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## Poetical Department.

### THE PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

A lady in the St. Louis Union, over the signature of Inez, portrays her thoughts in the following most beautiful verses, on the eve of her marriage:

Father, I come before thy throne,  
With low and bended knee,  
To thank Thee, with a grateful tone,  
For all Thy love to me.  
Forgive me, if my heart this hour  
I give not all to Thee,  
For deep affection's mighty power  
Divides it now with Thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought  
That wakes within my breast,  
And how this heart has vainly sought  
To keep its love suppressed.  
Yet when the idol, worshipped one,  
Sits fondly by my side,  
And breathes the vows I cannot shun,  
To me, his destined bride—

Forgive me, if the loving kiss,  
He leaves upon my loving brow,  
Is thought of in an hour like this,  
And thrills me even now.  
He's chosen me to be his love  
And comforter through life;  
Enable me, oh God, to prove  
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep  
Affections I control—  
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep  
Resistless o'er my soul.  
He knows not each deep fount of love  
That gushes warm and free;  
Nor can he e'er prove  
My warm reality.

Then guard him, Father—round his way,  
Thy choicest blessing cast,  
And render each successive day  
Still happier than the last.  
And, Father, grant us so to live,  
That when his life is o'er,  
Within the happy home you give  
We'll meet to part no more.

### A Selected Tale.

#### THE BANKER'S CLERK.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

The swell mob, in this vast metropolis, have recourse to many tricks and stratagems, in order to obtain possession of the property of their intended victims. The newest plan adopted late by thieves of this class is, by some plausible story or other, to induce persons left in charge of houses containing property, to quit them for a short time, whilst under skillful hands the work of plunder is dexterously and quickly performed. The plan, however, is not so new as many of my readers may imagine, and as the following tragic tale will show.

The west end of the Irish metropolis has, in the present day, but little of the splendor and respectability of the English metropolis, known by the same designation; or even of the magnificence of which it could itself boast in better days; and which is now only traditional, or to be guessed at from the relics which have escaped the ravages of time and neglect. The period is not very distant, when no part of the city of Dublin exhibited more numerous specimens of wealth, public spirit, and national grandeur, than that which is known by the name of the "Earl of Meath's Liberty." It was at once the residence of the aristocracy, and the focus of trade. In proof of the latter part of my assertion, I need only mention, that in Kevan street, overlooking the pleasant garden of the Hon. E. Synge Cooper, M. P., stood the celebrated coach manufactory of a Mr. William Collier, who, at the time of our story, is said to have employed upwards of two hundred men, and to have turned out one new carriage every

day in the year. This was sometime before the "Union." This trade has undergone a great change since those days of Dublin's prosperity.

The west quarter of the city is now the abode of thankless toil—of famine, disease, misery and sin. During the latter part of the last century, one of the most retired and perhaps gloomy streets in the city contained several of the wealthiest commercial houses in the city. Since a few years after this period, when business began to fall, one of the houses in this street remained uninhabited, until it became ruinous for even to poorest of the Irish poor—and heaven knows, that is poor indeed! A foolish story has gone abroad that it was haunted by spirits—if any at that time dwelt therein, they were the makers of "illicit whiskey," for I am of opinion it had its foundation in an event which once happened in it, and which I am now about to narrate as I had it from an aged person who was alive when it occurred.

The house of which I speak, was well known at the office of the banking firm of Messrs. It stood between two immense masses of buildings, exclusively appropriated to the storage of goods, with loft above loft, to the height of seven stories. The banking offices were on the ground floor and the upper portion of the house was furnished for the convenience of a trustworthy clerk, who resided on the spot, and who had in charge the whole of the premises, when the business of the day was over.

The name of this clerk was Henry Macready. He had been taken into the office at an early age. His talents for business and well tried fidelity, by degrees raised him to the highest post under the heads of the establishment; and on his marriage with a young and amiable woman, he was installed in a suite of handsomely furnished apartments in the Bank, and made sole manager of the concern.

It was about a year after his promotion to this important trust, that a deposit was lodged in the Bank to a very large amount in cash, and diamonds and plate, of the value of several thousand pounds. The lodgment had been made by a nobleman who was going abroad. The transactions took place in the presence of the partners of the banking-house, Henry Macready, and a book-keeper named Luke Fane. The gold and diamonds were placed along with the bank cash, in a strong fire-proof coffer, the key of which Macready always kept about his person. The plate was kept in a separate coffer.

The bank closed at the usual hour that day; but Macready remained in the office to balance the cash, which had been very heavy. Some slight difficulty occurred in his task, which he was unable to overcome; and he was one of those genuine accountants to whom the fractional part of a farthing was as dear, as the thousands of pounds which stood before it. It was a day in the depth of winter, and the evening was far advanced before Macready had found out his error. He pushed the book from him, and threw himself back in his high chair, in a musing posture, trying to recollect the various transactions of the day—at least so it may be presumed—and at length wearied with conjecture, fell fast asleep. When he awoke, it was late, and a strange glimmer was in the apartment, as if from a dark lantern. He tried to move, but to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself tied to his seat with strong cords, in such a manner that though he felt no considerable pressure, to use his arms for any purpose was impossible. He uttered an angry exclamation, and in an instant two men were at his side. One of them held a lantern in his hand, by the light of which Macready perceived that their faces were blackened. The man who held the lantern desired him to be quiet.

"What do you want here, and why am I thus pinioned?" said Macready, upon whose mind the whole meaning of the scene began to break.

"Be quiet, and you shall know."

"I will not be silent—I will alarm the house. Ho! Thieves! Robbers!" shouted the poor cashier, as he writhed upon his chair, and in all the agony of constraint.

"Another shout, and you die," said the second burglar, advancing closer to him, and drawing a pistol from his coat pocket.

"That is the voice of Luke Fane—I know you now; I comprehend your villainy."

"If you do, then deliver your keys, and let us despatch the business."

Macready again shouted with redoubled energy.

A pause ensued. No one came to his assistance from the house, and the street outside seemed to be quite deserted.

"Since you know me," said Luke, "know also that shouting will avail you nothing, for I have contrived to send your wife and servants out of the way."

"Monster! is it thus you repay the kindness of your employer?" said the confidential clerk.

"Listen to me," said Luke, "tell me where the key of yonder coffer is—tell me quickly—I am playing a desperate game, and will not be trifled with."

Macready had the key suspended from his neck within his vest; stooping suddenly over the chords which crossed the chair in front, he contrived to bring it within the grasp of his pinioned right hand. Luke observed the motion, and guessed the object.

"Give me that key," said Luke.

"Never but with my life," returned the cashier.

Another pause ensued, and then the two men fell at once upon Macready, and struggled to force the key from him, but the energy with which the faithful clerk held it, rendered it impossible for the robbers to effect their purpose without undoing the chords which secured their prisoner.

"I will cut your fingers from above it, if you do not yield the key quickly," muttered Luke between his grinding teeth, as he relinquished the attempt.

Fane and Macready looked at each other

sternly, when the struggle ceased. At length the latter spoke again.

"Can this be possible? Is this no dream? Is Luke Fane indeed become a housebreaker and a murderer? and are his victims the men whose bread he has eaten for so many years, and the fellow-clerk who was once his best of friends? For shame Luke! Give up this insane attempt; release me, and depart, and take leisure to repent of this foul crime."

"I cannot, even if you promised secrecy, which I know you too well to hope for. I have gone too far—too far!" repeated Fane, striking his forehead, and adding, merrily, "no more preaching, if you please, but deliver the key at once or you are a dead man."

"Never, while I have life."

"I would not willingly have your blood upon my head—I would spare you for the sake of old times. Resign the key!"

"Never!"

"Think of your wife and child."

"Margaret!—wife—dear wife! why do you not bring me aid?" shrieked the miserable man as he twisted and struggled in his bonds like one impaled.

"Dispatch him said the man who held the light, 'or we shall be discovered.'"

"Once, more the key!" said Fane, as he summoned up his worst resolution.

The cashier saw the polished barrel of the pistol steadily held within an inch of his forehead. The veins swelled out upon his temples like knotted whip-cord, headed with the cold sweat of his agony, but he grasped the key tighter than ever.

"The key!" gasped Fane, in a voice hoarse and broken with the devilish rage of the murderer.

"Never! never! but with life!"

Fane advanced the pistol until it pressed against the bare forehead of his victim. He drew the trigger—a dull report resounded through the apartment, and nothing but the corpse of Henry Macready remained sitting in his office chair.

On that same evening, as it was growing dark, the wife of Macready was sitting in her drawing-room playing with her infant, when dinner was announced. On descending to the dining room, and not finding her husband in his usual place, she directed the servant to tip at the office door, which was his usual signal. The servant did so, and receiving no answer brought back word that his master was from home, and Margaret at once concluded that he had gone out to dine with a friend. When her solitary meal was over she returned to the drawing-room, to amuse her until her husband should return. An hour had passed thus, when a person, who said he had a message from Mr. Macready, called. This person said that Mr. Macready was dining with a family of his acquaintance at the south side of the city, and had sent him to conduct Mrs. M. and the child to the place.

Margaret at once arose, and after some slight alteration in her dress, went out with the messenger, accompanied by a female servant and her infant, leaving the house in charge of the man servant, not without some reluctance, as he had been but a short time in the service of the bank.

The party had been walking more than half an hour through crowded streets, when all at once the messenger disappeared. Having waited a considerable time for his return, Margaret concluded that he had accidentally missed them, and not knowing the exact locality of the house to which she was going she bent her steps homewards. Tired and disappointed, the little party arrived at their own door soon after nine o'clock, and admitted themselves by means of a latch key.

On entering the sitting-room, Mrs. M. rang for the man servant, but no one answered.—Putting her infant to sleep in the cradle, and desiring the maid to go to bed, she determined to sit up for her husband. Eleven o'clock struck—twelve—one, a neither master nor servant returned. Poor Margaret could no longer bear up against the weariness and want of sleep which weighed her eyelids down, and retiring to her chamber, she sought her couch and soon was fast asleep. Troubled dreams, however, disturbed her repose, and she awoke, just as the clock was striking four. The night light had just gone out, but a clear frosty moon was shining through the windows at the front of the house. Throwing a cloak over her night dress, she descended to the drawing-room. All was cold and silent there. She grew terrified with the loneliness of her condition, and strange and fearful pictures of danger and calamity swam before her mental vision. In this state, she went down to the office. She felt something compelling her to try the handle of the door. The room was pitch dark. Dragging herself to one of the shutters, she opened it, and a beam of moonshine, clove the darkness of the apartment. Margaret, to her surprise, now discovered the figure of her husband, whom she imagined to be asleep. With a cry of delight, she ran forward and laying her arm upon the shoulder of the corpse, exclaimed—

"Wako, Henry! and come to bed—you are frozen with the cold!"

She wondered at the deepness of his slumber, as she heard no sound of breathing, and felt no motion. Passing her hands over the body she felt the chords, and touched the icy hand which had been partly freed from the ligatures. Her flesh crept with horror.

"You are not dead, Henry! O! speak, speak to me, dearest—wake! wake!"

The moonlight had now moved over the figure of the murdered clerk, and the ghastly and disfigured features of Henry Macready, rendered whiter and more ghastly as the light fell stronger on them, met the eyes of Margaret.—One long gaze unraveled the whole mystery, and she turned from the sight a raving maniac.

There was a witness to this scene—the man servant, who had been corrupted by Fane, and

who shared the contents of the plundered coffer. Years afterwards, he confessed the part he had taken in the murder of the Banker's Clerk, when upon his death bed.

Fane escaped with his share of the booty and was never heard of afterwards.

## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Savannah Republican.

### The Methodist Church North and South.

As every thing connected with the controversy between the North and the South is of interest to our readers at this time, and as the dispute between the Northern and Southern portions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which resulted in the division of that Church, is perhaps not generally understood, we have concluded to present the prominent features of the dispute as another illustration of the injustice of the North towards the South in all matters relating to slavery, whether in Church or State. At the General Conference held in New York May 1844, the following resolution was adopted against Bishop Andrews, who resided in this State, simply because he married a lady who owned slaves:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office (of Bishop,) so long as this impediment remains.

The Southern members of the General Conference presented a protest against the action; and a declaration that the interests of the Church in the slaveholding States demanded a separation. The matter was referred to a Committee with instructions, that if they could not devise a plan to adjust the difficulty, "they devise if possible, a constitutional plan for a mutual and friendly division of the Church." The Committee reported a plan for the division of the Church which was adopted.

The first resolution in this plan leaves the question to the Annual Conference in the slaveholding States to decide whether they would organize a separate Church or not, and proceeds to specify the rule that should regulate the boundary line between the two Churches should the separation take place. This resolution was adopted, years 185 and 185 1/2.—The plan then goes on to provide for an "equitable division of the book concern and the chartered fund," which passed by a vote of years 149, nays 10.

The Annual Conferences in the slaveholding States, excepting Maryland and Delaware, elected delegates to a Convention, which met in Louisville, Ky., May, 1845, to decide upon the necessity of a separation under the above cited plan. The Conference were fully represented, and after mature deliberation and free discussion, the Convention by a vote of years 94 and nays 3.

Resolved, That it is right, expedient, and necessary to erect the Annual Conferences represented in this Convention, into a distinct ecclesiastical connection.

The three in the negative were from the Kentucky Conference.

Anxious still to keep up friendly and fraternal feelings and intercourse with the North, the Church South, thus organized, appointed Dr. L. Pierce, of Georgia, delegate to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, to tender the Christian salutations of the Church South; but he was unceremoniously rejected.

Three Commissioners were appointed by the General Conference in 1844, a "like number to be appointed by the Church South should one be formed," to make the division of the property as provided for by the plan of separation then adopted. The Convention of the South, after resolving to separate, appointed three Commissioners to act for the "Church South," in carrying out the division of the property. But the Commissioners for the Church North refused to act. This left the question unsettled till the General Conference of the Church North met in 1848, when the Conference assumed to annul the whole proceedings of the General Conference of 1844, touching the plan of separation, and utterly refused to give the Church South a particle of the property. Cut off from all hope of justice at the hands of the Church North, the Commissioners for the Church South commenced a suit for the funds, according to the plan of separation of 1844. Suits are now pending in the Courts of Ohio, Philadelphia and New York, where portions of the property are located.

The Church South, then, are suing for their funds which they held jointly with the whole Church, and which the General Conference of the whole Church, by a vote of 147 to 10 in 1844, declared was the due of the Church South should they separate. The Church South did separate according to the plan adopted by the General Conference of the whole Church; and now, the Northern portion of the Church refuses to abide by the contract. Having possession, they mean to keep it, unless the strong arm of the law can unclench their grasp. This is Northern Christian justice! It is to be hoped that the law will force them to do the Church South justice, if their code of morals will not. A local case in Alexandria, and another in Maysville, Ky., have been tried in their civil courts have decided that the parties should be governed by the plan of separation adopted in 1844, and under which the Church South claims the funds in suit.

We have thought it proper to say this much about this controversy between the North and South, in this numerous and influential denomination of Christians, to give a specimen of how the South is treated religiously, by the North, as well as politically. We are informed that Messrs. Webster, Meredith, Johnson, Lord, Corwin, and Bryan, are the counsel for the South.

### Treaty Rights of the New Mexicans.

Some of the Northern papers are insisting strenuously upon the right of the inhabitants of New Mexico to immediate admission into the Union as one of the privileges secured to them by the Treaty of peace. The Albany Evening Journal, in particular, treats it as a question of national faith—and urges that New Mexico with its boundaries as they existed when she was a member of the Mexican Union, has claims on the national honor to be let forth with into the Union as a State, on the sole condition that she shall have the requisite number of inhabitants required by our Constitution.

It is so, however, that there are no constitutional nor statute provision whatever regulating the number of inhabitants requisite to entitle a State to admission into the Union. There was in the ordinance of 1787—concerning the North Western Territory—a special clause of compact, that the States formed therein should be received into the Union as each of them should contain sixty thousand free inhabitants. But this agreement was executed long ago, and there does not now exist any rule of this constitution, of law, or of usage, which confers the right of admission as a State upon any particular number of people in the territories. It is a matter entirely within the discretion of Congress. The rights of the New Mexicans are no higher or better than those of American citizens in the old territories of the Union would be—and of this the treaty itself takes special care, for it contains a clause, of abundant caution, which expressly recognises the control of Congress, in the selection of the time and manner of admission. It says:

"The Mexicans, who, in the territories aforesaid, shall not preserve the character of citizens of the Mexican Republic, conformably with what is stipulated in the preceding article shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and be admitted at the proper time (to be judged of by the Congress of the United States) to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, according to the principles of the Constitution."

"To be judged of by Congress of the United States," that is the contract. "The Mexicans"—not the State of New Mexico, and the State of California—were to be admitted to all the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States, whenever Congress thinks it the proper time. Congress does not yet consider it the "proper time," and may not think so for a long time to come, of the New Mexicans; and yet no breach of faith will be committed, or any reasonable expectation be disappointed.—The Louisiana treaty of 1803 contained a still more unqualified clause, providing that the inhabitants of all the ceded territory "should be admitted as soon as possible according to the principles of the federal constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States;—yet thirty years passed before all the inhabitants were so admitted. The Florida treaty of 1819 contained one equally as broad, providing that the inhabitants of the territories ceded "shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States as soon as may be consistent with the principles of the federal constitution;—yet Florida was not admitted for nearly thirty years; and kept out several years after she had framed a constitution and made her application to Congress. It was construed then, and always will be, and properly, that the time and propriety of admission is to be decided by Congress, at its discretion—and in the Mexican treaty the same was expressly reserved, and so stated in the most explicit terms. The Mexicans of New Mexico and California would surely have no right to complain of any neglect of the obligations of the treaty, if they were kept out of the Union as long as the inhabitants of Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas and Florida were; to whom "rights and privileges," as citizens, were guaranteed by treaty, in even stronger form than to them, in the treaty of 1848.

Moreover, we nowhere find in the treaty any cession of New Mexico or California as States, or any pledge or guarantee to the inhabitants of either as organized political communities. The language of the treaty refers to all the inhabitants of both as person occupying the ceded territories, without distinction into State or communities. They are first described as "Mexicans now established in territories previously belonging to Mexico, and which remain for the future within the limits of the United States, as defined by the present treaty," and afterwards as "the Mexicans in the territories aforesaid." But this does not recognise a "territory" or organized community at all, of either New Mexico or California, but only the Mexicans in mass of the territories ceded. We have never seen the slightest evidence that it was contemplated by the treaty that the old political subdivisions should exist in their new relations towards the United States, else it would be a breach of treaty faith to alter the boundaries of either. The pledge is to the Mexican inhabitants of the whole of the acquired lands, not to any part of them in any organized society.

We have come to the conclusion, therefore, that the New Mexicans have no treaty right in New Mexico, whether east or west of the Rio Grande; that all Mexican boundaries were obliterated by the war, and re-established by the peace only so far as the treaty or previous laws and treaties of the United States or the legal boundaries of existing States re-establish them.—N. O. Picayune.

A woman who loves, loves for life, unless a well founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the objects of her affections. So says somebody.

A man who loves, loves for life, unless he alters his mind. So says somebody else.