

# The Camden Journal.

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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

## Poetical Department.

### GRABBING TO AMERICA.

Written by Bayard Taylor, and sung as her first Concert in the United States, by Miss Jenny Lind, on Wednesday night, Sept. 11, 1850.

I greet with full heart, the Land of the West,  
Whose banner of stars o'er a world is unroll'd;  
Whose empire overshadows Atlantic's wide breast;  
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!  
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,  
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—  
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake  
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!  
Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam  
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,  
I hear from thy bosom, the welcome of home,  
For song has home in the hearts of the Free!  
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,  
And long as thy heroes remember the scars,  
Be the hands of thy children united as one,  
And peace shed her light on the Banner of Stars.

### SWEET MOON, I LOVE THEE.

BY G. D. FRENCH.  
Sweet moon, I love thee, yet I grieve  
To gaze on thy pale orb to-night;  
It tells me of that last dear eye  
I passed with her my soul's delight.

Hill, vale and wood and streams were dyed  
In the pale glory of thy beams,  
As forth we wandered side by side,  
Once more to tell love's burning dreams.

My fond arm was her living zone,  
My hand within her hand was pressed,  
And love was in each earnest tone,  
And rapture in each heaving breast.

And many a high and fervent vow  
Was breathed from her full heart and mine,  
While thy calm light was on her brow,  
Like pure religion's seal and sign.

We knew, alas! that we must part,  
We knew we must be severed long;  
Yet joy was in each throbbing heart,  
For love was deep and faith was strong.

A thousand memories of the past  
Were busy in each glowing breast,  
And hope upon the future cast  
Her rainbow hues—and we were blest.

I craved a boon—oh! in that boon  
There was a wild, delicious bliss—  
Ah! did'st thou ever gaze, sweet moon,  
Upon a more impassioned kiss!

The parting came—one moment brief  
Her dim and fading form I viewed—  
'Twas gone—and there I stood in grief  
Amid life's awful solitude.

**DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**—Men talk in raptures," says Witherspoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and sprightfulness in their wives; but after seven years union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt at every hour in the husband's purse."

In 1681, Henry Dow was chosen Town Clerk of Hampton, N. Hampshire. Since that time the office has been in the family, and held by himself and descendants 120 years. He held it himself 21 years to begin with.

**THE OLD LINE OF MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.**—"Canst thou send lightnings, that they go and say unto thee, here we are!"—Job, 38th chap. and 34th verse.

Mrs. Pierson, the woman who wouldn't kiss a man that had whiskers, has retired from the editorship of the Lancaster (Pa.) Gazette.

Woman is the heart of the family. A man the head. When the heart is right the head seldom goes astray.

"Genius will always work its way through," as the poet remarked when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning gains esteem; good breeding alone insures love and affection.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### ADVENTURES OF A PRINTER.

A ROMANCE.

By the steamer Cherokee, the editor of the Trenton (N. J.) State Gazette, has received a letter dated at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Jan. 1, 1850, from an old friend and fellow printer, whose adventures have been so much out of the common order that we extract a part of his letter for the amusement of our readers. The writer left New York in 1846, as a full private in Col. Stevenson's regiment. After the wars were over, he remained in California, where he was employed by Gen. Nallejo as a carpenter at the time the gold mines were discovered. He, of course, took his chances at gold digging, but soon abandoned the business. When last heard from, (previous to the reception of the present letter) he was one of the publishers of the Californian. He writes that he soon abandoned this speculation. He concludes his adventures for the present by being wrecked one day on Honolulu, and marrying the daughter of the chief of the village on the following Sunday. But let him speak for himself:

"The paper was slow pay in those times, so I sold out my interest, and gained one or two thousand dollars, which I spent. Speculated a little, however, and did well—failed in some things, but made up in others.

"On the 9th of October last, in company with seven, I left San Francisco on a visit to the 'Beautiful Islands,' intending afterwards to sail to China, make our way overland to Russia, where I had an uncle, and thence to England, where I could take passage for home. On the 23th, at noon, when we were within two leagues of Honolulu, it came on to blow a gale. We stood off and succeeded in worrying out the gale, but just as we were entering the mouth of the harbor, it came on to blow very hard from the northwest, and in five minutes we were head and fast on the shore. I rushed to my chest for my dimes, and had barely time to secure the same when the hull parted, keeled over and filled. I secured a spar, and clung to it and the dust like 'grim death to a deceased African.' After being in the water about three quarters of an hour, lashed by the surf and bruised by the spar, I gained the shore. I kissed the earth where I first stepped, and determined never to leave it. Having 65 pounds of gold dust about my person, besides three or four hundred dollars in gold coin, I was completely exhausted, and turned in for the night (for night it began to be) under a cocoanut tree, where I slept soundly until 12 or 1 o'clock, when I awoke so stiff with cold and so sore from my bruises that I could scarcely move. To my great joy I discovered a fire about half a mile to the west. It proved to be a village of the natives, (kanakas,) who, on learning (by signs) my misfortune, stirred up the fire, gave me some boiled pork, bread fruit, yams, and a variety of eating matter. After I had disposed of this I turned in on some mats, where I slept soundly until sunrise, when I arose.

"After I had made my toilet I was introduced to the chief of the village. He is of high rank and much respected. His name is Kanni, and he is related to the king of the islands. He was very polite, spoke English fluently, offered me a house, some land, and his daughter in marriage, if I would live with his tribe and instruct them as far as I was able, in the arts of civilization. I thanked him for his offer, and told him that I would think over the matter.

"After this interview, I went down to the beach, accompanied by a party of the natives, to look after the wreck, but nothing could be seen save the spar on which I came ashore. When I discovered the sad result of the storm I sat down on the beach and wept like a child. I had lost the only friends I have had since I left my home. But tears are of no avail, so I made up my mind to bear it, and to accept the offer of the chief and become his son. I accordingly, on my return to the village informed the chief that I would accept his offer. He immediately introduced me to the fair one. Her name is Niara (Mary). She is of a light copper, fourteen years old, five feet 4 inches high, small hand and foot, black hair and eyes, and above all very affectionate. Her dress consisted of a faded blue satin skirt, moccasins and leggings, and a curiously wrought head dress. She was by no means bashful and none too modest. She sat on my knee and kissed me, and when I asked her if she would marry me, she said yes without the slightest hesitation and expressed a wish that the ceremony should take place on the following Sunday, saying that a missionary would be there on that day. This I agreed to, when she rewarded me with a kiss and ran off to her father.

The following day I visited the capital and purchased the wedding dresses for my lady and myself, together with some presents for the tribe and on Sunday we twain were made one flesh.

On Monday, my father-in-law, at my request, set several men at work at getting out cocoanut logs to build my house, and in the course of ten days a very substantial dwelling, 40 feet front, 25 feet deep, and 25 feet high was completed. This is the only building of the kind in the village, all the others being built of reeds and mud. The chief is very much pleased with it, and I hope within a year the whole village will be of log houses. I have promised to furnish axes and all other tools, and I think the natives will build themselves better houses.

I am perfectly contented with my situation, and think that mine is a peculiar happy lot, after so long a struggle with the world—'poor as a rat'—sticking type for a living—to be cast ashore with a pocket full of rocks among friendly savages in this lovely climate.

**LAKE SUPERIOR.**—The arrivals of copper at the Sault St. Marie are very large. Week before last the Cliff mine sent down solid masses,

as follows: one piece 4370 pounds, 4837, 4000, 4286, 4300. Every piece weighed two tons or more. The Minnesota Company sent down masses as follows: 4720 pounds, 4050, 3450, 3400, 2466. The schr. Spartan passed Detroit lately with 115,000 pounds mass copper. On the 4th inst. the London brought down 100,000 pounds in masses, mostly from the Siscowitt mines.

### HAPPY HOME.

A young man meets a pretty face in the ball-room, falls in love with it, courts it, "marries," goes to house keeping with it and boasts of having a home to go to, and a wife. The chances are nine to ten he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story—or becomes faded, or freckled, or fretted—and, as that face was all that he wanted, all he "paid attention to," all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to "love, honor and protect," he gets sick of his trade; knows a dozen faces he likes better; gives up staying at home evenings; consoles himself with cigars and oysters, whiskey punch, and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding-house—a family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his fair "face" know anything about teaching them; so they come up helter-skelter—made toys of when babies, dolls when boys and girls, drudges when men and women; and so passes from year to year, and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the whole household. Another young man becomes enamored of a "fortune." He waits upon it to parties, dances the Polka with it, exchanges *billot-doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, is published to it, goes to the parson's with it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends, and says (poor fellow!) that he, too, is married, and has a home. It's false. He is not married; he has got no home, and he soon finds it out. He's in the wrong box; but it's too late to get out of it; he might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the new Bible the newer baby; and then bids the "fortune" and him who "husbands" it, good morning! As if he had known a good morning since he and that gilded "fortune" were declared to be one. Take another case. A young woman is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers make an offer, first one and then the other, proffering themselves, sea bath in exchange for one heart. The dear Miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, carries home her prize, shows it to papa and mama, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there was never such a pair (of whiskers) before, and in a few weeks they are married. Married! yes, the world calls them so, and we will. What is the result? A short honey-moon, and then the unlucky discovery that they are as unlike as chalk and new cheese, and not to be made one, though all the priests in christendom pronounce them so.

**A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.**—A florist will tell you that you paint the flower-pot that contains a favorite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and perhaps its blossom will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots and your paint itself is poisonous. Just so mere external cultivation, superficial, worldly accomplishments, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower, it must die. And there are kinds of ornamental accomplishments, the very process of which is as deleterious to the soul, as the paint upon the flower-pot is pernicious to the plant; whose delicate leaves not only inhale a poisonous atmosphere during your very process of rendering the exterior more tasteful, but the whole earth is dried and devoid of nourishment. Nature never paints, but all her forms of loveliness are a growth, a native character, possession and development from the beginning. If the sun can never be called a painter, it is only because the plants absorb his rays, and receive them into the very texture and life of their vegetation. So, whatever is real knowledge, wisdom, principle, character and life in education, is a process of the absorption and development of truth is not mere painting.—Rev. Dr. Cheever's Plea for Children.

**FREE TRANSLATION.**—"Well, now, you've been to college two years; I suppose you can translate Latin some, can't you?"  
"Yes, I can translate anything."  
"Can you? Well, what does this mean—*Pocla nascitur not fit?*"  
"Oh! that means, a nasty poet is not fit!"  
"Not fit for what?"  
"You didn't quote the whole—*pro decentibus societatibus*—not fit for decent society?"  
"Ah! indeed! and what does *ne sutor* mean?"  
"If you in popping the question should drop on your knees, you would be a *knee sutor*."  
"Very good. Now what is *jam satis*?"  
"Oh! that's what the fellow said in a crowd he meant he was jammed enough!"  
"Well, this college larnin' is a great thing. I suppose you didn't know that I can translate some myself?"  
"No! can you?"  
"Oh yes!—*Clam et palam* you know what that means, eh?"  
"Not exactly; what is it?"  
"That means, *eat clams by the pailful!*"  
"You may take my hat!"

**THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.**—The Mississippi rises in the Northern part of the Territory of Minnesota, in Lake Itasca. This lake is situated in lat. 47 deg. 13 min. 35 sec. N.,

long 65 deg. 2 min. W. The elevation of this lake above the Gulf of Mexico, is about 1575 feet. The length of the Mississippi is estimated at 2890 miles. Within a circuit of less than one hundred miles around the source of the Mississippi, rivers rise which find outlets in Hudson's Bay, to the North, the St. Lawrence on the East, and the Gulf of Mexico at the South. Indeed, there are, in the vicinity, springs within a few feet of each other, whose waters are discharged into rivers the outlets of which are some 6000 miles apart. The Mississippi itself, runs North at first, and then East, as if in doubt which course to take, but finally, in the language of a Western traveler, "turns its course towards the sunny South, as if in scorn of the royal government ruling the soil washed by the Hudson Bay and the St. Lawrence river, and makes her way through the heart of our republic, to the Gulf of Mexico." The river is navigable continuously for steamboats to the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of about 2000 miles. It is also navigable for steamboats for a considerable distance above these falls, and a boat has, we believe, already been constructed for that purpose.

**CENSUS OF 1850.**—The United States Marshals will be glad to learn that an act supplementary to the act of 23d May, 1850, has been passed by Congress, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to extend the time for taking the census, where, from circumstances beyond the control of the Marshal, further time is rendered necessary.

The act also provides for an increased compensation for taking the census of California, Oregon, Utah, and New Mexico, and provides for the payment, in all cases, of eight cents per page for the two copies of returns required by the act. Discrimination is so far made in favor of the population of the Territories above named, that all persons from the States are to be enumerated as citizens thereof, who may be found residing there at the time of taking the census; provided they left the United States before the 1st of June. This will give to those Territories the advantage of enumerating nearly all the emigrants of the present summer.—*Nat. Intel.*

### SECESSION OR DISUNION.

With joyful acclamations from Abolitionists and Submissionists comes the news that several of the measures of the 'Omnibus,' differing somewhat in detail from their previous character, have passed the House of Representatives. We have not been furnished yet with the particulars, but we have no doubt they have passed without material modification, and if so we see but one alternative and that is *Disunion* immediately and distinctly. We cannot stay in the Union any longer with such dishonor attached to the terms of our remaining. It is to sign our death warrant to do so. We speak unreservedly—let us come out from it. The matter has been discussed enough for every one to know that our entire exclusion, as slave States from all territory now common to the United States, has been effected by the passage of these odious, discriminating bills.

How can we stay in a confederacy, the stronger members of which practice such wrong and insult upon the weaker; and especially when such strong members have derived nearly all their strength from political subsidies furnished by the weaker? Mr. Badger said North Carolina was but a colony of the General Government. Truly have the Southern States been to all practical purposes colonies to the North, giving strength to their sinews, power to their muscles, and furnishing their arteries of trade with the very elements of their existence and health; but this is not sufficient—three-fourths of the money spent and four-fifths of the blood spilt, in the acquisition of new territory, is to be flung in as an additional gratuity to the North, without our deriving one copper's benefit. Out upon such a confederacy! Out upon a union which binds us to such degradation, which fastens upon us the chains of such a disgraceful vassalage.

We go for the South's secession for a moiety of States to secede, and if only one will sacrifice every prospect other we may have and unite our fortunes with her, and stand by her to the last.

We pronounce the laws past, as abominable, disgraceful, degrading, insulting. We expect the South now to act. We have a small piece of steel and a frame now the largest; they are both at her service.

We'd rather die and fill a freeman's grave,  
Than live and be a Yankee's abject slave.  
*Hornet's Nest.*

**SMOKE HOUSES.**—Many persons commit great errors in building smoke houses. To be nice and have a handsome and respectable looking appearance to the farm it must first be built of brick or stone, with close fitting doors, and a single aperture for the egress of the smoke. The consequence is, the meat is black and bitter, and might as well have put in a pickle of pyroigneous acid, having lost all its fine flavor, smelling of soot like a chimney sweep. They are so close and cold, that the smoke condenses and settles on the hams or bacon, and instead of drying, it becomes flabby and ill-colored.

A smoke house can hardly be too open. It takes longer to be sure, to perfect the process, but when completed the meat is dry, of a fine chestnut color and a delicate flavor of smoke penetrating the whole mass.

The best houses we have seen, are built with a stone wall, three feet high, a flagged bottom, and a wooden structure built on the top of the wall. Common siding is tight enough, or boards endwise like boarding a barn is sufficient, with a tight board or shingle roof. The bottom is used for an ash house and the smoke fire built on the ashes. It is safe for both purpose and will produce as much finer article for

those who have a sweet tooth for that delicious treat—a nice flavored ham.  
[Moore's Rural New Yorker.]

### CALHOUN'S TEMPLE AND STATUE.

The Council of Charleston, deeming it due to the illustrious reputation of the late Mr. Calhoun, determined to erect a temple to contain Mr. Powers's classic statue of our lamented Statesman. From the plans advertised, and submitted, they have selected the beautiful design of our townsman, E. B. White, esq. Architect.

We have been kindly favored with a Daguerr-type copy of the design, which our readers are invited to examine at our office.

We understand the temple is to be of white marble, its form or plan is octagonal. The building will be raised upon, and entirely encompassed by, a flight of eight steps. These will ascend to a marble pavement; in the centre of which the statue will be placed. In each of the eight sides of the building, will be an arched opening; and at each of the right angles, will be a pier and attached Corinthian columns. These columns will be surmounted by an entablature, with modillion cornice. The frieze of the cornice will be encircled with Acanthus, and entwined with medallions, bearing the arms of the State, the City, and other appropriate insignia.

From the entablature, springs a dome roof, composed of sixteen enriched marble ribs, terminating at the apex, with an exquisite and highly wrought marble finial. The panels between the ribs of the dome will consist of glass, through which light will be introduced upon the statue below. The glass panels will have two parallel faces. The exterior ones, being about an inch thick, will imitate white marble, and will be rendered semi-transparent, by a chemical process of hydrofluoric acid. The interior panels will be of white glass, with appropriately enamelled figures. The frieze within the temple will be enriched with sculptured work, representing the funeral procession of Mr. Calhoun in Charleston. Gas will be so introduced, as to illuminate the building at night, and so managed as to throw a very soft and imposing light around the statue.

The clear interior of the temple will be a little over twenty-two feet; and its entire height, from the ground to the top of the finial, forty-six feet.

On the second step, at each angle of the building, will be placed eight pedestals, supporting a like number of marble vases. In each of these will be cultivated rare plants and flowers, emblems of our constant and perennial remembrance of our beloved statesman.

As is our notice of Mr. White's design, our readers will not fail to form some idea of its classic and appropriate beauty. A severe chasteness and elegant simplicity are blended in its composition; and we are fully persuaded that all who will examine the design will acknowledge that no more appropriate temple could be selected for the statue.

The statue itself, we are happy to learn, if not recovered from its late shipwreck, will be immediately wrought over, as Mr. Powers has preserved the model from which the original statue was chiselled.—*Char. Mercury.*

**TO BRING THE DROWNED TO LIFE.**—At this season of the year, when so many fatal accidents are occurring, the following advice, which we have, perhaps, before published, is particularly opportune:—

"Immediately as the body is removed from the water, press the chest suddenly and forcibly downward and backward, and instantly discontinue the pressure. Repeat this violent interruption until a pair of bellows can be procured. When obtained, introduce the muzzel well upon the base of the tongue. Surround the mouth with a towel or handkerchief, and close it. Direct a bystander to press firmly upon the projecting part of the neck (Adam's apple) and use the bellows actively. Then press upon the chest to expel the air from the lungs, to imitate the natural breathing. Continue this at least an hour, or until signs of natural breathing come on.

Wrap the body in blankets, place it near a fire and do every thing to preserve the natural warmth, as well as impart an artificial heat, if possible. Every thing, however, is secondary to inflating lungs. Send for a medical man immediately.

Avoid all frictions until respiration shall be in some degree restored,  
VALENTINE MOTT.

**IDLENESS.**—No other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as idleness. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation; he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it; he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children and family from starving, and must be a worthless friend for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe.

**A CIVIL REQUEST.**—An old woman observing a sailor going by her door and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him, "Billy, where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "Gone to the d—, for what I know." "Well as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

Isaac Hill, a Tonawanda Indian, in a footrace at Hartland, New York, ran ten miles in forty-eight minutes and thirty-two seconds.