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Proclamation by General Sweeney to the People of Canada

To the people of British America: We come among you as the foes of British rule in Ireland. Exiled from that native land of ours by the oppression of British aristocracy and legislation, our people hunted down to the emigrant ships, or worse, to that charnel of Government institutions, the Poor House; our countrymen torn from their families and friends, and hurried in droves into the prison pens of England and Ireland; our country subjected to a foreign tyranny, which disfranchises the mass of the Irish people and makes poverty and misery the sad rule of their condition, covering our fair land with paupers' graves and wretched hovels, eliciting from the liberal minds of England herself expressions of shame for the Government and indignation for the people.

We have taken up the sword to strike down the oppressor's rod, to deliver Ireland from the tyrant, the despoiler, the robber. We have registered oaths upon the altar of our country in the full view of Heaven, and sent up our vows to the throne of Him who inspired them. Then, looking about us for the enemy, we find him here—here in your midst, where he is most vulnerable and convenient to our strength; and have sworn to stretch forth the armed hand of Ireland and grapple with him. The battle has commenced and we pledge ourselves to all the sacred memories of struggling liberty to follow it up at any cost to either of the two alternatives—the absolute political independence and liberty of Ireland or the demolition of our armies.

We have no issue with the people of these Provinces, and wish to have none but the most friendly relations. Our weapons are for the oppressors of Ireland. Our blows shall be directed only against the power of England; her privileges alone shall we invade, not yours. We do not propose to divest you of a solitary right you now enjoy. We will assail and asperse only the rights that are claimed and enjoyed by the Government of Great Britain—the right to make her American possessions the base of operations in a war against an enemy. We come to install ourselves in her possessions, and turn them against her in a war for Irish freedom.

We are here neither as murderers nor robbers, for plunder or spoilation. We are here as the Irish army of liberation: the friends of liberty against despotism, of democracy against aristocracy, of the people against their oppressors, of the ballot against the privileges of class, of progress and development against right and wrong; to conduct this contest according to the laws known in honorable warfare, in a manner worthy of the high object we aim for; and the sublime sentiments that actuated us. In a word, our war is with the armed power of England, and not with the people—not with these Provinces. Against England upon land and sea, until Ireland is free! And all who raise an arm to defend her, to frustrate or defeat us, belong to the common enemy, and as such will be dealt with. As we know how to recognize the services of our friends, so also do we know how to punish the deprivations of our foes. Our work for Ireland accomplished, we leave to your own free ballot to determine your natural and political standing and character, and shall rejoice to see, and assist to make, these limitless Colonies spring from the foot of a foreign throne as free and independent, as proud as New York, Massachusetts, or Illinois. To that yearning for liberty and aspiration all of natural independence which swells the breast of every true son of every land, to your own manliness we leave those questions for settlement, confident that the dwarfed development of your vast resources and natural wealth, made the chilling influences of English supremacy in wretched contrast with the national dignity and stupendous material prosperity of your neighboring people of the United States, under the stimulus of self government and democratic institutions, constitutes a stronger argument in favor of co-operation with us and of the revolution in your political condition.

A man has been sentenced in Scotland to ten days' imprisonment for trying to gain admittance to a Masonic Lodge, not being a member of the Order.

which this comparison suggests, than any discussion of the question involved which we could offer here.

To Irishmen throughout these Provinces we appeal, in the name of seven centuries of British iniquity and Irish misery and suffering; in the name of our murdered sires, our desolate homes, our desecrated alters, our millions of famine graves, outcast name and race, to stretch forth the hand of brotherhood in the cause of fatherland, and smite the tyrant where we can in his work of murdering our nation and exterminating our people. We conjure you, our countrymen, who, from misfortunes inflicted by the very tyranny you are serving, or from any other cause, have been forced to enter the ranks of the enemy, not to be the willing instrument of your country's death or degradation.

If Ireland still speaks to you in the truest impulses of your hearts, Irishmen, obey her voice! If you would not be miscreants, recreant to the first principles of your nature, engraven upon the very corner-stone of your being, raise not the hand of the matricide to strike down the banner of Erin! No uniform, and surely not the blood-dyed coat of England, can emancipate you from the natural law that binds your allegiance to Ireland, to liberty, to right, to justice. To the friends of Ireland, of freedom, of humanity, of the people, we offer the olive branch of peace and the honest grasp of friendship. Take it, Irishmen, Brethren, Americans—take it all and trust it.—To all who marched to the call of the enemy, and rally under his standard to aid or abet his cause, we give the sword in as firm and earnest a grip as ever did its work upon a foeman. We wish to meet with friends, we are prepared to meet with enemies. We shall endeavor to merit the confidence of the former, and the latter can expect from us but the leniency of a determined though generous foe, and the restraints and relations imposed by civilized warfare.

T. W. SWEENEY, Maj.-Gen. commanding the Armies of Ireland.

Bribing the "Old Gal."

An English tradesman tells the following business on one occasion:—I did a nice clever trick when I first set up myself, which you shall hear. That large house just opposite to mine is Lord M.'s town residence. I made a fishing suit for one of the young honorables, and was ordered to go over and get paid. The hall-porter who let me in told me to walk up stairs. I met on the landing a little old woman, in a stuff gown and white apron, with a basket full of keys on her arm. I made sure she was the housekeeper, and told her my business. "Step into this room, young man," she said, "and I will pay you." My bill was not more than fifteen shillings, and as soon as I received the money I put half a sovereign into her hand. "I am very sorry, ma'am," said I, "that I cannot afford more; but if you would only get his lordship to give me the order for the Christmas liveries, I'd do the handsomest thing by you." "And pray what would that be?" said she, looking at me with her little shining black eyes. "Nothing less than a new silk gown; that I can promise, I hope you will speak to his lordship about this little matter, and lose no time." "I certainly will do so," said she, "and you shall learn with what effect this very day." "Bring over the good news yourself, if you can, old gal, and I'll find you a drop of the real stuff out of a bottle I keep in the back shop." I left the house, feeling quite sure I had secured the chance of a good order. About five minutes after I got back to my shop, in came the butler. "My dear," said he, "his lordship has given strict orders that on no account are you to be admitted into the house again, because of your impertinence to my lady." "Your lady," said I; "why, I've never set eyes on her." "I heard her tell his lordship that you called her 'old gal.'" "Oh! what!" said I, wide-awake in a moment. "And I told her if she came over to your shop you'd treat her to a drop of something short." "What!" said I, "was it lady M.—I was speaking to? By George, I took her for the housekeeper." Well, of course I lost the custom of Lord M.—But what vexed me most was that I also lost the half sovereign.

The correspondent of the New York Times, who is accompanying Generals Steedman and Fullerton, speaking of the South Carolina branch of the Freedmen's Bureau, says: "It is stated on good authority that nine out of ten cases of outrage committed on the blacks in this department have been perpetrated by our own (United States) soldiers."

A Resurrection Story

Some years since an eccentric old genius named Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, Maine, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having dug down about forty feet, found one morning, upon going to work, the well had essentially caved in, and was nearly full to the top. So having the desire which men have of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet concealed himself in a ragged burdock, by the side of a boy, he took his hook and bar on the morning over the well. At length, by being ready, a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in a grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such a party did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what would be said, and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived, and began prospecting the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length, they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave his opinion that they had better leave up the well and let Barnes remain "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet underground or fifty; for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expensio to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and therefore coincided with the minister.

His wife thought that "he had left his hat and coat, it would hardly be worth while to get him out for the rest of his clothes," and so it was decided to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had not breakfasted, and

was in quest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown. After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and coatless as he went) at the door of the farmer, for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it quietly, and at length informed them that on finding himself buried, he waited to be dug out again, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and had only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being very much confused, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanation was asked for by those who were so distressed, and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

Significant Paragraph.

We extract the following paragraph from the *National Intelligencer*. It speaks for itself:—"Every day brings us additional proofs that the friends of the President and his policy will stand shoulder to shoulder in the fall elections. No matter what party they have acted heretofore, a common enemy and a common cause will induce every true patriot to make any sacrifice to restore the Union and save the country from another war. The iron heel of fanaticism, in its mad career, is now attempting to crush out the State rights, and if successful, it will soon seek to extinguish State lines. If there ever was a time that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty, it is at the present moment. We believe that the soldiers of the country will rally against any attempt at centralization."

A bashful youth was paying his addresses to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a crisis. He called one day when she was home alone. After having settled the merits of the weather, the girl said looking slyly into his face: "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? Why now?" "Yes, I dreamed that you kissed me." "Why, now! what did you dream your mother said?" "Oh, I dreamed she was at home." A light dawned on the youth's intellect, a singular sound broke the stillness and in less than four weeks they married.

Nelley's Advice to the Girls.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for you young ladies to have such a hankering for the sterner sex! It is a weakness that woman has, and for this reason she is called the weaker sex! Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake act like fools about it. Don't go into a fit every time you see a

husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies.—She is full of starch and puckers, she puts on so many false airs, and she is so nice, that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at church or meeting, coming in, of course about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes the front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, simply because they have no more idea of making you a wife than they have of committing suicide. If I were a young man I would have no more to do with such fancy women than I would

Now, girls, let Nelley give you a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience that if you practice it, you will gain the reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is well enough to finger the piano, &c., but don't neglect to let grand-mama or your mother teach you how to make pies and puddings, and get a meals victuals good enough for a king. No part of a house-keeper's duties should be neglected; if you do not marry a wealthy husband, you will need to know how to do such work; and if you do, it will be no disadvantage to you to know how to instruct a servant girl to do these things as you would have them done.

In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not.—Affectation is the most despicable of all "accomplishments," and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affectation; it has a transparent skin, easily to be seen through. Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming and lovely an appearance as a neat and plain dress. All the mummery and tinsel-work of the dress-maker and milliner are unnecessary. If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty one particle; if you are homely, they only make you look worse. Men don't court your face and jewelry, but your own dear selves.

Finger-rings and folderols may do to look at but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk, do it naturally, and not be so distressingly polite as to spoil all you say. If your hair is straight, don't put on the curling tongs to make believe it is not. If your neck is dark, wear a lace collar, but don't be so foolish as to daub on paint, thinking that people are so blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are not rosy, don't apply pink

saucers, for the deception will be detected, and you will be laughed at.

Finally, girls, listen to the counsel of your mothers, and ask their advice in everything.—Think less of fashion than you do of home duties, less of romance than you do of the realities of life; and instead of trying to catch beaux, strive to make yourself worth being caught by them.

A Marvelous Traveler.

The *St. Louis Republican* says: We had yesterday a visit from the celebrated pedestrian traveler, Fredrick Schaefer, of Hesse Cassel, Germany, whose occupation for the past thirteen years has been that of going to and fro over the earth, and walking up and down in it, to the extent of some seventy-five thousand miles, two-thirds of that whole distance on foot. He seems to have been early seized with a disposition to preambulate the planet, and will probably walk till he walks off of it. He is now on his way a foot to California, where he expects to step upon the first convenient ship that will drift him to Asia, and then walk over Siberia and Russia to his cabin in Hesse Cassel. He has in his style already plodded his way through the principal divisions of Southern Europe, Asia and Africa, and only ten months ago began to do the Western hemisphere. His last grand point of departure was St. Paul. This bipedal locomotive is only thirty years old, and may yet live to

over. Though short in stature, he has a prodigious chest, and though afflicted with malformation of the spine, is evidently of a tough physique. He carries a volume well stocked with testimonials and autographs of distinguished personages, notices by the press, etc., etc., and expects some day to publish an account of his travels—in prospect of which he keeps a diary. As to means, he is an umbrella repairer, but appears to be generally received and entertained as a public guest, and we think "the world owes him a living" at least.

Army Statistics.

NEW YORK, May 19.—When President Lincoln, in April, 1861, called for 75,000 militia men for three months' service, the army of the United States had on its roll 14,000 men. During the ensuing four years 2,688,532 men were enlisted, of which 2,408,103 left the army alive; of the balance, 96,099 died in battle or of wounds, while 184,330 died of disease. The number of white troops enlisted was about 2,500,000; the number of deaths among them were 251,122, or one death out of ten. The number of colored troops were 180,000, of whom 29,289 died, or about one out of six, being nearly double the rate of deaths among the white troops. Three died on the field of battle, and five from disease; out of every nine deaths among the blacks, one died on the field of battle and eight from disease. The morality among the volunteers was nearly fifteen per cent. greater than among the regulars. These statistics are taken from the official records, but while they give the number of those who died in the service, they make no mention of the host obliged to leave the army and who went home to die.

Crops in Tennessee are backward.—Only half crop of wheat is anticipated; but corn and cotton are promising.

Sensible and Well-timed Questions.

The *New York Times* should be heeded by the radicals when it puts such questions as the following to them: None more important could occupy the attention of the thinking men of the country: "Suppose matters to stand in 1868 substantially as they stand to-day—none of the Southern States represented in Congress. Is it not reasonably certain that they will all be represented in the Democratic National Nominating Convention, and that they will choose electors who will vote for the Democratic nominees? Now, suppose these votes, together with those of the North and States that have no electoral ticket, constitute the Electoral College, what will be the result? It may be said their votes will not be counted. Congress, containing only Northern members—the South not being represented—it will reject them. Will that rejection be accepted by the country? Will the mass of the Southern people or the mass of the Democratic party in the North, acquiesce in it? And would not such resistance be most menacing to the peace of the country? That would not be an attempt at secession; it would be in no sense a sectional conflict; it would present to the country and the world the aspect of a majority of the people insisting upon their right to control the Government as against the unconstitutional usurpation of the minority. We do not bring this matter forward now for the purpose of discussing the merits of the question that would thus arise. But the contingency is too probable to be wisely ignored. No prudent or patriotic man will blindly rush into complication of so formidable and perilous a character.

Beginning at the Wrong End.

The *New York Herald* says that President Johnson is removing from office quite a large number of subordinate officials, and contemplates the removal of a whole lot of the victims. It is to themselves obnoxious by their radical tendencies, if not their violent opposition to the President's policy. But while it is decidedly commendable to remove this class of persons, the question arises whether the President is not beginning at the wrong end in decapitating the subordinate office-holders. He ought to commence with the men in high station who are manifestly hostile to his policy, some of whom sit almost daily in his councils.

An officer in the South recently received a letter from his little daughter at home asking him to send money with which to buy a new bonnet, to which he replied as follows:

I would send you a kiss, dear daughter, As pure from a fond father's lips, And as elastic as the drop of water That fresh from the icicle drips; But kisses thus sent in a letter Would lose all their sweetness for thee, And I know it would please thee far better To receive a few greenbacks from me; But as I am "hard up," and you not in need, You will have to put up with the will for the deed; I therefore send you this nice little sum, Instead of the greenbacks to buy a new bonnet.

GEN. SCOTT'S LAST WORDS.—A correspondent of the *New York Herald* says that Gen. Scott, about twenty-five minutes before his death, addressed his hostler, Allen, saying, "James, how is the horse?" "He is well, General." "Take care of him, James," and that these were the last intelligible words he uttered.

The population of Paris is quite mixed. It is estimated that there are no less than 2,000 Americans in that city, and it is the permanent home of 30,000 Swiss, 60,000 English, 15,000 Italians, 160,000 Germans, 10,000 Poles. The Parisians are engaged in various ways in improving their means of street locomotion, and among them is a plan for running steam omnibuses. These run not on rails, but on common macadamized highways, and it is said can make excellent time.

A false friend is like the shadow on a sun-dial, which appears in fine weather, but vanishes at the approach of a cloud.