my back hair as it is now. Truly yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

CRIME IN St. Louis.—The prevalence of crime in St. Louis appals the newspapers, one of whom writes thus:

"Men are bludgeoned and robbed under gas lamps, on thoroughfares, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Banks are robbed in open day-light. Collectors and messengers are knocked down, and their money packages seized at noon, in the heart of the city. Ladies have their purses snatched from their laps while walking, in the consciousness of imagined security, along the streets, and scores of dwellings are entered nightly and plundered. And yet no arrests are made."

RETURNED CONFEDERATES AND NEGROES BUTCHERED.—PHILADELPHIA, December 8.—The New York Tribune, this morning, says that East Tennessee Unionists have been permitted, by a weak and worthless Union General commanding and a reverend black-guard styled Governor, to butcher not less than one hundred rebels and negroes in and around Knoxville since June last. Greeley says Tennessee has many staunch Unionists, but nevertheless is a pandemonium of passion and crime, and not more fit for self-government than Dahomey.

It is known that General Grant is in favor of a general amnesty being proclaimed. When he returns to Washington after his tour through the Southern States we may expect to learn something of what the Executive will shortly do in this matter.

Raphael M. Semmes, the commander of the Alabama, was ordered on Friday last, in Mobile, by an order from Washington, and is now en route under guard for that city.

A California editor sometime ago received a long document, which he was requested to "put under the editorial head, gratis." He complied by placing it under his pillow, and expressed his determination to serve similar communications in the same way.

Announcements

FOR SHERIFF.
The undersigned announces himself a candidate for Sheriff of Kershaw District, at the ensuing election.
E. E. SILL,
November 16.

WOOD! WOOD!
THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED TO furnish either Oak or Pine Wood on short notice and to do hauling, generally.

Orders left at the office of Mr. Louis D. DeSausure, (opposite Young's book store) or at my residence, DeKalb st., will be promptly attended to.
JAS. K. ANDERSON.
December 22.