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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

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From Geo. W. Bethune's *Lays of Love and Faith.*

### I LOVE TO SING.

I love to sing when I am glad;  
Song is the echo of my gladness;  
I love to sing when I am sad,  
Till song makes sweet my very sadness.  
'Tis pleasant when voices chime,  
To some sweet rhyme in concert only;  
And song to me is company—  
Good company, when I am lonely.

When'er I greet the morning light,  
My song goes forth in thankful numbers,  
And 'mid the shadows of the night,  
I sing me to my welcome slumbers.  
My heart is stirred by each glad bird,  
Whose note is heard in Summer bowers;  
And song gives birth to friendly mirth  
Around the hearth, in wintry hours.

Man first learned song in Paradise,  
From the bright angels o'er him singing,  
And in our home above the skies,  
Glad anthems are forever ringing.  
God lends his ear, well pleased to hear  
The songs that cheer His children's sorrow;  
Till day shall break, and we shall wake  
Where love will make un fading morrow.

Then let me sing while yet I may,  
Like him God loved, the sweet-tongued Psalmist,  
Who found in harp and holy lay,  
The charm that keeps the spirit calmest.  
For sadly here we need the cheer  
While sinful fear with pleasure blendeth;  
Oh! how I long to join the throng  
Who sing the song that never endeth.

### SOUNDS OF LABOR.

We love the banging hammer,  
The whirring of the plane,  
The crashing of the busy saw,  
The creaking of the crane;  
The ringing of the anvil,  
The grating of the drill,  
The clattering of the turning-lathe,  
The whirring of the mill;  
The buzzing of the spindle,  
The rattling of the loom,  
The puffing of the engine,  
And the fan's continual boom;  
The clipping of the tailor's shears,  
The driving of the awl,  
The sound of busy labor—  
We love, we love them all.

### "Deal Gently with the Erring."

Aunt Lizzy sat knitting in her high-backed chair, glancing over her spectacles from time to time, at the figures moving in the street without. A projecting little mirror enabled her to command a full view of the busy scene; and it was her pleasure thus, of an evening, to while away the hours in pleasant converse with a friend. When other subjects failed, a topic was usually suggested by some passing face—most of the town's folk being well known to my aunt.

As we were seated there in the twilight, a vehicle drove rapidly along the street. "It's the doctor," observed Aunt Lizzy; "where can he be called on such emergency to-night?"

The carriage stopped at the end of the street, opposite an entry leading into a mean close of houses, inhabited by many poor and by some respectable characters.

"He has stopped at Waidy's Close," I observed. "He is doubtless going to see the wretched girl who attempted to destroy herself this morning."

"I have not heard of the circumstance," said Aunt Lizzy.

"It is only one of those bad girls down there—a wretched creature, who in her despair, or in insanity, as some say, threw herself over the balustrade of the bridge; but she fell into a shallow part of the river, and was taken up terribly injured—so much so, that she cannot possibly survive."

"Poor thing! What she must have suffered, before she was driven to that terrible attempt against herself! How little do we know of the secret sorrows which wring the hearts of our kind! what agony it would cause us, did we know a thousandth part of them?"

"But your sympathy would be quite out of place here, dear aunt. This woman is quite an infamous person—not worthy of your consideration, I assure you."

"Infamous! and unworthy of consideration! Not worthy of consideration! The most misguided human being is worthy of sympathy, and none are utterly infamous. Let us take care how we cast stones about us. Who knows the heavy temptations of the poor, except themselves? And if girls—who are born weak and are educated into exaggerated weakness—who are taught to set the highest value on things ex-

trinsic, and to pride themselves upon beauty, dress and ornament, without the benefit of any better guidance; if, when thus sent into the world, they fall before temptation, against which they have never been protected and fortified, ought they not to be pitied quite as much as they are condemned? Were we to know all the circumstances attendant upon the downward career of these poor creatures, we should not be without some sympathy for them, which, if it did not restore them to society, would at least render their state less wretched and intolerable than it is."

"I wonder to hear you talk in such a way!" I observed. "Why should a state of wickedness be rendered any thing but intolerable? Why waste sympathy on those who set all virtuous conduct at defiance? How do you reconcile those notions of yours, with a due sense of propriety and morality?"

"My dear girl," said Aunt Lizzy, "I cannot help remembering how tenderly and lovingly one whose example I would humbly follow, dealt with the erring and sinful. Were not the sternest words he said, 'Go, and sin no more.' And are we, who are well brought up; who love virtue because we have been trained to do so, and have been kept out of the way of all temptation—are we to judge harshly our erring sister, whose life has, perhaps, been one long and desperate struggle against poverty, adversity, and temptation?"

"Well, you are the only one whom I have ever heard attempt to say a word in palliation of the wretched life of Grace Walters."

"Grace Walters! And is it she? Spare her, poor girl."

"What! you know her, then?"

"I knew her when a child, and have fondled her on my lap for hours together. Her mother was married from our house. She was a tidy servant, and a good woman, though she proved unfortunate in her husband. He was a devoted lover, a handsome fellow, and a good workman; but he was a drunkard. That, however, was after their marriage. Drink is the curse of many a home, which, but for it, would be happy.—While the mother lived, her children were tenderly cared for; but she died of a fever, in a poor cottage, from which nearly all comfort had disappeared; and then the children were not cared for at all. When the man came home at night, drunk, the children were often cruelly beaten, because they cried for food. Little Grace, who was the oldest, would be sent out to haggle at the stalls on Saturday night for cheap bits of meat, the father spending his earnings mainly at the public house. Could the poor thing learn virtue at that home? But the man got mated again to some woman of kindred nature to his own; and if the family were in misery before, they were in torture now. The girl was used as a drudge, and as an object on which husband and wife alike vented their fury in their domestic quarrels. Ah! little do we know of the hardships and sorrows borne by those whom we are so ready to condemn, because their lot has not been so happy as our own!"

"But the girl—poor thing—what became of her?"

"She grew up, half-dressed, half-clothed, untrained; and when she was old enough, she was sent to a workshop, to earn money for her parents. There she toiled for years, till she grew a young woman. I have seen her there. She had a fine appearance for a girl of her station—dressed showily, and had admirers. She was followed by young men of higher station than her own. They tempted her with visions of ease and pleasure, which were all the more seductive when contrasted with her daily routine of toil, and her miserable life at home. No kind mother was near to whisper counsel and give her virtue strength; but a drunken, screeching virago, who made her domestic life hideous. She fled—who do you wonder? But alas! poor girl—it was to her ruin."

"The betrayer, as usual, came to her in the guise of love. She knew not the false from the real, and she believed the betrayer's tale. But pity her! Are not the wisest baffled at this game? What stratagems will not the unprincipled and selfish employ to effect their purpose? He was of a higher rank than her own, and skilled in all such powers of gallantry as were calculated to win a weak woman's heart. A villain, who can practice such acts, is often loved and preferred to better men. This man, though young, had already distinguished himself by his career of vice; and yet she loved him—believed him to be sincere, and fled with him."

"Alas, poor girl! it was a pitiable fate."

"You may truly say so. You see what her temptations and trials were, but you can form no conception of her sufferings. There was poison in the chalice of love which she quaffed; her dream of happiness was short—it was but a flash, and then all was darkness and desolation. He left her—a broken plaything; she became—need I say what?—a weed tossed about amid the mire of the streets. And now, as you have told me, her world-weary heart has thirsted for death!"

"What a pitiable history you have told me, dear Aunt Lizzy! I see now, that in the career of the most vicious, there may be circumstances to mitigate the condemnation with which we visit it, though not to diminish our aversion to the career itself."

"There is every reason why we should deal gently with the erring," said Aunt Lizzy. "We see the temptations they have fallen under, but know not what they have resisted. It is not for us to anticipate the judgment of the Almighty, and to make a hell for these unhappy beings before their time, in addition to the horrors which their own course has already plunged them in. And may He deal mercifully with that wretched girl whom we have spoken of; for though her sins have been great, so have her temptations."

The Whigs of Galveston, Texas, have resolved to endorse President Fillmore and the Compromise.

### Millard Fillmore.

The efforts of a few interested partisans to bolster the pretensions of Millard Fillmore to a re-election to the Presidency, are truly ridiculous. They have been indulging in paroxysms of patriotic admiration for the chief who has exhorted them, and we anticipate an explosion shortly, of this over-abundance of semi-official *furor*. What has Millard Fillmore done to deserve this fulsome praise? His accidental administration has accomplished no great political deed.—He has suggested no project of public policy, neither has he or his cabinet established a system in any way national, or in any particular conducive to general prosperity. Sycophancy, and degrading humiliation to tyrants, have been the distinguished features of his administration. He quailed before the blusterings of Spain and winked at the infamy of the bastard Napoleon.—His course in relation to the Irish patriots has been as humiliating to the country as has been the conduct of England overbearing and tyrannical. Everywhere the democratic press are out in loud denunciation of his course. All blend their voices to crush him with just censure, and the Vicksburg *Sentinel* says truly, when it declares that, although possessing no national reputation previous to his having been put on the whig ticket for Vice President in 1848, after he was invested with the presidential robes, every blind supporter of the administration, simply because it was whig, seemed or at least professed to know much about him, and all to the effect that he was a very great man. His name has almost invariably been coupled with a prediction to the effect, that during the remainder of the presidential term that he would render himself no less illustrious than the most renowned men that had preceded him in that dignified and exalted station. He has now filled that station for nearly two years. The presidential term is drawing to a close, he has had opportunities, perhaps equal to those of any former president, to immortalise himself by some master stroke of policy, or by prompt and efficient action in a trying crisis. But has he done this? No—emphatically NO must be the prompt answer. Corruption and anti-republican sympathy for tyrants have been the main characteristics of his contemptible and disreputable conduct. Infamy such as should render any man odious through all coming times, has attached itself to his almost every act. Only his own party, and those who held office under him by special appointment, find it in their hearts to laud him, or enter into a defence of his equivocal and corrupt conduct. The high-sounding phrase in which he threatened to call out the army and navy to enforce the execution of the fugitive slave law, and his timid and dillitory movements when decision and prompt action was needed, all go to show that he was a man afraid of his own shadow, and utterly unfit for the station he occupies. The praises of his talents that were sung so early have proven to be in advance of the music, and the poor aspirant finds that those among whom he distributed the loaves and fishes, only urge his claims for a second election. He can rest in peace after his present term has expired, the remainder of his days.—*Pennsylvanian*.

### Centralization.

In the adoption of the Constitution, it was apprehended by the most liberal friends of republicanism, that the general government would overshadow, and ultimately destroy, the sovereignty of the States. The federal party, on the other hand, captivated with the idea of a great central power, predicted most danger from what was called the centrifugal force of the confederacy—that is, the tendency to dismemberment by the encroachment of State authority. The lapse of half a century has verified the apprehensions of the republican or State rights party.

Geologists say that the earth in its creation was a fluid body, and that in its revolution upon its axis there was a constant tendency to an agglomeration of its particles about the centre, by means of which, in process of time, it was gradually compacted until it assumed its present form and tenacity. So in the operation of our government; when established there were fewer cohesive elements in its nature, but by the gradual accumulation of power, it has, in a comparatively brief natural existence, become, in all but its name, a centralism instead of a confederacy. The Constitution, which was designed by its framers as a measure of the power ceded by the States to the General Government, has been converted into a mere outline of restrictions upon the States themselves. Politicians now consult its provisions to ascertain, not what the general government may do, but what the States may not do. Men gravely argue that there are no such things as State Rights, because they cannot be found in the Constitution; and very sagely contend for the constitutionality of an act of the general government because the clause of the Constitution denying the authority of Congress in the premises cannot be cited. The day was when federalism condescended to attempt to show the grant of a right in that instrument before it sought to exercise it, now, forsooth, the onus is shifted, and if asked for its authority to do certain things, it triumphantly defies opposition to show wherein the Constitution gainsays the right.

This acquisition of power in the general government has been gradual—so gradual, indeed, as to be almost imperceptible. The exactions of federalism have been in many instances of so little practical importance, that those who have opposed its movements have been ridiculed as hair splitters, cavilers, and abstractionists. By degrees the people have been accustomed to the exercise of undelimited authority, until they have ceased to measure the power of Congress by the great charter of its powers, substituting it for the uncertain and constantly changing test of precedent. Thus trifling usurpations in the aggregate constitute oppression. Each grain of sand of which the islands of the ocean are made, is by itself a trifle, and yet these

grains of sand make the island. Congress appropriates a few thousand dollars to fit out a ship to send to the frozen regions in search of Sir John Franklin, and no objection is made. In a short time another appropriation is made for sending after Louis Kossuth, and if opposition is expressed, humph! is the reply; if it was right to spend money hunting Sir John, it certainly is not wrong to send after Governor Louis. And so we go; one transgression of the line of right furnishes a precedent for another, and these two for another, until finally by imperceptible degrees, we find that the national legislature can furnish a precedent for doing a thousand things; not one of which can be sustained by the Constitution. One of the wildest progressionists of the day has actually introduced a bill into Congress to give every man in the Union a home; another has proposed to donate the public lands to the State for the erection of the insane asylums; and still another proposes to establish a national farm and workshop at Washington. The conscientious representative who has the honesty to oppose those insidious aggressions, is ridiculed as a crazy theorist, and jeered with the taunt of tilting against windmills. And yet these things, trifling though they appear, are but different exhibitions of precisely the same principle which would plunder one-half of the country for the emolument of the other, and bankrupt the treasury with lavish expenditures for the purposes of internal improvement. They are all the fruits of federalism; all indications of the centralization of the government.

At this point, more than from all the secessionists and nullifiers in the country, is republicanism in danger. The doctrine of State sovereignty instead of being an element of disunion and discord, is the only hope of the Union upon terms of equality and honor. A confederacy can only be maintained in its purity by jealous watchfulness over the rights of its members. No individual State, no particular section, is interested in this doctrine. If each recognizes and each defends it, the Constitution and the Union may—nay, must stand. If it is discarded, the Union may survive the Constitution through a few years, but sooner or later it must share its destruction.—*Columbus Ga. Sentinel*.

LAND WARRANTS.—It has been well observed that Congress having made Land Warrants assignable, the act which was intended to be extensively beneficial is likely to be defeated in its design, at least to one class of beneficiaries, which require in the greatest degree the benefits of its operation. We allude to the widows of deceased soldiers. The law requires, to sustain the claim of a widow, for bounty land, 1. Proof of marriage with the deceased soldier. 2. His death. 3. His service. But according to the construction of the statute by the Department of the Interior, those points may be established satisfactorily, according to rational evidence, and the widow fail to obtain her land. It is not sufficient that verbal testimony is offered to prove the marriage of the parties. It is not deemed satisfactory that persons testify that they witnessed the marriage of the parties—record evidence is required, public or private. The parties applying for bounty land must adduce a record of the marriage in the family Bible. But not only this, the party claiming must also prove that the entry was made at the time the marriage was effected.

It has been said very properly, that in many cases such record does not exist of perfectly legal marriages. The parties may be at a distance from the place where the marriage has been recorded in the Church or Parish Register, or the Family Bible may have been lost. The rejection of oral testimony would amount, in many cases, to a denial of the claim of the poor widow. It throws unnecessary and unreasonable discredit on the oaths of parties whom it presupposes would commit perjury to defraud the Government. If such a principle of evidence were established as the rejection of verbal proof, how many private claims that are granted by Congress would receive attention? We hope that the Department will modify this rule of interpretation for an act of Congress which is intended to be comprehensively beneficial.

It has been well observed on this subject that while Congress is disposing of millions of acres of the public domain, in pursuit of the policy, that every individual should possess a Homestead—when gratuitous distribution of land by government for all comers and occupiers, is the order of the day—the poor widow, whose husband has been, perhaps, killed or maimed, in the public service, is hedged round with regulations, attended with trouble and expense, which may defeat her claim to a miserable pittance of public land. Is there any thing like distributive justice in land gratuities, without price or effort, and a modicum doled out, according to nicely graduated terms of military service, and weighed in nicely poised scales of proof.—*Char. Eve. News*.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.—If there is any galling slavery, it is being in debt. A man may be honest and true; but when he gets "heel over head" in debt, then woe to him. Woe to you, man, if you get into debt so deep, there is no seeing through. You will be derided to your face and behind your back. The rascals will try every means in their power to give you a bad reputation; and if they succeed in their machinations, make up your mind to receive a goodly number of kicks. Such is the custom; and "they say" you have no business to run in debt; so you haven't, if you could have lived and done otherwise.

Woe to thee, oh man in debt! Patched breeches, or a crumpled hat, are nothing; nor a care-worn brow, nor premature gray hairs; but the suspicions of the world, the cold distrust, the passing by on the other side, accumulating duns and threats, sleepless nights and dark forebodings are something. These shall be your thorns.—But you could endure all this, if the rascals would

patronize you—give you encouragement to enable you to get out of the scrape.

Keep out of debt. Don't run into that fire. Don't run into debt. Go ragged—dig clams—live on ground nuts, first. Pay down, if in your power—barter in lard, cat's skins, hens' eggs, anything honorable; but don't run in debt.—*Eastern Mail*.

NEW DISEASE.—The Cumberland (Md.) Alleghanian thus describes a new disease which has made its appearance in that neighborhood:

"A disease which has baffled the best medical skill has been prevailing for some time past in the Glades, the upper part of this county. Its approach is known by a slight pain, which soon extends over the system, drawing the body nearly double, and causing the most excruciating pain to the person attacked, who is only relieved by death, which usually takes place in a few hours. Families have been almost entirely destroyed by it, and we hear of an instance where a widow and three children were attacked and died—one little child only escaping."

AN EXTRAORDINARY DELIVERANCE.—In the war called "Braddock's war," as a British vessel of the navy was one night running close to the coast of Barbary, the officers on deck heard some one singing. In a moment they were convinced that he was singing the Old Hundred psalm tune. They immediately conjectured that the singer was a Christian captive, and determined to attempt his rescue. Twenty stout sailors, armed with pistols and cutlasses, manned the ship's boats, and approached the shore. Directed by the voice of singing and prayer, they soon reached the abode of the Christian captive. It was a little hut at the bottom of his master's garden, on the mouth of a small river. They burst open the door, and took him from his knees, and in a few minutes he was on the ship's deck frantic with joy.

The account that he gave of himself was, that his name was McDonald; that he was a native of Scotland, and had been a captive eighteen years. He had obtained the confidence of his master, was chief gardener, and had the privilege of living by himself. He said he was not at all surprised when they burst open his door, for the Turks had often done so, and whipped him while on his knees.

"THE RICH AND THE POOR."—With a government, institutions, and laws essentially republican, under which no rank, title, nor fortune can render one man superior to another, we still find, every now and then, certain persons who seem to take it for granted that there are two distinct classes in our country—the rich and the poor. They even go further than this, and attempt to fortify such a position by direct appeals, derived from it, to support arguments and to establish principles. Even our courts of justice are made the theatres for such misrepresentations of our people and institutions; and we hear lawyers gravely talking about the rights of the rich and the poor, as if they were distinctly recognized by all. Worse than this, the purity of character of "the poor" is impeached by those orators, and it is insinuated that the ballot box was established simply to prevent the rich from influencing the votes of the poor, as if the latter were constantly liable to be corrupted by the superior fertilities of the rich.

Such a course of reasoning and misrepresentation should be frowned upon by every good citizen. For our own part we can recognize no such distinction of classes. We are poor ourselves, always have been, and probably shall always remain so. But we are just as proud of our position as we could be if we had the fortunes of Girard or Astor; and we cannot esteem the owner of any amount of wealth more than we do the honest, hard-working laborer for his daily bread. Men of small fortunes are more generally men of pure, incorruptible integrity than the millionaires, whose wealth is, nine times out of ten, earned from the toils or the losses of the honest laborer. Poor people themselves cannot discover any real superiority in their wealthy neighbors, and you never find them referring to any recognised distinction of the kind. Indeed, these remarks about "rich and poor" are always uttered by some wealthy orator, who, in spite of his Democratic leanings, and betrays, even before a popular audience, his own feeling that he is rather superior to the mass of the people, who have no great fortunes to boast of. Above all let us not have our legal tribunals disgraced by arguments founded upon a supposed superiority of the rich man over the poor.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

A Strange Visitor.—A veritable Seal was yesterday afternoon caught on the beach near our light house by a negro fisherman belonging to Mr. Giles. The advent of this remarkable visitor occurring at a rather unpropitious period for novelties, it required, we must say, considerable intrepidity in an Editor (so often have "The Fraternity" been victimised) to verify "doubtful hearsay" by personal inspection; but we went, and luckily 'twas no humbug, but a genuine inhabitant of more Northern seas, alive, and measuring in length 3 feet 4 1-2 inches, and in width between the two side fins 2 feet. It was temporarily exhibited at the corner of King and Lamboll-streets, and we suppose will be placed in the Museum of the Coll. ge.

Char. Eve. News.

COUNTERFEIT.—A five dollar note, purporting to be of the Bank of South Carolina, was presented at one of our banks the other day. The appearance of the note was fair—the paper good, although the engraving was rather coarsely executed. The signatures of George Martin, President, and John Brown, Cashier, were engraved upon it. These are not the names of the principal officers of South Carolina. It was a counterfeit, and a poor one at that.—*Wilmington Herald*.