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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

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### VIRTUE.

"Tis not for mortals always to be blest,  
But him the least the dull or painful hours  
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.  
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;  
Virtue and sense are one; and, trust me, still  
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.  
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)  
Is sense and spirit with humanity:  
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;  
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.  
Knave's fain would laugh at it; some great ones  
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son,  
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.  
To noblest uses this determines wealth;  
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;  
The peace and shelter of adversity.  
And if you pant for glory, build your fame  
On this foundation, which the secret shock  
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.  
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes  
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attained  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.  
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,  
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness  
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate  
Exalts great nature's favorites; a wealth  
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferred.  
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earned;  
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,  
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.  
But for one end, one much neglected use,  
Are riches worth your care; (for Nature's wants  
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)  
This noble end is, to produce the soul;  
To show the virtues in their fairest light:  
To make humanity the minister  
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast  
That generous luxury the gods enjoy."

### HUMAN LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,  
Written in Wisdom—If there is a word  
That I would trace as with a pen of fire  
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—  
If there is anything that keeps the mind  
Open to Angel visits, and repels  
The ministry of ill—'tis Human Love!  
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.  
The smallest pebble in the well of Truth  
Has its peculiar meanings, and will stand  
When man's best monuments wear fast away.  
The law of Heaven is Love—and tho' its name  
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned  
To its unholy uses through all time,  
Still, the external principle is pure;  
And in these deep affections that we feel  
Omnipotent within us, can we see  
The lavish measure in which love is given.  
And in the yearning tenderness of a child;  
For every bird that sings above its head,  
And every creature feeding on the hills,  
And every tree and flower, and running brook  
We see how everything was made to love,  
And how they err, who, in a world like this,  
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

**THE BIBLE BETTER THAN PISTOLS.**—The Rev. Mr. WASHINGTON, Bible agent for Connecticut in his last report, relates the following fact:

One donor, who is a stranger to the hope of the gospel, told me that he had resolved to aid in giving the Bible to the world, as long as he had the means to do so. He thought it indispensable to the security of property and the rights of men. He said he once heard an irreligious and profane man, whose business required him to be often among strangers say, "that he always carried his pistols with him, and usually laid them under his pillow at night; but when he saw a Bible in the house that had the appearance of being well used, he never took his pistols from his valise."

**A MAN BURIED ALIVE.**—An Irishman who died suddenly on the rail road, was buried at Wheeling on the 15th inst. Those who attended the funeral, after lowering the coffin into the grave, returned to their homes, leaving a man to fill up the grave. It appears that after throwing in a few shovels full of earth he was alarmed by a singular noise as of kicking and struggling in the coffin and ran away. Coming up with Mr. Fitzsimmons he told what he had heard, both immediately returned, raised and opened the coffin, and found the man turned on his face and his person warm. The Gazette says that if the coffin had been opened when the commotion was first heard, the man might have been saved, and that he died solely from suffocation.

### Thomas Jefferson.

With the close of the Tenth Congress closed, also, Jefferson's administration. Indeed, he seemed inclined, in his private correspondence, to throw upon the incoming Cabinet, to which, no doubt, it entirely belonged, the responsibility of the recent enactments. As the retiring President came into office, so he now left it, with a character very differently estimated by the two great political parties into which the nation was divided.—Party animosity, indeed so far from having been extinguished under his rule, as he had fondly anticipated, had broken out, especially of late, with new fury.

Judging as the superficial mass of mankind always do, more by professions than by practice, by words than by deeds, the great body of the retiring President, and all the active party leaders, whatever might be their private opinions, to seek to recommend themselves to party favor and confidence by extolling him—a practice continued by a large class of political demagogues, as well as by many sincere admirers to this day—as the very personification of republican wisdom and virtue; entitled by his simplicity, his straightforward truth, his clear and candid judgment, no less than by his disinterested and earnest devotion to the rights of man, to implicit confidence; a confidence more that of religious devotees in some favorite saint, than the limited and guarded trust, which alone, according to republican maxims, ought ever to be placed in any political leader. Such, indeed, were the reverential sentiments very generally expressed, not only in the Democratic newspapers, but in legislative resolutions, on the occasion of Jefferson's retirement from office.

The Federalist, on the other hand, together with a certain number of once leading Republicans, did not hesitate to denounce the ex-President as an accomplished political Jesuit, wonderfully adroit to ascend the ladder of democratic power, but whose narrow policy and visionary imagination, the policy of an inland planter, the imagination of a pedant, disqualified him from redeeming, as sometimes happens, by skillful conduct of affairs, the base arts, the flattering ing of prejudices, by which he had risen to power.

Many previous acts of his administration, but especially the whole history of the embargo, were quoted to prove him a hypocrite and base deceiver, totally forgetting, in practice, all his professed regard for the wisdom of the people; all his pretended reverence for public opinion; all his reiterated objections to stretches of executive authority; all his violently urged attachment to a strict construction of the Federal Constitution; all his anxiety that the General Government should not trespass on the reserved rights of the States; all his objections in general, carried often to extremes, against legislative interference with the right of men to exercise their own judgment in the management of their own personal affairs.

Nothing, indeed, could have been less in accordance with Jefferson's political theories than to have thrust upon the country one of the most momentous measures which it was possible to adopt, involving the very livelihood of tens of thousands, without the least opportunity to have the public opinion upon it; employing for that purpose a servile Congress, driven to act hastily in the dark, with no other guide or motive beyond implicit trust in the wisdom of the Executive—and such a measure the embargo, the most remarkable act of Jefferson's administration, unquestionably was. Yet it would be most rash and unjust to charge him or any other man with political hypocrisy merely because, when in power, he did not act up to the doctrines which he preached in opposition. It is not in the nature of enthusiasm to hesitate or to doubt; and that very enthusiasm, though it had liberty and equality for its object with which Jefferson was so strongly imbued, pushed him on, however he might theorize about the equal right of all to be suited, to the realization of his own ideas, with very little regard for opposing opinions. With all his attachment to theoretical equality, he was still one of those born to command, at least to control; brooking no authority but his own; and not easily admitting of opposition or contradiction, which he always ascribed to the worst of motives. In the feeling that he sought not selfish ends, but the good of the community, he found, like so many other zealous men, sanction for his plans, justification of his means, and excuse for disregarding the complaints and even the rights of individuals.

Yet whatever defects of personal character, whatever amount of human weakness we may ascribe to Jefferson; however low we may rate him as a practical statesman; however deficient we may think him even in manliness and truth; however we may charge him with having failed to act in accordance with his own professed principles; there remains behind, after all, this undeniable fact: he was—rarely indeed, among men of affairs—rarely, indeed, among professed democratic leaders—a sincere and enthusiastic believer in the rights of humanity. And, as in so many other like cases, this faith on his part will ever suffice to cover, as with the mantle of charity, a multitude of sins; nor will there ever be wanting a host of worshippers—living ideas being of vastly more consequence to posterity than dead actions passed and gone—to mythologize him into a political saint, canonized by throbbing wishes for themselves, and exalted by a passionate imagination, far above the heads of contemporary men, who, if they laboured, suffered, and accomplished more for that generation, yet loved and trusted universal humanity less.

**FRUGALITY.**—Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness; the last without the first begins prodigality; both together make an excellent temper.

Pickpockets may be called genuine metaphysicians, since they deal altogether in the science of abstraction.

### The Sabbath.

The Sabbath is the vital organ in our Christian existence, and, therefore, is our true national life. It is as essential to the health of the state, the well being of the body political and social, as the lungs are essential to the life and health of the physical frame. The Sabbath is for the ventilation of the social state, what the lungs are for respiration; we breathe through the Sabbath; thought and feeling, purpose and resolve, pure, high, and holy, comes and goes.—As in passing through the lungs, the blood takes coloring and life from ethereal elements of the air, so in passing through the Sabbath, our individual, social, and national existence is purified, energized, and vivified from heaven. Our mental and moral life receives its sacredness, its worth its vigorous health, its permanence there, its power to endure labor, its security against corruption its ability to resist disease.

Hence we affirm, every injury to the Sabbath is an injury to life. You may make your attack upon many points in this mortal frame, and yet the object of your injuries may recover; you may do him no mortal, but only a transitory harm. But as you approach the lungs you come to the citadel of life, and injury there is the near approach of death. So it is with the effect of the profanation of the Sabbath on our moral social and civil welfare: when that profanation is permitted and becomes prevalent, there is no more hope.—There is mortal disease and weakness through the whole frame, and our very social system hastens to its dissolution, or to a chaos of permitted licentiousness and sin, which is worse than even its absolute destruction. A social state without the Christian Sabbath may go far to realize the conception of a hell on earth.

The secret of our own prosperity thus far, our unparalleled, unexampled progress, power and happiness as a nation, is just here, in this gift from God to us of the Christian Sabbath, observed and sustained for so long a time in a sacredness, faithfulness, purity, and power, so like the brightest glory of its pristine life. Near two hundred years did it please God to keep us under this discipline, almost every thing in our economical and political, as well as social and moral existence, taking a coloring and character from the strict observance of the Sabbath. Thus did we live and breathe, and have our being, and hence, (recurring to the analogy of the lungs,) results still our vigor as a nation, our freshness and elasticity of growth and life, which, as compared with the nations of Europe, is like the health of the mountaineer, who has cheerily labored in the pure open air beneath the heavens, in the varied and salutary activity of a farmer's occupation, in comparison with the sallow pallid, shrivelled faces, and meager, attenuated forms of men shut up in city garrets or confined in stooping postures amidst pestiferous gases, at manufacturing looms.

To the life and health giving power of the Christian Sabbath over us and in us, we owe our whole superiority; for the influence acted from the outset, and acted in every direction. It set our whole existence, as a plant is set in its growth and raised into maturity. It was as omnipresent as the atmosphere, and as direct as a stream of electricity; there was nothing hid from the heat thereof. It was the only example of a Sabbath-observant nation in the whole history of the world. Our Pilgrim Fathers came to this continent that they might be free to keep the Christian Sabbath in its purity, and to educate their children and their children's children beneath its power. It is this same benefit and blessing which God has committed us in trust for another generation.—Independent.

### Marriage.

Marriage is a change of existence—a death-birth, as our German friends would say—an Exodus—a transit from one life to another, and with as impenetrable a veil of doubt and uncertainty spread over that other life, as is over that life to whose dominions death is the portal.—"Where we are we know," may a man about to be married well exclaim; "where we have been we also know; whither we are going no man knoweth, nor can know, till the going has merged into the gone." Charles V said no man could be said to be truly brave until he had snuffed a candle with his fingers; but my idea is, that no man can be so severely tested, as by entering into the holy state of matrimony, provided always that the man be of a contemplative, reflective nature. This courage is more required on the woman's part than the man's. She must infallibly know less of him than he of her, as he beholds her ever in the world she moves in; whereas he, when he leaves her, mingles and is lost in the crowd of outer life. Whether he keeps himself apart among virtuous, or has his haunts among the vicious, she can only hear by report, and report is not a witness to be trusted, and female etiquette denies her the searching inquiries necessary for complete satisfaction.—Then again, he has more resources than she, if the home be made unhappy by the ill assorted union. The tavern, the theatre, the meeting, the mart, are all open for him. He can be away from home when he likes; and when from home to all intents and purposes, he is a bachelor again. Not so she, poor lady. Once a wife, a wife forever. She may not, cannot, would not, dare not leave him. The laws, her children, her womanly instinct, alike forbid it. She never can lay down her widowhood and become a maid again. And even if she do separate from him, and return once more to her father's house, the gay heart, the unspeakable palpitations of maidenly desires and hopes, the budding promises of coming life—these are no longer; the butterfly is freed but its wings are torn and unfathered—it can fly no more. Hence there is nothing more lovely, than when a maiden leans her fair cheek upon her lover's breast, and whispers, "Dear heart! I cannot see, but I believe—the past was beautiful but the future I can trust—with thee!"

Great talkers are like broken pitchers: every thing runs out of them.

### The American Language.

Perhaps the most surprising philological fact of the present time is the wonderful spread of the English speech, not merely by the extension of the power of Great Britain and of the United States, by which the English is carried on every quarter of the globe, and made the legal, scholastic and polite language of vast territories, but by the impulse which the labors of a few eminent scholars in France, Germany and the northern European nations have given to the study of English classical authors in their own tongue.—Throughout Germany an immense impulse has also been given to this study by the emigration to the United States. One may travel thousands of miles and find no market town, however small, in which are not temptingly displayed at the windows of the little book shops all sorts of elementary works to assist the emigrant in the acquirement of some few necessary phrases of the American language. In every well-educated family, too, it is beginning to be as necessary to possess such a knowledge of the English, at least, as our boarding-school misses acquire of the French, and the number who can read Shakespeare, Byron, Scott and Cooper with pleasure, in the original, is far greater than the number with us who can read Moliere, Gil Blas, and Paul and Virginia. Perhaps the three men who, in Germany, have produced the greatest influence in rendering our speech popular and necessary to a complete education, are A. W. Schegel, (deceased,) Gervius, and Jacob Grimm; the two former as admirers, translators and critics of Shakespeare, the latter as a philologist. The latter, in a recent treatise, says:

"It possesses, through its abundance of free medial tones, which may be learned indeed, but which no rules can teach, the power of expression such as never, perhaps, was attained by any human tongue. Its altogether intellectual and singularly happy foundation, and development—has arisen from a surprising alliance between the two noblest languages of antiquity—the German and the Romanesque—the relation of which to each other is well known to be such that the former supplies the material foundation, the latter the abstract notions. Yes, truly, the English language may with good reason call itself a universal language, and seems chosen, like the people, to rule in future times in a still greater degree in all the corners of the earth. In richness, sound reason, and inflexibility, no modern tongue can be compared with it—not even the German, which must shake off many a weakness before it can enter the lists with the English."

We have always had an affection for our native tongue; if the French, Spanish, German or Italian each surpass it in some particular quality, it is, perhaps, true that none of them possesses such a combination of excellences; as to which point, the testimony of Grimm, the first philologist of the Continent, has great weight. Whether this speech is destined in our country, through the want of homogeneity in the population, to be changed to confusion of tongues, so that hereafter an American will, like the fool in Shakespeare, be thought to have "been at a great feast of languages and have stolen the scraps," is a question for time to determine. We know of no safeguard against this but the adoption of some method of writing English as it is spoken and the spread of schools, until, as in New-England, he who cannot read and write shall be looked upon by every child as a curiosity and wonder.  
*New York Tribune.*

**LEMON JUICE FOR ACUTE RHEUMATISM.**—The treatment of acute rheumatism with lemon juice as noticed in the Scientific American more than a year ago, having been successfully practiced in Europe, has been tried here, and found to be a very effectual remedy. Dr. T. D. Lee, of this city has communicated his experiment with it to the New York Journal of Medicine. He cites two cases one a male and the other a female who had been subject to severe rheumatism for a number of years, and who were often troubled with acute pains, severe swellings, and could find no effectual remedy. He gave them lemon juice from fresh lemons, in quantities of a table-spoonful in twice the quantity of cold water, with a little sugar, every hour. The effect of the lemon juice was almost instantaneous; in ten days the worst case was cured, and in seven the other was able to go out, and there was a flexibility about the joints after the cure, quite unusual in the recovery after other modes of treatment.—The "London Medical Times" directed attention to this remedy for rheumatism in 1850, and we would state, that it may answer for one person and not for another. There are two cases recorded in Braitwait's Retrospect, Part 22, 1851, pages 37 and 38, where one patient was effectually cured with lemon juice, after calomel, opium and opium had been tried in vain, and the other, where lemon juice failed and the patient was cured with opium and calomel pills, taken along with draughts of the acetate of potash and nitro in a camphor mixture.  
*Scientific American.*

**ADVERSITY.**—"Earthly prosperity," says a thoughtful writer, "should be estimated by its influence on the soul. What we hear termed adversities, may in reality be blessings. When we cast off these vestments of clay, they will, perhaps, come in shining garments to welcome us to everlasting habitations."

This is a beautiful sentiment. How often does it happen that we do not know our own strength until we have been thoroughly tried in the furnace of affliction! We find ourselves coming forth from the fiery ordeal, stronger than when we entered—refined, perhaps, in some degree, from the dross of earth, and prepared to exclaim, with the philosopher, 'sweet are the usas of adversity.'

A gentle heart is like a ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is in the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

A letter from an American in Rio de Janeiro thus describes some of the peculiarities which came under his notice in the Brazilian capital:

All citizens of distinction in Rio have in their employ a large number of servants, whom they dress in livery. It is wonderful and striking to see the bandy legs of the negroes encased in blue breeches, fitting close to the skin; with a pair of tremendous military boots reaching to the knees and spurred on the heels; a short jacket profusely ornamented with brass buttons; a cap decorated conspicuously with gold lace, and all the nameless trappings that are supposed to give a dazzling effect to high life. The cabriolets are drawn sometimes by mules, but chiefly by horses. The driver's seat is behind, but very high, so as to overlook the body of the vehicle. Public drivers as well as private, wear the prevailing livery. It appeared to me that more than half the inhabitants of Rio, of every condition wear some badge of office. Laced coats and military caps are seen on all sides. Boys of ten or fifteen years of age strut about town in the uniform of full grown officers. Some of these, I believe, are cadets, belonging to the Emperor's military school.

The burdens, such as coffee, flour, baskets, &c. are carried from place to place on the heads of the negroes. It is astonishing what immense weights these carriers transport in this manner. An instance is related to me of a negro who carried a barrel of rum from one extremity of the city to the other, a distance of several miles. This is well authenticated, having been tested by a wager made by an American resident with a visitor to Rio, both of whom were personally interested in the result. I frequently saw these negroes carry at a brisk trot, as much as four or five hundred pounds on their heads. A gentleman of my acquaintance said he saw eight hundred pounds carried to a considerable distance in this way. I was also told of a feat performed by a negro belonging to a Mr. Rudge, who lives up in the mountains of Tejuco, that quite surprised me, as I knew by personal experience the difficulty of walking there without any burthen. This man was in the habit of carrying up every week on his head, a barrel or two of flour; nor did he make a practice of resting on the way but once and then only a few minutes. The distance to Mr. Rudge's is at least eight or ten miles, and over a steep and very rugged road. I have frequently seen a negro bearing along at a brisk trot, a bureau or sofa on his head, and this too with as much apparent ease as if he had nothing on but his hat. The pedlars carry large cases filled with stocks of all sorts of fancy wares on their heads, shouting the price as they pass each house. One of these I met near the top of the Corcovado, whither he had carried his wares to sell to the country people.

**INTERVIEW WITH BILLY BOWLEGS AND THE FLORIDA INDIANS.**—Mr. Lea, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, had an interview with Billy Bowlegs, and the Indians accompanying him, on Thursday, in the presence of Judge Wayne, of the Supreme Court, Gen. Eaton, and other gentlemen. The old Indianized negro, Abraham, acted as interpreter. Billy Bowlegs did not appear to be very communicative, as his reply to nearly every question put to him was "very well," or "I will listen." The Commissioner, however, proceeded to explain to them that the treaty made by the United States Government in 1832 with the Seminoles, for their removal from Florida, was still in force, and not, as the Seminoles now supposed, abrogated, because all those who had made it had since died. He told them that the treaty must be carried out, as demanded by the people of Florida; and continued in a strain of fatherly advice to urge them to remove freely and quietly to the West, where they would be protected by the government, and where a number of Seminoles are now living in peace. Abraham, the colored man, stated that he had been living among the Western Indians for fourteen years, and said he had often told Billy Bowlegs it would be better for him and his people to go there. Bowlegs, however, in reply to the Commissioner, said he had a bad cold, but he would study on the subject, and give an answer at a subsequent interview. Gen. Jessup having known Billy in Florida, the latter was taken into his department, and seemed pleased to see him, and also became very communicative. To one question casually put by Gen. Jessup, "are you going to the country West?"—Billy, though previously conversing in English, suddenly stopped, and referred to Abraham to give the reply, which was, "I do not know yet." This conversation was not renewed, and the Indians soon left.

Norton Peters, of Missouri, recently made a handsome speculation by driving sheep over land to California. He started with 2,500 sheep, and at Salt Lake he sheared them and sold the wool for \$2,500. On reaching California with 2,000 of them in good condition, he was offered eighteen dollars a head for the lot, which he refused, being sure of a better price.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and like deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.

**THE MIND.**—The mind has a certain vegetative power, which cannot wholly be idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wild growth.

The human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken and exposed to a variety of turns to prevent its becoming hard.

"There is a great demand," says a Yankee pedlar, "for a species of plaster which will enable men to stick to their business."