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J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

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## A FEW TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF OUR HONORABLE GEN. STEPHEN ELLIOTT.

BY MRS. C. A. BALL.

Not where the war-steed thundered o'er the plain;  
Not where the earth drank in the blood of myriads slain;  
Not 'mid the cannon's roar, the trumpet's clang;  
Not where, 'mid flashing steel, the Southern war cry rang;  
Not there, our hero died.

Gently and peacefully he sank to rest,  
While loved ones in the parting hour around him prest.

Afar from all the scenes of earthly strife,  
Calmly the Christian hero yielded up his life,  
And passed from hence away.

His epitaph is graved on each true heart,  
His memory is of each Southern soul a part,  
His own loved Carolina mourns her son,  
And crowned with glory, by his valor won,  
Weeps o'er her hero, dead.

And never, while the walls of Sumter stand,  
Shall we forget him, who with his brave band  
By day and night (our country's hope and aid)  
Guarded the city's gates, and kept the foe at bay,  
Our warrior, now dead.

No more the battle cry rings through our land;  
Cruel is each Southern heart, and powerless each hand;  
Yet while one pulse can thrill to deeds of fame,  
"A household word" will be brave Elliott's name,  
And ever honored dead.

Weep, Carolina, weep, though tears are vain,  
Our star has set, never to rise again;  
Yet amid grief rejoice, for he we mourn  
Has passed from hence into that blessed bourne,  
Where there is no more death.

CHARLESTON, March 6.

## Bill Arp Returns to the Eternal City and Meets his Friend Big John.

Mr. Editor Metropolitan Record:

MR. EDITOR, SCR.: I have not up to this time made any remarks in public about the trials and tribulations, the losses and the crosses, the buzzards and dead horses seen on our journey home to the eternal city. I shall not allude to it now, only to remark that our comin back were not so hasty as our leavin. It was in the dead of winter, through snow and sleet, over creeks without bridges and bridges without floors, through a deserted and desolate land, where no rooster was left to crow, no pig to squeal, no dog to bark; where the ruins of happy homes adorned the way, and ghostly chimneys stood up like Sherman's sentinels a guardin the ruins he had made. A little one hoss concern contained the hight of my worldly possession, consistin of my numerous and lovely wife and children, and a shuck basket full of some second class vittels. Countin our offspring, there was about ten of us in and about and around that wagon, thus illustratin what the poet has sed: "One glorious hour of crowded life is worth an age without a name," though the glory were hard to perseve on sich okkashuns. Mrs. Arp are of the opinyun that her posterity were never as hungry before in their life as on that distressin journey, and she once remarked that there want nary rod of the road that didnt hear some of em a hollerin for vittels. My wife's husband is troubled bekaus they aint broke of it yet, and it do seem that the poorer I git the more devourin they become, and of which will end in sumthin or other if sumthin dont happen.

We finally arrived within the pre-sinks of our lovely home. The doors creaked welcome on their hinges, the hoppin-bug chattered on the hearth, and the whistlin wind was singin the same old tune around the bed-room corner. We were about as happy as we had been miserable, and when I remarked that Gen. Vandiver, who okkupied our house, must be a gentleman for not burning it, Mrs. Arp replied, "I wonder what he done with my soing masheen."

"He didnt cut down our shade trees," sed I.  
"My buroes and carpets and crockery are all gone," sed she.

"It may be possibl," sed I, "that the Genrul—"

"And my barrel of soap," sed she. "It may be possibl," sed I, "that the Genrul moved off our things to take keer of em for us. I reckon we'll get em all back atter while."

"Atter while," said Mrs. Arp, like an echo, and ever since then when I allod to our Northern brethren she only replies, "Atter while."

By and by the skattered wanderers begun to drop in under the welcom shades of our sorrowful city. It were a delightful enjoyment to greet em home, and listen to the history of their sufferings and misfortunes. Misery loves company, and after the misery is past there's a power of comfort in talkin it over and fixin up as big a tale as any body. I wer standin one day upon the banks of the Injun river, a wonderin in my mind who would come next to gladden our hearts, when I saw the shadder of an objek darकिन the sunlit bank. It wer not a load of hay nor a elephant, but sure enuf it wer my friend Big John, a movin slowly, but surely, to the dug out landin on the opposite side. His big round face assomed more lattitood when he saw me, and without waitin for remarks he sung out in a voice some two staves deeper than the Southern Harmony—  
"There came to the beach a Poor exile of Erin."

"Make him fit," sed I, "and you'll fill the bill." Proudly to see him than a monkey show, I paddled the dug out over in double quick and bid him welcom in the name of the eternal city and its humble inhabitants. I soon got him afloat in the little canoe, and before I was aware of it the water was sloshing over the gunnells at every wable. "Lay down, my friend," sed I, and he laid, which was all that saved us from a watry grave, and the neighbors in farms from inundation. When safely landed I found him wedged in so tight that he couldnt rise, so I relieved him by a prize with the cend of the paddle. As his foot touched the sacred soil he gently seperated countenance and sung with feelin melody,

"Home agin—home agin—from a farrin shore,  
The Yanks may come and the devil too, but I'll not run any more."

Recollektin some scraps of blank verse myself, I sed with much akseint, "Tell me thou swift of foot—thou modern Asahel—Oh tell me where is thy chariot and steer? Where didst thou go when I did see thee driving like Jehu as we did flee for life?"

"I'll tell you all," sed he, "I want my friends to know it. I'm now a man of war, Bill, and I'm glad of it. I've done the state some servis and she knows it. I've handled guns—yes, guns—weepsin of death. I've slept on my arms since I seed you—night after night have I slept on my arms, with hundreds of deadly weepsins all around me. Ah Bill, patriotism is a big thing. When you once break the ice, great sluices of glory as big as your arm will jest spring up like mushrooms in your buzzum; and make you feel like throwin yourself clean away for your country. Let me set down and I'll tell you all I know, Bill, but as the feller said in the theater, when you in your letters these unlucky deeds relate, speak of me as I am—nothing expatiante nor set down hot in malice."

"Jest so," sed I, "exaactly—exaactly Proceeded my hero."

"Well you see, the night after you passed me, my steer got away. Hang the deceivin beast! I hunted smartly for him the next mornin, but I hunted more foreeds than backwards. Leavin my wagon with a widow woman, I took it afoot across the country by a settle-ment road called the 'cut off.' Devil of a cut off it was to me. I broke down in sight of a little log cabin, and never moved a foot further that day. The old man had a chunk of a nag that worked in a slide, I persuaded him to haul me to the cend of the cut off, and I know he done it for fear I'd eat up his smoke house. Every now and then he'd look at the old oman, and she'd look at the smoke-house and then look at me. But that slidin business were the most orfullest travellin that I ever hav had. Exery time the pony'd look back he'd stop, and when he'd start agin he giv such a jerk that my contents were in danger. My holt broke on one okkashun, a goin down a hill full of gullies. I rolled some twenty feet into the edge of the woods, and cetch up agin an old pine stump that was full of yaller jackets. Three of the ding things stung me before I could rise, but I got through the cut off, and fell in with some empty wagins that was stampedin my way.

"Gittin on to Atlanty, a fool Irishman stoped me right at the edge of the town and demanded my papers. I didnt hav no papers. Nobody had ever axed me for any papers, but he woulnt hear an argument. As Quarles would say, he woulnt jine issue, but marched me to an ofis, and I didnt stay there ten minutes. I wer sent off

to Dekatur with some fifty conscripts who were all in mournin, exceptin their clothes. I never seed such a pitiful set in my life. I talked with em all, and that was nary one but what he had the dyspejsoy or the swinny or the rumaticos or the blind staggers or the heaves or the humps or sumthin. Well, there want none of us discharged, for there was bran new orders callin for every body for thirty days to go to the ditches. As I couldnt walk that fur, I was ordered to Andersonville to guard the prisoners. At Makon I met an old acquaintance, who was a powerful big officer, and he had me transferred to his department and put in charge of his ordinance. Ther's where I handled guns, Bill, and slept on my arms. Whole boxes of muskets was around me, and I didnt no more mind takin a snooze on a gunbox than if it had been a couch of feathery down. Its all in gittin used to it, Bill—all in the use.

"Jest so," sed I, "that's the way I see it—exactly so, my friend. Proceed."

"It's blamed lucky, Bill, that I didnt go to Andersonville. They would have had me alongside of Wirz, either as principle or witness or sumthin, and some Iyin Yank would hav had a swear or two at me about shootin him on the dead line. Before this, my carcass would have been eat up by worms or cut up by doktors, and my pikter spread all over a whole side of Harpers Weekly as monster of death.

"Well, I kept handlin guns and bayonets and dangerous weepsins, until one day I got a furl to go to Rome. Sherman was playin base around about Atlanta, and so I had to circumferce around by the way of Selma, and the very day I got there, everlastin blast em, the Wilson raiders got there too. I wasent no more lookin for them Yankees in Selma than I were lookin for old Beelzebub, and both of them was all the same to me. Bland if they wasent shootin at me before I knowed they was in the State. How in the dickens the missed me dont know, for their minny balls sung yanky doodle all around me and over me and under me and betwixt me.

"I tell you, Bill, I run like a mad turkel, lookin ahead of me at every step to find a easy place to fall when I was plused. An old woman overtook me, and I axed her to take my watch and my money. She took them in a hurry and put them in her boozum. Well, I found a gully at last, and rolled in kerslosh, for it was about two or three feet deep in mud and water. The infernals found me there jest at night and got me out at the pint of the bay-net. They marched me to the wolf pen and there I stayed till the fuss was over.

"Right here, Bill, I want to make an observation. There was a feller with me when I was cotech'd, and I seed 'im make a sorter of a sign to the captain, and they turned him loose in two minutes, and he jest went about anywhere as nateral as a king, while I had a cross-eyed dutchman standin over me with a baynet grinmin from mornin till night. There was some Free Masonry about that; Bill, and if another one of these fool was comin along, I'll jine em if they'll let me.

"But I'm at home now for good. I'm gwine to stay here like a sine die. I'm agin all wars and fightins. I'm opposed to all rows and rumpusses and riots. I dont keer nigh as much about a dog fight as I used to. Now if one could always see the cend of a thing in advance, and the cend was all right, I woulnt mind a big fuss, but then you know a man's foresights aint as good as his hindsight. If they was, this war woulnt have broke out, and I woulnt have lost my steer, nor my watch. I never seed that woman before nor since, and I woulnt know her from any other woman that walks the yearth—blam'd if I'm certain whether she is white or black. Bill, how is your off-springs?"

"Hungry as usual, I thank you, my friend," sed I.  
"How's Mrs. Arp?"  
"Rebellious, John, very; but I think she'll be harmonized—atter while—atter while."  
Mr. Editor, I will not relate further of these trying adventures at this time. Big John are now entirely harmonious, and I suppose his future career will be all screen. Yours as ever,  
BILL ARP.

P. S.—Mrs Arp wants you to git back the letters I writ her when she were sweet sixteen. Them officers have got em, and I suppose have laughed all the funny part away by this time. They contained some fool things that boys will write when they fall in love, and my wife sometimes used em upon me as reminders of broken promises. She says, if they'll send em, she'll try and forgive em—atter while.

Dont trouble yourself much, Mr. Editor and it will be all the same to me.  
B. A.

An urgent pressure is being made to induce the President to issue an order restoring the Arlington estate to Mrs. Gen. Lee.

## The Southern Newspaper Press.

A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal, discourses as follows on the mission of the press:

"The press of the South has a great responsibility resting upon it at this present time. If ever there was a period in the history of the country when it moulded public opinion, that period is the present. The people, whatever may be their political opinions, look to the press of the country for advice as well as information. This is the time in which it can do incalculable good for the cause of civilization and humanity. Wisdom, moderation and kindness should mark its course. Denunciation and vituperation cannot do good to any cause. I regret to see so much vituperation in some of the Southern press against individuals. It cannot do any good, but really does no harm. A candid mind though it may differ from a writer, can read his productions with pleasure when he discusses subjects with candor, dignity and moderation, and does not descend from the considerations of measures to the denunciation of individuals; but vituperation and bitter aspersions are disgusting, and always damage him who deals in them more than they do his adversary."

## Another Surrender Reported.

The Radicals cannot do without the Executive patronage. According to a Washington dispatch in a Philadelphia paper, "Thaddeus Stephens has buried the hatchet, and in future will work more in harmony with the President. His first act of repentance was to forward to the President a letter soliciting the appointment of postmaster in Pennsylvania for a friend whom he (Stephens) indorsed in full, and which the President received in his usual gracious manner, granting the favor asked for within an hour."

The President has given Stephens and Co. something to smoke: thus does the pipe of peace go round.—N. Y. News of the 3d.

## A Severe Rebuke.

The disgusting blasphemy of Mr. Sumner, in likening the typical negro to Him who was God on the Cross, before the Senate of a christian nation, was but imperfectly rebuked by Mr. Fessenden thus:

Did the House as charged by Mr. Sumner, place themselves in the situation of Pontius Pilate, with the negro for the Saviour of the world, and the people of the United States for Barabbas? Why, sir, I expected him [Mr. Sumner] to go further, and in the next breath to say that what with the Constitution of the States, the negro had been crucified between two thieves, and that now, by this proposed amendment, the stone had been rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, and he had ascended to sit on the throne of the Almighty and judge the world.—National Intelligencer.

A GOOD REPORT.—Gen. Richardson, writing from Darlington, S. C., to the Cincinnati Commercial, says:

"The quiet and orderly conduct of the people, both white and colored, deprived as they are of the customary restraint of civil law, is really surprising. I traveled recently nearly two hundred miles in an open carriage, without a guard and with out arms, through unfrequented parts of the country, and I found the road, by night or day, as secure as in Ohio."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—We understand that Hon. Mr. Boutwell, who is at home for a short period, said on Saturday, in conversation with a friend, that the situation is so perilous we need not be surprised if hostilities were to break out anew within the next two months. Has Mr. Boutwell any information which the public do not possess? He is on the "Committee of Fifteen." Does it form part of the programme of that committee to precipitate hostilities?—Boston Commercial.

The following characteristic case of aristocracy is recorded as having come off at Stanton, Va.:

"One of the Northern 'school marm's' who is there employed in teaching the 'freemen,' told a sprightly negro girl that she must not call the woman with whom she lived mistress; that she was just as good as anybody. Pretty soon the girl asked her teacher what business she followed before coming South to teach. 'I was a bonnet-maker,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the girl, 'gathering up her books and making for the door, 'I'm not going to sociate wid you any longer; you say I is ckel to my mistress, and she dont sociate wid bonnet makers.'"

We read in an exchange paper the following "tale of woe." "I clasped her tiny hand in mine, I clasped her beautiful form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm.—She set her beautiful eyes on me, the tears did wildly flow, and with her little lips she said, 'Confound you, let me go.'"

There are \$30,000,000 of the fractional currency in circulation.

## A Letter from General Forrest.

M. G. Callaway, Editor Memphis Avalanche:

On my arrival in Memphis, a few days since, from my plantation, a copy of the Avalanche was shown me in which I was represented as having fled the country. I thank you for the kind manner in which you vindicated my name from misrepresentation. Owing to the relations you occupied towards me during the last three years, I know of no one better calculated to do me justice than yourself. Your representation of certain incidents in my career are true, and will be corroborated by every man in my command and by most the colored troops, some of whom are men in my employ. But in defending me, I regret that you should suppose for a moment that I could be induced to leave the country. Certainly no act or expression of mine could have furnished ground for such a supposition. In surrendering my command in April last in a public address to my troops, I urged them to return home—to be true to their obligations and as they had made good law-abiding citizens. No soldier of my command has been false to his pledges. I have certainly been true to mine, for since the surrender, I have been silent and unobtrusive, quietly laboring upon my farm, and I regret my seclusion is so often distributed by reports in the newspapers, which are as unjust to the Government as they are to my own character. I have never committed an act, uttered a word, or entertained a sentiment not in strict accordance with the most humanitarian military usages, and fear no investigation into my conduct, I certainly do not intend to leave the country, for my destiny is now with the great American Union, and I shall contribute all my influence towards strengthening the Government, sustaining its credit, uniting the people once more in the indissoluble bonds of peace and affection. As ever,  
Truly your friend,  
N. B. FORREST.

## Extract of a Letter from Gen. Richardson.

Gen. W. P. Richardson, commandant at Darlington, S. C., writes a letter to the Cincinnati Commercial, in which occurs the following passage:

"My district is composed of nine Counties, (or Districts, as they are called here,) in the North-eastern part of the State, and a most hopeful state of affairs exists.—The freedmen are all employed at fair wages, and are working, according to the statements of planters themselves, much better than there was, for a while, any reason to anticipate. I have labored diligently to restore relations of mutual confidence between the planters and the freedmen, on the principle that, as these people were compelled to live together, the interests of both parties would be promoted by the relations between them being harmonious, and I have succeeded beyond my expectations. Planters exhibit their confidence in the freedmen by planting to the full of their ability, and the freedmen, by their good conduct and industry, seem determined to convince every one that they may be relied upon in their new condition."

The yearly mortality of the Globe is 33,333,333 persons. This is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. Three-tenths of the population die at or before the age of 4 years—one-half at or before 41 years. Among 1,000 persons, who arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 100 attains the age of 90, and one in 5 lives to the age of 73. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons, 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators or public speakers; 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employes, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of that of others, die the soonest.

Mr. Pollard writes: If General Grant has the power to stop the liberty of speech in the press, he also has the power to muzzle the freedom of speech in Congress. He speaks of the newspapers alienating both sections of the country. We beg leave to state that in the halls of Congress there is more sedition and disaffection ventilated there, and disseminated all over the country, electrically, in one hour, than in one year by all the newspapers in the South. Can't he suppress those fomenters of discord, Sumner and Stevens?

A young lady out West who lately collided with an ice-bound sidewalk, remarked as she assumed a perpendicular position, "I'll hav a man to hang on to before another winter."

A colony of ex-Confederates are about to settle at Mazatlan, Mexico.

## The President Sustained.

The postponement of yesterday in the House of Representatives, by an immense majority, of the proposed amendment to the Constitution, is looked upon as an admission on the part of the Radicals that a direct fight with the President is not in order. In addition to this, we are assured from good authority that the Cabinet is nearly or quite unanimous in support of the President's policy.

We also print a strong speech on the same side, made last night in Richmond by Mr. Conway, formerly Representative from Kansas, and then the very Ajax of Radicalism. Mr. Conway is in Virginia, has seen and heard for himself, and is able to speak with authority to his Congressional friends. Turning eastward, we find at New Haven, last evening, a great gathering of the first citizens of Connecticut to uphold the President's hands, at which Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, made a strong speech; and, what is more noteworthy, was followed in the same vein by Reverend Leonard Bacon, D. D., the widely-known and beloved head of his church in New England, and formerly editor of the "Independent," in this city. The work goes bravely on.  
New York Times, March 1st.

## The Small-Pox.

A gentleman who arrived in this city yesterday from a tour through the Southern States says it is hardly possible to imagine the extent to which the small-pox prevails throughout the section. All the large cities are more or less infected. In some places the freedmen only are the victims, while in others the white population are among the sufferers. Little attention is paid to discretion in medical treatment. Those who have the disease walk through the streets in the most indifferent and unconcerned manner. No one bids them remain within doors. In two or three places through which he passed one house in every three had the red symbol displayed. Charleston, we all know, is grievously afflicted with small pox. In this respect, however, our friend assures us we are far better off than our neighbors in the Gulf States. There he had been accustomed to see dozens of cases on the street every day; here he meets the 6th.

## Religious Persecution in Ohio.

A Mr. Houston, of Mercer county, Ohio a member of the Mahoning congregation of the United Presbyterian Church, was lately cited to appear before the Presbytery to answer to the charge of having voted for Vallandigham as Governor of Ohio—"a man notorious for disloyalty, and under sentence of banishment by the Government." A majority of the Presbytery being radical Abolitionists, he was found guilty and suspended from the privileges of the Church. From this decision he appealed to the Synod at its recent session, which sustained the action of the Presbytery; and so Mr. Houston, for being a democrat, must submit to be excommunicated.

## The Proclamation.

The Washington correspondent of the New York News writes:  
I have it from good authority that the President in a few days will issue an official proclamation that peace has been firmly established at the South. The States will then be left to govern themselves under the Constitution of the United States, and State and local laws, without military interference, except in relation to the freedmen's bureau. This institution will continue one year after the forthcoming proclamation.

## A Sharp Girl.

A few years ago, among the reigning belles in New Orleans was a young lady from up the river, who was universally known by the not very feminine sobriquet "The Great Western." Our fair heroine was as remarkable for her witty and cultivated conversation as she was for her very great personal attractions. One evening when she was in a ball-room, surrounded by a bevy of admiring beaux, an impertinent scion of chivalry, dom (to speak a la Willis) asked her very adruptly, "Pray Miss—, why are you called 'The Great Western?'"  
"Really sir," was the ready and caustic reply, "I cannot tell, unless it be because I have so many flats in tow."

It is needless to say that the inquiring youth was not the only victim hit by this well-aimed revolver.

Upon another occasion, the same lady met at the foot of the stairs, as she was returning from a walk, a person who had just been to call upon her, and whom, as it happened, she by no means affected, "Oh, Miss—,?" he exclaimed, "I regret so much that I did not find you at home—I left my card however."

"It will do just as well, sir," was the very unexpected answer which he received.

Artemus Ward said in Charleston S. C., that Brigham Young has probably more silver plate than any man living—except Gen. Butler.