

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. 3.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
THOMAS W. PEGUES.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum in advance, Three Dollars and Fifty Cents within six months, or Four Dollars at the expiration of the year.

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MR. CLAY'S RESOLUTIONS.

We copy the following abstract of Mr. Calhoun's speech in the U. S. Senate, on Mr. Clay's Tariff Resolutions, from the Charleston Mercury. We would be glad to lay the speech entire, before our readers, but our limits will not permit us to do so.

Mr. Calhoun commenced by saying that the Resolutions were of a very mixed and conflicting character. There was much in them that he approved, and much that he condemned. He approved of them in the first place, because they recognized the Compromise Act, and professed to respect its provisions; secondly because they asserted the principle that no duty shall be imposed but for the purposes of revenue, and no revenue shall be raised except what is necessary for an economical administration of the Government; in the next place they give the preference to ad valorem over specific duties, which he considered a point of no mean importance; and lastly, he approved of them because they asserted that in time of peace loans or Treasury notes should not be calculated on as ways and means for the support of the Government, except as an expedient for a temporary emergency.—Having approved of so much, it might be asked what was left for him to disapprove of. He disapproved of them, because they did not carry out in practice what they professed in principle. While they professed to respect the Compromise Act, they set it aside in several essential particulars. That Act declares that no duty shall be raised but for revenue, and that only to the extent necessary for the economical wants of the Government. The Compromise grew out of the action of his State. Her object was, in the first place, to put down the protective policy, and having put that down, to guard against high duties. If these objects had not been considered secured by the act, it would never have received his assent, and if he had assented, his State would not have sustained him. South Carolina also considered that if the tariff of 1828 was not arrested, it would lead to the most ruinous consequences to the whole Union; that countless millions would be poured into the Treasury, followed by all the corrupting consequences attendant upon such a state of things, endangering even the existence of free government itself. These three points being secured, the rest were considered as of comparatively minor importance. And in taking the part he had in this matter, he disavowed having been actuated by any hostility to manufactures. If there was a man who felt the most profound reverence and warm attachment to mechanical and chemical science, it was the individual who now addressed them. Upon the advancement of these acts depended the advancement of civilization, and he who made improvements in them, conferred the most important benefits upon the human race.

By the Compromise Act, the list of free goods was not to be extended, and the duties not to go beyond 20 per cent.; these were guards against the recurrence of the protective policy. These and every other provision of that act, are violated or attempted to be violated in these Resolutions, except that for ad valorem duties, and even that he was afraid under the magic of home valuation, would be got rid of. The Compromise was violated at the Extra Session, when the list of free articles was greatly extended, nearly doubled; and appropriations were made that were admitted by all to be extravagant, except the Chairman of the Committee on Finance, who declared, there was no room for retrenchment, none for economy. And now it was proposed to increase the duties to 30 per cent, which was a plain and palpable violation of the act in so many words. But it might be said there was a necessity for this: if so it was a necessity of their own creation and no one had a right to plead his own act as a justification for violation of law. They had not economized, they had greatly extended the list of free articles, and that for the benefit of the manufacturers; they had given away a large portion of the public revenue,

and he would now turn his attention to another section.—Senators on the other side have drawn a gloomy picture of the condition of the South, and declare that the prices of her great staple are lower at the present moment, than at any other period since the war. And yet they come here, and notwithstanding the depressed condition of the South, ask her to give them still greater advantages at her expense. In his examination of the exports of the South, he would confine himself to the three great staples, cotton, rice, and tobacco. The aggregate value of the cotton exported from 1826 to 1834, amounted to \$201,000,000. The value of that exported from 1834 to 1841, amounted to \$435,000,000; the excess of the latter period over the former, being \$234,000,000, or an increase of 117 per cent. in eight years, on that single article. The aggregate value of rice exported from 1826 to 1834 was, in round numbers, \$16,000,000; and the value of that exported from 1834 to 1841, was 15,300,000, being a diminution of nearly a million, and this was the only article that had fallen off. This was to be attributed in part to its being carried into the interior by railroads, and in part to the diversion of the capital employed in its production, to the culture of cotton.—The exports of tobacco from 1826 to 1834, amounted in value to \$40,000,000; while those from 1834 to 1841 amounted to \$58,000,000, the excess being \$18,000,000, or 43 per cent. This increase of southern exports was attributable to the reduced duties on the products of France and Germany. The aggregate gain to the southern States, of the one period over the other, was \$251,000,000, and the increase per annum was \$35,807,000, in the three enumerated articles. He then demonstrated by the prices of the various years that the increase of profits to the South, of the latter period over the former, amounted to \$233,000,000; and he thought that even this was far below the truth.

The Senator from Kentucky said that free trade had utterly failed, and calls upon those who have heretofore advocated it, to desist and join with him in pushing the opposite policy. Mr. Calhoun took issue on this point. In the first place we have had but a faint approach to free trade; and the little we have had, it has been with the business of the country in a most embarrassed condition, owing to the disordered state of the currency, and our greatest customer on the other side of the Atlantic, on which our prosperity so much depends, in nearly as embarrassed a condition as ourselves. But, notwithstanding all these obstacles, free trade has realized the most sanguine expectations of its most sanguine friends, and he would demonstrate this by authentic documents.

Mr. C. then in the first place called the attention of the Senate to the amount of exports during a series of years, while the protective system was in full operation.—From 1824 to 1833, the aggregate of exports was \$469,000,000, or an average of \$57,633,000. He would now show what had been the ruinous effects of the iniquitous act which had arrested the protective system. The aggregate of exports from 1833 to 1840 was \$768,000,000, being an annual average export in round numbers of \$96,000,000. The aggregate annual increase was \$38,500,000, in favor of free trade. The aggregate amount of the last seven years, being 65 per cent of the whole amount of exports since the foundation of the government.

But it might be said that this prosperity was only felt in the great staples; that the cotton, rice, and tobacco interests might flourish, but manufactures would be injuriously affected. He would also demonstrate by the same official documents, that the reverse of this was the fact. The export of domestics, which in 1825 amounted to \$5,700,000, had decreased in 1832 to a very small fraction over \$5,000,000. And this reduction was not the result of laws as fixed as that of gravitation. Well, what was the result during the seven years the principles of free trade gradually advancing, which it was asserted would annihilate our manufactures. Why that the exports of those manufactures gradually advanced from five millions in 1832 to twelve millions in 1840, being an increase of seven millions, and two millions more than the whole amount exported in the palmy days of the protective system, before the compromise was passed.

It might be said that this increase of exports was occasioned by the depressed prices of the home market. He would endeavor to show that this was not the fact. Gentlemen would admit that Massachusetts afforded a fair criterion of the condition of the manufacturing States, and if she was prosperous, the others could not be depressed. He would demonstrate that never have manufactures increased to so great an extent, as under the reduced duties, and were never more flourishing than at this very period. He would read from the Boston Atlas a statement of the imports of Cotton into Massachusetts from 1835 to 1840, by which it appears that in 1835 the imports were 82,000 bales; in 1836, 82,000; 1837, 82,000; 1838, 96,000; 1839, 94,000; and in 1840, 136,000 bales, and the editor remarks that for the first five months of 1841, the imports amounted to 93,000 bales, and that for the whole year they might be safely estimated at 150,000 bales, showing an increase in eight years of 70,000 bales, within 10,000 bales of what was consumed in all that vast amount of manufactures, of which we have heard so much: under the fostering influence of a high tariff. He was rejoiced at their prosperity, and the more so, because it was in coincidence with the prevalence of free trade.

Mr. C. then showed from an article from an eastern paper which he deemed authentic, the amount of cotton cloth produced at Lowell in the year 1839 and 1840, and the prices obtained for them, by which it appeared that the aggregate profits of 1839 were estimated at \$3,100,000, while those of 1840 were estimated at \$3,300,000; the net increase of the latter over the former year of \$1,195,000.

He has presented this picture of the prosperity of the manufacturing States,

and he would now turn his attention to another section.—Senators on the other side have drawn a gloomy picture of the condition of the South, and declare that the prices of her great staple are lower at the present moment, than at any other period since the war. And yet they come here, and notwithstanding the depressed condition of the South, ask her to give them still greater advantages at her expense. In his examination of the exports of the South, he would confine himself to the three great staples, cotton, rice, and tobacco. The aggregate value of the cotton exported from 1826 to 1834, amounted to \$201,000,000. The value of that exported from 1834 to 1841, amounted to \$435,000,000; the excess of the latter period over the former, being \$234,000,000, or an increase of 117 per cent. in eight years, on that single article. The aggregate value of rice exported from 1826 to 1834 was, in round numbers, \$16,000,000; and the value of that exported from 1834 to 1841, was 15,300,000, being a diminution of nearly a million, and this was the only article that had fallen off. This was to be attributed in part to its being carried into the interior by railroads, and in part to the diversion of the capital employed in its production, to the culture of cotton.—The exports of tobacco from 1826 to 1834, amounted in value to \$40,000,000; while those from 1834 to 1841 amounted to \$58,000,000, the excess being \$18,000,000, or 43 per cent. This increase of southern exports was attributable to the reduced duties on the products of France and Germany. The aggregate gain to the southern States, of the one period over the other, was \$251,000,000, and the increase per annum was \$35,807,000, in the three enumerated articles. He then demonstrated by the prices of the various years that the increase of profits to the South, of the latter period over the former, amounted to \$233,000,000; and he thought that even this was far below the truth.

He then proceeded to an examination of the causes of the present embarrassments of the country. This he traced to the tariff act of 1828. By this act the exchanges were turned in favor of this country; the banks relieved from the apprehension of a foreign demand for specie, expanded their issues. By the general use of their notes, the legal currency was driven from the country, and we were compelled to a liquidation at a moment when our means are placed beyond our reach. The Senators on the other side mistaking effect for cause, call upon them to go over the same ground again—to revive the exploded system of protection—for exploded it was, not only in this country, but in England, in the minds of some of her most distinguished statesmen—to be followed by the same disastrous results which we had already experienced from the stimulating process of protective tariffs. The nation had drunk until it had become dead, and now, when our nerves are all unstrung and trembling, instead of acting the part of wise physicians, and prescribing total abstinence, we are told to drink, drink, drink.

The Senator from Kentucky, as a clincher to the whole of his argument, had told them that cotton was never lower at any period since the war. It has been recently stated, on undoubted authority, that cotton sold at Fayetteville, in 1821, as low as five cents. He would, however, take the tables of quantity as well as price, which both enter into value, and see how it bore out the Senator's statement. The value of the cotton crop of 1831 was \$35,600,000; that of 1841, \$63,450,000; an increase of value of \$27,700,000. The aggregate value of the cotton exported from 1819 to 1826, was \$55,500,000; during the next seven years, which were years of protection, from 1826 to 1834, the aggregate value was but 53,000,000, a falling off during the next seven years, from 1834 to 1841, which were years of descending duties, the aggregate value was \$78,338,000, being a clear increase upon the preceding seven years of \$25,375,000. He then proceeded to examine the effects of the two systems upon the tonnage of Charleston, which were equally favorable to free trade, having gradually diminished under the protective system, and increased under the descending duties until in 1836 it was higher than it ever was before, since which it has decreased a little in consequence of our financial embarrassments.

Having shown from data taken from official documents, the immense advantages we had derived from our limited approach to free trade, did he imagine that it would produce any effect on gentlemen on the other side? No not the least. The interests which predominate in their party would not forego their purpose should our rise from the dead and forbid it. Free trade was a divine principle; it was among the laws of Providence to advance human civilization. If under all the embarrassing circumstances by which we were surrounded, its effects have been so advantageous; what would it have been with a sound currency, and the entire absence of protective duties, with the vast, the illimitable resources of our country, and the intelligence and energy of our citizens? He admitted that his State had felt the pressure, and nothing but her greatly increased exports had enabled her to stand under it; and her

banks pay specie while she is surrounded on all sides by banks in a state of suspension.

Mr. C., at some length, went into an investigation of how far it was probable the East India cotton would enter into competition with that of this country; that our cotton planters with their superior intelligence and energy could live, while the East Indian, with his laborers at two cents per day, would starve; and concluded by remarking, that if gentlemen would not interfere with their prohibitory duties, in his opinion the prospects of the cotton planter for the next ten years, were better than they ever have been before.

A LEAF.

FROM THE DIARY OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

Mr. Editor: Do you chew tobacco? I did till last Sunday, when I put my veto on the practice. The why and the wherefore I have sent you hoping that if you are guilty of using the Indian weed, a leaf from my diary may be the means of reforming you.

Saturday, Oct. 19, 1841. Took my hat for a walk; wife, as wives are apt to, began to load me with messages upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at cousin M's and borrow for her 'The Sorrows of Werter.' Hate a wife to read such penny stuff—but must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's sorrows, than employ her tongue in making 'sorrows' for your humble servant.

Got to cousin M's door. Now cousin M. is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy ones, because I am always in a dread while on their premises, lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the sole of my boot, or such matter.

Walked in—delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottomed chairs while she rummaged the book case. Forgot to take out my Cavendish before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spit box in the room.—

Windows closed. Floors carpeted.—Stove varnished: Looked at the fire-place—full of flowers, and hearth newly daubed with spanish brown. Here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of Cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether, as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, bedaub the hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the mean time pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions.—'Did you ever read this book, Mr.?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said I, in a voice like a frog in the bottom of a well, while I wished book, cousin and all, were with Pharoah's host in the Red Sea. 'How did you like it?' continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair, mouth upwards to prevent an overflow. She at last found 'The Sorrows of Werter,' and came towards me. 'Oh dear, 'cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the chair, now don't, you'll grease it, and take off the gilding.' I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. Why, Oliver,' said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the reason of my appearance, 'you are sick, I know you are, your face is dreadfully swelled!' and before I could prevent her, her hartshorn were clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing place. Judge then what a commotion a full snuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories!

I bolted for the door, and a hearty a-cher-he-chee, relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., all at once disgorged from my mouth restored me to the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load off my conscience. I told her I had been trying to relieve the toothache by the temporary use of tobacco, while, truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

Sunday Forenoon. Friend A. invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the cel brated Mr.—preach. Conducted by neighbor A. to his pew. Mouth, as usual, full of tobacco; and horror of horrors, found the pew elegantly carpeted, white and green, and to three nice crickets, and a hat stand; but no spit box! The service commenced; every peal on the organ was answered by an internal appeal from my mouth for a liberation from its contents; but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spit box; but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found in the plenitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my handanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my check reached its utmost tension, and I must spit or die! I arose, seized my hat and made for the door. My wife, [found the women how they dog one about.] imagining me unwell, [she might have known better.] got up and followed me. 'Are you unwell, Oliver?' said she, as the door closed after us. I

answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog, with a flood of tobacco juice. 'I wish,' said she, 'Mr. A.—had a spit-box in his pew.' We footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon; but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate—confound them—no, I don't mean so. But she might have known what was the matter with me and kept her seat.

Tobacco, O, tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not all told yet. After the conclusion of the service, along came farmer Ploughshare; He had seen me go out of church, and stopped at the open window where I sat. 'Sick today, Mr.?' 'Rather unwell,' answered I, and there was another lie to be placed to the account of tobacco. 'We had powerful preaching; sorry you had to go out.' My wife asked him in—and in he came—she might have known he would—but women must be so polite. But she was the sufferer by it.—

Compliments over. I gave him my chair by the window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets, drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco, and commenced unweaving it. 'Then you use tobacco, said I.' 'A little occasionally,' said he, 'as he deposited from three to four inches in his cheek. 'A neat fence that of yours,' as flood after flood from his mouth bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. 'Yes,' said I, 'but I like a darker color.' 'So do I,' answered Ploughshare, 'and yaller suits my notion; it don't show dirt.' And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. 'Good!' thought I, wife will ask him in again, I guess. We were now summoned to dinner. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself, I saw his long fingers in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unplug. He then threw them across his mouth. I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and—shocking to relate—deposited it beside his plate, on my wife's white damask table cloth!

This was too much, I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion this time, I was sick. I retired from the table; but my departure did not discompose Farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong I returned in season to see Farmer Ploughshare replace his quid in his mouth to undergo a second mastication, and the church bell opportunely ringing, called him away, before he could use his plate for a spit box, for such, I am persuaded would have been his next motion. I went up stairs, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundations and floods and fire harassed me. I thought I was burning and smoked like a cigar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks, and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape—the water had reached my chin—I tasted it—it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and awakening, found I had fell asleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entering at the moment, I threw away the filthy weed.—'Huz, if I were you, I would not use that stuff any more!' 'I won't,' said I. Since Sunday last, I have kept my word. Neither Fig nor Twist, Pigtail nor Cavendish have passed my lips since then, nor ever shall again.

The following is one of the most touching tales of affliction we remember to have read for many a day. We find it in the Kanawha Republican of the 5th instant:

Rich. Compiler.

HEART RENDING OCCURRENCE.—On the 16th February, Mr. William McClung left his peaceful habitation, his wife and four children, in the wilderness of Nicholas county, Va., and went to Summersville to transact some business, with an intention to return home that evening; but the mountain storm became so intense in the afternoon, that he declined doing so. His wife and children having retired to rest, were alarmed at a late hour by the burning of their house. She escaped with her little ones from the violence of the devouring fire—but, alas! alas! it was only to perish by the peltings of the pitiless storm! The next day, when Mr. McClung returned home. He found his house consumed by the flames, and his wife and all his children frozen to death! The shock was too great for feeble human nature; he sunk under it; he became wild; he desired to be burned with his family, and his friends were compelled to put him in close confinement.

A sympathizing heart scarcely can determine which to pity most; the mother and the children who perished in an hour, or the husband and the father, who lived to feel the pains of death a thousand times.

S. HAMILTON.

'Pa, I want a new hat—no, not a hat, but a cap.'

'You can't have any now; the times are too hard.'

'But aint them good times come yet, you told about, when you cut logs for the cabin on State-street?'

'Go to bed, you rascal! What do you know about politics?'—Rockester Rep.