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Poetical Department.

Home is where the Heart is.
Tis Home where'er the Heart is,
Where'er the loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Through haunts or mossy dell;
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its airy spell can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert—spring.
There are green isles in the ocean,
O'er which affection glides,
And a heaven on every sunny shore,
When Love's the star that guides.

Tis free where'er the heart is;
No chains nor dungeons dim,
May check the zephyr's aspirations,
The spirit's pealing hymn!
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power—
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

A HONEY MOON SCENE.
A correspondent thus describes a scene that took place at Saratoga, a short time since, between a newly married couple, who were there spending the honey moon:
A bridal party came down a few days since. I never saw a more honey-moonish set in my life. The bride and groom looked, walked, talked, and acted love to the life. A more devoted couple you never beheld. They were sitting in the parlor one morning, when I accidentally overheard the husband say with a melting tenderness of voice and manner—
"Did you speak dearest?"
"No, pet, I did not—I was thinking," replied the bride looking as angelic as possible.
"Of what were you thinking, my love?"
"I hardly dare tell you, pet."
"What, loveliness of your sex, distrust your ardor so soon?"
"Pardon, a thousand pardons, dear Edgar, if I have seemed to wrong so noble a being."
"Spoken like your own true self—like my fond and dearly loved wife."
"Oh, Edgar, Edgar, you are a flatterer—you are, I know you are."
"No, no—you wrong me—indeed you do—I could not flatter you, the cherished idol of my soul."
"Oh, you naughty man! You know how dear you are to me."
"You will tell me, then good angel, that you are—you will tell me?"
"I will—but first give me assurance that you will not frown on your too fond Rebecca. A frown, Edgar—may, even a reproving look from your sweet eyes, would break my now too happy heart. Say, then, you will not frown."
"Foolish child! Do the stars frown when the poet looks up to them for inspiration!—Does the fond mother frown when her first-born looks up to her eyes as he nestles still closer to her bosom? Does lover, fond, true, pure love, frown?"
"O say no more, dear Edgar. I feel, I know you are the best, the kindest, the most devoted of men!"
"Tell me, then, love, of what were you thinking?"
"Of you only—only of you, Edgar, on my truth."
"And what of me, my own Rebecca?"
"Alas! what shall I say? How shall I extricate myself from this perilous dilemma?"
"Speak, loved one, I charge you!"
"Dear Edgar, you know—"
"Yes, sweet Rebecca—"
"Thus—oh, how shall I say it?"
"And how—go on, dear Rebecca—"
"That if you continue—"
"Yes—continue—"
"To eat—"
"Cabbage!"
"Cabbage—"
"Cabbage—what then?"
"You may catch the cholera, (sobbing), and (sob) I may (sob) be left (sob) a widow (sob) before (sob) the season (hysterical sob) is over!"

A Selected Tale.

THE FREE MASON'S WIFE, A TALE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY A TRAVELER.

The two year's war with Mexico was rife with many a thrilling incident, the details of which have never found their way to the reports of commanders, paragraphs of newspapers, nor to the numerous volumes written upon the prolific chapter of the world's history. It would take a thousand pens to record the incipit of the surprising events and romantic circumstances that have transpired in the war. Every soldier has a story of his own, told in his own way, of his own experience; and each soldier's story is worth the listening to.

In the month of August last, I was a passenger on board a steamer ascending the Mississippi. On board were several returned officers who had served on the fields of Mexico. A voyage of four days in their company gave me an opportunity of listening to the recital of many a hairbreadth escape and daring deed in the "imminent deadly breach;" not that the brave actors therein were fond of boasting, but on the contrary, were retiring and diffident touching the discourse of their experience.— Nevertheless having nothing to do to pass away the time, we succeeded, step by step, in drawing them out.

One noble looking young corporal, who spoke well, and knew how to describe what he had seen and taken a part in, particularly interested us. He had the rare faculty of bringing the battlefield and the individual combat directly before his auditors—and it is a picture of individual power that most pleases the listener.

I have seen a woman face a fire that appalled our regiment, and made us keep cover. Ah, how was that? Who was she? Young and pretty? An American, or a Senorita?—When was it, and how? was the string of interrogations that assailed the recounter.

It was on the second day, before Mexico. The particulars were these. In our company was a mere lad of sixteen, a daring young Virginian, the favorite for his cheerfulness, courage and youth; and here let me add, talking of courage under fire, give me a regiment of well grown boys from fifteen to nineteen. Nothing can withstand their charge. Boys bound and leap over the ground as if they were at play, and dash at anything without thought, like so many blind pups. For a hard fight in the street or for a headlong rush give me the boys. They are perfectimps for fight.

This boy some weeks before had leaped a fence and climbed a parapet some hundred yards ahead of his company, and was taken prisoner, though not without killing three Mexicans and wounding the Colonel before he gave in. His mother, a widow, (though a lady, and why not?) heard of it, and as he was her only son, yearned for his release. She had no money no influential friends. Suddenly she recollected that she was a Mason's widow; hope was lighted up in her bosom by the thought, and she dried her tears. She said, I will test the talismanic power of the order my husband loved and revered so highly.

There was a movement of interest with the listeners. Grave gentlemen grew nearer and gave closer attention, doubtless being of the order themselves. The soldier evidently gratified by the size and eagerness of his encircling audience, resumed his narrative.

She sold some little articles of value, and with the money she reached Washington city; she reached the Secretary of the War Department on foot and dusty. With difficulty she obtained audience with the great man; for our big secretaries are as big lords as English lords are, only wanting the title. A poor soldier or a poor woman stands a poor chance with quality.

"Well, ma'am," said he, crustily, as she entered and he saw how dusty she looked, but when she removed her veil, and he saw that she was lady-like, and handsome too, he half arose and pointed to a chair. Well, she told him of her son's capture, and that she wanted to go to him.

"I cannot help you, ma'am. Very expensive! He will be exchanged by and by. Better wait."

"You can help me to a passport, sir," she said, nothing daunted.

"Of course; they can't refuse that to you at the Secretary of State's office. You say you are poor. How do you expect to pay the expenses of a journey to Mexico? It is a visionary scheme. Good morning ma'am."

"Sir, if you could recommend me to the care of the officer in command of the regiment that sails from Baltimore—"

"Impossible, ma'am." (To the page in waiting.) "Who did you say waited? tell him I am at leisure."

"Are you a Mason?" said the widow to the Secretary, making a sign for the page to delay.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am a Mason's widow. My son is a Mason's son. I appeal to you, sir, in that capacity, and by the honorable order," said the widow firmly.

The secretary's manner at once changed to one of courteous interest. "Stay," he said to the page. "Take a seat ma'am."

And from that moment, the affairs of the widow took quite a new turn. The Secretary gave her a politely written note to the Secretary of State, who, in turn, gave her a letter to the commandant at New Orleans, to furnish her a free passage to Vera Cruz. The lodges at the instigation of the Secretary, advanced her three hundred dollars, and the widow left Washington on her mission. The stage agent, who was at Pittsburgh, on her showing him a letter which the Grand Master furnished her, (but which she could not herself read, it being writ-

ten in a mysterious cypher, but she knew it was potent,) would not receive anything for her passage. The Captain of the steambot at Pittsburgh had no sooner deciphered it, than he gave his best state-room, and her passage free to New Orleans, so that when she reached there, she had two hundred and ninety dollars of her three hundred left.

Here she waited on Gen. — in command of the station, who instructed Col. —, who had the charge of forwarding the troops to Mexico, to see that she had a free passage given her on the first steamer. By all the officers, she was treated with the greatest politeness and delicacy, for they were all Masons, and they felt bound to her by a tie stronger than that which binds brother and sister, and they felt a pleasure in the opportunity afforded them of carrying out into practice the beautiful and systematic theory of their order.

After a passage of five days she reached Vera Cruz. Having a letter to the American Governor, she sent it to him, inclosing the talismanic card just spoken of, and which thus far had proven stronger than gold. The Governor immediately called upon her at the house of Diamond, and offered her transportation to the city of Mexico by a train that was to start the next morning. The Colonel who commanded the train took charge of her, afforded her every facility and comfort on the journey, providing her with a carriage when the country was level and with mules and palanquins over the mountains. Arrived within ninety miles of the city, they were overtaken by a detachment of dragoons escorting a Government official to the city. Anxious to get on faster, she asked permission to join it; and though informed of the danger and fatigue of a hard ride night and day on horseback at a steady trot, she was willing to try it, that she might the sooner see her son. Provided with the fleet and gentle-gaited Mexican horse, she took her place with the troops, escorted by the officers, and never flagged with fatigue till the towers of Mexico were in sight.

"Brave lady! But where was her son, and how was she to get to Mexico? If, as I understand you, you had not yet taken the city."

"And where was it she stood fire?" asked the gentleman dressed in a broad hat.

"All in good time, gentleman," responded the narrator. "As I said at first, we were fighting the second day's battle before the gates when she arrived; but her son was in the city, where he had been for five or six weeks in prison. I will tell you how I first came to see her. Our regiment had been doing its best to keep 8,000 cavalry from joining the left wing of the Mexican army, when we were ordered to face about to the left and drive a body of the enemy from a hill on which they were forming with artillery. It was when the company I was attached to was crossing a ravine to fulfil the order, that we encountered a body of horses. At first we took them for the enemy, but soon saw they were Americans. They came on slowly, as if fatigued with hard service. I saw a lady riding beside their captain; such a sight at such a time drew the attention of more than one of us. The party was the one from Vera Cruz, escorting the officer. They were slowly making their way to Gen. Scott's quarters, too tired to a man to engage in the fight.

At this moment Gen. Scott and staff came up, when the official from Washington placed his packet of letters in his hands, glad to end his long errand. The General immediately ordered the escort to seek quarters, and was riding on to another part of the field, when I heard the lady say earnestly to the captain: "I cannot delay, sir, one hour, within sight of the city that holds my son a prisoner. I must see him."

"The city must be taken first," he answered.

"I cannot wait! my son may be ill—dying. An hour's delay may forever remove him from me! I will enter the city."

"You will surely be killed! You can reach it only by crossing the battle fields," said the officer.

"I have not travelled from Virginia to the gates of the city to few to enter them. Thanks, a thousand thanks, sir, for your kindness and attention. I shall always remember officers with gratitude. But do not detain me. Yonder is a gate that leads to the city. I will enter through it and search for my son."

"You are mad," I cried, for I had lingered to see what she would do, surprised enough at her danger and resolution, and as she was dashing forward over the field; I seized her pony by the rein, and pointed to the almost impassable danger and difficulties that beset her path.

"This is no time," said she to the officer who now rode up to her side, "to talk to me of prudence and fear. I am told that Gen. Santa Anna is in the midst of yonder glittering group. I shall seek him, and place in his hands the Masonic letter I have borne so far and so well, for he is a Mason and will listen to me."

"War destroys all brotherhood," said the officer, who I judged was not a Mason.

The lady did not wait to reply—but watching her moment, she struck her pony smartly, and started off across the plain.

At the same moment a masked battery, five hundred yards in advance, had opened upon our regiment, which, after having been half mowed down; began to return to take up a position in the ravine under temporary cover, until they could be reinforced.

Yes, right across the field of slaughter and winged iron, I saw the lady gallop on her white pony, avoiding the platoons of retreating men, by a semi-circle round their flank. The next moment she was crossing over the ground in their rear, the battery in full play. Half our men seeing her, stopped, forgetful of the storm of iron, to follow with their eyes what seemed to them an apparition. I kept my eyes on her, and so did the officers expecting each instant to see her struck. But on she went, galloping in top speed, her air fearless.

her wild," said the dragoon captain. "She will perish."

"A mother's love is stronger than death," I replied. "I believe she will reach Santa Anna in safety and get to see her boy."

"She deserves it," he answered. The same moment a reinforcement came up, and we were ordered to take the fort, and we did take it.

After we had taken the city, I learned the fate of the American lady.

"She was killed of course," said emphatically the man dressed in the broad hat.

"I'll bet twelve to one on her," said Tennessee, strongly.

The last gentleman is right. She went over the field through the hottest fire of that day, and reached old Santa as sound as a roach. He was not a little astonished to see her, you may be assured; but he received her politely, and when she told him, in French, her story, he told he would oblige her not merely because she was a woman, but the more because she was a Mason's widow. "For," said he, "I am a Mason myself, and know the obligations of the order in war, as well as in peace. Your son shall be liberated, though he wounded my maternal nephew so that he has since died, when he was captured. But by the tenor of the letter you bear, I have no power to refuse your command."

He then gave her an escort to the city, with an order for her son to be given to her arms. The order was obeyed, and that very day, as she had promised, she embraced her long lost boy again. So much for a woman's standing fire, gentlemen, and so much for being a Mason's widow!

At this crisis of the story we reached Smithland, and our group was broken up and dispersed; each man no doubt, going away with greater reverence for woman's courage and greater reverence for maternal love.

Miscellaneous Department.

OUR RED BROTHERS.—A delegation of nine Indian Chiefs has arrived in this city and are staying at King's Hotel. They represent the Menominee tribe, from northwestern Wisconsin. They are dressed in showy Indian costume, with their long black hair hanging loosely over their shoulders. They are accompanied by Wm. H. Bruce, Indian sub-agent; Mr. Powell, interpreter; F. J. Braduel, Pastor and Superintendent of the Nation, and two or three attachés, making quite a train, almost as imposing as that of the Emperor of Hayti.

The Menominee tribe number some 2,200; 500 of whom are being educated and christianized and have acquired some knowledge of agriculture. They have two schools permanently established, with 14 or 15 boys and as many girls that can read and write the English language correctly. They have quite a number of good mechanics among them, and the whole tribe are engaged to some extent in cultivating the soil. The delegation have some business to transact with the Government and wish to visit the "Great Council of the Nation," and have a long talk with their pale Chief at the big Cabin.

Oshkosh, the principal Chief of the tribe is among them.—Southern Press.

PUTTING THE FLIES TO ROOST!—In one of the Toledo hotels a stuttering little waiter and the black cook were at sword's points, and the only end for which Jack the waiter lived was to pester the cook. A few days since, when the air was scorching and flies in the dining room were more plenty than candidates at a free democratic convention, word was sent to the cook that Jack wanted him. He hurried up with—"Well, sah, what do you wat?"
"Why, cook," replied Jack, "you see the f-l-i-e-s i-l-l-o-m-e-r-e s-s-o, I c-c-a-n't set the t-table, and as you're s-s-o d-d-d-e-c-u-d-e-d l-i-b-l-a-k, I want you to c-c-a-s-t a sh-sh-a-d-e over the r-room, and they'd t-th-i-n-k it was night and g-g-g-o to roost!!!"

A dining plate whizzed close to Jack's head as he vanished through the door, singing,

"Oh, cast that sh-shadow from thy brow."

MEDICAL RECEIPTS.—To sharpen the appetite; swallow a whetstone.

To give tone to the stomach; get it lined with bell metal.

To present the tic-dollar-owe; never run in debt.

For a tightness of the chest, first get your heart opened with some mild charitable laxative and the lid of your chest will open easily.

For the neuralgia; cease taking too much of the old regalia.

To cause a white swelling to disappear; cover it with shoe black or Japan varnish.

To prevent the hair from turning gray; make up your mind to dye.

For a cataract; darn your eye.

For a felon; arrest and imprisonment.

For fits; consult your tailor.

TRUE GRIT.—A fun-loving contemporary tells the following story of a spunky chap in the land of blue laws and wooden nutmegs, wholet that he was "just naturally bound" to shine in some shape. I y book or by crook: A young man of nor very prepossessing moral character, lately proposed uniting with a church in Commercent, but neither his present nor prospective piety gave moral power to his application. At length, after a delay, the candidate was kindly informed that for the present the church declined his proposal, with the hope however that his future course might ere long warrant his reception. The hopeful rejectee was at first astonished, but as a happy thought struck him he turned on his heel and exclaimed with a significant snap of the finger, "Wal, if you won't let me jine your Church, I know what I can do—I can list into the Troop, by dern!"

Political Department.

CALIFORNIA BILL.

The passage of this measure by a majority of the Senate of the United States, is an event which puts an end to all hope of the conservative character of that body. A more flagrant violation of the Constitution of the Union, and of the principles of the federative compact has never disgraced that body, or given the friends of liberty occasion for lamentation. There was a time when the patriot, whose heart sickened at the view of the corruptions and seditious practices of the lower house, or at the gross usurpations of the Executive, looked with pride on the Senate, as the last, and probably permanent refuge of liberty. There were occasions, when in the midst of the vilest outrages on constitutional freedom, and amidst the most wicked assumptions of party, that body stood forth as the boldest defenders of American institutions, and the most independent asserter of their first principles. That time and those occasions are no more; and we now behold that department of the government, once so honorable and just, the most virtuous and unprincipled. The men, once powerful enough to resist tyranny in any and every form; once independent enough to put even honors and rewards at defiance; have become the miserable tools of a fanatic population, and in pursuit of an abstract idea, have shown themselves willing to overturn the most sacred monuments of patriotism, and set at defiance the most clear evidence of right. Unfaithful indeed to every valuable relic of American liberty must be those, who vested with political power, taking their seats with an oath to preserve the Constitution on their lips; in the places sanctioned by the presence of the fathers of the Revolution; could, driven by the furor of Abolition and Free Soilism, lend themselves to the dreadful outrage on the Constitution and rights of the South, perpetrated by the passage of the California Bill.

About Texas, we say but little. We once thought the assertions of that State as to boundary, as much too strong; but as the government went to war with Mexico in the assertion of it, we hold that government to her position; and however the consciences of others may regard this matter, for themselves, if we had voted for the act which thus deprives Texas of her territory, and substitutes ten millions of pay for it, we should consider ourselves bought traitors not only to Texas, but the whole South. The boundary of Texas is not a matter in which that State alone is interested. She is made the locality, on which is to be planted the standard of insurrection in the South, and the base policy which could propose ten-million of dollars, for the territory, is the policy which seeks the utter destruction of Southern institutions. To the United States, or to the people of the Free States, the territory and the money are nothing. But it is something to the higher law party, to interpose on our Southern borders, a State, intended to be devoted to the encouragement of rebellions and abscondings; it is something to put their hands into the treasury, filled from Southern labor, and buy up advocates to the measures, which cut off the slave property of the South from the entire Pacific; and contract the enjoyment of that property, within the narrowest limits. As God is our judge, we know of no instance in the history of this nation, evidencing such gross and faithless abandonment of principle. And in the face of the world, we pronounce the measures, which have broken down the equality of the South, as treasonable to the Constitution, to the Union, and to every principle of free government.— What course is it the duty of the South to pursue, is too grave a matter for us to point out. In the present emergency, the people of the slave holding States should be united. He should be driven from our borders, who hesitates to sustain the South in any step by which she may redress her wrongs; or who would forget, in the claims of his party, his first duty to his country. For ourselves, always moderate;—always a friend of the Union;—always yielding to the hope of the supremacy of justice; we have long stifled our indignant sentiments, and rebuked every expression of discontent in others. The time for moderation is past. Forbearance, so far from being a virtue is a positive vice. He who will not, amidst the proof now before the country, of deliberate outrage on the South, vindicate her cause, and go to any extreme for her protection, is as faithless to the nature of a freeman as he is to the duties of a patriot, and the social virtues of a free government. In mere political acts, dividing the people of the same country, a support of the central governmental power may be consistent with the obligations due the State; but in the case of wanton outrages on the principles of liberty; of manifest abuses of power; of violent efforts to change the nature of the politics of the country from freedom to despotism, there is with the honest man, (there may be with the slave,) no question of opposing allegiance.— There is but one tie—that is to our State, and to our State alone! To this fidelity, to this allegiance we pledge ourselves; and never, while we can raise our voice to assert the rights of the South, or an arm to protect it, will we cease to condemn and to resist this deliberate, unprincipled and base violation of her constitutional liberty.—Evening News.

MOST SUBLIME.—Can any of our readers peruse the following touching appeal, and retain a dry eye? If they can they must be strong hearted:

"Oh! Sally dear, the evin'm's clear,
Thick flies the skimm'ın swaller,
Ther'sky is blue, the fields in view,
Alfadin' green and yellar."

Come let us stray our tailsome way,
And view the charms of mter—
The barkin' dogs the squealin' hogs,
And every noated later.