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Poetical Department.

THE SMILE.

The night is black, the rain pours down,
And gushing torrents round me foam;
Yet comfort 's mine, thought-worn and wet—
I ride for one who 's safe at home.

My feet are cold, my hands are stiff,
Yet I've a thought that can them warm:
I've made a house and built a fire
That shields another from the storm.

Blow—blow ye winds, the trees uproot,
Your fiercest blast, now let it come!
Rise—rise ye creeks, I'll swim ye all,
And find my way to one at home.

The goal is won—I'm home at last—
Still roars the elemental strife;
But I am by a warm fireside,
And near me sits my "ain guid wife."

I've often seen the gaudy dance,
And tinsel'd beauty gathered there;
But fondest glance from fashion's belle
Cannot with *fireside smile* compare.

Talk not to me of wealth and fame,
Oh, tell me not of other joys!
Take these—take all—but leave to me,
Her smile—who 's mother to my boys!

TANK'S OWN BARD.

Lancasterville, March 11, 1850.

The Ohio.

LOWELL.—A quarter of a century ago, Lowell was not known. It was then almost uninhabited. Now it contains 35,000 inhabitants. 47 cotton and woollen mills, 11 1-2 millions of incorporated capital, 200,000 spindles and 8000 looms. There are from 10 to 15,000 girls employed in the mills. On every side new buildings are being erected, and improvements are the order of the day.

AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR LAZINESS.—The Dutch have a singular contrivance to cure laziness. If a pauper, who is able, refuses to work, they put him into a cistern, and let in a sluice of water. It comes in just so fast that by briskly plying a pump with which the cistern is furnished, he keeps himself from drowning.

They are raising excellent sugar in Texas, and some of the stalks have twenty to twenty-five joints, each from six to ten inches in length. Over twelve hundred sheep recently been driven into Texas, from Illinois. They are full blood merino.

A NATURAL QUERY.—A countryman called at the Observatory on the Carlton hill, Edinburgh, and desired to be shown the moon thro' a telescope. The waggish attendant directed the instrument toward Kirkaldy, and the man was delighted to see streets, houses, and signboards; just as we have in this world. But he was struck with astonishment when he observed, on one of the houses, "Alloa ale sold here."
"Alloa ale!" said he: "how in a' the world do they get it up?"

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun; the brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dull reflection—itsself a broader shade. The soul withdraws itself. The stars arise, and the night is holy.

THE QUEEN OF TERRORS.—An old man, who had been dreadfully hen-pecked all his life, was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson tried to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors.

"Hout tout, man, I'm no scart. The King of Terrors! I've been living sax and thirty years with the Queen of them, and the King canna be muckle waur."

Fenelon, the chaplain of Louis XIV., was one day at the chapel with the monarch. The king expressed his surprise at seeing only a few persons, instead of a numerous congregation, as was generally the case. Fenelon said to him:

"It is because I told them that your majesty would not be at the chapel to-day, so that you might know who came to adore God, and who came to flatter the king."

ALL YOUNG.—In a Methodist church, a few Sundays since, a brother announced that henceforth the old gentlemen were to set on the left of the pulpit, and the old ladies on the right.—On the following Sabbath, all the seats thus appropriated to the old ladies were empty!

Why, if Santa Anna should meet General Taylor, will he be compelled to fight him *entirely with cavalry*? Because he has left his foot at Vera Cruz.

If Santa Anna should be killed, or should he die, why would all his wealth go to but *one person*? Because it is known that he has had but *one legatee* (one leg at tea) for some time past.

THE WOOLY HORSE.—We learn from the Washington Republic that Mr. T. M. Coleman, who was arrested at the instance of Senator Benton, on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences—exhibited a nondescript, as having been captured by Col. Fremont, on the Gala—has been released from bail, the grand jury of Washington county refusing to find a presentment.

THE MISANTHROPE—AN EPIGRAM.

He has a grief he cannot speak,
He wears his hat awry;
He blacks his boots but once a week,
And says he wants to die!

TOLERATION.

Deal meekly, gently with the hopes that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy side;
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own,
If wrong, the verdict is to God alone!

SONNET EXTRAORDINARY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Sitting one evening with a learned Miss,
We soon began to talk of learned things;
Not frills or flowers, rigmarole or rings,
But fountains full of intellectual bliss.
Thus in high converse, from some distant place
There came a strain of music soft and clear;
I saw a flash of pleasure light her face,
And whispered poesy in her willing ear.
She smiled, and asked me who composed the lines—

Where were they from?—she thought them excellent,
And more expressive than the song of birds
When earth with lovely spring-flowers is bespoken.
I answered "Milton." She said, "Yes! I know it—
I've read his works—uncommon pretty poet!"

Miscellaneous Department.

THE HIGH ROCK—AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—Psalm li. 2.

I once had a friend, a minister of the gospel, who was afflicted with a most distressing malady. In the midst of apparent health, and activity, and cheerfulness, he would fall down deprived of sense and motion, like one dead. I had often been with him in these paroxysms, and observed that they were always accompanied with a convulsive reaching upward, and feeling after something, like a person groping in darkness. The last one I ever witnessed was fearfully appalling. There was the accustomed cry of terror, "O, I'm going!" The shuddering grasp at vacancy—and all was over! He fell so violently as to break the feeble barrier my outstretched arms afforded, and sunk beside me. I eagerly called for assistance—we raised him to the bed—with trembling haste applied restoratives—and it was many, many minutes before any one dared hope that the light of life would ever visit him again.—Slowly he opened his eyes—but their gaze was upward, upward—as if it would penetrate the ceiling, and look beyond it, into other worlds. Presently a faint murmur rose from his lips. I applied my ear to listen, but could only catch what appeared like an incoherent and dreamy utterance, about "a rock." Reason gradually returned to the poor sufferer, and one of its first efforts was to ask me to read the Bible.

"Read," said he, "the 61st Psalm."
I complied with his request, and commenced with that most appropriate supplication, Hear my cry, O God! attend unto my prayer! From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.—"Stop there! stop there!" said he, then clasping his hands he repeated, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!" "This text is like a spell upon my life! It has been my salvation in every moral danger—the polar star which has guided my wanderings when I have been well nigh wrecked in the deceitful abyss of worldly folly! and I will tell you how. When I was a very little child my blessed mother used to make me read to her every morning a chapter in the Old Testament and one in the New, and one of the Psalms. It was her habit to question me as to what I recollect of the chapters, mingling her explanations and instructions with my answers, and she would always find one verse in the short Psalm, which she desired me to take as a sort of motto for the day, often repeating it, and thinking of it deeply. I was passionate naturally, (I shudder to remember how passionate I was!) and one morning when I had been giving violent sway to this mastering propensity of my little heart, my mother called me to her, and made me sit down as usual at her feet and read my chapters. I did it very sullenly, and when I had concluded the Psalm, she drew me close to her, and taking both my hands in hers (I think I can feel this moment her soft gentle pressure, and see the melting tenderness of her eye as it was fixed upon me with sad expression) she said affectionately,—

"Now my dear son, this is your text for the day—'Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!'—'My dear Boy,' she proceeded, 'do you know that you have done very wickedly? that you have not only grieved your mother, but sinned against that blessed God who takes care of you, and loves you?'"

I was subdued in an instant by my mother's calm and persuasive manner. I loved her to idolatry, and stubborn as I was to others, she could make a lamb of me at pleasure, and as she continued softly and soothingly to tell me of the compassion of the Deity, the birth of the infant Jesus—his sufferings and death, and that they were all borne for me, I was choked with my tears. I had heard the affecting story again, and again, and always with wonder, but now, it seemed touched with living interest. I leaned upon my mother's lap, and sobbed forth my penitence and remorse.

"My dear boy," you know you have always felt sorry, and promised amendment when you have thus offended; and it has been only to sin and sin again. Now I wish to make you feel that you can reform yourself—and you will be convinced of this, if you will only think how many times you have wished to be good, and still on the slightest temptation, have again offended. But there is one my love, who will as-

sist your feeblest efforts? It is the same blessed Jesus who was once like yourself a little child, and had a great many more hardships to contend with. He was tempted, and has promised to succor those who are tempted. He is 'the Rock' spoken of in your text, and it should be your constant prayer that you may be led to him! There is safety no where else! Whenever then, my dearest boy, you feel yourself inclined to such sinful anger, let your first wish be, 'Lead me to the Rock which is higher than I.'—Let it be your morning and evening supplication, and never rest till you feel yourself firmly fastened there!"

She then made me kneel down; and kneeling beside me, with her arm clasping my waist, she commended me to God and to his grace so fervently, and so pathetically, that the recollection of that hour will always linger in my memory. I thought I never should be passionate again. But alas! even on that very day I was frequently reminded of my own weakness, and recalled from very near approaches to fruitfulness, and ill-temper, by my mother's serious but sweet expression, and an emphatic, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!"

Alas! I soon lost this devoted mother! She was too fair and frail a plant to buffet the storms of life, and so she was bowed beneath them. I forgot her pious precepts, and my spirit was too nearly assimilated to a licentious world—but I can say with truth, that in the wildest career of folly, when sense and reason have been almost annihilated, and the voice of conscience has been disregarded, those very words, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," have come over my benumbed senses like a voice from the tombs, restoring me to my better self, and quickened me to a sense of my infatuation and my guilt.

I was once a victim to calumny and falsehood, and the fever of my soul had driven me to madness; but the same sweet words in all the tenderness of my mother's tones, fell on my burning spirit, and I was calmed. In that season of bereavement too, when all that I loved seemed forsaking me, they entered my desolated heart like a dream of childhood, restoring me to thoughts of happiness, and innocence, and peace.

They at length became as the handwriting on the wall to guilty Belshazzar. "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I," was continually in my imagination. Not as heretofore with soothing influence, but as something fearful and appalling. Go where I would, it followed me, and the consciousness that I had hardened my heart against its silent teachings, pursued me like a phantom. It was this under God that led me to repentance! It is this that now shields me in temptation;—and whenever these horrible struggles, such as you have seen, come upon me; I instinctively reach forth to lay hold upon "THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I."

THE CHAMBER OF DEATH—A FRAGMENT.—How glorious is the dying chamber of the Christian! It is the very union of time and eternity, a meeting of the living on earth with the angels in heaven.

The place is holy; for it is filled with those ministering spirits, waiting for the soul departing from this perishing world, for the everlasting habitations of the redeemed. But glorious as this is, it shrinks before the greater glory of Him who is present. Jesus himself is present, and the Holy Spirit is to finish the work of salvation. Ah! how different, could we see the through in the chamber of the unsaved departing soul. If words cannot express, or imagination conceive, the glory of the former, neither can the horror of the latter be supposed, where the bed is surrounded by fiends eagerly waiting for their prey. But it is not in this solemn hour only, that these unseen spirits are beside us. They are constantly present, for good or for evil, in the bustle of the world, or the solitude of the lonely. By day and by night we are surrounded by this unseen host, waiting, during all its pilgrimage, on the soul of man. Go into the sick chamber. Mark all the routine of the sick bed, the fruitless visit of the physician, the profound sympathy of friends, the prayer of the minister, too often desired only to close the last scene. Ask, then, if there be not, to one and all, a fast-coming eternity, a message from the Lord, in the house, saying, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee;" and this very night shall that soul see a holy and just God, and hear the question whether Christ has been indeed precious, and his redemption been indeed the chief desire in life, and the only hope in death.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

Paper Manufactory.—We have intended for some time to call attention to the Rock Island Factory, in Russell county, Alabama, opposite Columbus, Georgia. The company had the kindness to send us half a ream of their paper and our opinion of its quality and cheapness can be judged of, by our having made arrangements for a constant supply in future upon which to print the Laws and Journals of the Legislature, and our paper also. We are assured by the agent of the factory, that they can and will furnish in any quantities, just such paper in quality as may be desired, and upon better terms than it can be bought at the North. Thus gradually we are freeing ourselves from the thralldom of the Northern manufacturers, and retaining in our own purses, the tribute we used to pay to their capital, skill and labor. The idea of a protective tariff will ere long be considered as "obsolete" as that of a United States Bank.—*Alabama State Gazette.*

Sinclair in his "Code of Health," says:—"How many there are who keep a number of grooms to curry their horses, who would add ten years to their own comfortable existence, if they would employ one of them to curry themselves with a flesh-brush night and morning."

Political Department.

REMARKS OF MR. BUTLER, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

In Senate, March 8th.

Mr. Butler. Mr. President, opportunity must be seized, or it never may be recovered; and if I lose the present opportunity to make a short reply to some of the many remarks which have fallen from the Senator from Wisconsin, I may never have another. Some of his remarks seem to call for a special reply from me, as a representative of South Carolina; others have a special reference to myself, in connexion with the immediate debate; and others, again have reference to my views heretofore submitted, and which, of course, have been fairly brought within the legitimate scope of debate, and which I have not time to notice now. I know that I am trespassing on the time and feelings of the Senate, in asking the privilege of speaking a few words at this late hour of the evening. But as the gentleman has taken upon himself the office of review and inspection, I hope I may be allowed to give him some mark of salutation. I shall do so by marching up directly to the subjects to which he has challenged my attention. He has been very comprehensive in his views and free in his observations. States, persons, and general doctrines have fallen within the expansive angle of his vision; and the State of South Carolina has been specially selected as worthy of his censure and animadversion. He has thought her particularly vulnerable upon a question exposing a State much nearer to him to the same objection. One, however, being a Southern and the other a Northern State—in the common language used to distinguish them, he has selected the Southern State as the one that has made aggressions on the North, whilst he has failed to notice a Northern State for the same supposed offence. South Carolina and Illinois have both excluded, with different modifications, free people of color from coming within their borders from abroad. They may not have had a common aim in their policy, but they may both have a common justification for it. All that I can do is to notice his remarks on South Carolina and her particular laws. He has denounced them in no measured language, and in a tone of invective which would seem to imply that he had given his special attention to them. He says there are laws in South Carolina which prohibit free persons of color from coming within her ports in vessels belonging to citizens of the United States, and sailing under the American flag; and he said that citizens of Massachusetts and other States had been oppressively and unconstitutionally incarcerated under them. I have not now before me the laws to which he refers, nor do I know how far citizens of Massachusetts have been incarcerated under them. There may have been some, and I suppose very few instances in which the provisions of the law have been enforced, and I will answer for it, never in a spirit of sectional resentment or aggression. In her view of her police policy—intended for her safety and security—and with no view of making war on the rights of others, she has various laws regulating a black population. Under these laws, colored cooks and seamen are not allowed to come on shore from coasting vessels coming from Northern ports. I am not aware that in passing such laws, South Carolina has either violated the constitution or the laws of Congress regulating foreign or domestic navigation.

The laws of Congress, enacted long ago, for the regulation of commerce and navigation, nowhere regard a colored man as a citizen, and have made a marked distinction between them; neither the constitution nor the ancient laws regarded a colored man as a citizen, within the contemplation of that term. And so far as it regards this species of persons, each State can give them a local status, to which all coming within a State jurisdiction must assimilate.—They are a species of persons having such rights only as may be conferred upon them by State jurisdiction; they have no federal eligibility or federal recognition as citizens of the United States.

In Gordon's Digest of the Revenue Laws, (pp. 86 and 165,) it will be seen that national vessels engaged in the foreign trade must be manned by citizens of the United States; but it is provided that they may have as seamen colored persons, natives of the United States. Here the distinction between citizens and native colored people is well recognized. They are placed in contradistinction by a federal statute, which was enacted shortly after the adoption of the federal constitution. With regard to the coasting trade engaged in the domestic commerce of the country, the provisions of the different laws regulating them are different.—(Gordon, pp. 101, 104, 106, 107.)

This species of trade must have necessarily left a wider range of jurisdiction to the different States for their health, quarantine and police regulations; and I take it that States having slaves, and States not having slaves, might have a different aim in their policy, depending on local considerations. To have a proper system of policy for their police and self-security, the colored man might be regarded in a different light in the slave States from what he would in the free States. The slave States are not bound to regard him as a citizen, or as having a higher status assigned to him than persons of the same class among them. The status of a free person of color is the creature of local jurisdiction; and a free man of color in Massachusetts—call him a citizen of Massachusetts, if you choose—can have no higher grade of political existence, under the constitution, than a free negro in South Carolina, when he comes to South Carolina. Their condition must be assimilated under the law that operates on them. A free man of color in South Carolina is not regarded as a citizen by her laws, but he has high civil rights His person and property are protected by the

law, and he can acquire property, and can claim the protection of the laws for their protection. He can hold land, and many of them hold slaves. Under the toleration of society, they have in my state a respectable position, as much so as in the Northern States, and many of them are individually highly respectable—some of high personal qualities—such as make good men, as much so as the colored citizens of Massachusetts; but they are not citizens with political privileges; they are persons recognized by law and protected by law. They have a legal existence under statute, but not a political existence under the constitution or federal laws.

But if I understood the honorable gentleman rightly, he has taken the ground that a colored citizen of Massachusetts is a citizen within the meaning of the constitution; that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States." Taken in its broadest amplitude, it may be made to mean that a black man, made a citizen in a non-slaveholding State—in Wisconsin—a Wisconsin free negro, made a citizen there, becomes in consequence a citizen of the other States, so far as he may avail himself of the provision referred to.

I am not aware of any limitations or restrictions on the proposition. Then I might ask the question, can a free man of color, made by local laws a citizen, be eligible to the Presidency?—Can he claim to be entitled to the political franchises of the constitution, as they are in all respects recognized in the constitution? If so, we may have Presidents of not only all parties, but of all colors; and I do not know who may not be President. Under this doctrine, can a black citizen of Wisconsin go to South Carolina and be a candidate for governor, in opposition to local laws? He is a full citizen under the constitution, or he is a qualified citizen under local statute. The truth is, the Ethiopian cannot change his color any more by law than by physical causes, no more than a leopard can change his spots; and I really believe I respect him as much as those who whitewash him into a political complexion unreflected from the mirror of the constitution. The constitution and laws regard him as a colored man, with the capacity of acquiring civil rights, but not entitled to the privileges and immunities of a free white citizen. It may have been that Massachusetts would wish him to be regarded as such in South Carolina, and that she sent Mr. Hoar to South Carolina to enforce that doctrine.

As something has been said during this debate about the mission of Mr. Hoar, and the conduct of the people of South Carolina towards him, I hope it may be allowable for me to make a short statement, by way of explanation. The gentleman came to South Carolina at a time of high popular excitement, and his mission helped to increase it; he came to protect from the operation of the laws of South Carolina the colored seamen sailing in vessels from the ports of Massachusetts, and to contend that they had a right to go on shore and claim the privileges of citizens of Massachusetts, or citizens of the United States—in other words, to question the constitutionality of the laws of South Carolina, which prohibited such persons from landing and mingling with the black population of Charleston. He was at once told that his mission was unfortunate, and that he ought to give up the office which he had assumed, and to leave the city. Some of the gentlemen who were acquainted with Mr. Hoar (and it seems to be understood that he was entitled by his position at home to the character of a gentleman) advised him, in the first instance, to leave the city. As I understand, he refused. The intimation was made to him in no offensive manner, nor with any demonstration of violence. A mob in the Southern States can rarely, in the first instance, assume a controlling form; it will yield to intelligence or proper suggestions from the responsible portion of society; but once in motion, under such implied sanctions, and it may assume a character and violence not easily to be repressed. Well, such was the state of things in Charleston. The opinion of society was, that it was an impertinent intermeddling with its security, for an agent to come from another State and interfere in the concerns of a community that could have but one opinion—and there was but one opinion.

Mr. Hoar was told more distinctly, and by gentlemen who were opposed to any thing like popular violence, that he must leave the city.—Under this determination, arrangements were made, with regard to some of his family, that he should leave the city with no positive demonstrations of rudeness. And it may be said that he did leave under a polite invitation, with a significant determination to enforce the invitation, in the event of his refusal to disregard it; and it may have been that, in going away, he was a *volunteer by compulsion*.

It affords me no pleasure to dwell on scenes of this kind. They exhibit a state of things that have been brought about under feelings alien to those which influenced the framers of the constitution. The people or interests of the North cannot suffer under the law referred to, whilst it is regarded as one of self-preservation by the State that enacted it. The one section has speculated in fanciful construction of constitutions to maintain rights which never can be seriously invaded, whilst the other looks to legislative guards against palpable dangers, such as experience had disclosed, and such as no prudent community could overlook.

One of the most terrific insurrections had been planned by a colored man coming from abroad. Under the horrible suggestions of a free colored man, deluded slaves were induced to look for an unavailable aid, and under the circumstances, an unenviable freedom, through the ashes of a city and the blood of the male inhabitants. To guard against such an event is, in the opinion of the gentleman, to be guilty of an aggression of the North. This is the flagrant