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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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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 published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

### THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

We are growing very old, Kate—  
I feel it every day,

The hair upon our temples now  
Is growing thin and grey.

We are not as we were Kate,  
And yet our hearts are young.

As when we roved the sunny hills,  
And flowery dales among.

We are growing very old Kate,  
But it is not age of heart,

Though speedily the hour comes on,  
When thou and I must part;

When thou and I must part, Kate,  
As we have ne'er before,

Besides our cottage hearth to meet,  
With words of love no more.

But we're growing very old, Kate,  
And the parting won't be long,

'Till we meet within a better home,  
Amid yon heavenly throng,

'Till we sing the song together, Kate,  
The angels sing above;

Where ne'er the fear of parting takes  
The blessedness from love.

### THOU WILT NEVER MEET ME MORE.

Thou art gone, but I am keeping  
In my heart thy treasured name;

If I'm smiling—if I'm weeping,  
Thou art with me all the same.

Yes, the link at last is riven,  
All our pleasant dreams are o'er,

And, unless we meet in heaven,  
Thou wilt never meet me more.

Once the summer sun lighted  
On the petals of a rose,

And although her leaves be blighted,  
Still he lingered till life's close.

Thus the heart has sometimes cherished  
Thoughts that wear away the soul.

Gives pleasure while we perish  
'Neath this strange yet sweet control.

Thou art gone, yet love hath bound thee,  
Thou may'st struggle to forget,

In the heartless crowd around thee:  
All in vain!—thou'rt captive yet.

Ah, forgive the pain I've given,  
And thine own deep wrong of yore,

For unless we meet in heaven,  
Thou wilt never meet me more.

From the National Intelligencer.

### Northern Oregon and Puget Sound

I propose saying a few words to your readers about that portion of Oregon Territory north of the Columbia river, and particularly of that part of the country bordering on, and in the vicinity of, Puget Sound. Thinking that many of them would be pleased to learn something of this new and comparatively unknown country, I have ventured to attempt its description. I believe that there are many persons, even those to whom the thought has never occurred to change their place of residence, who, nevertheless, feel a deep interest in the progress of civilization westward, and in the development of new and more splendid fields for the activity, abode, and enjoyment of their fellow-countrymen.

That portion of Oregon Territory bounded on the north by the 49th parallel, on the south by the Columbia river, and on the west by the Pacific ocean, is, in my opinion, the most desirable part of the Territory for those who wish to select a home in the "far West," and is destined at no very distant day to form an additional State in the American Union.

Although there is a great deal of level land in this part of Oregon, yet it is by no means destitute of mountains and hills. It may be called a mountainous country. We have the Cascade Mountains and the Coast Range, which are in many places covered with perpetual snow. From these mountains numberless streams, of greater or less volume, supply the land with water.—Perhaps no country is more equably supplied with an abundance of pure, cool, and healthy water. There are several districts of land in this country highly prized by the farmer on account of their productiveness; these are the valleys of the Cowlitz, the Chehalis, the Suquamish, the Soquiamish, and others of less extent. Whitby's Island, in Puget Sound, is about eighty miles long, averaging fifteen miles in width, and, from the excellence of its soil, has justly been styled the "Garden of Oregon." Besides these, on the east side of the Cascades and north of the Columbia, is the Yanamah country, which for fertility of soil and salubrity of climate, is not surpassed by any other portion of the Territory.

try is nearly the same as that south of the Columbia, and, in speaking of it and of our agricultural products, it is not my intention to enter into a detail of those mammoth vegetables which have become so justly celebrated. The fame of our large Oregon potatoes, turnips, and wheat crops has been repeated in nearly all the papers in the Union. The soil is excellent, and is not surpassed, if equalled, by any portion of the continent in its adaptation to the growth of wheat, rye, oats, grass, potatoes, and other vegetables. Potatoes are produced in great abundance with little cultivation; they are of a superior quality, and the potato rot has never yet appeared in Oregon. Owing to our peculiar climate, wheat matures slowly, and hence the grain is always full and plump, and the straw unusually solid and elastic. This is the reason that wheat in this country is subject to none of those diseases and uncertainties peculiar to it in the States, and is invariably a certain crop.

Puget Sound may be called an inland sea. It is about 180 miles long, averaging from five to ten miles in width, and is connected with the ocean by the Straits of Juan de Fuca. It affords the best and safest harbors for vessels to be found on the Pacific coast, not excepting even the bay of San Francisco. The water is deep, entirely free from rocks or other submarine impediments, and safe anchorages are to be found in almost any part of it. The Straits are about ten miles wide at their narrowest part, the water very deep, and vessels can run from the ocean into the Sound in a gale without risk. In this and many other respects the Straits differ from the mouth of the Columbia. Vessels destined up that river are frequently obliged to lay out to sea for weeks, in order to avail themselves of a favorable wind, and even then, with a careful and experienced pilot on board, the entrance is perilous. When we consider the sand bar at the mouth of that river, the number of vessels that have been there wrecked, and the consequent loss of human life, and when we reflect that the Columbia river is the only avenue by which commerce can penetrate the interior of Southern Oregon, or through which its products can find a foreign market, we are forced to the conclusion that the valley of the Willamette can never compete with Northern Oregon in a commercial point of view, and that nature has destined Puget Sound to be the grand commercial depot of the Northwest Coast.

The Sound is perhaps the most majestic inland sheet of water in the world for navigation by steam vessels. In the summer seasons, however, it is subject to long calms, when, its waters being ruffled only by the most gentle breezes, little or nothing can be done by sail vessels.

The timber of this country, of which there is a super-abundance, is composed principally of the cedar and the fir. The advantages of the country for furnishing this kind of lumber is unsurpassed by any other part of the continent.

The shores of the Sound are generally thickly studded with timber; in some places, however, the spots of prairie land in which this country abounds extend down to the water. The land from the Sound towards the mountains is generally level. An active trade is carried on by a number of vessels in supplying the San Francisco market with hewed timber, spars, and piles. The settlements in this part of the country are quite young. There are several small towns growing up on the Sound, and Olympia, on Budd's inlet, at the southern end of the Sound, is the largest town in Northern Oregon. We have but few saw mills as yet on the Sound; but there are several others in process of erection, and when they get properly into operation, there is no doubt of an extensive trade in lumber with San Francisco, the Sandwich Islands, and China.

Besides our advantages for commerce, agriculture, and lumber, I must not forget the fisheries. In the Sound almost every kind of valuable fish may be taken in abundance. Among these (although I do not pretend to enumerate all) I might mention the salmon, the codfish, herring, and halibut, besides oysters, clams, crabs, &c. Whales frequently come into the Straits and are caught. The Sound affords the most favorable ports on the Pacific for whaling vessels to obtain supplies and spend the winter.

On the 26th of March last the schooner "Exact" returned from Queen Charlotte's Island, with a number of specimens of gold quartz on board. At the time I write she is lying in our harbor, reports an abundance of the precious metal on the Island. Puget Sound, being the nearest point in the American territory from which vessels can fit out for that place, will command an advantage over all other ports on the Pacific, should mining operations ever be extensively prosecuted on that island.

From the preceding statement of facts in relation to the surface of the land, from our northern latitude and geographical position, one would naturally conclude that ours was a healthy country. This is eminently the fact. We have none of that fever and ague, or malaria, which is to be found in Southern Oregon, and which prevailed there to some extent last year. The chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Nasqually, Dr. Tolmie, has lived on the Sound for the last nineteen years, with always a considerable number of men in his employ, and he tells me that he has never known of a single case of fever and ague originating in the country. No country of the same latitude on the continent possesses so mild a climate. During the past winter, which was an unusually cold one, the thermometer ranged at about seventeen degrees above zero, and our prairies were covered with green grass. Here the farmer is not compelled to toil during the summer to provide for his stock during winter. Cattle can graze throughout the year, and I have plucked bouquets of wild flowers in the months of January and February.

One word about the Indians of this country. There are about 5,000 Indians in Northern Oregon, about 1,000 of whom are on Puget Sound. They are entirely different in character from those that once inhabited the States. They are not possessed of that proud haughty spirit or

that revengeful disposition which characterized the Indians of the States. They imitate our habits, wear our clothing, endeavor to speak our language, and are of great assistance to the pioneer settler. They cut down our trees, hew our lumber, make shingles, work on our farms, and, in fact, under the direction of a white man, can do almost any kind of work. The abundance of fish and wild fowl afford them so easy a subsistence that they are naturally indolent, and it is only to be able to procure the luxuries of the whites that they are induced to work. As they seldom, if ever, resort to the chase, they are not disposed to regard the rapid appropriation of their "likee" (land) by the "pale faces" as an encroachment upon their hunting grounds; on the contrary, they court their emigration, and are every day becoming more dependant.

The facility of reaching this country by the overland emigrant will be greatly improved by the opening of a road across the Cascade Mountains north of the Columbia. It is proposed by the people of Northern Oregon to open this road during the coming summer, so that it may be completed in time for the present year's emigration, and preparations are now being made for that purpose. The importance of this road to the overland emigrant can be appreciated but by the few who have actually made the trip. All who have reached Oregon by the overland route, and have crossed the Cascade Mountains by the old road, know that this portion of the road is more to be dreaded than any other part of the route. The loss of wagons, cattle, horses, &c., by the last year's emigration, on these mountains, so near the termination of their journey, and almost within sight of their future homes, was greater than was experienced on the whole of the preceding route taken together.

QUINCY A. BROOKS.

OLYMPIA, OREGON TERRITORY, May 4, 1852.

### Silver Mines in South America.

A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from the San Antonio Mines, 150 miles from Caldera, February 25, 1852, gives the following account of the silver mines there, which he visited in company with Don Bernado Cadeedo, the owner of them:—

The mines are vastly different from anything I had conceived. For three hours I was led by one of the Captains of the miners through horizontal shafts, around vast chambers, along winding galleries, down steep drifts, up crooked staircases, cut in the rock, backwards, forwards, to the right to the left, and in every direction, until I became completely bewildered, and should never have been able to find my way out again, had I been left to my own guidance. When ever we came to a large chamber, there we were told had been great wealth in silver. In one chamber they told me a million and a quarter of dollars of silver ore had been taken out. They gave me a sledge and told me to crack off a piece to carry home. One of these days I will send you the result of my knowledge of the use of a big hammer. The loud reports of blasting going on in different parts of the mines were terrific, and the appearance of the miners, half naked, driving away at the solid stone, was a sight. The natives carrying out the ores and refuse in hide bags on their back, and up steep crooked shafts three hundred feet deep, gives one an idea of labor only to be found in a place like this. After spending three hours in this great mine, which has been worked for twenty-two years I came out at the top of the mountain having gone in at the base. Taking a moment to breathe, we commenced the descent of another mine, belonging to Don Bernado which is close to the first, and from which they are now getting much rich ore; and when we came out we were tired enough I assure you. When we arrived we found the cook and steward of the establishment drunk and in bed. This being Carnival week, most of the natives are enjoying it.

You can imagine the wealth of this mine which is also located in a narrow steep ravine—about one mile from the river valley, when I tell you there is a village of some size at the mouth of the ravine, occupied by Peons, and the natives of the country, which has been built up and entirely supported for years, by the stealings of persons employed in the mine. I suppose that one-tenth of rich ore is stolen; there is not a native miner in Chili who will not steal if he has a chance, and boast of it afterwards. When the mines are rich, the owners employ a foreman for each miner, to overlook him while mining, but I am told that the foremen are as bad as the men; there is no dependence to be placed in any of them. The owners seldom go near the mines, and when they do they rarely go into them.

Don Bernado has owned the mine for eight years, having given for it \$100,000, but has never been into it, except just a few feet at the lower entrance. He owns large shares in many other mines at Chanoreello and Tres Puntas, one to the north and the other to the south of this place, both of which I have promised him to go and see. He wishes me to become an owner in the mines and offers to give me shares in his mines if I will only stay in the country; but I tell him I cannot stay, and have no fancy for mining. He gives me a fine specimen of silver ore every time I see him. His family live in great style in Lima, and his possessions are immense. Besides his Peruvian mines and estates, he has also two large handsome houses, in Copiapo, one large silver ore mill in Copiapo, two estates in the valley above Copiapo, on each of which there are extensive silver ore mills, and how many mines he owns in this region I cannot tell; every day I hear of a new mine which he has an interest in. He is a tall, handsome, gentlemanly person, with an unmistakable air of refinement about him, and is strongly impressed with the idea that no one but himself knows how to make coffee or chocolate, or to boil eggs; he certainly makes the best I ever drank. Some time since he sent me a bag of the celebrated Unga coffee, grown in the interior of Peru; he tells me he will get another sack of better coffee,

and also a box of the best chocolate for me, to send home in his name. He is the kindest-hearted and most generously-disposed man I ever met with; but he will gamble and attend cock-fights, which seems to be the universal custom of the country.

In some of the mines they are cutting out pure silver, from veins six, eight and ten inches thick. At Chanoreello there are about three hundred mines in one mountain, which at a distance, is said to resemble a huge Ant hill; there are more than three thousand men burrowing on it all the time, night and day. There is no water within fifteen miles, and it costs six hundred dollars a day to supply the miners with water, and every thing else in proportion; and yet the miners tell me when the mines are rich they laugh at all expense.

We have a long ride to take by moonlight to the place we came from this morning forty miles distant; at this place we are about 5,000 feet above the sea, and the air is very light and enervating. People in this country eat fruit all day besides devouring a multitude of meats. Early each morning we take coffee or chocolate; at 10 A. M. we have breakfast commencing with soup, which is called Casonella; the rest like our dinners, except dessert. At 1 P. M. we sat down to a lunch of fruit, embracing all the kinds you have at home, in the greatest abundance, and very fine, besides all the different kinds of the torrid zone, by every steamer. You would be astonished to see the white grape, which grow in large and solid bunches; one kind of purple grape, grows as large as a green-gage, or Bantam's egg. I have seen bunches so large that no two furnished gormands could eat one. The price of all fruit is high; the ground they grow in is all irrigated. It is good to have friends with large gardens.

Yours, &c. W. E.

### The Bay of Fundy.

This bay, which at the present moment is causing so much excitement in the public mind, is an immense arm of the sea, extending in a north-east direction, two hundred miles, the main branch of which penetrates to within ten or twelve miles of the Straits of Northumberland, and separating Nova Scotia from New Brunswick. An eastern branch enters the Basin of Minas, and connects with the Shubenacadie river, which has its rise in a lake of that name, situated about fifteen miles from Halifax, and at both of these termini the tide rises between sixty and seventy feet.

At the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, it is between forty and fifty miles wide, its southwest boundary being formed by Passamaquoddy bay, into which the Schodie river empties, decided by the Commissioners to be the St. Croix, meant by the treaty of 1783; at the mouth of which are the Islands of Grand Manan, held by the British; also that of Campo Bello, opposite Eastport, an island about five miles in length, belonging to the United States, but which was occupied by the British during the last war.

On the eastern side of the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, is a minor arm of the sea, running parallel with it, which is called St. Mary's Bay, and which extends to within a mile or two of Annapolis Basin, which connects with the former by what is called Digby Gut, evidently formed by some convulsion of nature, by which a passage was effected, opposite which, at the distance of twelve leagues, is the harbor of St. John, situated at the mouth of the river St. John, the upper portion of which, since the Ashburton treaty, forms for a considerable distance the boundary of the United States. Brier Island near which an American vessel was recently detained, is at the entrance of St. Mary's bay.

On the south side of the Bay of Fundy is a continuous range of mountains, of considerable elevation, extending to Cape Blomidon, where, in the spring of the year particularly, abundance of the finest amethysts, agate, and other minerals, are to be procured at low tide, which are detached from the cliff by the rains and thawing of spring.

About twenty miles beyond this cape, the waters of the Bay of Fundy enter the St. Croix and Avon rivers, the tide washing in with such rapidity as to be termed a "boar," sweeping before it everything in its way. The same may be said of the Memremcook and Petticoial, on the opposite side of the main branch, overturning any unfortunate vessel that may have taken the ground in such a manner as to present her broadside to the advancing and towering wave. The north shore of the Bay of Fundy is equally precipitous with the other; and in all the estuaries alluded to, there are immense mud banks, formed by the sediment which the retiring tide has deposited, and extending upwards of half a mile from each shore.

Where the tide rises to so great a height as has been stated, it necessarily runs with much velocity; consequently the permission granted to American fishermen, to follow their occupation beyond three miles from the shore, is almost entirely nugatory, as it is impossible to anchor anywhere near the center of the bay, with any probability of the anchor holding, and the fish feeding in the vicinity of the shore, and more especially in the bays and inlets, in which bait is usually to be obtained.

Besides the cod fishery, which might be carried on in the Bay of Fundy, for a distance of forty or fifty miles from its entrance, to much advantage, were the inhabitants of the province less inert, there is the gaspereau, the catch of which in the harbor of St. John alone, sometimes amounts to 20,000 barrels during the season—the herring, which is to be caught every month in the year, and the shad, which there exceeds in flavor and weight those met with on any part of the American coast, from Cape Fear to the Mirimichi river, on the northeastern coast of New Brunswick.

It may not be uninteresting to mention, that the herring and shad make their appearance in Albemarle Sound, on the coast of North Carolina, about the middle of February, and are caught

and cured in great numbers there—the usual catch at Plymouth and other places in its vicinity, amounting to 100,000 barrels annually—the former being worth on an average four, and the latter six and seven dollars per barrel. The main body of shad which here make their appearance early in the spring, pursue their course, directed by an unerring and wonderful instinct, along the American coast, until they reach the Bay of Fundy, about the middle of May.

Those which first arrive ascend the river St. John for the purpose of spawning; and having deposited their ova, proceed up the bay, entering the Petticoial and Memremcook in vast numbers, and also the eastern branch towards the Shubenacadie, where they reach the highest state of perfection, feeding on the shadworm and shrimp, which are found there in great abundance; and large quantities of this delicious article of food are annually purchased for the supply of the American market.

The Bay of Fundy is destitute of good harbors; for with the exception of Annapolis basin, which is entered by a narrow channel, through which the vessel is swept by the current against an adverse wind, there are none of the southern side till the Cornwallis and Horton rivers are reached, a short distance beyond Cape Blomidon, while on the north side, with the exception of the harbor, of St. John and that of Quaco, where there is a dangerous ledge extending a long distance into the Bay, there is scarcely any shelter, should a vessel be overtaken by a storm that would compel her to seek it. Indeed, considering the intense fogs that prevail during the summer months, the strong and uncertain currents, and the violent gales during spring and autumn it is a subject of astonishment that vessels are not more frequently wrecked in that dangerous bay.

HINTS WORTH TAKING.—1. I Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just so sure as you do, you will get into trouble. Sin always brings sorrow sooner or later. If you even suspect that any thing is wicked do it not until you are sure your suspicions are groundless.

2. When you do attempt anything that is right, go through with it. Be not easily discouraged from habits of perseverance. Yield not to sloth, and sleep, or fickleness. To resist all these will not be easy; but you will feel that you have done right when you get through.

3. Do not waste your money. Perhaps you have very little. Then take the more care of it. And besides helping to spread the Gospel, buy some good books and read them well. A good book is one of the best things in the world. If you can not buy as many as you need, borrow from others, and return them safe and sound.—Never let a book lie where it may be injured.

4. Ask questions about things you do not understand. Ask those who know; but ask modestly and seriously, and listen to the answer and think well of it. A man who knows nothing can give you no light on the subject; but almost every one can tell you something that you do not know. Dr. Franklin said he had often gained important information from a blacksmith shoeing his horse. Live and learn.

Beware of bad books and papers. There are many; they are of no use, but do harm. Ask some one who is able to tell you of some of the best books. Never buy a book because it is cheap; some books are dear if they do not cost anything if you read them they waste your time and may destroy your soul.

6. If you have not time to read in the day, read by night, and if lamps and candles are scarce, get pine knots or hickory bark and read by torch light. Let nothing hinder you from reading. A good book will bear reading more than once. The second reading will do more good than the first.

7. Keep out of bad company. "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." If others waste their time in folly and sin, avoid them. They may be smart, but they will do you no good and they may do you harm. Bad company is the ruin of many, even of those who are older than you.—Keep away from idlers, and Sabbath breakers.—Even "one sinner destroyeth much good." Keep away—"touch not the unclean things."

GOOD NATURE.—Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influence? Don't let matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross and crabbed. If a friend has injured you; if the world goes hard; if you want employment and can't get it; or can't get your honest dues; or fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruits of many years' hard toil; or your faults magnified, or enemies have traduced, or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad with anybody; don't abuse the world or any of its creatures; keep good nature and our soft for it, all things will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the heart of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers the fragrance of which ascend to Heaven.

"THE WOMEN.—Here is a "Tribute to Woman," from a note to an Editor, the justice of which few will dispute: "There is something about woman that is curious, isn't there? This morning I swept the schoolhouse. I thought it was nicely done—felt proud. Presently some girls came in, and one, true to the instinctive sense of neatness characteristic of her sex, took the broom. She swept after me, and good gracious! what a change! It seems as if—well, I can't tell—but when she was done, I had a very poor opinion of my house keeping powers, I assure you. The stove hearth, the wood by the stove—all everything—put on that look which only woman can give. What in creation is it that makes them give such an air to things?"