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LABOR AND TIRE NOT.

"WORK, WHILE THE DAY LASTS."

Go! stand upon the beach,
And mark the spreading sail;
Count, if thou canst, the snowy sheets,
Unfolded to the gale;
Work—ere that human freight shall sleep,
Death's darkest slumber, in the deep.
Seest thou gay pleasure weave
Bright rainbows of delight.
A shadow they will surely leave,
Yet now they charm the sight;
Turn thou and pray, for Satan's snare
Is circling round the young—the fair.
Send forth, the piercing thought,
And teach earth's distant bound.
Say—canst thou find a spot,
Where sin doth not abound?
Thou may'st not: on the farthest shore
Strife doth her deadly arrow pour.
Then let not pleasure's strain,
The voice of duty still;
Thy father, God, calls yet again.
Rise! and his word fulfill,
Press boldly on, ere death's dark hour
Shall claim thine all, of mortal power.
Work; in the morning dawn
Begin thy toils anew;
While freshening zephyrs tread the lawn,
And kiss the sparkling dew.
Press forward, like the rising sun,
Nor pause thou till the goal is won.

Perchance the heat of noon
Is gleaming on the now;
Yet faint not, for the twilight soon
Will dew thy burning brow,
And purer is the rest so sweet,
To those who've trod, with weary feet.

Work; doth the sunset hour
Of rest come on apace?
Then nears the time when labors o'er,
Thou'lt find a resting place;
Toil on, with double vigor now,
Ere twilight darkness shades thy brow.

'Tis well; the stars come fourth,
And smile upon the form
That nobly, though with humble worth
Earth's toils have meekly borne;
'This finished, and a glory sweet
Shall crown thy rest at Jesus' feet.
M. A. BANCROFT.

From the Central Christian Herald.

John Randolph of Roanoke.

The Orator, the Statesman, the Misanthrope, the Philosopher, the Duelist, and the Christian; for, at one time, he believed himself to be the subject of the grace of God, and sincerely endeavored to consecrate himself to the service of Christ. It is to be regretted that his biographer, Mr. Garland, has not thought proper to recur to this subject again. We should love to know how long he cherished the Christian's hope, or whether, indeed, he ever abandoned it. Certain it is, he did not find, even in religion, the peace of mind so much coveted. At one time, he thought he had found the source of happiness, and his letters breathe the spirit of a penitent and of a believer; but with the cares of public life, his instability increased, his impulse became more overwhelming, his ancestral pride and political animosity betrayed him into a duel; and he died as the fool dieth, with the word remorse breathing upon his lips, and his whole soul concentrated in the great and good (very questionable) act of his life, the emancipation of his slaves.
Though far from home, having called in witnesses, his eyes flashing with unnatural light, and his long index finger pointing toward them, he said, "I confirm all the directions in my will respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support." This was the last act of his life. "At a quarter before twelve o'clock, on the 24th of June, 1820, aged sixty years, he breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41, Third-street, Philadelphia."

Restless, unhappy man! Three times in Europe, unable to endure excitement, miserable in solitude, mental activity essential to his comfort, but that activity of mind consuming his frail body! Who will deny that man may have within his own breast the elements of hell? How refreshing to a spirit oppressed with a sense of sin and struggling to measure the import of the word remorse—how refreshing the thought, "but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon!" For many years, John Randolph was an infidel; but he cherished a high regard for Dr. Moses Hoge and Rev. Mr. Meade, and in late years often heard them preach. To his friends, Mr. Francis S. Key and Dr. Brackenbrough, he professed to have experienced conversion. He says, "Of the necessity for forgiveness, I have the strongest conviction; I am in the worst conceivable situation as it respects my internal peace and future welfare. I have humbly sought comfort where alone it is to be obtained, but without success. The solitude of my own dwelling is appalling to me. To me the world is a vast desert, and there is no merit in renouncing it, since there is no difficulty; a better world is a necessary refuge, but I cannot embrace it. My black and dismal thoughts so weigh me down, that I cannot escape from them. If there breathes a creature more empty of enjoyment than myself, I sincerely pity him. My opinions daily become more unsettled, and the awful mystery which shrouds the future alone renders the present tolerable. The darkness of my house has thickened into the deepest gloom. In this world, all my efforts have proved abortive; I have no longer a friend."

Such was the language, as quoted from his letters during the years 1816 and 1817. In 1818, his mind was in a worse state, if possible. Religion was the absorbing subject as his meditations. He became the victim of the deepest melancholy. His friends endeavored to alleviate the agonies of his mind, but in vain. The light shone upon the darkness—from the bottom of hell, he mounted to the third heavens. While ascending the peaks of Otter, the highest point of the Blue Ridge Mountains he found the Fountain of living waters. "Congratulate me, dear Frank, wish me joy you need not; give it you cannot. I am at last reconciled to my God, and have assurance of his pardon, through faith in Christ, against which the very gate of hell cannot prevail. Fear hath been driven out by love. I now know that you know how I feel; and within a month, for the first time, I understand your feelings and character, and that of every real Christian. Let Meade know the glad tidings. The consequences that I have experienced, that I know I feel, in that sunshine of the heart, which the peace of God that passeth all understanding, alone can bestow. Mine has been no sudden change of opinion. I can refer to a record, showing a desire of more than nine years standing; although, for twenty years preceding, my feet had never crossed the threshold of the house of prayer. The consummation of my conversion is owing to a variety of causes—Real converts to Christianity agree at the same moment to the same fact. I now read with relish, and understand, St. Paul's Epistles, which, not long since, I could not comprehend. Taking up, a few days ago, the life of JOHN BUNYAN, I find an exact coincidence in our feelings and opinions on this head, as well as others."

Such was the language of John Randolph, during the latter part of the year 1818; but he returned to public life, the intensity of his feelings often betrayed him into intemperate language and extravagant conduct, and indeed, the external deformities of character grew more marked and striking, though he never relaxed his efforts to overcome and correct the unfortunate deficiencies of his nature.
In May, 1819, he compared the business and pleasures of life to the game of pushpin of the little negroes at the corners of the streets; and adds, "I have made a vile return for the goodness which has been manifested toward me; but I still cling to the cross of my Redeemer, and with God's aid, firmly resolve to lead a life less unworthy of one who calls himself the humble follower of Jesus Christ. Many passages of the Psalms seem written right at me. It is there that I find my sin and sorrow depicted by a fellow-sufferer; and there, too, I find consolation."

In 1820, in consequence of the excitement in Congress on account of the Missouri Compromise, and the unfortunate death of his friend, Com. Decatur, Randolph's feelings defied, for a time, the controlling influence of his will, his words and conduct became extravagant, the nicely-balanced machinery of mind having lost its regulator, "went whirling and dashing in mad disorder," and the ignorant multitude, without sympathy with his delicate but overtaxed sensibilities, proclaimed "the man is mad." Though there was "method in his madness," many facts tend to show that the mind had lost its balance, but during the summer, the excitement subsided, and in November, he was in Washington, "himself again," but more than ever, the terror of his political opponents, who, while they respected his arguments, and admired his eloquence, quailed before his withering sarcasm. He became more misanthropic. A few expressions, selected from many letters, may show his state of mind: "Heartless intercourse which prevails in what is called the world. In our day of almost universal political corruption. The hucksters and money-changers of the Temple of Justice. There is no faith among men. I have made up my mind to suffer like a man condemned to the wheel or the stake. I could submit, without a murmur, to pass the rest of my life on some high, lonely tower, where I might outwatch the bear with three great Hermes, and change the enjoyments of society for an exemption from the plagues of life. These press me down to the very earth; and to rid myself of them, I would gladly purchase an annuity, and crawl into some hole, where I might commune with myself, and be still. The life I lead is dreary beyond conception, except by the actual sufferer. As the present is without enjoyment, so is the future without hope, so far, at

least, as respects this world. I dare not look that blank and waste of the heart within." A reference, doubtless, to that early blight of love which clouded all his sky. "Dreary, desolate, dismal! There is no language, or any other, can express the misery of my life. I drag on like a tired captive at the end of a slave chain in an African castle. I go because I must. No punishment, except remorse, can exceed the misery I feel."

Such was the language of the man who was entrancing admiring senators, and enchaining the attention of the world, by his defence of the state rights theory of government. Honored, caressed, successful, brilliant, yet most miserable. The vulture was preying upon his vitals. But what had become of his religion? Our biographer does not inform us. Nor does he give any reason for withholding the information we so much desire.
From 1821 to 1823, while in the senate, in the house of representatives, supporting the administration, leading the opposition, in fierce debate and on the field of blood, "although the best shot in Virginia," refusing to shoot Henry Clay, his old enemy, because he had "a wife and children, to shed tears over his grave," in the Virginia convention, revising the constitution, in Russia, and in constant epistolary correspondence with his friends nothing more appears respecting his religious opinions or experience. Strange phenomenon! What a blank in the history of a great man! Nothing more appears except the single sentence, "I have obtained pardon."

During his last visit to Washington, "he went to the senate chamber, and took his seat in rear of Mr. Clay," who happened to be addressing the senate. "Raise me up," said Randolph, "I want hear that voice again." Mr. Clay having concluded his remarks, and seeing Mr. Randolph, went to speak to him, saying, as he offered his hand, "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir?" "No, sir," replied Randolph, "I am a dying man; and I came here expressly to have this interview with you." They gasped hands and parted, to meet no more on earth. This done, he left with a lighter heart, on his way to take passage for England; but being exposed on the way to a storm, his disease became aggravated, and, for the first time, he yielded to a conqueror. He sleeps quietly at Roanoke—all that remains of Virginia's illustrious statesman and most devoted son.

In 1821, he wrote the long-contested will giving to his slaves their freedom. To this will there was added a codicil in 1826, another in 1828, another in 1831, while in London, bequeathing three thousand pounds, to enable his executor to carry into execution his will respecting his slaves; and in his dying hour, he gathers witnesses around him, and in the most solemn manner, confirmed the directions made in his will concerning his slaves; and yet, during all this time, in public speeches and private correspondence, he was the advocate of African slavery, or rather, the opponent of emancipation! He was ready to hazard every thing in defence of the rights of the South. He would admit no compromise on the Missouri question. "I now appeal to this nation, whether this pretended sympathy for the rights of a few free negroes is to supersede the rights of the free white population, of ten times their whole number." "Look at the relation of master and slave (that opprobrium, in the opinion of some gentlemen, to all civilized society and all free government;) there are few stations in life where friendship, so strong and so lasting are formed, as in that very relation." Eccentric man! An idiosyncrasy all his life! How true his own oft-repeated exclamation: "My mother! she only knew me." Many, says his biographer, who professed to know him, could not comprehend the "hair-trigger" sensibility of the man.

Mr. Garland claims that Randolph, by the defence of the doctrine of state rights, saved the Union; his mastery defence having prepared the extremes to acquiesce in the compromise. "His mastery efforts arrested that centripetal tendency which was destroying the counterbalance of the states." "He died in the midst of battle, but not until the victory had been won; the states and the Union, in perfect harmony, moving."

"Like a star that maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
... Each one fulfilling
His God-given heast."

We care not to attempt an estimate of the comparative merits and demerits of Randolph's political character. It is his mental and moral history which attracts our attention. His history is an interesting one—scarcely less so than that of Ignatius Loyola, and scarcely less mysterious. We have studied it profoundly, but in vain. We do not, can not comprehend him. If his mother ever did, it was before his character was matured (?—perverted—for she died while he was in his fifteenth year. "Cut off in the bloom of youth and beauty, he ever retained a most vivid and impassioned remembrance of her person, her charms and her virtues. He always kept her portrait hanging before him in his chamber."

Webster, Clay, Calhoun—their character has a unity, a transparent simplicity; that of Randolph is contradictory as the changing winds. He said of himself, "I have been sick all my life." He often looked back to the days of youth, rendered dear by the recollections of "love and friendship, love! bright love! deeply buried in his heart's inmost core," and exclaimed,
"Days of my cherished youth,
When all unfelt, Time's footsteps fell,
And all unheeded flew—
Dreams of the morn of life, farewell! a long, a last farewell!"

That he was great, admits no question. From youth to old age, he was Virginia's favorite and honorable son. From the administration of the elder Adams to that of Jackson, he was an eminent and successful politician, for all the illustrious statesmen of the nation, during his long career, were his warm friends or bitter enemies; "for detraction will follow merit, as shadow fol-

lows the sun." It was one of his maxims, giving an advice to a young friend, "Make yourself useful to your friends and troublesome to your enemies."

For a long period, he was the leading advocate and defender of the state rights doctrine—the doctrine of Patrick Henry, George Morrow, Jefferson—a germ which, planted in Virginia, blossomed in Massachusetts, during the embargo, and at a latter period, produced its matured fruits in South Carolina, during the administration of Gen. Jackson; a mighty tree, whose roots, stretching across the continent, spreads its branches from the Bay to the PALMETTO state; and scatters its fruits over all the land.

A statesman, an orator, a debater, a writer, a friend and an enemy, he proved himself equal to every duty and every emergency, for he was cordial and earnest in all that he did.

He was a brilliant, erratic, genius, a wandering comet, inflamed, inflammable, inflaming every thing he touched. "The fiery star was in the ascendant at his birth, and pursued him through life, both as a destroying element, and a subtle, Promethean flame consuming the soul. It is a remarkable coincidence that his birth-place, the cherished home of childhood, and the house in which he spent the first fifteen years of his manhood—Cawsons, Matoax and Bizarre—were all, in succession consumed by fire."

It is not strange that such a fiery spirit should be a cordial hater. But it is pleasant to learn that he could forgive an enemy. His duel with Clay has been adverted to. He determined to receive his enemy's fire, but not to return it.—In vain were the remonstrances of his friends.—He carried out his purpose, and Clay's wrath was overcome. "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched: after what occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

Quaker's Revenge.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated: Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him; and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year and the Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis: for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.
One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing round his corn field he discovered the filly in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms and he conceived the hellish design of throwing two or three rails off his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at, and wounded a buck; that the deer had attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner judged that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.
The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded somewhat roughly, where he had been.
"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.
Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted,
"Do you dare to say I killed her?"
"How do you know she is dead?" said the man.
Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning walked into the house.
A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.
"A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he he did not even go to recover damages he calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.
Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.
One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his oldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbage had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained out of all shape, a mischief impossible to repair.
"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.
"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"
"I never struck her a lick."
"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and, when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."
Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode to Dood's who was sitting upon the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismounting, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.
"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps, and seated himself in a chair.
"All well, I believe," was the reply.
"I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early.
"So I suppose," growled Watt.
"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she had destroyed a great deal."
"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.
"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd a shot her!" resorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat."
"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the Evil One prompted thee to it, and I have no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."
Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,
"What was your filly worth?"
"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.
"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly; and hereafter, let there be pleasantness between us."
"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other; let there be peace between us."
Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart; and from that day to this, Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The following article from the pen of Dr. Talmadge, President of Oglethorpe University, is transferred to our columns from the Southern Presbyterian.
Mr. Editor:—The value of the great national Religious Charities of our country to the best interests of the nation, is not duly estimated by those who have not examined the matter. Whenever a dissolution of this happy and favored Union has been agitated, I have always thought how inconceivable would be the loss from the destruction of those great centres of moral and intellectual light which good men have created, by combining their concentrated strength, from the length and breadth of the land, in rearing the American Bible, Tract and Sunday School Societies.
The last mentioned Society, the Sunday School Union, has done and is doing a great work for the enlightenment and moral training of the youth of the land, and what is more vital to the perpetuation of our Republic than the proper training of the rising generation?
The Society has been very fortunate in selecting such an Agent as the Rev. T. L. Hamner, who has been employed for some time past, mainly in the Southern field. I have observed with much interest the labors of Mr. Hamner in Georgia, during the past winter. He spent most of his time in Milledgeville, during the two months of the late Session of the Legislature. He opened an extensive and well selected Depository of Sunday School books, and by judicious and indefatigable labors succeeded in creating an intense interest in his object among the officers of the State, and members of the Legislature. By private conversations, and sermons, and addresses, and also by public meetings secured in the State House, at which many leading men, from the Governor down, either presided or addressed the assemblies; he succeeded in awakening an almost universal interest in the object among the influential men of the State.
Many of the members of the Legislature purchased libraries for schools in existence in their respective counties, or with the intention of offering these libraries as a motive to collect Sunday schools. Mr. Hamner sold more than \$300 worth of Sunday school books, whilst in Milledgeville, besides giving many away. He disposed of \$1200 worth of books whilst he was in the State, during the winter. Besides what he did in Milledgeville, he took every opportunity to make occasional excursions to the villages and churches in vicinity. And wherever he went, he succeeded in awakening a deep interest in his object, but among parents and children.
Mr. Hamner is exceedingly felicitous in his mode of addressing children, and drawing their attention. He is eminently a man of "one idea." I mean this in a complimentary sense. He is deeply impressed with the inexpressible value of a right early training, and he strains every nerve and is alive to every opportunity to impress upon his fellow men the claims of the cause he pleads.
His visits to Georgia, I have no doubt, will be followed by the most valuable results. And it is but right that he and the Society he represents should know that his services are highly estimated by those who have witnessed his indefatigable labors.

We understand that the Rev. Mr. Hamner, while making the Society known to thousands, by circulating many of its publications, received liberal and large donations in aid of its missionary work.