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From the Puritan Recorder.

GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY.

Say some the world's a wilderness;
Its various paths a weariness;
However wide they part,
And does not the same feeling rest
A cherished, if a silent guest
In many a human heart?

The laborer at his daily toil—
The student o'er his midnight oil—
Nor less the son of wealth—
And woman too, refined or rude,
In circles or in solitude,
In sickness or in health—

All feel, with Scotia's bard forlorn,
"That man, poor man, was made to mourn."
But should we thus repine?
Should we not rather raise our eyes,
And see how all o'er earth and skies
Grandeur and beauty shine?

Grand is the towering mountain, bold,
Whose summit snowy wreaths enfold;
Or circling clouds conceal;
Beauty beams bright from lowlier hills,
From groves and glades and sparkling rills,
Where flowers their sweets reveal.

There's grandeur in the stormy sky,
Where thunder-rolls and lightnings fly,
Or wild tornadoes blow;
Beauty when 'mid the azure clear,
Crescent and twinkling stars appear,
Smiling on all below.

There's grandeur in the ocean surge,
Where billows, furious billows urge
On the resounding shore;
Beauty—when peaceful flow the waves,
Soft sighing from their coral caves;
And sweet their voice once more.

There's grandeur in man's noble form,
With his Creator's image warm,
Where mind and soul we trace;
Beauty in her the being fair,
Whose features the same impress bear
Revealed with softer grace.

Such is our world—oh! say we'er,
There is no joy—no gladness here,
No glorious things to love;
But grateful own a liberal hand,
Has thrown the beautiful, the grand,
Around us and above.

And will not man whose godlike mind
So fits him for his place assigned,
Fairest amid the fair,
Resolve his course shall worthy be,
His station of supremacy,
Worthy high Heaven's heir?

From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.

THE UNKNOWN FRIEND, OR THE RESCUE AND ESCAPE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the year 1777, when Philadelphia was in the possession of the British army, under command of Lord Howe, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander was truly distressing. Subject to the continual assaults of cruel and oppressive foes; compelled to pay obedience to laws promulgated on the military power of a haughty and vindictive commander, it can be better imagined than described. To obtain the common necessities of life, they had to walk a distance of twenty miles, and even this indulgence was not granted them until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were stationed across the route a distance of four miles from its commencement, forming a complete barrier; beyond these, through the woods, extending about two miles, were stationed picket guards, thus rendering it almost an impossibility to reach the station where provisions were kept, without first having obtained a pass.

The Commander-in-Chief of the American forces was then encamped at Valley Forge, suffering from cold, hunger, and the inclemency of the season. Meanwhile, the British reclined, as it were, on couches of superfluous exuberance, spending their days at the banquet table, and their nights in dancing, rioting and dissipation, thus teeping in fancied security, while the great American General was devising a plan for their final extermination.

About this time, a poor, friendless woman, with four small children, and whose husband was with the patriot army at Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass, wherewith to enable her to reach the provision depot. Engagements rendered it impossible for her tormentor to give her one. Rendered desolate from disappointment and the unceasing wails and cries of her suffering children, she started alone, without a pass, and by extraordinary good luck, succeeded in eluding the guards, and reached the place where the provisions were kept.

Our adventurous female, having procured a small quantity of flour in a pillow case, was re-

turning home with a light and joyous heart, to her anxious and lonely babes, when, just as she had passed the picket guards and was entering the woods, a few yards this side, a tall, athletic man emerged from a thicket of leafy bushes, and placing a letter in her hand, requested her to read it. With eager joy she grasped the letter, bearing the character of her husband's hand writing. After a pause, he said: "Madam, your husband is well, and he requested me to inform you that he will be with you in a few days. Money is a scarce article among us now—I mean among them; but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty I am willing to become his banker." Perceiving that she was about to refuse it, he said, "My means are adequate, or I would not be thus lavish."

We should here remark, that about this period there lived five brothers by the name of Wharton, who committed innumerable acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of marauders than of soldiers. They were full six feet high, stout, active and cunning, and invariably succeeded in effecting their escape. A partiality to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British, and always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures. But to return. "You remarked, sir," said the female, "that my husband would be with me shortly, and I desire to know how came you in possession of this information that which seems so impossible. And how do you know me, whom—" "Hush! madam," interrupted the unknown, in a subdued voice, we are now approaching the British guard. Suffice it to say, the American commander is devising a plan that will make the American continent tremble, and expunge the miscreants! Now, farewell; take the left hand road, and be careful!"

He then departed. She gave one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he had just stood. Summoning her almost exhausted energy, she proceeded on, with a slow and cautious step. Already the fire burned within her bosom, when the awful word, "Halt!" grated upon her ears, almost striking her senseless. She started, but soon found herself in the custody of a British sentinel. He gazed at her for a moment, and then demanded her pass.

"I have none," replied she, "my children are—"

"Confound the whole rebel crew!" angrily exclaimed the sentinel. "Woman, this flour is ours! How dare you do this? On, and die with your children!" So saying, he rudely snatched the sack of flour from the hands of the trembling woman, and was about departing, when the former messenger, the stranger who gave her the letter approached. His entire demeanor was altered, and humble simplicity characterized his gait.

Confronting the bewildered sentinel with a seeming fearlessness, he solicited him in a supplicating voice to refund the flour to the poor woman.

"Fool! idiot!" exclaimed the guard, who are you, and why do you interfere here? If you do not leave quickly, you will be the inmate of yonder guard-house."

"Probably I will," carelessly replied the stranger, "But wont you give this starving creature the means of supporting herself and wretched children one week longer? Recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of her sack, and remember—"

"Nonsense, intruder!" again interrupted the guard. "Why command me to recollect and remember? You are pleading in vain, and if you don't disappear quickly, I shall seize you as a spy!"

"You won't give the poor woman the flour, then?" asked the stranger.

"No by heavens, I wont!" retorted the exasperated guard.

"Then, by my country's faith and hopes of liberty, you shall!" shouted the now enraged stranger, and with a powerful effort he seized the sentinel by the throat, and hurled him furiously to the ground. "Run, madam!" cried he; "behold the guards advancing!" Then, in a lower tone, he added, "Seize your flour, pass the line, and you are safe!"

Almost as instantaneous as the passage of a lightning flash across the gloomy cloud, 'twas accomplished.

The sentinel now made an attempt to rise, when the stranger drew a pistol and shot him dead! The unfortunate man now gazed around with a fearful intrepidity. There was but one way of escape, and that through the woods. Grasping the dead man's musket, he bounded off like a deer pursued by hounds.

"Shoot him down! down with him!" was echoed from one to another.

But soon the stranger was lost in the forest, and a general search was commenced. The object of their search was meanwhile flying like lightning. He left the main guard far behind, but the picket would soon be alarmed. One course alone presented itself, and that was to mount his horse (which had been concealed in the bushes) and gallop down the river banks. But here he found himself obstructed and hemmed in by at least fifty exasperated soldiers. One sprang from behind a tree and demanded of him an immediate surrender, saying, "Tis useless to prevaricate; you are now our prisoner, and your boat is in our possession."

"Slave of a King!" exclaimed the stranger, "how dare you address a freeman thus? Surrender yourself? A Warton never surrendered himself to any man, far less to a miserable poltroon! Remember the five brothers Warton! Away, or die!"

The guard levelled his gun, but he himself was levelled, to the dust, the ball of Warton being swifter than his own! Warton's case was now desperate. Behind was the whole line of guards; before him the pickets, and on his left the city of Philadelphia, crowded with British troops. One way, and only one presented itself, and that was to cross the river. Knowing

the mettle of his horse he unhesitatingly plunged in! A vociferous shout succeeded, and ere he attained half the distance across, twenty armed boats were in swift pursuit. Gallantly his noble horse plunged through the waves, while his courageous rider spurred him on with intense interest, as, as the leaden balls whistled around his ears. Uninjured, he reached the opposite shore, and turning around, snatched another pistol from his belt, and with steady and unerring aim, fired at the foremost boat. A long, deep groan was heard, and a man fell over the side and sank to rise no more. Warton then disappeared in the woods. The angry, harassed, and disappointed pursuers gave one look, one curse, and one returned to the shore, fully believing that if he was not the devil, he was, at least, one of his principal emissaries.

The French President.

The present aspect of France, her inner life being as completely hid from the view of her own people as it is from the world at large, would induce the conviction that the Napoleon dynasty is a fixed attribute of her career. There is no room to doubt that the President can at any moment become the Emperor. And that the transition would be of as facile accomplishment as the transfer of the Presidency of the United States from one party to another, and quite as agreeable to nearly the whole people, as the latter event is invariably to one-half of our own. Nor can the "Great" Powers of Europe interpose any real obstacle to the successful accomplishment of such a design whenever the French gentleman may be disposed to carry it into effect. It is now purely a matter of taste. The only question of any interest in the matter is, how long the thing would last. Whether it would be measured by the life of Louis the First of the house of Napoleon, or be continued by hereditary succession in his blood.

The term for which the President has been elected allows him sufficient time to mature all his plans, and, at the same time, to secure all that popularity which he may deem essential to stability, as well as mere success. And his occasional excursions about the country evidently contribute to the strength of his position, and furnish the opportunity for such reports, at least, as must tend in a great degree to discourage, repress, and overawe the spirit of opposition. He is building up a reputation as well as a throne, and will make of his usurpation as fair a pretext as ever his uncle did. The probable occasion for the last grand coup d'etat will be a nuptial one. Nothing could be more French—nothing more Napoleonic—nothing better adapted to the result, be it either a step to a triumphant career, or swift destruction.

In the civil departments, the Prince President enjoys the benefit of a system which might be advantageously introduced on this side of the Atlantic, though, as a matter of course, it would be encountered at first with patriotic indignation.

True, the Frenchman can use it with an effect that none could derive from it with us; and it is made to serve a personal interest, which, in our system of government, takes the form of vote and influence, and thus binds the office-holder to the powers that be. We allude to the sort of security of officials throughout all the departments of the government; which differs as much from that of this country as cash from credit. In fact, instead of giving bonds, the French office-holder makes an actual deposit of money, equal to the amount which at any time can fall into his hands in the legitimate course of business. This sum is dropped into the French national "funds," and stands to the account of the depositor, on which he is to receive three per cent, interest during the period of his official service. He is thus personally identified with the perpetuation of the current dynasty, and soon learns to square his political ideas by the court rule of action.

From men thus circumstanced, nothing of a revolutionary tendency is to be apprehended. The President is thus secure in the departments of government; and, under the despotic organization of power, the same rule is made to apply pretty extensively throughout the business and professional circles of society. For instance, counsellors, attorneys, auctioneers, money and stock brokers, commercial collectors, and responsible editors of newspapers, are included in the arrangement, besides sheriffs, notaries, clerks of courts, and government officers. Of course, the State having nothing to do, in this country, with private business, beyond police regulations, the French rule of security would apply only to office holders subject to pecuniary responsibility. It would have a very pretty effect on experimental Swartoutin, if our government could only be as sharp in getting in the deposits office holders, as it is dilatory in recognizing the honest claims of injured citizens.

Nor would the benefits of the system appear in this respect alone. It would cut down the host of applicants for offices of a pecuniary responsibility to a mere corporal guard, and commit them only to men of character, diligence, and substantial responsibility. It would throw over the office-seeking fraternity the mantle of real respectability—not the respectability of wealth, but the respectability of genuine integrity, indicated either in the personal deposit of the applicant, or that of his friends.

It will be easily seen how such a system operates in favor of the policy of the French President. He has his hand in the pockets of all those who can most readily influence the people, and amongst whom revolutionary proceedings have received heretofore a large support. Can they contribute to the popular cause any more? Human nature must answer the question, and abide by it, in France. The next revolution must come, when will that be?—*Baltimore Sun.*

CARRY A THING THROUGH.—Carry a thing through. That's it don't do anything else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide-awake begin a thing, let it be carried through, though it cost your best comforts, energies, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It bespeaks imbecility of mind, want of character, courage, true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you fully are prepared for its accomplishment.—Think, study, dig till you know your ground—see your way, this done launch out with all your soul, heart, life and fire, neither turning to the right nor the left. Push on gamely, push as though creation were waiting through all time for your especial hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything in that way. You can't. Be strong minded. Be hopeful, stern, and manly. When once fairly in a work, don't give it up.—Don't disgrace yourself by being on this to-day, on that to-morrow, and on another next day.—We don't care if you are the most active mortal living; we don't care if you labor day and night in season and out, be sure the end of your life show nothing if you perpetually change from object. Fortune, fame, position are never gained but by piously, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished.

In short you must carry a thing through if you should be anybody or anything. No matter if it cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it at all. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; Of course you will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its highest objects, its richest treasure.—Drive right along, then, with whatever you undertake. Consider yourself all sufficient (under Providence) to succeed. You'll be successful.

The Bible.

BY CHARLES SIMMONS.

Other books bespeak their own age. The Bible was made for all ages. It makes everything of the Creator—other books, everything of the creation. The Bible reveals the hand and counsel of God in all events—profane history describes the designs and action of men. The Bible has a standard of righteousness which embraces the rights and interests of God, and gives them their infinite importance. Other books speak of the rights and wrongs of men. Profane history shows what men have been during a few years past centuries—the Bible while it overreaches in the past carries us far into the boundless future. Other books treat of human relations and mutual obligations. The Bible reveals the relations and obligations of universal being. The statue books of men legislate for times and places. The Bible legislates for the intelligent creation during immortality. Human authors describe the creation—the Bible describes the infinite Creator. Uninspired authors speculate upon truths before made known and often upon delusive imaginations. The Bible reveals truths before unknown, and otherwise unknowable. We cannot comprehend all the advantages which God has over all human authors, nor all the excellencies of the Bible over other books. But the following things are obvious:

1. The Bible is distinguished for its exact and universal truth. It is true to nature, true to conscience, true to universal experience, true to facts. Time and criticism only illustrate and confirm its pages. Successive ages reveal nothing to modify the Bible representatives of human nature. Passing events fulfil its prophecies, but fail to impeach its allegations. The truths of the Bible have already exploded many false systems of philosophy, of ethics and religion. The forming and formidable systems of infidel philosophy will yet fall before the predictions and light of the Bible. When God speaks he speaks in view of all truths, past, present and future; which enables him to utter exact and universal truth. But all human authors are very limited in vision, and their feelings are warped by prejudice.

2. The Bible is distinguished by the moral purity of its precepts. They are founded on all the relations, and impartially respect all the rights of being. They exactly harmonize with common sense and conscience. Witness the precepts respecting love to man. Who can conceive a better foundation for morality than our Saviour's golden rule—or for peace, than his precepts respecting love to enemies? Who can imagine a higher standard of holiness, than the precepts, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." All the divine precepts are "according to godliness," and adapted to make us "wise unto salvation." They bear with equal weight against all errors and sins, and in favour of truth and goodness. The maxims of heathen philosophy are selfish, narrow, impure, and have no power over the conscience, when compared with the precepts of the Bible.

Neglect not the Bible.

It is surprising to notice how this sacred Book is neglected by sinful men. The votaries of taste and fashion will spend their days and nights poring over the morbid pages of sensual and fictitious narrative; yet if their God were to ask them if they had read the Book which he sent them from Heaven, where would they look?—How could they say that they had never read the precious Book throughout? Wherever you go, learn not of those. Take your Bible in your hand; make it the companion of your way. In the thirsty desert of this world it will supply you with water of Life; in the darkness of doubt and apprehension it will cast a gleam of Heaven over your path; in the struggle of temptation and the hour of affliction it will lift up the voice of warning, encouragement, and comfort. Never let the Bible be by you unperused. It is the only helm that can guide you through the ocean of life, and bring you safely to the immortal shores. It is the only star that leads the wandering seaman by the rocks, and breakers, and fiery tempests of utter destruction, and points him away to the heights of everlasting blessedness. The Bible contains the only food that can satisfy the hungerings of the soul; it presents us with the only laver in which we can wash ourselves white

and be clean; it alone tells us of the garments that are worn in the courts of heaven; it is from the Bible alone that we learn to prepare a torch to conduct our footsteps through the valley of the shadow of death; and it is the Bible alone which can introduce us at last to the glories of immortality.—*Robert Pollok.*

Samuel Before Eli.

The young should read and study the history of Samuel, with the greatest care and interest. Do you ask me the reason? It is this: Samuel is converted to God when a little child. It is not unlikely, that he was born a child of God, that he was sanctified from the womb. When Samuel was only about six years of age, and while ministering in God's house, God revealed himself to him in a very wonderful manner.—When he laid himself down to sleep, he heard a voice saying to him, Samuel! He thought it was the voice of Eli, and therefore ran to the bed where the aged priest lay. "He said Here am I, for thou calledst me. And he said, I called not; lie down again. And he went and lay down." A second time the voice called, Samuel! Still he thought it was Eli who called upon him. He went to Eli a second time. And a third time the voice called, and a third time he went to Eli. The venerable priest told him, that if the voice called a fourth time, he should answer in the following words, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." The voice did call a fourth time, and repeated the name of Samuel twice: "And the Lord came and stood and called as the other times, Samuel, Samuel.—Then Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."

Let us pause, and think of the extraordinary honour conferred by the great Jehovah, on a child of such tender years. We do not read, in any part of the holy Scriptures, of God speaking in this wonderful way to any so young as Samuel. A child of only six years conversing with God as it were face to face!

What did God communicate to this holy, humble child? It was a sad communication; it was sufficient to make the ears of the children of Israel to tingle. It was a revelation of God's displeasure with Eli and his wicked sons. It was a threatening from God, of the punishment about to be inflicted on the sons of the venerable high priest, for their impurity, their sacrilege, and their avarice. After the vision, Samuel lay down on his bed till the morning, and feared to show Eli the vision. It is not likely he shut his eyes in sleep. Eli wondered that he came not to his bed-side to tell him the vision. After Samuel in the morning had opened the doors of the house of God, Eli called him, and asked him what the Lord had said to him. After much and earnest entreaty, Samuel, in mournful accents, told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. Probably the child wept while he made known the vision; and, oh, how the heart of Eli beat in his bosom, while he listened to the awfully affecting tidings! What a solemn and impressive sight, —the aged priest bending down with age, and the young prophet proclaiming in his ears the will of Heaven. Eli breathed submission: "It is the Lord let him do what seemeth him good!"

AMERICAN CITIZENS IN GERMANY.—The National Intelligencer says:

"A complaint appeared in a New York paper sometime ago, that the rights of American citizens in Germany were not taken care of and defended as they ought to be at the Legation in Berlin.—The article alluded to several cases, and amongst others quoted one from the Savannah Republican—that of Frederick Leopold, a naturalized citizen and a resident of Charleston, in South Carolina. It is stated that Leopold had been held to seven years' service in the Hanoverian army. We understood from an authentic source that he was promptly set at liberty from arrest, but upon bail, on the interposition of the American Legation at Berlin, and the Hanoverian Government has since relinquished all claim upon Leopold for service in the Hanoverian army, on the ground that he had become a citizen of the United States. It turned out, however, in his case, as we further learn, that a conviction had been recorded against him in Hanover for the crime of desertion before he became a citizen of the United States, and since he has returned, and voluntarily placed himself within its jurisdiction, the Government is disposed to hold him responsible to the extent of extracting from him some pecuniary satisfaction. "Another and a later case of the like nature, we are informed, has occurred in Hanover, and the individual was promptly released from arrest, on the interposition of Mr. Barnard, our Minister at Berlin, though the case had not been disposed of finally. The name of the individual involved is Heins.

"When Mr. Wheaton was Minister at Berlin he refused absolutely to interfere in behalf of German naturalized citizens who voluntarily returned to their former country, and were seized upon as soldiers. He considered it as a settled question that their "native domicile and national character revested," exactly as if they had never emigrated.

"Mr. Barnard, we understood, has not followed this precedent. He was not disposed to admit the doctrine of Mr. Wheaton, except where the emigrant returned to the country of his birth to be domiciled there. It is quite possible he would himself have so restricted it, though it seems to have a larger application in the case he had in hand. We understand that Mr. Barnard has cases with the Prussian Government, growing out of this claim on our naturalized citizens: for military service and for fines imposed on them for a quasi desertion, and we learn that he has not yielded to these claims, and those who know our Minister, and are willing to do him justice, will not credit the imputation that the complaints of our German fellow-citizens have been neglected by him."

To Stop Hiccough.—Eat a lump of brown sugar the size of a partridge egg or larger, and they will case in a few moments.