

# THE CAMDEN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME XV.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1854.

NUMBER 29.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

## TERMS.

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 rates: For one Square, (fourteen lines or less) seventy-five cents for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions, one dollar per square; semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

The number of insertions desired must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

## Miscellaneous.

From the Spirit of the Age.  
**HORACE WEST:**

### THE EFFECTS OF "ONE AND THE FIRST GLASS." [CONCLUDED.]

We will not weary our readers with a description of the pleasant time which they spent; suffice it to say that, through the influence of the strong potations which he took, West (to use his own words) "passed a glorious time, and repeatedly declared that he had never spent so pleasant an evening in his life, and that Munson was the finest fellow he had ever met with," and when he left for home, which was after night, the effects of the punch, toddy and wine that he had drunk were plainly visible in the manner in which he walked the streets.

He reached his dwelling and entered by means of his night key. All within was still and silent as death; he made his way as best he could to his chamber, and found that his wife was sitting up waiting his return home; she raised her head as he entered the room and he saw that she had been weeping, and when she became fully aware of the state he was in she at once buried her face in her lap and burst into tears. He passed by her uttering some drunken exclamation in regard to her being up so late, and without undressing himself had down upon the bed, and was soon snoring in drunken slumber.

When our hero awoke in the morning the sun had been up some hours, and was shining brightly in his chamber window. He arose and dressed himself and went down to his breakfast. He found his wife in the breakfast room at work, and his food at the fire awaiting his coming, and was ashamed of his conduct the previous night and felt that she knew all about it, and he hung down his head unable to look her in the face. She asked him kindly but in a tremulous voice how he felt, and then began to get his food on the table for him; he replied that he felt very bad and that his head ached as if it would split. He then sat down to the table and after he had taken a cup of coffee and a slice of toast he arose and said that he felt a little better though not well enough to go to work; he then laid down upon his bed where he remained the balance of the day.

He went to work on the next day, though still suffering from the effects of the supper at Munson's. During the day Jones alluded to the subject and asked him if he would not allow that he was mistaken in the opinions he had formed of his friend Munson previous to his visit at his house.

West replied that he would, for Munson had treated him like a gentleman, and had invited him to visit his house; hinting, that if he wanted anything in his line at any time to be no backward in asking for it as his credit was good there for any amount; an invitation which West was not long in accepting. From that time he was a visitor at the house of Munson as well as the others in which the city of B— abounded, spending his hard earned money and leaving his family to suffer for the necessities of life. His wife and child were neglected for the company of drunkards and vagabonds, and often was the case for him to return home late at night, and finding his wife sitting up awaiting his return, scold her for so doing. All this she bore patiently, never ceasing in her duty to him as a wife. His child young as she was, noticed the change in her father, as he did not now take her in his arms, and caress and kiss her as he used to do, she therefore clung closer to her mother's bosom, and found there that love which was denied her by her father.

West also began to decrease in his attentions to the interests of his employers, and often spent whole days at the taverns when he should have been at work; the consequence was, he was soon discharged and was unable to obtain employment on account of his intemperate habits, which were plainly visible on him. His creditors, amongst them Munson, with whom his credit had been so good, now became pressing in their demands against him, and he was not being able to satisfy them, they seized upon what little he had, and sold it for their own benefit. His wife and child were turned out of home, and where so many happy hours had been spent, and sought refuge with her father. West was aware of this, but did not seek them there, as he had not the courage to show himself to the parents of his wife after his treatment to her, and too much independence, as he called it, when sober enough to think rightly of the matter, to eat the bread which they earned.

We will now bring our story to a period about one year after the events just mentioned, during which time West had been going on as he was when we left him, and even worse, resorting to any and every means short of stealing to gratify his thirst for liquor. He would put away wood and coal, run errands and do any thing by which he could earn a trifle of money to spend for a drink of liquor. His wife had been staying with her parents during the time, and it, together with the conduct of her husband, had not failed to leave upon her brow traces of care and trouble. She had not despaired of ever seeing her husband reformed, but prayed frequently and earnestly to her Heavenly Father that such might be the case. Some of her friends had attempted to persuade her to apply for a divorce from him; but she firmly refused to do so, saying that she would trust to God, that her husband might see the

errors of his way and reform, and that they might yet live happily together. Her child had grown considerably during that time, and was, at the period of which we write, a pretty little prattler, and frequently enquired of her mother in regard to "papa."

One dark and stormy night and near the hour of 11, a man, ragged, unshaven and dirty might have been seen standing in front of one of those low and dirty places called grogshops, which are so numerous in the city of B—, holding on to a lamp post, in a state of beastly intoxication. He had been drinking, and the amount of money he had become exhausted, he endeavored to obtain credit, promising faithfully to pay, but he was refused by the landlord (who was none other than our friend Munson,) whereupon he became importunate, and was forthwith ordered to leave the house. He hesitated in doing so and was assisted by the landlord, who taking him by the collar helped him as far as the door, and then giving him a sturdy kick, sent him reeling upon the pavement. There he stood for some time when the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon his ears, when he raised his head and saw a genteel dressed man approaching him, who immediately stopped and laying his hand on his shoulder, enquired why he was standing there? He replied in drunken incoherent words:

"I am standing here because I've got no other place to go to, and if I had I couldn't go to it."

"I see the reason of your being unable to get away from your present situation. I presume that you have been engaged in drunkness and debauchery in this grogshop here, and been turned out by the proprietor after having spent all your money. Is not this so?"

"Yes, I am. I spent all the money I had, which wasn't much at first, with him. I liquor, and then tried to get a little credit more. I don't succeed in getting credit, but I get put out, as you see."

"That was certainly unjust; but what can a person expect but that kind of treatment from such people as these landlords are. But I suppose you will forget and forgive all this, and spend the money you get with him, for this vile poison, which must sooner or later, if you do not reform, cause you to become an inmate of a state's prison, or perhaps fill a murderer's grave. Will you not?"

"No, answer the drunkard; 'I will never spend another cent in a grogshop so long as I live.' But look here, stranger, from your talk I reckon you belong to them fellows called Sons of Temperance, whom the landlords bless so much for interfering with a man when he is making a living honestly, as they say?"

"Yes, I am proud to say that I am a Son of Temperance," returned the man, "and as such, mean to do all I can to suppress this vile traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage. How would you like to join us? As bad as you are you can become better if you will but try, and we will exert ourselves to the utmost to assist you. But come along with me; I will get you a place of lodging for the night, and will see you in the morning and resume the conversation which I have thus abruptly brook off.—Come on, give me your arm I will help you to walk."

Thus urged the drunken man, who was none other than Horace West, gave his arm to the kind stranger, and the two proceeded on their way to the residence of the latter. Arrived at home the man entered the house, and leaving West in a room to himself, went in search of his wife. He found her sitting up in her chamber, waiting for him to come home from his Division, whether he had been, and was returning when he met our hero. He told his wife of what he had done, and she being of the same kind and humane disposition as her husband, and ever willing and ready to do a good act for a fellow being, no matter how degraded and fallen, busied herself in preparing a bed for him, which was soon done and he in it sleeping soundly.

In the morning Mr. Washington, for such was the name of West's friend, came up to his room before he had arisen from bed, and finding that he was in a sober state, told him that he would send up something for him to eat, and would come up afterwards and converse with him. He then went down to his breakfast and had West's sent up to him, of which he ate heartily, not having had such a meal since before him for a long time. After breakfast his kind friend again visited him and opened a conversation, in the course of which he learned the whole history of West from his birth to that time, and that he had then a wife and child who were obliged to be dependent on the bounty of others, in consequence of his conduct.—That part of his story relating to his family he told with tears in his eyes, and wished, he said to Mr. Washington, that he could reform and live happy with them once again, but that it was impossible; his thirst for liquor was beyond his power to conquer, and that he must despair of ever seeing that time.

"Say not so, my friend," replied his benefactor. "I have known cases worse than yours, in which persons have reformed and become good members of society; you can do so too. I will assist you as much as I can, so promise me that you will join with us, and endeavor to reform, if not for your own sake, for that of your wife and child, who will, I know, be made happy beyond expression by the change. Will you do so?"

"Ah, my friend, you know not how much I wish that it was in my power to make them happy once more, but I fear it is too late, that I am too far gone to ever think of reforming," replied West.

"But I know, my dear sir," returned his friend, "that you are not too far gone; you must not give up in despair; you desire to reform, all that is necessary, is for you to resolve to do so, and if you will join us I am certain that you can keep your good resolutions."

"I am half inclined to try at any rate," replied West; "but you see that I am in no condition to associate with decent men; my face is bloated, my clothes ragged and dirty, and in every respect I wear the appearance of degradation and poverty; and as I am not able to buy suitable clothes, that is an obstacle I see no way of overcoming."

"But I do," answered Mr. Washington. "I will furnish you with a full suit of apparel, and take you to the Division with me at our next

meeting, and in the meantime, you must remain here with us, and not go out and be tempted to break those good resolutions you have made. Nay," he continued, seeing that West was about making some objections to this mode of proceeding, "you must consent to be guided by me, and after you have joined the Sons we will get you employment, and the money which I will spend in clothing you will not come out of my pocket, but out of the treasury of the Division, which has a fund appropriated to that purpose. So you see that I will not be a loser by it, and even if I were to lose by it, I would do so willingly and cheerfully, as I feel it a duty I owe to God to help a fellow creature in distress."

We will not weary the reader by repeating the balance of the conversation between the two in regard to the matter; it is enough for us to say that West consented to the arrangements made by his benefactor for his reformation, and promised to be guided by him; that he remained at his house, and having become more decent in his personal appearance, acted and was treated as a member of the family, and on the next meeting night of the Division to which Mr. Washington belonged, went with him there and was finally accepted as a member of the Division, No. —, Sons of Temperance of the State of M—.

The next thing to be done was to obtain work for him; they tried at several places; as Mr. Washington had promised, but without meeting with success; but at last, after repeated efforts work was found for him, and he went at it, getting good wages and promising Mr. W. to take charge of his family, when he should be sufficiently well fixed in his temperance habits to do so. He worked steadily for two months, during which time by his particular request his family had been kept in ignorance of the change that had been wrought in him. He had avoided all temptations, never going near to a drinking establishment that he could possibly help, and spending his evenings, when not attending some kind of meeting in the family of his friend, and benefactor. One day he expressed a wish to Mr. Washington for his family to be told of what happened and asked him to go and tell his wife that he would call to see her on that night at the house of her parents. Mr. W. promised to do so, and after enquiring where she was to be found set out on his errand. He reached the place, and requesting a private interview with Mrs. West, was admitted into her presence. His tale was soon told, and Mrs. West was so much affected by the Intelligence that she could not find words to express her gratitude to him for the noble part he had acted in the reformation of her husband; and telling him that she would be too happy to see her husband at the time specified. After he had retired she repaired to her chamber, and locking the door to prevent interruption, fell on her knees and poured out her soul in thanks to her Maker for the change in her husband, and his answer to her many prayers for his reformation. When she left her room, she sought her parents and related to them all that had happened; their joy was inexpressible, and all they could do was to lift their hearts in union with their daughter's to God, in grateful acknowledgments.

We do not intend to attempt to describe the joyful meeting between the long separated husband and wife, and father and child; it was touching in the extreme. West again and again begged to be forgiven for his treatment to his wife, and Mrs. West readily forgave him and expressed her willingness to go with him again, and asked him to complete the necessary arrangements for them to commence house-keeping, as soon as possible, as she did not wish to be a burden to her kind old parents any longer than she could possibly help.

West agreed with her in regard to that matter, and as a grateful return to her parents for their kindness to his wife when all others were unkind to her, in giving her a home, offered them a home in his family for the rest of their lives which offer they at the earnest solicitations of their daughter accepted, and a house was rented in the neighborhood of where Mr. Washington lived and but a few doors from it, and the happy couple together with the old folks are now living pleasantly therein. West is more steady in his temperance habits than he was before his fall, having experienced the fruits of intemperance. He now carries on business for himself and continues a good Son of Temperance, having passed through the highest offices in the Order. He labors hard all the long day, and at home surrounded by his happy wife and a group of merry children.

Reader, our tale is nearly at an end, and with a passing glance at our other characters, and a few remarks thereon, we will conclude. Jones, the man by whom West was enticed to drink his "first glass," as the reader will recollect, together with Munson, the tavern-keeper, are both now inmates of State prison, having found their way there, the one (Jones) for stealing goods to get liquor with, and the other (Munson) for receiving them as in payment for it.

The friend of West whom we noticed in the first part of this story as having been a fellow apprentice, was reformed through the united efforts of West and Mr. Washington, and is now a member of the same Division with them works steadily in the employ of West, and in order to avoid temptation as much as possible boards in his family.

We have endeavored in the course of this story to show the evils of intemperance, and the good to be derived from temperance; we have shown that no matter how much command a man may think he has over himself, he is treading slippery ground when he takes his "one and first glass," or an "occasional glass" and thinks that he is safe, and that he will most surely fall. We have tried to show the bad effects of temptation arising from association with persons who are in the habit of drinking and trying to persuade others to do so; and last but not least we have called your serious attention to that glorious Order so well and extensively known as the Sons of Temperance and pointed out its principles in reforming the most confirmed drunkards, and the benefits it confers on society. Members of that Order have a great and good work to do, and non should be careless and idle, when by their in-

fluence exerted as that by Mr. Washington in the case of Horace West, so many men might be rescued from drunkard's graves. With what success we have shown all these things we leave the reader to judge, and in conclusion let us say, beware of that "One and first glass."

## New York in 1853 and 1854.

A year ago New York was the scene of the utmost excitement. Her hotels and boarding houses overflowed with the vast crowds gathered there from the ends of the earth. Her shopkeepers of all kinds were worn down with excess of business, and her hundred places of amusement could not accommodate one half the host of strangers in the town. Extravagance was rampant, and a sort of fury of expenditure raged among all, to such an extent, that every one whose business brought him into contact with strangers was enriched. It was the season preparatory to the Crystal Palace opening—that ceremony so august in its promise, but so tame in its conclusion. The world was taken in for the time, and New York gathered a rich harvest from the seed then scattered.

The rage of high prices became an epidemic. It seized upon landlords, who advanced their rents fifty per cent.; it spread among wholesale dealers and retailers; it attacked the cab drivers and the porters; it ran through the ranks of the large and small manufacturers, and it spread especially among the richer ranks of the community. The poor laborer by the day, however, was compelled to work for his old wages, though his rent, his clothing and his food were enormously advanced. The influx of fortune was not for him; Crystal Palace prosperity was chiefly for the benefit of the smart stockholders, the rich hotel proprietors, the merchant princes. They did, indeed, gather in wealth by thousands, and throughout the summer their good fortune continued, although the Palace itself, the chief instrument of their prosperity, was soon pronounced bankrupt.

The excessive inflation of affairs in New York last summer was regarded as unhealthy by all soberminded people. Individual fortunes, it is true, were made, to an extraordinary extent, and there was a feverish excitement among all classes that was mistaken for sound prosperity; but it went down as rapidly as it advanced. The last winter reduced New York to less than its former bustle. The spring showed it to have lost a large amount of what has hitherto been regarded as its peculiar wealth and the present summer is one of unexampled dullness. One of its leading journals speaks of the hotel business being overdone and half of the establishments now tossing money; of boarding houses breaking up by hundreds for want of lodgers for the accommodations hastily provided for last summer's emergencies. All the papers have complained and still complain of the serious decline in the trade of the city, especially with the West, and for the first time, Philadelphia is acknowledged to be a competitor worthy to be respected and even to be feared in the race of commercial prosperity.

Those who have visited New York this season speak of the contrast between the appearance of things this year and last as remarkable. The comparative dullness of the streets, the quiet of the hotels, the long rows of unoccupied houses hurried up last year for the Crystal Palace excitement, and the idleness in the jobbing houses are all impressive lessons. They tell us that thousands of families have been driven to other cities or to the far West, by the extravagant rents and the high prices charged for everything; that New York may be a city for the rich, but not for the poor, and that that best element of a population—a hard working, honest, industrial class—is dwindling down to a very small proportion of the entire mass.—Their place is filled by successive arrivals of inexperienced, ignorant and in most cases, wretched immigrants, who, in turn, soon find that their own only chance of success in the new world is by a further emigration.

While all these circumstances are observed in New York, how is it in Philadelphia, which is less than a hundred miles distant? Even the inflation of New York last year caused no sensible depression here. The fall trade of 1853 was excellent. Throughout the whole winter everything went on prosperously. The spring trade of 1854 exceeded anything ever before known, and was only to be explained by the decline of the trade in New York. Improvements of every kind have never been so extensive, so costly or so substantial. Enterprise has never been so active. The advance in rents and prices generally has not been extravagant; the hundreds of new houses going up constantly are filled as soon as finished; our railroads are doing an unprecedented business, and without a single symptom of unhealthy or unnatural inflation, Philadelphia may be said to be more prosperous than she has ever been.

In the two pictures thus presented, of the chief American cities, the public see the advantages of a sound, healthy system over an exaggerated feverish excitement. The revulsion from last year, in New York, is a calamity for which no compensation is found in the remembrance of the success of that year, or the fact of a few colossal fortunes springing from it. Here we had no excitement, and no business that had no substantial and permanent basis.—The growth of our prosperity has been moderate and gradual, but it is secure, and it is fully warranted by the demands of trade and population. In every aspect of the subject we have reason to congratulate ourselves that we had no Crystal Palace here, and none of the mad excitement, mis-called prosperity, that the New Yorkers so lustily rejoiced over in 1853. Phil. Eve. Bulletin.

AN EXAMPLE.—America is not so powerful yet as Spain was three centuries ago.—Spain rose, moreover, as America, has done, through the reign of free institutions. She fell by entering on a course of policy similar to that which is now proposed for America. So long as Spain honored labor, and made war only in a just cause, so long she prospered; but when she lent her sword to wanton conquest, and took to living on the spoils of captive nations, she began immediately to decline. That law, that fetter nations or individuals neglect productive industry and seek instead to shine by unlawful gains, they inevitably go to ruin.

## Agricultural Qualities of Nebraska.

The *Cleveland Herald* contains an interesting letter from the Nebraska region, written by William Walker, an intelligent and worthy half-breed, and the chief of the Wyandot Indians, from which we make the following extract:

"As far as I have been able to make observation on cultivated lands, I have no hesitation in affirming that there can be no country found to surpass it in the production of corn, wheat and oats. Clover I think, will not do well.—The soil is too loose, and the clover freezes out in the winter, and what is left gets the finishing stroke during the autumnal droughts so common in this country. That this country is well adapted to fruit raising I can speak with confidence, as I have been doing something in that department of horticulture. I think I never ate as luscious peaches in my life as my neighbors and I have raised. It is to be regretted, however, that in some seasons the peach crop has met with total failure. But the apples and other fruits seldom fail. On the alluvial lands we have pawpaws, &c., that will eclipse anything in the western world.

With regard to mercantile and mechanical purposes, it would be difficult at present to tell. This will depend upon the population in the various prominent points, and when the current of trade has settled down to the permanent maximum. The location of the Mississippi and Pacific Railroad through the central route will soon develop the business points. But upon the organization of the territory, and moreover upon the extinguishing of the title of the Shawnee and Delaware Indians to their lands upon the Kansas river, (as they own both sides) a great opening will here present itself to the enterprising and business men of our pursuits. It is navigable for 200 miles up the "Republican Fork," except in a low state of water, which occurs generally in the fall. The country upon this stream is considered the best portion of the territory, the land generally being adapted to agricultural purposes, and being well watered by streams emptying into the Kansas River.

I have not traveled this portion of the Territory, and therefore state only what I derive from reliable authority. I have explored the southern portion, and cannot speak in rapturous terms of the country. It is not well watered, nor has it as many privileges for its machinery as in the northern part, nor is the soil so good, though a fine grazing country. The whole territory is a prairie, except upon the streams, and like most other western countries, has hills and dales, rivers and creeks, prairie and timber, rich and poor land. The upland lies high and rolling into beautiful waves. The timber in the country is red, white, black, burr, and pine oak, shell and smooth bark hickory, coffee, bean, mulberry, ash, linden, &c., and in the bottom lands which are subject to inundation, nothing but cottonwood of the rankest and most rapid growth.

There can be no better country for raising live stock. The water (from springs) is generally hard owing to the source being from beds of limestone. There are springs, however, that proceed from clay banks, and the water from these is invariably soft.

With regard to the climate, it is about the same as in the northern part of Ohio, except the winters are not so long, and the summers are longer and warmer. As evidence of the latter, I will state that through the months of July and August, the mercury in the shade is frequently up to 100 and 105 deg., and I recollect two or three instances of 110 deg. In the winter, the weather is very irregular. In the winter months, the mercury sometimes stands at 55 deg. of "Temperate," and in twelve hours' time will be 10 deg. below zero. The irregularity of the climate is by many attributed to our altitude above the Mississippi, and proximity to the Rocky Mountains. But permit me to say at least one thing in praise of the "Queen of the Prairies,"—we have both in winter and summer, the finest roads for wheel carriages on the continent of America. I do not say turnpike macadamized roads, but roads made by the plastic hand of Nature. In the winter, especially, is glorious wheeling.—Indeed good for any other mode of travelling. One peculiarity I cannot pass without remarks. The morning and evening twilight lasts about an hour longer than in Ohio.

## The Great Coal Fields.

Heap the coal into the furnaces. Turn it into gas. Construct it into any form for fuel, or for light. There is no danger that the race can exhaust it. The old folks used to fret for fear the woods would give out, and the world in its last days go chattering and shivering to bed with cold, but packed away between the rocks, yet so near the surface as easily to be reached, lie millions of cords of fuel that have been seasoning "from the beginning." He who takes care of Know-nothings and Irishmen alike, just as if both were fit to live, when he gave the earth's surface for their habitation, did not omit to dig a cellar and put coal enough in to outlast all who would ever want it. This cellar reaches from the polar circle to the tropic of Cancer, and for almost every apartment of our house of many gables there is a door and stair-case to reach it.

More than 15,000,000 tons are annually dug from their five great deposits, and consumed in England and Ireland. From the 250 mines of Belgium, in 1839, there were taken 1,500,000 tons of anthracite and bituminous coals. And the fields of it that underlie our continent are far beyond all the exhaustive powers of our race as it is possible to exist here for centuries. We have been struck with the immensity of these fields, even so far as they are now known on examination of a geological map lately published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, in connection with President Hitchcock's *Out line of the Geology of the Globe*. Beginning at the northeast, there are 10,000 square miles of it, embracing the whole of Nova Scotia, and much of New Brunswick. A deposit is found in the southeastern part of Massachusetts and in Rhode Island, not yet much worked, but covering an area of 500 square miles. The great Appalachian bed, starting in Pennsylvania, embraces in its southwestern reach much of Ohio, Virginia, and Kentucky, runs nearly across Tennessee, and spreads in three sections like the tail of a prodigious whale,

across the center of Alabama. Its length is 720 miles, its area 100,000 square miles.—Another field reaches from far south of the Ohio into Kentucky, northward across Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi, and occupies an area that could scarcely be crowded within the boundaries of Illinois—say 55,000 square miles. Then undriving the oak openings and rolling prairies of Michigan is another field of 12,000 square miles. Still another grand field, which Professor Owen sets down at 50,000 square miles, finds its southern boundary on a line parallel to the Osage River, and its northern in a latitude in Iowa, as high as Albany. Then there are fields in Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, and Nebraska, and doubtless further surveys will show them in the Great Basin and on both the sloping sides of the Rocky Mountain range. President Hitchcock, saying nothing of these west of the Missouri fields, reckons an area of coal fields within the spaces we have designated of more than 225,000 square miles. Twenty eight States like Massachusetts might be built on its broad foundations; and if the average thickness of the beds were put at 50 feet—a moderate estimate, every miner will say—the coal of the United States would be a body equal to three and a half millions of cubic miles! Pity that, with such treasures under our feet, we should have to pay five and six dollars for enough to boil our tea-kettle for a month. But if Europe continues to send us men so plenty to work these mines, and Yankees continue to invest their money in the machinery to do what unaided men cannot, we shall soon have enough of it, at rates "within the reach of the poorest."—N. Y. Times.

## The Other Missing Soldier Found.—The Tampa (Fla.) Herald says:

Our readers will remember, that one of the missing Soldiers from Fort Myers, was being searched for by the Indians. We are happy to state that he was found on Pea River, on the 7th inst. by Capt. Snell, and carried to his station. This soldier has been absent about 37 days, subsisting entirely upon wild fruit, berries, &c. Surely, Florida is a great country—starvation is next to impossibility. The little daughter of Mr. Tillis, about ten years of age, was lost 19 days in December last, subsisted upon saw palmetto. The comrade of the soldier above, was lost 8 days, and not materially affected by hunger. Its a great country.

## Congressional Hours.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who signs himself an "Old Member," writes:

Last year the British House of Commons averaged seven hours and forty minutes a day for 160 days, five months' session. I have not the means at hand to ascertain the average sitting of the House of Representatives during five months of the present session, but from having often made the calculation during the latter part of my twelve years' service in that body, I venture to assert that it will not, if ascertained, as can be easily done, be found to exceed an average of more than about two hours a day; no more.

South Carolinian.

## COLUMBIA AND HAMBURG RAILROAD.—We find the following in reference to the survey of the Columbia and Hamburg Railroad in the Lexington Telegraph of the 30th ult.

The survey of this road is rapidly approaching completion. The last line is now nearly completed, and we may shortly expect to see the report of the Engineers.

The party arrived within a mile and a half of this place on Saturday last. Mr. Guinand, the leveler, however, was four miles back. On Monday he came up, while Mr. Gibbs and the remainder of the party were reconnoitering the crossing at twelve mile creek.

On Tuesday he passed this stream, and we expect to-day will finish his field labors.

## ARRIVAL OF THE CHARLESTON DREDGE BOAT.—The Steam Dredge Boat, A. H. Bowman, Martin master, arrived last evening from New York in four days, running time, with a head wind nearly all the way. This is a first rate performance and, so far, justifies the praises of the experienced judges who have pronounced the A.H. Bowman the strongest and most perfect structure of the kind that has ever been built. Her working machinery and gear will be put in order in the course of a week, and she will then proceed to business. Good luck go with her!—Charleston Mercury.

The Washington Union referring to the first instalment of \$7,000,000, paid under the late Mexican treaty, says, this is probably the largest sum which has ever been paid in this country by any one check and on any one single depository. It is further probable that it will prove the largest payment that has been made at any one time in coin.

FIRE IN SPARTANBURG.—We learn from the Express that a fire occurred in Spartanburg on Wednesday last. The fire was extinguished without much damage, but General O. E. Edwards and J. Wofford Tucker, esq. received some injuries, though it is hoped not serious, in their efforts to prevent the spread of the fire.

A recent advertisement in a London paper (appeared anonymously, but attributed to the Times) offers a reward of \$5,000 for a material which shall be found so cheap and serviceable as to supplant rags in the manufacture of paper.