

# Camden Journal.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE.	1 M.	2 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
1 square	3 00	6 00	8 00	12 00	16 00
2 squares	6 00	12 00	16 00	24 00	32 00
3 squares	9 00	18 00	24 00	36 00	48 00
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From the "Farmers' Almanac" for 1872.  
Josh Billingsgate.

## Henry Clay and Rufus Choate.

The Senate (during Tyler's administration) was the most able and brilliant body of statesmen, jurists, and publicists that was ever seen in this country. And yet the majority was dominated by Mr. Clay, as thoroughly and utterly as Bonaparte commanded his marshals. Massachusetts was represented by Isaac C. Bates and Rufus Choate. They were both very able and accomplished men. Mr. Choate was one of the most superb orators of the age; and as a ready, felicitous, and effective debater, he was without a superior in Congress. He had that rare combination of attributes, convincing, inexorable logic, and the richest and most vivid imagination. The happy union of extraordinary qualities makes the truly great in the Senate and the forum. He was elected as the successor of Mr. Webster when that gentleman was appointed Secretary of State. He was the intimate, confidential friend of the great New England statesman, and was regarded as his peculiar advocate and champion in the Senate. When the Bank bill was under discussion Mr. Choate offered an amendment which was resisted by Mr. Clay. Mr. Choate was disposed to insist upon it, and as an argument in support of his proposition, indiscreetly intimated that some modification might be necessary to insure the approval of the President. This impudent suggestion aroused the jealousy and indignation of Mr. Clay. Springing to his feet, with flashing eyes, in tones of thunder, he denounced Mr. Choate for attempting to coerce the Senate by threats of the displeasure of the Executive. The scene was one of great excitement. The bearing of Mr. Clay was haughty, imperious, and overbearing, and his language was correspondingly severe. Mr. Choate fairly quailed under his vehement denunciation. Mr. Clay appealed to the pride and independence of senators, and inquired whether the threatened interposition of the Executive to defeat the just expectations of the people was to be tolerated by a co-ordinate branch of the government.

## Sir Walter Scott at Work.

A few years ago I strolled along the seashore at St. Andrews with Robert Chambers, and heard him speak of the days when he sat beside Walter Scott in this very room. It seemed to look into the great man's eyes and hear his happy voices as I looked into the eyes and heard the voice of one who learned from Scott what untiring industry joined to talent could accomplish. And it was with peculiar interest that I read in *Chamber's Journal*, two years ago, these words: "I know no brighter picture in the history of genius than this of Sir Walter Scott sitting down to his morning task dressed in the green velvet shooting-jacket of a Scotch laird, with his books and papers around him on the desk and on the floor, his favorite hound eyeing him from the rug, a couple of spaniels gambolling with his children in the garden, and the songs of birds pouring in through his half-open window."

## Money.

It is a singular fact, but a fact nevertheless that most people have a profound respect for the mere possession of money! Everybody is ready to deny this, and each one will protest that he does not regard any man as better, wiser, or nobler, because he happens to have more dollars than it falls to the lot of people generally to possess. This, in the abstract, perhaps is true, but the fact is that not one in a hundred fails to estimate men by the number of their acres or their balance at their bankers. Strangely enough the people who show most reverence for wealth, are often those who most loudly decry such sentiments. They abuse wealthy people as purse-proud, and really think themselves above estimating men by the coats they wear or the dinners they serve. But these very people are careful to dress well when they can afford it, lest their poverty should appear. Their shabby carpets must be replaced by new ones, though the education of their children be cut short for want of the money thus spent. They entertain more company than they can afford, and feed their guests on costly viands, while they themselves are haunted by the gaunt ghost of pinched dinners to come. A thousand shams show an undue respect for money, and a thousand lies are acted for the sake of concealing their poverty.

## Caving in—The Bottom Falling Out of Knoxville—A Mystery.

The steamer J. C. Litterall was stationed at the foot of Clinch Street, on First creek yesterday morning, and set to work to throw water through a line of hose up to the new cistern lately built on Clinch Street, west of Gay, for the purpose of filling it with water. The engine worked beautifully, pumping 185 gallons per minute, equal to 35 tons per hour, according to the calculations of the city engineer. The cistern is divided into two sections by a strong partition wall. After the engine had worked for several hours, the depth of water in the cistern was tested and found to measure seven feet ten inches. Shortly after, or about 3 P. M. the water in the westerly apartment suddenly disappeared, to the astonishment of all who were aware of it. The engine was stopped as quickly as possible, and a negro went down to ascertain if possible the cause of its sudden disappearance. On returning to *terra firma* he reported that a large portion of the western end of the floor of the cistern had given way, leaving a large hole down which the water had gone glimmering. This is only an additional evidence of the condition of the principal hill on which Knoxville is founded, and of which we have several times spoken in the past. Similar occurrences have at different times occurred in various parts of the city. The most notable instance was that of the dropping out of the bottom of the cistern in yard in the rear of the Lamar House some twelve or fifteen years since. Many of our citizens will remember the amazement of the frightened Irishman who scrambled up out of the cistern to tell the story of his lost mattock, which, having struck through, slipped out of his hands and dropped into depths unknown. The cistern, though its bottom has never been found nor restored has proved quite valuable to the hotel as a sewer, always ready to receive, and discharging its contents no one knows where. Numerous instances of a similar character might be cited, but we care not to excite needless apprehension among the less righteous portion of our readers that the fate of Korah is about to overtake them. We are too well anchored beneath, no doubt, to fear a general caving in for yet a little while, at any rate.—*Knoxville Whig*.

## A Dog Which Does Not Forget an Injury.

There is a large Newfoundland dog in this city, about ten years old, which is doubtless one of the most knowing specimens of the canine family. When it was about six months of age, a couple of young men, in order to have a little fun, tied a tin kettle to its tail and sent it running through the streets. It was sport for the boys, but the act was never forgotten by the dog. Till this day it shows signs of displeasure at the sight of either of those young men. One of them removed from the place, and several years after the tin kettle affair he was visiting in the city, and called at the residence of the dog's owner. The dog hearing the voice of the young man inside the house, resorted to a number of devices to gain admission. Upon being admitted, it sprang for the throat of the visitor, with jaws extended. The family interfered, of course, and the dog was removed from the house. From that day (when the kettle was tied to its tail) to this, neither of those young men can enter the gate leading to the house if the dog is at home. On one occasion a beggar called at the back door for something to eat, and was plentifully supplied by the good lady of the house. While passing out through the yard, the beggar threw away some of the food, the dog saw it, and taking the unthankful solicitor of alms by the leg of his pantaloons, walked him hurriedly out through the gate. No beggar is permitted by that dog to enter the gate since. A negro once kicked this dog, and it has had such a disliking for all persons of color since that not one, with its permission, is allowed on the premises. A few years since the owner of the dog was taken sick and died. The dog was most deeply affected by the event, and refused to be comforted for many days and weeks thereafter. When the bell was tolled for the funeral the dog seemed to understand its mournful import, and from that day to this the tolling of the bell causes the dog to break forth in most dismal wailings.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard, Jan. 25th*.

## Lengthening the day.

By stealing a few hours from the night," and learned that it is better to burn daylight from 5 to 9 in the morning than lamp-light from 11 to 3 at night, after Byron's fashion, it must remain a marvel how he could manage to accomplish so much in a house perpetually full of visitors, and a neighborhood where his every step was way-laid by lion-hunters. Anne Scott states that there were on one occasion thirteen ladies' maids in the house; and Lockhart mentions sixteen uninvited parties coming in one day. Cadell, one of Constable's partners, expressed to Scott his wonder that he could write at all. "I know," he said, "that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen work; but when is it that you think?" "Oh," said Scott, "I lie snoring over things an hour or so before I get up; and then there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*; and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom marks out a dike or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain rigs in some other world."—*From the "Scott Centenary at Edinburgh," by M. D. Conway, in Harper's Magazine for February*.

## SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN HOLLAND.

An amateur sailor who is making a canoe tour of the Zuyder Zee, writes an interesting account of his experiences. He tried to sail his canoe, called the Rob Roy, over the shallows called the Pampus, to reach a courteous island in the Zuyder Zee, but failing in that effort, went to sleep in his limited state room, while scores of boys stood chattering in the dark and wet long into the night, amazed at the lone traveler. Next morning the Burgomaster of Monikendam visited the scene, and a worthy gentleman with spectacles read aloud from a newspaper the account of the boat, stopping at each paragraph to certify the description by the reality. Before a favoring breeze, the canoe sailed over the sea to the famed Isle of Marken, which is unique in several ways.

## Too Good to be Lost.

We ask pardon of General Toombs for rushing the following incident into print, but it is decidedly too good to withhold from our readers: A few days since, General Toombs was expressing his opinion of a few public men in Georgia, especially that known as "Democrats so-called," to a few friends at the Kimball House, and he alluded to Joseph E. Brown—the emaculated Joseph—in such severe terms that an enthusiastic religious friend of Jo's remarked to the General: "Ah, General Joseph E. Brown is a Christian, and when that great day shall come, in which the earth shall give up her dead, and all mankind shall be summoned before the great white throne to answer for the deeds done in the body, Joseph E. Brown will head a larger column than General Toombs." "Yes," replied the General, "and when God Almighty sees that column, with Jo Brown at its head, approaching, he will give this command: Head of column to the left!"

## A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never sendest thou an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles. Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing-office, for he that answereth the rap sweareth in his sleeves and loseth time. Neither do thou loaf about, ask questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do shade-trees—when thou leavest. Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately. Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine. The deficiency bill of \$27,000, lately introduced in the House to remedy the costs of the Ku Klux investigation in South Carolina and elsewhere, is entirely too modest. Such a bill, to be home t and effective, ought to provide for the best cotton crop in nine counties in South Carolina; for damages for false imprisonments of hundreds of innocent and nonoffending citizens, and for compensation for the grief, terror and disorganization occasioned to at least one poor county which was, confessedly by mistake, embraced in the President's proclamation of outlawry. Let members see to it, and have this bill properly amended.—*Washington Patriot*.

## Sleepy.

A young couple residing not far from Virginia City, Nevada, determined to clope recently, and accordingly provided a buggy and started for Virginia late in the afternoon, and in due time arrived at a certain hotel in the city, which is indeed the paradise of lovers. The two were young and exceedingly rural and their conduct soon convinced the initiated attendants at the hotel that they had been thwarted in their hucy nial intentions by hard-hearted parents and guardians who were opposed to what is satirically termed the "deceit of Heaven."

## A Jury of Peers.

There dwell some years ago in Bourbon county, Ky., a drunkard, worthless, one-eyed fellow named C., whose chief occupations were getting tipsy and fighting. There had just been elected a new prosecuting attorney, who was entitled to a part of the fines which might be imposed on the malefactor of Bourbon, and determined to squelch old C. He did not wait long for an opportunity to have him arrested. B., constable, said, as it was an important case, he wanted about three days to get an appropriate jury to try it. On the third day the new attorney was informed that things were ready at the courthouse. There was the Judge, and behind him the constable. On one side sat old one-eyed C.; on the other, the twelve jurymen, "less like him," on benches forming a triangle, each with a plug of tobacco and jack-knife, the gift of the constable, whittling away, and, according to order, spitting to the centre. The astonished prosecutor looked at the jury and exclaimed: "Where did the constable get this jury?" The constable quietly replied: "I thought the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers, and I've got twelve more outside waiting." The prosecutor looked out and saw seated on the fence twelve more ditto, similarly equipped and employed. He turned to the court in undisguised wrath and said: "I'll dismiss this case!" The constable wrote his return on the warrant thus: "Dismissed by the county attorney on sight of the jury," and so it stands recorded to this day. The prisoner was discharged, and left the courthouse rejoicing at having been deprived of his constitutional right of being tried by the previously-mentioned citizens.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for February*.

## An Unexpected Stroke of Dentistry.

A gentleman visited a dentist Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of whiling away a half-hour or so, and while there a lady came in with a little girl wanting a tooth or two drawn for the the latter. The child cried when placed in the chair, and declared she would not have her teeth attended to unless the strange gentleman would have a tooth drawn first, and to please the little patient he took her place, with a wink at the doctor. The latter took two or three instruments, while the gentleman reclined in the chair, smilingly gazing at the ceiling for the assurance of the watching child, and after softly poking at two or three teeth, to the horror of the obliging gentleman he commenced boring into his jaw where a tooth had once been extracted, and before he could offer a protest, a tremendous wrench brought out a large root, which the doctor held up to the child, with a diabolical grin on his face. The gentleman rolled off the chair, and with an expression of unutterable pain in his drawn countenance gazed a moment reproachfully at his friend, and left the office. The little one did not seem to be greatly encouraged by the exhibition.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

## The Nashville Union and American tells the following:

A young man about eighteen years of age made his first visit to Nashville a few days ago, and registered at the Maxwell. Having some business to transact, and many things to see, he did not retire until a late hour. A servant took him to the elevator, and telling him to roll in, went to get the conductor, who was in one of the parlors with a friend. When they came back they found the young man half undressed, and before they had time to say anything he commenced talking about the little room and the funny bed.

A want long felt among the admirers of the late leader of the Confederate armies has just been supplied by a "Popular Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by Emily V. Mason, of Virginia. Of his life in the field, his noble modesty in victory, and his calm, unassuming conduct in defeat, the world knows. So much of his Roman virtues as lifted him above all the men of the age in public life the world knows by heart. Consequently a cold history of his campaigns was not wanted. We were already supplied with e wanted stories of his inner life, of his domestic virtues. This we have in the little volume before us.

His social life is a grand sermon.—Though Henry Ward Beecher may hold up his hands in holy awe of the great rebel, exclaiming, "I am holier than thou," yet all the sermons he ever preached are dust compared with the value of Lee's example to the young men of the country!

When he was eleven years of age his father—"Light-horse Harry"—died. From one of his family who knew him best, we are told that from his excellent mother, he learned, at this early age, to practice self-denial, self-control, as well as the strictest economy in all financial concerns—virtues which he retained throughout his life. This mother was a great invalid; one of his sister's was delicate, and many years absent in Philadelphia under care of physicians; the oldest son, Carter, was at Cambridge; Sidney Smith in the navy; and the other sister too young to be of much aid in household matters. So Robert was the housekeeper, carried "the keys," attended to the marketing, managed all the out-door business, and took care of his mother's horses. At the hour when the other school boys went to play, he hurried home to order his mother's drive, and would then be seen carrying her in his arms to the carriage and arranging her cushions with the gentleness of an experienced nurse. One of his relatives still lives who was often the companion of these drives. She tells of the exertions he would make on these occasions to entertain and amuse his mother; assuring her, with the gravity of an old man, that unless she was cheerful the drives would be unbeneficial. When she complained of cold or "drifts" he would pull from his pocket a great jack-knife and newspaper and make her laugh at his efforts to improvise curtains and shut out the intrusive wind which whistled through the crevices of the old family coach.

When asked to go to West Point, his mother was heard to say, "How can I live without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me."

Years after, when he came home from West Point, he found one of the chief actors in his childhood's drama—his mother's old coachman, "Nat,"—ill and threatened with consumption. He immediately took him to the milder climate of Georgia, nursed him with the tenderness of a son, and secured him the best medical advice. But the spring time saw the faithful old servant laid in the grave, by the hands of his kind young master.

We find in this book a complete presentation of his inner life, in tent and the field. We learn from his character in Mexico how well-founded was Gen. Scott's opinion that "Lee is the greatest military genius of the age." And what a volume is contained in the treatment he received at the hands of friend and foe after the fatal day of Appomattox! Indeed, it seems that he, not Grant, was the victor. Confederate and Federal soldiers alike pressed around him, saying, "God bless you! God bless you! We think none the less of you for surrendering! God bless you for a great and good man." Homes were offered him in this country and Europe. All these he refused, preferring to remain, and set an example of sublime courage in defeat to his countrymen. Mr. George Long, of England, in a note to the second edition of his translation of the "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," after disclaiming a dedication inserted without his knowledge in the American reprint, says: "I have never dedicated a book to any man, and if I did I should choose the man whose name seemed to me most worthy to be joined to that of the Roman soldier and philosopher. I might dedicate the book to the successful general who is now President of the United States, with the hope that his integrity and justice will restore peace and happiness, so that he can, to those unhappy States which have suffered so much from the war, and the unrelenting hostility of wicked men, but as the Roman poet said, 'Victrix capis hic placuit, sed victa Caton.'" "If I dedicated this little volume to any one, I would dedicate it to him who led the Confederate armies against the powerful invader, and emerged from the unequal contest defeated, not dishonored; to the noble Virginia patriot, whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat upon the throne of the imperial Caesars."

One of the ministers of Elmira, N. Y., was having a donation party the other evening, when Mr. ———, ambitious to appear liberal, marked a \$2 castor up to \$12, and took it in as his donation, getting much credit for his liberality. The next day the minister called at the store with the \$12 castor, stating that he could not afford so expensive an article; he would be pleased to exchange it for its market value in other needed goods. And the minister was soon wending his way homeward, loaded down with a dozen dollars' worth of selected groceries.

A Kansas paper chronicles a pleasant and not uncommon ceremony in that State, as follows: "Mr. ———, of Missouri, got to owning horses that didn't belong him, and the next thing he knew he couldn't get his feet down to the ground."

A certain good wife, who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed:

"Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch hiccoughed: "Tair'tain't no use, old woman, to bo-bore for water here!" These two lines, which look so solemn, Are just put here to fill this column.