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THE END OF LIFE.

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLES.

He lived all the number of his years, and they were three score and ten.

An old man sat by the window,
For the spring was drawing near,
And the corpse of the dead old winter
Had gone to the tomb of the year!
The sunlight soft and unclouded,
Streamed in o'er the oaken floor,
And fretted with gold the dark panels,
Quaintly carved in the ancient door.

The hands of the old man trembled,
His beard was frosted and thin,
And chill as the heart of December
Was the heat that was toiling within:
Like embers half quenched and dying,
On a desolate hearth at night,
Burnt the ashes of life in his bosom,
As he sat in the spring's clear light.

He looked on the young buds swelling,
And a tear o'er his wrinkles strayed;
He thought of the wife of his bosom,
Who slept in the valley's green shade;
He thought how her steps had faltered,
Midway on the journey of life;
And how on death's bosom she rested,
When weary and worn with strife.

The forms of his innocent children
She nightly had folded in prayer,
And laid on the soft lap of slumber,
With tender and motherly care,
Rose up in the old man's vision—
He saw that one tired and slept.
Like a lamb by the side of its mother,
Where a willow leans over and weeps.

One son had wandered from virtue;
The father in spirit had yearned
To grant him forgiveness and blessing,
But the prodigal never returned;
Another had wedded with mammon,
And worshipped the prince of this world;
And one neath the cross had enlisted,
And fought where its banner unfurled.

A daughter, the fairest and dearest,
In loveliness walked by his side,
Nor envied the lot of her sisters,
Who dazzled in beauty and pride.
Her voice was his heart's sweetest music,
When from the blessed volume she read,
That brightens valley of shadow's,
And smooths down the path to the dead.

For all his affliction and sorrow,
For all his misgivings and grief—
For the night of doubting and darkness,
He found in its pages relief;
His life had been checkered with sadness,
And as it drew near to a close,
He longed for that home of the weary,
The land of immortal repose!

The old man sat by the window,
As the sun dropped low in the sky;
His spirit, with silent rejoicing,
Went up to the mansion on high,
Another green hillock in summer,
Received the baptism of dew,
And down in the dust of the valley,
He rests by the tender and true.

From the Sunny South.

The Haunted House:

OR,
THE TAR RIVER EMIGRANT.

In the spring of 18—, Edward S—, or as he was called, Ned, started from the place he was raised at in the turpentine region of the old North State, with a company of movers, who were making their way for the western district of Tennessee, or as it was called by the denizens of the pin-yoods the Forked-Deer country.

Ned was a poor boy, the youngest of a large family, whose father Seth, sr., and Germina had died when he was quite a child, and had been raised (or had rather grown up according to the laws of nature) in the house of an old grandmother, who lived in a little old smoky cabin about twelve miles from Tarboro' town; he had never been to school, nor to the court house but once to see a general muster; had heard of the Revolutionary War, and of General Washington, but had no distinct idea of what the first meant, or whether the General was yet President, or what was the meaning of President. He had heard a good deal about witches, jack-o-me-lanterns, ghosts, haunted houses, &c. With this stock of worldly knowledge, at the age of 18, he started out with squire Massey, as one of his family, and drove one of those little carts, which distinguish themselves from that interesting section of old North Carolina to seek his fortune "over the hills and far away."

Not more than a week after the movers had set out, an incident occurred to Ned, which I am now about to relate, and which came near proving fatal to the young man at the very threshold of manhood, and the relation of which, in his own earnest and peculiar style, has in after days cost many a suspender and waistband button to the fortunate few who have heard the story from his own mouth. And for the benefit

of those who never knew Ned, or heard him tell the adventure, I will try and relate it in his own words:

"One night," says Ned, "we stopped on or about the South Carolina line, afore day the Squire waked me up: says he—

"Ned! Ned!"
I jumped up thinkin' somethin' was wrong, and just as I did so, that was a powerful flash of lightenin' which made me feel queer; I always was afraid of thunder and lightenin', and the Squire, say he:

"Ned!"
"Ser," says I.
"Ned," say he "the hosses is missin'."

"Missin!" ses I.
"Yes," ses he, "and I want you to hunt 'em."

Well, I hated mightily to start off, and it a lightenin' and thunderin' so, and it in the dark; but I was ashamed to say I was afraid, so just afore day broke, I fixed up and started off in tother direction to hunt the hosses. Well, I went on a thinkin' where the hosses could be, and how it could be supposed I could find 'em in the dark; and a thinkin' too suppose I should come across a jack-o-me-lantern, and be carried by it through grave-yards, briar-patches, logs and swamps, and I should be lost and starved to death in the woods by myself; when I looked up and day was fairly broke; I was mightily relieved at this for I never was afraid of anything in daylight, so I went on lookin' for the hosses, and called 'em—coap! coap! coap!—and whistled for 'em, but could hear nor see nothin' of 'em.

The first thing I knowed, I seed one of the biggest white houses I ever had seen, with a powerful great clearin'—barns, and stables, nigger houses and pailins all around the house, all as white as snow. So I thought I'd go up and ax about the hosses; I went up to the big gate, it was at the road 'bout setenty yards from the house, but I didn't see nobody at all. Well, I didn't know what to do, I begin to feel all was not right, but could'n't git away. Howsomever, so it was, I stood thar calling the hosses, coap! coap! coap! but I didn't hear 'em nicker. Well the first thing I knowed, I seed a nigger come out to the side of the pailins, and there he was a peepin' at me, and a peepin' at me.

"Won't you come in ser," says he.
Being always bred to manners, I thanked him and told him yes.

"I started very yearly this morning, I started afore day, out huntin' my hosses," says I.
He never sed one word, but rather grinned like.

By this time sun was up, and we had got to the house. Well, it was a fine 'un! I gits a view of brick chimnies; piazzas; porticoes! such as you see in Nashville town: think-ses-I, I am in luck; not having the least idea of what it really was, and what war to come. By this time I could see the heads of several niggers, black, and some mallatters, grinning at me thro' the glass windows; but I had no suspicion; a big old yaller feller opened the door and bowed mighty polite.

"Walk in the parlor and take a seat sir," ses he.

I thanked him and told his yes. "I had started afore day out to hunt my hosses." But as to the place whar he tuk me to, which he called the parlor! The walls were as white as could be all around the windows hung curtains, red and white, with brass bands to hold 'em back; and there war a fire blazin' away, with two great brass fire dogs, an a brass thing round the fire to keep it in I reckon. And there were a cloth thing on the floor, and bigger nor any blanket, and puttin' nor any saxon show you ever seed! an tables war pure 'hogany.

Well, jest as I ware a gwine to set down, a little 'oman came to the door and in the sweetest voice you ever hearn ses she:

"Wount you walk in an take some breakfast sir."

I felt sort-o' hungry, an I thanked her and told her yes; ses I—

"I started very yearly this mornin' I started afore day to hunt my hosses."

So I followed her inter the next room an my eyes! thar was only two white 'uns, a man what looked about 25 or 30 years old all dressed in brod cloth, standin' up with his hands on the back of a cheer, up to a table, an a mighty young 'oman the puttester you ever seed, dressed all in white, an the gentleman, as I took it for ses he—

"Take a cheer ser," just as perlite, "an take breakfast, I expect you are tired (or somethin' so.)"

I pulled off my hat an went to lay it down, but one of the niggers, who had a white cloth in his hand, with an apron on tuk it from me, an I never seed it any more. So I thanked the gentleman (as I thought,) an told him I would as I had started very yearly this mornin' I started afore day out a huntin' my hosses." At that minute the gentleman sneezed, and the lady she stooped down sorter an the niggers begun to snigger the quarest you ever hearn. Seeing the lady still kept her head down, I thought somethin' was under the table, so I looked down an saw somethin' white in her lap and thought it was my handkerchief, in course nothin' war the matter, I just poked it in—and poked it into my pocket about this time the lady looked up, and zounds! her face was as red as blood, and she looked like she had been crying. All this time I war trying to git in my linnin and kep lookin' 'bout me catin so no one mite see what I was at; the next thing I knowed, the whole table begun to move towards me! It struck me at once it was a haunted house, an I went to push back my cheer to git out out of the way of the table, when the whole platter cum right over me! With that thar war a powerful noise an screamin' sorter like people a laffin—an sorter like people a crying,—but I saw nothin'—I shot my eyes rite tie for; but a minit, I then thought that war no place for me; so I ris and got out

—sum how—an jest as I left the steps the big yaller nigger catched me by sumthin' white a hangin' from my briches—I hollered murder! an pulled, ses I—"I started very yearly this mornin' I started afore day to hunt my hosses."

"Give me the table cloth," ses he an jerked.
I fell inter the yard—but I ris from thar, an never looked back till I reached the camp!—

Whar I told the story, but none of 'em would 'bleve but what I had gone to sleep an sum body had stole my hat, an that I told it for a excuse. But boys I tell you now, it was all the positive truth."

The Silver Currency Again.

The Northern Journals, or their correspondents, are still engaged in earnest discussion on the merits and defects of Mr. Hunter's coinage bill. We have never known a subject so susceptible of precise and simple treatment so entangled by contradictory and confused reasoning. Now the advocates for taking from our silver coins a certain quantity of the silver they contain, and not adding to the quantity of gold in our gold coins, contend that this is the only mode of restoring the true relative value of the metals; they also contend that to put more gold into our gold coins would be unjust to the debtor who has made engagements to pay a given sum in either gold or silver. The only injustice is that he is prevented from paying a stipulated amount in one of the metals which has suffered, or which may undergo depreciation. But the inconsistency is not perceived that to take from the silver coins is unjust to the creditor, as it forces him to receive, the option being with the debtor to pay either in gold or silver.

In this stage of the question the Banks have taken the alarm, Mr. Hunter's bill being at present hung up between the two Houses, and there being apprehensions that it will pass the House of Representatives. Those connected with the management of those institutions insist that if the bill pass it will drive the remainder of our silver currency abroad, for all that fund of silver coins now retained by the banks, at some sacrifice, they will be compelled to part with, to avoid a much greater sacrifice. They may be willing to lose 2 or 3 per cent. on their stock of silver coin; but not 7 per cent., as they would, if Mr. Hunter's bill passes, for this is the loss which will be incurred by that bill to all those banks which retain a stock of silver coins. This will be the difference between the new and the old silver coinage.

Now when all this discontent and apprehended evil may be avoided by the simple expedient of making silver the sole standard and legal tender, we are surprised at the pertinacity of those who adhere to gold as that standard and legal tender, and seek to adjust the relative value of the two metals, a matter incapable of adjustment. It is replied to this mode of doing the evil that a loss would fall on Government. On whom can that loss fall more fittingly? Who should pay the penalty of the blunders of Government but the Government itself? It is computed that if Government receives its dues in gold and ceases to pay in gold, it will lose \$5,000,000, supposing gold has fallen 5 per cent., \$100,000 millions being the amount supposed to be in circulation. If there is only one legal tender established, and that tender silver, this first loss would be the only loss. If both metals continue to be legal tenders, the loss, of course, would be continually renewed to individuals—the class of creditors.

If our gold coins are received for Government dues, at their nominal value, and not re-issued, the proper corrective would at once come into action. There would be an increased domestic demand for silver, for coinage. This would elevate its value in the United States, counteractive of the foreign demand and higher foreign value. Connected with this should be the calling in of all the debased Spanish coins now in circulation, so as to produce uniformity of denomination and value in the whole mass of our silver coinage; making no change in our silver coins in any regard. As an adjunct to the scheme of an exclusive standard and legal tender in silver, gold could be assayed in the U. S. Mint in bars or ingots, of a determinate weight and purity. They would assist to keep our silver coins in circulation, for they would be employed in international commerce to adjust balances, provided we did not displace our silver coins by depreciated paper currency. If we issued no notes below five dollars, we would retain the whole of our silver coins. If no notes are emitted below the value of one dollar, we shall still retain our subsidiary silver currency. Gold would then find its true commercial value as a commodity. Its fluctuations would affect the class neither of the debtors nor creditors. Remittances would be made in gold for the adjustment of a commercial balance more especially as to the country to which we become most frequently and largely indebted, we are bound to make good our engagements in gold.

We hope, then, that Congress will get rid of that anomaly and embarrassment of a double standard and a double legal tender, and invest that metal with these functions that preserves its value most uniformly. Silver is rapidly becoming the universal standard and legal tender. This must be the consequence of a general conviction that it is fittest for these offices.
Charleston Evening News.

THE PRESS.—The men of the Press, are among the hardest working and noblest sons of toil. While others are enjoying a festive occasion, the toiler of the Press is transcribing the record from their lips, with pen and pencil, while in yonder building busy hands are striking it off in sheets that will lie upon our breakfast tables to-morrow morning, and be flying far and wide, on wings of lightning and steam, to the world's end. The press is a mighty agent in the work of progress, and faithful to its trust—truth, freedom, humanity—above any other element of the world's progress.—Dana.

The Character of Paul.

BY J. T. HEADLY.

PAUL, in his natural character, before his conversion, resembles Bonaparte more than any other man—I mean both in his intellectual developments and energy of will. He had the same inflexibility of purpose, the same utter indifference to human suffering when he had once determined on his course; the same tireless, unconquerable resolution; the same fearlessness both of man's power and opinions, and that calm self reliance and mysterious control over others. But the point of greatest resemblance is in the union of a strong, correct judgment, with rapidity of thought and sudden impulse. They thought quicker, yet better than other men. The power, too, they possessed, was all practical power. There are many men of strong minds, whose force, nevertheless, wastes in reflection, or in theories for others to act upon. Thought may work out into language, but not into action.—They will plan better than they can perform. But these men not only thought better, but they could work better than all other men.

The same perfect self-control and perfect subjection of his emotions—even terror itself—to the mandates of his will, are exhibited in his conduct when smitten to the earth, and blinded by the light and voice from Heaven. John, when arrested by the same voice on the Isle of Patmos, fell on his face as a dead man, and dared not stir or speak till encouraged by the language, "Fear not." But Paul, (or Saul) though a persecutor, and violent man, showed no symptoms of alarm or terror. The voice, the blow, the light, the glory, and the darkness that followed, were sufficient to upset the strongest mind; but he, master of himself and his emotions, instead of giving way to exclamations of terror, simply said: "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" With his reason and judgment as steady and strong as ever, he knew at once something was wanted of him, and ever ready to act, he asked what it was.

From this time on, his track can be distinguished by the commotion about it, and the light above it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went to the east to legalize his lot with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear, when the lofty turrets of the proud city dashed on his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the Son of God. He strode into the synagogues, and before the astonished priests preached Christ and himself.

But in places where he was unknown and untried, he started for his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends. "To entreaties, tears, scorn and violence, he was alike impervious. The Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria and Rome, over the known world, he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mar's Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Parthenon behind him—on the deck of his shattered vessel in the intervals of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone. Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and shrinking from no responsibility, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of power.

The nations heave around him, and kings turn pale in his presence. Bands of conspirators swear neither to eat or drink till they have slain him, rulers and priests combine against him; and people stone him; yet, over the din of the conflict and storm of violence, his voice of eloquence rises clear and distinct as trumpet call, as he still preaches Christ and him crucified. The whip is laid on his back till the blood starts with every blow, and then his mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but at midnight, you hear that same calm, strong voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake rocks the prison to its foundations; the manacles fall from the hands of the captives, the bolts withdraw themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges.

One cannot point to a single spot in his career, where he faltered a moment, and gave way to discouragement or fear. Through all his perilous life, he exhibited the same interperdy of character and lofty spirit. With his eyes fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling on glories it was not permitted him to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death—how indescribably sublime! Napoleon, dying in the midst of a midnight storm, with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing spirit watching in the delirium, the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of conflict, is a sight that awes and startle.

But behold Paul also, a war-worn veteran, battered with many a spear, though in a spiritual warfare, looking not on earth, but to Heaven.—Hear his calm, serene voice ringing over the storms and commotions of life: I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No shouts of foemen, nor smoke of carnage of battle surrounding his spirit struggling to be free; but troops of shining angels, the smile of God, and the songs of the redeemed, these guarded him, and welcomed him home.

FOLLY.—To think that you can make pork out of pig iron, or that you can become a shoe-maker by just drinking sherry cobbler.

FAMINE IN GERMANY.—The condition of the peasantry in many parts of Germany, says a correspondent of the London Times, has, chiefly through the failure of the potato crop last year at length become one of such fearful and indescribable distress, that I feel sure a few particulars respecting it will prove a subject of painful interest to many of your readers. Poor Southern and Central Germany, still suffering from the baneful effects of the late political convulsions, is now, in addition, visited by dearth, disease, and famine. Truly heartrending accounts continue to arrive from many parts well known to and much frequented by English tourists for the beauty of their scenery; so from Wurtemberg, Bavaria, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Nassau, and more especially from the Vogelsberg and the Odenwald, rough mountainous districts—the one situated in the northeastern part of the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the other to the north, and forming part of the "Bergstrasse," a road extending from Darmstadt to Heidelberg, within thirty-eight hours reach from London, and traversed generally by excursionist on their way to Switzerland. In these localities whole villages are being deserted for want of food. Their unfortunate inhabitants, who, in times of comparative prosperity, eke out but scanty and miserable existence, have been wanting their staple food—potatoes.—In other parts trade is standing still; of eighteen thousands looms, in a single province of Bavaria, almost exclusively inhabited by weavers, not half are at full work. The people are deprived alike of the productions of nature and the fruits of industry; and, to consummate wretchedness and despair and an extreme dearth of provisions, whole herds of cattle and sheep are killed by a rapidly spreading disease.

FASHIONS IN PARIS.—The correspondent of the Boston Atlas has the following in his letter:

"Let me chronicle several suicides on the altar of fashion. Ladies in Paris have the greatest horror of being fat; death has fewer horrors than corpulency. There is no doubt the corpulence of the Duchess de Paraisin was the cause of her murder, and I really believe that if the Sahque law did not prevent a lady from ascending the throne, the first empress would obtain the destruction of all children who appeared inclined to corpulency. During the past week, there has been buried at Pere la Chaise the Marquis de ***, who died in consequence of having ruined her digestion by the excessive use of vinegar; the Princess de ***, from the same cause, having exhausted herself by refusing to take sufficient nourishment, and Mme.—, the wife of an agent de change, "killed by vinegar." The mother of vinegar is the first cousin of death."

The first and three last persons mentioned daily three large tumblers of vinegar, and they died—horrible punishment—that.

"Between vinegar and cards, the fashionable world here is in a sorrowful way.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.—The following singular anecdote concerning the effects produced by the musical powers of the Hutchinson family, we find in the Erie Gazette. The editor states that the occurrence took place at Plattsburgh, as he learns by a private letter from that city. The sweet melodists, it appears, happening to spend Sabbath week in Plattsburgh, attended the church of the Rev. Dr.—, an eminent Presbyterian divine, and, as is their custom, participated in the choir exercises. Just before the services closed, they, by request stood up and sang a hymn of their selection, which they did with such thrilling pathos that the worthy pastors, no longer able to retain himself, waved his hands and cried out, "Yes! Glory, Hallelujah!" and fainted away.

THE BIRD AND THE MAIDEN.—A summer bird that has lingered late in the autumn, leaving its timid foot print in the first fall of snow ever reminds us of that delicate fair one, in light thin slippers, on a cold icy pavement. The bird, however can escape to a warmer clime and in the spring it can re-appear but the lady is on that journey from which there is no return. The music of the bird may again gladden its native tree but her voice will not again cheer the hearth of her home. The badges of sorrow and the slowly returning hearse will scold what that slippish has done. It has taken from us in the bloom of life one that we loved, but would not listen to the voice of admonition. Her bright days are now passed, the light of her countenance has fled and the night of the grave curtains the deep couch of her repose. But a voice speaks tenderly from that grave to those whom she has left behind; it whispers the admonition which she disregarded. Shall that whisper not be heard. It is a sister's voice that pleads.
Phila. North American.

The Washington correspondent of the Commercial regales its readers with the following, which we think will be news all around:

"The President is uneasy in his position as a candidate. He has said lately that he would now gladly if he had the liberty to do it, retire altogether from his position; but, he says, he is not his master, and in this matter belongs to the public, and that the friends of Mr. Webster and of Gen. Scott both insist upon his remaining as a candidate."

Right in one thing becomes preliminary towards right in everything; the transition is not distant from the feelings which tells us that we should do no harm to no man, to that we should do good to all men.

A young man without money is like a steamboat without fuel. He can't go ahead. Among the ladies he is like the moon on a cloudy night. He can't shine.

Pardon is a glorious kind of revenge. I think myself sufficiently revenged of my enemy if I pardon him. Cicero did more commend Caesar for pardoning Metellus, than for the great victory obtained over his enemies.