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We feel that we do our readers a most acceptable service in copying the "WIDOWED INHERITANCE LAMENT," a touching poem by A. J. H. DUGANNE, editor of *The Iron Man*, Philadelphia.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile:
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine
And the heart that throbb'd for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beam'ng bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight—
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night; Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came—
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the wine-cup drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine-cup made me wild;
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled;
God knows I loved thee even then,
But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring time of our life;
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly call'd thee wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door—
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I shall never see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the church-yard, now,
And no stone is at thy head!
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed—
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thy angel eyes,
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But a pale and sorrowing face look'd out,
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard,
That I fancied breathed by thee!

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead!
Is this not an oasis in the modern sea of verse?
What a touching delineation of the inebriate's sorrow! It is poetry.

Kosuth Hats, with black feathers, and a newly introduced chapeau, having been adopted by the bucks of Broadway, New York, those of the Bowery, not to be outdone, have adopted the Kosuth hat, but have substituted in place of the black ostrich plume, three turkey-tail feathers,

From the Southern Standard.

More of P. S. White, and G. W. Jones.

The scene at Edgefield between Mr. White and Mr. Jones was so rich, that we wonder how the editor of the *Advertiser* could permit such a chance to escape him. It was worthy of a column in his best vein, and, if sketched in his inimitable style, it would have furnished a subject worthy of an illustration from Cruikshanks. But as the *Advertiser*, exercising a self-denial almost unparalleled, has allowed Mr. Jones to pass scot free, we must, for want of a better, be content with the following description of the scene from Mr. White. It is from his letter to Judge O'Neall, which has been published in the *Republican*.

"Since the commencement of my labors in your State, an attack has been made upon me by a writer in the *Edgefield Advertiser*, charging me with having asserted, in one place, that slavery was of 'divine origin,' and in another that it was a 'curse to the country.' I have been so much accosted, during my twelve years advocacy of Total Abstinence, to regard the shafts of calumny as straws shot against an iron buckler, that I was prepared to expect this or some equally absurd development; and my first impulse was to pass it by and let the writer alone most severely, believing that disinterested criticism would detect upon its face its own condemnation. But when I reflected upon the excited state of the public mind on this point, I determined to go at once to Edgefield, give up my appointments, and stay there until every phantom of a fiction of the odious assertion were obliterated. I went; a meeting was called in the Methodist church; the audience was large and intelligent, and the writer of the article in question was present. I was introduced to the audience by Mr. Abney, a young lawyer of ability. I had not proceeded far in my remarks, when Mr. Jones arose and asked if I did not remember the remarks which he had attributed to me. I replied, that so far from making any such expressions, I had never even conceived of such an idea on the occasion referred to. He began a reply, when I stepped to my overcoat, took out his published letter, and entered at once upon the following dialogue:

White.—Mr. Jones, you say in your communication that you "traveled with me from Huntsville to Nashville." Do you remember who composed our party?

Jones.—Well, that requires some explanation. I wrote that letter on my knee, in great haste. That is a mistake of mine.

White.—You next say, Mr. Jones, that at Huntsville I "declared that slavery was of divine origin," &c. Were you present when I made those remarks?

Jones.—No, sir, I was not present, but I heard so.

White.—You next assume that, on board the steamer *Sligo*, I said "slavery was a curse to the country, and that I was maturing a plan for its abolition." Do you recollect any of the circumstances how this conversation began?

Jones.—Yes, sir; I was talking with a gentleman from Ohio on the subject of barbarities incident to slavery, in which he narrated an instance of a lady pinching a negro with hot tongs, when you came up and joined in.

White.—Do you remember, Mr. Jones, what was the purport of my remarks when I joined in the conversation?

Jones.—I can't say that I remember particularly.

White.—Did I not address myself to the gentleman with whom you were conversing, and inform him that I had seen more cruelties exercised toward the free negroes of the North than I had ever seen among the slaves at the South; and did I not refer him to the injustice of a public meeting in Philadelphia where it was publicly stated that thirty old negroes had actually died of starvation in Bedford-street?

Jones.—I believe now that you did make such remarks. Nevertheless, I am very certain that you used the expression that slavery was a curse and an evil either in that or some other conversation.

White.—Do you not remember, Mr. Jones, that these words, if used at all, were used in a conversation which I had with Colonel Loten, concerning the deprecation of slave labor on that part of my State contiguous to Indiana and Ohio?

Jones.—They might have been so used, but I didn't so understand it. Though you had been talking some time before I came up.

White.—Don't you remember that I was speaking on that subject to some gentlemen?

Jones.—I remember that something was said about Indiana and Ohio.

White.—You also say that I was a favorite of some California emigrants who were put ashore on the Missouri river, and that I would have been put ashore if it had not been for my wife and daughter. How far up the Missouri river was it that these emigrants were put ashore?

Jones.—About a hundred and sixty miles.

White.—Did I not leave the *Sligo* at Panduca and go up the Ohio in company with Mr. Paul?

Jones.—Ah, that must have been a typographical error, or a grammatical mistake of the printer.

White.—In the next place, you say that Mr. Paul was so offended at my remarks that he said if it were possible he would take another boat. Are you certain, Mr. Jones, on this point?

Jones.—Well, ladies and gentlemen, I must do Mr. White the justice to say that Mr. Paul said afterwards, that he had another conversation with Mr. White about it, and that he was perfectly satisfied with Mr. White's explanation.

White.—Why did you not state that fact in your communication, then?

Jones.—Why, as I said before, I wrote that

piece on my knee, in a great hurry, and that escaped me.

White.—Now, Mr. Jones, if I had stated to a number of slaveholders that I was maturing a plan for the abolition of slavery, and that I expected to see it soon executed, is it not a little strange that neither you nor they had curiosity enough to inquire of me something as to the nature of the plan for so large an enterprise?

Jones.—Well, sir, I thought of it, but then you were very difficult to approach, and I said nothing about it.

White.—Mr. Jones, do you remember whether I spoke of a plan for the relief of the poor and mixed population in Philadelphia, to be called the Industrial Home, and that I hoped to see it soon executed?

Jones.—I believe now, sir, that I do remember having heard something about that.

White.—Well, Mr. Jones, you say, lastly, that you were a Son of Temperance, and when you saw that Abolition was about to corrupt if you withdrew. Now, sir, I want you tell me if you were not in the habit of drinking at the bar of that boat, at the time we speak of?

Jones.—Yes, sir, I drank but—

Here the immense roar of laughter that followed drowned the remainder of the sentence. When the fun had subsided, I began on a nobler theme, and discoursed for about an hour on the subject of Temperance.

Now, my dear friend, as it was on your account and the Grand Division, through you, that I came to South Carolina, I feel it to be a duty to render you this substantial and almost literal interview which took place between myself and the individual, who, innocently, it may be, has done both me and the cause I advocate no ordinary detriment. I have a most tenacious memory, and I think this exposition is almost to the very letter. So confident am I of it, that, if nineteen-twentieths of the audience don't corroborate it, then you may write me down as unfit and unworthy for such a mission. Dr. Sims and brother, Mr. Penn and brother, Messrs. Good, Bryan, Brown, Tibbits, Spann, Bushnell, Abney, Tillman, Gray, Ward, Brooks, Addison, Mays, Raymond, Ryan—in a word, the whole town I can refer to, I think, most confidently, for the truth of this statement.

Hindoo Treatment of the Dead.

One remarkable but most painful spectacle that I witnessed in Calcutta was that of the dying-houses on the banks of the Hoogly. The one I saw was small, and contained only one chamber with four empty beds, and hither the dying are brought by their relations to pass their last moments and placed on the beds, or, if these are full, on the ground, or even outside the huts in the burning sun. The places for burning the dead are in the immediate neighborhood. I found five dying persons inside the house, and two outside; the latter were so completely enveloped in straw and coverings that I thought they must be dead already, but when I inquired, the attendants threw back the covering, and I saw the poor creatures move; I think they must have been almost stifled. Inside the hut a very old woman lay on the floor journeying heavily and painfully through her last hour; and the four beds were similarly occupied, while the relations sat quietly round and awaited in the utmost tranquility the last breath of the sufferer. To my question, as to whether nothing was given to them, it was answered that if they did not die immediately, they had, from time to time, a spoonful of the Ganges water, but less and less, and at greater intervals, for when they were once brought there they must die. As soon as ever they are dead, almost before they are cold, they are carried out to the burning place, which is enclosed by a wall. In this place I saw one dead and one dying man, and on six funeral piles six corpses, which the high darting flames were rapidly consuming. Birds of the stork kind, larger than turkeys, small vultures, and ravens, were sitting round in great numbers on the neighboring roofs and trees, and eagerly waiting for the half-burnt bodies. I hastened shuddering from the spot, and could not for a long time banish its painful image from my memory. To the rich, the burning of their dead often costs as much as 1,000 rupees. With poor people, of course, there is not so much ceremony. Before leaving this subject, I must mention a little anecdote related to me by a person on whom I have the greatest reliance, and which may serve to show to what cruelly mistaken notions of religion will often lead. Mr. N.— was one day on a journey through a district not far from the Ganges, and had with him a few servants and a dog; all of a sudden the animal disappeared, and at length he was found on the river's bank by the side of a human body, which he kept constantly licking. Mr. N. went up to the spot, and found it was that of a man who had been exposed and left to die, but in whom a spark of life still lingered. He called his servants, made them wash the mud and dirt from the poor creature's face, and then wrap him well in a blanket and take care of him. In a few days he was perfectly well, but when Mr. N. was about to dismiss him, he implored him most earnestly not to abandon him, saying that he had now lost caste, that he would not be acknowledged by any of his relations, and that, in short, he had been struck out of the list of the living. Mr. N. therefore retained the man in his service, and he is still in perfect health, though the circumstances took place several years ago. The Hindoos themselves acknowledge that their manner of disposing of the dead leads to many a murder; for it is a precept of religion with them that when the physician declares there is no hope, the sick person must die.—*A Lady's Voyage Round the World.*

Letter of Advice From General Washington.

Many a volume has been written that did not contain so much sound philosophy and practical good sense as is contained in the following letter of Washington, which we find in the *National Intelligencer*, with other interesting reminiscences of the Father of his Country. We commend it to our young friends.

THE PATERNAL LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, November 28 1796.

Dear Washington:—In a few hasty lines covering your sister's letter on Saturday last, I promised to write more fully to you by the post of this day, I am now in the act of performing that promise.

The assurances you give me of applying diligently to your studies, and fulfilling those obligations which are enjoined by our Creator and due to his creatures, are highly pleasing and satisfactory to me. I rejoice in it on two accounts: First, as it is the sure means of laying the foundation of your own happiness, and rendering you, if it should please God to spare your life, a useful member of society hereafter, and secondly, that I may, if I live to enjoy the pleasure, reflect that I have been in some degree instrumental in effecting these purposes.

You are now entering into that stage of life when good or bad habits are formed—when the mind will be turned to things useful and praiseworthy, or to dissipation and vice. Fix in whichever it may, it will stick by you; for you know it has been said, and truly, "That as the twig is bent" so will it grow." This in a strong point of view shows the propriety of letting your inexperience be directed by mature advice and in placing guards upon the avenues that lead to idleness and vice. The latter will approach like a thief working upon your passions, encouraged perhaps by bad example, the propensity to which will increase in proportion to the practice of it, and your yieldings. This admonition proceeds from the purest affection for you, but I do not mean by it that you are to become a stoic, or to deprive yourself in the intervals of study of any recreation or manly exercise which reason approves.

It is well to be on good terms with all your fellow students, and I am pleased to hear that you are so; but while a courteous behavior is due to all, select the most deserving only for your friendship, and before this becomes intimate weigh their dispositions and characters well.—True friendship is a plant of slow-growth; to be sincere, there must be a congeniality of temper and pursuits. Virtue and vice cannot be allied, nor can industry and idleness, of course. If you resolve to adhere to the two former of those extremes, an intimacy with those who incline to the latter of them would be extremely embarrassing to you; it would be a stumbling block in your way, and act like a millstone hung to your neck; for it is the nature of idleness and vice to obtain as many votaries as they can.

I would guard you, too, against imbibing hasty and unfavorable impressions of any one; let your judgment always balance well before you decide, and even then, where there is no occasion for expressing an opinion, it is best to be silent; for there is nothing more certain than that it is at all times more easy to make enemies than friends. Besides, to speak evil of any one; unless there is unequivocal proof of their deserving it, is an injury for which there is no adequate reparation. Keep another thing also in mind, that scarcely any change would be agreeable to you at first, from the sudden transition, and from never having been accustomed to shift or to rough it, and, moreover, that if you meet with collegiate fare, it will be unmanly to complain. My paper reminds me that it is time to conclude, which I do, by subscribing myself affectionately your sincere friend.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

MR. GEO. WASHINGTON PARKE CURTIS.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.—Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and chances of the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and very dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all impetuosity, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word and ordinance, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever.—*Basil Montague.*

ZORASER, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his age, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

HANDLE was such a miser, that at the very time he was in receipt of fifty pounds a night from the opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

POLAND is one of the loveliest countries in the world—its name being derived from a word which signifies a plain. It is almost an unbroken and universal level. It is remarkably adapted to the raising of grain, its annual exports being about sixteen million bushels. It was the Sarmatia of the ancients, and was the original seat of those that overran the Roman Empire.

HINTS FOR YOUNG LADIES.—If any young woman waste in trivial amusements the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct or assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance a severe mortification, and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavors after knowledge. A modest understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with impatience and inattention, which too often accompanies quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill-qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures which would remain when almost every other forsakes them—of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.—*Mrs. Chapone.*

BEAUTY.—There is a surpassing charm in the perfection of female beauty. But it is only when the mind and the heart shine through the dark lustre of the eye, or leave a legible and beautiful language upon the cheek—or lend a deeper music to the rich voice, that the outward impress of beauty can be deeply and lastingly felt. Uuilluminated by the spirit, the most perfect form is but a cold and desolate temple. Like an iceberg glittering in the light of sunset, with the rain bow hues of beauty, it may dazzle for a moment, but none may dream of communion with its frozen sterility.

CHARACTER.—We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a person manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language—in the misfortunes of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections—we are satisfied that he is an upright man. A man debased shrinks from association with the good and wise.

A SIGN OF PROSPERITY.—Five years ago there was we believe, but two or three boats on our river, and these at the time were found ample for the trade. Now we cannot take time to enumerate the steamers that are plowing our beautiful stream between this and the head of the shoals. And in addition to those already on our river, we understand there are some sixteen or seventeen other steamers now building at Pittsburg and Cincinnati, designed for this trade. Of these, two are for the Messrs. Williams and Co. who already have six or seven steamers on the river. This is one of the "slights of hand" of the magic Locomotive. Knoxville Plebeian

FORMATION OF HABITS.—Success in life depends in a great measure on the early formation of our habits. Whether our grand object be wealth or fame, or that nobler one, exalted virtue, we must shape our habits to that object, or we will fail. What enabled Franklin to obtain the highest honors of philosophic fame; to stand, as he expresses it, "before kings," and what is better, to live in the memory of his countrymen? The early formation of habits. The perusal of his auto-biography, which no young man should omit, will show what those habits were. What made Girard the richest citizen of our country, and the benefactor of his race? The formation of early habits of frugality, disinterestedness and self denial. Such habits are not formed in a day, nor will they result from a few faint resolutions. They are the result of continued effort.

Said Deacon Grant, "I am told, Mr. Paine, that you are becoming a terrible hard drinker.—'Not a bit,' cried Paine, not a bit—no man ever drank easier."

Last year the people of the United States consumed \$3,668,141 worth of tea, and \$12,515,170 worth of coffee! Over sixteen millions of dollars in one year for two drinks.

LOUISVILLE, Feb. 26.—Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, charged with stealing negroes, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for fifteen years.

PARDONS.—The Senate of Louisiana has confirmed the act of the Executive in pardoning William Silk and the celebrated Dr. Hines. The former was sentenced for one year, for manslaughter, and the latter for fourteen years, twelve of which he had served.

In the Mississippi House of Representatives on the 2d instant, a bill was reported from one of the standing committees, for the relief of John T. Henley. It appropriates \$190 to Henley for pursuing John C. Goff to the State of Georgia, "who (we quote the phraseology of the bill) had stolen a negro girl from this state by request of the Governor." The reading of the bill produced a tremendous explosion in the House. It was finally recommitted, to be shaped with a little more courtesy towards the then acting Governor. The bill meant (as we suppose the reader knows) that Henley had gone in pursuit by "request of the Governor."