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For the Camden Journal.

YOUTHFUL HOPES.

The youth emerging from his schoolboy days,
Looks forward with high hopes to future life;
Perchance he sweetly dreams of glory's praise,
Of gaining honor, renown, or—a wife,
And deems but sport the world's arduous strife.
He pants to begin a road, which begun,
Ne'er will be ended 'till closed is his grave,
And finds that serious he deemed but fun;
In him he deemed honest, he'll find a knave,
And whom he thought most free will be some passion's slave.

"Naught but disappointment's the lot of man,"
So say the aged who have trod life through;
But what young stripling who the road ne'er ran,
Believes what he says or deems it true?
He sees the wrinkles that from trouble grew,
"But what," he argues, "will e'er trouble me?
Stout is the heart that throbs within my breast,
Ready is my hand and my spirit free;
Cares can I defy, let them do their best,
I'll take the world easy, to fortune leave the rest."

False are his hopes, delusive is his dream,
He meets disappointment in hoping ease;
Things at a distance did pleasant seem,
On nearer approach not so much did please.
Then with eyes opened to the truth, he sees
That the rose of pleasure 'mid thorns is set,
And though from his view concealed they had lain,
His fond, longing gaze they at length had met,
When his eager heart to seize it was vain,
And found that the pleasure was far less than the pain.

[Extract from Byron's *Lionel Lincoln* on the Death of Sheridan.]
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd forever to detract or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame.
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,
The envious who but breathe in other's pain,
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,
Who track the steps of glory to the grave,
Watch every fault that daring genius owes
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,
And pile the pyramid of calumny!
These are his portion—but if joined to these
Giant poverty should lounge with deep disease,
If the high spirit must forget to soar,
And stoop to strive with misery at the door,
To soothe indignity—and face to face
Meet sordid rage, and wrestle with disgrace,
To find in hope but the renewed caress,
The serpent-fold of further faithlessness,—
It such may be the ills which men assail,
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?

A country school teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions, and answers to the questions, which he would put to them on examination day. The day came, and so came the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places, as had been arranged, and all went glibly on until the question for the absence, when the teacher asked—
"In whom do you believe?"
"Napoleon Bonaparte."
"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the pupil amid roars of uncontrollable laughter, "the boy who believes in the church hasn't come to school to-day he's at home sick abed."

A young man and a female, upon a time stopped at a country tavern. Their awkward appearance excited the attention of one the members of the family, who commenced a conversation with the female, by inquiring how far they had travelled that day. "Travelled!" exclaimed the stranger, somewhat indignantly, "we didn't travel, we rid!"

MISTAKEN COURTESY.—We very much admire the church warden's wife who went to church for the first time in her life when her husband was chosen church-warden, and being somewhat late the congregation were getting up from their knees as she entered, when she said, with a sweet and condescending smile: "Pray, keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen; I think no more of myself now than I did before."

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mrs. Stanton the progressive woman of western New York, defines an American to be "a machine that squirts tobacco juice for three score years and ten."

Obedience.

A Discourse was recently preached in the City of Washington, by Rev. Dr. Dewey, enforcing the principle of obedience.—This sermon has been published in New York and Boston by Messrs. Francis and Co. The preacher devotes a portion of his sermon to the subject of family government, which he thinks is not arranged as it should be in this country. We quote from this part of the discourse:

Let us go back then to the family discipline, and see if we can determine what it should be. A parent is one, to whom is committed the charge of training beings, utterly ignorant, incapable of reasoning—incapable at first, of knowledge, virtue and happiness. To his care, to his love and tenderness, to his guidance and control, they are committed.—His very position implies authority; divest it of that, and it loses all dignity, fitness and reasonableness. It cannot have been meant that his wisdom should be thwarted, and his life distracted by the passion, caprice and wilfulness should be subject to his authority. Could there be any such thing as compact, in the case, we should say, it is but a fair compact between the two—"I will train" never meant, in the ordinary course of things, that duties should be martyrdoms. And yet, half a dozen little, irrational beings, ungoverned or only half governed—wilful—rearing out constantly into screams of passion, turning things into perpetual disorder and disarray, doing this and that—running this way and that way, without check, or controlled only by momentary expedients to get along—must make of the mother's life, or of some other person's life who has the charge of them, a sort of living martyrdom. It is an absolute and enormous wrong in the nature of things. It must be a sad teaching of right to those young minds; for it is a wrong; it is a positive unrighteousness, enacted into the very government, or rather mis-government of a family.

And there is no necessity for it. These children can be governed. Obedience, in some respects is natural to them; and they are trained, by neglect or by a false system of treatment, to a disobedience, that is unnatural and monstrous. A child disobeying its parents!—God's law—nature's law is against it. Let the rightful law be laid upon from the very beginning. I am persuaded it is a great mistake we make, in supposing that nothing in this wise can be done, till the child is a year old. It would be nearer the truth to say, something can be done when it is a month old. Just as soon as it has a will, rising above instinct—i. e. a conscious and persisting will—that will should, on proper occasions, be gently and firmly restrained. And that discipline continued, ever gentle but firm—ever loving, considerate and sympathizing, but to its point, firm—from its point, immovable—will secure a patient and perfect obedience. If the child is never permitted to disobey, it will soon cease to think of it as possible. And it should never be permitted! I say it is a sin before Heaven; and is no more to be tolerated than lying or stealing is to be tolerated in the house. Such a law established, and the house would be builded anew. Passionate self-will—the most hateful thing, I believe, on earth—would be driven out of it. The sweetness of obedience would enter in. It would be that peace, that family love, which the Psalmist celebrates when he says "How good and pleasant it is!" It would be like that perfume of holy incense to which he compares it. It would be like "the dew of Hermon"—like "the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

Yes, the children themselves would be incomparably happier in obedience. We do them the cruellest wrong, if we give them up to their own self will. To give them comforts and sweetmeats, that make them ill, because they cry for them, is but an illustration of the evil and wrong which we do in this way, to their whole moral nature. It might seem at first sight, that indulgence would make them happier; and with many kind hearted but mistaken parents, that is the plea; but it is not true. Wilfulness and afterwards, in child or man, is the unhappiest of all states of being. Ever in such state are things growing worse—the craving for gratification more intense and more unreasonable—the whole life and being more distracted and miserable. Only when living under law—only walking in obedience, is child or man, family or State, happy and truly prosperous. Selfish passion everywhere is anarchy, begetting injustice, and bringing forth destruction. The reign of conscience only is calm. The reign of order is "peace and quietness and assurance forever."

Death Will Come.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in an able discourse in the October number of the National Preacher, holds the following graphic language in illustration of the above declaration:

"Death will come; he will certainly come. He cannot be evaded; he cannot be put back; he cannot be made to take his steps any slower. Oh, he will come! All that lives on earth will die—every beast, bird, and creeping thing; the humming bird, the insect that flutters in the sunbeam; every tree and shrub and flower; the oak, the pine, the acacia, the moss that grows over the wall; every monarch, every peasant, every rich man, every poor man, every slave, every master of a slave, every man, every woman, every child; every old man that prides himself on his honors and his wealth; every young man that prides himself on his talents or his strength; every maiden that prides herself on her beauty. Oh, all will die! I am in a world of death; I am amidst the dying and the dead; I see not a living thing in all my rambles that will not die, no man, no woman, no child, no bird, no beast, no plant, no tree. The eagle that cuts the air cannot fly above it; the monster of the deep cannot dive below it; the tiny insect cannot make itself so insignificant that death will not notice it; leviathan cannot, with great strength, struggle against it. The Christian will die; the sin-

ner will die—yea, the sinner! Your wealth cannot save you. Death cares for none of these things; they are all trifles—gewgaws beneath his notice. He no more loves a shining mark than an ignoble one; he has no more pride in cutting down the rich man than the poor man—the daughter of beauty and fashion than the daughter of ugliness and sin. He loves to level the thistle as well as the rose-bud; the bramble as the magnolia; the brier as the cedars of Lebanon. He cares as little for the robes of ermine as for the beggar's rags; as little for the robes of richest vestments and gayest apparel as for the blanket of the savage. You will die, and the fear of death will come upon you. Death comes just as he is—pale, solemn, hard, determined on his work. He does not cry for pity; he regards no shriek of terror. He comes steadily, certain, unchangeable and unchangeable in his purpose to take you from your bed of splendid dwelling; to call you out of the assembly room—taking you away from your companions, that will miss you for a moment and then resume their dance, that you may die. Death will come. He has been advancing towards you ever since you began to breathe. He has kept on his way, always advancing to meet you; while you have gone North, or South, or East, or West, he has always put himself into your path, how near or how remote you have never known. Death will come. He has always been advancing, never receding; and soon his baneful shadow will fall upon your path. And that shadow will deepen and become more chilly, like an advancing eclipse, and then his dark form will stand right before you, between you and the light of the living world, and you will be in the dark valley. Death will come—fearful enough under any circumstances, even if you are a Christian—awful, unspeakably awful, if you are not."

The Bible in Schools.

The Bible is beyond all controversy the best book of education in the world. It is the best book for the formation of children's minds; the best book for their acquisition and preservation of a pure idiomatic style in their native language; the best book to promote and secure the purposes of family government; the best book to make our children enlightened and good citizens of the Republic; the best book, in fine, to preserve them from all evil and train them up in all good.

A powerful volume might be written on its excellence as a school book, and on the importance of still keeping it, where our forefathers laid it, as the corner stone of our invaluable system of public education. If you take it away, the system not only becomes worthless, but absolutely pernicious. Imbue a single rising generation with the various knowledges of our duty, and leave out the knowledge and the fear of God in His Word, and you have already made broad provision for your country's ruin. You have gathered fuel of ambition and irreligion, which any bold mind may set fire to. If Lord Bacon could not talk of knowledge alone, without the mingling of God's truth and love in it, as being a pernicious and dangerous ailment to older minds, much more is it dangerous and hurtful to the minds of children.

Our education needs a religious element; for it is not education alone that will save us, but will merely train a skillful race of gladiators for the arena of political strife. The only source of that element of safety is the Word of God. And if you take the Word of God from your common schools, you are teaching infidelity and practical atheism to the whole nation. You are filling the mind with elements that, without the safeguard of Divine truth, are sure to become fiery, bitter, and poisonous.

In its general influence over the minds of our children and over the whole business of education, the Bible in our schools is invaluable. It is a constant habitual nourishment, an uninterrupted systematic influence over tender minds at the most susceptible age,—as steady, as cheerful, healthful, as the light of the sun. In this way a great many children are blessed with the privilege of listening daily to the Word of God, who, alas, would never hear it read in the family; and this is one highly important reason for maintaining it. It brings the children even of the abandoned, the vicious, the worthless—of families where no family altar was ever dreamed of—to the daily recognition of a heavenly Father, and the daily table of that bread which He has provided for the soul. This seems acting somewhat in the spirit of the Bible itself. This is writing the characters of Heaven upon the soul deeper than all succeeding impressions.—How beneficent, how salutary in all its enlightened and elevating influences is the daily and appropriate use of the Bible in schools!—Rev. Dr. Cheever.

A preacher in—no matter where—observed one day that a striking proof of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence was given in placing death at the end of life—thus giving one time for preparation. This was almost as profound a remark as that of another person who thought "it was lucky that Sunday was placed at the end of the week, instead of in the middle, which would have made a broken week of it."

"'Plaze, sir,' said an Irishman to a traveller, would yez be so obliging as to take me great coat to Boston with yez?"
"Yes," said the man in the wagon; "but how will you get it again?"
"Oh that's mighty aisy, for sure I'll remain inside ov it."

I have seen persons who gathered for the parlor their choicest flowers, just as they begin to open in full bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should tear them from the bush and destroy them. Does not God sometimes gather into Heaven young and innocent children for the same reason—lest some rude hand may despoil them of their beauty?

The Queen of England recently received a bequest of half a million sterling from one of her deceased subjects, a Mr. Nield. The N. Y. Post thus condenses the story:—

Nield was a barrister at law, and died in Chelsea, aged 72 years. He was possessed of an immense fortune, but was of very eccentric and penurious habits. At the death of his father, thirty years since, he came into possession of about £250,000, which sum had not been touched up to the period of his death. The deceased was never known to wear a great coat. He usually dressed in a blue coat, with metal buttons, which he prohibited being brushed, as it would take off the nap and deteriorate its value. He held considerable landed property in Kent and Bucks, and was always happy to receive an invitation from his tenants to visit them, which he occasionally did, often remaining a month at a time, and he was thus enabled to add to his savings. His appearance and manners led strangers to imagine that he was in the lowest verge of penury, and their compassion was excited in his behalf, an instance of which may be mentioned.

Just before the introduction of the railway system of travelling, the deceased had been on a visit to some of his estates, and was returning to London, when the coach stopped at Farmingham. With the exception of our miser the passengers all retired to the Inn. Missing their coach companion, and recollecting his decayed appearance, they conceived he was in distressed circumstances, and accordingly a sum of money was subscribed, and a bumping glass of brandy and water was kindly sent out to the "poor" gentleman, which he thankfully accepted. Many instances of a similar character might be related. A few days before his death the deceased told one of his executors that he had made a most singular will, but as the property was his own he had done as he pleased with it. The executors are the Keeper of the Privy Purse for the time being, (Dr. Tattan,) and Mr. J. Stevens of Willesborough.

After bequeathing a very few trifling legacies, the deceased has left the whole of his immense fortune to "Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same, for her sole use and benefit, and of her heirs, &c." The property is estimated at upwards of £500,000. For some years before his death, Mr. Nield scarcely allowed himself the common necessaries and comforts of life, and has left a poor old house-keeper, who was with him more than twenty-six years, without the smallest provision or acknowledgement for her protracted and far from agreeable or remunerative services.

Varieties.

The best accompaniment to man is a fond and amiable wife.

He that loses his conscience has nothing left worth keeping.

Pride and folly cost many persons more than their necessities.

Liberalty consists less in giving much than in giving wisely.

The terror of being thought poor has been the ruin of thousands.

Wine and passion are racks often used to extort words from us.

Who cannot keep his own secret ought not to complain if another tells it.

He is no mean philosopher who can give a reason for a half of what he thinks.

Interest speaks all languages, and acts all parts even that of disinterestedness itself.

People seldom love those who withstand their prejudices, and endeavor to control their passions.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their parts of perspective; some must be seen at a distance.

Few things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

Different sounds will travel with different velocity—a call to dinner will run over a ten-acre lot in a moment and a-half, while a summons to return to work takes from eight to ten minutes.

With every exertion the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

Washington Irving.

INHUMAN ACTS—CHOLERA.—The Mohawk (New York) Courier, in speaking of the appearance of cholera in that place, has the following:—"A boy eight years old, and son of the O'Briens the first victims of the cholera in this village, was taken by a relative to St. Johnsville; but sickening shortly after his arrival there, the neighbors were alarmed, and one of them brought him back next morning, and (as is said) shut him up alone in the deserted shanty where his parents died! He crawled out of doors on Tuesday and was taken from a puddle of water into which he had fallen, in the afternoon, and was carried into the house where just at evening he was found dead, and was buried before midnight."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The New York Commercial Advertiser publishes the following extract of a letter from an American gentleman resident in Paris, received by the Africa:

"An attempt was made some three days ago to assassinate Louis Napoleon on his way from St. Cloud. An individual fired a musket shot at him a trench on a route, and the ball grazed his left shoulder. Seeing that he had failed in his attempt, the assassina immediately blew out his own brains. The journals have been prohibited from speaking of the matter."

ON THE BENEFITS OF EXERCISE.—As a man is a compound of soul and body, he is under an obligation of a double scheme of duty, and as labor and exercise conduce to the health of the body, so do study and contemplation to that of

the mind; for study strengthens the mind as exercise does the body. The labor of the body frees us from the pains of the mind, and this it is which makes the poor man happy. The mind, like the body, grows tired by being too long in one posture. The end of diversion is to unband the soul, deceive the cares, sweeten the toils, and smooth the ruggedness of life.

As the body is maintained by repletion and evacuation, so is the mind by employment and relaxation. Difficulty strengthens the mind as labor does the body. Life and happiness consists in action and employment. Active and masculine spirits, in the vigor of youth, neither can nor ought to be at rest. If they debar themselves from a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion or pursuit. As the sweetest rose grows on the sharpest prickles, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits. The end of labor is rest; what brightness is to rust, labor is to idleness; idleness is the rust of the mind and the inlet of all misfortune. Diligence is the mother of virtue.

When it is known, says Plato, how exercise produces digestion and promotes health, comeliness and strength, there will be no occasion to enjoin the use of such exercise by a law, or to enforce an attention to it on the candidates for health, vigor and personal charms.

A MARCH ACROSS THE DESERT.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal attached to the United States Mexican Boundary Commission, in a letter written at the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, gives the following account of a march across the desert:

"It is only by actual experience that one can form any idea of the utter desolation and barrenness of the desert extending from the Colorado to the coast range of mountains. When we crossed it in February last, we had no water for about 80 miles, though now, thanks to the labors of Capt. Davidson, there is a well opened in the arroyo of Alamo Mucho, and the longest jornada is 45 to 50 miles. At the few watering places the supply is scanty, and we were obliged to keep men constantly at the wells, dipping up the water as it oozed through the sand. The water at all the wells is hard and brackish, and seems to create thirst rather than allay it. There is not a spear of grass for about 100 miles, nor any herbage upon which animals can subsist, save the foliage and fruit of the mezquit. At present the leaves are in perfection, and the animals get tolerable good browsing, though the young beans are too acid to afford much nourishment.

"The intense heat renders travel by day almost impossible. We usually accomplish our march between sunset and eight o'clock in the morning, laying by during the day, which is almost as intolerable as travelling; for with the mercury ranging from 112 to 120 degrees in our tents, sleep affords no refreshment, food is disgusting, and reading a fatigue. Generally there is a strong breeze, which, coming from off the heated sands, burns and parches the skin, if it does not bring a cloud of dust to add to the general discomfort."

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The California papers received by the last steamer say:

"Statistics show that 51,000 people have arrived at San Francisco since the first of January last. It is fair to estimate the arrivals by sea during the remainder of 1852, at 35,000, making 86,000 increase of population from that source for the current year. From present indications, the overland immigration cannot be less than 40,000, which will swell the number of people who will visit California during the season to 126,000. Allowing for the number who will leave the State, it will be within bounds to estimate the increase of population the present year at about 100,000. From a recent estimate it appears that there are 4330 houses in San Francisco, which are presumed to contain seven persons each—making the population of the city about 30,000. Five years ago the little town of San Francisco contained a few houses, built of sun-dried brick, and had a population of less than four hundred. Four years ago the population was still less than one thousand. The bare mention of these facts is the most appropriate commentary on the unparalleled progress of the city—a city whose commerce is felt throughout the world—whose exports are more than \$75,000,000 per annum. According to a provision of the new Constitution, a new census of California will be taken this year. Agents have been appointed for each county in the State, who are now performing their labors. The census will be completed before the bulk of the overland immigration reaches the country, and must fall at least 50,000 short of giving the actual number of inhabitants. The population of California will probably reach 350,000 before the 1st of January next. The number of French people in California is estimated at 22,000. In San Francisco, they are numerous enough to sustain a tri-weekly newspaper of fair proportions to the French language."

MR. CABELL'S POSITION.—Mr. Cabell, of Florida, has issued an address to his constituents, in which he says that "the clear and explicit endorsement of the compromise measures by the Whig National Convention and subsequent events have to some extent modified the views declared in my speeches of the 3d of February and 12th of June." But though his views are thus modified, he still declines to vote for General Scott.

The following verse contains every letter in the English alphabet, except "E." It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced (in print) except the letter "E," which is a letter employed more than any other:—

A jovial swain may rack his brain
And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 't's most plain
That what I say is right.