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Poetical Department.

COURTSHIP.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Oh, Laura! will nothing I bring thee
E'er soften those looks of disdain?
Are the songs of affection I sing thee
All doomed to be sung thee in vain?"

I offer thee, fairest and dearest,
A treasure, the richest I'm worth;
I offer thee love the sincerest,
The warmest e'er glowed upon earth!"

But the maiden a haughty look flinging,
Said, "Cease my compassion to move;
For I'm not very partial to singing,
And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!"

"My name will be sounded in story—
I offer thee, dearest, my name;
I have fought on the proud field of glory!
Oh! Laura come share in my fame!"

I bring thee a soul that adores thee,
And loves thee wherever thou art;
Which thrills as its tribute it brings thee
Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maid said, "Cease to importune;
Give Cupid the use of his wings;
For fame's but a pitiful fortune—
And hearts such valueless things."

"Oh Laura forgive if I've spoken
Too boldly—may turn not away—
For my heart with affliction is broken—
My uncle died only to-day!"

My uncle the nabob—who tended
My youth with affection and care;
My manhood who kindly befriended—
Has died—and has left me his heir!"

And the maid said "Weep not sincerely!
My heart has been yours all along;
Oh! hearts of all treasures are dearest—
Do, Edward, go on with your song."

SORROWS OF CHILDREN.—The transient nature of the sorrows of children has been often remarked on by writers; but by none so beautifully as in the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

PARODY.—The following parody on Poe's poem, "The Raven," is not bad:

"Once upon an evening dreary, while I pondered lone and weary, over many an olden paper, reading forgotten stories o'er; suddenly I heard a curious, lonely, ghostly strangely mysterious grating underneath the floor—only this and nothing more. And again I trimmed the taper, and once more resumed my paper—aged, forsaken, antique paper—poring its ancient contents o'er when the same mysterious grating somewhat louder than before—and it seemed like some one sawing wood beneath my office floor; 'tis no mouse, thought I, but more. As I listened, each particular 'air stood upright, perpendicular—cold, outstanding drops-orbicular, strange, mysterious terror, filled my soul with fear and horror such as I never felt before; much I wondered what this curious grating meant beneath the floor! Thus I sat and eyed the floor. And thus watching, gazing, pondering, trembling, doubting, fearing, wondering, suddenly the wall was sounding, as for Banquo's ghost of yore—and while gazing much astounded, instantly therefrom there bounded, a huge Rat upon the floor! Not the least obeisance made he, caring nought for lord or lady, but a moment stayed he, and nothing more. And while gazing at each other, suddenly outsprang another, somewhat grayer than the other, with the weight of years he bore; then with imprecations dire, high I raised my boot up higher, and a step advancing nigher, whirled it across the floor; but the little imps had scattered, and the door was bruised and battered—that I hit and nothing more."

The most eminent Physician in the world, at present, is a Doctor Roberts, of Philadelphia, who advertises in the papers of that city, to cure poverty!

Miscellaneous Department.

SALUDA FACTORY.—We had the gratification recently of visiting this Factory, situated on the Saluda River, near Columbia, and of inspecting its operations. It is on the slave labor or anti-free soil system; no operators in the establishment but blacks. The Superintendent and Overseers are white, and of great experience in manufacturing. They are principally from the manufacturing districts of the North, and although strongly prejudiced on their first arrival at the establishment against African labor, from observation and more experience, they all testify to their equal efficiency, and great superiority in many respects. So as not to act precipitately, the experiment of African labor was first tested in the spinning department. Since which, the older spinners have been transferred to the weaving room. They commenced in that department on the 1st of July, and are now turning out as many yards to the loom as was performed under the older system. A weaver from Lowell has charge of this department; and she reports that, while there is full as much work done by the blacks, they are much more attentive to the condition of their looms. They all appear pleased with the manipulations on which they are employed, and are thus affording to the South the best evidence that, when the channels of agriculture are choaked, the manufacturing of our own productions will open new channels of profitable employment for our slaves. The resources of the South are great; and it should be gratifying to all who view these facts with the eye of a statesman and philanthropist, that the sources of profitable employment and support to our rapidly increasing African labor are illimitable, and must remove all motives for emigration to other countries. By an enlightened system of internal improvements, making all parts of our State accessible, and by a judicious distribution of our labor, South Carolina may more than double her productive slave labor, and not suffer from too dense a population.—*Char., Mer.*

WOMAN'S PATIENCE.—How strange that the patience of Job should be considered so remarkable, when there are so many mothers in this world, whose patience equals if it does not exceed his. What would Job have done had he been compelled to sit in the house and sew, and knit, and nurse the children, and see that hundreds of things were attended to during the day, and hear children cry, and fret, and complain? Or how would he have stood it if, like some poor woman, he had been obliged to raise a family of ten or twelve children, without help, spending months, years—all the prime of life—in washing, scouring, scrubbing, mending, cooking, nursing children, fastened to the house and offspring, from morning till night, from night till morning, sick or well, storm or sunshine, his nights often rendered miserable by watching over his children? How could he have stood all this, and, in addition to all other troubles, the curses and even violence of a drunken companion. How could he have felt, after wearing out his very existence for his tender offspring and a worthless companion, to be abused and blamed? Job endured his bites and losses very well for a short time, but they did not endure long enough to test the length of his patience. Woman tests her patience by a whole life of trials, and she does not grumble at her burdens. We are honestly of the opinion that woman has more patience than Job; and instead of saying "the patience of Job," we should say "the patience of woman."

THE ORIGIN OF GLASS.—It is wonderful how much we are indebted to chance for many very valuable discoveries. The art of making glass was discovered in this way: As some merchants were carrying a quantity of nitre they halted near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which in fact, was no other than glass.

FLOWERS.—How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian in the far West clasps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scripture of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindus tipped his arrows with flowers, and orange buds are the bridal crown with us, a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and they hang in votive wreaths before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.

EXPOSURE TO THE SUN.—There are few points which seem less generally understood, or more clearly proved, than the fact that the exposure to the sun, without exercise sufficient to create free perspiration, will produce illness; and that the same exposure to the sun, with sufficient exercise, will not produce illness. Let any man sleep in the sun, he will walk perspiring and very ill; perhaps he will die. Let the same man dig in the sun for the same length of time, and he will perspire ten times as much, and be quite well. The fact is, that not only the direct rays of the sun, but the heat of the atmosphere produce abundance of bile, and powerful exercise alone will carry off that bile. *Popular Errors Explained.*

THE DECLARATION.

BY DICKENS.

When I awoke next morning, I was resolute to declare my passion to Dora, and know my fate. Happiness or misery was now the question there was no other question that I knew of in the world, and only Dora could give the answer to it. I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness, torturing myself by putting every conceivable variety of discouraging construction on all that had ever taken place between Dora and me. At last, arrayed for the purpose at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mill's fraught with a declaration.

How many times I went up and down the street, and round the square—painfully aware of being a much better answer to the riddle than the original one; before I could persuade myself to go up the steps and knock, is no matter now. Even when at last, I had knocked, and was waiting at the door, I had some flurried thought of asking if that were Mr. Black-boy's (in imitation of poor Barkis,) begging pardon and retreating. But I kept my ground.

Mr. Mills was not at home. I did not expect he would be. Nobody wanted him, Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room up stairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Jip was there.—Miss Mills was copying music, (I recollect, it was a new song called Affection's Dirge) and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings, when I recognized my own flowers; the identical Convent Garden purchase! I cannot say that they were very like or that they particularly resembled any flowers that have ever come under my observation; but I knew from the paper round them, which was accurately copied, what the composition was.

Miss Mills was very sorry Papa was not at home; though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then, laying down her pen upon the Affection's Dirge, got up and left the room.

But I thought I would put it off another day.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired, when he got home at night," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day. "It was a long way for him," said I, "for he had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora. I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Yes," yes, I said, "he was well taken care of. I mean that he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near you."

Dora bent her head over her drawing, and said, after a while; I had sat, in the interval, in a burning fever, and with my legs in a very rigid state.

"You didn't seem to be sensible of that happiness yourself, at one time of the day."

"I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot."

"You didn't care for that happiness in the least," said Dora, slightly raising her eyebrows, and shaking her head, "when you were sitting beside Miss Kitt."

Kitt, I should observe, was the name of the creature in pink, with the little eyes.

"Though certainly I don't know why you should," said Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness at all. But of course you don't mean what you say. And I am sure no one doubts your being at liberty to do whatever you like. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it. I did it in a moment. I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time.

When Dora hung her head down and cried, and trembled, my eloquence increased so much the more. If she would like me to die for her, she but had to say the word, and I was ready. Life without Dora's love was not a thing to have on any terms. I couldn't bear it, and I wouldn't. I had loved her every minute, day and night, since I first saw her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her, every minute to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would or should love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us, in his own way, got more mad every moment.

Well, well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa by-and-by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap, winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture, Dora and I were engaged. *David Cop.*

THE POETRY MACHINE.

"More copy, Sir."
"Oh! ye-ye-yes; oh! what did you say?"
"More copy, Sir."
"The devil you do. How much do you want?"
"Four sticks, Sir?"
"Jeremiah, bring out the machine—the exchanges are short—no murder, thefts, or seductions—that's right, old boy, see if the screw is adjusted, the crank fastened, and the gudgeons well greased."
"All right, Sir."
"Well commence."

"The night was dark and fearful!"
"You came vent meeting by,
Their discord filled my ear full!"
Of mournful melody die.
How wishfully we gazed out,
But sunk back in deep despair;
There's misty foggy out,
And I see no "feelings" there.

"Hold up, Jeremiah, that's entirely too categorical. Alter the gage a little; there that will answer. All ready."

Push the boat off from shore,
The winds are blowing free;
Steady, now we bend the oar,
And pull out for the sea.
The sun is rising to the east,
As bright as woman's eye;
The pale moon looks above the trees.
Like a pancake in the sky

"Stop! stop! that's a mighty leap from the sublime! Turn a little slower, commence."

"'Twas night, and gloomy darkness hid her ebon veil unfurled,
And nothing remained but gas lamps to light up this ere world.
The heavens frowned. Her twinkling orbs, with silvery light endowed,
Where all occult, on 't'other side, a thunderin' big black cloud.

Pale Luna, too, shed not her beams upon the motley group,
Which lazily, were standing round, like new disbanded troops.

A death-like stillness e'er prevailed o'er levee, lane and street,
And the whole eternal city from the Vide Poche to Bermen,
And from the brink clear out to Camp Springs;
Where they drink so much beer on Sunday, and walk
wusser than Nathan's hose in the circus—seemed for
all the world just as if it was wropped up in her
winding sheet!

"Put up the confounded thing. It don't work. I don't believe the moon is right to-night—look to the almanac and see."

St. Louis Reveille.

Political Department.

From the Southern Press, August 12.

Meeting of the Southern Members of the House of Representatives.

At length we have to congratulate the South on the attainment of greater unity among her Representatives than has yet been known.

At a meeting held a few evenings since, the following members were appointed a Committee on Resolutions:

Mr. Toombs, Chairman.

Messrs. Seddon, Thompson, Houston, Bowie, Clingman, Burt, Cabell, Hilliard, Morse, Johnson, Morehead, Green, Howard, Thomas.

We understand that the deliberations of the Committee resulted in almost entire unanimity, and accordingly,

Mr. Toombs, Chairman of the Committee of Fifteen, reported the following resolutions, which were adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That no citizen shall be deprived of his life, liberty, or property, except by the judgment of his peers, and the laws of the land, and the common law as it existed in the American Colonies on the 4th July, 1776, and the Constitution and laws of the United States applicable to our territories, shall be the fundamental law of said territory.

2. *Resolved*, That in the event that the non-slaveholding States object thus to put the life, liberty and property of American citizens under American laws, we will insist upon a division of the country on the line of 36 deg. 30 min. with a distinct recognition and protection of property in slaves.

3. *Resolved*, That we will not vote for the admission of California, unless the Southern boundary be restricted to the parallel, of 36 deg. 30 min. North latitude.

4. *Resolved*, That we will not agree to any boundary between Texas and New Mexico which proposes to cede to New Mexico any portion of territory South of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. North latitude and East of the Rio Grande, prior to the adjustment of the territorial questions.

5. *Resolved*, That the Representatives of the slaveholding States will resist by all usual legislative and constitutional means, the admission of the State of California and the adjustment of the Texas boundary, until a settlement of the territorial questions.

6. *Be it further Resolved*, That the powers and duties of the Committee of fifteen be continued until the further action of the meeting, and that the Chairman of that Committee, by the concurrence of any three members thereof, may at any time call a meeting of the Representatives of the slaveholding States.

From the Charleston Mercury.

THE BOUNDARY OF TEXAS.

The late Message of President Fillmore is an admirable document in one respect—it tends to elucidate the kind of government under which the Southern States now live. In order that the reader may be able to appreciate its positions we will endeavor, in few words, to set forth those facts which embody the merits of the Texas boundary question.

In 1836, after having declared her independence, Texas, by an act of her Legislature, defined the boundaries to which her revolution extended. On the West this boundary was the Rio Grande from its mouth to its source. In the treaty made with President Santa Anna, after the battle of San Jacinto, the Rio Grande, from its mouth to its source, is acknowledged to be the Western boundary of Texas. This treaty was repudiated by Mexico, but it shows the uniform pretension of Texas. When the latter applied to be admitted as a State in the Union, she applied with this boundary, and at the call of Congress a map was prepared and laid before them describing the Rio Grande as her only Western boundary. Upon the supposition that this was her rightful boundary, Congress stipulated in the Resolutions of Annexation, that from all the territory lying North of 36 degrees 30 minutes latitude, slavery should be excluded, but that South of that line, slavery should, or should not exist, as the people of the States to be organized should determine.—This line into what is called New Mexico, now claimed as belonging to the United States, near the middle, leaving Santa Fe on the Southern side. Here, in the very legislative act, annexing Texas to the Union, was a distinct acknowledgement by Congress that this whole region belonged to Texas, and legislation with respect to slavery is plainly exercised. President Polk from these acts of Congress and of Texas, thought that he could not do otherwise than assert the Rio Grande as the boundary of the lat-

ter, although Texas was not at that time in full possession of any part of the country bordering on the River. Hence, when he ordered Gen. Taylor to march and take position on the Rio Grande, his political opponents in Congress assailed the measure as one of hostility to Mexico, denying that this region rightfully belonged to Texas. President Polk and the majority in Congress thought differently—and when a scouting party of Gen. Taylor's army was attacked and some of them killed by the Mexican forces, the President in a special message announces that "American blood has been shed on American soil," and Congress supported this declaration by voting that "war exists by the act of Mexico." The Mexican war was thus begun to vindicate the right of Texas to the boundary of the Rio Grande from its mouth to its source. For it all rested upon the same foundation. So far as possession was concerned she had no more possession of the scene of Capt. Thornton's unfortunate skirmish, than of the city of Santa Fe, at the time of annexation. The United States army, representing Texas as well as the other States, conquered and took possession of the country lying along the whole course of the Rio Grande.

When the treaty of Gaudalope Hidalgo was negotiated, establishing peace between Mexico and the United States, a map was attached to the treaty to show precisely what Mexico yielded, and what Texas (the vindication of whose boundary was the professed object of the war,) and the United States gained. On this map the Rio Grande, from its mouth to its source, is marked in colors as the boundary of Texas.

Here the object of the war, so far as Texas was interested, was fully accomplished. Her boundary was enforced by the General Government, and acknowledged by Mexico. On this map, the territory lying West of the Rio Grande is designated as New Mexico, thus showing most clearly what the treaty meant when speaking of New Mexico, and what was understood to be conveyed and received as belonging to the United States.

It might be supposed that this would have precluded all dispute as to the boundaries of Texas, both with Mexico and the United States.—And so it did, according to the construction of those who entered into the war to vindicate and settle the boundary of Texas, and of those who made the treaty. President Polk, at the request of Texas, withdrew the United States troops from the lower Rio Grande, and when requested to do the same on the upper, he gave instructions to the officers in command at Santa Fe, to aid Texas in extending her laws and jurisdiction over that district. Shortly after President Taylor's Administration came in, the Secretary of War, Mr. Crawford, extended orders to the same effect.

It was not until a fortnight before the present Congress met, that orders of a contrary purport were issued to Col. McCull. Here for the first time the Government of the United States avowed the policy which it has since pursued. The scheme to wrest this region from Texas and the South, and appropriate it to the North, was now first disclosed. It was not enough to seize upon the whole of California and the Territories lying beyond the Rio Grande. The appropriation of these, by means alike unjust and unlawful, seems only to have sharpened the appetite for plunder. They cross the Rio Grande and lay claim to an immense region belonging to one of the States of the Union, and by means of this ruthless spoliation they propose to belt the South all round by a cordon of Abolition States.

As part of the scheme of robbery, a Colonel in the army is ordered to investigate and aid the inhabitants of this part of Texas to organize themselves into a State. President Fillmore approves all these monstrous doings, and threatens Texas with the navy and army and militia of the Union, should she dare to resist. It is a contest between consolidation and freedom—between the North and the South, in which the safety of the latter is staked against the domination of the former.

DELIVERY OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.—A bill to compel the delivery of fugitive slaves should be passed by Congress before adjourning. Slaves are constantly absconding from Maryland and seeking refuge in Pennsylvania, where they are concealed and protected by the abolitionists—though in several instances, recently, citizens of that State have seized the fugitives and brought them back. An instance of this kind is stated in the local item column of our paper to-day; and it will be seen that an officer of the United States, the postmaster of Shrewsbury, (or Strasburg,) publicly interfered and assisted to rescue two of the slaves from their captors. This is not to be tolerated, and we call upon the Postmaster General to remove the said postmaster from his situation. Such interference to deprive the people of Maryland of their property, is producing a feeling by no means calculated to promote good neighborhood; and we would advise those who are known to harbor and protect, or to rescue slaves when taken, not to cross South of Mason & Dixon's line too frequently, or they may be made to smart for their dishonesty.

It is time for Congress to interfere on this subject, and to remove all obstacles to the recovery of fugitive slaves. The South has a right to demand that its constitutional rights shall not be violated.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

The three Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who were requested by the Rev. Dr. Johns, of Baltimore, to bring up the difference between him and his Bishop, (Whittingham, of Maryland,) for the consideration of the House of Bishops, have declined acceding to his request. It may be remembered that the Diocesan Convention of Maryland, had already decided the matters at issue in favor of the Bishop.