

# The Camden Weekly Journal.

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J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

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## AN EXQUISITE BALLAD.

The very beautiful verses, subjoined, were written by Mr. Joseph Brennan, one of the most gifted young Irishmen, that ever plunged into so abortive a revolution as was that of 1848.—*Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel*

Come to me darling, I'm lonely without thee,  
Day time and night time I'm dreaming about thee.

Night time and day time in dreams I behold thee:

Unwelcome the waking that a-ses to fold thee:  
Come to me, my darling, my sorrows to lighten;  
Come in thy beauty to bless and to lighten;  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,  
Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;  
And thoughts of thy love and its manifest treasure,

Are circling my heart with the promise of pleasure;

Oh! spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom,

Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom

The waste of my life has a rare root within it,  
And thy fondness alone to the sunlight can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even,

Features lit up with a reflex of heaven,  
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,  
Where sunshine and shadows are chasing each other;

Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,  
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple,

Oh! thanks to the Saviour that even the seeming

Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming

You have been glad when you knew I was saddened—

Dear, are you sad to hear that I am saddened.

Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time,

Love,

As octave to octave, or rhyme until rhyme,

Love,

I cannot smile, but your cheeks will be glowing;

You cannot weep, but my tears will be flowing;

You will not linger when I shall have died,

Love,

And I could not live without you by my side,

Love.

Come to me, darling, ere I die of my sorrow,

Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,

Strong, swift and strong as the words which I speak, love;

With a sigh at your lip, and a smile on your cheek, love

Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary;

Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary;

Come to the arms which alone shall cherish thee;

Come to the hear which is throbbing to press thee.

## An Interesting Story of the War—Facts Stranger than Fiction.

There are now living in Cincinnati a family, the history of which forms something so romantic as to constitute a most interesting story:

In the Summer of 1859, Charles Geroux became a graduate of a college in the Southern part of this State. He was the descendant of an aristocratic family who lived in Louisiana, and, to be brief, he was then a full embodiment of the "chivalry," just having entered his majority. While attending college, he had formed the acquaintance of Clara G., who attended a college for young ladies in this city, which acquaintance ripened into attachment and love, and, just before the breaking out of the rebellion, they were married, and removed South. Miss G. was an orphan, possessed of a considerable property, which was held in trust by her uncle, a Southern minister who had raised her from infancy, and personally superintended her education. In addition to the endowments of a collegiate education, she was possessed of a strong character, bordering almost on the masculine, but tempered with a sweetness and mildness not often combined in the same person. She was at once handsome and womanly.

Within a year after their marriage and settlement in the South, came the fierce, wild blast of war from Sumter's parapet, and there was none more ready to enter the deadly fray than Charles Geroux. His political tutors were practical secessionists, and he entered upon the war with a fervor and zeal to command the admiration of his friends, and which secured him a ma-

jo's commission. His wife opposed his mad scheme with all the power of a woman's eloquence, but to no avail.

She openly espoused the cause of the Union, and steadfastly refused to cooperate with her new friends and neighbors.

Notwithstanding her love for the old flag, and open Unionism, her husband loved her, and, while her husband was at home, the neighbors respected her.

Geroux invested all his ready property, which included his wife's fortune, in Confederate bonds, placed them in her hands, gave her a kiss for a short farewell, assuring her that the war would soon be over, and, marching at the head of a victorious column of his country's defenders, she would be proud to welcome him. After his departure, her treatment by his relatives and neighbors became almost intolerable because of her hatred of secession.

After two years of service in the Confederate army, he was captured a prisoner by the victorious Sherman in his march to Atlanta, and sent to Camp Douglas.

This was good news to his wife, who could no longer endure the persecutions she received at the South, and she resolved to make her way North and rejoin him in his prison home, and if she could not secure his pardon, to at least stay near him. Her Confederate bonds were worthless, and she was penniless; she made her way to the Mississippi River, and took passage on the ill-fated steamer Sultana for the North; she sold some jewelry for money sufficient to carry her to Chicago. Arriving at Memphis, her child was taken very ill, and by the advice of the captain of the Sultana, she remained there to secure medical aid for the child. Within twenty-four hours thereafter, the boiler of the Sultana exploded, and 1,200 lives were lost.

Geroux fared ill at ease in Camp Douglas, and made many stratagems to escape. He finally succeeded in bribing a raw sentinel to let him pass; and to avoid pursuit a resort to deception became necessary. A comrade of his was on the point of death. His mess dressed the dead soldier in the Major's uniform, and conveyed him to the dead-house, and gave his name as "Major Charles Geroux, Third Louisiana Regiment, Confederate States Army."

The next morning the body was taken away and buried, and the rank, name, regiment, and place of burial, were duly recorded in the register in Camp Douglas led by C. H. Jordan, the undertaker for the Government at Chicago. That night Geroux escaped. His absence created no inquiry, as he was reported dead. For the purpose of avoiding public roads and conveyances, he took a horse from a pasture near Camp Douglas, belonging to J. L. Hancock, formerly President of the Board of Trade of Chicago, and by avoiding public roads as much as possible, reached Muncie the next day. His actions excited suspicion, and he was arrested on suspicion of having stolen the horse, and was lodged in the Kankakee jail. He was taken out on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and no proof being found to hold him, he was discharged.

Coming thence to this city, he obtained a situation in a wholesale grocery house.

After the usual delays in passing letters through the lines, he learned that his two brothers were killed in the battle of the Wilderness, that his father's estate had been confiscated to the United States Government, and his father had voluntarily exiled himself to Mexico. Of his wife and child, the only information was that they had sought to get North, and took passage on the Sultana, since which they had not been heard of, and no doubt remained that they had perished. His true position had been studiously concealed, and he avoided his former acquaintances. Shortly after he received this intelligence from the South, Sherman had started on his grand march from Atlanta, and Grant marshalled his grand army before Petersburg, and the Confederate States vanished almost as a vision. During the past summer, Geroux returned to the South, and was fully confirmed in the information he had received about his family, and that his real estate had also been confiscated. He gave his wife and child up as lost, and returned to Cincinnati.

After his wife and child had remained in Memphis, and escaped the disaster of the Sultana, she started for Chicago, and reached Camp Douglas. Impatient at the delay, she hastened there with expectations high to meet him who was dearer to her than life. The reader can picture to himself the agony of this sad wife. A stranger, destitute of money, carrying in her arms a weakly child not yet recovered from severe illness, and she herself worn out with fatigue and anxiety, when she learned that her husband was dead, there was no doubt of his death; the registry kept at Camp Douglas showed it, and the grave was pointed out to her, which bore this inscription on a marble board:

"MAJOR GEORGE GEROUX,  
Third Louisiana Infantry."

The same grave this day is neatly sodded over, and at its head grows a rose-bush.

Broken-hearted and bowed down with grief, she wended her way on foot to the great city of Chicago—not knowing why she went. A stranger among strangers, with no one to aid or pity her, save the good God, who, in her utmost heart, she believed had forsaken her.

She was taken in and cared for by the Sisters of Charity until she could hear from friends in Ohio, from whom she had received no intelligence for the past four years. A letter was received stating that immediately after the war her uncle had died, and that soon after, his widow had removed to Iroquois County, Illinois, to live with her married son. Mrs. Geroux was supplied with money to enable her to find her friends in Iroquois County, where she has since resided.

Geroux returned to his situation at Cincinnati, and was sent by his firm to collect a debt due in Iroquois County. While there, he sought out the attorney who had him discharged on the *habeas corpus* to learn the whereabouts of the horse that did such good service, and to secure his assistance in collecting his debt. He soon made himself known, and while they were discussing about the stolen horse, a lady and child entered the same office. There was a momentary pause, and husband and wife were in each other's arms. We shall not attempt to describe the scene which followed. The husband found a wife and child whom he firmly believed to be dead, and the wife found a husband over whose grave she had shed bitter tears of woe.

Mrs. Geroux was visiting the same attorney to find out about her husband's confiscated property, and to apply to the Government to have his property restored to her.

*Cincinnati Commercial*

## How Joe Won the Pencil.

Joe B. is unquestionably the handsomest married man of Cincinnati. Joe sports a wife, besides several other creature comforts. Well, he and wife, Harry and George and their wives all boarded at the same house. A day or two ago, while they were at the table luxuriating on detached portions of boiled turkey, with oysters, the conversation turned on Christian names. Mrs. Harry contended that she could name more distinguished individuals that bore the name of Harry than any gentleman could of his own name, concluding by offering a gold pencil as a wager against a suitable equivalent if she should win.

The trial commenced—Mrs. Harry started off with "Harry of the West," adding a dozen others.

George now gathered up on Washington, Lord George of France, &c.

"Now John what have you to say?" asked the charming Mrs. Harry.

"Oh, I can give you a hundred. The two Adams, Lord John Russel, John Tyler, John, John—bring me some water, John!"

"Stop, stop! you can't win. Mr. Joseph, its your turn now," continued the laughing little woman.

Now, if ever a bashful man lived, it is friend Joe. He dare not look up. He had been racking his brain for an answer, but to no purpose—and in despair he made one grand effort, and raising his head, replied:

"My dear madam, I have lost. I cannot think of any very distinguished man who bore the name of Joseph, except the gentleman that we read about in the sacred Scripture—he who was such a favorite of Mrs. Potiphar—but I will not offer him, for I think that he was one of the biggest fools that I ever did hear of."

"Here's the pencil," said Mrs. Harry tossing it over to him, as she and the other ladies scudded out of the door.

## Masonry.

It numbers to-day within its secret pale more adult males than all the religious organizations on the face of the earth. It is as wide-spread as humanity, as universal as human language.

The Jew, before the altar, on the sacred mount—the Perse, in his adoration of the sun—the Musselman bowing to the east in prayer—the Greek, before the shrine of his divinity—the Christian, in devout faith at the foot of the cross, all alike know and understand its mystic language. Kings, princes and potentates of the earth have beheld with awe its hieroglyphic light, and have been proud to wear its mystic emblems. It is more powerful than kingdoms, principalities and powers, and in ages to come will be a blessing to unnumbered millions.

Young ladies should never object to being kissed by an editor; they should make every allowance for the freedom of the press.

## Prentice on Brownlow.

Brownlow, the *enfant terrible* of Tennessee politics; the "bad old man" who deals in diabolical expletives and consigns his opponents to a place not particularly cool: the modern Draco who writes his laws in the blood of hunted down, persecuted 'rebels; the archetype of a Southern "Union man," and the most notable defender of the "flag we love" south of the line; the iconoclast who spurns the idols he whilom worshipped, and who takes Cuffee under his wing with a parental devotion in his new condition of freedom—Brownlow, Rumpy, Roaring, Ruthless, Rash, Ridiculous Brownlow, has met his match at last.

In the course of his varied and chequered career the redoubtable defender of the faith in Tennessee has had the misfortune to run afoul of the Editor of the Louisville Journal. We avow a profound ignorance as to the cause that led the Tennessee parson to pit his powers against the Kentucky writer. It is enough to know that the direful conjunction has occurred and, as a consequence, the former has come out of the conflict shorn of every vestige of the bravery with which he went into it, and so pitiable, melancholy and wretched an object of commiseration that the laugh upon the lips of the looker-on is changed into a ghastly stare of horror at what remains of this honest man.

Did we not have the evidences before us we could scarcely conceive, at this late day, that this stalwart and blatant champion of negro emancipation should ever have threatened to "extinguish the last abolition foothold (meaning New England) on the continent of America." And were we not fortified by the same testimony to the fact he would scout with derision the assertion that he ever announced to the pious workers in the vineyard of freedom that they were "infamous villains," and "with the vengeance of an infuriated foe we will be upon you in the North, at the hour of midnight, and as long as a lucifer match can be found we will burn up your substance."

Thus Brownlow, in a letter, written in May, 1860, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. Pryne—a letter which the Editor of the Louisville Journal has resurrected in a most untoward moment for the faithful, and wherewith, in the controversy, he deals the writer a destructive and disheartening blow. We submit that the resuscitation of language like the following, penned by Brownlow only six years ago, is most calamitous at this time when all good men of his and Mr. B. F. Butler's class are so diligently seeking to atone for their errors:

"Face to face, knife to knife, steel to steel, and pike to pike, we would meet you, and as we would cause you to bleed at every pore, we would make you regret in the bitter agonies of death, that you had ever felt any concern for the African race."

"Sir, if the fanatical, wicked, and infernal course pursued by you and your unprincipled associates is continued, the result will be as I have said, and you or your children will live to see it. Pale-faced poverty and dismay are staring some of your manufacturers and operatives in the face. We are sending our orders to England and France for goods, and driving your hell-deserving freedom shriekers into the holding of Union meetings, and making these against their wills curse all agitators of the slavery question, and resolve

that John Brown and his murderous associates got only justice when hung at Charlestown!—

Carry on your war if you choose death rather than life, and we will stain every swamp in the South with yours and our own blood, and with the vengeance of an infuriated foe we will be upon you in the North, at the hour of midnight, and as long as a lucifer match can be found we will burn up your substance."

Having thus, by the introduction of this damnable evidence, prepared the victim for the sacrifice, the Editor of the Journal proceeds to offer him up. "The published," says the Louisville Editor, "the infernal language that we have cited, when, perhaps, no other man in the world would have defiled his mouth or paper with it to save his neck from the hangman's halter. He showed himself a walking volcano, with snow upon his peak and all hell in his bosom."

The Editor then proceeds, truly, to say, that it is "most extraordinary and disgraceful" that the people of Tennessee, knowing this man as they did, should have elected him Governor.—

Waxing warm with the sacrifice, taking a merciless delight in the contortions of the unfortunate victim, and becoming savage with the smell of the writhing wretch's blood, the Journal thus finishes the miserable man:

"No other State was ever afflicted and disgraced and cursed with such an unmitigated and unmitigable, such an unredeemable and irredeemable blackguard as her Chief Magistrate. He is a parody, a caricature, a broad burlesque on all possible governors. They say there is fire in him, but it is hell fire, every particle of it. Though he is but a single swine, there are as many devils in him as there were in the whole herd that "ran violently down a steep place into the sea." His heart is nothing but a hissing knot of vipers, rattlesnakes, cobra and cotton mouths. He never argued a question in his life, approaching no subject but with fierce, bitter, coarse, low and vulgar objurgations. His tongue should be bored through and through with his own steel pen, heated red hot.

"This man, as we have said, calls himself a clergyman. He holds forth in pulpits. He preaches, prays and exhorts, draws down his face, drops the corners of his mouth, and undertakes to look sanctimonious. And yet he seems always trying in his pulpit discourses to see under how thin a disguise he can venture to curse and swear, and blaspheme. He can't offer up a prayer in the house of God without telling the Lord what an infernal scoundrel, damned thief, or cursed vagabond, this, that or the other neighbor is. From his youth up to his old age he has had no personal controversies without attacking the wives, fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, brothers, sisters, children, uncles, aunts and nephews of his opponents."

For an outsider, as we confess ourselves to be, to attempt to add to the rigor of the above, would be useless and futile. This dissection, by a master hand, of Brownlow's many infirmities will stand a Sphinx of literature, unparalleled and not to be paralleled. The only doubt that will be left in the mind of the reader of the foregoing extracts will be as to which of the two deserves the palm for a peculiar use of the English language. That doubt, it is true, might be solved by a perusal of Brownlow's rejoinder

to what we have given; but so far the Journal has doubled him up and has left him gasping, helpless and in the pangs of threatened dissolution. If Brownlow should ever recover himself, however, we pity the editor of the Journal.—*N. Y. News.*

## The Sea Island Negroes.

The negro colonies founded by Gen. Sherman on the Sea Islands of South Carolina are thus described by a correspondent of the New York Evening Post:

The appeals that have been made through out the country and in Congress, that the negroes should not be ousted from the lands which they occupy by virtue of General Sherman's order, they have either been made in ignorance or are disingenuous. That order, which was a military measure, providing for the temporary disposition of the throng of negroes who had joined his column during the "march to the sea," has been taken advantage of to secure possession to the occupants of the abandoned lands upon the Port Royal Islands, all of whom are not black, and who had taken possession while Sherman was fighting the Confederates years ago upon the banks of the Mississippi. I have taken some trouble to get at the facts of this matter, and I find that there are but few negroes occupying lands south of the Savannah River. Many of them formerly belonged to the places. In the rear of the city of Savannah there are several localities where these people have herded together. They live on fish, oysters and rice, and their clothing is the remnant of what hung to them before the war. Many of their villages are not within the influence of the agents of the Bureau; and the primitive style in which they live would arouse the sympathies, if it did not shock the sensibilities, of the philanthropic South and North.

"You have a hard job of it," I said to a party of three negroes at work upon a patch of ground on one of the sea island plantations. The surface of the earth where they were digging was filled and tangled with grass and weeds, which in the four years of quiet had obtained possession of the soil. A short distance from the spot several very good cabins had been built, while near the road a number of men were engaged in repairing a gate—work that two men could have accomplished better than six. One of them to whom I addressed the above question paused from his work, leaning upon his big twelve-inch hoe, while he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his dirty sleeve.

"Ah massa, dat am a solemn fact; dat ar groun' am tougher nor a pine knot."

"Why don't you use a plow? You would accomplish mach more."

"Der ain't such a ting on de island, nor a mule, nor nothin but these' hands."

"Well if you work hard with them you may be able to buy a mule and plow by and by. How many colored people are there on this plantation?"

"Nigh goin' on ter sixty, sah."

"How many acres of cotton have you put in here?"

"Forty or a hundred, sah."

"There is some difference between forty and one hundred. But you are mistaken; in this field there can't be more than five acres, at the outside."

"Yes, sah" was the answer.

In the doorway of one of the cabins a stout negro, surrounded by several half naked children, was "mashing," as he termed it, some corn in a wooden mortar.

"Where did you get that corn?" I asked.

"In Sabannah, sah. Toted it all the way down here. Git mighty little corn, sah, for the fish' and 'isters we toto dar."

"I should think so. What do you have to eat besides the fish and oysters and the corn?"

"Nothing, sah; ah! sometimes mighty little of dat."

The above conversation will give you an idea of the condition and prospects of a settlement of these freed people, who are an example of those who are best situated for raising a crop and taking care of themselves.

Applications are now pending for the pardon of 86 ex-members of the Southern Congress, 132 graduates of West Point who served in the Southern army, 127 Southern Generals, including Bragg, Longstreet, Beauregard, and several of the Lees. Also, 52 prominent Southern Officials, and 116 ex-United States Senators who held positions in the Southern service.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and as a quiver till they get one.