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# Camden Journal.

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SPACE.	1 M.	2 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
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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.

The vivacity of the assault was too much for Mr. Choate, more especially as he felt that he committed himself by his untoward intimation. He was confused and embarrassed, endeavored to qualify what he had said, and finally avowed that he had no authority for the suggestion, and only expressed his individual opinion, based on the circumstances of the case. But Mr. Clay, perceiving the dilemma in which he had placed Mr. Choate, and evidently under the impression that he was hitting Mr. Webster through his next friend, pressed his advantage harshly, if not ungenerously, and dictatorial tone. The feeling of the Senate was clearly in favor of Mr. Choate, although it was seen that he had made a great mistake in the mode of sustaining the amendment. He was so rebuked and overawed, and the superiority of Mr. Clay was so manifest, that the friends of Mr. Webster were much mortified at the result. On the following day Mr. Choate made a spirited and manly explanation, vindicating completely, but it had the appearance of an afterthought, and the effect was far less than if he had spoken promptly in his own justification.

Few men were capable of coping with Mr. Clay in a conversational discussion. His resources were all at command, and he spoke as forcibly on the spur of the moment as after the most careful preparation. Mr. Choate had all the advantages of superior genius and reasoning faculties, as well as more perfect intellectual training, and yet he was overborne and humiliated by the greater moral and physical vigor of his antagonist.

### 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 wailing. —*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard, Jan. 25th.*

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 hiccupped: "Tain't no use, old woman, to bo-bore for water here!"

## 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. I 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."

Scott knew nothing of those feelings of irritation that make composition a torment to so many men. His study was always open to his children no less than to his greyhound. He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy. He was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or nine-pins, and resume his labor as if refreshed by the interruption.

### 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 white 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.

The writer of the account of the canoe's adventures, says: "A thousand people live on a small area under the sea level. Their houses are in even groups, all built of wood except three. Two pear trees are the only timber or flowering thing. Standing on the little cemetery you see ships sailing all around you and above your head. Let one breach be made in that sea wall and all the land will melt in to the maddy ooze of the Zuyder Zee. The 'Prester' here is the sole element of intelligence, with Schiller and Goeth on his book shelves, a cigar in his mouth and on his table a copy of a new English book translated into Dutch. 'John Ploughman's talk.' C. H. Spurgeon. All the men and boys are fishers. They have 150 little sloops in their Lilliputian port. Their townships are two bags, such as the Turks wear in Smyrna. Their church has votive offerings hung from the ceiling, modelships, fishers' nets and fishes skipping about in miniature over the clumsy pews."

The new liquor law just passed by the Illinois Legislature make both the sellers of intoxicating liquors and their landlords liable for the support of persons who become intoxicated by liquors purchased on their premises, and for any damages occasioned to husbands, wives, children, parents, guardians, employers, or other persons. Every liquor seller must be licensed, and to obtain must give a bond to the amount of \$3,000, with at least two good and sufficient securities, who shall be freeholders, conditioned that they will pay all damages to any person or persons which may be inflicted upon them, either in person or property, or means of support, by reason of so obtaining a license, and selling or giving away intoxicating liquors; and such bond may be sued and recovered upon for the use of any person or persons, or their legal representatives, who may be injured by reason of the selling of intoxicating liquors by the person or his agent obtaining the license. The buildings and premises in which liquor is sold with the consent or permission of the owner, may also be sold to pay judgments recovered, under the act, against the occupants. Besides this, various fines and penalties are imposed for violating the act.

These two lines, which look so solemn, Are just put here to fill this column.

## 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.

It is an old adage that "The King need not dress well," and its inference, that poorer people must cover up their poverty with finer houses and more costly clothes than they have any use for, tells a sad tale of human folly. If your last winter's overcoat is dingy, will it be any the less comfortable on that account? If you can not afford to buy a new one, is it not more manly to wear the old one, than to wrap yourself in a lie made to order by your tailor? Why should you deny your family needed comforts in order that people for whom you do not care a straw should think you wealthier than you are?

Money has a certain value. It is worth just what it will purchase, and no more. In other words it is good as a means but not as an end. It is a servicable thing, because to a certain extent, it will purchase comfort for its possessor, and enable him to accomplish worthy ends. But its possession adds nothing to his moral or intellectual stature, and the man who pretends to have more of it than he has, or who is ashamed of its absence must be wanting in manliness of character. Money has no intrinsic value, and must be expended to be of any account. It will buy food and clothing, but in itself it will neither feed the hungry nor clothe the naked. The powerful instrument in the hands of its possessor it is well worth working for; but it is not worth a sacrifice of health or of honor, because it will not buy these. Yet there are people who for the sake of gold will sacrifice comfort and duty, and even honor, denying themselves for the sake of wealth all the good that wealth can bring them and more. Mrs. Barbauld says that any man may be rich, if he is willing to pay the price, and she is probably right. But in how many cases is the price altogether too high? We have seen men whose wealth was made a grand machine for the accomplishment of worthy ends; but these are not they who have paid high prices for their gold. They have struggled and toiled and rendered them strong for good deeds; but they have sacrificed nothing of character; they have paid out no reputation as a price; they have not put their souls up to barter. —*Heath and Home.*

### 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 emasculated 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 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.*

## 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 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.*

## 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 hucynal intentions by hard-hearted parents and guardians who were opposed to what is satirically termed the "deceit of Heaven."

The emotions betrayed by the fugitives were various; while modest in the extreme, they were unable to conceal their fondness from the guests in the drawing-room, yet mingled with their modesty was a sort of look of triumph at their success, and fear lest they might be overtaken, which at once enlisted the sympathies of all who observed them.

At length the young man went to the office and inquired for the proprietor, alleging that he had some business which could be transacted with no other party. The clerk stated that the proprietor was not in but that he might unfold. Of this the young man seemed skeptical, and commenced pacing the floor, exhibiting the greatest uneasiness, and finally entered the drawing room, from which he emerged after a short consultation, and approaching the clerk said:

"Sir, there's a lady in the room; she wants to marry me and I want to marry her just as bad; can you do anything for us?" The clerk replied that everything matrimonial should be arranged in a short time, and in less than an hour the Justice of the Peace had arrived, the ceremony was performed, and the happy couple united by the firmest tie the law recognizes.

Soon after the bridegroom approached the desk and commenced looking over the register. The clerk asked him what he desired, and received as a reply that he was only looking over the register to see the arrivals. His manner betrayed the fact that his mind was not easy; but what his troubles were no one could conjecture. After walking around the office for about twenty minutes he repaired to the book again, and said to the clerk in a low tone:

"Haden't you better change the register and give us both the same room, now we're married?"

"That is already changed. You are marked for the same room," replied the obliging clerk.

"Well," replied the gratified Nevada'n, surprised at such thoughtfulness, "well just show me up, for I'm awful sleepy."

It is needless to add that his request was complied with.

MRS. MANSFIELD'S CALIFORNIA ANTECEDENTS.—The news which was published in the papers of yesterday morning of the shooting of Jim Fisk by the paragon of his former mistresses, was a subject of general comment yesterday. It was the more talked of from the fact that the Mansfield family have been well known in California. In 1854 Joseph Mansfield was the editor of the San Joaquin *Republican*. He was a man who had the respect of the community. He was shot by a man named John Taber, the editor of the Stockton *Journal*, the difficulty growing out of some newspaper trouble. At that time the Mansfield family resided in Boston. Subsequently Mrs. Mansfield married a man named Warren, a citizen of California, and the family, including the daughter, Helen Josephine, came to San Francisco and resided for some years on Sutter street. Helen soon became known as a girl without reputation, and acquired a character for black-mailing. —*San Francisco Bulletin, Jan. 8.*

## From the "Farmers' Almanac" for 1872.

Agrikultur is the mother of farm produce; she is also the step-mother of garden asparagus. Rize at half past 2 o'clock in the morning, build up a big fire in the kitchen, burn out two pounds of kandel, and grease yure boots. Wait patiently for da brake. When day duz brake, then commense tew stir up the geese and worry the hogs. Too much sleep iz ruinous tew geese and tew hogs. Remember yu kant git ritch on a farm, unless yu rize at 2 o'clock in the morning, and stir up the hogs and worry the geese. The happiest man in the world iz the farmer; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the mornin, he watches for da lite tew brake, and when sho duz brake, he goes out and stirs up the geese and worries the hogs. What iz a lawyer? What iz a merchant? What iz a doctor? What iz a minister?—I answer, nothing! A farmer iz the nobles work of God; he rizes at 2 o'clock in the morning, and burns out a half a pound ov wood and two kords ov kandel, and then goes out tew worry the geese and stir up the hogs.

There iz too kind of men that i dont care to meet, when i am in a grate hurry; one that i owe, and men that that want to owe me.

Jokes are liko butternuts. To be good, they musn't be cracked fatways.

It iz just as natural tew be born poor, as tew be born naked, and it iz no more disgrace.

Truth iz like the burr docks of the end of a cow's tail; the more she shakes them oph, the less she gits rid of them.

I think young coxcombs end their lives as old slovens.

To work iz the grate law ov natur. If the woodchuck ever doits bild any hole, he wont hav one. It iz true he may steal one! but then some other woodchuck will hav tew dig tew.

Revenge sumtimes sleeps, but vanity alwuz keeps one Open.

There iz nothing in this world that a man pays so hi a price for, and gits so little ov, liz munny back, as he duz for Repentance.

I hav finally com tew the konklusion, if a man kant be born but once, he had better issue proposals tew fav it dun sunn'ware in Nix England.

The only human being on the face ov this earth that I really envy, iz a laffing Christian.

### A JURY OF PEERS.

There dwelt some years ago in Bourbon county, Ky., a drunk-en, 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 malefactors 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 wer ready at the courthouse. There was the Judge, and behind him the constable. On one seat sat old one-eyed C—; on the other, the twelve jury-men, "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 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."