

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MAY 18, 1852.

NUMBER 40.

## 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 be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

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.

From the Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker.

### THE BEREAVED.

WRITTEN IN 1588.

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword,  
Contending still with men untought and wild,  
When He who to the prophet lent his gourd,  
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer-gift my precious flower was given,  
A very summer fragrance was its life;  
Its dear eyes soothed me as the blue of Heaven,  
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,  
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,  
With out-stretched arms its care-worn father greet  
Oh! in the desert what a stream was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,  
A few short months, else toilsome all, and sad;  
For that home solace nerved me for my part,  
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying!  
(The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night.)  
And He, who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,  
Took gently home the child of my delight!

Not rudely called, nor suddenly it perished,  
But gradual faded from our love away;  
As if still secret dews, its life that cherished,  
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day.

My blessed MASTER saved me from repining,  
So tenderly HE sued me for His own;  
So beautiful HE made my babe's declining,  
Its dying blessed me, as its birth had done.

And daily to my head, at noon and even,  
Our fading flower I bade his mother bring,  
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,  
Gazing the while on death, its sting.

And of the ransom for that baby paid,  
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,  
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,  
Our little lamb of God's own LAMB redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves my wife had  
nourished,  
And I too loved, ere while, at times to stand,  
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,  
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,  
Full of their cooed him to his noontide rest;  
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,  
Crept gently in, and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight the snow pale-infant sleeping,  
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild;  
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keep  
ing,  
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still as he sickened seemed the doves to dwindle,  
Forsook their food, and loathed their prattling play;  
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,  
One gentle bird would not be driven away.

His mother found it when she rose sad-hearted,  
At early dawn with sense of nearing ill;  
And when at last the little spirit parted,  
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill.

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,  
As with a human sorrow in its coo;  
To my dead child and its dead mate then guiding,  
Most pitifully plained—and parted too!

'Twas my first present, my first pledge to Heaven!  
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,  
Precious His comforts—once an infant given,  
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

### THE INCENDIARY.

The wind howled dimly through the narrow streets of the city of T. The storm King was out on his airy flight, and lashed the earth in fury. The rain pattered upon the pavements and a thick darkness settled around, unbroken save by the street lamps, which cast a pale and fitful glare on either side as they battled with the imps of darkness. The bespattered watchmen, weary and drenched, had sought refuge where they might be in some measure sheltered from the bristling storm, which seemed to gather strength as it continued; while a thick fog settled in gloomy silence around the city, as if to shut it out from all communication with the world.

The hour of one pealed from a distant clock, as a person crept slyly along the avenue which led to the house of Mr. Lester, a wealthy merchant, who was at the time snugly ensconced in his bed—little dreaming of harm or danger. But how little we know of the fate which awaits us! When the heart feels most secure, danger—ay, death itself may be knocking at the door to summon us away.

Cautionously the person whom we have introduced proceeded, gazing around, as if he feared some unseen eye might behold the deed he was about to commit. Suddenly he stopped, as if he caught the glimpse of a person turn a corner upon the opposite side of the street, and disappear.

Breathless, he stood a few moments, till feeling sure he was unobserved, he hastened on, and disappeared in a small wooden shed adjoining the house of which we have spoken.

A few moments and he returned, while a small streak of flame was observable through the door from which he had issued. Hardly had he cast his eyes around ere they fell upon a person, whom he too well knew had been an observer of the crime. Quicker than thought he levelled him with the earth, and hastened away. A moment, as if struck by some thought, he returned and searched the pockets of his victim, and turning, fled.

Peal after peal rang from the bells of the city, and the cry of 'fire! fire!' resounded from every direction. The startled inhabitants were seen leaving their houses, and hastening in the direction from which the flames ascended; the extreme darkness of the night rendering them so brilliant as to raise the impression that a large portion of the city was in flames.

Soon the hardy firemen were engaged in their work of mercy. But nought could stay the angry flames. Suddenly a cry, most heart-rending, burst upon the ears of those gathered around. 'Twas a mother's shriek. 'My daughter! my daughter!' which was heard above the uproar, 'save! save my daughter!'

A shudder passed through the crowd at that cry; for who in the city knew not the lovely and accomplished Miss Emeline Lester? And to know her was to love! Just bursting into womanhood, she was almost a perfect specimen of all we admire. Although flattered and caressed by all who knew her, she possessed a mild and gentle disposition, while her mind shone forth like some rich diamond upon the coronet of a king. Such was she whom it now seemed must perish in the flames.

At the moment, Mr. Lester stepped from the crowd which had gathered around him, and with a calm voice, while his face showed all the agony working within, made known that his daughter was in the third story of the burning building, and offered any reward within his power to bestow on the person who would rescue her from her situation.

A groan of agony ran through the crowd, which told the father that sympathy was all he could expect from them. The stoutest heart quailed at the thought of the imminent danger which would be incurred in attempting a rescue.

The father again appealed in the most moving strains, while the mother swooned in the arms of a friend.

Suddenly a young man burst through the crowd and stood before the father. 'If I perish,' exclaimed he, 'you will inform my friends, whom you will find by means of this,' and he raised his hand to his breast, where a small object of peculiar shape, and brownish hue. A moment after he was buried within the burning pile. The moments were away. Agony was depicted upon every face, and each heart trembled at its own thoughts. All labor was suspended. A death-like stillness reigned around, broken only by the sullen roar of the flames, as they shot upwards, streaking the sky with a vivid light, or the fall of a timber, as it came down with a heavy crash. The roof was seen to tremble, as if it shuddered at the awful abyss into which it seemed about to plunge.

Suddenly a cry of joy echoed around, as a part of the wall came down with a tremendous crash, for, ere it reached the ground, a figure was seen to leap from the flames, bearing a burthen which he placed in the arms of the father and instantly disappeared.

The morning dawned brightly upon the ruins of the preceding night; and with its first rays, a person in the well-known hotel, near the centre of the city, rose from his couch, upon which, if his looks were to be credited, he had obtained but a small portion of rest. Hastily dressing himself, he sallied forth to breathe the morning air, and to invite the early breeze to play around his burning temples. An hour elapsed before his return, and in the mean time his room was filled with a crowd of people, who appeared somewhat disappointed at his absence. Unable to account for the excitement which seemed to exist he hurried forward and entered the room.

Here he was addressed by a person who stepped forward to meet him in these words:

'Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Augustus Montague?'

'That is my name, sir!' returned he.

'You are my prisoner,' exclaimed the former, seizing him roughly by the arm.

Had a thunderbolt opened a path at his feet, Montague would not have been more surprised than he was at these words. His face was, for a moment, overspread with a deadly paleness, which was quickly construed by the officer into an evidence of guilt.

'Come! march my boy!' exclaimed he, rudely seizing Montague by the collar, 'your face shows plainly we have made no mistake in the person!'

'Why am I thus rudely treated?' exclaimed Montague, indignantly shaking the officer from him. 'I am ready to accompany you; but why am I arrested?'

'You are quite forgetful,' was the reply. 'But come!' and they moved off together, followed by a score of ragged loungers, who had congregated around them.

We will not follow Montague through his examination, but leave him in prison, awaiting his trial for the crime of arson.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun rose clear and undimmed by a single cloud. The air was as pure and fresh as a new blown rose, and it swiftly bore upon its wings the sound of a well known bell, which sent a thrill through the heart of many a person confined within the strong walls of the City Prison, around which a crowd had now collected. Slowly the massive gate swung back upon its hinges, and a prisoner, with a proud step and lofty bearing, issued from the walls, attended by an officer, and proceeded toward the Hall of Justice. That prisoner was Augustus Montague!

As he entered a general hiss ran through the crowd, which expressed their feelings toward him but too well. Although there were some present who gazed upon his fine form with admiration, (and amongst these the females,) yet none gave vent to these thoughts except it were exclamations of surprise, that one of such noble bearing should have been engaged in so enormous a crime, as that of arson.

None appeared to doubt his guilt, and all seemed to rejoice in the detection of one whom they believed to be the author of all the alarm, on account of the unusual number of fires that had taken place of late, which bore upon themselves the marks of an incendiary. Did I say all believed him guilty! There was one among that company who would not believe the noble being before her, could have been guilty of so dreadful a crime as that charged upon him, and this was the fair Emeline Lester! The moment her eyes fell upon him, a thrill ran through her frame unknown before. That face, that form, seemed familiar to her, but where she had seen him, she was unable to say. A thousand bewildering thoughts passed quickly through her mind. There was a secret chain that linked that form to her mind, but in vain she strove to discover the key by which she might disentangle its intricate folds. Unsatisfied and perplexed, she strove to dispel the subject from her mind, but her efforts were only succeeded by its roots becoming more deeply implanted.

But to proceed with our story. We will not follow the Court through the many ceremonies prescribed by law, and sanctioned by justice, but hasten to the evidence adduced to establish the guilt of Montague.

The chief witness that was brought against him, having taken the oath usual on such occasions, deposed:—

'That passing the building destroyed, a few moments before the alarm was given, he perceived a person suddenly emerge from the door of the shed, adjoining the house, and hastened toward the hotel where the prisoner lodged. Suspecting some foul play, he had followed and overtaken him. That a smart struggle ensued between them, in which the prisoner had dropped a pocket-book, which was now before the Court, bearing the prisoner's name—and which he had declared since to be his—and which he has owned he lost upon the night of the fire.'

The servant of the Hotel, who also declared that Montague had left the Hotel at about 11 o'clock and had not returned until after the alarm of fire. These circumstances, with some others of minor importance, were deemed enough to warrant the Jury in returning a verdict of 'Guilty.' When called upon for defence, Montague arose, and addressed the court as follows:—

'Gentlemen, I have no defence in this case, you are right. Of the charge laid against me, I am perfectly innocent, and I am willing to trust myself in the hands of a wise and just God, knowing he will not let the guilty go unpunished.'

Sitting alone in my room, upon that evening, the events of which have placed me before you, a low whisper in an adjoining room attracted my attention. Curiosity prompted me to listen. Placing myself near the door, which was partly open I soon caught the theme of their conversation, which was no less than a plot, the effect of which you have witnessed. I had not heard enough of their plans to take any effectual measures for their defeat, ere the persons left the room and disappeared; but not till I marked them both. The love of adventure had been implanted in my breast from my early youth, and the only reason I can offer for keeping what I overheard a secret, was the novelty of the adventure which I anticipated, and the fear of its being overthrown. Determined, however to prevent the designs of those plotters, I immediately repaired to the house of which I had heard them speak, and remained in its vicinity till long past midnight, without hearing anything from the villains I wandered some distance from the house and had just returned and stood opposite the door of the shed which has been described to you, when I perceived a light near the inner edge. Stopping to make of the fact, I caught a glimpse of a figure behind me, and before I could turn I was struck down by the villain who must at that time have taken the book from my pocket, either for the purpose of implicating me in the crime, or for the supposition that it might be of value. I soon recovered from the blow sufficiently to rise and walk to my lodgings, where I soon recovered entirely. I then hastened back to the burning building, where I arrived just in season to hear the appeal of a father for the preservation of his daughter. How well my heart answered to that appeal I will refer you to this—raising his arm, which he had bared, and disclosing to his astonished hearers the identical spot which many of them had witnessed upon the night of the fire, and which now seemed to appeal to every heart and disclose the innocence of the prisoner.

A joyful cry here burst from the crowd of ladies, and the words, 'It is he!' burst from the lips of the sweetest maiden present. Memory had done its work, and Emeline Lester, in imagination, again stood within the burning building; again the shadow of a rescue burst upon her closing eyes as she swooned away in his arms; and in Montague she now recognized that shadow which had so long slumbered in her breast.

Nothing could exceed the excitement caused by his words, and if there was a person who was before convinced of his guilt that same person now had not a doubt of his innocence. When sufficient order had been restored for him to proceed, Montague continued:

'Whether I have been justly confined as a prisoner I leave you to decide; but I would this time point out to you the real incendiary, and also his accomplice.'

Raising his arm slowly, he fixed his piercing eyes upon the chief witness against him, and declared him to be the man. Then turning to a person who had been one of the loudest to declare the guilt of the prisoner, he exclaimed:

'You, sir are the man whom I over-heard in your conversation on the night of the fire.'

Trembling with guilt and fear, and goaded on by a guilty conscience, the former stepped forward and confessed himself the author of the fire, and that he had charged it upon Montague for the purpose of obtaining the reward which had been offered for the detection of the incendiary.

Suffice it to say, that Montague was set at liberty, and in a short time, was amply repaid for all his troubles, by receiving the hand of Emeline, while those who had so basely made an attempt at his honor and his life, received the just reward of their crimes.

### Better to Work than to Beg.

Let no poor boy, after reading the following interesting fact, ever despair of making a respectable living.

A gentleman was once walking down one of the streets of P——, when a beggar loudly craved "a few coppers for a night's lodging." The gentleman looked earnestly at the poor man, and inquired:

"Why do you not work? You should be ashamed of begging."

"Oh, sir, I do not know where to get employment."

"Nonsense!" replied the gentleman, "you can work if you will. Now listen to me. I was once a beggar like you. A gentleman gave me a crown piece, and said to me, 'Work and do not beg; God helps those who help themselves.' I at once left P——, and got out of the way of my old companions. I remembered the advice given me by my mother before she died, and I began to pray to God to keep me from sin, and to give me his help day by day. I went round to the houses in the country places, and with a part of my five shillings bought old rags. These I took to the paper mills and sold at a profit.

I was willing to give a fair price for the things I bought, and did not try to sell them for more than I believed they were worth. I determined to be honest, and God prospered me. My purchases and profits became larger and larger; and now I have got more than ten thousand crown pieces that I can call my own. On a great thing that has contributed to my success is this, I have kept from strong drink and tobacco.

As the gentleman spoke, he took out his purse and drew from it a crown piece, and handing it to the astonished beggar, he said, "Now you have the same chance of getting on in the world that I had. Go and work, and never let me see you begging again! If I do, I will hand you over to the police."

Years passed away. The gentleman had forgotten the circumstance, until one day, when about looking bookseller's shop, in order to purchase some books that he wanted.

He had not been many minutes in conversation with the book seller, before the latter, eagerly looking into the face of his customer, inquired, "Sir, are not you the gentleman, who, several years ago, gave a five shilling piece to a poor beggar at the end of the street?"

"Yes, I remember it well."

"Then, sir, this house, this well-stocked shop, are the fruits of that five shilling piece."

Tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks as he introduced the gentleman to his happy wife and children. He was regarded as their benefactor. When gathered round the table to partake of a cup of tea, the bookseller recounted his history from the above eventful day. It was very similar to that of the welcome visitor.

By industry, honesty, and dependence on God's help, he had risen step by step, from buying rags to selling papers and tracts in the street, then keeping an old book-shop, and ultimately to be the owner of one of the best circulating libraries in the place. Before the happy party separated the large family Bible was taken down, out of which a psalm of thanksgiving was read, and then all bent round the family altar. Words could not express the feelings of those who formed that group. For some moments silence, intermingled with sobs, evinced the gratitude to the Almighty Disposer of human events which was ascending to heaven.

When they rose and bade each other farewell, the bookseller said, "Thank God, I have found your words to be true. 'God helps those who help themselves.' 'It is better to work than to beg.'"

**AN ACCOMPLISHED FEMALE SWINDLER.**—Yesterday afternoon an officer of the mayor's police arrested a female about twenty one years of age, named Ann Eliza Burns, alias Shaw, alias Black, alias Spindler, on the charge of perpetrating numerous impositions and frauds, and committing various larcenies in Philadelphia and the neighboring towns of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The prisoner was taken into custody at a respectable house in Market street, where she was boarding.

It has been ascertained that within the last two or three years she has taken to herself no less than three husbands, (their names are Shaw, Black, and Spindler.) She married only two weeks ago. He is a young man of very respectable in Lancaster county. She has been lately travelling about, and last came to this city from Belmont, Pa.

Her native place was the vicinity of Germantown. She has been in the House of Refuge for early improprieties. In that institution she staid only a short time before winning a card of merit. At the age of thirteen she was bound out, but did not remain long at service.

Her criminal career has been going on for the last seven or eight years. Among the false representations she made at different times and to different persons here and elsewhere were, that she was the heiress to large fortunes on coming of age, and owned a number of fine houses in Philadelphia. Some of these buildings she took ladies to see, and pointed them out as hers.

When she wedded Shaw, one of her husbands,

she refused to let him work, saying she had plenty of means, which she would very soon have the exclusive control of.

The impostor is an exceedingly shrewd little woman, full of fun, and remarkably quiet in her demeanor. Her appearance is specious, and her manners wonderfully free from suspicion.—Two larcenies have already been traced to her, one of them the robbery of a Mrs. Bell. All persons who have been swindled by her should call at the mayor's office.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

### Emigration.

Among the most remarkable social phenomena of our day the extensive emigrations now in progress are destined to exercise a permanent and all pervading influence. If the tide that sets from the shores of Europe to those of the United States were the only form of this movement its results would be brought more within the limits of rational conjecture, in relation to the results, but there are such numerous affluents to the great stream, with some counter currents, that the mind is baffled in any attempt to foretell the consequences. The usual relations as respects emigration between Europe and the U. States—restricted space and under paid labor, contrasted with cheap land and high wages—enable us to deduce the ordinary effects from the kind of emigration of which the impelling motive is to better physical condition. The only difference between former periods and the present, in this respect, is the more intense desire by which the population of Europe is impelled to emigrate. But within three years an entirely new element has entered into the emigration movement. The discovery of gold on the shores of the Pacific has aroused in the human breast every latent passion of avarice. The full consequences of this are not even faintly shadowed forth by present results, or inferably by comparison or analogy. There is no similar conjecture in human affairs. Wars and religious persecutions have driven large masses off into distant countries, and although great social changes have resulted by the fusion of different races, the circle of these effects was circumscribed by time and place. But a commercial emigration that embraces people the wildest asunder, geographically and socially—that includes the Englishman, the American, the Chinaman—people of every latitude and lineage—disposes the mind to contemplation as to the tendencies and results of so singular a social phenomenon.

The mere naked fact, that one hundred and fifty, or two hundred millions of dollars may be added annually to the existing stock of the precious metals, is only one and the least important aspect of such an event as the transfer of so much labor from one department to another of human effort and enterprise. The economic effects may be pecuniary relations of the more civilized nations of mankind. No such shifting of large masses of men under the influence of a powerful incentive, assuming the intensity of passion, can take place without an almost general derangement of human affairs. It is already felt, that the demand for those commodities, and the means of transport necessary to feed, clothe and shelter the large number which have emigrated to California, has produced serious inconvenience to commerce; but if Australia draws off in the same ratio, adventurers, the means of feeding them, shipping, &c. how is the ordinary business of the commercial world to proceed, except at an accelerated pace in correspondence with these new movements and developments?

The arrangements of trade have for their existing basis that permanency which is founded on the nearly stationary geographical condition of the race. A moderate emigration is not incompatible with general prosperity, for it is not hostile to gradual improvement. But the sudden transfer of the instruments of production—men, machinery, capital, art, science, from places of permanent location to opposite quarters of the world, must leave a large void in some places as others are filled, which is destined to exert a great moral, as well as economic influence on the fortunes of mankind. To what extent the interests of society will be affected, is yet in the indefiniteness of the prospect, among the inscrutable things of our remarkable era, but one such El Dorado as California was quite enough in the same century.—*Evening News.*

**THE CHANCES OF LIFE.**—Among the interesting facts developed by the recent census, are some in relation to the law that governs life and death. They are based upon returns from the State of Maryland, and a comparison with previous ones. The calculation it is unnecessary to explain, but the result is a table from which we gather the following illustration:

10,268 infants are born on the same day and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these, 1,243 never reach the anniversary of their birth. 8,025 commence the second year, but the proportion of deaths still continues so great, that at the end of the third only 8,183, or about four-fifths of the original number survive. But during the fourth year, the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health. 7,134 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two-thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes, the meridian of manhood; 6,802 have reached it. Twenty years more, and the ranks are thinned. Only 4,727, or less than half of those who entered life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy, there are not a thousand survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age one hundred and six the drama is ended. The last man is dead.

Weeds that grow unmolested around the fences, stumps and stones, scatter their seed over the farm, and produce a crop of trouble.