

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 12, 1852.

NUMBER 21.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

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The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past;
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years!

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh! friends, we are growing old!

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burdened memory bears,
Each form may wear the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter day—
Which the morning never met.

But oh! the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spore
The sable of the gold;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gain'd the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learn'd to pause and fear—
But where are the living fountains whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear!
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page—
But where is the hope that saw in Time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the vic'et wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold—
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

From the Richmond Examiner.

The Sword and the Jack Plane.

The Whig political cauldron has for some time been boiling most furiously. Webster, Fillmore, and Scott, have been steeped in it, and stirred round and round, by their respective friends, each hoping in the general attrition, and trying process, his particular favorite would come out the true embodiment of Whig public opinion. We learn the great God-like, the expounder of the Constitution, was hardly under water, and had been given a swirl or two, before the Constitution, in a gaseous form; was seen to rise in bubbles on top, and vanish into air. Even his Jeffersonian doctrines, promulgated under an October sun, soon rose and escaped. There was no need for such things; they wanted Whig principles. And as they stirred the Exponder, his long life of public service, his labors in the Cabinet, his services in the Senate, when, standing on the Compromise, Atlas-like, he sustained on his shoulders the weight of this vast confederacy of States, one after the other disappeared. Following them came the Hulseman letter, and when this appeared, it was declared he had given up the ghost, and there was no more of Webster.

Then Scott and Fillmore were subjected to the same process, and steeped together; the friends of Scott insisting upon his being full dressed, with sword, epauletts, cocked hat and feathers; and wanting something which should make a noise, without there being any thing in it, they added the drum and fife. They also basted him over with native Americanism, flour of Sewardism, and the Constitution in a powdered form. To offset these, Fillmore was dressed in the robes of office, his pockets filled with executive patronage; and they covered him with the Compromise and non-intervention, and added likewise his political opinions, saying he was of the true faith, for he was more like Jefferson than Jefferson himself.

This heterogeneous mass they put in motion and awful was the trial and the tribulation, when the boiling process commenced, first one thing was parted with, then another, and the two were seen whirling round and bobbing

their heads up and down, and struggling for the mastery. Now feathers has it, now Executive Patronage; now one, now the other, and the struggle became so terrible, it was feared both would come out together, and there would be two Whig principles.

There was at length a calm, then perfect quiet, and the struggle was over. The lid was removed, and the sole residuum left was a DRUM AND FIFE. And they bowed their heads and worshipped, and sang hosannas to this great Whig principle; and though at first there was much dissatisfaction in the ranks, at the roll of the drum they fell into line, shouldered their arms, and were ready to march.

So that all divisions in the Whig ranks, all shades of opinion, all questions of policy, all hatred of military heroes, all opposition to the conquest of Mexico, have all merged themselves into the drum and fife;—the drum and fife now stand forth as the embodiment of the Whig party.

It is this, against which the Democrats have to contend; no question of policy, no opinions of the Constitution, no question of Finance, indeed no great national measures are to be discussed; all are to be drowned in the drum and fife. Military deeds are very captivating, and where connected as they are in this instance with a gallant though vain and selfish soldier, the great captain of the age, who comes warm from the field of battle covered with the garlands of victory, he is a competitor much to be dreaded.

Already in fancy we hear the spirit stirring notes of the drum and fife, and see flags flying, with military devices, and multitudes marching and countermarching with brilliant transparencies of Chippewa, Niagara, and of scenes in Mexico, and shouting themselves hoarse with hurrahs for their hero—while Whig orators are to gaping crowds pouring forth torrents of eloquence, and portraying his military deeds in the most glowing colours of the richest fancy.

They will talk of Chippewa, and exhibit the star spangled banner in tatters, and the American eagle riddled with bullets; they will point to that colossal power on whose dominions the sun never sets, and whose reveille follows the morning round the world, and tell how on the plains of Chippewa it was trailed in the dust—while some son of the West will kill the British Lion right out, and sketch Scott as reposing on him after the fatigue of the battle, with one of his claws for a toothpick.

Mention Niagara, and the rainbows of Heaven will be made to encircle him and his army; and the rushing cataract will faintly represent the power of the opposing forces he there encountered. By the lurid glare of torches, at the dead hour of midnight, will they visit Lady's Lane, wade up to their knees in blood, point out thousands floating in their gore, and at last find Scott meditating on the scene, and show you his two wounds, from which blood will be running like water from town pumps; and the roar of Niagara will be interpreted; from that day to this, it will have cried out Scott Scott, Scott.

Or they will tell of Mexico, and Vera Cruz and Charubusco, and Molino Del Rey, and Chapultepec, will rise in the distance; the balls of Montezuma will echo to his steps, and mountains be made to tremble beneath his victorious march.

In what glowing colours will not fancy wreath his brows with laurel? How shall we meet these things? We know they give no evidence of administrative talent, no guarantees that the provisions of the Constitution will be faithfully executed, and no security to the South that its peculiar institutions will be protected. They indicate no foreign policy, nor do they say anything of those great questions which have so long divided the two parties.

Still they will have their effect. How shall we meet them? To the vivid descriptions of glowing fancy, charming multitudes and filling them with excitement, shall we oppose naught beyond a learned discourse on the Constitution, on the tariff, or on free-trade? It would be idle to do so; we should have so few listeners; should we seek to pourtray the dangers of abolition, or discuss the propriety of foreign intervention, the case will be the same; if the Drum and Fife, come along—we will have no hearers.

We saw this in 1840. We felt it when one of the most distinguished of Whig orators declared, that he would no more think of stopping in his impassioned discourse to answer an argument, than would a railway train in its rapid transit stop to punish the barking of a dog.

To all this, for it is our custom, and respect for the intelligence of the people makes it our policy, we must oppose a statesman of enlarged and liberal views, whose past history affords a true index of what his future course will be; one who is identified in feeling and principle with the Democratic party; a man of acknowledged standing, of unquestioned talent—AND ONE WHO HAS THE ELEMENTS OF POPULARITY.

Have we such men? Ye must admit that we have many who possess the first named qualifications; and if the contest between Scott and any one of the leading Democrats who are regarded as his probable competitors, was to be decided by their capacities for the supreme post of President, we should all feel easy and indifferent. But that we have now within our reach a chief statesman, with elements of popularity equal to those of Scott, is a subject of doubt with many who recollect the military politics of the past. Certain it is that we have no military men at this time in our party whose military achievements we can fairly place in contrast with those of Scott. To enter that war with the weapons now in our reach, would be to fight a gunboat against a seventy-four, but there are other and stronger means to reach the people's heart than by the roar of cannon, the glitter of steel, and the pomp of

desolating war; and we assert that in the front ranks of Democratic statesmen stand men who unite all those qualifications of personal worth which our party has ever declared to be indispensable, with the elements of a popularity infinitely deeper and more enduring than any which circumstances and professional talent have given to the vainest, the most selfish, and the most ridiculous of heroidal coxcombs.

We propose to illustrate this assertion. Without disparaging any other great name, we will single out one among the first, and let his strength re-assure the faint hearted and lift up those who fall.

Stephen A. Douglas is the adopted son of Illinois. He entered that State as a journeyman carpenter; and at twenty-six years of age he sat a Judge upon the bench of her Supreme Court. Since then he has successively filled every honorable and high office which that State could confer, and at the age of forty-one he is *facile princeps* of the American Senate—the bright and morning star of the National Democratic Party—and is designated by millions of voices from Maine to Texas, as the future helmsman of the Nation. He is no relic of the past—no fossil remain of a bye-gone time. No past defeat casts its ominous shadows in his path. Hope and youth blaze before him; success sits like a halo on his brow. He has already passed every contemporary competitor, yet all may see that the history of this man is still a future. His political connexions are yet to be formed. He is the new man in the field. He belongs to no clique of old fogies—in Virginia or anywhere else. With him all ranks of the party—the young and the obscure, as well as the old and hitherto distinguished, will have their equal chance. He has no past backslidings, no indiscreet speeches, for the orators and the presses of the Federal party to match against the ridiculous qualities, the absurd words, the follies, and the worse errors of Winfield Scott. His Democracy is the "chrysolite without flaw;" in his political career there has been no variance nor shadow of turning. In his whole life there has not been one hour of vacillation, nor has a single sectional sentiment ever yet distorted his lips.

Boldness of movement, precision of thought, and the most enlarged views of our national interests, have ever guided him. Even his geographical position forbids the suspicion of sectional feeling or thought. A resident of a free State, he is yet a Southern Planter—for the Senator from Illinois is the master of an estate and of slaves in North Carolina. He has stood by the South in every trying scene and on every test question. In every interest he is irrevocably identified with us, and when he is irrevocably identified with us, and when the uproar over the Fugitive Law convulsed the North, he was the first man in a free State who had the courage to stand in the midst and denounce its enemies as the enemies of the Constitution and of the country's weal. He never gave a vote which the strictest Southern Democrat could wish to blot. He is not afraid of the people, and therefore never stops to think how he himself will be affected by this or that particular question. Sprung from them, one of them, he has confidence in their intelligence and patriotism, and therefore, when following his own common sense and the Constitution, never fears to find himself at variance with popular sentiment. He is the true type of this powerful and growing new country; and its heart will recognize its perfect representative. Sprung directly from the people, without the most remote aids of birth or fortune, educated by his own thirst for knowledge, he supported himself from infancy by his daily labor; and battling alone against the world, he has risen with the sheer force of a superb intellect and undaunted heart, step by step, until he now stands acknowledged and respected as the chief champion of the Democratic Party.

Each class of men love and admire him most who carries the excellencies of their order to the highest degree. As dogs follow the most successful huntsman and leave their masters, so do soldiers love more than life itself the conquering General, so do merchants worship the most fortunate among the children of Mammon, and so do artists think him the greatest of earth who carries to the highest point the chisel and the pencil. Tried by this truism, the axiom of universal observation, Stephen A. Douglas possesses greater elements of popularity in the United States than any other living man; for he has exemplified in an unparalleled degree those characteristics which attract the eyes of all the world to this new, this young, this growing, powerful and most successful country. Where shall we find such another instance of our age and our land as the life of this great statesman offers? He whom we saw a few short years ago in his shirt sleeves at a carpenter's bench making so-fas and bedsteads, now charms with his eloquence and impresses with his profound sagacity the first deliberative body in the world! What a splendid illustration is here of Republican institutions: Every American who regards the great fact, must rejoice that his land is the one upon the globe where this much may be attained by labor and assiduous purpose. Where else could this occur? What a guarantee is given to mankind that merit will ever be rightly estimated here when we shall see the great Democracy lead this humble citizen to the highest office in the gift of freemen? Do you not know, that the heart of this people will thrill when by the power of its sovereign choice it shall take a man from the carpenter's bench and render him the equal of kings—eye, a potentate more powerful than a king? Will not every man who hopes and toils feel the cause his own which shall be represented so?

Should this great and good man become the choice of the Democratic party, the people of the United States will demand his election as a landmark in their history,—ever hereafter to be shown,—as proving in practice that they carry

out their professions of political equality and of free access to office by the most meritorious.

The cultivators of the soil are termed the bone and sinew of the country; but when this is done, the artisan and the ploughman are confounded in the general phrase. Were the distinction drawn when such expressions are used, it might well be questioned whether the agriculturist's exclusive claim to that distinction could be sustained if contested by the mechanic. But Agriculture, is the colleague, not the rival, of Mechanic Art. And as the Plough represents the one, let the Jack-plane stand for the other and for its multitudinous followers.—It is the great element of our country's wealth. It builds our towns and villages, and it lights their streets—it links them together by the rail, it covers the oceans with our shipping, it prepares our food and it delights our eyes. Whatever there may be of personal comfort, all that there may be of intellectual food and refinement is due to the Jack-plane and the Art it represents.

It plays with the lightning and makes it administer to our wishes; it involves from a drop of water a power which annihilates time and draws the uttermost ends of the earth together. What does it not do? The shoes on your feet, the hat on your head, the clothes upon your limbs, are the work of the Jack-plane—the gifts of Mechanic Art. If you ride it must accompany you, and if you lie down you must ask its help. Its benefits are not numbered, it is of universal necessity, it is present everywhere, it does only good continually, and its sole demand is work, work, work.

This instrument is to finger in the coming canvass, and we are not ashamed of it nor sorry for it. On that canvass depends the future prosperity of this country. That prosperity is mainly owing to the Jack-plane, and by it the country's future weal shall be well secured.—To the Sword we will oppose the Jack-plane.—Give us the Jack-plane against the Drum and the Fife; and the rum-a-dum-dum of the one and shrill piercing notes of the other, are silenced forever.

One of the first principles of moral, religious and political warfare, is this: that it is lawful to fight the devil with fire; and since the embodiment of Whiggery shall be the Drum, and Fife, and the desolating Sword, we will propose the first Statesman of the day, a man well worthy the highest office in our gift, who is also able to drive the Jack-plane. Upon our banner we will fly the Jack-plane—it shall be the emblem of our cause, and the hardy sons of toil shall leave their workshops and their forges, and leave the labors of a useful and active life, to gather around that standard and to bear it on to victory. They will stand in the cities, they will come up from the mines of the earth, and claim their share in the battle for practical Democracy.

Then let Whig orators, in vehement discourses, talk about Scott and his battle fields, and pour forth torrents of blood and thunder, and cripple the eagle, and kill the lion, and pierce the American flag with thousands of balls, and smear it with gore;—still from the busy haunts of industry, unchecked and undismayed by these visions of fancy, will there come up daily, evidences that the Whig principle of Drum and Fife is defeated—made naught, and rendered less useful than the wind which fills the hollow cavities of a decaying gourd. The hammer, while it rings upon the anvil, will in every blow resound for Douglas; and the busy shuttle, as it fits across its track, will imprint his name in the fabric which it weaves. Even the sofa you press will creak forth "Douglas," and not a beadstead in the land but shall whisper his name and engender dreams of his glowing future; while every huge high-pressure boat, on the Father of Waters or on the Great Ohio, shall shout it from its iron throat by day and by night, until the hills reecho back again and again that word of triumph. It will fill the whole air; and the tree-tops, as they bend to the passing breeze, shall sigh it to the sun; the streams shall murmur it as they ripple to the sea, and it shall be heard in the storm as it hurries past. It shall come down from the mountains on the night winds, and come up from the valleys in the morning mist; and the sounding surf, as it breaks along our long Atlantic shore, shall repeat it again and again in its deafening roar.

From the Alabama Planter.

Plain Talk to Cotton Planters.

A slight review of the public prints will discover that for some time back, intelligent men, through the aid of patriotic editors, have been endeavoring to direct the attention of farmers and planters to the value of the bread stuff known as rye, by giving detailed accounts of its cultivation, production and uses to which it can be applied with solid advantage to the cultivators of the soil—and it is evident that this grain is receiving more attention through out the Union at present, than it has for years past. The exertions making by our good neighbors of Georgia to possess themselves of the best variety of this and other cereals, and the success they appear to have, ought at least to induce some inquiry among us, for we have been pretty well convinced for some time past that the enterprising and intelligent people know well what they are about.

Like many other things tending to human comfort and health, the value of this grain is understood very generally from report amongst our southern population, who seem perfectly satisfied with the report without risking disappointment, or mistake, by putting the report to the test of trial.

We are an extremely cautious people as regards breaking in upon the trot of those that have preceded us in our agricultural movement but what is truly astonishing, is that those

among us who came from sections of country where different customs and habits prevail, which they feel a confidence, if introduced, would work an improvement in the state of the country, instead of an exertion to introduce those habits and customs, they at once fall in to the ranks and most admirably jog on with the same trot they find prevailing.

A preparation of the grain before mentioned for the laboring animal would be about as superior to our present mode of feeding, as the bread of it would be found for the laboring man, while a combination of it with corn, or oats or barley, the first in meal equally desirable, to secure the health and capacity of the animal for labor, as also to secure durability.

It would not be fair to suppose that any rational man who has practiced laboring the horse to much extent, and who has not frequently, with much uneasiness, discovered the effect of corn-feeding on the animal, during that part of the year in the South, when labor produces a tendency in the man and horse to a fever state.

The premonitory symptoms of disease before him, leaves him without a doubt, that the food on which the animal is compelled to subsist, is the cause, nor can he for a moment doubt, when he sees the discharges made. It is a fact known, that this state of the horse is rarely witnessed where rye and straw or the first, and oats are the feed furnished him when laboring; or where the Irish or sweet potatoe, properly prepared, or the carrot with hay is made his diet.

That the action of a laboring horse is governed by the food on which he subsists, is well understood, and in all the celebrated preparations to secure this point in a work horse, chopped rye forms a most important item—equally to insure uninterrupted health and vigor, or it is indispensable.

That the horse fed on corn and fodder is subject to a singular degree to the same state of the stomach, that marks our corn bread and milk diet, is notoriously known, and equally, that where rye and oats forms his diet, this wretched state of the stomach is almost unknown.

It would be perfectly inadmissible for any person who would pretend to any knowledge of the natural history of this animal, to bring a single objection, touching our climate, as regards his health or longevity—consequently, what we know the mode of laboring him first, and feeding him last, determines both in the South—and determines another bleak fact, that the losses by this animal in the South, especially in the cotton growing region, is startling. Put this noble and useful animal on the diet that nature intended for him, and have him to pursue the honorable course of making his own living"—which he will do (for he is neither a profligate or a loafer) he will be found to live longer in a Southern than in a Northern climate; for not unlike man, his friend and enemy, he feels his frame less shaken by the extremes of the climate—consequently, with our ignorance or folly, must plead guilty, when his existence is shattered—for again, like his companion, man, the tenure of life is not shortened by rational exertions or labor.

To the value of this grain already enumerated, we must add, and worthy of a pointed notice with us Southerners, that it surpasses in a capacity for preservation, without expense or labor, for while the corn would be almost totally consumed and the wheat destroyed by the common enemy of both, this grain stands untouched for years exposed in the stack or under the shelter in the stack without deterioration or damage—and the raffage still an excellent provision for the stall of the planter (if he has one) at once going to the support of his cow, steer, ox, mule, or even horse.

Nor do the claims of this valuable grain stop here. In its cultivation is found an admirable preparation for the insurance of that valuable root, the sweet potatoe. Immediately after cutting the grain, break up the stubble ground with a suitable plow and with a large barshear make wide and deep furrows, into which rake the mass of stubble, covering with earth, and you have a most efficient and economical preparation for an excellent crop of that root, to be produced by planting the vine of a variety of the Red, well known for its quality of producing from the vine—and then fall not to recollect that you are producing two excellent crops—one of the best breadstuffs, and the other an almost unequalled substitute, on the same ground, during the same year—and by the return to the soil that each is known to make largely, you are gaining that most desirable result, adding to the fertility of your land; while to secure the last in a still greater degree, feed off the product with hogs that you intend for the smoke house, and you will find in the future crop unmistakable evidence that the fertilizing part of the process is complete, as also exhibiting a most agreeable evidence on the joints of your smoke house; for I never yet saw a man walk into a well filled house of that description, but he involuntarily smiled. If he failed to do so, be assured he will look round at the door, crack or roof, and lastly after reviewing honestly the foregoing course, brought out, cast about, and determined, whether or not, you are in a country blessed by a kind Providence, with climate and soil happily fitted to yield to a rational exertion and industry, the means of a comfortable existence.

PLAIN TRUTH.

IMPORTANT.—The Southern Patriot, of Greenville, announces that Governor Cobb, of Georgia, has renewed his subscription to that paper.