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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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### The Home of Peace.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We are apt to grow weary  
In this troubled world at times,  
For even golden bells can ring  
In melancholy chimes:  
And let our human lot in life  
Be what or where it may,  
Dark shadows often rise, from which  
Our hearts would turn away.  
Full often do we sigh to taste  
Some spirit draught of joy,  
And almost envy childhood's laugh  
Above its painted toy.  
When some great hope breaks under us,  
Or loved ones prove unjust,  
And, roused from starchy dreams, we find  
Our pillow in the dust.  
Say, whither shall we turn to seek,  
The healing balm of rest,  
And whence shall come the cheerful ray  
To re-illumine our breast!  
Oh! let us go and breathe our woe  
In Nature's kindly ear  
For her soft hand will never deign  
To wipe the mourner's tear;  
She mocks not, tho' wet with our grief  
With voice all sad and faint,  
And seems the fondest while we pour  
Our weak and lonely plaint.  
Oh! let us take our sorrows  
To the bosom of the hills,  
And bend our pensive murmurs  
With the gurgle of the rills;  
Oh! let us turn in weariness  
Toward the grassy way,  
Where skylarks teach us how to praise,  
And ringdoves show us how;  
And there the melodies of Peace,  
That float around the sod,  
Shall bring back hope and harmony  
With the voice of God.

### MAN'S JUDGMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I would not give much for his chance of heaven," was the remark of a man whose coarse, well-worn garments contrasted strongly with the dark, rich broadcloth of the person to whom he referred. In the tones of the individual who uttered this sentence, was a clearly apparent satisfaction at the thought of his rich neighbor's doubtful chance of final salvation. It was on the Sabbath, and both had just started from the sacred edifice, to which each had gone up that morning for the avowed end of worship.  
"Why do you say that?" asked the friend to whom the remark was addressed.  
"You know the scriptures," was the confident answer. "How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of heaven."  
"You believe, then, that the mere fact of possessing riches will keep a man out of heaven?"  
"No; I would not just like to say that. But, riches harden the heart and make men unfit for heaven."  
"I doubt if riches harden the heart more than poverty," was replied.  
"How can you say so," was warmly objected. "Isn't the promise everywhere to the poor? To whom was the Gospel sent?"  
"The rich, the poor spoken of in the word of God," said the friend, "do not, it is plain, mean simply those in the world who possess natural riches, or who are in natural poverty. Remember, that the Bible is a relation of spiritual truth for man's eternal salvation; and that its teachings must have primary regard to what is spiritual, and refer to a man's internal state rather than his worldly condition. Remember, that the Lord, while on earth, said: Blessed are the poor in spirit," (not the poor in this world's goods) "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And we may without violence to even the letter of the word, conclude, that when He speaks of its being hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, that only the proud in spirit; those who rested self-confident in the riches of their worldly and natural wisdom, were meant. That it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for such rich men to enter heaven, is plain from our Lord's words when he set a child in the midst of his disciples, and told them unless they became as that little child they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Not externally and naturally as the child for that was impossible; but poor in spirit, teachable and innocent as a child."  
The first speaker whose name was Maxwell, tossed his head and slightly curled his lip as he replied—  
"I believe just what the Bible says. As for your forced meanings, I could never go them.—A plain matter of fact man, I can understand what is written in a plain matter of fact way.—The Bible says that they who have riches, shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. And I can see how true the saying is. As for Clinton, of whom I spoke just now, I repeat I would not give much for his chance. It is well that there is such a just God in heaven, and that there will come a day of retribution. The Dives have their good things in this life; but our turn will

come afterwards. We shan't be always poor.—Lazurus went a beggar from the rich man's door, and was received into Abraham's bosom."  
"What has made you so bitter against Clinton, just now?" inquired his friend.  
"I am not bitter against him, in particular. I speak of rich men as a class. They are all selfish, unfeeling and oppressive. Look at the good Clinton; might do, as a steward of God's bounty, if he chose. He might make our wilderness blossom as a rose. But settlement day will come ere long, and a sorry account of his stewardship will he have to render."  
"How do you know that the account will not be approved in heaven?" was asked in a quiet voice.  
"Approved! how do you know?" ejaculated Maxwell, impatiently. "Any man can see that he is an unfaithful; hard-hearted and oppressive steward."  
"Has he oppressed you?"  
"Yes."  
"Ah! I was not aware of that. I didn't know you had any claims upon him as an almoner of heaven."  
"My claims are those of common humanity. But you shall know all and judge for yourself. I am a poor man."  
"Well—"  
"With a wife and four children, whom I love as tenderly as Clinton, or any other purse-proud oppressor of the poor can possibly love his wife and children. They are dependent for daily bread upon my daily labor. With the sweat of my brow, I keep hunger from my door, and cold from entering therein."  
"An independent man," said the other.  
"Yes, thank God! An independent man; as independent as any nabob in the land."  
"Do let the nabobs alone," was answered to this. "If you are independent, why care for them? Why permit yourself to be fretted because others are blessed by Providence with a greater abundance of worldly goods? There is danger, in this thing, of going beyond the nabobs, and arraigning the wisdom of Him who setteth up whom he will, and whose bounty feeds even the young ravens. So go on with your story. What is the crime that Mr. Clinton has committed against you and humanity?"  
"I am a poor man, as I said."  
"I know you are; a hard working, industrious, but poor man."  
"And as such, entitled to some consideration."  
"Entitled to a fair return for your labor in all cases."  
"Of course I am; and to some favor in the distribution of employment, where I present equal capacity with those who are less needy than myself."  
"What do you mean by that?"  
"A plain story makes all plain. Well: you are aware that Mr. Clinton is about building a new dam for his mills?"  
"I am."  
"And that he has asked for proposals?"  
"Yes."  
"I tried to get the contract."  
"You? There was more surprise in this ejaculation than the friend intended to convey.  
"Certainly! Why not?" was petulently remarked.  
"Of course you had a perfect right to do so."  
"Of course I had; and of course my bid, tho' the lowest, was thrown out, and the bid of Jackson, who manages to monopolize every thing in the village."  
"You say your bid was lower than Jackson's. How do you know this? I thought his bid was not publicly known."  
"I knew it; and in fact, knew what it was before I sent in my bid, and was therefore able to go below it. The truth is, I managed between you and I, to find out what every man was going to bid, and then struck a mark below them all, to make sure of the job. I wanted a chance and was determined to have it, at all hazards."  
"I hardly think your mode of procedure just fair," said the friend; "but waiving that could you have made anything by the job at your bidding?"  
"Oh, yes. I'd have made something—more, a good deal, than I can make by days work. The fact is, I set my heart on that job as a stepping stone to contract work; and am bitterly disappointed at its loss. Much good may it do both Jackson and Clinton. I shouldn't be much sorry to see the new dam swept away by the next freshet."  
"Why Maxwell! This is not the spirit of a Christian man. Envy, malice—these are what the Bible condemns in the plainest terms; and for these sins, the poor have quite as much to answer for as the rich—and perhaps more. If you go from church on the Sabbath with no better thoughts than these, I fear you are quite as far from the kingdom of heaven as you have supposed Mr. Clinton to be."  
"Good day!" said Maxwell, turning off abruptly from his friend, and taking a path that led by a nearer course than the one in which they were walking to his home.  
A few weeks later, the person with whom Maxwell thus conversed had occasion to transact some business with Mr. Clinton. He had rendered a bill for work done, and called to receive payment.  
"You've made a mistake in your bill, Mr. Lee," said Clinton.  
"Ah! Are you certain?"  
"You can examine for yourself. I make an error of twenty dollars in the additions."  
"Then you only owe sixty dollars," said Lee, with a disappointment in his tones that he could not conceal.  
"Rather say, that I owe you a hundred, for the mistake is in your favor. The first column in the bill adds up fifty instead of thirty dollars."  
"Let me examine it," Lee took the bill and added up the column three times before he felt entirely satisfied. Then he said,—  
"So it does! Well; I should never have been the wiser if you had only paid me the eighty

dollars called for by the footing up of the bill. You might have retained your advantage with perfect safety."  
Lee said this on the impulse of the moment. He instantly saw a change in Mr. Clinton's countenance, as soon as he made the remark.  
"Oh, no, not with safety," was gravely replied.  
"I should never have found it out."  
"But there is a coming day, with every man, when the secrets of his heart will stand revealed. If now, it would then appear that I had wronged you out of twenty dollars."  
"True! True! But all men don't think of this."  
"No one is more fully aware of that than I am. It is for me, however, to live in the present, so as to not to burden my future with shame and repentance. Knowingly, Mr. Lee, I would not wrong any man to the value of a single dollar. I may err, and do err, like other men; for to err is human."  
After the expression of such sentiments; Lee felt curious to know what Mr. Clinton thought of, and how he felt towards Maxwell. So he said, after referring to the new mill dam in the process of erection—  
"You didn't take the lowest bid for its construction."  
"I took the lowest competent bid."  
"Then you do not think Maxwell competent to the work?"  
"I do not think him a man to be trusted, and therefore would not have given him the contract or such a piece of work at any price. You are aware, that the giving way of that dam would almost inevitably involve a serious loss of life and property, among the poor people who live along the course of the stream below. I must regard their safety before any pecuniary advantage to myself; and have given Mr. Jackson who has the contract, positive instructions to exceed his efforts if necessary, in order to put the question of safety beyond a doubt. I know him to be a man whom I can trust. But I have no confidence in Maxwell."  
"A good reason why you declined giving him the job."  
"I think so."  
"Maxwell was greatly disappointed."  
"I know, and has spoken very hard against me. But that avails nothing. My principle of action is to do right, and let others think and say what they please. No man is my judge.—Maxwell is not, probably, aware that I know him thoroughly, and that I have thrown as much in his way as I could safely do. He is not of course aware, that one of my sons overheard him in reference to this mill-dam, say—I'm bound to have that contract whether or no. I have learned the lowest bid, and I have put in a bid still lower. How did you learn this?" was asked of him. "No matter," he answered, "I have learned it." "You can't go lower and build the dam safely," was said. To which he replied—"I can build the dam and make a good profit. As to the safety, I'll leave that in the hands of Providence. He'll take care of the poor people below." Mr. Lee, I felt an inward shudder when this was repeated to me. I could not have believed the man so void of common honesty and common humanity. Was I not right to withhold from him such a contract?"  
"You would have been no better than he is if you had given it to him," was answered. "And yet this same man inveighs against the rich, and thinks their chance of heaven a poor one."  
"Simply because they are rich?"  
"Or, it might with more truth be said, because they will not yield to his covetous and envious spirit. He is not content with the equivalent society renders back to him for the benefit he confers, but wants to share what of right belongs to others."  
"That spirit I have often seen him manifest. Well, if simple riches are a bar to a man's entrance into heaven, how much more so is discontent, envy, malice, hatred, and a selfish disregard for the rights and well-being of others. The rich have their temptations, and so have the poor, and neither will enter heaven, unless they overcome in temptation, and receive the purified love of their neighbor. This is at least my doctrine."  
Of the two, I would rather take Clinton's chance of heaven, said Lee to himself, as he went musing away, "even if he is a rich man."  
Lady Wreath.

just left the celebrated boarding school of Madame Campan, and had no different part in the affair than her husband—both being instruments in the hands of the First Consul and Josephine. "Never," wrote Louis, "was there a more gloomy ceremony; never had husband and wife a stronger presentment of the bitterness of a reluctant and ill-assorted union." And Madame Campan, who was at a ball given in honor of the event, states that "every countenance beamed with satisfaction save that of the bride, and whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness she might have been expected to evince; she seemed to shun her husband's very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt towards him."  
Errors in Politics.  
In the heat of political canvass in the mad career for office, parties often commit blunders, and take positions of which they become afterwards very much ashamed. It would be an amusing and instructive task, to trace the history of party collisions from the inauguration of the elder Adams, down to the present moment. We do not mean a history of the grave issues that have divided parties, but the petty intrigues and mean things to which parties have stooped, the frauds, the clap-traps, the deceptions that have been restored to, first by one, then by another, each two frequently losing sight of the great interests of the country, of the principles which constitute the line of demarcation between them, and which should always be the line of battle. It is quite certain that a saleable and edifying duodecimo might be made out of those details.  
Not long since, for example, a democratic journal announced that an English carpet, valued at \$1500, had been ordered for the White House, and the President was roundly lectured for his extravagance, and encouragement of British manufactures. The whig papers thought this a very small affair. We think so, likewise. It is firing pop-guns instead of thirty-six pounders. It is a low scurrility—a small potato warfare, to which no party should descend.  
But our whig friends must remember that they first set this bad example. They are the carpet knights—the men of the skewer—the spies and reporters of the kitchen. Every body remembers the Presidential campaign of 1840, when principles and all legitimate discussion were laid aside for coon skins and red pepper. Every one recollects Ogile's celebrated gold-spoon speech—the whig committee inventory of Martin Van Buren's kitchen, cellar and pantries, and the capital they made by exaggerating the faded finery of the executive mansion into the luxury, magnificence and pretensions of an oriental palace. In reality poor Mr. Van Buren was playing Adonis before a broken mirror, treading on thread-bare carpets, resting his weary limbs on rickety sofas, and entertaining his friends on a service of sham plate much the worse for wear; but the whigs swore that he was a second Sardanapalus, and that he lived in more splendor than any monarch in Europe. The people—ever fond of scandal, and too prone to suspect men in office—believed them, and he was thrust out of power, neck and heels. They made such a raw head and bloody bones then of executive extravagance and of Mr. V. B.'s shabby gentility, no wonder that somebody is now seeking to make a bugaboo out of Mr. Fillmore's Ex-minister.  
And what has been the effect of this low and dirty electioneering, commenced by the whigs, and dating back to the Ogile humbug? Why the government house has been permitted to fall into a wretched condition, and the chief of the Republic is worse lodged, and has poorer accommodations for his guests, than the representatives of several second rate countries at the city of Washington. Most of the furniture would be rejected by any respectable pawn-broker. And why? Because, in 1840, the whigs deluded the people by false representations, and Congress has since been too timid to vote a sufficient allowance.—They will appropriate millions for moonshine improvements, and for fat jobs for eastern speculators, contract bidders and political hacks, and yet stand aghast at a few thousands to make their chief magistrate comfortable. Every proposition to furnish it in a style becoming the dignity and grandeur of the Republic, is overwhelmed by a Niagara of negatives, each member bearing in mind the murderer's words—  
"Thou canst not say I did it."  
There is a positive meanness in all this, but our whig friends will confess they are responsible for it. Their statesmen first ransacked the Presidential residence, counted the napkins, the knives and forks, the gridirons, and the utensils in kitchen and chamber, and published the catalogue with an affectation of holy horror. They thought the people to descend to these dirty inquiries, and it is their fault if the present and future Presidents cannot live like gentlemen, and consult their own taste in the selection of carpets.  
New Orleans Courier.

chilled? Not all in his situation would have had the presence of mind that secured the only safe retreat left him.—Springfield, Mass. Republican.

Destitution in Philadelphia.—The Philadelphia American gives an account of a visit made, a few days ago, to the hovels of many of the poor and destitute of that city, who live in small unventilated rooms, for which they are compelled to pay ten cents rent each day. It is supposed the number of these unfortunate beings is about five thousand. Many of them were found with their hands and feet frozen for want of fuel to keep them warm, while others had even disposed of most of their scanty clothing to buy bread. In one cellar a family were found who had been turned out of home because they were unable to pay their rent. In another place, a poor miserable woman and several children were found in a shed, the children covered up in a heap of ashes to keep them warm. Having no clothing whatever to cover them, the mother had been driven to this resort to keep them from freezing. The clothes had been sold to buy bread.

We find, in Blackwood, for November, a description of the appearance and habits of Louis Napoleon, taken from the letter of the German Professor Stahr, which is at this time interesting.

"I stood near enough to see him well; and never did I behold a more unmeaning countenance. An unwholesome grey-brown is its prevailing tint. Of likeness to the great Emperor there is scarcely a trace.

"He is naturally good tempered and harmless and by no means without ability. But he is tainted with the moral corruption of all the European societies, Italian, French and English. He has the *pointure* of the drawing-room education of all nations. Still he is not devoid of sense, nor of a certain goodness of disposition. He can weep, unaffectedly weep, over a touching case of wretchedness and misery, and he willingly shows clemency, when asked even by a political opponent. But no reliance can be placed in him. In a word his character is that of a woman. As a result of his wandering and adventurous existence, he appears to-day as a German, to-morrow as a Frenchman, and the day after as an Englishman or Italian. He is wholly without fixed principles, and without moral stay."

LOVE LOTTERY, AND SUICIDE.—A French coach driver was recently found dead in his bed at Paris, suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. The following words were written scrawled upon a piece of brown paper:

"I got married and thought myself well settled. But I have not been happy; my wife had the foolishness to let herself be courted by a domestic in the same house, and one fine morning she ran off with him. Left alone I turned coachman. But sorrow devoured me, and I was mortally tired of every thing!

"One day, when I was more low than common, I went into an office of golden ingots and bought five tickets. From that moment I felt hope spring up again. I thought no more of my wife. I dreamed of the monster prize, and was no longer down in the mouth. But since the lottery has been drawn, and I have found that I have won nothing, weariness has took hold on me again. I think all day of my wife. That's why I don't want to live. To those who have known me a lie!"

MIGHTY COLD!—The last Cassville (Ga.) Standard, in speaking of the late "cold snap," relates the following interesting incident:

"On Sunday night, a neighbor informs us, three of his hogs were frozen together with the ice on their bodies, while lying in a pen. In the morning they had to be separated by throwing hot water on them. This seems strange; yet we are assured by gentlemen of veracity, that it is strictly true—and that the hogs are still living and doing well."

THE WAY THEY SETTLE TOWNS IN CALIFORNIA!—A Sacramento paper says that within twenty-four hours after the first great rush to the spot a town, a little distance removed, was surveyed, mapped, subdivided into streets, squares, &c., and in forty eight hours afterwards, it contained a number of stores, taverns, boarding houses or hotels, gambling-houses, with monte and billiard-tables, and all the usual establishments found in the inland mining towns. Who wonders at nutmegs growing in such a country.

"Is that a lightning bug in the street?" asked a pur-blind old lady.

"No, grandma," said a pert Miss, "it's a big bug with a segar."

An Irishman, in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus:—"If you don't love me, please send back the letter without breaking the seal."

A Dead Shot.—A physician, who resides in the southern portion of New York city, upon visiting a patient who resided at the extreme north, was asked by the sick man "if he did not find it very inconvenient to come such a distance?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the son of Esculapius, "for, having another patient in the next street, I can kill two birds with one stone."

"Can you, sir?" replied the invalid: "then you are too good a shot for me,"—and immediately dismissed him.

The Tears of Ararica.—Alexander wept—poor, tender-hearted fellow—when there were no more worlds to conquer. Louis Philippe, it is said, hearing of the wealth of Miss Barrett Countess, burst into tears, not having another son to marry!

Col. Benton it is said, has sold Col. Fremont's Mariposa tract of land in California for one million of dollars.