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RESIGNATION.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there:
There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death. What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk in her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance though unspoken
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her,
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again entold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves, meaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

BE KIND TO THE OLD.—Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, or how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous or unreasonable? Allow not hinc anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years; and perchance their dispositions, while in the spring time of life, were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come when thou mayst desire the same assistance from others that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thy hands, lest when age has set its seal on thy brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, others may wait on thee unwillingly, and feel relieved when the coffin lid has covered thy face forever.

DEATH OF A LADY FROM GRIER.—Mrs. Agnes Boyd, of Cincinnati, it is said, died of grief, a few days ago, in consequence of the decease of her husband. During the week previous to her death she was almost constantly occupied in prayer, interrupted at frequent intervals by incoherent maniacal supplications to her children. She took no food or nourishment of any kind, save such as were forced upon her, and when the stricken spirit fled, the fair tenement it had occupied was reduced almost to a skeleton. She was only 29 years of age, a lady of rare accomplishments, and the daughter of the Rev. Dr. George, of Philadelphia.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

The Valley of the Amazon.

BY LIETT. M. F. MAURY.

From a very able article in the November number of the Southern Literary Messenger, we extract the following fine description of this valley.

Of more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley, the valley of the Amazon is entirely intertropical. An everlasting summer reigns there. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. The Pennsylvania 74 may go there.

A natural canal through the Caciquari connects it with the Orinoco. Giving drainage and fertility to immense plains that cover two million square miles, it receives from the North and South innumerable tributaries, which, it is said, afford an inland navigation, up and down, of not less than 70 or 80 thousand miles in extent. Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great watershed would more than encircle the earth around at its largest girth.

All the climates of India are there. Indeed, we may say, that from the mouth to the source of the Amazon, piled up one above the other, and spread out, Andean-like over steppe after steppe, in beautiful, unbroken succession, are all the climates, and the soils, with the capacities of production, that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow.

The valley of the Amazon is the place of production of India rubber, an article of commerce which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple, since the invention of the cotton gin. We all recollect when the only uses to which India rubber was applied were to rub out pencil marks, and make trap balls for boys. But it is now made into shoes and hats, caps, cloaks, foot balls and purses, ribbons and cushions, boats, beds, tents and bags, pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and canals for lifting ships over shoals. It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New application of it are continually being made. Boundless forests of the Sarango tree are found upon the banks of this river; and the exportation of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becoming a business of more and more value, extent, and importance. In 1846-7, pontoons for the British army in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico, were made in New England from the India rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world.

The sugar cane is found here in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest saccharine development. It requires to be planted but once in 20 years.

There are produced, also, of excellent quality, and in great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs of virtues the most rare, dyes, of hues the most brilliant, and spices of aroma the most exquisite.

Soils of the richest loam and the finest alluvions are there. The climate of India, of the Moluccas, and the Spice Islands, are all there. And there, too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and West, all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wings over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of a magician's wand—those immense resources would spring at once into life and activity.

In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the Ocean under the Line.

The Young Lovers.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of men and eke of women—to such a man, I say, there is something in noticing a pair of young lovers. I have therefore derived much pleasure, since my arrival at the hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful, blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with a mixture of tenderness and exultation with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate go beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday, in the garden, advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and blue shades. The cuckoo that harbinger of spring, was faintly heard from a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn and the yellow butterfly sported and toyed and fluttered in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation with her eyes cast down, a soft blush on her cheek, and a quiet smile upon her lips, while in her hand that hung negligently by her side, was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving. I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever grow older, or that blossoms should ever give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married.

An Irishman who was very near sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him; and they were both to fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling of a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be marked out on the other's portly person, and if the bullet hit him outside the chalk line, it was to go for nothing.

STATE BANK OF ILLINOIS.—At the session of the United States Court, which has just terminated, the chancery suit against the trustees of the late State Bank of Illinois was continued to the next term of the Court. In their answer to the bill in chancery, the trustees expressed the opinion that the assets of the bank will fall considerably short of paying the debts. This will make the stock of the bank, of course a total loss to the stockholders; and as the notes and certificates of the bank are by law received by the trustees for collections and sales of property, such of them as remain out after the assets are exhausted will be a clear loss to the holders.

A better termination of the affairs of the bank has been expected, but the losses by the old debts, and on property taken from bankrupt debtors have been greater than was expected by those interested.—*Ill. Journal.*

ANDERSON AND KNOXVILLE RAIL ROAD.—Col. W. Spencer Brown, Chief Engineer of the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, returned to this place yesterday, from a rapid reconnaissance of the contemplated Railroad route from Anderson C. H., through Rabun Gap, to Knoxville and Chattanooga, Tenn. Col. Brown had not time, upon his short visit, to make a very minute examination of the entire route, but returns satisfied of his entire practicability, at a very moderate cost, considering that it passes through a mountainous country. He expresses the confident opinion, that a superior road may be built at a cost not exceeding \$15,000 per mile for fifty miles, through the mountains, and \$10,000 per mile for the balance of the line, say 90 or 100 miles, to Knoxville. Col. Brown thinks that the most practicable direction for the line, will be to strike from Anderson due west, crossing Seneca River near Sloan's Ferry, and thence by the most practicable route to the valley of Tugaloo River—thence up the valley of said River, to the mouth of Dix Creek, following which stream for a short distance, a very pretty level ridge may be crossed to the War Woman Creek, a few miles from Clayton, and up that Creek to Clayton, thence through the Rabun Gap, to the head waters of the little Tennessee and Hiwassee Rivers without difficulty. The distance from Anderson to Clayton, by this route, is about 60 miles, and Col. Brown says truly, that it is in every point of view, the most important enterprise to South Carolina and the Southern States that ever enlisted public attention. Let Charleston begin to move—the State move, and let the people everywhere go to work, to insure the early construction of this great and important thoroughfare.—*Southern Rights Advocate, 25th ult.*

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT HOUSE SYSTEM.—The board of officers, appointed some time ago, to inquire into the condition of the U. S. Light House system, have recently made a report, in which they recommend the organization of a light house board, to be composed of Scientific civilians, Army and Navy officers, to be charged, by law, with the entire management of the light house establishment of the United States. They recommend that appropriations be asked for renovating, and for first lens apparatus for the lights at Cape Hatteras, North Carolina; Cape Henry, Virginia; Cape Henlopen, Delaware; and all other points. The floating lights now used are considered comparatively useless, for want of sufficient lamps and reflectors; and the light vessels not adapted to the service. They state that if all our present lights were fitted with lens apparatus of equal power to the reflectors now in use, the annual expense for supplies of oil and cleaning materials would cost little more than one fourth as much as is now expended for these articles of supply annually; that is, that the supplies now costing upwards of \$152,000, would not exceed 38,000 to \$42,000, making an annual saving of 110,000 to \$115,000.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.—The most casual survey of history will show how tyrannously the emotions have coerced judgment—how nations have been duped by their own sympathies. What do we mean by calling Charles I. a blessed martyr, knowing all the while that he was a martyr to his own untruth? And why do we forget, in the misfortunes of this Charles Stuart, the collective misery of the English people? Simply because he was a king, and his end appalling, like the 5th act of a tragedy. Why is Ravaillac held up to execration, and Charlotte Corday to admiration? In each case the crime was the same—assassination; the motive was the same—to rid France of an enemy. But Ravaillac slew a king—Charlotte Corday slew the squalid, hateful Marat. In the one case, sympathy is with the illustrious victim; in the other, with the beautiful criminal. But, before the bar of moral judgment, both these assassins are guilty, or both are guiltless.—*British Quarterly Review.*

MORAL COURAGE.—A contemporary remarks that some of the aspirants to presidential honors, have not the moral courage to resist the tide which is rolling over much of our land in favor of the notorious Kossouth and intervention in European affairs.

We have no doubt of this; for moral courage is a rare virtue, and as great as it is rare, we remember well when we thought the courage of the field was everything. The loud word of command, high-sounding amid the battle's fury—the impetuous charge—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the banner of your country in front, planted there to stand amid triumph or defeat—oh! how our young heart beat to become an actor in such a scene, esteeming it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in such a conflict, and fighting nobly, lie down, and, if need be, die! But what is the courage of the mere battle

field, when compared with the moral courage of every day life?

Stand "solitary and alone"—see friends scowl at you—hear enemies waiting to take a base advantage, and laboring to destroy—who is there that would not rather encounter the shock of even a hundred battle-fields, than hear and brave these things? Why, the one is as a mere summer's breeze on the ocean to the winter's furious and stormy blast. Any common spirit may summon courage enough to play the soldier well; discipline, military discipline which effects wonders, soon fits him for it, but it requires a true MAN to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them; to do—when, like that same stormy blast in winter on old ocean, peace, honor in the world's esteem, security, and even life itself are threatened with shipwreck.

And yet—who after looking back on the page of history, or looking forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which to choose?

The martyrs—where are they? Chronicled names in every noble heart. The patriots who died for liberty ignominiously, and on the scaffold—how is it with them? Their memories cherished as earth's honored sons. The good who spoke the truth and suffered for its sake—where are they? The best and highest—first in our thoughts and love. And yet what was it they did? Like men they acted—like men they spoke the truth boldly. This was their courage. Had they been silent; if, trembling before tyrants or nobles, or an infuriate democracy, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died as other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and though they perished, yet man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us, then, moral courage before anything else. It is the only bravery on which man may rely for any real blessing. Give us moral courage, first—give it to us last; for while it nerves a man for duty, it extirpates hate and revenge, and all bad passions, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and pure amid corruption.—*States Rights Republican.*

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL.—A new illuminating fluid has been developed in New-York, which it is said, will in a great measure supersede spirit lamps, as soon as the Patent Office can settle its doubts. Large manufactories of benzole, a hydron-carbon which has the property of producing an excellent illuminating gas by being dissolved in moist air, are going up in New-York and Brooklyn. The substance is manufactured from tar or mineral coal, and while it can be afforded at half the price of "burning fluid" per gallon, it will yield indefinitely more illumination. The use of it would require a gasometer and gas fixtures in each house but the cheapness of the consumption will put movable lamps of every kind nearly out of use.

HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN?—Christians sometimes look far away to heaven; but that rest is not afar off. The clouds that hide the shining world are thin; they are transient, and soon will obscure no more. The journey may end this hour; one short step may place the Christian in this world of light. One dark hour may hang upon him but the morning comes, and no shade behind it. Day bright, and peaceful and eternal succeeds it. A pain may be felt for a moment, and then it flies away for ever. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory ensues. How soon, oh! how soon, the Christian's cares are over, his struggling soul at rest, his eyes suffused no more with tears? Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that hope embraces! How holy its spirit! Who can contemplate the home our heavenly Father is fitting for his children and not feel his soul athirst for its enjoyment and employments? Well, these delights, the happy clime those ever verdant plains, are not far distant.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?—At a festive party of old and young, the question was asked: "Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of four score years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think: How beautiful is spring!—But when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its hoary foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think: How beautiful is summer! When autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tints of frost, I think: How beautiful is autumn! And when it is sore winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the stars shine."

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—On Monday evening at 8 o'clock the great feat of walking 60 consecutive hours without sleep or rest, was accomplished by Captain Tompkins, at the White Hall on St. Louis street. Vast crowds assembled to witness the conclusion of the performance. The trial was instituted by the Medical Faculty to test the full extent of Nature's endurance. For this feat, which has never before been accomplished, Captain Tompkins was awarded the sum of \$5000. So says the *New-Orleans Daily Times.*

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish.

LENT.—Archbishop Hughes has published an official bulletin regulating the meals of pious Catholics during the forty days of Lent.—On certain days one meal is only allowed, with a small supper. Beef and mutton are also forbidden. On other days fish and flesh are prohibited at the same meal. Eggs, butter, and cheese are allowed, according to quantity.—Nothing is said by the Archbishop of rum, brandy, or liquor of any kind. These pious regulations look queer in the nineteenth century.—They are only suitable for the age of Peter the Hermit. Many a poor creature in New York is compelled to abstain from flesh for twice forty days, simply because he cannot buy it.—The Maine liquor law is a sort of a Protestant Lent, forbidding drams forever and a day.

THE BETTING DANDY.—The young gentleman with a medium-sized, light brown moustache and a suit of clothes, such as fashionable tailors furnish to customers "on very accommodating terms"—that is, on the credit system—came into a hotel on Race street one afternoon and, after calling for a glass of Madeira, turned to the company, and offered to bet with any man present, that the Susquehanna would not be successfully launched. The banter not being taken up, he glanced contemptuously around and remarked:

"I want to make a bet of some kind, I don't care a fig what it is. I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to \$500, 'This is your time, gentlemen; what do you propose?'" Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman, who looked as though he might be a Pennsylvania farmer. He put down his glass and addressed the exquisite:

"Well, mister, I am not in the habit of making bets, but seeing you are anxious for it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I will bet you a levy's worth of sixes that I can put a quart of molasses into your hat, and run it out a solid lump of molasses candy, in two minutes."

"Done!" said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer.

It was a real Florence hat, a splendid article, that shone like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat, and requested the bar-keeper to send for a quart of molasses.

"The cheap sort, 6 cents a quart, that's the kind I use in the experiment," said he, handing over his 6 coppers to the bar keeper.

The molasses was brought, and the old farmer, with a very grave and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note time. Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a Signor Blitz adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it, as if watching the wonderful process of solidification.

"Time's up," said the dandy.

The old farmer moved the hat. "Well, I do believe it ain't hardened," said he in a tone of disappointment. "I missed it, somehow or other, this time, and I suppose I have lost the bet. Bar-keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—12 sixes, and charge them in the bill."

"What of the cigars?" roared the exquisite, "you've spoiled my hat, that cost me \$5, and you must pay for it."

"That wasn't in the bargain," timidly said the old gentleman; "but I'll let you keep the molasses, which is a little more than we agreed for."

Having drained the tenacious fluid from his beaver as best he could into a spittoon, the man of moustaches rushed from the place, his fury not much abated by the sounds of laughter which followed his exit.

The question "why printers do not succeed in business as well as brewers?" was thus answered. "Because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach, and where twenty men has a stomach but one has a head."

"My dear," said a husband to his affectionate better-half, after a matrimonial squabble, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven."
"Why not?"
"Because you will be wanted as a torment down below."

A friend of ours, who was a few miles in the country, during the recent cold "spell," relates the following: A mile or so from the city he met a boy on horseback, crying with the cold. "Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said our friend "faint's the way to keep warm." "It's a b-b-borried horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze!"

To be anybody, or know anything, take a good home newspaper. To have a clear conscience, pay for it. To cure dull times, and be successful, advertise.

DIRECT CONNECTION WITH CHARLESTON.—The South Carolina papers are warmly advocating a railroad from Anderson in that State, to connect with the Hiwassee road, either at Knoxville or below. There is a lively interest manifested by many of our own citizens, in its favor. We have very little doubt but the road will be constructed. It would be the interest of the city of Charleston, rather than that the enterprise should fail, to build every foot of the road herself. But this she will not be under the necessity of doing.
Knoxville Plebeian.

THE SEVER STORM.—Savannah was visited by a thunder storm and most refreshing showers last Saturday night. During its continuance, there were some brilliant discharges of electricity, one of which fell upon a small wooden house in Crawford ward, tearing off a portion of its weather boarding and otherwise injuring it. The inmates fortunately escaped unhurt, but so did not a dog lying under the building. He was killed.—*Georgian.*