

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 1, 1850.

NUMBER 17

## Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.  
LOVE.

Love is a bird of summer skies;  
From cold and from winter he soon departs;  
But basks in the beams of good-humor'd eyes,  
And delights in the warmth of all open hearts,  
And where once he findeth chill and pain,  
Doth seldom return to that bower again.

By those that deepest feel, is ill expressed  
The indistinctness of the suffering breast,  
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one—  
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none.  
No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
And truth denies all eloquence to woo.

Camden, S. C. CUPID.

## THE POPULAR CREED.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!  
If a man's down, give him a thrust—  
Trample the beggar into the dust!  
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—  
Knock him over! kick him for falling!  
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!  
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,  
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth;  
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,  
For a wooer cometh whose charms are these—  
A hollow heart and an empty head,  
A face well tinged with the brandy's red,  
A soul well trained in villainy's school,  
And cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule—  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,  
Who strives to live on the Christian plan;  
But poor he is, and poor will be;  
A scorned and hated thing is he;  
At home he meeteth a starving wife,  
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life;  
They struggle against a fearful odds,  
Who will not bow to the people's gods!  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!  
No questions asked of the rich I trow!  
Steal by night, and steal by day,  
(Doing it all in a legal way.)  
Join the church and never forsake her,  
Learn to cant and insult your maker;  
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,  
But don't be poor—remember the rule—  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

[British American.]

## The Ohio.

NEWSPAPER CREDIT SYSTEM.—The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the National Intelligencer, says that the outstanding debts due to that establishment are estimated at \$400,000.

We doubt not there are other subscription papers, the proprietors of which can tell as sad a story as the one above. The loss of every paper of the kind, is no less on an average than twenty per cent. per annum. We know an instance which occurred in this city a few years ago, where an old establishment was compelled to fail, at the same time its outstanding debts were not less than \$16,000, not one quarter of which was ever collected by the assignees. The late Mayor Russel once attempted to draw up his subscribers to the paying point; some of them were indebted to him for twenty years subscription. One of them ordered him to stop the paper. "I'll be d—d," said he, "if I will take a paper from any man who duns me to pay for it!" The old fellow had read the paper for 20 years without paying a cent to its proprietor.

Boston Herald.

Mrs. Partington thus describes her Christmas dinner: "The dinner was splendid, but my seat was so promote from the neck-necks that I could not ratify my appetite, and the pickled cherries had such a defect on my head, that I gave a motion to leave the table, but Mr. gave me hartshorn resolved in water, which bereaved me."

James Lennox, Esq., of New York, the gentleman who purchased the original manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address, is said to possess a fortune which yields \$120,000 per annum. It is further said that he is a bachelor, and a man of the most princely liberality and benevolence, and that his charitable contributions amount to \$60,000 per annum—one half of his income.

THE "FIREBRAND" REJECTED.—A series of freesoil resolutions were rejected by the Connecticut State Convention, last week, by a vote of 168 to 47. An attempt to reaffirm the resolutions passed by the last Legislature, was voted down by an equally decisive vote—151 to 37. The convention re-nominated the State ticket of last year, Col. Seymour receiving 162 votes to 38 scattering for Governor.

We see it is stated in the New York papers that a large chest of elegant plate, got up by order of Col. Webb, and packed in a very careful manner, was despatched to him from that city a few days since.

PURTY—A flower that bloomed in Paradise.

## A Selected Tale.

### BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

The following beautiful and touching sketch we copy from the *Journal of Commerce*:

I have worshipped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so heavily as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and, when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them.

\*\*\* If you will go with me now to a glen in the highlands, and a willow-shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where years ago there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl Frow write of, sitting, and by which once I saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those who know not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was as beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D—, you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being very far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned at first how high and pure, and worshipful, humanity may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved. Surely I need not add that she loved, for such as she live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her father devoted his fortune and life to her; and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numerous suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I then kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossip were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R—, was the gayest, best hearted fellow in the world, and, had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D—, you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in the front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad calm forehead, the pale face, and sparkling eye of Joseph S—, as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy then prayed.

God has answered my prayer. When the long way was travelled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted, when her fair foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky with longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms receiving her, and his embrace was Heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead ye who deny the immortality of the affection. Go reason with trees, or hills, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy soul, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms in our own unholy arms! I tell you man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat if with our clay dies our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would be heaven, if I believe that when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife-grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell, or at best it is a simple history.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul. He did not say much to her in company, nor of her, but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with its eloquence. I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened that Joseph S— left his profession, (which had been law,) and entered the ministry nor am I able to state, though I might guess at the causes operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D— was not a religious man, and, I am sorry to say, was one of a small class of men, who not only deny the truth of our most holy creed, but every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore with great pain that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S—, and she was not surprised, however much she was grieved when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits to the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's affection, and what need then of words to tell it! It would have been but the repetition of hackneyed phrases.— And yet there is no music in the words so sweet as those three words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse thenceforward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined succeeded this command during which they did not meet.

It was on a moony night in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy three years her junior,) and sat down on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed us; but the soft sounds of the wind among the tree-tops made a pleasant music, and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S—.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt the description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering, and though I have learned it over and over since then, though the iron has entered my own soul and scared and scarred it, yet I have never seen, nor do I believe I have ever felt, more agony than those felt as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word "Forever."

She woke at that word, and exclaimed, with startling vehemence, "No, no; there is no such word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one. And what is earth?"

Her tall form grew more queenly, and her dark eyes flashed divinely as she rose and exclaimed, in a clear and silvery tone:

"And what is earth? These things must end. I will name a tryst, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other world, wait for me on the other bank; and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in his memory."

She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her gently down on the old seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer, and was gone. I heard him say, "Take care of her W—," and so I strove to recall the life that had gone from her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she woke as we woke in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression on the brain, and a swimming, swollen senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all; raised herself with a half-articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; then fell on her knees by the bench, and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly half an hour.

When she rose, her face was as the face of an angel. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night, she was never well afterwards, and the next winter she passed at the South, returning in the spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S— was sent abroad by one of the Boards of Missions of the Church, but his health failed, and he resigned his commission, while he travelled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D— they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange tryst she was longing to keep on the other side of that dark river which men so shrink from. She grew feebler daily as the summer and autumn advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls. She returned at evening, and, among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend, Joseph S—.

The fair girl was reclining in her large arm chair, looking out through the closed windows at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible as her mother mentioned the fact which to her was the most solemn yet most joyful news the world could give, for now, how much nearer was their meeting! I saw a smile flash across her face as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her forehead raised to feel the caress which I know she felt! She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble yet very musical accents, and I, foolishly, wept aloud! Then she smiled, and looked at me with finger upraised, and said, "Wait a little while longer, dear W—." And then after a moment, she said, "Mother is the snow very deep?"

"Not very, dear. Why did you ask?"

"Because, if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for old Mr. Smith to find our lot in the grave-yard. Are all the head-stones covered, mother?"

"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"

"Mother, dear it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying. I have not wished to live, only for one thing I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death all alone! But now I shall not. W— will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes—gone, dear mother. I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and I shall not be any where near it. You will be here, and father, and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in an out, and sleep, and walk again, and so on day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys—dear mother; and, as she uttered the last two words, she put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet, watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them—now there, now gone; yet each time it appeared, it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, so very holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress, escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips. It hung there

motionless. No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

## Deferred Articles.

Correspondence of the Camden Journal.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 20, 1850.

Dear Sirs:—I have read an account somewhere of an individual who was placed above an open keg of powder, near which a flaming torch was continually burning. The poor man, entirely ignorant of the important fact when the powder would explode, indeed not being positively satisfied that it ever would ignite, but still fearing that it would, being thus acted upon by so many powerful excitements, lost his wits, and with his wits, went his life. Now we poor, disfranchised people of this District of Columbia, are half-way—mind you, only half-way—like that man. Congress is our powder keg, in whose bowels there is a deadly hostility to our dearest rights. There are men in that Congress who would strip us of our property, and trample upon all that either the South or ourselves hold sacred. All kinds of men are in Congress, and of course schemes of every description are hatched and brought forward, and the District comes in for a goodly share of the attention of the representatives of the Nation. We would rather not receive those civilities, but the gentlemen will force them upon us. They say slavery must be abolished here. Well, let them do it: we will not lose our wits in consequence thereof. Such a law as that, we know, is unconstitutional. We have placed ourselves under the protection of the South, and if she will be faithful to her pledges, we will stand erect before the eye of God and man, and invoking the shades of our fathers who fell at Camden, we will meet undaunted any and every peril that may present itself. Men shall forget the race of Bladensburg, and only recollect that we are the children of a glorious and illustrious ancestry of revolutionary renown. Whilst speaking of the District of Columbia, allow me to correct an erroneous impression that has gone abroad. It is thought that many of our citizens, if not a majority, are abolitionists or free-soilers. Now I know that two-thirds of our people are as firm and as true adherents to Southern interests and institutions, as can be found anywhere. This was fully demonstrated some few weeks ago. A number of our respectable citizens called a meeting through the newspapers of their fellow citizens, for the purpose of petitioning to Congress to give us a Territorial Government, and to take generally into consideration the defects in our laws. The whole thing, however, was too transparent. It was suspected that some of the principal gentry in this move, were anxious for a seat in Congress. (Just imagine "the honorable gentlemen from the District of Columbia has the floor." This certainly is enough to stimulate these gentlemen to get up another such farce. It certainly is comic for "learned gentlemen" to contend that Congress has the power to give us a Territorial Government.) It was also believed that the abolitionists had a hand in this business; that they were anxious by this move to give Congress an excuse for attacking our rights and freeing our slaves; for every one must see that should Congress, at our invitation, undertake a thorough revision of our laws, that the first and most prominent institution to be attacked, would be that of domestic slavery, and that if this attack should fail, it would nevertheless be a fire-brand in Congress—a source of mischief and agitation to the entire country. We therefore, by an overwhelming majority, voted the whole scheme to be inexpedient.

Last Monday was a great day in Congress.—Some abolitionist moved that the Committee on Territories be instructed to report a bill admitting California into the Union with her present Without Proviso constitution. The South were then in the minority. It was evident that if the question were put, that it must pass. So the true friends of the Union and the Constitution, determined to defeat their opponents by a system of parliamentary tactics. Accordingly, a direct vote on the proposition was evaded, and the House was kept voting on motions to adjourn, motions to excuse members from voting, &c., until midnight; at which time the Speaker decided that the parliamentary day had ended, and the House had to adjourn. This matter cannot, under the rules of the House, be again considered until two weeks have elapsed, dating from last Monday. May the voice of a wise spirit be heard in the Hall of Representatives when this matter shall again be agitated.

Yours,

CECIL.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

As was stated a short time since, the truth is too apparent to be denied, that Northern literature has been supported to a large extent by Southern people to the neglect of their own. It is a humiliating fact, but is nevertheless true. A correspondent of that excellent paper, the Lawrenceville Herald, of the 8th instant, writes to suit us. In the conclusion of his article upon this subject, he says:

By supporting our own presses, we make them more worthy of our support. That a larger subscription would enable them to make greater improvements, it needs no labored effort to prove. If the money that is annually sent North to support Northern presses, was given to our own, their improvement would be incredible. Thanks to a more enlightened policy, this is beginning to be the case, and its effects are daily seen in the improvement of our journals. We will give an analogous case from actual experience to support this view. In the South Carolina College, in days of yore, it was

the custom for Southern gentlemen to send their sons to Princeton, Yale and other Northern institutions to the neglect of their own. The consequence was, that very often our loved institutions languished. How, now, since this has stopped? Under the Presidency of the gifted and great Preston, it flourishes like the green bay tree. Why? Our citizens send their sons to their own Institution, and Carolina's pride prospers. Again, the North does not reciprocate our support. Who ever sees a Southern journal in a Northern Reading Room? They take not our papers, but laugh at us for our folly.

Upon every centre table, in every parlor of the South, are to be found the puerile and effeminate Magazines of the North. Do we find by its side, the Southern Literary Messenger? No! no! Our ladies and intellectual people it seems are more delighted with the sickly sentimentalities, and nonsensical nothings of these Magazines, than with the solid, chaste, unique, and rich articles of that ably conducted Monthly the Southern Literary Messenger. These things ought not to be. By so doing we acknowledge ourselves their intellectual inferiors. Is this so? does history prove it so? In the political firmament, the stars of Clay and Calhoun, the champions of Whiggery and Democracy, have shed a steady and increasing brilliancy for the last half century. The South is the land of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Monroe and Polk.

The names of the South's literary stars is Legion, Simms, Longstreet and Meek, are of her bright stars. The South is intellectually the superior of the North. We must cease looking to the North for every thing, and rely upon our own unbounded resources. We must jettison the chains of our vassalage, and no longer, even in appearance, be their literary subjects.

To those who would see the South free from her intellectual shackles, we say support your own presses more worthy of support, we say yield them your assistance. To those who wish to support sound morality, and a healthy social feeling, we say support our own presses. But if you love digests of crimes, and startling accounts of infamy and vice, we say read Northern papers. We are mentally, morally, and geographically, their superiors. Let us exercise that superiority. A travelling Yankee is getting to be a scarce article in this country—may Yankee Journals soon be as scarce, and the South be what she should be, and is, the pride of her sons, and the joy of the world.

The following eloquent passage occurs in a late speech of Professor Brumby on Geology:

"Geology does not even here suffer by a comparison with astronomy. It conducts us to the invisible universe beneath us, and, as an eminent philosopher has eloquently expressed, points out to us the milky way, and the fixed stars of animal life, which the microscope reveals, overpowering us with the contemplation of the minutest as well as the mightiest of the works of creative energy."

It is impossible to convey a just idea of the nature of the discoveries of Ehrenburg, Tinsdale, Bayley and others, in the milky way of microscopic fossil animals, without entering into detail, which, however interesting to the naturalist, would be improperly introduced here. It is sufficient for my present purpose to observe that, as all magnitudes must be alike to an infinite Creator, the wonderful revelations of astronomy cannot impress the mind with more exalted conceptions of created wisdom and power, than the examination of myriads of distinct and complicated forms, constituting whole masses of the hardest rocks, slates, flint, iron ore, semi-opal, noble opal, yet no light; that, in this specimen, 187 millions of their skeletons weigh but one grain, and are so minute that forty-one thousand millions are crowded into one cubic inch.

And if astronomy suggests the thought that all the brilliant orbs which garnish the Heavens, may be the residence of sentient and happy beings, geology resolves to her votaries, wrapt in delightful contemplation of divine benevolence, that this planet has been tenanted by happy beings, through successive eons, inconceivably long. It shows us, that not only our apartments are warmed, and our cities lighted by coal, from the wreck of mighty forests, that covered the primeval valleys; but that our most costly edifices are often built of rocks, cut from mountain masses, of the habitations of extinct races of microscopic animals, and that even the chapter of beauty shines with the very sepulchres in which millions of once happy beings are now entombed! Thus it shows that death has in process of time, by a provision of infinite benevolence, become the handmaid and ornament of life."

## AN IMPOSTER.

At the request of the aggrieved Grandmother, we publish the following:—

A man of genteel appearance calling himself William Hampton, professing to be from Madison Parish, Louisiana, came into the vicinity of Millidgeville, in April last. Affecting to have business in the neighborhood, he made many acquaintances, among them a very worthy young lady, Miss Mary King, whom he addressed and married. After remaining with her about three months, pretending to prepare to return to Louisiana, he sold her property amounting to near three thousand dollars, pocketed the money, and thereupon deserted her without having given any intimation of such intention.

As there are good reasons to believe that this is not the first act of the kind he has been guilty of, the Grandmother conceives it to be her duty thus to hold the man up to public scorn, and to put it on its guard against a recurrence of the like. Said Hampton (if that be his true name) is rather handsome in his person, about six feet high, of fair complexion, sandy hair, blue eyes, about twenty six or seven years of age. In manners very sociable, and profuse with his money.

Editors of newspapers in South and North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and all others who feel disposed to aid the cause of public morals, will please notice the above.—Southern Record.