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Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.

ELLA.

I would love thee, Ella,
And at thy shrine bow;
But thy love is another's—
Oh! 'tis not mine now.

Another thy favor
Has happily won,
Who will claim thee as his—
Forever his own.

Tho' pain be the portion
The blind God has given;
Tho' hopes be all crushed—
My fond heart be riven,—

I will not upbraid thee:
'T were impious to blame:
I'll love thee still, Ella—
Yes, love thee the same!

I'll love thee on earth,
In my dreams of delight;
I'll love thee by day—
I'll love thee by night!

I'll love thee in Heaven,
With angels above,
Where the "burthen of song,
Will be love, ever love."

Camden, S. C. ERNEST.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A SINGLE STAR WAS SHEDDING.

BY M. ELIZABETH WENTWORTH.

A single star was shedding its azure light on high,
In silent beauty reigning, sole monarch of the sky;
I thought of thee, my absent,—thine eye of kindling
light
Seemed to my soul reflected in that lone star of
night.

For in my thoughts thou reignest, thou teacher of
my youth,
And still my heart is keeping the lesson of its truth;
I think of thee, my absent, I bow in love to thee,—
Star of my early worship, art thou thus true to me?

Long thou hast been a wanderer where softer voices
breathed,
And rosier lips beguiling, with brighter smiles were
wreathed;

And chide me not, my absent, if that sad star above
Hath less a glory for me, since I distrust thy love.

If wandering from the compass, or false to me thou
art,

Unlearn what thou hast taught me, this lesson of
the heart—

If faithless to the covenant we plight when we
met,

Who taught me first to love thee, shall teach me
to forget.

The while I thought on memories, in lone oblivion
hid—

A gentle voice beside me my sad reproaches chid;
And thou, my own, my absent, wert kneeling at
my side.

Our hearts again united, in love by absence tried.
Westerly, R. I.

The Ohio.

PAT BETTERING HIS INSTRUCTIONS.—A lady and gentlemen, recently married, in the neighborhood of Nottingham, left home in their carriage for a bridal tour among the Cumberland lakes. In order to avoid the notice generally attracted by persons in the honey moon, the gentleman gave his Irish footman the strictest charge not to tell any one on the road that they were newly married, and threatening to dismiss him if he did. Pat promised implicit obedience; but on leaving the first inn on the road, next morning, the happy couple were much astonished and annoyed to find the servants all assembled, and pointing to the gentleman, mysteriously exclaiming, "That's him, that's the man." On reaching the next stage, the indignant master told Murphy he must immediately discharge him, as he had divulged what he had impressed upon him, as a secret. "Plase yer honor," says Pat, "what is it you complain of?" "You rascal," exclaimed the angry master, "you told the servants at the inn last night that we were a newly married couple." "Och, then, be this and be that," said Pat, brightening up in anticipated triumph, "there's not a word of truth it, yer honor; sure I tould the whole kit of them, servants and all, that you wouldn't be married for a fortnight, yet?"

THE NEW WALTZ.—The Parisian correspondent of the Courier des Etats Unis, describes a new dance, called the Scottish Waltz, which he says is all the rage in Paris. His words are:

"This step, which is the favorite one of the English Queen, is a union of the waltz, polka, and redowa, a gentle balancing with alternate movements and repose, with pirouettes and slides. It is less fatiguing than the waltz, more animated than the polka, and more graceful than the redowa. It is, in a word, simple and charming, a movement of exquisite grace and agility, and one which parents may allow their children to participate in without scruple."

The London Literary Gazette says of the fashionable songs of the day—"these recluses were never so stultified and besotted as at this hour, when we are inundated with a class of compositions so infinitely beneath contempt, that to waste a word upon their inanity would be a waste indeed."

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—A correspondent from Ware county, (Ga.) writes, us:—

On the 21st inst., the house of James Aspinwall of Ware county, was struck by lightning. At the time of the melancholy occurrence, there were present in the house, besides Mr. Aspinwall and his wife two other men. Mr. Aspinwall was instantly killed—his wife badly wounded, and the two others present were stunned for some time. Upon their recovery, the latter found themselves lying upon the grass, outside the door and on entering the house, discovered Aspinwall dead and his wife apparently so; but upon the application of cold water to her face, she recovered and expressed unconsciousness of what had happened by asking, who and what had served her in that manner?

The fluid seems to have run the whole course of their bodies, from the head downwards, as the shoes of all the persons in the party, were thrown off their feet and torn to atoms. Mr. Aspinwall was a young man of great respectability, and his death is universally lamented.

First Towns in America.—The National Intelligencer relates the following curious facts, which will be news to many of our readers.

"It will seem curious to those who are not aware of the fact, that the first towns built by the Europeans upon the American Continent were St. Augustine in East Florida, and Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. The river Gila was explored before the Mississippi was known, and gold was sought in California long ere the first white man endeavored to find a home on the shores of New England. There are, doubtless trees standing within the fallen buildings of ancient Panama that had commenced to grow when the sites of Boston and New York were covered with the primeval wilderness."

FLORIDA INDIANS.—From various sources we learn the gratifying news that Indian hostilities are probably at an end in Florida, Gen. Twiggs having induced the Seminoles to Emigrate. A Tampa correspondent of the N. O. Picayune writes as follows:

"Unless some unforeseen accident intervenes, I feel confident this perplexing question is now at rest forever. It will take them some time to collect up their plunder. The general is in hopes to start them all within four months, but if during this year he emigrates them all, he will do well; Indians are slow in their movements, except when on the war trail of the whites, and then he move himself smartly. But no man can get them off sooner by a single day than Gen. Twiggs, to whom much honor and credit are due for thus amicably terminating this dangerous question which has afflicted Florida for so many years."

Miscellaneous Department.

From the New York Evening Star.

THE PRINTER.

There he stands at his case; his eyes are fixed on his copy while his fingers, obedient to his will, collect the letters from their various boxes, and place them together so as to form words, sentences, complete articles of news, politics, or literature. The musician of the piano can hardly compete with the printer in the rapidity, and precision of his digital motions. Like the pianist who plays with his music book and instrument before him, the printer sees and comprehends at a glance the ever varying results his fingers must produce, and does not hesitate a moment to perform the necessary action with the rapidity of lightning. Like notes from the instrument; every letter, every pause, every stop, is called forth in proper place, till complete ensemble is formed, which the memory can treasure up, and which the mind can conceive and digest. But how different are the final effect produced in these two instances! The musician creates, a series of melodious and harmonious sounds, which please the ear for a moment and die away; the feelings gay or sad, disponding or enthusiastic, mild or violent, are excited at the moment, but the charm soon ceases, and nought but the recollection of past pleasures or pain remains upon the mind. But the printer's labor bears everlasting fruit; he spreads before mankind the arena of knowledge, and works with the sages in the laboratory of reason; he sends messengers to every one of the human family; he invokes all men to behold the beauties of truth, and seeks to make the mass of mankind conscious of those immutable rights with which man is invested at birth by nature and by nature's God. The printer has been, since the fifteenth century, the faithful and most active auxiliary of learning. That day the printer struck off a rough block of types—from that day we may date the universal spread of knowledge, and the gradual disfranchisement of mankind from the bonds of ignorance, superstition and oppression. From that day has man gradually advanced to the general enjoyment of free, enlightened, and republican institutions; from that day royalty and its concomitants began to decay, and fair liberty to grow in their place.

I might continue to show, in detail, the correctness of the general outline I have drawn; but the immense benefits which the art of printing conferred upon mankind, have been described by abler and more eloquent pens than mine. Let me present a single hypothesis; suppose that the great protectiveness, and teacher of all arts and sciences—suppose that the art of printing had never been discovered, at what a stage of progress would we now find natural philosophy, astronomy, mechanics, navigation, and many arts which conduce so effectually to the comfort and preservation of mankind? Where would now be those liberties we hold so dear? Yet in the womb of futurity. The discoveries of a Newton would have been the treasure of an exclusive few. Watt and Fulton would, perhaps, never have learned the first principles

of mechanics; and Franklin might never have read a book, nor published a single principle tending to the independence of his country.

The ancients of Greece and Rome, certainly number some great and wise men; but, beyond the circle in which these learned men moved, how few received a glimpse of science, how few ever learned to read; and how difficult it was to obtain instruction books. Now, through the agency of printing, our means of acquiring knowledge are unlimited, and its dissemination is universal. The consequence is, that a greater number labor to unravel and make useful the secrets of nature and the progress of mankind towards perfection is a thousand times more rapid.

The printer, as an individual, comes directly under the constant influence of the instructive and liberal art he professes. The printer reads more varied and general information, than the theologian, lawyer, or avowed philosopher. It is the printer's trade to read constantly, day after day, during his whole life; he earns his daily bread by reading—ay, and reading slowly and carefully, for he must follow and put the works we read into type letter by letter; he must dwell awhile upon every sentence. Does the merchant know the prices of cotton and other goods in distant countries—the intelligence is perused by a printer before a merchant touches it. Does the politician discuss the affairs of nations—he owes his knowledge to the printer who is always ahead of him in points of information. Does the physician study the work of some profound Esculapius—let him look at the title page, and he will see that he owes the work to a printer, who has read it over and over to see that not a letter is wanted, not a comma out of place. The same may be said of the lawyer, the minister, and the scientific mechanic. The printer stands at the door of all their learning, and holds the keys which open it.

The printer is a great traveller. There are few printers in the United States who have not visited every State in the Union. They are sure of finding a printing office in every village, and consequently do not hesitate to travel wherever their fancy may lead them, sure of finding in their brother typographers, friends ready to assist them, give them work, or obtain a situation for them. The printers are consequently thoroughly acquainted with their country, in general and in detail; none can know better or speak of it more correctly. Sometimes he crosses the Atlantic, and while he prints geographies and books of travels, he takes occasion to view with his own eyes every part of the old and new world.

The printer is always a good grammarian and it frequently happens that men whose productions are esteemed by the public, owe it to the printer; that they are not written down asses.—Often, very often, does it happen that manuscript is put into the hands of the type-setter full of gross grammatical errors, sentences devoid of sense, and without a single point or capital letter. When this has passed through his hands, the errors are corrected, the punctuation and capitals are all set in their proper places. The conceited author finds himself all at once a grammatical and logical writer, and basks in the sun of popularity, which he owes to some unobtrusive son of Gutenberg. He takes care not to give credit to the proper person; but on the contrary, should some of his blunders remain uncorrected, he is sure to lay them all to the charge of the "ignorant printer;" such is the false and unjust phrase ignorant writers frequently use.

No trade, class or profession, except those of law and physic, has furnished a greater proportion of learned and distinguished persons than the printer's craft. From the day of Franklin to the present time, our legislative halls, our places of honor, have been ornamented by talented and eloquent printers. The bar is often indebted to the printing office for some of its ablest members; in this city we have living and prominent examples of the fact.

The printers, wherever they can unite a sufficient force, generally form themselves into a society for the mutual protection, and for the purpose of assisting each other in cases of need. These societies fix the rates of wages, the hours of work, and provide for the sick and unfortunate. They bind themselves by the strictest and most honorable rules to preserve the dignity of their art, and to defend each other against the injustice of grasping employers. If a printer should dishonor his trade or work under wages, he is immediately stigmatized and disowned. It is very rare that a printer can be induced to dishonor the pledges he has given to his fellow-workmen.

The printer is essentially a democrat—that is to say, opposed to the aristocracy of riches, and though so far above the generality of artisans in knowledge and talent, yet he is proud of being called a mechanic, and he frequently boasts that his subsistence is earned by the sweat of his brow. Yes, ye proud nabobs, who loll in your carriages, and who would disdain to touch the hard hand of a mechanic, learn that there are mechanics who are by far your superiors in every thing which elevates mankind above the brute. I know of many graduates of college who might be made to blush for their ignorance by the mechanic they despise. But the boast of these proud aristocrats must gradually fall beneath the power of the press; and it is probable that, when the laboring class of Europe and America will claim their true rank in society, and will call for the enjoyment of more equal rights, their spokesman will be a printer.

Chantrey, the sculptor, says his recent biographer George Jones, "whenever he saw a man fond of, or cultivating a superfluous growth of hair, or imitating a Raphaelesque appearance, he would present such a person with a shilling, and beg that he would encourage some hair-dresser by his custom."

HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SERMON.

BY OLD HUNDRED.

My dear dandies and belles, fops, and flirts, and other stragglers down the hill of life, my text to-day is that much used and abused saying, "Does your Mother know you're out?"

Poor silly inflated grub-worms, I would say from your slyness and capers that she can't know you're out. You young lady, with a parasol like a wilted cabbage leaf on a ram-rod, and chains of hair down each cheek, like a battle-tailed spider dipping in blacking, had been making his everlasting elopement, over your rouge-covered face, leaving a broad trace behind him, and on your back a peck of bran—and your mincing gait like you were picking your way among rotten eggs, or was barefooted in a briar patch, and your arm lined to a brainless dandy, (but I'll come at him as soon as I am done with you,) wriggling along the street, and for what? to hunt up indigent virtue, or suffering innocence, to pour balm on the wounded spirit of poverty, or only to smear your own giddy heart with the corroding grease of vanity, to hear fools whisper as you pass, "what a fair girl?" Remember, vain one, beauty is but skin deep, and the storms of matrimony and bleak winds of affliction, rubs it all out and leaves the countenance bare and unbecoming as a weather-beaten barn door, unless you put on a coat of the lasting paint of meekness, worth and low, under the varnish of beauty. If you can laugh like him who wins, and know that you are still loved and lovely, and that you are still beautiful, now that the gloss that hid your worth and goodness its dazzling glare is gone, you shed a happy influence on all near you, make us poor erring mortals feel just like a man almost frozen, feels when he sets down by a cheerful fire at his own home. He hears the storm but heeds it not; he is happy once more. But have you done this? I am afraid that you are but a butterfly, born a worm, to die an insect.

Ah, I don't half like that laugh—it was forced; you pretend to be pleased with that fool's wit, when you knew it was stolen! Oh, why such deceit, giddy flattering worm of the cabbage patch; you are sold, soul and body, for a little empty, windy, useless adulation; yes, sold to that old snake with the fish hook on his tail—the same snake that fooled your mummy in Adam's truck patch—and oh scissors! how he will strip that finery and raise a dust for a mile around, with that peck of bran. Say, flower-sucking butterfly, does your mother know you're out? If she does, she is unfaithful to her trust; and ought not to be trusted any more than the man who stole a handful of acorns from the blind sow; go home, gossamer, and try to prepare yourself to be a woman, and then when you are abroad, any body will know that your mother knows you're out.

Now you that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case. For what end did you burst upon the world's door and rush in uncalled, like a man chased by a mad bull, what good do you expect to bestow on your fellow man—some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery, or even one solitary remark? No, those that look for anything useful or good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the old woman when she made greens out of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps, can be got on tick, but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered, you know the fashionable collar of a vest, but you never studied the gorgeous hues of a rainbow, unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned honestly by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day, twenty times, in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action, you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! you wasp-waisted, catfish-mouthed, baboon-shouldered, calliper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep faced, be-whiskered drone in the world's bee hive! what are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly lip by note a line from some milk and cider poet sentimentally, eat oysters gravely, smoke cigars lazily, make silly girls act the fool shamefully. I say, does your mother know you're out, poor useless toad? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had.

You are no more use in this world than a time piece in a beaver dam, or a hair mattress in a hog pen. You fill no larger space in the world's eye than the toe nail of a musquito would in a market house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat, and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preserved in a drop of brandy and have as much sea room as a tadpole in Lake Superior! and as for ideas, you have but one, and that is stamped on your leaden skull in letters an inch deep, that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you, that all may envy you your appearance. Poor useless tobacco worm, you are a case. Does your mother know you're out? It is lunch time; so start, buy a brandy toddy on tick from some good natured landlord, and eat lunch until you are as tight as a drum, sneak to bed and think of nothing until you fall asleep, to dream of apes, pant straps, and tailor's bills, not to awake until the dinner bells call you to eat again.

How many harmless shallow mortals of another order scudding about on the surface of the world's great waters, without an aim without a motive; guided only by chance, whim or impulse, like a mellow bug in a big eddy under a shady willow, until they are swallowed up by the greedy bass of death, and the first thing that they know, they know nothing; when I see one of these, I always think poor bug your mother don't know you're out.

How many silly ones neglect their business and get after some foolish pleasure and chase it, and keep chasing it—like a boy after a butterfly, until they wear out the hat of constitution, beating the ground with the vain hope of catching the swift plantation, and finally fall into some hidden pit covered with flowers to rise no more! I then think poor fool, your mother don't know you're out; nor you won't be out soon again.

When I see a young man step in the stiff of dissipation and start down the stream of pleasure, using the oars of imprudence, while folly holds the helm, passing the shores of propriety faster than a streak of lightning can pass a sick crow and at last drawn over the falls of total destruction and dashed into as many atoms as a drop of water from a four story roof, I then ask of myself, for I can't ask of him, did his mother know he was out.—When I see a boy leaving the prison door after a long and dreary confinement, with a pale face and withered hands, his step weak and tottering and skulking along, dodging all he meets like a guilty thing, shutting his eyes from the usual glare of daylight; cut from the society of his fellow beings, for some trivial offence committed in the thoughtlessness of erring boyhood, (when if mild treatment had been resorted to and the crime buried in silence, and inducements held out for him to think well of himself, perhaps that boy might have been saved from treading the slimy road of villany) I say when I see this, I think of the grey haired mother at home, if a hovel can be a home, the scalding tears of misery chasing each other off her high cheek bones; and her boney hand shaking with age and sorrow for her only hope—her son, while her old looking eye rests on nothing; I say to myself, poor suffering woman, you don't know he is out—yes he is out! out of jail; out of friends; out of credit; and out upon the world, a scoundrel, for the rest of his days, all for the commission and punishment of a boyish crime. So the world goes, and so it will go, till it is run down, and I begin to think, that but few of our mothers know we are out.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.—Wm. Gilmore Simms, in his "Father Abbot; or the Home Tourist," thus beautifully represents the life of the farmer:

"The principles of agriculture were simple exceedingly. That they might be made so, God himself was the great first planter. He wrote its laws, visibly, in the brightest, and lowliest, and most intelligible characters, every where, upon the broad bosom of the liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate fruits, in beguiling and briny flowers! But he does not content himself with this alone. He bestows the heritage along with the example. He prepares the garden and the home, before he creates the being who is to possess them. He fills them with all those objects of sense and sentiment which are to supply his moral and physical necessities. Birds sing in the boughs above him, odors blossom in the air, and fruits and flowers cover the earth with a glory to which that of Solomon in all his magnificence was vain and valueless. To His hand we owe these tall-ranks of majestic trees, these deep forests, these broad plains covered with verdure, and these mighty arteries of blood and river, which wind among them, beautifying them with the loveliest inequalities, and irrigating them with seasonable fertilization. Thus did the Almighty Planter dedicate the great plantation to the uses of that various and wondrous family which was to follow. His home prepared—supplied with all resources, adorned with every variety of fruit and flower, and checkered with abundance—man is conducted within its pleasant limits, and ordained its cultivator under the very eye and sanction of Heaven. The angels of Heaven descend upon its hills; God himself appears within its valleys at noonday—its groves are instinct with life and purity, and the blessed stars rise at night above the celestial mountains, to keep watch over its consecrated interests. Its gorgeous forests, its broad savannas, its levels of food and prairie, are surrendered into the hands of the wondrously favored, the new created heir of Heaven! The bird and beast are made his tributaries, and taught to obey him.—The fowl summons him at morning to his labors, and the evening chant of the night bird warns him to repose. The ox submits his neck to the yoke; the toils of all are rendered sacred and successful by the genial sunshine which descends from Heaven, to ripen the grain in its season, and to make earth pleasant with its fruits."

MISSISSIPPI.—The following is an extract from a letter dated

"JACKSON (Miss.) Jan. 26, 1850.

"The report of the Committee on State and Federal Relations is now before the Senate, in which it is recommended to place Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, at the disposal of the Governor to be used in case Mississippi is thrown upon her reserved rights in the great contest between the North and the South on the great slavery question. A very animated discussion is now going on in the Senate on the adoption of the report, and I am pleased to see that it does not assume a party cast. Judge Guion, one of the most prominent Whigs in the State, is the author of the report. Mississippi was the first to move en masse on this great question, and although I sincerely hope, as a lover of our glorious Union, it may not be necessary for the Governor to use the amount proposed to be placed at his disposal, yet I am of opinion that we should, as an earnest of what we have heretofore declared, hold ourselves in readiness to meet any emergency."

Mrs. Partington says that a man fell down the other day, in an applejack fit; and that his life was exterminated.