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Poetical Department.

The Land which no Mortal may Know.

Though earth has many a beautiful spot,
As poet or painter may show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land that no mortal may know.
There the crystalline stream bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and forever will flow;
Its waves as it rolls with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.
And there on its margin with leaves ever green,
With its fruit healing sickness and woe,
The fair Tree of Life in its glory and pride,
Is fed by that deep, inexhaustible tide
Of the land which no mortal may know.
There, too, are the lost! whom we lov'd on this earth,
With whose memories our bosoms yet glow,
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.
Oh! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go?
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace and the joy and the love
Of that land which no mortal may know.

Miscellaneous Department.

A FATHER'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS CHILD.—The poet Campbell, soon after the birth of his first child, wrote as follows to a near friend. The passage teems with all the tender fervor of a father's heart.

Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib in the midst of white muslin and dainty laces, prepared by Matilda's hands long before the stranger's arrival. I believe that a lover's babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly his first sleep; I durst not awaken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure eyes. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged; he cannot stand a worrying. O! that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me! It is bold to venture into futurity so far!

At present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants; a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and Nature's bounty we live in without knowledge! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle newly lighted, which we dread going out.

THE ALLIGATOR.—Towards the latter part of January, 1814, the United States schooner Alligator, mounting eight or ten guns, with a complement of forty men, was attacked in Stone river (six miles south of the channel of Charleston, S. C.) by six boats from the enemy's squadron of the mouth of the river, having on board one hundred and forty men, and succeeded in beating them off, after a warm action of thirty minutes, in which the enemy suffered very severely. The loss on board the Alligator was twofold and two wounded. Great credit is due to her commander, sailing-master Dent, and crew, for defeating a force so greatly superior in numbers. The Alligator was afterwards lost in a severe gale, and twenty-three of her men drowned.

A locomotive engine it is said, is composed of 5,418 pieces.

ONE WAY TO SAVE THE SOUTH.—A correspondent of the Columbus Enquirer, in commenting on the excitement now pervading the country, claims to give his opinion. He says:

"If it is thought that the admission of California without regard to the line of 36 30 will ruin the South, it is time for us to begin to ask ourselves what will save her? If we believe this, it is time we were up and doing. My plan is this: Let the South pledge itself, as did the fathers of the revolution in relation to Britain, not to purchase their goods or any of their manufactured articles, and you will bring them to terms at once. Withhold the trade of the South, and you will see those arrant disturbers of our peace lick the dust. Put not the dagger into the hands of the assassin who you think would stab you to the heart, nor warm the adder that would fasten his fangs into your vitals.

"It is a well settled fact, that if we know a man to be an enemy, or if we thought him to be so, we would not give him our patronage; for if we did we should be recreant to ourselves, as he who aids his foe is a foe to himself. How then is it that men appear to be ready to ent a common thinker, swallow him whole without greasing, if he happens to differ as regards a remedy? It has been said by some that men who differ with them on this question are enemies to their country; so it was said of Stephens and Toombs in '48. What flesh have these great Caesars fed upon that has made them so wise? There may be perchance another Brutus in Rome! I see some almost ready to assassinate those who differ with them in relation to this vexed question. If the wise men of the world differ as regards the adjustment, why should not all? Is it the love of the South that men have become so patriotic all at once? I fear not. If so, why do those men, or at least some of them, leave their beloved South, to spend the summer and their money for the productions of their enemies at the North?"

MR. RHETT'S TREASON.—The Augusta Republic, a good Whig paper, has a strong article on Mr. Clay's denunciation of Mr. Rhett. The following are the concluding paragraphs.

South Carolinian.
"Who calls Mr. Rhett a traitor? A man who, though possessed of transcendent abilities and grown old in a long term of brilliant services to his country, denounces the institution of slavery as a wrong, an evil, and a curse—who recently said, in the United States Senate, he would yield his life before he would vote for the extension of slavery. Who is Mr. Rhett? A true-hearted, noble-minded defender of our rights and institutions—one who has seen twelve years' service in Congress, and known how relentless and cruel our Northern brethren have become. Mr. Rhett prefers disunion to dishonor, and he sees in the future the baleful fires of ruin staring us in the face. Is he a traitor? A traitor to what? To the Union? Is not its true spirit gone when one portion of the States are degraded and disgraced by another? He is a traitor! How? By contending for the Constitutional rights of the South, his own state among them? He would be a traitor if he was not true to them. Take Mr. Rhett's speech, read it, and you will find there a proper devotion to the Union as it was, and ought to be. We will furnish our readers with portions of it in our next, and they will see in it the fire of true patriotism, as it ought to burn in every Southern, yea in every American bosom.
"We admired and loved Mr. Clay. We were no summer friend of his. We followed him through all fortunes, and, and every change of seasons. We stood by him through evil as well as through good report, confiding in his justice, and believing that he would stand by the rights of the South. But alas! he has turned his face to the North, and shall we follow him at the sacrifice of the South? That we cannot, will not do. We would yield our life before we would be such a traitor to our section."

COTTON AND PHILANTHROPY.—the Baltimore American states that the philanthropy which was once so rife in England in behalf of negroes held in slavery has so far subsided now that many of those who were once loudest in their denunciation of America for retaining the institution of slavery in those States that chose to have it, now gladly see our slaveholding territory, and the slave population in the South largely increased.

The philanthropists, adds the American, want more cotton, and they are dependent upon the United States for that article, and they have learned from the example of Jamaica that negro labor will not produce cotton or anything else very abundantly, unless it is under the control of masters.

It may happen, in the course of time, the American justly observes, that some of our American philanthropists, engaged in the cotton manufacture at the North, will discover that an institution which produces the raw material upon which their business depends is entitled to some consideration at their hands, and that it would better for them to cease to be manufacturers when they are ready to set out as fanatics.—*Richmond Republican.*

SENATOR FOOTE.—We were informed, on Friday last, that certain persons were busily engaged in circulating a paper among the crowd at Messrs. Fort and Wair's barbecue—obtaining the names of individuals to a document, or letter, approving the course of Senator Foote upon the Compromise.

We did not see said paper, except at some little distance, and only speak from information, but we have no doubt as to the correctness of our information. Doubtless *Arnold* may have received commendatory letters from his brethren after he had deserted the standard of American freedom; and why should not congenial spirits attempt to console and soothe Senator Foote,

after he has deserted his friends and gone over to the enemy in the worst and fullest sense of the word.

Traitors are never without friends, and desperate efforts are sometimes made to sustain sinking men, in order to make political capital out of the operation, but we opine it will take abler heads than those who were engaged in the work at the barbecue to write Gen. Foote up as fast as the almost-unanimous voice of the press can write him down to that level to which he has proved himself to belong. Gen. Foote should be immediately whipped into the Southern ranks, or kicked out of the Southern ranks—politically—without if or but.—*People's Press, Miss.*

From the Summer Banner.

CELEBRATION ON SAMMY SWAMP.

CLARENDON, 5th July, 1850.

The Anniversary of our National Independence was celebrated on Sammy Swamp, by an unusually large assemblage of the citizens of Clarendon, with a spirit, unanimity and enthusiasm, which the historical importance of the Day, and the "impending crisis" to our institutions, were well calculated to evoke.

The attention of the audience having first been directed, in prayer and supplication to the Throne of Grace, from which all human and national blessings are dispensed, the Declaration of Independence was read in a clear, impressive, and effective manner, by Mr. Chovin Richardson. To this succeeded an Oration by Dr. James McCauley, teeming with patriotism and eloquence, and for more than an hour enchaining the attention of a gratified and delighted auditory.

The company was then invited to partake of a sumptuous Dinner prepared for the occasion; and of which the Hon. L. F. Rhame and Capt. M. M. Benbow, (as presiding officers) dispensed the hospitalities, in a manner both to please and to entertain.

Of this large concourse it was gratifying to observe that the Ladies constituted so considerable a portion, as well as so important an element. Never perhaps on any similar occasion, was there ever more beauty and loveliness assembled to grace, dignify, or enhance the enjoyment, of a patriotic festival.

Amidst all, it was not a little remarkable, that whilst the heart of every one seemed to be pouring forth its patriotism; whilst every hour and every minute was occupied by a speech or sentiment on the great and momentous topics of the Day, not a word was uttered of State or local politics—no discordant cry of Bank or Anti-Bank—no rivalry of candidates—no confessions of duty—nothing to distract the councils of the policy of the State. All seemed to accord in the great necessity of first resisting the common danger—of repelling the foreign enemy; and of fortifying and strengthening the hands of those already in the van of the contest; and who had hitherto proved firm, faithful and incorruptible in conducting it. It was a spectacle worthy of the Day and of the occasion. It was a scene that the signers of the Declaration of Independence might have beheld with pleasure. It is certainly the noble boast of Clarendon, that she has no citizen, who can not forego his party, his political predilections, and even his ambition, to sustain the State—the South—and her institutions, in this, the most perilous hour of her emergency.

The viands having been removed, the following sentiments were announced by the Presiding Officers, and responded to, in a manner that bespoke both unanimity and enthusiasm.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The Day we celebrate.—May it teach a lesson to the oppressed in every part of the world; and be commemorated through all ages as the great epoch of Constitutional Liberty.

2. The Constitution and the Union.—They cannot exist separately, nor together, by force. As long as the former is held sacred, we are willing to abide by the latter. But when it is broken and disregarded, we are ready to separate.

3. South Carolina.—Our Common mother; her fame is as dear to every son, as his own.

4. The Governor of South Carolina.—He has shown himself willing to promote the best interests of the State.

5. General Taylor.—May he remember that he is the President of a great People and not the organ of a sectional party.

6. The Union.—It can only be preserved, not by compromises, but by preserving the Constitution.

7. George Washington.—The father of our country—his name will never cease to sound dear to every true patriot. May his example ever actuate us in resisting oppression.

8. John C. Calhoun.—The man of a century; the greatest and most gifted Statesman of the Age. His memory is cherished in the hearts of all Carolinians—and never can be obliterated from his country's history.

9. Franklin H. Elmore.—Next to his distinguished predecessor—the most tried, the most trusted, and most gifted of South Carolina's public servants. Loved as well as admired—and if he ever had an error of the head, we are sure he had none of the heart.

10. Our Senators and Representatives in Congress.—They have proved themselves worthy of the charge committed to them. They have stood up and battled against Northern aggression with becoming firmness and patriotism.

11. The Patriots of the Revolution.—By their toil and blood, they have bequeathed to their posterity an inheritance of Sovereignty and Independence. May their sons never prove recreant to the trust.

12. Southern Rights and Northern Aggression.—The time has arrived when every Southern State should demand the former and resist the latter—in a manner not to be evaded or mistaken.

13. Woman.—Heaven's last, best gift to man; our arms her protection—her arms our reward.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By L. F. Rhame, President. The Orator of the Day: We are happy to hail him as citizen of Clarendon. May he live to fill that sphere of usefulness, for which nature and his own exertions have so properly fitted him.

Dr. McCauley having replied in the happiest and most appropriate manner, concluded with the following sentiment:

The Spirit of Liberty: Like some redolent flower of the forest—the more pressed and trampled upon, the richer will be the perfume.

By M. M. Benbow.—The reader of the Declaration: His firm, manly, and eloquent declaring gives promise of future usefulness.

By S. C. C. Richardson.—The Orator of the Day: His brilliant achievement upon the present occasion, together with his known abilities, should ever entitle him in his future undertakings, to the esteem, patronage and confidence of his fellow citizens.

By J. E. Brogdon.—Clay's Compromise Bill: The miserable patch-work of an ambitious tool; insulting to the good sense and honor of the South. "Down with it."

By A. D. Rhame.—The South: If true to herself a bright future must and will be hers. But, if false, ruin and degradation will be her lot.

By Chas. Moore.—The Memory Gen. Washington: May the thoughts of his wisdom and valor in the field, and his conduct as a statesman, always be a pattern and a stimulus to all American officers and statesmen in guiding our affairs.

By W. F. Butler.—"Abolition Benton," Hale and Seward: May they speedily reap the reward that all such scoundrels deserve.

By Dr. J. J. Ingram.—The Nashville Convention: An assemblage of pure hearts and wise minds. The result of their patriotic deliberations, in reference to our constitutional rights has given evidence that the Southern States will exist as equals, or not exist at all.

By P. M. Butler.—The Hon. A. P. Butler: Our distinguished, able, and well tried Senator in Congress; a more true hearted Southern man never lived.

By A. R. Bradham.—Our Senator, J. L. Manning: His integrity and services have justified the confidence of the people of Clarendon.

Col. Manning having been also toasted by the Orator of the day, (Dr. James McCauley,) and being loudly called for, rose and responded in a speech that seemed to have awakened a deep, intense, and well sustained interest in the audience. He alluded to the feelings of his constituents into his own strong and inflexible determination, to resist the common danger at any and every hazard. He concluded by offering the following sentiment:

My Constituents of Clarendon: We have been associated hitherto in cultivating the arts of peace; but should we hereafter be driven to arms, we shall still be together—ready all of us, among the foremost in the land, to discharge any duty which the South may require from strong hands and willing hearts.

By T. D. Rhame.—Dr. Jno. J. Ingram: Our faithful Representative; he has been equal to our expectations.

Thus evoked, Dr. Ingram rose amidst all those cheering manifestations of a popular sympathy, which prove him to be so great a favorite in Clarendon. His remarks told with thrilling effect, and were received with the loudest plaudits. In conclusion he tendered the following sentiment:

The Palmetto State: The faithful sentinel of the South; pure in principle, firm in purpose, ever mindful of her honor—she is equal to the crisis which approaches her.

By Capt. T. Connors.—The Memory of John C. Calhoun: Long to be remembered by every true American; well may it be said, that the brightest star from the galaxy of the Union is extinguished.

By J. J. Conyers.—The Missouri Compromise: An infringement on our Constitutional Rights; a patriotic sacrifice by the South for the purpose of preserving peace and harmony. Forbearance has ceased to be a virtue—endurance has reached its bounds.

By H. Baum.—America: The mother of the orphan, the stranger, and the oppressed.

By P. G. Benbow.—Hon. F. H. Elmore: Though he is now encircled in the cold embraces of death, his memory will be coeval with time; and for him never will the silken cord of affection cease to draw with fond reminiscence.

By a Guest.—John L. Manning, our present Senator: He has discharged his duty with ability and fidelity. We will trust him farther.

By James Curran.—South Carolina: May she abound in her staple productions by strict attention to her agricultural pursuits.

By Chas. Moore.—The Militia of Sumter District: May they ever be ready for the defence of their country, when needed, as a band of true patriots, who fear nought but the doing of evil.

By J. Mims.—The Speaker of the Day: Clarendon's most eloquent orator, may he be forever in our midst, and may he soon obtain a dignity worthy of his approbation.

By Chas. Richardson.—The Union with our rights and institutions, or our rights and institutions without the Union.

By P. M. Butler.—The Hon. John Belton O'Neill: The well tried and faithful Judge upon the bench; may he be the next President of the Bank of the State of South Carolina.

By Jas. S. Tindal.—Hon. J. A. Woodward: A perfect gentleman, gifted orator, incorruptible statesman. His only ambition is the good and welfare of the South.

By H. W. Mitchum.—The Day we Celebrate: May each succeeding anniversary find us increasing in numbers, and extending our sphere of usefulness.

By W. F. Butler.—Calhoun and Elmore: Their aspects so noble, pale grave cloth disfigure, And their conquering arms are despoiled of their vigor;

On those lips, which dropp'd wisdom, is silence imposed,
And those kind beaming eyes forever are closed.

By W. F. Sherriff.—The Citizens of the Northern States: In the struggle for Independence we proudly acknowledge them brothers. They then had white faces and pure hearts; but since, they have been metamorphosed to white faces and black hearts; we should disown the brotherhood, and be brothers only in purity, and enemies in traitorship.

By B. F. Brogdon.—Eden was originally a Desert; with woman it became a Paradise.

By Mr. Sourhavour.—The Union; We cherish it, and stand by it, so long as it realizes in its operations the designs of those who founded it, as a Confederacy of equality.

By T. N. Butler.—Hon. J. C. Calhoun: Who fortified the firmness of the South—the integrity of the Union, and the rights of his State May every true Southerner deplore his loss.

By P. G. Benbow.—Senator Venable, of North Carolina: His unwearied attention and unchanging devotion towards our deceased Senator, should elicit the encomiums, and entitle him to the highest confidence of every South Carolinian.

By T. Touchberry.—The memory of J. C. Calhoun: Though dear to all freemen, should be particularly dear to South Carolinians.

By Richard Harvin.—Hon. J. L. Manning: The man whom we confide in—may he fill the next gubernatorial chair.

By Jas. M. Butler.—Hon. L. F. Rhame; The true-hearted friend to Carolina's sons; may he live long to enjoy the fruits of his labors and benevolence.

By J. J. Conyers.—Hon. L. F. Rhame: Our former energetic Senator; though retired to the peaceful avocations of private life, he yet delights to mingle in patriotic homage with his fellow-citizens. A perfect gentleman, and an honest man; Clarendon rightly appreciates him.

By J. M. M'Fadden.—The Ladies of America: France may boast of her dark-eyed daughters; Spain of her fair brunettes; Italy of her languishing beauties—but the Ladies of America stand unrivalled paragons of refinement, intelligence and beauty.

By Mr. Sourhavour.—Hon. A. P. Butler: A bold and uncompromising defender of Southern rights—and not to be misled by false promises.

By a Guest.—Gen. Andrew Jackson: The hero of New Orleans—may his name ever be remembered.

By M. M. Benbow.—Clarendon: Hold old Coon!—'Twere better that you were dead, Seward, Hale, and Chase, and damned; and that Benton and Foote should fight the battle of the Kilkenny Cats, rather than the South should accept the Compromise.

By Charles Boyd.—Hon. R. B. Rhett: The distinguished author of the Southern Address. Tried, disciplined, and experienced as a Statesman; faithful, able, and prompt, in every emergency; gallant spirit, and an incorruptible soul; he is the man to lead the councils of the South through the stormy deliberations of our National Legislature.

By Robert W. Burgess.—Capt. F. Sumter: As he stood gallantly at the head of his Regiment, and foremost in the fight on the blood-stained fields of Churubusco and Chapultepec; may we soon see him Governor of the Palmetto State.

By T. Touchberry.—Hon. F. W. Pickens: His soul stirring eloquence in the late Nashville Convention has well sustained the reputation he has already acquired, as one of South Carolina's most able Statesmen and gifted Orators.

By a Citizen of Clarendon.—Col. Maxey Gregg: In his hands we feel that the interests of the South are safe. Let him lead on, and we follow, and if strife must come, to him we prophetically look, as the young Washington of the Southern Confederacy.

The New York Herald, we are glad to observe, expresses the hope that Powers' statue of Hon. JOHN C. CALHOUN, lost in the ship Elizabeth, off Fire Island Light House, may yet be recovered. It was carefully packed, and was placed near the keel, which still remains, with many of its adjacent timbers.

This Statue was ordered by a company of gentlemen in Charleston, and who lately, at the request of the City Council, had consented to permit it to become the property of the city. Its loss would be regarded as a public calamity, and we earnestly hope the Herald may be right in the expectation of its recovery.

It is a noticeable fact that John Quincy Adams anticipated the great renown acquired by Sir Robert Peel many years ago. Returning from the mission to England, to Washington city, in 1817, he remarked, while speaking of the public men of England, that for extensive education and knowledge, combined with superior endowments and effective oratory, he regarded Mr. Peel as first amongst those then advancing into renown—an opinion remarkably sustained by the result.

THE STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC.—According to the log of the Atlantic, she was but just six days and one hour from land to land—that is, from Cape Clear to Cape Race—thus making the passage in less than a week, and with only five hours fair wind.

NEGRO WIT.—A negro once gave the following toast: "De Governor ob de State; he come in wid berry little opposition; he go out wid none at all."

We learn from the Troy Whig that a large portion of the bank at Niagara Falls is in a condition which indicates that it will soon follow the example of the Table Rock.