Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal. Lady, we met in distant lands, Where many a stranger face we met, And has that meeting with its scenes, Fro a memory's tablet faded yet ? We never would, nor can torget Aught that gave pleasure to the heart; So dear are joys amid the gloom, The spirit will not from them part. Then those wild, romantic scens we saw, When morning shed its gentle light, Thrilled not with pleasure in thy soul, Had no soft sweetness in thy sight; For they have found no gentle home Within thy memory's softer shine, Or if they did, I cannot call One bright association mine.

CONSTANCY.

THE CONVICT SHIP. BY THOMAS K. HARVEY. Morn on the waters !- and purple and bright, Bursts on the billows the flashing of light ;-O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sur, See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on; Full to the breeze she unbosom's her sail, And he pennant streams onward, like hope, in the

gale! The winds come around her in murmur and song, And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along! See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds, And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds; Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray, Over the waters-away, and away! Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part, Passing away, like a dream of the heart! Who,-as the beautiful pageant goes by, Music around her, and sunshine on high-Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow, Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below?

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high, Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky : Treading its depths, in the power of her might, And turning the clouds as they pass her, to light! Look to the waters !- Asleep on their breast, Seems not the ship like an island of rest !-Bright and alone on the shadowy main, Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!

Who,-as she smiles in the eilvery light, Spreading her wings on the besom of night, Alone on the deep-as the moon in the sky-A phantom of beauty !-could deem with a sigh, That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin, And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ! Who,-as he watches her silently gliding. Remembers that wave after wave is dividing Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever, Hearts that are parted and broken forever; Or deems that he watches, affoat on the wave, The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along; Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine ard song! Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world, With streamers affoat, and with canvass unfurl'd; All gladness and glory to wondering eyes. Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs: Fading and false is the aspect it wears, As the smiles we put on-just to cover our tears; And the withering thoughts which the world can-

Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;

While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore, Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished

The Olio.

HAMS .- The Southern Cultivator notices some hams exhibited at the Georgia State Fair. which were one, two, three, and four years old. The writer says! "The owner refused to divolge his secret; but as we have fortunately become possessed of it, we here give it. Procure some good, clean hickory ashes, have them perfectly dry; draw your meat from the pickle on a dry day; sprinkle the ashes over the meat pretty thick, being careful not to knock off more salt than what must fall off; then hang up your meat as high as possible; smoke it with cool smoke, made by hickory wood; be sure to take it down before the skipper fly makes his appearance, being generally, in this climate, the first of March; pack it away on a dry day in casks: 1st, a layer of hams in per feetly dry hickory ashes; 2d, a course of corn cols, &c.; cover your cask snug and tight, and you may rest easy about your hams."

WHAT THE FACTS WERE .- A lady at --whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, got up an impromptu dinner party, and was compelled to send to the nearest pastry cook's for some large tarts. All went on well, until the lady, unluckily wishing to show off, by pretending not to know what was at her own table, pointed to the dish with an air of great dignity, and inquired, "John, what are these tarts?" Whereat John, in the innocence of his heart, looking at the tarts in a commercial rather than a culinary point of view, briskly replied, " Fourpence a piece, ma'am."

We understood on yesterday, about mid-day, that Father Matthew had administered the temperance pledge to nearly 500 persons since his arrival in this city .- Augusta Republic, Jan.

A Toasr .- The Boston Athenæum tells a good story of a nervous gentleman, who was called upon at a public dinner for a toast. He was perfectly conscious of his liability to be thrown off his guard, and had, with Inudable care, put his senti nents on paper before leaving his home. The call, however, threw him into such a state of excitement, that he could not

think, or even rend what he had thought of before. His toust was not a bad one -"the man who has lost an eye in defence of his country, may be never see distress with the other"-but, in his extreme nervousness, he skipped one important word, and gave-"The man who has lost an eye in defence of his country, may he never see with the other!"

GOING OVER TO THE ENEMY .- The London Herald relates an anecdote of a poor bish woman who kept a small fruit store in the vicinity of Covent Garden, and who seems of have had her own understanding of the motto—" Of two evils choose the least." Being asked by a gentleman who purchased some fruit from her how trade was," she replied:

"Och, yer honor, I'm sure it's bad enough; it's myself that's thinking of givin' it up, and goin' over to the famine !"

REASONS FOR NOT FIGHTING A DUEL.-M. de Langerie and M. Montande, both remarkaably ugly men, quarreled, and challenged one another. Arrived at the place of meeting, M. de Langerie stares his adversary in the face,

"I have just reflected-I can't fight you." With this he returned the sword into the scabbard.

" How sir, - what does this mean ?" "It means that I shall not fight. '

"What! you insult me, and refuse to give me satisfaction ?"

"If I have insulted you, I ask a thousand pardons; but I have an insurmountable reason for not fighting with you."

"But, sir, may one know it?"
"It will offend you."
"No, sir."

"You assure me?"

"Yes, I assure you."

"Well, sir, this is it-if we fight, according to all appearances, I shall kill you, and then I shall remain the ugliest fellow in the kingdom. His adversary could not help laughing, and hey returned to the city good friends

A SEVERE REBUKE .- An aged and venerable gentleman, (the Rev. Dr. J ---.) some time since took passage in a stage at Philadelphia, with a number of young men. They stopped at Mrs. K——'s to breakfast. The young men soon finished their repast, and shouted--

" Hurra, the stage !"

The driver hastily completed his, mounted he box, and sung out, in chorus-

"The stage is ready." Meantime, Dr. J — had swallowed but one cup of coffee and a piece of toast. The young men becoming more impatient and vociterous, the Doctor stepped to the door, and impressively addressed the driver-

"Driver, you have no objections, surely, to let an old man, who has lost most of his teeth, and consequently eats very slowly, have a few minutes longer to finish his meal?

"Certainly not," repaired the driver.
"Thank you, sir," said the Doctor; "I'm glad to find there is one gentleman in the company." The young men were abashed and silent, and the Doctor finished his breakfast in peace.

OBEYING ORDERS. - A certain general of the United States army, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin

" What, is Silver tail dead?" asked Pat

"What's that to you?" replied the officer. Do as I bid you, and ask no questions. Pat went about his business, and in an hour

or two returned. "Well, Pat, where have you been all this

time ?" asked the general.

"Skinning the horse, yer honor."

"Does it take n arly two hours to perform such an operation?

"No, yer honor, but thin ye see it tuk 'bove half an hour to catch him."

· Catch him! - fire and furies! - was he

"Yos, yer honor; and you know I couldn't

skin him alive." · Skin bim alive! -- did you kill bim ?"

"To be shurd I did; you know I must obey orders without asking any questions!"

SAVING A PHNNY .- Mr. B ---, of Frank. fort, who is married to an actress, and is also engaged as a writer for a journal called La Neuille de Conversation, was lately sent for by the principal editor.

"My dear sir," said the latter, "some one has sent me five louis on condition that I write an article against your wife. There is the leter-read it."

Mr. B -- having perused the letter, said, with the utmost gravity-

"Well, five louis is too much to throw away; and as nobody knows a wife's faults so well as her husband, give me the money, and I will

write the article." The bargain was made; and in the next number of the journal a most severe article appeared against, the lady.

"Ah," said a mischievous wag to a lady acquaintance of an aristocratic caste, "I perceive you have been learning a trade."

"Learning a trade," replied the lady, indignantly, " you are very much mistaken." "Oh, I thought by the looks of your cheeks

you had turned painter." The lady waxed wrathy and the wag vam-

* * * The world may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public who pronounce him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good humor in spite of scandar; but such is the wisest behavior they can possibly assume...Goldsmith.

"The sun never enlightens all parts of our bodies at the same time; neither can reason ilumine all sides of the mind at once."

Miscellancous Department.

MR. CALHOUN.

We clip the following remarks upon the character and patriotism of Mr. Calhoun from an editorial in the N. Y. Herald:

"And there is Mr. Calhoun, who, in the nervous and irritable glow of his genius, betrays his Irish extraction; even he is not descended from the Southern chivalry; for 33, and 1756 removed to South Carolina. He too was regarded by the old families of that State as an adventurer; and, from the early years of the century, when he entered public life, he encountered a steady ophis almost dictatorial sway over Carolina and the intellect of the South is regarded with coldness and suspicion by many of those tamilies who look upon themselves as the legitimate and hereditary aristocracy of the South; but the force of his genius has been irresistible. He has made the cause of the South his own. He has been the Richard Cœur De L'on of the Southern States; and while his chivalric defence of Southern in terests has made him dear to the Bouthern States, his uncompromising and self-sacrificing political integrity have gained him the respect of many of his cotemporaries through out the world. By some he is regarded as fanatical and ultra on the question of slavery; but we have yet to learn that Mr. Calhoun has required that Congress should do anything except to redeem and preserve the guarantees of the Constitution. He asks for no special legislation. He makes no demands upon the favor of any Admintstration. Independent of all Presidents and all Cabinets, his own free man, he loves the Union, and he would preserve it: but he blood. loves the South better still, when she is in danger, and he will stand by her, and preserve her, at all hazards. It has been the misfortune of Mr. Calhoun to be misrepresented and misunderst rod by his contemporaries; but, in this respect, he is only suf fering the fate of other great men, who see more clearly through the passions of the like them, may pay the penalty of forecasting events and acting ahead of his time; but we have read this enigmatical man to no purpose, unless we can reckon upon substantial aid from him, in bringing the great difficulty which now threatens the nation to n amicable, peaceable, honorable, safe, and final adjustment.

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES. A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

Twas a night of January 17-We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our settlement of four or five log houses ever grew up. There were my two sisters the things he had witnessed and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the We had not gone but a daughter of our next foor neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl-that Car- the settlements, who had become alarmed that every body loved her, and she had an were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder, then, that Harry Veason loved herboy that he was-for we had neither of us ard, before age had whitehed his head,

seen our seventeenth summer. Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising circumstances which I have endeavored to its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep-deeper a great deal was frozen strong enough to bear our weight and we harried on over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded ago, I passed the night among the wolves. far before a long, low howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were closed to my own, and a sudden cry bust from the lips of all of us-the wolves! the wolves!"

Did you ever see a woif-not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for a sixpence a sight, and children half price; but a fierce, half starved ranger of the wnitry forest, howling over the barren slow, actually mad with hunger! There is not one of God's creathis animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another howl; and then we could distinctly hear the quick patter of the feet behind us. We all turned right about and looked in the direction of the sounds. "The devils are after us," said Mason pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies. And so in fact they were-a whole troop of them-howling like so many Indians in a pow-wow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of these vile creatures who followed us, to know that it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were but one chance of escape, and we instantly siezed upon it.

"To the tree! let us climb this tree!" I

cried, springing forward towards a low the other repeated his assertion that he had boughed and gnarled oak; which I saw at a glance could be easily climed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs, I was the last on the ground and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard his father emigrated to Pennsylvania in 17. and then a feeling of calm-thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold and we soon began to shiver and shake like so many sailors on the topmast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no marmurs-no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the position, which arose out of a jealousy of gaunt attenuated bodies of the wolves besome of the ancient families of that State; neath us, and every now and then we could and to this day, we have reason to believe see great glowing eyes staring up at the tree where we were eated, And then their yells-they were loud, long and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaing the time-when I heard a limb of the tree cracking as if breaking beneath the weight of some of us, and in a moment afterward a shrick went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrid dizzinessland confusion in my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not, for the whole of that time was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remembered that there underneath! It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was Interally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad at the taste of

When I came to myself-when the hormoment, I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I animals. But when a second thought came over me, any attempt to rescue would be with horror. He had tried to follow Carothe thick, cold night -- and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim

The morning broke at last, and our fright Twas rather late, about 12 o'clock I should ful enemies fled at the first advance of dayguess-when the party broke up. There light, like so many cowardly murderers. We was a moon-and a dull overhead-sky and waited until the sun had risen before we a few pale and sickly stars gave us their dull ventured to crawl from our hiding place. light as they shone through the dingy cur- | We were chilled through--every limb was tain. There were six of us in company; numb and cold with terror-- and poor Ma-Henry Mason, and four as pretty guls as son was delirious and raged wildly about the men of this country are once turned of

eye as blue as the beli violet, and her lips his friends, anon ourmuring to himself a-

For my part, I confess I have never rediscribe. The thought of it has baunted me than it ever fell of late years; but the surface my dreams, and I start up with something black beard and heavy eyebrows. of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when, more than a half century

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE .-MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

A farmer in one of the Western counties formerly employed, and who again asked to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him) told he would think of it, and send bin word to the place a mutual reconciliation. - Ibid. where the man told him he should be found. Time passed on and the farmer entirely fortures which has got such a fiendish look as denly he started from sleep, and awaking ces of mutual attachment, often acquire a his wife, said he felt a strong impulse to see resemblance to each other Dr. Rush. off immediately to the county town, some 30 or 40 miles distant; but why he had not the impression and went to sleep again, but woke a second time with such a strong conviction that he must start that instant, and he directly rose, saddled his horse and set off.

On his way he had to cross a ferry which he could only do at one hour of the night, when the mail was carried over. He was almost certain he should be too late, but neverthe. less rode on, and when he came to the ferry. greatly to his surprise found that the mail had passed over a short time previously, the close upon us. To attempt flight would ferryman was still waiting. On his expresshave been a hopeless affair. There was ing his astonishment, the boatman replied-

you shouting, and so came back again."

distinctly heard him call.

Having crossed over, the farmer pursued his journey, and arrived at the county town the next morning. But now that he had come there, he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so amused himself by sauntering about the place and at length entered the Court where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at breathing and wild exclamations among us the bar had just been, to all appearance, proved clearly guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder; and he was then asked if he had any witness to call in his behalf?-He replied that he had no friends there, but looking around the Court amongst the spectators, he recognized the farmer, who almost immediately recognized in him the man who had applied to him for work; the farmer was instantly summoned to the witness box, and his evidence proved, beyond the posibility of doubt, that at the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the country, he was applying for work in another.

The prisoner was, of course acquitted, and the farmer found that, that urged on by the uncontrollable impulses, which he could neither explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless. "This is the Lord's doing; and it is marvellons in our eyes."

Churchman's Companion.

A BRITISH CHARGE CANED BY AN AMERI-CAN CONSUL .-- The Department of State has received a communication involving the conduct of the British Charge des Affairs at were smothered groans and dreadful howls | Chili of which we give the substance. Mr. Potter our Consol at Valparaiso, upon reaching that city, took rooms of a landady of a hotel, and leaving in them his wife, child and nurse, went out for a stroll of the city .--While he was absent, one Stephen Henry Sullivan, nephew of Lord Palmerston and rible dream went off---and it lasted but a tritish Charge near the Court of Chili, entered the rooms of Mrs. Potter and, family, and told her to leave immediately, as he had engaged the rooms. She was grieved at should have jumped down among the raving Sullivan's bearing, and begged to be allowed to remain until her husband returned, stating that she had a youngkinfant in her present and the mists of the future. He, useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild arms, and had nowhere to go. He infermed her that she was entitled to no such courline when she fell, but he could not shake tesy at his hands, as she was nothing but a off the grasp of his terrified sister. His cook. General Herrera and an Englishman youth, and his weak constitution and frame, were appealed to by the lady, and they're. were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; monstrated with the pupy, but could not and he stood close by my side with his change his purposes. Upon the return of hand firmly clenched, and his teeth set close- the consul he sought new lodgings for his ly gazing down on the wrangling creatures, abused family, and then sought the author of below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It the abuse, but he was "not at home." At was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the third call, Mr. Stephen Henry Sallivan concluded to be at home, whereupon Mr. Potter entered his room, took her Britannic Majesty's Charge by the collar, and gave him a thorough dressing down with his cane. Served him right. If Great Britain is particularly sensitive in regard to her honor, she will invite Mr. Stephen Henry Sullivan to come home and see his uncle,

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH,--When thirty, they regularly retire every year, at We had not gone but a little distance proper intervals, to digest their spleen. The when we were met by our friends from vulgar, unfornished with luxuribus comforts of the soft cushion, downy bed, and easy oline Allen. I never saw her equal, the' I at our absence. They were shocked at chair, are obliged, when the fit is on them, am no stranger to pretty faces. She was our wild and fringtful appearance. They to nurse it by drinking, idleness, and ill-huso pleasant and kind of heart, so gentle and assisted us to reach home; but Harry Mason mer. The rich, as they have more sensisweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, never recovered from this dreadful trial, bility, are operated upon with greater vio-He neglected his business, his studies, and lence by this disorder. I ifferent from the poor, instead of becoming more insolent, bout that horrible mght. He fell to drink- they grow totally unfit for opposition. A ing soon after, and died a miserable drunk- general here, who would have faced a culverin if the fit be on him, shall hardly find courage to south a candle. An admicovered from the terrors of the melancholy ral, who could have opposed a broadside without shrinking, shalt sit whole days in his chamber, mobbed up in double night like a shadow; and even now, the whole caps, shuddering at the intrusive breeze, and scene comes at times freshly before me in distinguishable from his wife only by his

Goldsmith.

THE SITUATION OF DISAGREEING FRIENDS. Their separation produces mutual uneasiness; like that divided being in a fabulous creation, their sympathetic souls once more desire union; the joys of both are imperfect; in England was met by a man whom he had their goest moments tinetured with uneasiness; each seeks for the smallest concesfor work. The farmer (rather with a view | sions to cheer the way for a wished for explanation; the most trilling acknowledgment, the sightest accident, serves to effect

Husbands and wives, where they possess got his promise. One night, however, sud- the same species of face, under carcumstan-

Cold Bed-Rooms.-A person, remarks the least idea. He endeavored to shake off the Journal of Health, accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural bent of his body will very speedily tender them even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment and in a bed thus artificially warmed; and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of c'illidess as soon as the artif ial heat is dissipated. But this is not all: ne constitution of the former will · Oh, when I was at the other side I heard | be rendered more robust; and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospherical vicis. The farmer said he had not shouted; but situdes than that of the latter.