

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JULY 6, 1852.

NUMBER 54.

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 twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half 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.

WATCH OF THE HOMELESS.

The homes! the homes! how fair they stand,
Out clear against the twilight sky:
The glowing tints of parting day
O'er the window-panes, in gorgeous play,
Like golden phantoms, fly,
The waving trees make music sweet,
The clinging vines embracing meet,
The creeping tendrils softly greet,
In the hum of the passing lay.

It has faded now—yet a holy light
Falls round the trellised bower:
I hear the low and sweet "good night"
From the infant buds to the flowers;
Within the homes how the faces glow
In the fire-light's fitful shine;
Fond kindred hearts in union glow
Where the hopes of love entwine.

The homes! the homes! how calm they gleam,
In the hush of the midnight hours;
The souls within are dreaming now;
Rapturous sleep o'er the pallid brow
Its hallowed mysteries showers.
Night hath its tones for the dreamer's ear,
Which thrill the watching soul with fear;
Spirits of awe are gathering near—
I see, I know, I feel them here!

The shadows of the dream land are fitting away,
Like clouds from the wind-god's breath;
I stand alone in the morning ray,
I have waited all night for death.
My locks fall damp with chilling dew,
And dim my eyes with tears.
Oh, God! may the homeless ones be few,
In the rush of the rolling years.

"WRITE SOON."

BY ELIZA COOK.

Long parting from the hearts we love
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Whom fervently, the last fond sigh
Begs in the hopeful words "Write soon!"

"Write soon!" oh, request of Truth!
How tenderly its accents come!
We heard it first in early youth
When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still amid the trumpet joys
That weary us with pomp and show,
We turn from all the brassy noise
To hear this minor cadence flow.

We part but carry on our way
Some loved one's plaintive spirit-time,
That as we wander, seems to say,
"Affection lives on faith. Write soon!"

MORALITY AS A RECOMMENDATION.—The young man who shows himself imbued with principles, actuated by high motives, will always be preferred as a workman. He is always found to be the best workman, in a mechanical point of view, if endowed with equal natural powers.—The reason is obvious; a sense of justice is necessary, at every point of the workman's progress, to keep him from superficial workmanship and concealment of defects. Beside, the moral youth, from his necessarily regular habits, is more likely to be prompt in his hours, regular in the prosecution of his daily business, and little disposed to change his employment or his employer.—Then is more careful of his tools and materials, and regardless of his interest. Added to this, his influence in the shop, store or counting room, upon his fellows, is a consideration of much weight with every reflecting and sensible workman or tradesman.

Improvident and wreckless young men do not understand this. They cannot see why their interests are not advanced—why the steady and moral youth is stepping over them into the fat places of preferment, while their pay and prospects are either stationary or retrograding. Is not the mystery solved?

The fact is—if the young man has a capital of skill and sound integrity, and accompanying virtues, his fortune is made. Such youth of today are sure to be the influential business men of tomorrow. No matter how low their station, or how small their pay—they are rising, ever rising, and the gaining of the topmost round of attainment is only a question of time. It scarce-

ly needs a prophet's foreknowledge to tell the future of the youth of twenty. Were it not that rakes sometimes reform, and temptations blast fair beginnings, this future could be calculated with almost unerring certainty.

These considerations all refer to worldly prospects and advantages. There is higher inducement to a life of purity and virtue. Our immortal natures are destined to a higher sphere of action than the employments of earth afford; and that action is to be endless; reason would suggest that there be in our ephemeral state a reference to that which is perpetual in duration.—[*Nash. Oasis.*]

From the Boston Olive Branch.

Mother, Home and Heaven.

What names are there on earth more musical than these three? What can be sweeter than that of *mother*? How many associations cluster around the heart at the mention of that word? Even hard-hearted warriors have been seen to weep on hearing it casually spoken. All the joys, sorrows, and perplexities of our earlier years are connected with her. We can hardly recall an event of our childhood but which brings with it either her reproving glance or an encouraging smile.—Nothing gave us more pain when we had done some rash or thoughtless deed, than the sight of her sad look. Many reproofs and lectures might have hardened our hearts, whereas her troubled look spoke 'volumes,' and made a lasting impression. Then we resolved to do nothing to displease her. Perfectly happy, were we, when after performing some act of self-denial, we met her fond approving smile. And in later years, when we are in doubt, to whom do we go for counsel, but to our mother? For we feel that she will never advise us wrongly and if we follow her counsel it will be hardly possible to err. In joy ever ready to sympathize, in sorrow to comfort and console us. How strong and enduring is the love of a mother! Her heart is ready to break as she sees her child torn from her by the "grim monster, Death," and borne to the tomb. Her anguish cannot be described. Then the world seems dark and dreary to her, and she feels that she has nothing left to live for.

A son may be attacked by some contagious disease; his friends have all forsaken him but one; she all forgetful of herself, stands ever near his couch to administer the cooling draught, and bathe the heated brow. Fearless and undaunted, she is willing to face death, if by so doing he may be spared to her. Who would do this but a mother? He may become degraded and scorned by the world, and he would be left alone, the most wretched being in the universe, but for one to whom he can fly; she is ever ready to receive him. No sacrifice is too great if it would win him back to the path of virtue, and cause him to become a man.

What a blessing, then, is a good mother. How much we owe to her. Every passion that we have subdued, every virtue that we possess, we must attribute to her watchfulness and care. Think you we can repay her?—It is a debt that were we to live a hundred years we could never cancel.

In the formation of our character whether good or evil, outward circumstances exert a painful influence. In early childhood the mind is more susceptible than when more advanced in years. Therefore the first impressions the mind receives, indelibly remains.—An aged person remembers every act of his childhood, but the occurrences of yesterday passed from his mind as soon as they happened. We form in youth a great measure of our characters; in the bosom of home, and with kind parents to guide our unwary steps. Although a son may rove far from his native land yet he will never forget the home. The remembrance of the loved ones there will strengthen him to resist the voice of the siren. When temptations assail him, a voice soft and sweet, like his mother's sounds in his ears. Her fond, imploring glance rises before him, and he banishes the evil thought from his heart. He thinks of home, recalls his father, mother, brothers and sisters, and their many acts of kindness for him, and he breathes a vow that he will never do ought to grieve them.

When one of the family circle returns, after a long absence, how joyfully he is greeted! Then home seems dearer than ever to him. How pleasant are family gatherings! Let us imagine for a moment one of these merry meetings of "kindred." The fun-loving Harry never ceases to joke the quiet and dignified Herbert, who has come from the city, upon the size of his collar, the cut of his coat, or his patent gaiters.

Harry wears his collar a la Byron, and never spends a thought upon a dress. Herbert cannot say a word in defence of himself, while Harry, having the field entirely to himself, improves it much to the amusement of the others.

All seem to partake of the universal joy, from the hoary-headed grand-father, down to the little fellow with the flaxen ringlets, the pet of all.—If there is a paradise to be found on earth, 'tis in a home where all unite to promote each other's happiness. Who would look farther for pleasures, when such pure enjoyments can be found in our homes?

And in these our earthly homes we must be fitting ourselves to enjoy heaven, our final home. We are but children, placed here in a school for our culture and improvement. The trials and disappointments of life tend to discipline the heart, and bring us nearer to God. We are apt to repine at the dispensations of Providence, when by them we are made to mourn. Yet I think if we could but realize the end God has in view, we should feel differently. Some seem to think the sufferings we have here were never intended by God for us. But in my opinion the heart of man would be more sinful and corrupt than it is now, if there were nothing to try him. Take, as an instance to illustrate this, a child that always been petted and indulged, every wish has been gratified, nothing has thwarted any desire.—He is the slave of the most ungodwardly pas-

sions. No one happy in his presence, and he is not so himself. Yet by some he is envied; those see only the surface of things.

Therefore trials and disappointments are necessary to promote our intellectual growth.—"No cross on earth, no crown in heaven." Let us then cultivate those virtues, that we may possess a heavenly spirit. Then may we hope for a crown in heaven. Then will life be sweet and full of joy. And when we bid adieu to the fleeting joys of earth, it will be with the sweet consciousness of having performed on duty and with the firm hope of happiness in heaven, sweeter than mind can form conception of. R. M.

From the New-York Sun.

U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.—A First Mate Killed by the Captain.—Captain A. S. Pittman, of the ship John Ravenel, voluntarily came to the District Attorney's office yesterday, and related under oath, particulars leading to the death of James Burnside, a native of Wales, 35 years of age, first mate of the vessel.

Capt. P. says he is a native of Virginia, he sailed from Liverpool on the 26th May, with 264 passengers, three mates, a steward, and sixteen seamen, bound to Charleston S. C., by way of New-York, at which latter port the passengers were to be landed. From the commencement of the voyage, he said, he observed a defection on the part of the officers, and an unwillingness to obey him—the captain.

About 9 o'clock in the evening of the 28th May the Captain went on deck, he says, and found the yards braced up and the wind aft, the chief mate, with the passengers and crew, forward. Told him to square the main yard; he replied in a sullen manner, "the wind is every where," he called all hands to take in studding sails, haul up the mainsail, square the crojack and fore yards; said to him, "I only wish you to square the main yard, and nothing else; left the deck. The crojack was squared by him, in connection with the main yard, in violation of orders. At 12 o'clock on the same night I was setting on the sofa, and Burnside came down, stole softly, after going into his own room, and pulling off his coat, looked into my room, and then into others; I sung out "Mr. Burnside what do you want?" He replied, "Oh nothing sir, it is twelve o'clock, the wind is the same." He turned in; I waited a few minutes and went softly on deck, so as not to be heard by him. Asked the 2nd mate what was the matter with the mate if he had been drinking. He replied he never saw him take a glass. I told the second mate I should be compelled to suspend the first mate, as I could not put up with it any longer, started for the cabin, and turning saw the first mate, who had crept up to hear the conversation. On being enquired of by the first mate, I heard the second mate tell him what I had said. Burnside replied "I have some other settlement to make with him besides what I heard." Did not hear the rest of the conversation. Believe they were combined together. I called Mr. Higginbotham, a passenger, and told him I intended speaking to the mate, and wished him to hear it. The mate was called into the cabin. Asked him what was the meaning of his conduct? He said I had been speaking against him to the passengers, and commenced the use of abusive language. Requested him to go into the after cabin. Put my hand upon his shoulder, and said "just sit down here." He replied, "I can sit down without your hands on me." I told him to take his room, that he was no longer officer of the ship. He said he'd be d—d if he would, that he had as much right in the cabin as I had, and he would be mate of the ship as long as I was master. I told him to go out of the cabin, and go to his room. He seized me by the throat, and tore it with his nails so that it bled. The steward took him off. I had sent for the second and third mates, and the carpenter, but they not coming, the crew were sent for—they came into the cabin with the exception of the man at the wheel, the cook and the second mate, who said it was his watch on deck. Asked the crew if they knew the cause of what had just taken place, and they replied in the negative. Asked them if they had any complaint against myself or the ship, they said "no, they had been treated well, and had no cause of complaint." The first mate then came in from his room. Told him to go back. He replied he would not, he came to defend himself. I told the crew Mr. Burnside was no longer mate, and they must not obey any order from him. He said he would not be suspended, that he would continue to be mate of the ship. He was pushed towards his room, when he turned and collared me again. The crew were asked to protect me, and prevent me from being disgraced. They said it was the duty of the second and third mate to come first. They were ordered forward; and left. Told the mate to go to his room, and the business would be settled next morning; and I also went to my room.

Next morning went on deck and found the mate on duty, in violation of orders. Asked the crew if they recollected I had notified them of the mate's suspension. The mate said I am not suspended, and "go you boy, Jack, and put those buckets away." I told him to leave them alone. Burnside told them if they did not do what he told them he would break their heads. I made them go forward. I cautioned Burnside not to go further in those proceedings. He proposed that we should each take a pistol and settle the matter at once, he having two pistols in his pocket. The bell rang for breakfast and I passed down into the cabin and out through another door to see what the mate was doing. He took off his coat and hung it on the small boat and went down among the passengers. I stepped up and found the pistols in his pocket. After breakfast, was sitting on the sofa, conversing with Mr. Higginbotham as to the best course to pursue, as to Burnside, there being sufficient reason to believe there would be an outbreak among the passengers and crew on account of his proceedings, and his telling them we were

not coming to New York, when the steward told me the mate wished to see me—told him to say to the mate if he desired to say any thing he must come below—the mate immediately made his appearance at the cabin door, many of the passengers and crew being with him. In reply to a question as to what he wanted, he said to me, in an insolent manner, "come up here sir." I asked him to come into the cabin if he had any thing to communicate—he entered with his hands behind his back, till he reached the inner cabin door. The inner door was now completely obstructed by passengers and seamen, and they were twice told to go away. The mate beckoned me to remain, and said to me—"Capt. Pittman, I have come down on behalf of the passengers and crew to put you in irons and take command of the ship." I asked if he was in earnest. He said, "Yes, I am, and will show you," presenting a pair of handcuffs, and seizing me by the waist, he put one of the irons on.— This was done in an instant, and I began to realize the state of affairs. I sprang to my cabin; in a moment I returned with a brace of pistols, and met Burnside in the doorway, coming towards me, with the pair of irons still in his hands. I struck at the hand which held the handcuffs, and the blow knocked them across the cabin, together with a part of the pistol, the pistol going off with the blow, the ball tearing off the thumb and the wrist of that hand, and entering his body. He died instantly. He did not speak after the report was heard. All trouble ceased on board the ship, and every one became quiet. The wounds were examined—one ball had passed through his heart and out at his back, lodging in the bulkhead; the other entered his left breast and could be felt on his back.

At 4 P. M. the same day the ship was hoisted to, the ensign hoisted half mast, the funeral service read, the crew being dressed clean and in attendance, and the body consigned to the deep.

No complaint having been made against Captain P. nothing has been done in regard to the matter; and we believe it is not the intention of the Government officers to take any action in the matter unless complaint should be made.

A BONELESS BODY.—The London papers describe an inquest held by the Coroner on Elizabeth Vigers, aged 5 years. The body presented a horrible spectacle, being one lump of flesh twisted and distorted. Deceased's father stated that soon after her birth a girl threw deceased over her back to the ground. Since the occurrence she assumed a curved position, could eat nothing but bread and butter, and when touched her bones appeared to snap. She had been under medical treatment for a long time, without deriving the least benefit. He found her dead in bed. Mr. Harrison, surgeon, made a post-mortem examination. There were no bones in the body; the limbs were purely of gristle. It was an aggravated case of what is called "rickets."

THE NATIONAL ERA.—The abolition journal in Washington in its comments on the resolutions adopted by Whig Convention which nominated General Scott, says of the fugitive-slave law and slavery agitation: "The question is clearly left, open, and the whig resolutions contemplate two ways in which it might be legitimately renewed: in one for the purpose of amending the law so as to prevent evasion; in the other, of so amending it as to correct abuse, the opponents and supporters of the law are left equally at liberty to agitate this subject."

A LIFE PASSED IN PRISON.—The Baltimore Sun has the following account:

"On yesterday morning, a prisoner, named William Downs, was released from the Penitentiary for the seventh time. It appears that he was first convicted of stealing on the 16th of December, 1823, when but 13 years old, and sent to prison for one year. At the age of 16, (Nov. 22, 1826,) he was again convicted of stealing, under three indictments, for which he was imprisoned 6 years. At the age of 23, (Feb. 15, 1833,) he was convicted of stealing once more, and sent to the Penitentiary for 4 years. On the 6th of June, 1837—a few months after his release—he was convicted of stealing for the fourth time, and locked up for 2 years. On the 18th of February, 1842, (after having aided himself three years this time,) he was convicted of stealing for the fifth time, and ordered to be locked up until the 5th of April, 1847. On the 15th of October, 1847, (six months after his last release,) he was convicted of stealing for the sixth time, and sentenced to be caged and caged till the 2d of April, 1850; and, on the 18th June, 1850, he was found guilty of being "a common rogue and vagabond," and ordered back to his old quarters for two years more, from which he was turned out for another airing on the 18th inst.—Now, whether Billy will keep himself uncaged this time till the dog days, is a matter of exceeding doubt, judging from his former propensities. It has been near twenty-nine years since he first entered the penitentiary, and fully twenty-five of the twenty-nine years have been spent by him in the jail and penitentiary together, and it may, therefore, be very properly said, that from the age of thirteen, Billy's home has been entirely in prison. A question to be determined is, whether this man is constitutionally a thief, or whether, from his fondness for his prison home, he only commits small thefts in order to get back again. For the gratification of the curious, we will state that Billy is a native of Baltimore city, is now 44 years old, and represented himself as being addicted to intemperate habits. He is well behaved as a prisoner, and is an excellent weaver, and there is no doubt, if we had had a House of Refuge for his reception when he committed his first offence, at the age of 13, he would have grown up an honest and industrious man."

A NOVELTY.—An "Almanac for 10,000 years, from the beginning of the world, or from the commencement of the Christian era—the order

and arrangement of Time being the same in both, has been published in New York. The Time table is scarcely larger than a man's hand, yet it comprises the chronological phenomena of a hundred centuries.

A WHIG OPINION OF PIERCE.—Mr. Hayden, Postmaster at Boston, and late Editor of the Atlas, the leading Whig paper of Massachusetts, at a recent Webster meeting, said "he had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Frank Pierce, and he knew him as a good hearted, noble souled fellow. Whoever thought he had not the ability to administer the government creditably, or whoever pretended to despise the nomination, or thought it could be easily beaten, would find himself mightily mistaken."

QUAKERS.—During the whole American revolution, the Indians though incited by the whites to "kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of the Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of violence.

Through the whole war, there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested while devastation spread on all sides: but at length thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds the Indians in ambush, believed that he had believed that he had deserted his principles, and shot him.

The other was a woman, who when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired and the people themselves murdered, was impounded by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time, she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but at length, letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so uneasy that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home.

The Indians, however believed that she too had abandoned her principles, and joined the the fighting part of community, and before she reached home she was shot by them.

GOOD ADVICE.—There is such good sense in the following, which although old deserves to be repeated once a year:

"If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after, than he did before one—it degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is the more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better; the better for us, and the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheat you to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company, if he slander you, take care to live so nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you—the wisest way is to just let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with."

THE OLD NORTH STATE.—Whether the Whigs or the Democrats triumph in the approaching election, it is at least rendered certain that a son of North Carolina will grace the chair of the Vice Presidency. The candidates of both parties are natives of this State. This is a compliment to the intelligence and patriotism of the "Old North" worthy of distinguished record. It is heightened also by the fact that in the late Whig National Convention, votes were cast likewise for Stanley, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. Badger, for the same post of honor, and all of them citizens of our favored soil.—*Wilmington Herald.*

LIZARDS; ARE THEY POISONOUS?—Messrs. Editors: You say that we farmers must write for the agricultural paper. Well, we can write, and you can reject what is unfit for your purpose.

I know but little of zoology; but I have examined many snakes and lizards to know if they were poisonous. I am satisfied that snakes are destroyed that are not only harmless, but useful. As to lizards, I have examined all sorts for many years, and never found a poisonous one. The striped, red-headed lizard, commonly called Scorpion, will leave his tail in your possession if you seize him by that member; but if you take him by his body, he will be your innocent prisoner. I never found one that had any harm about him; and yet, from S. Carolina to Texas, he is thought to be exceedingly poisonous.

The supposed poisonous "lamper eel," or very large, amphibious water-lizard, are also innocent. I recollect reading, years ago, in the Encyclopedia Americana, if I mistake not, that some lizards are poisonous. I think the writer must have been misinformed—simply because I have never been able to find a poisonous lizard. The last lamper eel that I have seen, was being pursued by a snake; I caught the eel and brought him to the house, with my thumb in his mouth for the instruction of my children. He was, I suppose, nearly a foot and a half long. Having sufficiently examined the poor innocent thing, I returned him to his proper element, and let him go.

Philosopher Dick says, the way to remove superstition is by the close practice of observation. In the above you have a "rough note" with a witness.—*Southern Cultivator.*

JENNY LIND IN LIVERPOOL.—A letter received by the Niagara states that Jenny Goldschmidt arrived out in good health and spirits. She was waited upon by numerous friends, who warmly welcomed her to the scene of her former triumphs. The letter further states that she had already received several propositions to sing in opera or concerts, but had given no definite reply to any.