

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA DECEMBER 21, 1852.

NUMBER 102.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

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.

NEW CASH-STORE.

AFTER returning my thanks to my friends, acquaintances and the public generally, for their former liberal patronage, I offer to them a variety of
Groceries, Dry-Goods, Crockery and Hardware,

At wholesale and retail, consisting in part as follows
GROCERIES.

SUGARS—Muscovado, New Orleans, St. Croix, Loaf, Crushed and Powdered
COFFEES—Java and Rio
MOLASSES—N. Orleans, Muscovado and West India
SALT—Constantly on hand
TOBACCO—Yellow Bank, Ellis, and a variety of common, at prices from 12 to 75c. per pound
TEAS—Gunpowder, Green, Hyson and Black
SEGARS—Rio Hondo, Gold Leaf, Sylvia, Palmetto, and a variety of common, prices from 6 to \$40 per M.
CANDLES—Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow
CHEESE—Goshen and English
BACON—Sides, Shoulders and Hams
LARD—Constantly on hand
FISH—Salmon, Herring and all numbers of Mackerel
FRUITS—Figs, Raisins, Almonds, Currants, English Walnuts, &c.
SPICES—Allspice, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Mustard and Pepper
PICKLES—English and American, a variety
KETCHUPS—Mushroom, Walnut and Tomato
PRESERVES—Citron, Orange, Lemon, Pine Apple and Ginger
BRANDY-FRUIT—Peaches, Cherries and Limes
JELLIES and JAMS—A variety
LOBSTERS and SARDINES—Hermetically Sealed
CANDIES—Of all kinds
CRACKERS—Pie Nic, Soda, Butter, Wine, Water and Sugar

CROCKERY Assorted,

SADDLES—Riding and Wagon
WHIPS—Carriage, Buggy, Driver's and Wagon
CARDS—Cotton and Wool
POWDER and SHOT

ALSO—

A new and complete stock of **DRY-GOODS**, consisting in part as follows:
200 pieces Prints, at prices from 5 to 15c. per yard
75 do Long Cloths from 6 to 18c.
300 do Brown Homespun, from 5 to 12c.
250 pair Negro Blankets from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per pair
100 pieces Kerseys, from 12 to 18c.
Gazaburgs—DeKalb always on hand

ALSO—A VARIETY OF

Muslins, Alpaccas, Irish Linens, Tickings, Apron Checks, Shirtings, Drillings, Ginghams, Linseys, Flannels, Salicis, Serge, Cashmeres, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Suspenders, Hosiery, of all kinds; Gloves of all kinds; Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, &c. Together with a large assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing.

ALSO—

Violins, Double barrel Shot Guns, from \$11 to \$15, Rifles, flint and Percussion locks \$9 to \$12
And a great variety of articles, both in **GROCERIES** and **DRY-GOODS**, too tedious to mention.

I will attend to the Receiving and Forwarding Business as heretofore, and I am prepared to make liberal advances on Cotton shipped to Messrs Chambers, Jeffers & Co., Charleston.

I intend selling *exclusively* for Cash, and most respectfully invite any who wish *Bargains*, to give me a call, and they will find the cash system decidedly preferable.

Call at his Old Stand on the corner.

B. W. CHAMBERS.
Camden, Oct. 5. 80

FRESH Solar Oil—Received yesterday by Nov. 2. T. J. WORKMAN.

SPERM and Lard Oil—For sale by Nov. 2. T. J. WORKMAN.

Mexican Mustang Liniment,

IN Bottles at Fifty Cents and One Dollar. For sale at Z. J. DEHAY'S.

Mexican Mustang Liniment,

IN bottles at 25, 50c. and \$1.00. Received toby Nov. 2. T. J. WORKMAN.

Woolen Goods.

An assortment of
ALL-WOOL PLAINS
KERSEYS, LINSEYS
SATTINETTS, TWEEDS
JEANS, &c. &c. &c.
For the Plantation and House Servants. Purchasers will please call, as they will be sold cheap, by
W. ANDERSON.
Oct. 21.

CARPETING, Printed Druggists, Rugs and Ba ze, at A. M. & R. KENNEDY'S

LEATHER! LEATHER!!

ALDEN & MURRAY have now on hand, a choice lot of **BAND, HARNESS and UPPER LEATHER**, of their own tanning, which will be sold low.

ALSO—

A superior lot of **NEGRO SHOES**, of their own manufacture, very heavy and warranted good, at prices from 50c. to \$1.

Expected in a few days a choice lot of **FINE SHOES**, of every description, comprising many new and beautiful styles. Sept. 28.

300 LBS. of the handsomest Candles ever offered in this market. W. C. MOORE.

Charleston Prices.

HARNESS, Saddlery, Trunks, Military Work, &c. manufactured to order, and warranted, at Charleston prices.

Ten per cent. discount for cash within 30 days.
LUKE ARMSTRONG.
Camden, April 23. 23 sw2wt

THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The hours are viewless angels
And still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison of the nectar
Our hearts' deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue,

And as we speed each minute
That God to us has given,
The deeds are known before His throne—
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we who talk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like Summer bees they hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away—
The mission flight, by day or night,
No magic power can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly father,
To spend each flying hour,
That, as they go, they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

Saving Pork and Making Bacon.

It would probably, just at this time, be a more acceptable service to many of our readers, to tell them how they are to get pork, than how it is to be saved. This however, does not lessen the importance of the proposition with which we set out; and as our advice would not be available in the one case, we proceed to the consideration of the other. It is indispensably necessary to perfect success, that the hogs which are to be converted into pork should be fat, and made so by healthy, solid food—otherwise the meat will be soft, and subject to much shrinkage and waste in drying. Hogs sometimes are slaughtered when in a declining state; in all such cases the loss is considerable in converting to bacon—and the meat, when boiled, seems to grow less, and the bones stick out, as though too large for their envelope. Fine bacon can therefore not be expected from poor or declining hogs; nor may sweet, juicy hams be made without proper care and attention to the fattening of the pork.

The slaughtering and cleaning should be conducted with neatness—the scalding and removing the hair, requiring judgment and skill, that the one may be neither more nor less than may be necessary to the accomplishment of the other. All the hair should be taken out by the roots, and not shaved off with the knife; this is not only neater, but in better condition to be saved sweet and kept from worms. After the pork is killed, and has hung long enough to have drained and dried well, operation of cutting out may commence. This is too well understood to need any instruction from us, further than to remark, that some skill and good taste may be displayed even here in the shape of the ham, and some real advantages are obtained by smooth cutting, leaving no gashes for the fly to enter and deposit its eggs. After the cutting up, all the pieces should be laid away, sprinkling each piece with salt, and there permitted to remain until the animal heat is all gone, and the marrow in the bone shall become cool. To accomplish this most speedily and successfully, it should not be bulked, but laid in single layers, if possible. If this is properly done, a single night will usually suffice. Then the salting may commence.

There is much difference of opinion—some who claim very good success, do not rub at all, but simply pack away in salt. Our practice, and the result of our observation, have been different.—We should therefore recommend that all the joints be well rubbed with salt before packing. Where much is to be done, the hand would become tender by long rubbing; this may be remedied by using the ear of the hog for a rubber. This rubbing with salt is done almost exclusively on the skin side, and is continued until the skin appears chafed and softened with salt. A little saltpetre should be added to the salt—some four or five table-spoonful, well pulverized, to each bushel. This aids the salt in striking in, and reddens the texture of the ham. Too much, however, is an injury, making the meat too dry and hard. After the rubbing, let the pork be packed away, covering each piece well with salt. It is better to waste salt than to lose meat.—There is much diversity of opinion as to whether it is best that the joints should be covered with brine or pickle; we think that it would be better to be covered. With very large meat, it is a good practice, after lying for two or three weeks, to rub the joints a second time with salt, and pack away again. The weather should be cold when this is done. When it has been in salt four weeks, (and if the weather has been very cold, five will not be too long) it should be hung up to dry. The hams should be hung so that the hook may be down. This should be done in cold weather also, and if windy the better, as it will aid very much in drying and hardening the surface. The smoking should now commence, and be kept up constantly for about four weeks, or until the meat is fully cured. Be careful not to hurt, by having too much fire, and the meat hung too low. The smoking may then be suspended, but in all damp, wet seasons, should be renewed sufficiently to keep the bacon and inside of the house free from moisture. Some persons report very good success by doing nothing more. Our advice would be, to take the

hams all down the last week in February, if well dried, (and they should be) and pack them away in dry ashes. A good plan for this is to have shelves in the smoke house, and lay some of the meat sticks, corn cobs, or anything dry and hard, upon the shelf, then lay the ham, skin side down, upon these—first covering the whole surface of the meat, and carefully filling all the little crevices, with dry ashes. They are then in a condition to be easily seen and examined through the summer—and if the pork has been well made, and the hams put up in good time, little trouble may be expected, more than occasionally to scrape off a little mould. The smoke should be made with green hickory or oak wood. One of the most convenient articles which we have tried, is ground tan bark, after it has been used and thrown from the vat. This gives the bacon a beautiful brown appearance, and the smoke is kept up with little trouble.—*Soil of the South.*

DEMOLITION OF THE OLD BREWERY.—The work of pulling down the Old Brewery, at the Five Points will be commenced this week. Such an event is not to be passed unnoticed. A new impetus is thus given the physical and moral regeneration of that locality, from time immemorial considered as beyond the reach of Christian sympathy. The day of its demolition deserves to be distinguished as a red letter day in the annals of our city's history. The great landmark of vice and degradation, the haunt of crime and the home of misery, will soon be among the things that were a remembrance, but no longer a fact. In its stead will rise a landmark for virtue and morality, and a home for the desolate and the orphan. The drunkard and the abused, and the stealthy murderer, will no more hide thither for concealment, but sobriety, and purity, and mercy will stand with open arms to receive whomsoever will eschew vice and make fellowship with virtue. What no legal enactment could accomplish—no machinery of municipal government could effect—Christian women have brought about, quietly but thoroughly and triumphantly. From henceforth the Old Brewery is no more. Had any one predicted this ten, or even five years ago, the laugh of scorn or the smile of incredulity would have greeted his prophecy.

It is to the credit of the religious denomination known as the Methodist Episcopal Church, that they were the first to enter the then unpromising field; and it will be an imperishable honor to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of that church that with them the idea originated, and by them has so successfully been carried on.
Com. Advocate.

The Dignity of Labor.

It is an indication of idleness in any mind to be ashamed of work. It is to deny the law of Nature, for it is a universal mandate, written in the language of things, that the sweat of the face is everything great or valuable to be accomplished. We look in vain, to witness the accomplishment of anything without the application of mental or physical effort. Where are the monuments of creative idleness? When are the triumphs of genius everlastingly at rest? They are not to be found in the past. History makes no record of them; they are not among the wonders of the present. The universe is void of all trace of them, for they are not, and have not been. All that dignified history, or makes the present glorious, has been the same law of work. What has not labor done? In fact, nothing has been done without it. It has builded our cities, floated our navies, led our armies and governed the nation. It has stored the mind of the student, penned the inspiration of the poet, struck eloquence from the mute marble, given history an unforgettable memory, and thrown hues and speaking lines of life upon an inanimate canvass. All this and more has labor done. It has beautified life and made it tolerable. Without work, existence were a dull monotonous prolongation of days, with naught to mark the lapse of time but the rising and setting sun. Who covets the barren life full of ease, that has no many struggles, no doubtful battle-fields, no generous thrills? Rather than to be doomed to such a Dead Sea fate, we would be thrown upon the billows in an eternal conflict, to alternate forever between triumph and defeat. They whose lot is a lot of toil, in their madness often sigh for repose and careless indulgence of the opulent children of Mormon. But little do they think of the days vacant of incident, and the nights burdened with sleep, and the ceaseless return of the forms misnamed of pleasures. And too lightly do they estimate the luxury of genuine impulse, the consciousness of mighty passion, awakening the sublimity of life, and the proud and satisfying repose that comes with final triumph over temporary ills.

We have said there is a dignity in labor. Every one has felt it, who has lent himself earnestly to work. He has felt that his virtue was safest, when he had thrown about it the safeguard of honest, unwavering occupation. These are the moments of his most conscious pride.

It should be the part of education to inculcate the love of labor, the esteem of its reward and the supremacy of its law. Were its true dignity appreciated, men would seek to make their children gentlemen by making them workers, rather than putting money into their purses. Idleness is an evil, then is the father's blessing too often a curse. Labor is not onerous when performed with an appreciation of its nature. It then becomes dignified and honorable, elevating man to his true position among the creatures of Omnipotence. Neglecting this law, of his being, he becomes an idler in a universe of activity and energy. He sleeps till the crisis of a great destiny is past. He sells his birth-right for a day of inglorious ease. He doffs the priestly garments of Nature, and puts on in its stead, the beggarly rags of an out-cast and vagabond.

Of all portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

Saturday Night.

This is a period which every one welcomes, for it gives a finish to the concerns and business of the week, and a rest to both body and mind; and to the heart that looks with pleasure to every return of the sweet Sabbath, it is particularly welcome. We love the Saturday night party, because it approaches so near the day of rest. It is a time in which methodical persons will make all proper arrangements for the ensuing day, as well as to balance up and settle all the transactions of the past week.

It is the close of a particular period.—The moralist may devote upon it some of the same reflections he would bestow upon the closing year. Our lives are made up of years, and our years of weeks. On Saturday night, another week of our existence is gone, another year is broken. Are we better than on the preceding Saturday?—Has one week brought us any nearer heaven, as it certainly has nearer death? This question is treated lightly by some, but it comes home solemnly to us all.

On the subject of preparation for the Sabbath and for church, it cannot be but regretted that this night is not more devoted to that duty, that the Sabbath should be encroached upon even by many professing christians. If the Sabbath is to be kept holy, we cannot consistently burden it with the cares and duties which are not absolutely necessary, and which might have been performed the evening before.

As the Sabbath is emphatically called a day of rest how pleasant it is to see it unencumbered by the noise and preparation of worldly business. It is on that account I love the sweet serenity of a country Sabbath. Every thing there is as quiet as the grave on that day. To one who is fond of contemplating the God of the Sabbath, and his wonderful works, the country affords the highest and purest satisfaction. He may there withdraw himself from the world and temporal things, and pursue his meditation without noise or intrusion. There may be music in the trees, but it only awakens a more harmonious strain in his own bosom. There may be fragrance in every breeze, and his soul pours forth the more grateful incense of his prayers to the God of nature.

My walk to Bushwich church comprises the happiest moments of my life. The distance is one mile from our cottage, through a delightfully rural lane, interspersed with fruit trees, wood land, farm houses and cots, and the parsonage of our late pastor. The Sabbath morning is always sufficiently still to hear the mellow chimings of the New York 'church going bells,' over the more humble one of our own church—one might use the pleasing lines of Moore on such an occasion, so as to read,

"Those morning bells—those morning bells!
How sweet a tale their music tells,
Of home and youth, and that sweet time
When first I heard the thrilling chime."

But I am digressing from night into morning, the association however of a Saturday night with the return of Sabbath is so near that it may be considered the same subject, and eliciting almost the same reflections. In concluding these thoughts imperfectly offered, I may be permitted to hope that my readers may all enjoy the sacred stillness of a Sabbath in the country.
PASQUIN.

We find the following in an essay on Proctor Barry Cornwall:

"There is something inexpressively touching in an anecdote which I have heard of a foreign artist. He was an American, and had come hither (he and his young wife) to paint for fame and a subsistence. They were strangers in England; they had to fight against prejudice and poverty; but their affection for each other soothed them under privation, every frown of fortune. They could think, at least, 'all the way over' the great Atlantic; and their fancy (very little cherished here) had leisure to be busy among the friends and scenes which they had left behind. A gentleman who had not seen them for some time, went one day to the artist's painting room, and observing him pale and worn, enquired about his health, and afterwards regarding his wife. He answered, only, 'She has left me,' and proceeded in a hurried way with his work. She was dead! and he was left alone to toil, and get money, and mourn. The heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and fame itself was but a shadow."

WHY SHOULD I FEAR?—A chief of the Creek Indians, having been appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the citizens of South Carolina and having met the proper authorities for that purpose, was desired by the Governor to speak his mind freely and without reserve; for, as he was among his friends, he need not be "afraid." "I will," said he, "speak freely; I will not be afraid. Why should I be afraid among my friends who am never afraid among my enemies?"

TEETH.—Healthy teeth depend mainly on healthy digestion, and on cleanly habits as regards the teeth. They must, of course, be confined to the purposes for which they are designed. If they are employed for the purpose of cracking nuts, biting thread unscrewing needle cases, or turning the stopper of a smelling-bottle; if the mouth is used as a kind of portable for a tooth chest, in which a pair of scissors, a knife, a vice, a corkscrew, or any other instrument, may be found at the time of need—then serious and irretrievable injury will eventually be done to the enamel of the teeth, which no healthiness of digestion nor cleanliness of habit will avail to remedy.

California contains four hundred thousand square miles. This would give eight States as large as New York State, fifty seven as large as New Jersey, California would support eighteen millions and if equal to Massachusetts, forty millions or fifteen millions more than the present population of the entire United States.

Good Sensible Talk.

The world is full of life; full of action. And yet there are thousands who loiter on the great race of life. They pass along and leave no record of deeds to live after them. No valuable ambition seems to stir their sluggish souls. No soaring aspiration seems to throb in their hearts. They bask in the sunshine, and shun the conflicts where mind grapples with mind, living a brief day, and living in unbroken light.

Our young men do not appreciate the privilege of this day. They do not make a good use of the advantage which surround them. There are very many of them who are nobly struggling to do so, but hosts of others seem to have no ambition. No impulse stirs them. The world in its progress brings its treasures to their very doors, but they have not sufficient energy of character to reach out and grasp them.

We see much to regret in society. The young hearts where lie the hopes of our country, are too generally ingloriously idle, or frittering away their usefulness and influence. Let a person pass through the country and mingle with the gatherings of our young men, and they will look with sorrow on the frivolous character presented. Why so much ill-breeding? Why so much vulgarity and profanity? Why so rude and repulsive a disregard of all the little courtesies of life? Why is their conversation so grossly coarse?

We miss the warm heart-born politeness that should characterize the conduct of a true gentleman. We even see those claiming gentility and respectability, treating strangers—nay, women—with marked discourtesy and insult. And where is the fault?

There are some "good old ways" which ought not to be departed from—counsels which should not be forgotten. We deprecate that arrogant selfish and repulsive manner which so generally marks the character of young people. There is no truer mark of a gentleman than courtesy in the treatment of others. Stale slang is no accomplishment—it is a stain. The ill-bred retort degenerates into deliberate insult. The young man who thinks he is not "a blood young man" until he can show how little he cares for the unpretending, but shining qualities of modesty and home simplicity, commits a sad mistake. A man may swagger and sneer at all these sacred influences—even at his own mother and talk boldly about the "foolish old woman," but we would shun him as we would a ruffian.

EXTRAORDINARY LOCK.—The editor of the American Artizan was recently shown a piece of mechanism which certainly goes a head of anything in the shape of a lock that we have ever seen or read of, in the essential of security from depredation. It is called Yale's Magic Lock, and is as absolutely unpickable as the kernel of a walnut would be without damaging the shell.—The only opening is a circular orifice, half an inch

which there is no possible access to the tumblers by any instrument whatever—not even by the key itself, strange as that may seem. By a singular contrivance, a portion of the key is detached after insertion, and sent to a distant part of the lock, where it moves the tumblers, and where the tools of the burglar could never arrive except by first battering the lock to pieces. The key hole resembles the interior of a small pistol barrel, and having no opening in the interior basis of the lock, would not receive powder enough to blow it open. The lock is therefore absolutely gunpowder proof also. Among other peculiarities, the key is susceptible of from forty thousand to one million of changes. A change of the key changes the lock also in the act of locking, so that one may have a new lock every day for hundreds of years! By a change of the key after locking, it is rendered impossible to unlock, even with the same key, until altered back again. One may thus lose the key or have it stolen, and still entertain no fears of the lock's being opened with it. The proprietors offer a reward of five hundred dollars to any one who will pick it through the key hole using whatever instrument he pleases, and taking any length of time he may desire.

FACTS FOR THE NEXT EDITION OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—A correspondent of the Martinsburg (Va.) Gazette furnishes the following facts for the next edition of Uncle Tom's Cabin:

There died lately in a lower county in Virginia, a mulatto man who had been manumitted by his master, and was under our law one of those persons who was permitted to remain in Virginia. His master had with his liberty, left him a respectable property, and this man by industry accumulated an estate of \$25,000. He had purchased his wife, who was a slave; and his children were therefore his own property as well as his wife.

Falling into bad health he went to Philadelphia some time during this last summer for medical advice, but learning from the best physicians that his health was worse than he thought and that he could not live, he wrote to a relative of his old master to come on for him, which this gentleman did, and stayed with him, and brought him back to Virginia, at his request.—He died shortly after his return, not long since; and by his last will left all his estate to this gentleman, as well as his wife and children, who are thus the slaves of his friend—trusting of course, that he would care for them, and provide for them.

There was an intelligent, wealthy man, who knew the condition of colored people in the Northern States, that preferred to leave his wife and children and all his property to a white man to sending them out of the State to live as free persons with a fine estate.

These are notorious and recorded facts, and can be proved if denied; and there are many such occurrences among our colored people which might be made public, to put to shame the exaggerated fictions of Mrs Stowe and her adherents, if there was any possibility for substituting in the Northern mind *FACT for fiction*—*REASON for imagination*—and *CHARITY* in the place of *sectional prejudice*.