

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME II.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 13, 1850.

NUMBER 73.

## 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.

### THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall be entitled to the sixth copy (of the edition subscribed for) gratis for one year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued; and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

Liberal discounts allowed to those who advertise for three, six, or twelve months.

☞ All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal:  
Wm. C. Caron, General Agent.  
Coles. W. Huxey, Jacksonville. Lancaster Dist.  
S. H. Ross, Esq., Lancasterville, S. C.  
C. C. W. Moore, Esq., Charleston, N. C.  
W. O. Moore, Esq., Camden, S. C.  
And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

## Poetical Department.

For the Journal.

### CLARK MILLS.

'Tis God-like art whose mighty hand  
Has wrought the marble into form,  
Has wreathed the lightnings round his brow  
And curbed the raging of the storm.  
And thus the mighty mind of Mills,  
With genius to the world unknown,  
Has waked the star of sculpture, which  
Ere this our eastern lands has shown.

Son of the land of chivalry—  
The warrior of the iron nerve,  
Who never with the robe or sword,  
From duty's path was known to swerve.

Death has no victory to boast  
Over him who lives by native art,  
A Carolinian hand should mould  
What bore a Carolinian heart.

The mighty genius of the one,  
Has spoke the other into life,  
With all the ardor in his eye,  
Which blazed amid the field of strife.

Then let a world-wide honor laud  
Him who the hope of genius fills—  
The self-taught artist of the west,  
Our nation's pride—the sculptor MILLS.  
Camden, S. C.                      CONSTANCY.

### YOU WILL FORGET ME.

Forget thee! when the valley stream  
Forgets its pebbled path;  
The flower that droops beneath the wave  
Each pleasing hue it bath;  
When noon forgets the eastern sky,  
Or noon her glorious God,  
Or e'en the soft delicious dew,  
That cools her fragrant sod.  
If hearts are held as blessings be,  
Thy memory shall not pass from me.

Forget thee! 'twas a thought unkind,  
It breathed not friendship's strain,  
But rather told of fickleness,  
Of vow and promise vain.  
Recall it! for a future hour—  
God speed it bright and near!  
Shall prove to thee how false it was,  
And I, how all sincere.  
For only when I silent be,  
Thy memory shall pass from me.

## The Ohio.

**A Centenarian.**—The census marshal of the Fourth ward informs us that he had discovered a colored woman aged 103, who was born a slave in Fairfax county, Va. She retains her memory almost unimpaired, and years of life seem yet before her; health being good. She remembers many of the events of the revolution, has spoken to George Washington when the great "Father" was in the harness of war, and remembers distinctly the appearance and costume of the old heroes. — *Cincinnati Com.*

**CUBA.**—A Creole in Havana, being examined in geography, was asked: "What is the capital of Spain?" He replied: "Spain has no capital—she is hopelessly bankrupt."

The master willing to probe then asked: "If Spain has no capital, what interest does she pay on her debt?" "Not any—Cuba pays the interest."

**An Editor's Retort.**—At a late festival, a pretty Miss waited on the editor with a plate of an antique manufacture, in the centre of which he espied the following couplet:

"One sweet kiss,  
Is the price of this!"

This excited his naturally amorous disposition, and as soon as an opportunity presented, he motioned the young lady to his side, and pointing with his knife to the lines, said "Young lady, your pay is ready whenever you present your bill!"

**THE WIFE.**—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife.—Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars, than others do on double that amount. The man does his part well; but the wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor—while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife on the other hand, is a whirlpool into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. No Nicholas the diver is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about love and her devotion.

**RICH JOKE.**—An Irishman went a fishing, and among other things he hauled in was a large sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant girl he placed it in her bedroom. The next morning, the first that bounded into the breakfast room was Biddy, with the exclamation of—"Be Jabbers, I've got the devil!" "What devil?" inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise. "Why, the bull bed-bug, sure, that has been a-tein' the children for the last two months."

Gen. Jackson fought at the battle of New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815, which took place on Sunday, and died on the 8th day of June, 1845, which was Sunday also. From the 8th day of January, 1815 until the 8th day of June, 1845, the time being 30 years and 5 months, with 12 calendar months in a year, would make precisely to a day, 365 months, and corresponding to the number (365) days in a year—so that from the time the lamented hero fought at New Orleans, to the day on which he died, it was a year of months." (365.)

A friend of ours says he is growing weaker and weaker every day. He has got so now, that he can't "raise" five dollars.

**AN EDITOR'S LIFE.**—"Few persons who read their *Tribune*, at breakfast," says Horace Greeley in a recent number of that journal, "can conceive the amount of mental and manual toil which has combined to fill up the columns over which the eye moves so easily; but a moment's reflection on the facts above stated will show them that it is by no means trifling. No man labors harder than a *tribune* editor." Other persons have hours free for repose or recreation but he has not. Other duties may be postponed, but his are inexorable. Sleep or amusement he enjoys as it were by stealth, and with constant liability to interruption. When after midnight, fancying that the work of the day is over, he turns his steps homeward, it is always with a half presentiment of a recall to the office and to new fatigues. The public pardons neglect in others of its servants, but is unmerciful with him. He must be ever fresh, ever on the alert. He is a worker almost on the principle of a perpetual motion,

"Alike to him is time or tide,  
December's snow or July's pride,  
Alike to him is tide or time,  
Moonless midnight or matin prime."

And thus he lives an intense and crowded life, and early finishes his career. An aged editor is a rarity."

## A Selected Tale

### A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

Fernando Cortes and his handful of adventurers were on their march toward the imperial city of Montezuma. Night overtook them as they emerged from a deep ravine among the mountains, into an open plain watered by a small rivulet. Beside the stream they halted and pitched their tents; and having partaken of a slight refreshment, the whole troop threw themselves upon the ground in the attitude of attention, while Donna Marina, the beautiful Indian interpreter, related to them a legend of her native country.

"I have already told you," she began, "that the city of Tezcuco was once the capital of this empire. Nezahualcoyotl there held his court, which was more magnificent than that of any preceding monarch. But at the time in which my story begins, his long and glorious reign was drawing to a close. He had been, successively, a warrior, a statesman, a poet, and a philosopher, and so humane and magnificent a prince, that his subjects might easily have been persuaded to pay him divine honors. All the nations of Anahuac rejoiced under the shadow of his arm, and though he had fought his way to the throne, he needed now no warlike weapon to defend it. But Nezahualcoyotl was old, and he desired to see his son united in marriage to the Princess Torquosa, and firmly established as his successor, before his departure to the land of shades.

"Prince Nezahualpilli, was majestic in person, grave in manners, and possessed of a comprehensive and philosophic mind. He had made great proficiency in mathematics, astrology, and the science of war, while his royal father himself had instructed him in the rites of religion, charging him to worship the invisible God and his ministers, the sun, moon, and stars. This prince possessed, also, in his youth, social and more gentle virtues. He was just, but generous, and though a brave warrior like his father, like him he was also humane and merciful. He was more fond of retirement than a court, and preferred study to the din of arms; yet, in times of necessity or danger, no prince was ever wiser in council or more brave in battle.

"Such was Nezahualpilli, the heir to the

throne of Tezcuco, and the destined husband of the beautiful and beloved Torquosa.

Descended from that illustrious but benign race who brought to Anahuac just laws and purer faith, the Princess Torquosa inherited their benignity of manners, their loftiness and equanimity of mind. Wherever she appeared she was regarded as a superior being. The people prostrated themselves before her palanquin with as much reverence as before that of the emperor. She was called by the minstrels, the Toltec maiden, 'the bird of the valley,' and, the sweet singing bird, of the royal eagle's nest. Her dark, sad eyes, her raven tresses, her pearly teeth, and brilliant smile, are still commemorated in our songs; and still on the lake of Tezcuco, in a clear evening, a solitary boatman will sometimes pass you, singing some strain of an ancient melody to 'the Toltec maiden's charms.

In the imperial palace a long suite of apartments were appointed to the Princess Torquosa. They overlooked one of the great courts and royal gardens, and were furnished with rare taste and magnificence. Bright flowers or gay landscapes were wrought in needlework upon the carpets, while the ceilings were of finest wood, and carved by the most skillful artisans in the empire. She sat or reclined upon luxurious cushions; her food was served to her in vessels of delicate porcelain or gold, studded with gems, and fair maidens of noble birth surrounded and attended her, walked barefoot in her presence, and wearing over their rich garments the coarse robes of vassalage. The princess herself was clothed in fine cotton, ornamented with the emerald and turquoise. She wore also, when she left the palace, a mantle of gorgeous leather-work, while ever her long, black tresses and high, pale forehead waved the white and graceful plume of the ostrich.

It was her custom to walk often, at evening, upon the roof of the palace, accompanied by her maidens. The prospect from thence was singularly beautiful. On the one side lay the city of Tezcuco, then the first in the empire; on the other, the sparkling waters of the lake, so gay with its light boats and floating gardens; while far down in the distance appeared the fairy island of the Lord of Estapanapan, and right opposite the palaces, the teocalis and busy streets of the ancient city of Mexico.

But I must hasten to my tale, for the evening wanes.

The time had been appointed for the marriage of the prince and princess. Active preparations had been made throughout the empire, and on the following day that event was to take place which had been so long anticipated.—The palace was a scene of festivity and joy.—The fragrance of flowers filled all the apartments; cooling fountains were playing in the courts and gardens; the countenance of the old emperor beamed with smiles; and the usually grave and thoughtful expression of the princely bridegroom had given place to one of open gladness. The sweet bride had sat all day in her own apartments, surrounded by her maidens; sometimes sitting in pensive silence, the lights and shadows passing by turn over her lovely face, and sometimes singing snatches of sweet songs, with a voice so full of melody that they seemed to overflow from her very heart. So the day at length passed on, and twilight was deepening into night, when the prince sought Torquosa, and they ascended together the palace roof. The moon shone brightly over the stately city and the clear waters, while the royal lovers walked together and talked of the glowing future, with as much happiness as if their lot had not been so high.

The large, bold eyes of the prince, that flashed so terrible upon his enemies, were now softened into love; and the voice so high and loud, that it was heard throughout his hosts in the midst of battle, was now as low and sweet as the music of the Castilian lute. And well might he thus look and speak, when he gazed upon those features, so full of trusting affection and radiant hope. The cheek of the princess seemed to glow with a brighter and richer bloom than ever before, and an unwonted light and beauty sparkled in her clear eyes.

"They tell me," she said, "that this world is one of sorrow; but I have never found it so.—My path has ever been like that of yonder moon through the serene heavens; no cloud has crossed it; and such the astrologers tell me it shall be to the end. I believe them, and rejoice for thy sake. Yes, my beloved, thy path and mine are the same, and while I live it shall never be darkened."

"Ah! truly," replied the enraptured prince, forgetting his philosophy, "it shall be as thou hast said; while thou livest I shall never know darkness, for thou shalt be to me a perpetual light."

While the prince and princess were thus conversing, they did not observe a female figure, which crouched at a little distance from them, and listened breathlessly to their words. It was the figure of an Aztec slave, who had been taken captive by the prince in war, and presented to his destined bride.

When they turned to descend into the palace she was gone. She had entered their presence unperceived, and unperceived departed. The prince accompanied Torquosa to her apartments, where they separated with a cheerful "good night."

The princess was immediately surrounded by her attendants, who assisted to disrobe her, and she lay down upon her couch with a light and happy heart.

She had sunk into a soft and pleasant slumber, and her maidens also were wrapped in profound repose, when a light and stealthy tread might have been heard in her chamber, and the form of the Aztec slave bent over her. With a malignant and envious gaze the wretched menial bent her eye upon that innocent, unconscious face. Torquosa's long, dark tresses fell

like a cloud over her delicate bosom, one glowing cheek rested on a slender transparent hand, a smile still lingered on her lips, and over all, like a glow of sunlight, was shed that lofty and serene expression which marked her Toltec origin.

"Beautiful and happy," exclaimed the Aztec, "beautiful and happy, royal and beloved, thou shalt not live. The prince I adore is thy lover—thy husband to-morrow. To-morrow! where wilt thou be to-morrow? No! his path shall no longer be illuminated by thee! So, the astrologers have foretold that thy life shall be always happy, but thou canst die! Ay, die in thy youth, thy bloom, and by the hand of an alien and a slave. He thought not of that last night—he thought not when he scorned my love that I could dream of vengeance. But soft—she may awake. I must be quick, or the bird, the singing bird, will escape me yet. Now, hated Toltec, thy time has come!"

So saying, the fierce Aztec drew from her robe the fatal weapon. It flashed a moment in the moonlight which streamed like a guardian over the sleeping maiden, and was then buried in her bosom. She uttered no groan, for the knife found a direct passage to her heart.

So passed the sweet Princess Torquosa to the land of shadows. The astrologers were right—she died before her noon, but lived without a sorrow.

With a smile of savage exultation, the slave drew the bloody weapon from the bosom of the princess, and hastily left the apartment. The morning dawned with more than usual glory. The valley of Mexico was all spread out in the sunlight, glowing with beauty, and full of animation and joyousness.

The population of the whole empire were abroad at early dawn, anxious to celebrate, with suitable festivities, the marriage of their renowned prince. They might be seen in gay groups in the markets, public roads, and gardens, on the roofs of the houses, and on the boats and islands of the lake, in their holiday dresses, adorned with flowers, and carrying large nosegays of fragrant honey suckles and roses. Banners waved, music played, and the priests in long procession wound slowly up the sides of the teocalis, with waving censers and choicest offerings, seeking to propitiate the gods.

The young prince, with a light heart, leaped from his couch, and having been magnificently attired, sought the apartments of his bride, followed by a crowd of attendant nobles.

Alas! alas! tradition tells us that, after the night he saw those, Prince Nezahualpilli was a changed man. He became stern even to severity, and was never known to smile. He lived to be firmly established on the throne of his father, and then to see his empire pass into other hands. But the changes in his fortune affected him but little since the dark and sudden night which had fallen upon his youth.

He died at last in obscurity. Some say that the Aztec slave followed him through life like an evil spirit, and at last, in his age and decrepitude, destroyed him with the same weapon which had drunk up the life-blood of the Princess Torquosa, in her youth and bloom. But be that as it may, you may still see, in a moonlight evening, two stately forms hovering over the palace roof of the Lord of Tezcuco, the one resembling a warrior prince, the other a beautiful maiden appalled as a bride."

As Donna Marina finished her tale, the Spanish general took up his guitar and played a soft Castilian air. The bold cavaliers around him were subdued by the plaintive strain and the sad legend, and their thoughts wandered alternately from the barbaric splendours of the New World to their native country—from "the Toltec maiden" and her royal lover, to the homes and faces so far away.

**JENNY LIND'S BROTHER.**—The *Bridgewater* (England) Times says: It will be interesting to many of our readers to hear that last week John Lind, mariner, of Stockholm, son of Hans Lind, School master, and brother of Jenny, the "Swedish Nightingale" was married in the Register office in this town, to Miss Mary Gee, of Milgavenny. John had not seen his sister for many years until he accidentally met her the other day at Liverpool, on her professional visit to that place. Jenny presented him with a handful of pocket money, but John, like his other two brothers, is able and willing to work for his bread, and if his sister were to offer him annuity to exempt him from labor he would not accept it. He spoke in the most affectionate terms of his sister, stating that she had supported her father and mother since she was sixteen years of age.

**THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.**—The New York Day Book says there is a man in that city who has seen some fifty summers, of a good stature and commanding figure, who drives a Waverly omnibus, and who has actually grown gray in the service. He commenced this occupation in March 1833, now more than seventeen years past, and has pursued it most of the time since. His father was a wealthy upholsterer for many years in Maiden Lane, and now he is a rich retired old gentleman, highly respectable, on Long Island. The son is a man of fine capacity, has a more than ordinary intellect, and is handsomely educated. His fast living for a while pretty rapidly dissolved two moderate fortunes, which together with some family disagreement between himself and father. All ill feelings are now over. His father has given him \$40,000, a small portion of which he will receive—the interest of which he draws as he desires and appropriates as he likes. He lives with his family in a snug cottage in 22d street, in a quiet christian like way, still following his profession of stage driving, because he likes it—because 'tis his pastime—because he earns his living by it and not from compulsion. Many of the ten thousand passengers who ride in that excellent line have, doubtless

remarked this extraordinary man with his piercing black eye, his long black hair now mixed with white, his brown face, his tall and rather slender figure, his broad brimmed hat and the rapidity of his movements,—his stage passengers little thinking that they were thrusting their six-pences into the fingers that had at their command \$40,000.

A teacher one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said:

"A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten.—Now, what did Peter do?"

"Well, I don't know," said the boy pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, "without he hollered."

Mr. Jenkins, will it suit you to settle that old account of yours?"

"No, sir, you are mistaken in the man—I am not one of the old settlers!"

## Political Department.

### POSITION OF GEORGIA.

We copy from the *Georgia Sentinel* an article on the position of one of the glorious old Thirteen. In the times that tried men's souls Georgia was as true to the honor and interest of the infant colonies as the needle to the pole; and now, when Northern aggression and usurpation is forcing the South to show her true colors, this noble old State is still found on the side of justice and equality. Were every State to take this position the fanaticism which has raged so violently in the Northern parts of the Union would soon be quelled, and the proceedings of Congress assume a more liberal shade.

We commend the article to the careful attention of our readers that they may read and understand their duties:—*Wilmington Aurora.*

"The eyes of public men in every section of the Union are turned to the position which our State is to assume in the present crisis. The action of her last Legislature has placed her in the van of the movement, and such is the relation which she now sustains to the other Southern States and to the Union, that it may very certainly be predicted, 'as goes Georgia, so goes the South.' The position is a proud one; it is an unenviable one, because it is the most responsible which has ever yet devolved upon any State in the confederacy. What shall Georgia do? The question comes home to every man whose vote may help to decide our course at the ballot box. It is one he should weigh well, and having determined the path of duty he should firmly plant his feet there, unflinching for consequences. It is time the people should make up their minds on this question. If we have not misinterpreted the import of the times, the crisis is fast approaching, and we should be prepared for it. There is very little doubt now that we shall soon witness the happening of one of these contingencies upon which it is made the duty of the Governor to assemble a convention of the people of Georgia for the purpose of determining the mode and measure of redress. There is but one mode of redress when that contingency shall have happened, and that is SECESSION FROM THE UNION. The question for the people to determine is, shall Georgia secede, if California is admitted as a State with her present boundaries and constitution? For our own part, we have considered this matter well; we have endeavored to divest its consideration of everything like passion or prejudice, and have determined our position solely with honest references to the honor, the interests and the duty of the South. We have taken this position, and we intend to maintain it until the South has honored her cause in victory, or disgraced her name in submission. We know that those whom we regret to call opponents, have painted a gloomy future of secession. We believe they have permitted their fears rather than judgment to sketch the picture, but what if their predictions be true? Are men to be driven from a position assumed in honest obedience to principle, from a servile fear of the consequences? It may be high-minded conservatism in politics to do so, but he who acts upon this plan in every day life, deservesly wears the brand of Coward. But the horrors of *disunion* is a miserable byword. It is a crying shame to make war upon the South for seceding from the Union? The North? What would she gain, nay, what would she lose by it? Would she attempt to coerce the South back into the Union? We do not believe there is a sensible man in the Union who would answer this question affirmatively. Then who is going to make war upon us? Whose throats would shed the 'ocean of blood' through which we are told we will have to wade to disunion?

But we are appealed to by our love of the Union, by our veneration for the good and great names of better days, and our devotion to the 'stars and stripes,' not to dissolve the Government. The appeal should be made to our oppressors and not to us. The same appeal, with as much propriety, might have been made in 1776, to the memorable struggles of the people of England for their rights. Our own more recent contests for freedom, speaks in thunder tones, in reprobation of the very course to which we are now invited. How much more intolerable are the outrages now imposed by the North upon the South, than were the grievances for which our forefathers then went to war? It has been said that they took up arms for a preamble; certainly it was a contest for principles not more sacred than are those involved in the present sectional controversy, and are we to be told that Georgia will filter in her devotion to those principles? We cannot believe it, nor will we, until we are compelled to hang our head in humiliating acknowledgment of the fact."