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The following centulemen are Agents for the Journal: The holes with a second and a second and a second a s

Poetical Department.

From the Southern Press.

Lines on the Death of Calhoun, Elmore and

Taylor. BY A LAPY.

A nation mourns in sackcloth, her glory laid in duct, Her brightest hopes are withered, and her noblest

ones are crushed; For the iron hand of death, from her proud and

glorious crown. Has stricken out its brightest genus, and hurried

darkness down.

CALHOUN! the South still mourns for thee as mo-ther does for child; Her patriot—sage—who passed thio' fire, with garments undefiled;

She weeps for ELMORE and for thee-as Rachel for her lot. Befusing to be comforted, "because her sons were

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Again the wail of anguish is heard above the dead, The patriot hero dieth-he so late a nation's field; But not upon the battle field, 'mid cohorts gleam-

ing brightful pight;

But on the common bed of death, he laid him down

"WHO "E'ER SUBBENDER'D" yieldeth now to power

none dare dety. O Death not all the statesman's skill by our Cal-O Death not an the standard houn displayed, Nor Empore's talents-Taylor's fame-thy cruel hand hath stayed.

Aye! weep Columbia! for thy sins has roused the wrath of God.

And fearfully he scourges thee with his avenging rod: Three warnings, dark and terrible, thine inmost

TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR. "Let me show you one of the cheapest pieces of cloth 1 have seen for six months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer. "The silk and buttons are all I want?

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs-no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broad cloth, and slapped his hand upon it self-complacently, there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt. Only four dollars a yard, and worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at auction yesterday, at a great bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he went down to inspect the cloth ; " but I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards. "At least not from such men as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to his meaning. "Your credit is good,' said Edwards, smiling.

"Credit! I've no eredit. I never asked a man to trust me in my lile," returned the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," was suswered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. "But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen of buttons for my wife, are all that I require at present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacob's coat and examined it close-

ly. "This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some regard to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat! Think of that ! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree."

While Edwards talked thus, he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a way to let the rich glossy surface catch the best points of light, and his quick eyes soon told him that his customer was becoming tempted.

"I'll ent you off a cost pattern," said he, taking up his yard stick, "I know you want it Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say "no," although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied, half triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings of course."

As he spoke, he tarned to the shelves for padding, linings, silk, &c., and, while Jacobs, half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece and another, until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said.

in a wholesale store, and received a salary of I'd rather take a horse whipping. Good credseven hundred dollars a year. His family con sisted of a wife and three children, and he had found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order to "make both ends meet." Somewhat independent in his feelings, he had never asked credit of any one with whom he dealt, no one offering it, previous to the tempting inducement held out by Edwards, he had regulated his outgoes by his actual income. By this means he had managed to keep even with the world, though not to gain any advantages on the side of fortune. Let us see how it was with him at the end of six months, under the new system. Let us see if his "good credit" has been of any real benefit to him,

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable or for a little di-play, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heav. ily. And weak vanity on the part of Jacobs, was gratified by the flattering opinion of his honesty entertained by Edwards, the storekeeper. His credit was "good," and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning was approaching, and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry good store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things, the purchase of which would have been omitted, but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of in the storekeeper's hands, and tempted needless expenditure.

As the end of the six months credit period approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest upon the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill, he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the nightmare pressure of debt, and it seemed, at times, as if it would almost suffocate him.

One evening he came home, feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife, he saw that something was wrong. "What ails you, Jane !" said he kindly. "Are you sick ?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes drooped as she made it, and her liusband saw that her lips slightly quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said the husband:

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half-closed lids-the bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if anything is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick ?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill "

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs, with forced calomess. "The credit was for only six months. But, how much is the bill ?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked the question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars." And poor

large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk I suppose, and ask him to wait. But, I'm sure it ! He'll sing a different song now.' Tribune :

For a moment or two longer the husband and wife stood looking at each other. Then, as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards; but, he now avoided the street on which he lived and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

" How am I to pay this bill !' murmured the unhappy Jachs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at that moment the senior martner in the establishment came up and stood beside him. " Well, my friend," said he, kindly, "how are you getting along ?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerfal as he replied-

" Pretty well sir,' But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

" Let me see,' remarked the employer, after a pause ; "your regular year is up to day, is it not ?'

" Yes, sir,' replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for, the question suggested a discharge from his place ; business having been dull for some time.

purifies the imperfectious of the flesh. "I was looking at your account yesterday," resumed the employer, "and find that it is drawn vate, marked by a stern inflexible integrity, a up close. Have you nothing ahead ? deep sincerity of motive, and a strait-forward-

" Not a dollar, I am sorry to say.' returned ness of purpose. He was, in the most enlarg-Jacobs. " Living is expensive; and I have six ed sense of the term, the standard of an Amermouths to feed.'

"That being the case,' said the employer, as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add something to coming up to the highest expectations of his your salary. You now receive seven hundred dollars ?'

" Yes, sir.'

" We will call it eight hundred and fifty." A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk, seeing which, the employer, already blessed in blessing another, added -

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill you out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as the balance due you up to this day.

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated to for him to trust himse f with oral thanks, as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up : but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterwards, the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with smiling face

... I've come to settle your bill,' said Jacobs. ." You need'nt have troubled yourself about that," replied the stoorkeeper, "though money is always acceptable.'

" The money was paid and the bift receipted when Edwards, rubbing his hands, and action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said-

" And now, what shall I show you ?' " Nothing,' was the young man's grave re-

tion, and with a prayer upon his lips that his embrace could continue one brief hour longer.

The angel of death was inexorable, and he was wards. "I've just got in a beautiful lot of spring torn from the idol of his political devotion. In goods.' the separation, the constitution has lost one of

"I've no more money to spare,' answered Jacobs.

of its proudest ornaments; the rights of man a " That's of no consequence. Your credit is fearless advocate; and his own native, cherishgood for any amount." ed south, the champion of her cause, the right " A world too good, I find,' said Jacobs, be

(7) The following eloquent tribute to our departed Statesman we clip from the Alabama

A FUGITIVE TRIBUTE TO THE MEM-ORY OF JOHN C. CALHOUN.

"Death opens wide the gates of fame, and huts close the doors of envy atter." Calumny, quick of scent and sharp of tooth, stops its hunt at the portal of the grave. This shining mark which has lately fallen before the shaft of death, covered in its signal fall a nation's heart, and takes from among the living all envy, and transfers to the dead the true meed of merit.-So has it been, and so will it continue to be with the illustrious patriot and statesman, the lamented Calhoun ! His life, character and services belong to posterity. In the grateful remembrance of that posterity, will they live as long as "earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave."

"Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven ! No pyramid set off his memory

His private life was a model of virtue, carry-

ing with it the simplicity of artlessness, stripped

of affectation and void of guile. The philosophy

of his morals plucked up vice by the roots, and administered to the soul that medicine which

His public life was a counterpart of his pri-

In the discharge of the many and arduous

duties devolved upon him by his country, while

friends, with the distrustful modesty of Terence,

he felt "homo sum: nil humani a me alienum."

However much others dissented from his polit-

ical views, all awarded to him perfect exemp-

tion from duplicity and intrigue. The legerde-

main of policy formed no part of his life His course was always open, manly and bold; his

sentiments pure, elevated and noble; his lan-

gaage terse, chaste and pointed; his genius in-

ventive, rapid and powerful; his analysis se-

vere, searching and profound; his logic com-

pact, stern and ironbound ; his arguments close,

finished, and locked to his premises'; his capac-

ity for generalization, and condensing the largest

amount of thought in the fewesi number of

words, unsurpassed. His speeches are the high-

est monuments of mind known to any age, and

will stand in their solid grandeur, so long as

the force of language and the triumph of intel-

Grouping the private worth, the social vir-

tnes, and the towering intellect of John Cald-

well Cathoun in one picture, you have the beau-

ties of earth combined with the attributes of

His country mourns his loss, and his country

has no man to stand in his shadow! He died

with his arms around the pillars of the constitu-

its ablest supporters; the American nation one

ican statesman.

lect survive matter.

Heaven.

But the eternal substance of his own greatness."

heart have riven, And still the black and threatening clouds obscure the light of heaven.

Some of the North I see st not in this "the writing on the wall !

A mighty empire shook by thee, now totters to its

Forbear !- while yet the power is yours, nor loose. the ensaugumed floid; Lest awe struck nations cry with shame, "where is they brother's blood ?

O! never let the brand of Cain be written on thy

Nor lastory record with tears-"A fratricide wer'

Thy brother asks no gifts of thee, no guilt can he confe

JUSTICE, but Justice-he demands ; but can take nothing less.

Sons of the Sonth ! O! put your trust within an arm of might, The "God of battles" is your shield ; He will pro-

tect the right:

But humbled now before his throne, your nation's

sin's deplors. Then, rising strengthened and renewed, "Go thou and sin no more " M. O. D. Spartanburg C. H., S. C., Aug 46, 1950,

NATIONAL CURRENCY,

10 Loafers make I Grog Shop;

- 1 Grog Shop makes 50 Drunkarks ; 50 Draukards, ruin 50 Families ;
- 59 Ruined families fill 1 Poor-house and Jail ;
- 1 Poor-bouse and Jail makes 1 great bill of costs.
- 1 Great bill of costs make one poor town ;
- Poor town drains the County Treasury ; Bankrupt County is a great State tax ;
- 1 Great State tax draius the National Funds.

Starch up, brush your whiskers, and lay in a plentiful supply of nonsense, and the girls will call you a nice young man.

Soon after the battle of Lobau, a wit obserwed that Banaparte must be in funds, for he had lately received a check on the bank of the Danubr.

"Julius, are you convalescent dis morning ?" " No. I was convalescent yesterday, but I took medicine last night and worked it off,"

A lady reading that a man had been sentanced to six months hard labor for dog stealing, ohserved to a friend with a shudder, 'Gracious, my love, what would certain of our sex have to endure for entrapping puppies,"

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course. "My vest is a little shabby," remarked Ja-

cubs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards, in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the storekeeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaoons in addition to the coat. After that he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife. Having indulged himself with an entire new suit, he could not, upon reflection, think of passing by his wife, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for more than six months.

"Can't you think of any thing else ?" enquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you want in my line.

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty-five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

"But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day, Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Nevermind about the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount.'

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife of what he had done, she, unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," nid she. "We want sheets and pillow cases said she. badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs. "We wont have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then."

"Oh yes, easy enough," responded the wife, confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop there. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon inoreases to a rulnous current. Now that want had found a supply-source, want became more clamorous than before, Scarcely a day passed that Mr, or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls! that an alarmingly heavy debt was accumulating against them.

Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. Impossible ! There is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars? Never!"

"There is the bill." And Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up of the long column of figures, where were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty. "It can't be," he said in a troubled voice.-'Edwards has made a mistake."

"So I thought, when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But, I am sorry to say, that it is all right. I have been over and over it again, and cannot find an error. Oh, dear ! how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get things when no money had to be paid down. But, I never thought of a bill like this. Never.'

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes apon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for good Credit," he said, at length, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That cunning fellow, Edwards, has gone to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get under the cash-down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months ! Ab, me! Are we happier now, for the extra dry goods we have procured? No not a whit. Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But, has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning? Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neither the husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their apposites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber ; and in the morning they awoke soberminded, and little inclined for conversation .--But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs; the bill of Edwards ; and one feeling in the mind of his wife-self reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?' said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glittering eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know,' replied the young

ginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who has lost his pocket-book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so ? What do you mean ?' asked the storekeeper.

" My good credit has taken a bundred and wenty dollars out of my pocket, replied Jacobs. "I don't understand you,' said E Iwards, look ing serious.

"It's a very plain case,' answered Jacobs. This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise, have bought. That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent, under temptation, because it was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods credited to us on your books. Now do you understand me ?' The storekeeper was silent.

"Good morning, Mr. Edwards,' said Jacobs. When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy o spend it with you; but no more book accounts for me."

Wise will they he who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate incomes, and should never under any pretence be opened.

Schoolsun MAINE .-- It appears from the annual report of the Secretary of the Board of Education in Maine, that the whole amount of school money raised by tax in that State, is \$221,925. The counties of Kennebee and Penobscot raise the largest sum, over \$30,000 each. The whole number of scholars returned is 191,095, of whom 110,669 attend school in the summer and 133,413 in the winter. Kennebec returned 24,978 scholars ; York 21,316, Cumberland 20,621, Lincoln 13,351, Franklin 7,375, Somerset 12,005, Penobscot 21,092, Waldo 20,818, Oxford 12,290, Piscafaquis 4,-659, Hancock 11,869, Washington 12,622, Aroostook 1,099. Number of male teachers returned in the State, 2,454; female, 3,535 .--Number of school houses in good repair, 1,391; number not in good repair, 1,571.

A lady in this vicinity, on consulting with a neighbour on the loss of her son, was answered in tears. "If Billy's grandmother is in heaven, I know she won't see Billy abused."

When you see a gentleman at midnight, sitting on the stoop in front of his house combing his hair with the door scraper, you may con-As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not man, gloomily. "I shall have to see Edwards, clude that he has been out to an evening party.

arm of her strength. Terrible is such a calamity at this perilous juncture ! The guiding star of the sonth has fallen, and twilight rests upon the horizon! But whatever may be the destiny of the southern States, and the fate of all the States, they have no truer friend left behind than the one who has gone. In the fullness of time, his services will be owned, his spgacity appreciated, and the name of John C. Calhoun encolled in the capitol, side by side with the B. B. Conscript Fathers of the republic.

The forty-first Meeting of the American Board of Foreign Mission met in Oswego on Tuesday afternoon, in Dr. Condit's church .--The meeting was called to order by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, prayer by the Rev. Dr. Beman of Troy. Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Rochester, was appointed Secretary. pro lem.

The receipts of the Board, during the year ending July 31st from all sources, \$251,862 23 -while the expenditures for the same period were \$254,329 35-the receipt being less than the expenditores by \$2,467 07. The present indebtedness of the Board is \$34,071 65. The Annual missionary Sermon was then preached by the Rev. Dr. Storrs.

NATIONAL APPROPRIATIONS .-- The expenses of the Judiciary of this country have become enormous. In the Appropriation Bill there are \$697,937 to support the Federal Judiciary--\$557,537 being for the judges, jurors, witnesses, safe keeping of prisoners, etc. There was very great complaint expressed against the facility with which judges gave their "certificates" of money spent, and which accounts officers of the Treasury are compelled to allow. Mr. Eayly said he believed it was the most extravagant of all the departments of the government. The House, in a freak of economy, struck out \$400 given to Collectors as Superintendents of Light Houses.

Mrs. Partington wants to know if printers can't find anything better to publish than that "pork is quiet." "Why," said the old lady, 'our pork is always quiet during such hot weather. You can't searcely drive them out of the mire."

On the fashionable mode of ladies wearing watches in their bosoms.

Among our fashionable belles,

No wonder now that time should linger; Allowed to place his rude two hands

Where no one else dare place a fluger