

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, AUGUST 27, 1850.

NUMBER 68.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY  
THO. J. WARREN & C. A. PRICE,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

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## Poetical Department.

From the Telegraph.

"ALARIC had a mountain stream turned from its course, leaving the channel bare, where his grave was dug, and after he buried the waters were made to flow forever over his body."

Lay me deep in the torrent's bed  
I shall not be lonely here,  
When man my resting place has fled,  
The living will still be near.

And let the waters forever flow,  
In murmurs loud and deep,  
Dirge-like for him who lies below,  
In his last dreamless sleep.

I would not share with common men,  
A tomb in common earth—  
Give me a wide manseum then,  
Defying regal birth.

I'll hear no more of warlike din,  
Or see the sabre flash,  
Or feel wild triumph swell within,  
As through the ranks I dash.

No more, no more shall battle-cry  
Make music to mine ear,  
No more my pulse beat madly high,  
When victory's shout I hear.

But when the storm-king rushes thro'  
The roaring waves above,  
Methinks my soul will revel too—  
E'en ocean's war I love.

And many a monster of the deep,  
His hideous form will lave  
Above me, yet I'll calmly sleep,  
In that cool ocean-grave.

Oh, vain thou proud, barbarian king,  
Was all that anxious care,  
Where'er thou artome loathsome thing,  
Some worm will banquet there.

Couldst thou not be enough apart  
On earth from other men?  
Hadst thou no loneliness of heart,  
Thou wert most happy then.

For many bear a careless brow,  
A gay and social mien—  
But could you scan their bosoms now  
Sad loneliness were seen.

Columbia, Aug., 1850. M. W. S.

## Original Enigmas.

### AN ENIGMA.

FOR STUDENTS IN GEOGRAPHY.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 2, 5, 11, 3, is a county in Mississippi.

My 2, 5, 6, 2, 12, is a River in Ohio.

My 3, 4, 12, 6, 10, is a Mount in Russian America.

My 4, 5, 2, 7, is the Capital of Peru.

My 5, 11, 6, 4, 12, 7, 8 is an inhabitant of the South of Europe.

My 6, 13, 1, 4, 6, 11, 9, 7, is a Town in Georgia.

My 7, 14, 4, 6, 10, is a Mount in Africa.

My 8, 5, 4, 3, is a River in Egypt.

My 9, 6, 8, 13, 3, 10, is a Town in France.

My 10, 3, 5, 8, 3, is a River in France.

My 1, 5, 3, 13, 3, is a River in Brazil.

My 12, 10, 2, 7, 5, 4, is a Town in the Russian Empire.

My 13, 6, 2, 7, is a County in Iowa.

My 14, 3, 4, 4, was a famous Archer of Switzerland.

My complement is the name of a late Queen of May.

A solution is required. ETIWAN.  
Lancaster, Aug. 15.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 5, 6, 2, 14, 15, 3, 6, is a County in Georgia.

My 2, 5, 10, is a City in Hindostan.

My 3, 15, 5, 5, 10, 17, 17, is a County in Kentucky.

My 4, 17, 10, 4, 6, is a Town in Kordofan.

My 5, 1, 7, 6, 6, 5, is a Mountain in the Indian Territory.

My 6, 4, 14, 10, 3, is a River in Europe.

My 7, 3, 7, 5, 1, 4, is a Gulf south of Europe.

My 8, 7, 8, 10, is a County in Arkansas.

My 9, 15, 14, 14, is a River in England.

My 10, 3, 4, 10, is a lake in North America.

My 11, 4, 6, 1, 2, 4, 10, is a County in Virginia.

My 12, 13, 14, 14, is a County in Georgia.

My 13, 6, 6, 10, 11, is a River in Vermont.

My 14, 7, 7, 1, 9, 7, 7, is an Island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 15, 6, 3, 10, 1, 2, 6, is a Town in Holland.

My 16, 7, 3, 3, 7, 8, 10, is a Town in Peru.

My 17, 8, 6, 5, is a County in Georgia.

My 18, 3, 15, 14, 15, is a Town in Brazil.

My 19, 8, 4, 12, 10, is an Island in the Pacific Ocean.

My whole was a distinguished Navigator.

Pleasant Hill, April 6, 1850. D. L. C.

Myers, Editors: Please publish the following Geographical Enigma, if you think it worthy:

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 11, 14, 17, 13, 6, 10, 12, 9, is a District in S. C.

My 8, 9, 22, 24, 15, is a County in N. C.

My 11, 8, 33, 22, is a County in Ga.

My 29, 19, 27, 27, 34, is a Lake in La.

My 33, 8, 35, 5, 16, 21, is a River in S. C.

My 28, 32, 27, 19, 25, is a River in Europe.

My 29, 8, 20, 27, 31, 32, is a Town in S. C.

My 8, 15, 10, 29, 22, 19, 9, 8, is a Mountain in S. America.

My 27, 4, 32, 19, is a River in Europe.

My 26, 21, 9, 5, is a County in R. I.

My 23, 4, 1, 8, 33, 30, 2, is a County in Va.

My 18, 24, 7, 3, 22, is a County in Ga.

My 28, 8, 23, 19, 25, is a Country in Asia.

My 1, 12, 4, 2, 22, 28, 19, 9, 8, is one of the U. S.

My 2, 11, 16, 18, 15, 27, is an Island in Denmark.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American officer who died of his wounds received in the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Respectfully,  
Santon, S. C., June, 1850. J. M. M.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### IT IS I.

The prettiest girl in the whole village, or indeed for miles around, was Nannette La Croix. She had a hundred lovers, all of whom expressed themselves ready to die for her; though she, cruel thing, would not give more than a smile in return. Her heart was free she said, and hoped it would ever be; she had no notion of making herself a slave by marrying.

So spoke Nannette, just as hundreds have spoken before her, and she really believed for a while all she said. No foot was lighter at the guinguette than hers; no jest was merrier than that which fell from Nannette; no maiden curled her lip more saucily when her name was linked with that of any of the village beaux. And yet, all this while, she was in love with Pierre Latour, the handsomest, bravest, and blithest of the village lads. She found it out too, but not till he was levied for the conscription, when the certainty of his long absence, and the probability that he might never return, revealed to her the secret.

Poor Pierre loved her as his own life; and now, on the eve of leaving her, uncertain whether she returned his love, he was nearly beside himself with despair. He rallied courage, however, and resolved to tell his tale, for diffidence hitherto had sealed his tongue, though his eyes had long since spoken his adoration in more eloquent language. He found Nannette in tears. It was an unguarded moment for her, and Pierre had no difficulty in winning an acknowledgement that she returned his affection.

"And will you be mine when I return? Promise me this," he said, "and I will strive to become great, and will win, if bravery can do it, the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Nannette promised—how could she help it?—and the young soldier departed. The secret was to be kept between them, so the villagers were none the wiser; and, as Nannette seemed as gay as ever, no one ever suspected that her heart was far away in Russia, whither the Imperial army had gone.

But this secrecy proved most unfortunate for the young man, ignorant of her engagement, were attentive as ever; indeed more so, for she grew prettier daily. Pierre, even before the army had reached the frontiers, heard from those who had left the village later than himself, that this or that gallant was always with Nannette, and the gossips said it would be a match. How could he help being a little jealous? And when, later by six months, and just before the Russian territory was invaded, he met an old acquaintance from the village, and heard that the son of the rich notary was dying for her, it is strange he began to fear he would lose his beautiful Nannette? He had heard so much of woman's inconstancy, especially when a young and wealthy suitor was the rival, that he trembled for her fidelity.

All know the horrors of the campaign in Russia. Of the half million who followed Napoleon into the hostile territory not a tithe came back alive. Yet he almost wished he had perished in the fatal snows, for he had lost an arm and that, too, without gaining the cross of the Legion of Honor. Not that he did not deserve it; but in that awful retreat, there was no time for the Emperor to think of bestowing favors.

Slowly, and almost in rags, like thousands of others, Latour begged his way back to his native village.

It was a bright morning in autumn, more than a year after Latour's departure, when one of the village gossips stopped a minute at the window of the cottage, where Nannette and her mother dwelt.

"Who do you think has come back?" he said. "Latour himself. He arrived yesterday afternoon."

At the announcement of her lover's return, Nannette's heart leaped with joy; but when she heard he had been back so long without coming to see her, her spirit sank, for she had continued to love the absent soldier, in spite of the notary's son and her hundred other admirers.

"He is come back in a sorry plight, though," continued the gossip, "lame, a beggar, and with but one arm. He is sick at heart too, and so ashamed that he will not show himself: he says he only wishes to die; he is not fit to live with the young and happy."

Poor Nannette! Her heart was full of pity for her lover. She turned aside to conceal her tears. Yet still she wondered why he had not come to see her, and she felt almost angry again which she thought of it.

"He tells me news too, which I never knew before, you are so sly about it, Nannette. He says you are to marry the notary's son. I do believe, by the way he spoke, he has never got over his old love for you; when he spoke of the notary's son he sighed, looking at his tattered garment, his stump of an arm, and his leg lame with travel."

Nannette heard no more. She understood all now. She left her mother to entertain the gossip, and hurrying up stairs, attired herself in her holiday garments; and then selecting the choicest fruits from their garden, and filling her apron with flowers, she hurried to the cottage of Pierre's family.

Never had she looked more charming. Her white head-dress, falling low on her shoulders, relieved her dark tresses, and added greater effect to her brilliant black eyes. A handkerchief worn around her neck, modestly concealed her swelling bust. Her arms, rounded and mellow as antique marble, were bare almost to the shoulder; in a word, always beautiful, her dress and high spirits now made her perfectly bewitching.

"Who's there?" said a voice as she knocked. She knew that the family was all abroad at this hour at their work, and that the voice must be Pierre's else she would scarcely have recognized it, so disconcerted and so hopeless was the tone once so happy and bright. But she knew a magic, she believed, to call back all its old sweetness.

"It is I!" she answered, disguising her voice and as she thought of the joyful surprise she had in store for Pierre; she archly smiled.

She heard a muttered growl inside, and some one coming to the door. "Oh! the great jealous bear," she said to herself, "how he hates to be disturbed—but we shall see."

When the door opened and the laughing girl stood before him, Pierre staggered back. Surprised with gloom in his features, but the smile of Nannette gradually re-assured him. At last he stammered out, "You are here, Nannette! What does it mean?"

The happy girl read in every look of that haggard face how truly Pierre loved her, and she could no longer contain herself, but speaking amid smiles and tears, while she put down her basket of fruit and emptied the flowers on the table before him, said, "It means, dear Pierre, that as you won't come to see me, I have come to see you; and as I heard that you were ill and tired, I have brought all the fruits and flowers for your acceptance; yes, and myself, too, if you will have me?" and weeping she clasped him in her arms.

"What! and do you love poor Pierre still; and you won't have the notary's son? He married in haste."

"No! I will have no other but you. Oh! how could you think I could desert you? Don't you believe, dear Pierre, that we women can be constant as well as you men?"

"But, Nannette," said Pierre, looking at his stump, "I am maimed now—and—and I have come back without my cross."

"No, you have not," said she, touching the mangled shoulder kindly, "Here is your cross of the Legion of Honor; and a nobler one than a piece of mere ribbon. I do believe," she said, bursting into tears, "that I shall love you all the better for having lost your arm."

Happiness soon restored the bloom to Pierre's cheeks, and on the morning of his marriage, he looked the handsomest man in the whole gay company. Nor was his bride the only one who thought this honorable scar added to the interest which he inspired, for all the village girls envied Nannette her husband.

From the New York Sun.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.—Dr. Warren of Boston lately communicated the following among other interesting particulars in regard to the Siamese twins, who were reported a while since to have died in England, whereas they were then and are now, alive and well, living on their farm in North Carolina. Dr. W. says that the connecting substance between the two is very strong, and has no great sensibility; it can be severely handled without causing pain. No pulsating vessel can be felt in it. The slightest motion of one is immediately followed by the other in the same direction, so that the same wish seems to influence both: this is quite involuntarily, or a habit formed by necessity. They always face in one direction, standing nearly side by side, and cannot without inconvenience face in opposite directions. One is rather more intellectual than the other; the most intellectual being rather irritable, the other being extremely amiable.

The connection between these twins might afford some very interesting observations in physiology, therapeutics, and pathology. There is doubtless a connection by minute blood vessels, absorbents, and nervous filaments, which might transmit the action of medicines and the causes of disease. As far as known, any indisposition of one extends to the other; they

are inclined to sleep and eat at the same time and in the same quantity, and perform in the same manner other similar acts. It is supposed that when they are asleep, touching one awakens both, but when awake, an impulse given to one does not affect the other. The slightest movement of one is soon perceived by the other, that a careless observer might think they acted simultaneously. No part seems to have a perception common to both, except the middle of the connecting substance, and its neighborhood; for when an impression is made at this part, it is felt by both, while beyond this space it is left only by the one of the side to which it is applied.

From the limited vascular and nervous connection that can be discovered, Dr. Warren supposes that the influence of medicine, transmitted from one to the other, would be inconsiderable; and the same would apply to most diseases—for instance a slight fever would not probably extend from one to the other; while diseases communicable through the absorbents or capillaries, (as small pox) would be readily transmitted. The beatings of both hearts coincide exactly, as also the pulses under ordinary circumstances; if one exerts himself without the other his pulse alone will be quickened, while the latter is unchanged. They breathe also exactly together.

This harmony in corporeal functions would lead us to ask if there be a similar harmony in the intellectual functions; if they are identically the same persons. There is no reason to suppose that their intellectual operations are any more the same than they would be in any two persons, confined together, educated under similar circumstances, and with similar habits and tastes.

Then would come the question whether they could be separated with safety. Perhaps such an operation would not be necessarily fatal, but the peritoneum may be continuous from one to the other, and the opening of this great serous cavity might be attended with dangerous symptoms. Should one die before the other, it should be immediately performed but no surgeon would be justified in attempting such an operation to free them from a mere inconvenience; which inconvenience, if we may believe reports of their domestic affairs and flourishing condition in worldly goods, is after all of no very great consequence.

### THE LITTLE BOY THAT SWEARS.

Passing along the other day, I heard a boy about seven years old violating the third commandment which says: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, &c." The little fellow was swearing, though perhaps he didn't know it. Now this seemed rather shocking to me. I have been always used to hearing profanity from men, and boys too, but not from boys of six or seven years of age; and I was led to inquire something about the little stranger, for I did not know him. His father belonged to the church, but his mother, with every breath a-moast, takes her Maker's name in vain; and Reuben, for that is his name, imitates his mother, and she thinks him very smart.—But, ah, if he lives, she may change her notion, for he will certainly give her pain and sorrow some day, for he is a very bad boy. He disobeys his parents, particularly his mother; fights his little brothers and sisters, and does every thing that he ought not to do; and if he does not change, will make a bad man; nobody will love him, and every good man will avoid him. And my little friends, if you ever meet him, or any other Reuben that swears, run from him, he will hit you or get you into a fight, or he may tempt you to say bad words, which is very wrong. The Bible, you know, says: "swear not at all. And again, the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Take care then, little fellows; mind how you swear; it is sinful, and will not go unpunished. But it is not only sinful, it is foolish, is not smart, and does no good. Boys, when they first begin to swear, think it makes them men, &c.; but take my word for it, nobody else likes them any better for it, and most of people like them less.

UNCLE RICHARD.

AN ECCENTRIC OLD BACHELOR.—A letter dated Woodbridge, New Jersey, July 4, gives the following singular account of an eccentric old bachelor:

An old bachelor has died lately in this place, leaving a fortune of \$80,000. From what I learn of him he must have been one of the most eccentric and curious characters that ever lived. His clothes upon being taken off were separately folded in paper and were never allowed the sight of a brush, a silk handkerchief answering every purpose.

Should he be in the road and spy a wagon in the distance, he would run for his life, for fear a speck of dust should chance to fly upon him. The village belles have enjoyed many a laugh at him when returning from church, to see him take to his heels and run at the sight of a carriage or a cloud of dust, and although he would take no notice of them at the time, yet they were not forgotten. He always endeavored to keep as clear of the ladies as possible; and particularly the widows, whom he looked upon as something very dreadful, and was never caught walking in the road with one if he knew it.

With all his oddities he was miserably to a cent, and would often be seen at the stores exchanging a quarter of a dollar for 25 pennies, thereby saving a copper on every twenty-five. These he would not take either without examining every one to see whether it was not bad, rusty, or something else. Many of the articles he bought was by the penny's worth, and hence his great use for that particular coin. When he came to the last of his bundle it was wrapped in two pieces of paper and laid away.

Thus lived this curious old man, and when he

approached death's door he was as odd as ever. He could not bear the idea of any one seeing him, or entering his room, for fear that they would soil his clothes, step on his shoes, or do some other damage, and in this state he died, "unwept, unpitied, and unweared for," although worth a fortune of \$80,000.

### U. S. SOVEREIGNTY OVER THE TERRITORIES.

There are certain terms and phrases so familiar in our political discussions as to have become like "household words," among which is that of sovereignty. Yet we find that some of our statesmen do not or will not comprehend its force and significance. Among these we did not expect to find General Cass, for at the very close of the debate in the Senate on the California bill he not only disputed Judge Berrien's application of the term, but wished it made no part of our political vocabulary. Judge Berrien, in the admirable speech he made at the termination of the debate affirmed that such portion of the people of California as had instituted a State government, had usurped the sovereignty of the United States. Gen. Cass claimed for the body of adventurers who had so acted an inherent right to organize a State government, and could not discover what application the term sovereignty had to the matter in hand. He could not comprehend the explanation of Judge Berrien, that the Congress, as the Agent of the States, held and exercised their sovereignty collectively, as a trust—a delegated power—which passed, in this particular, to the people of the Territories, whether acquired by purchase, cession or conquest, when, with the assent of Congress, they, having formed a constitution, were permitted to enter the Union. It was difficult to get Gen. Cass to understand the distinction between original or primary and delegated or derivative sovereignty over the Territories, the former being reposed in the United States, and the latter lodged with Congress.

He would give to any body of adventurers the right to enter on the public domain, without paying for it, and organize themselves into a body politic, in virtue of what he calls the inalienable rights of man. Chinese, Australians, South Americans, equally with Americans, become, according to this doctrine, having no preparation, suddenly invested with the privilege to form, on territory not their own, a political constitution. They assume the functions, by inspiration, by intuitive knowledge, of self-government. To this conclusion does his theory of inherent, inalienable right necessarily conduct us. By virtue of popular sovereignty the States of this Union are then to be ousted of soil and jurisdiction, conferred on a miscellaneous body of adventurers, it being impossible to discriminate, in this respect, between Chilians, Chiuamen, Europeans and Americans. We think that if there is any misapplication of the term sovereignty, it is with Gen. Cass and not Judge Berrien.

The same principle of inherent privilege applies, of course, to boundaries. California adventurers with the same right to seize the public domain, to dispossess the United States of the soil and jurisdiction, had a correspondent right to extend that jurisdiction over ten degrees of latitude on the Pacific ocean. What was to prevent their taking possession of all the unappropriated territory East and West as well as North and South? Was there any limit but their own sense of convenience?

Another of the terms employed by Judge Berrien in his argument seems to have perplexed one of the Senatorial body in an equal degree that Gen. Cass was puzzled with the idea that delegated power was reposed in Congress. Judge Berrien spoke of the equality of the States being about to be sacrificed by the admission of California. Mr. Underwood, Sen. or from Ky. could not comprehend the principle by which equality between the States was to be maintained. "Is it, (says the Kentucky Senator, with great simplicity,) the opinion of the Senate from Georgia that, in this equality of interests among the several States, the State of Delaware is entitled to as much as the State of New York? Would he divide the domain *per capita* or according to population? Or what sort of interest does exist in this property among the several States?" The answer of Judge Berrien was, of course, that he spoke of an equality of *rights*, and not that the public domain should be divided, and that to each State, and still less to every individual, should be assigned its or his appropriate portion.

Here, the also a discussion of eight months, during which the words "sovereignty" and "equality between the States" have been bandied so often in debate, two intelligent Senators cannot, or will not, understand their obvious signification. Is not this an evidence of the misleading influence of prejudice or preconceived theory? Gen. Cass wishes sovereignty to attach to any promiscuous assemblage of semi-civilized foreigners, however large, blended with a number of the citizens of the United States, however small, in derogation of the rights of the Union; whilst Mr. Underwood, a citizen of a slave State, can discover no violation of equality in her citizens being deprived of the right of removing with their property into a Territory acquired by the common blood and treasure.

Charleston Evening News.

TRIANGULAR LOVE AFFAIR.—A young lady of N. Orleans lately engaged herself to a gentleman who went to California to see enough to set up housekeeping. During his absence another gentleman, Col. O. fell in love with her, but was forbidden the house by her parents. Nevertheless he got a friend of his to convey messages between him and the lady, and had every hope of succeeding in his suit, when the young lady eloped with the ambassador, leaving Col. O. as well as the California gentleman, to console themselves as they best can.