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Poetical Department.

AGRICULTURAL SONG.

BY JOHN PALMER.

Plough deep to find the gold my boys!
Plough deep to find the gold!
The earth has treasure in her breast
Unmeasured and untold.

Clothe the mountain tops with trees,
The sides with waving grain!
Why bring over stormy seas
What here we may obtain.

O, Britain need not bring her bread
From countries new or old,
Would she but give the ploughshare speed
And depth to find the gold!

Earth is grateful to her sons
For all their care and toil;
Nothing yields such large returns
As drained and deepened soil.

Science, lend thy kindly aid,
Her riches to unfold,
Moved by plough or moved by spade,
Stir deep to find the gold.

Dig deep to find the gold, my boys!
Dig deep to find the gold!
The earth has treasure in her breast,
Unmeasured and untold.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the American Messenger.

A CONVERSATION.

"Oh, mother, how busy the little ants have been to-night," exclaimed Arthur, as he hurried in, leading his little sister by the hand. "Annie and I have been watching them for long time. Some careless person has trodden upon their hole, and spoiled the work they have been so long doing; but they went right to work again busier than ever, and it was wonderful, mother, to see them. One little creature would come up after another, each with a little grain of sand in his mouth, which he would drop an then run back again for more. There seems to be hundreds of them, and yet they all worked together without ever interfering; and Annie and I thought it must be that they could talk to gether in some way, and understand each other. They have done working now, and the little heap of sand is a perfect circle, just as it was before. Who teaches them to work so, mother, and how is it they can all agree together what they will do?"

"God teaches them, my child. He gives us reason, but he gives to animals, and birds, and insects, a power which we call instinct. How they understand each other we cannot tell, but when, as you did to-night, I have watched a number of insects at their work, I could not doubt their having some way of communicating their plans to one another, so that they all act in concert. I once watched a battle between two parties of black ants, and a most fierce and bloody battle it was, lasting several hours. Each party kept distinct by itself, and though I could not discover any difference between them, yet those of each army seemed to understand perfectly which belonged to their own side and which to the other. As soon as one was killed or wounded, two of his party would seize him and carry him out of the ranks. At last one army was victorious, and drove the other from the field."

"How wonderful it is, mother," said Arthur. "Yes, my son, we can never stop and look carefully at any one of the many works of God, from our own curiously contrived bodies down to the smallest insect, without exclaiming, 'How wonderful!' Had we magnifying glasses powerful enough, we might see, in insects many times smaller than the little ants you have been watching, the same agreement in their plans and labors. We might see how wonderfully God has formed them all, and taught them to take care of themselves, and provide for their wants."

"I once saw many very wonderful things in a solar microscope, which reflected every thing placed in it upon a large sheet on the wall, magnifying them many thousands of times. One single drop of vinegar placed in the microscope appeared, when reflected on the wall, as

if it were a large with many living creatures in it. A fibramic needle looked like the mast of a ship with projections and points jutting out from it and one seed of a fig placed on the end of the needle, appeared like an immense mass with animals crawling over it as large as full-grown rabbits."

"Oh mother," said little Annie, "it seems to me that I can never eat vinegar or figs again."

"You might as well say, my dear, that you will never breathe or drink water, for these two are filled with innumerable little insects, much too small to be seen by the naked eye, and yet all wonderfully and perfectly formed, by the same God who formed us and all the beautiful objects about us. Truly may we exclaim with the Psalmist, 'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

"But it is getting late, and you may now come out into the garden with me and look at a sight which, more than any other, fills me with astonishment and wonder."

The children accompanied their mother to the garden, where, sitting down on a bench, she told them to look up for a little while and tell her what they saw.

"Oh," said Arthur, "I see millions and millions of bright shining stars, and while I look they keep coming more and more. Are these all really worlds, mamma?"

"We do not know exactly what they are, my son; but we do know, that many of them are many times larger than this world of ours which we think so large, but they are so very, very far off that they appear like little shining specks. And here too, the telescope of the astronomer shows him new worlds when he looks at the heavens, more astonishing than those revealed by the microscope. When we attempt to think on this great subject our feeble minds cannot begin to grasp it. I might tell you many things about the heavenly bodies, which you are too young to understand. And an astronomer might tell me of many wonderful things of which I have never heard or thought, and yet the astronomer has hardly begun to know the wonders of this wonderful-working God. Those who have been for ages in heaven studying his character and perfections, and ever learning something new, we may be sure are constantly ready to proclaim, 'How wonderful! He knoweth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.' He made the heaven of heavens with all their host; the earth, and all things that are therein; the seas, and all that is therein. And this is the same God who created every thing down to the little animalcula, of which I have been telling you, that exist in the air and water. When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou visitest him? And yet God is mindful of us; he never for a moment forgets us, but watches over us continually, defending and preserving us. Now I am going to tell you a little story, and then it will be time to go into the house."

"A great many years ago, in another country far away from this, there were a man and his wife who were obliged to take a journey to a city a long distance from their home. They were poor; and when they came to the city and went to the inn where they intended to stay, they found that it was full, for many other people had business in that city at the same time. So they were obliged to go out to the stable to sleep, and here a babe was born; and he was wrapped in some clothes and laid in the straw. Do you know who this babe was, Annie?"

"Why, it sounds like the story of Jesus Christ, mamma."

"Yes, it was Jesus Christ; the same God who made all these wonders of which we have been talking. The same God whom all the host of heaven worship, lies in a stable, his only bed a manger. And why is he there, Arthur?"

"He came to this world to die for sinners," answered Arthur.

"Yes, to die for us; to live a life of poverty and die a death of shame and dreadful suffering, because there was no other way for us to be saved. Oh, is it not the greatest wonder of all that every creature who hears of this great salvation which Christ has purchased for us, does not joyfully and gratefully accept it? Is it not passing strange, that it must be urged upon dying men, that every argument must be used to persuade them to accept of life—life purchased by the death of this great and wonderful God?"

What do you think of it, little readers of the Messenger? And while you are thinking of it, just remember that this great Creator, this babe of Bethlehem, this crucified Jesus, you and I will one day meet as our judge.

L. L.

EXTINCTION OF A WHOLE FAMILY.—Misfortunes seldom come singly. A most heart-rending instance of this truth came to our knowledge on Monday. A family called Kaufmann, consisting of five members, part of whom reached this city last week, have a 1, with the exception of one, been swept into eternity since leaving their home in Germany, a period of about fifty or sixty days. As they embarked at Havre for this country, an older son who had just finished his education for the practice of medicine, fell overboard and was drowned. Three or four weeks after as the vessel neared New Orleans, the father, Mr. Philip Kaufmann, fell a victim to ship fever. The mother, almost heart-broken, immediately on reaching the city, brought her youngest son, a boy about twelve years of age, to the hospital laboring under the same disease, and the day following she and a young daughter, the only surviving child, accompanied his remains to the cemetery. Three weeks only elapsed and the two had got to this city, when the fell destroyer again made his appearance. After her mother expired last Saturday, a violent fever, induced and much aggravated, prevailed, by her sorrows. A lit-

tle girl five or six years of age, homeless and penniless, is all that there is left now of the family. A Mr. Samuel Lumsden, a worthy mechanic, has adopted the child, and intends, we learn, to raise it as one of his own.—*St. Louis Intelligencer*, 11th.

THE BOATMAN'S DAUGHTER.

The following remarkable story has all the interest of a romance; yet it is true, and the parties are still living:

It was in the memorable year of 1814, when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris.

A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three Hungarians, who after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching this unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty child of sixteen? However, the old soldier—for once the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he and his daughter rowed most vigorously toward the other side.

Then, when they had deposited the wounded man in their boat, these worthy people crossed the river, but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been badly treated, my boy," said the old guard-man to him; "but here am I, who have gone further on, and come home."

The silence and fixed attitude of lieutenant S— showed the extreme agony of his pains and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on the left side, would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter.

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of such another wound as this here. Well, now, had there only been somebody by to suck the hurt, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed, and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him to carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a minute or two: What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he should die without a mother's kiss.

"My mother! my dear, dear mother!" said he, "die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy, and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father had said; she thought how uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant quicker than thought she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amidst this holy operation, the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat. Judge of her father's surprise, as he came up with two soldiers, when he saw Lieutenant S—, whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes, and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw it all.

The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse herself, when the father, embracing her with enthusiasm, raised up her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words:

"You have saved my life; it belongs to you."

After this she tended him, and became his nurse, nothing would he take but from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at length recovered. Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meanwhile master Cupid, who is very busy in such cases, gave him another wound, and there was only one way to cure it—so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became Madame S—.

Her husband is now, not a simple lieutenant, but a lieutenant general; and the boatman's daughter is an elegant and graceful lady as any you see at court.—*London Journal*.

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes, than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and every thing that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords.—You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.

INTERESTING FLOUR REMINISCENCES.—Some experienced, if not aged miller, in the Buffalo Commercial, has given a few interesting facts concerning the origin and progress of Snydam, Sage & Co. He says their's is the heaviest failure of a private house which has ever occurred in this country, and that none more reliable has ever existed. He adds:

"The original business of the concern was

commenced by James Boyd and Ferdinand Snydam, under the firm of Boyd & Snydam, (not Snydam & Boyd) and they were the consignees of the first flour the writer remembers of ever being sent from Western New York to the city of New York. This flour was made at what was called the 'Red Mills,' (now Seneca Falls) erected by Col Mynderse, and was sent down by water through the Seneca outlet, Oneida Lake, Wood Creek, and through the locks at Rome into the Mohawk, and thence down the river to Schenectady. Boyd & Snydam used to sell this flour long before the last war with Great Britain.

"Some of the old citizens of Buffalo will probably remember an early merchant here by the name of John Scott. He came here in the war of 1812, but he had served a clerkship with Boyd & Snydam previous to that period, and came here under their patronage.

"Mr. Boyd was one of the directors in the old United States Bank, when it had a location in Broadway, just below Wall-street. Mr. Snydam was a director in one of the local banks. The firm and its successors have stood upright and unshaken, amid all the financial and commercial revolutions which have agitated Europe as well as this country, the last forty years.—But distinguished firms, like the old and sturdy oaks, do sometimes yield, though they have long withstood the stormy blast of time. Such is the fate of man and the fortunes of trade. Hence this little narrative may possess some interest for your commercial readers."

COLORS.—In these the ancients certainly far exceeded the moderns. Sir Humphrey Davy made many efforts to analyze the celebrated Tyran purple of the East; but these efforts were without success. He declared he could not discover of what it was composed. The Naples yellow, too, though less known, was much used, and the art of making it is now entirely gone. The Tyran purple is the color of many houses of Pompeii, and they look as fresh as if just painted.

The colors of Titan are equally as vivid and beautiful as when first laid on by the great artist, while those of Sir Joshua Reynolds already looked chalky and dead. And Sir Joshua himself confessed, after making it the study of his life, that he had never been able to discover how Raphael and the other great artists had been able to preserve the beauty and brightness of their paintings. But if we marvel at these artists, three centuries back, what shall we say of those paintings found in the tombs of Egypt, more than two thousand years old, and yet kept fresh and bright, though buried for that time beneath the ground, in the damp, dark caves of the East!

The very wife of Solomon is found there, just as she was painted on the eve of departure from her father's home, to share the throne of Judea, and not only the color of her garments was preserved, but the bloom is still on her cheek and lips, and the lustre in her eye is even as it was. Their paintings, too, are as far back as the time of Moses; a portrait supposed to be that of the Nile, the king who drove the Israelites into the Red Sea; and even the colors of this are preserved perfectly.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.—The bell tolls!—Again the sad minstrelsy of death strikes out his iron notes in measured tones. Again! the same tale is told. The remorseless enemy of man, is again in our midst. The sky is overcast and cloudy and the drifting snow eddies in the whistling blast. A lone day for a funeral—cold without, and mother earth fast folding her faded bosom in her chilly shroud. Earth's passing away. Another one has passed beyond the realms of snows and wintry blasts, into a spring of eternal bliss and un fading bloom.—Passed away in winter! Fit time for the old to die, falling like autumn leaves to the earth, in the winter of life! But leaved for the warm-hearted young to pass away.

"Room, gentle flowers, my child would pass to Heaven!" said Willis, as he laid the child beneath the green summer's sod. "Twas a beautiful thought for a child to pass through a pathway of flowers into heaven, a brighter bud than all to expand where graves and winters are not. But it is winter now and a child is passing to its little home in the cold earth. The snow is fast falling, and the turf above its rest will soon be white as its own lips and cheeks, or the shroud around it. But the seasons will move on.—The spring time will come again; and the sweet flowers will burst from their wintry sleep upon the little girl's grave, while in the summer of immortality she shall bloom in un fading innocence and beauty.

A TIGER SLAYER.—The morning after our arrival it was signified to us that there was a large royal tiger in a nullah near the town. This was soon confirmed by the appearance of a native who was preparing to attack it single-handed. The man was short, not robust, completely made, sinewy and active, having a countenance remarkable for its expression of calm determination. He was entirely naked above the hips, below which he simply wore coarse linen trousers reaching half-way down the thigh. He was armed with a ponderous knife, the blade of which was exceedingly wide and thick, with an edge almost as keen as a razor. On the left arm he bore a small conical shield, about eighteen inches in diameter, covered with hide, and studded with brass, having a point of the same metal projecting from the boss. My companion and myself walked with this intrepid little Hindoo to the lair of the sleeping foe. We were the less apprehensive of any personal danger, knowing that the tiger is a very cowardly animal and seldom makes an open attack; and further, that it always prefers attacking a native to a European.

We soon reached the nullah, and discovered the beautiful beast at the extremity basking in

the sun. Its proportions were prodigious. I have never seen one larger. The nullah was narrow, but at the bottom perfectly free from inequalities, so that the area was more than usually favorable for the operations of the undaunted tiger-slayer. As soon as we reached the spot, the man boldly leaped into the hollow: at the same time uttering a shrill cry in order to arouse the enemy from its slumbers. Upon seeing its resolute aggressor slowly advance, the animal raised itself upon its fore legs with a terrific howl. As the little Hindoo continued to approach which he did slowly and with his dark eyes keenly fixed upon the face of his formidable foe the tiger rose to its full height, and began to lash its sides furiously with its tail, yet it evidently appeared to be in a state of embarrassment. Still the man advanced deliberately but undauntedly, the uneasiness and rage of the excited beast increasing with every step. At length it crouched, evidently with a determination to make its terrific spring.

The man suddenly stopped, when the tiger paused, turned upon its head, and making a horrible noise, between a snarl and a howl, made one step, forward, and sprang towards its victim, who instantly bent his body, received the animal's paws upon his shield, dashed the knife into its body, and fell under but almost entirely beyond the extremities of his wounded enemy. The creature turned upon its back; and the little Hindoo regained his feet in an instant, striking the prostrate tiger, with astonishing quickness and precision, a desperate blow upon the throat, which completely severed the wind-pipe, at the same moment springing, with the rapidity of thought, beyond the reach of the monster's claws. The tiger died almost immediately. When assured that it was positively past doing any more mischief—for it had done much in its time—we descended into the nullah. The gash in the animal's body was terrific. The lower region of the heart had been wounded, and the intestines cut through. By way of a trophy, the victor deliberately skinned the dead enemy, which he soon accomplished, and with great dexterity, and then returned, in the pride of power, with the token of victory upon his shoulder. He obtained from us two or three pagodas, which he considered a most liberal reward for his bravery.

[East India Travels.]

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.—We find the following report of the institution of proceedings against the negro thief Chaplin in the Washington Republic of Saturday:

"Mr. Chaplin was conveyed to Rockville on Thursday evening. Soon after his arrival there he was taken before Squires Ademson, Spates, and Braddock. Here D. Radcliffe, J. Brewster, and Asa Childs, esqs., appeared in his defence; and the Hon. R. J. Bowie and J. H. Tuck, esq., for the prosecution. The number of persons assembled at the court house was unusually large.

"Mr. Bowie remarked that he had tendered his resignation of the office of attorney for the commonwealth, but that it had not been accepted; and he felt it to be his duty to comply with the call made upon him to attend in the present case.

"Mr. Tuck stated that he was not a volunteer, but had been engaged by citizens of Montgomery to appear for the prosecution. He declaimed at some length upon the enormity of the offence attempted by the accused. In the midst of his speech he was vehemently applauded. Mr. Bowie rebuked this applause. Mr. Tuck expressed his regret for it. The magistrates commanded silence, and ordered the arrest of any person offending in this wise. The applause was, however, subsequently repeated. We mention this as showing the excited feelings of the people.

"There was some argument between the counsel relative to the power of magistrates to accept bail for the prisoner's appearance, it being contended by the prosecution that a court of record alone was competent.

"The case was finally adjourned till yesterday morning, when, upon the reassembling of the court, the counsel for the prisoner announced their determination to waive further resistance for the present, and the accused was accordingly committed to prison to await his trial upon the charge of a murderous assault.

"It may, perhaps, be well to explain, that the charge is based upon the defence or assault made by himself or the two slaves of Messrs. Toombs and Stephens, whom he was aiding to escape from slavery, some weeks since, when the officers of police and others, who had followed him from this city, beyond the Maryland line, were about to arrest him and his party."

One thousand of Mr. W. L. Chaplin's lady friends in Western New York have had a splendid silver pitcher made by Jones, Bell & Poor, of Boston, to be presented to Mr. C. "in prison." No more than ten cents was allowed to be given by any one subscriber, and the pitcher cost \$100.—*N. Y. Express*.

SAILOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.—One of the Dover stages, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, who being informed by the coachman that there was no inside passenger, and only one in the basket, and he a sailor, the robber instantly proceeded to exercise his functions upon the honest tar; when waking him out of his sleep, Jack demanded to know what he wanted; to which the robber replied—

"Your money."

"You shan't have it," says Jack.

"No!" replied the robber; "then I'll blow your brains out."

"Blast your eyes, blow away!" says Jack, "I may as well be without brains as without money. Drive on coacher."

Within the last ten years, 140,000 Mormons have emigrated from the Great Britain to the United States.