

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME XXVI.

CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING FEBRUARY 13, 1868.

NUMBER 31

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THOMAS W. PEGUES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Three Dollars a year CASH—Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.
RATES OF ADVERTISING, PER SQUARE.
For the first insertion, \$1.50; for the second, \$1.00; for the third, 75 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

LETTER FROM GOV. PERRY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The following letter, addressed by ex-Governor Perry, of South Carolina, to Captain O. N. Butler, of that State, but now residing in this city, gives a graphic and deplorable picture of the present condition and future prospects of the great Southern section of our country:

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 19, 1868.
O. N. Butler, Esq.—My Dear Friend: In your letter to my son you say that the Northern people are not aware of the true condition of the Southern States, and that you wish me to write something on this subject for publication. I am willing, as I always have been, to do anything and everything in my power to enlighten the Northern mind as to the frightful and appalling condition of the South. But it does seem to me that I can say very little not already known, through the public press, to the whole reading community.

It is well known to the world that ten of the Southern States have been stripped of every vestige of republican liberty, and placed, by the wicked and unconstitutional legislation of a Radical Congress, under a military despotism, for partisan purposes. It is equally well known that negro conventions have been ordered in all those States, for the purpose of establishing in them negro supremacy. In order to accomplish this, a very large portion of the most intelligent, virtuous and patriotic of the white race have been disfranchised, and are hereafter to be governed by their former slaves and unprincipled adventurers from the North! These facts are well known, and their consequences every intelligent mind may well anticipate.

When slavery was abolished in the Southern States, if the people had been left alone in their State legislation, and restored to the Union, all would have been well. They would soon have recovered from their exhausted and crushed condition, and been once more a happy and prosperous people. They would have added hundreds of millions annually to the wealth of the republic, instead of cost it, as they now do, a hundred million every year, through the Freedmen's Bureau and a standing army. But the unjust, unconstitutional and suicidal legislation of Congress has paralyzed them forever, I fear. The negro is no longer that industrious, useful and civil laborer which he once was, but an idle drone and pest to society. Inflated with his new and marvellous political importance, he has abandoned his former industrious habits, and spends his time in attending public meetings and loyal league gatherings by day and by night.—The whole race seem disposed to quit their work and resort to the towns and villages, where they may eke out an idle and wretched existence in pilfering and begging.

The consequences are that our fields and plantations are uncultivated, the country pauperized, at the point of starvation, and filled with every grade of crime. Not a day passes over our heads that we do not hear of some theft, house burning, robbery, rape or murder. I will mention one or two instances out of thousands which might be enumerated: Five men, last week, in Darlington District, went armed with guns, to a country store, robbed the store, killed the clerk, shot a woman in the house, and went to the dwelling of the owner and killed him. A short since, a parcel of negroes placed obstructions on the South Carolina Railroad, which threw off a train of cars in the night time. Again, at another point on the same road, a parcel of negroes fired into the train and came very near killing several passengers. Last Fall, at Pickens court, seven or eight negroes

were convicted of murder and seventeen or eighteen others sent to the penitentiary. Highway robbery, an offence which was scarcely ever heard of in South Carolina for years past, has become a very common crime in the neighborhood of towns and villages. Theft and burglary are of constant occurrence. In the country it is almost impossible to raise hogs, sheep, and cattle. A gentleman told me the other day that he had lost the last one of his sheep—forty in number—all stolen by the negroes.—Another gentleman who had been Governor of the State, informed me that he had eighty-five hogs to kill last Fall, and that they were all stolen by the negroes except seven.

The support of so many prisoners and convicts in our jails and penitentiary is becoming alarming. We shall not long be able to feed them; nor will the prisons contain them.—The country is so much impoverished that it is difficult for the negroes to get employment, if they really wished to do so. The failure of the cotton crop throughout the United States, with the government tax and low price of the staple, has rendered it impossible for the planters to continue their business the present year. The difficulty, too, in getting the negroes to work during the past year has discouraged and disgusted a great many. A very large Cotton crop was planted last Spring, and a great effort was made by the planters to retrieve their fortunes and give employment to the negroes, but universal failure and bankruptcy have ensued. I am not able to state the falling off of the Cotton crop this year, but the rice crop has fallen from one hundred and thirty or forty thousand tierces to twelve thousand tierces.

The present year every one will have to devote his attention to the raising of a provision crop. He will not require so many labourers, and would not be able to feed them if he did. The negroes have nothing to live on the present year, and are unable to make crops by themselves.—They will have to steal or starve. This greatly discourages farmers in the Southern States at this time. If you make a good crop you have no security that it will not be stolen or burnt up by the negroes.

In regard to the political condition of the Southern States I am in deep despair, and have no hope except in a returning sense of justice on the part of the Northern people. The idea of placing the government of these States in the hands of negroes is preposterously absurd. None of them have property, and not one in five hundred can read or write. In the recent election for members of a convention many of the negroes had forgotten their names, and scarcely one in a hundred could tell after the election for whom they voted. They were controlled blindly by the loyal leagues. The tickets were printed in Charleston, with a likeness of President Lincoln on them. There never has been before such a wide field opened for the demagogues and unprincipled aspirants to office. The negro is the most credulous being in the world, and most easily imposed on by vile wretches who are disposed to pander to his ignorance and passion. emissaries from the North, white and black, have come here and prejudiced him against the white race. He has been told that unless he voted the Radical ticket he would be placed back in slavery, and that if he voted that ticket he would have lands and mules given him. In some instances the negroes actually brought with them bridles to take their mules home with.

By military order in South Carolina negroes are to sit on juries. In some districts of this State the negro population is so much larger than the white that they will compose almost the entire juries. How it will be possible to administer justice, with such juries, in complicated cases, is more than I can tell. I am equally at a loss to know how the offices of the State are to be filled. The "iron clad oath" excludes from office all who are competent and worthy. This difficulty was foreseen by General Sickles, and he requested of Congress the removal of the oath. General Meade has recently suggested the same thing in Georgia. It will be impossible for the negroes and the worthless whites to fill some of those offices, or give the security required by law.

Property of all kinds, and especially real estate, depreciated in value

one-half or two-thirds during the past year. No one is disposed to purchase anything, and foreign capital has been driven out or deterred from coming here for investment. Property sold by the sheriff brings nothing.—The marshal of this State told me the other day that he had sold a plantation, well improved, containing two thousand acres, in Horry District, at public auction to the highest bidder, for five dollars. Mules brought only five dollars apiece.

A great many persons are moving from the lower country, where there are so many negroes, and that section of the State is destined to become a wilderness. The same thing must occur in many portions of Mississippi and other States. A gentleman just returned from Mississippi tells me that lands, which rented last year for fourteen dollars per acre, were now offered at two dollars per acre, and no one would take them.

Unless there is a reaction at the North, and better legislation for the Southern States, they will be an incubus to the Union, utterly destructive of the whole republic. The present military force will have to be kept up to maintain peace between the two races, and there is no certainty of their ability to do so long. I have for sometime thought that when the negro government went into operation it would be impossible to preserve the peace of the country. A war of races must ensue, and it will be the most terrific war of extermination that ever desolated the face of the earth in any age or country.

I am, with great respect and esteem, yours truly,
B. F. PERRY.
Balt. Sun, Feb. 3.

FRED. DOUGLAS TO HIS PEOPLE.

In a late speech at Akron, Ohio, Fred. Douglas, addressing the colored people, told them that the Government emancipated the negroes as a matter of policy, and not from any Christian motive of right or justice, and that they had no more reason to be thankful to the Government for their freedom than had the Hebrews to feel thankful to Pharaoh for their deliverance from bondage. Douglas said that although it was possible that, naturally, the colored men were equal to the whites, they were not so practically, and that they must rise through their own exertions to a much higher degree of intelligence before being allowed all the rights and privileges of the white man. He added, that they were now on probation, and if fifteen years hence found them as they now are, it would be almost impossible for them to make any advancement. Perhaps this advice from an intelligent colored man may be received by his race as the counsel of a friend. It is certain that the competition against which they will have to contend for the means of support, must increase, by immigration, every year, whilst they can rely on no such addition to their numbers, but must make up for the inequality by increased efficiency.—The ignorant and degraded, of whatever color, must always be subject to superior intelligence, and it behooves the colored people to reflect whether these are their true friends who would plunge them into politics without previous preparation and training, or those who would help to fit them, as far as may be accomplished, for the discharge hereafter of such duties as may devolve upon them.

Col. Phanix.

COTTON FOR CHARLESTON.—Last Sunday morning, we witnessed a sight on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad; a train of cars so heavily freighted with cotton, that it required three engines to move it along. One engine pulling, one pushing and another in the centre. It was a long train, and a cheering spectacle. We learn that there must have been something like 1,200 bales on the train, and all for Charleston. The like we had not seen since auld lang syne.—Newberry Herald.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU has at last gone to work in the right direction. By reference to an advertisement in another column it will be seen that Lieutenant Hambrick promises to supply all in want with labor. Should he succeed in this undertaking, and get the negroes to go to work, he will deserve the thanks not only of the farmers and others who want labor, but of our own overcrowded population.—Richmond Dispatch.

From the Square and Compass. THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

BY REV. EGBERT HAYWOOD OSBORNE OF TENNESSEE.

Multitudes of men believe that the necessity of Labor originated in the apostasy of Adam and Eve, and therefore the duty of labor grew out of the evil of sin, and formed a portion of the penalty of violated law. With profound respect for the opinions of men, we trust it is with becoming modesty, that we humbly beg permission to differ from this hypothetical deduction of popular theology. We believe that labor was the primal law of man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and therefore essential to the complete development of all his powers. If labor was not necessary to the happiness, prosperity, and triumphant success of mankind, then infinite benevolence, and eternal justice, would never have predicted the greatest good of the human family upon the sublime duty, and invested it with a royal dignity. Sin, is the transgression of law, labor is the result of sin, therefore in violating Divine law, man brought about the necessity of developing his grandest powers, for the good of humanity. Such is the logic of that lipohthesis which declares that the necessity of labor, was a part of the curse pronounced by God upon man for transgressing his holy law. God placed an *unfallen* Adam in the Garden of Eden, "to dress it and to keep it."—This could not have been done without labor. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," no more implies the necessity of labor, than the other duty to *dress and keep* the garden of Eden. The amount and the character of the labor may have been increased by the earth's producing "thorns and thistles," but the necessity of labor was not the result of sin, because labor is necessary to the development of all the powers of the mind and body. The law of progressive development, rests forever upon the law of labor. No labor, no development, no laborer, no progressiveness. It was a glorious inheritance bequeathed by Divine Benevolence to man, a high, and sacred duty enjoined upon the inhabitants of a primal Eden, and a fallen world alike, to develop every power by the obedience to the first grand law of nature, the law of labor. The law of man's physiological, metaphysical and moral organization. The law, without which all human progress, alleducation, is worse than vanity. Indolence is the depression of every power, the complete prostration of every faculty, producing physical weakness, mental ignorance, and moral degradation; poverty, ignorance and crime, are the necessary consequences of indolence and idleness. God never intended man to be an idler upon earth, or he never would have made him a subject of law, and invested him with such solemn and sublime responsibilities. He never would have made him a libel upon nature, a libel upon the almighty power which breathed into him the breath of life, and created him from the dust of the earth.

Motion, action, progress, labor are the grand sources of human power, the energies of his immortality, the sources of his accountability to God, and his obligations to law. "Six days shalt thou labor," was no after consideration with God, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, from everlasting to everlasting.—There can be no after considerations with God, who knoweth the end from the beginning. Divine actions, are certainly the results of eternal purposes, founded in justice, and judgment. No action of God grew up out of any human action, man's moral actions never produced, or created in the mind of the eternal God a new purpose, or caused a change of God's purposes, predicated upon a change in man's moral actions. God therefore knew, and knowing proclaimed, the fact, that labor was essential to the dignity of man's nature, and the education of his powers. The bronzed brow, and the toil worn hand of honest labour, is a nobler offering, a richer boon than the jewelled fingers of that soft and effeminate foppery which scorns the sun-burnt cheek of manly toil, and the hard honest labor. That sickly exqu coastion which vainly strives to ape the royal gift of genius and prates in lisping accents of pitiful weakness, of the drudgery of ceaseless and tireless application fills us with pity too profound for words. Labor alone will insure success; it is the shout of victory. It knows no

such word as *fail*. Its prophecies are triumphant utterances of success, fulfilled, it may be through toil, and pain, but yet, fulfilled forever in the sublimest realizations of truth, the grandest convictions of duty.

Labor conquers all things. It dignifies and ennobles all it touches. It strengthens the powers of the body, and robs the intellect with vestments of beauty, crowns it with wisdom.—In every department illuminated by its light, and dignified by its majesty we behold, the triumphs of excellency. Genius, however brilliant, may not divorce itself from the offerings of labor, or exile the might of its power from the imperious dictates of this irrepressible law of nature. Failure fixed, and forever certain, must blot the highest dream of ambition, and chill the warmest desire for success, should man close his ears to the appeals of labor, or shut his eyes to the offered crown of glory. When the sickly ephemera, of the loftiest native genius, who blindly ignored the dignity of labor, shall have faded away from the records of memory, the toiling mind, blest with no rare gifts, but crowned with sound judgment, and kneeling reverently at the shrine of labor, the only mecca of undying dreams of greatness, will rise on supersensual wing amid the unclouded splendors of thought and power, and carve the record of its flight, where the stars glitter and the angels sing. The magnificent hand of labor has held the wine of Oatiz, from his lips, and unlocked the mysteries of the universe before his enraptured eye. Labor is the true brother of power, 'tis reason's child, and inspiration is its father. There is no true greatness without labor. It gives a dignity, grander than the dignity of Kings. Let the youth of our land go up to the mount of labor. Stripped for the sublime battle of life, standing amid the lonely ruins of a proud, and prosperous country, let them listen to the sad appeals of martyred liberty, wailing from the broken altars of many a blighted home, and hear the requiem of dead hopes, dirged by the ghosts of buried warriors; let them look around upon the lonely ruins of civil war, and register a vow to labor for the restoration of enduring years, and brotherhood, labor for the overthrow of sectional madness; labor to evoke the genius of liberty, and law, justice and charity, from the boundless demoralization which like some avenging Vulture gorges itself upon the selfish lusts and remorseless greed of man, and blackens the fairest prospects of life!

A MISER DIES COUNTING HIS MONEY.—We learn from Gen. Miller, one of the most popular of the members of the Board of Supervisors, the particulars of the death of a rich beggar in the village of Greenbush, named Frederick W. Rowhl, which exceeds in dramatic interest anything we have read in a long time. Rowhl came to Greenbush a few weeks ago clothed in rags, thin, emaciated, and apparently half starved, looking the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. His appearance was enough to excite sympathy and charity of every beholder. He was an old man, bent with age, his hair was whitened with the frosts of many winters; sorrow, poverty and misery had evidently been his companions through life. The miserable wretch secured a room in a tenement house in the village, and was there attended for a time by a charitable lady, who brought him food and otherwise administered to his wants. Almost every day the old man would beg in the streets, and with such good fortune that as often as he sought alms he returned to his hovel with well filled pockets. Nothing was known by the villagers of the history of the old beggar, but it was supposed by all that he was what he seemed to be to relieve the distress of a fellow was believed to be their duty. But more than a week ago, the old man disappeared. The door of his room was fastened, and even the kind lady who had given him food knew nothing of his whereabouts. Thus matters went on until Dec. 15, when the landlord, who had allowed Rowhl to occupy a room in his tenement, concluded to burst open the door, little supposing however that in so doing he would come upon the corpse of the old beggar. But such was the case. Stretched at full length on a little pallet of straw lay the dead body of the old man. He had been dead apparently more than a week, and from the manner in which bank notes, bonds, deeds,

and bank books were lying upon the floor about him, it was evident the beggar and miser had died in a struggle counting his hoarded wealth. In his bony fingers he held a bank book showing a deposit of \$700 in banks at North Adams and Pittsfield, while two \$50 bills served as a pillow for his head, and deeds of property in Pittsfield. Government bonds to a considerable amount were lying upon the floor beside him. The scene could not have been more dramatic if presented upon the stage. The gashly, repulsive features, the tattered habit of the miser, and the wealth for which he had bartered his soul lying around, formed a picture which not even the mimic scenes of the stage could rival in intense dramatic force. It exceeded anything the imagination almost can conceive.—Troy Times.

One of the most thrilling trials that ever took place in this State, says the *Old North State*, is now in progress at Statesville. Thomas Dula, a young man about twenty-five years of age, is being tried before His Honor, Judge Shipp in the Superior Court of Iredell county, for the murder of Miss Laura Foster. And Ann Melton it arraigned as accessory. It appears from the evidence that in May, 1866 Laura Foster arose from her bed in her father's house about an hour before day, and taking her father's horse, which was tied that night near the door traveled some few miles on a road to a place to which her body was subsequently found in the woods. Dula and Mrs. Melton were absent from their homes the night on which Laura Foster left her father's and were seen next morning in the neighborhood of the place where the body of Laura Foster was found buried. It is charged that Mrs. Melton was jealous of the attentions paid Laura Foster by Dula, and therefore aided and abetted in the murder. The incidents, as developed before the jury are of the most thrilling character, and the Court House is crowded with an eager multitude who listen with breathless attention to the evidence of Governor Vance, with one or two others are assigned as counsel for the prisoners, and J. M. Clement, of Davie. Mr. Boyden, of this city, and Mr. Solicitor Caldwell will prosecute on the part of the State. Ann Melton is about 24 years of age and quite a neat and interesting person in her appearance. The evidence so far as given in, we hear, is altogether circumstantial. The prisoners bear themselves very calmly and appear to take great interest in the proceedings, frequently rising to suggest inquiries and to prompt their counsel. The trial commenced on Tuesday, and on Wednesday afternoon, when the court opened, not more than one-fourth of the witnesses had been examined. We learn that there are about ninety witnesses in the case.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.—The interest in this cause at the present time, indicates the beginning of a new and, it is to be hoped, extensive reformation. In addition to measures lately set on foot among the temperance men of Richmond, we have gratifying accounts from the country. An old-fashioned Teetotal Society, under stringent rules, has lately been organized at North Run meeting-house, near the head of the Broad turnpike. Its meetings are held every Monday night, and are remarkably well attended considering the state of the weather. The last one, though held on the bitterest night of the winter, drew out a good audience of ladies and gentlemen, who remained till 10 o'clock to hear addresses and participate in the business of the society.—Richmond Dispatch.

RELIC OF A VETERAN FOX.—A friend has sent us a relic of the "Black Creek Demon," a veteran red fox of New Kent county, who has been chased there for the last twenty years, in the shape of his jaw-bone. This old fellow had become an old favorite with the fox-hunters of the county, who had followed him on many a chase. It seems that he had become as fond of the chase as the hunters, and that not long since, in the mad belief that he was not born to be caught by huntsmen, he ventured out too boldly, and was caught by Mr. Joseph Pearce. His demise is regretted by every hound in the county.—Ibid.