

The Camden Weekly Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.

CAMDEN, S. C., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1866.

NUMBER 45.

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.

OBITUARY NOTICES, exceeding one square, charged at advertising rates.
Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.
No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

Terms of subscription for one year \$3.00 in advance; if not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, \$4.00.

Confession and Death of an Army Chaplain.

M. M. Pomeroy, the able editor of the LaCrosse (Wis.) Democrat, gives the following death bed scene, which he was called to visit in his recent visit to Chicago.

The Rev. Henry Clannard, an ex-army chaplain who left off expounding the Bible and recruiting for the Savior, and by indorsing the nigger and abolitionists became an army chaplain in one of the Wisconsin regiments, passed from life to a home beyond a blessed immortality, the other day, and thus shuffled off his mortal coil.

A physician had called on him two or three times a day for a month, doctoring him for an ague brought on while stealing cotton in Arkansas while with General Curtis. On learning that the ex-minister and ex-chaplain would hardly live the night out, we called with the physician.

In a little wooden looking room not over twelve feet square, in an obscure boarding house in Chicago we found the invalid. The room was bare of furniture except a poor bed, a little dirty washstand, two wood-bottom chairs, an old trunk, a pine table, on which was spread a newspaper on which lay an old bible, a pair of old snufflers, some pill boxes and such stuff. The dying man was propped up in bed, while a faithful negro woman sat on the foot of the bed. As we entered, he rallied a little and asked the doctor who he had brought with him. On being told that it was "Brick" Pomeroy, he sank back, closed his eyes—rallied a little and said, "Perhaps it is as well. He might as well know it as any one."

And he proceeded to make his dying statement, which was in these words, as we took them down in our memorandum book as the physician requested.

My name is Henry Cannard. I am forty-one years old. I am a Methodist minister—at least I was once. I was once happy and contented, and loved Christ, my Master, with all the zeal a Christian ever had. At last I grew cold in religion, selfish and envious of the good fortunes of others. I wanted to make money and to have some fun. I had no particular education, so I thought I would be a Republican politician. I began by preaching politics from the pulpit, and praying for the negro. It paid me in money, but I lost influence at the Throne of Grace. But I did not care for that, if I could only have influence with the Republican party. I forgot Christ and became interested in the negro. I had influence with a few members of my church, and talked politics to them. I was paid by office seekers to influence Christians. Sometimes I have made as high as fifteen dollars at an election for my influence with Christians.

At last I found politics paid better than religion, and I worked for the chaplaincy of a regiment and got it. Then I let religion go, and went to the war. There I wrote letters home denouncing Democrats as copperheads. And I stole cotton, and silver ware, and pictures, and books, and dresses for my wife and sisters, and horses and mules for my brothers, and a piano for the Governor who gave me my commission, and a gold watch for my captain, and a lot of household furniture to send for my colonel. And I robbed the soldiers of jelly and such stuff sent down to them to use while in hospital, and I had my share of goods stolen from Sanitary fairs, and made lots of money. Please give me a little piece of that pounded ice!"

The physician gave it to him when he continued:

"But I was not happy. I drank whiskey with the boys when away from home, and indulged in some excesses not worth mentioning, and laid up quite a pile of money. And I was taken sick while out stealing cotton from a plantation where a widow lady lived. I had coaxed her niggers to run away, and they are all dead now. When the war was ended I came home to Wisconsin, but could not stay there. So I came to Chicago. And I grew sick. And I have got to die. I have called on Christ—I have prayed to God, but somehow I cannot get relief for my soul. The door of mercy seems shut against me. I forgot religion for politics, and now God has forsaken me. I pray to my Saviour, but he don't hear me. I talk to the faithful negro woman—she

says "yes, massa" and that is all that I can get out of her. I know I can't live long, I feel that I am dying. I feel certain that I am going to hell. Please give me a little piece more of ice before I go. I want these things written down, as a warning to others who forget Christ for politics. I feel that the negro can't save—that Christ won't save me. I was unfaithful to my religion and am forgotten. I was faithful to the negro, but alas the negro can't help me where I want help—he can't ease my guilty soul. I am going to hell, and I know it. I expect to meet many persons there who forgot religion for politics. I do not expect to see you again in this world or the next, but I want this confession printed. Please give me a small—small piece—of—of—ice!"

And thus died the Rev. Henry Clannard!

The Difference Between a Southern Man and a Yankee.

The freedman who gave this shrewd and philosophic view of the difference between his old and new masters, we take it, is capable of getting his living without the aid of a Bureau, and of maintaining his "civil rights" without the help of Congress:

Now, white folks, I've gwine to tell you de difference 'tween a Southern man an' de Yankee.—Well, de Southern man he stop at de hotel; he ax for a room, he get de key; he say, "Here, Jim, take my valise." When he get in de room he say, "Jim, you black rascal, brush my coat and boots, and be in a hurry." While I've doin' dat he wash hisself, comb his har, and take a drink, and when I give him de boots he hand me a dollar. When de Yankee stops at de hotel he say, "Mr. Johnson, please brush my boots; Mr. Johnson, please to carry dis note to Mr. Smith at de railroad depot; Mr. Johnson, I guess I'll have to trouble you to bring me a pitcher of water; Mr. Johnson, please carry dis message to de telegraph office; Mr. Johnson, I guess I ought to have a cigar—run down and get a five cent one." I cum back, and 'spec, ob course, he gib me about two dollars, but 'stead of givin' me de money, he ax me to take a seat, and tell him 'bout my grandfadder, my grandmudder, my brudder and my sister, and my cousin, and my ole massa, and how much I've making, and how old I is, and all sich nonsense, and den after a while he say, "Well, Mr. Johnson, I guess I'll have to gib you a dime afore I leave here." Now, white folks, dat's de difference 'tween de Southern man and de Yankee, and it's every word truf.

The Louisville Courier says: "A prominent dry goods house of this city has just received a large invoice of false calves. An experienced cutter and fitter is expected from New York this week, who will take the measure of the ladies' legs and warrant a satisfactory exhibition. The ladies will have to be very particular as to the fit, as we are informed by certain regular attendants upon the street corner (Fourth and Jefferson), that the latest style of tilts shows not only the entire leg, but half the knee."

A benevolent lady went to visit a family who were said to be almost starving. She found them half clad, cold, and not a morsel of food in the house. "What do you most need?" "What would you like to have?" she asked of the mother of the family. The woman thought for a moment, her face brightened, and she answered: "Why, I always did want a waterfall; they're so becomin'!"

THE MASON'S DUTY.

To stretch the liberal hand,
And pour the stream of gladness,
O'er misery's withered strand,
To cheer the hearth of sadness—
To dry the orphan's tear
And soothe the heart nigh broken,
To breathe in sorrow's ear
Kind words, in kindness spoken:
This is the Mason's part
A Mason's bounded duty:—
This rears the Mason's heart;
In wisdom, strength, and beauty.

To practice virtue's laws,
With fervency and freedom,
And in her noble cause
Advance where'er she lead 'em.
To curb the headlong course
Of passion's fiery pinion,
And bend its stubborn force
To reason's mild dominion,
This is the Mason's part, etc., etc.

To shield a brother's fame
From envy and destruction,
And prove that TRUTH is our aim
In spirit, and action;
To trust in God through all
The danger and temptation,
Which to his lot may fall,
In trial and probation:
This is the Mason's part.
A Mason's bounded duty—
This rears the Mason's heart
In wisdom, strength, and beauty.

"Brick" Pomeroy on Butler.

At last the great American thief and blundering murderer has resigned and is no more an officer in the army he disgraced. Grant has "bottled" him up forever, and in a few words proved the truth of our oft expressed opinion of this natural thief, coward and military ass. What he will do now is more than we know. Most likely go to shop lifting, "grave robbing, or insulting women." At heart a traitor—by instinct a thief—by education a robber—Benjamin F. Butler has won a name for infamy, venality, and incompetency, second to none in the world. He was one of the peculiar tools of * * * the Republican, and has been a nightmare on the American people for the past five years. An original secessionist, he never had a patriotic motive in his heart. He never deserved a position in the army—he never fought a battle—he never won a victory—he never lost an opportunity to steal from and plunder the defenceless—he never made the Union flag other than a signal to mark the depository of stolen goods, and should have been dismissed the army long ago.

The greatest curse a mother could put on her child would be to wish it the heart and attributes of Ben. Butler, whose sun has at last sunk in the deepest infamy and whose eternity we trust will be spent in the home of his employer. Thief, robber, abolition patriot, military blunderer, woman insulter, grave-yard robber, soldier murderer, egotistical ass, pet of Republicanism, child of the devil, cock-eyed abortion of humanity, bottled braggadocio, played-out politician, dishonored general and traitorous citizen—farewell.

Thus one by one of the political generals and causes of our national troubles—one by one the cotton-thieving, plundering scoundrels who have strutted their brief hour on the bloody stage, drop into infamy here, as we trust they will in hell, hereafter. Bottled Blunderer, Big Bethel Butcher, Bigoted Braggadocio, Ben Beast Butler—FAREWELL.—La Crosse Democrat.

At a late election for constable in Indiana, the radicals demanded that a negro should be allowed to vote; whereupon the conservatives and Democrats elected the negro over the radical candidate. A good joke.

The Masonic fraternity of St. Louis, Missouri, have resolved to commence the work of erecting a grand temple, in that city, at a cost of not less than one hundred thousand dollars.

General Lee Again Before the Reconstruction Committee.

"We understand," says the Boston Commercial, "that General Lee will be summoned again before the reconstruction Committee, and the following questions will be proposed to him:

Is not pitching quoits a favorite amusement in Virginia, and will the people of Virginia be ready to give it up and take up the game of base ball instead?

Will the people of Virginia be inclined to give up the eating of bacon and greens and to substitute therefor the Yankee dishes of pork and beans and codfish and potatoes?

Is there any prejudice in Virginia against buckwheat cakes and popped corn as Yankee dishes? And is that prejudice increasing or decreasing?

In your judgement have secession doctrines been promoted in Virginia by the drinking of mint juleps? And is that any prejudice there against sherry cobbles as a Northern drink?

Do the people of Virginia read the writings of R. W. Emerson? and if so, do they understand them?

Would a youth in Virginia be disinclined to marry a Yankee girl who was young, good looking and a rich man's daughter?

Do you have Thanksgiving Day in Virginia, and is the shooting of turkeys practiced on that day? Would a Virginia marksman be unwilling to fire at a turkey on that day, because it is a Northern custom?

Do the people of Virginia ever play poker, and if so, would a Virginia secessionist be willing to pay the money won of him at that game by a Northern man?

Do the people of Virginia regard Wendell Phillips as the greatest of American orators, and if not, are they likely to come to that opinion hereafter?

How many people in Virginia look upon General Butler as a great military genius, answer the same question as to General Banks?

Is there a piece of the Pilgrim rock anywhere in Virginia, and if there is not, would it not be a judicious step to send a piece of it to Richmond?

Have you yourself ever seen a chair that came over in the Mayflower, and if not, would you like to see one?

The question that follows you may answer or not, as you choose. Is Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry regarded in Virginia as a historical work, or a work of fiction?

Do you believe the story of Captain Smith and Pocahontas, or do you think it was made up by Captain Smith many years after its supposed date?

Do the colored race in Virginia generally go in when it rains, and if not, why not?

Should the colored race addict themselves to the study of metaphysics, would they be likely to become disciples of Sir Wm. Hamilton or John Stuart Mills?

Was Hannibal, in your judgment, a negro? Answer the same question as to Othello.

Do colored people in Virginia usually sleep with their heads under the bed clothes? and how far will emancipation modify this habit?

What do the people of Virginia think of the Hoosac Tunnel? and of the new drill? Do they think it will work as well as the Freedmen's Bureau Bill?

Dan Rice before the Reconstruction Committee.

The Committee on Reconstruction still persists in suppressing the most important testimony elicited before it. Dan Rice has recently been on a circuit tour through the lately rebellious States, and has had opportunities such as afforded to few, for observing the condition of the Southern people as to loyalty. His testimony will be found to show the true feeling that exists at the South when the thin crust of pretended loyalty is melted away and true character is revealed us under the exhilarating influence of a menagerie, when man stands in the presence of the untamed forces of nature, separated therefrom only by the thin partition of an iron cage. Mr. Rice, being duly sworn, testified thus:

Q. You have an unruly animal, known as a pet mule, with your circus, have you not?

A. I have.

Q. What are the idiosyncrasies of that beast?

A. He is much given to kicking.

Q. It is almost impossible to ride him, is it not?

A. It is. I generally offer \$25 to any man who will ride him round the ring.

Q. On your late visit to the South, did you receive any offers to ride that mule?

A. I did.

Q. State what occurred on these occasions.

A. In Richmond, a discharged Confederate soldier attempted to ride him.

but was immediately thrown flat on his back.

Q. What did the Confederate soldier say to this?

A. He said the mule was a—d— Yankee cuss.

Q. Did any others make the attempt?

A. Another of Lee's veterans tried to ride him and succeeded.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said, after he had dismounted, that if he had a regiment of them ere cavalry he'd have whipped Kilpatrick all to smash; and that in the next war against the Yankees he intended to raise a brigade of 'em.

Cross examined by Mr. Stevens:

Q. Is that a he mule, or a she mule?

A. It's a he mule.

Q. You have monkeys in your show, have you not?

A. I have.

Q. Have you ever heard any disloyal remarks in relation to the monkeys?

A. I can't say that I have.

Q. Have you ever heard anything said in their presence?

A. A couple of young ladies were one day standing in front of the cage, and I heard one of them say it looked like a Freedmen's Bureau.

Q. How was this remark received?

A. It created much laughter.

Q. Were there any personal allusions made on that occasion.

A. Some of the crowd said, pointing to the orang outang, "that's Sumner."

Q. Did that please the bystanders?

A. Very much.

Q. Did you ever hear any observations about the bears?

A. I heard it said once about a one-eyed bear that he looked like Ben Butler, and about a grizzly that it ought to be called Ben. Wade.

Q. Were the points of resemblance stated?

A. They were not. The observation was made on the tout ensemble, with special reference, perhaps, to the ocular deformity in the case of the one-eyed animal.

Q. Have you side shows with your circus?

A. I have.

Q. State if you ever heard disloyal remarks in relation to them?

A. I believe I heard something of the kind once about Daniel in the lion's den.

Q. State what it was?

A. A young lady asked me which was Daniel and which was the lion.

Q. What was your reply?

A. I told her it was easy to distinguish between Daniel and the lion, as the former wore a swallow-tail coat, and had a cotton umbrella under his arm.

Q. What did she say?

A. After looking into the cage, she said, very spitefully, that Daniel looked like a mean Yankee, and she wished the lion would chaw him up.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Kissing.

The following appears in some of our exchanges. It does not appear where it originated; and we presume the latitude doesn't matter much, as it will doubtless suit all climates, kindreds, peoples and tongues. Ovid wrote the Art of Love; this may be called the Art of Kissing—in one lesson. Of course it will take some practice for a novice to become a proficient, even with the very best of instruction; men learn so much better by example than by precept.

Read, ponder, and be wise:

People will kiss, yet not one in one hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, no more than they know how to make diamonds out of charcoal. And yet it is easy, for us. This little item is not alone for new beginners, but for the many who go it like hunting coons or shelling corn. First know whom you are to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump up like a trout for a fly, and smack a woman on the neck, on the ear, or on the corner of the forehead, on the end of the nose, or knock off her waterfall, or jerk her bonnet ribbon, in haste to get through. The gentleman should be a little the tallest. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, a mouth full of expression instead of tobacco.

No noise, no fuss, no fluttering and squirming like hook-impaled worms. Kissing don't hurt; it

don't require a brass band to make it legal. Don't job down on a beautiful mouth as if you were spearing for frogs! Don't grab and yank the lady as if she was a struggling colt! Don't muss her hair, scratch down her collar, bite her cheek, squizzle her rich ribbons, and leave her mused, rumped and mixed! Don't flavor your kisses with onions, tobacco, gin-cock tails, lager beer, brandy, etc.; for a maudling kiss is worse than the itch to a delicate, loving, sensible woman.

Don't kiss everybody, including nasty little dogs, male or female. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner and catch a kiss; more persons spoil the sport. Stand firm; it won't hurt after you are used to it.—Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go to—any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let the hand fall down upon the right side toward the belt. Don't be in a hurry. draw her gently and lovingly to your heart; her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder strap it makes! Don't be in a hurry—Send a little life down your left arm and let know its business. Her left in your right: let there be an expression to that, not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought and respect. Don't be in a hurry! Her head lies careless on your shoulder! You are nearly heart to heart! Look down into her half closed eyes! Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom! Stand firm, and Providence will give you strength for the ordeal! Be brave, brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open! Lean lightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet—the eyes close—the heart opens—the soul rides the storm, troubles and sorrows of life (don't be in a hurry)—heaven opens before you—the world shoots from under your feet as a meteor flashes across the evening sky (don't be afraid)—the nerves dance before the just erected altar of love as zeephyrs—dance with the dew trimmed flowers: the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned.

Furnishing Rats With Tails.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that the Paris physicians, after many experiments, have succeeded in grafting the tails of rats upon other rats. The new tails live and flourish as perfectly as the old ones. It has been asked what advantage it may be, either to the physicians or the rats? This is not stated; but it would appear to us an important development in the matter of uniting animal tissues in cases where an organ or part of the muscles of an organ has been lost, and is to be supplied. Men have been supplied with noses and parts of noses by a similar process.

Nashville is not a very pleasant place to live in just now, according to the correspondent of the Charleston News.

As regards to politics this is a curious place, and one has to be over cautious in conversation. For there is no telling whether the gentleman with whom you converse may be a Northern man—a Tennessee ex-secessionist or a Tennessee Union man—There is such a political conglomerate, that a stranger has to keep his weather eye open; and as to getting into a personal difficulty here, it is unpleasant—as nine men out of ten—or nine and a half—in Nashville wear pistols, and nine pair of inexpressibles out of ten are made with pistol pockets. Fist fighting is obsolete.—weapons are always used; it is much more common there for a man to wear a pistol than a watch, and the newspapers never speak of a man's drawing a pistol, but of his drawing his pistol, as we would say his watch, his waistcoat, his pocket book, etc.