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Semi-monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements will be charged the same as new ones each insertion.

All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public Offices of profit or trust—or puffing exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.

Accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment quarterly.

All Letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

LINES.

Written on planting Flowers on the Graves of Friends.

By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I've set the flowrets where you sleep,
Father and Mother dear;
Their roots are in the mould so deep,
Their bosoms bear a tear;
The tear-drop of the dewy morn,
Their trembling casket fills,
Mix'd with that essence from the heart,
Which filial love distils.

Above thy pillow, Mother, dear,
I've placed thy favorite flower—
The bright-eyed purple violet,
That docket thy summer bower—
The fragrant comonile, that spreads
In verdure fresh and green,
And richly broders every niche,
The velvet turf between.

I kiss'd the tender violet
That droop'd its stranger-head,
And call'd it blessed, thus to grow
So near my precious dead;
And when my ventures path shall be
Across the deep, blue sea,
I bade it in its beauty rise,
And guard that spot for me.

There was no other child, my dear,
To do this deed for thee—
Mother; no other nur'g babe
E'er sat upon thy knee—
And Father! that endearing name,
No other lips than mine,
E'er breathed, to move thy hallow'd prayer
At morn, or eve's decline.

Tear not these flowers, thou idle child—
Tear not the flowers that wave
In sweet and holy sanctity,
Around my parent's grave,
East guardian angels from the skies,
Who watch amid the gloom,
Should speak accusing words of those
Who desecrate the tomb.

And spare to pluck my sacred plants,
Ye groups that wander nigh,
When summer sunsets fire with gold,
The glorious western sky;
So when your sleep is in the dust,
Where now your footsteps tread,
May kindred spirits plant the rose,
Above your lowly bed.

From the Tennessee Farmer.

THE PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

One of the most exhilarating circumstances in the Agricultural life, is the never ending succession of change and variety in the scenery and labor of the farm.—This pleasing diversity makes itself felt throughout the lapse of the seasons.—There is some little monotony, it is true, in the bronza countenance and icy breath of surly old Winter; but even he, hard featured and cold hearted old gentleman as he is, has his freaks of fancy to beguile the usual dullness of his presence, treats us to an occasional glance of most blessed sunshine; and now and then throws off his rusty brown coat, and puts on his robe of state so exquisitely white and cleanly, as no ermined judge or ball-room beauty may ever aspire to rival. And then his storms and tornadoes! where is the theatrical mechanism which can ever compete with him at these? His torrents of rain and sleet, too! The magnanimous Mr. Espy may brag as he pleases about raising the Ohio at pleasure with his manufactured article, we believe he will never be able to come up to the every day doing, of old Winter, in this line of business.

Winter, too, witnesses many cheering changes in the arrangement of the farm. Under the magic of the woodman's axe, the tangled forest suddenly becomes the open field, and takes its place as an internal part of the regular plantation. The state fence rises up erect, in its long lines, with its formidable appearances of strength and security; and a re-arrangement of fields and enclosures often strikes the eye with a sentiment of gratification.

But, sad as is the havoc he makes in the vegetable world while he does stay,

even stormy old Winter passes swiftly on his way; and with his departing footsteps, that famous young artist, Spring, comes forward to touch the whole scene with her tints of green, and to remodel all that rough old Winter has destroyed.

Spring brings her balmy skies and fragrant breath to all; but none so sensibly as the farmer feels the exhilaration of the season, the release from his Winter's inactivity, and the excitement of his rural labors; none looks forward to the prospect before him, and to its succession of changes, with more joyous expectation. The fresh soil is now upturned in every direction, a change of scene which some may regard as not very decidedly picturesque. But as a preparation for his crops, it is inexpressibly pleasing to the farmer. And if the black mould is, indeed, unsightly to the eye of refinement, one might suppose that the most fastidious could not fail to be pleased with the various fancy colors which are brought to light on some of our farms by this handy work of the plough. The most brilliant hues are often exhibited—red, yellow, orange, &c. &c. This might please even the Indian taste, which delights in lively colors, but we appeal to the farmer if he had not better go to work with the soil which show these gaudy hues, and bring it, with all possible speed, to the color and qualities which accord with the standard of true agricultural taste.

Very soon, however, this aspect of the fields is succeeded by another far more vivid and pleasing. Nature's own favorite color, green, sheds its soft mantle upon the whole scene. The small grains, in disorderly array, but beautiful in their disorder, thrust up their bright spires in such profusion that the soil is no longer visible; while the stately corn, marshalled in ranks like regular troops on review day, stands erect as a grenadier, and rustles its flags in the breeze with great dignity.

But another glorious change comes with the coming of harvest. The small grains have shed their verdure, and they now ripple in the wind like a sea of molten gold. Before the touch of the reapers that majestic grain is cut down in a day; and the field from which, in the morning the footsteps of man and beast were carefully excluded, is now open and accessible at all points. Your ground is your own again; whilst the thick array of shocks upon it, assures you that it has made a good return for your temporary banishment from its precincts.

A similar feeling attends the mowing of the luxuriant meadow, and the change of its crowded surface to the smoothly swept carpeting of its embryo aftermath.

Those also who practice cutting the corn crop at the ground early in Autumn, find the sudden change of scene indescribably pleasant and exhilarating.

The preparation and casting of the Fall sown crops renews this routine of variety; and so on throughout every recurrence of the seasons. A benevolent Providence has liberally provided for the indulgence of our innate fondness for novelty by vividly stamping that characteristic upon all the successive vicissitudes of the circling year.

The manual occupations of husbandry are change and variety, correspondent with the varying aspects of the farm.—This alternation is so rapid and diversified as forever to exclude the weariness of monotony at least, and greatly to relieve the husbandmen in the fatigues of his farm labors; no slight amelioration this, of the primeval doom of man, that he should "eat his bread in the sweat of his face."

The rigid utilitarian will doubtless regard the above reflection as altogether superfluous and unprofitable. We do not succumb to any such criticism. We believe it to be a point of no considerable importance that the farmer should take a high and exalted pleasure in his employment. We wish to see him love the agricultural life because of its own intrinsic charms. To him who delves the earth wholly and solely for the present pelf he may be able to extract from it, farming is a sordid and dirty business. It is indeed an ungrateful and a ruinous business with our common mother, who is almost certain to be reduced to extreme poverty by the unnatural practices of such a son.—From him only can improvement be expected who takes a pride in his pursuit, who is fascinated with its pure and wholesome pleasures, and the reward of whose labors is not made exclusively to consist in prompt returns of dollars and cents.—We would not indeed have the farmer so sublimated in his ethics as to be altogether uninfluenced by the latter consideration. His profits as constituting the means of improvement on his farm and of promoting the welfare of those who surround him, may be made largely instrumental in subserving the highest purposes of human life. And there is one fact, in connexion

with this subject, which would especially commend to those who are in such a hurry to be rich that they cannot take time to calculate the consequence of a ruinous system of agriculture. The farmer who takes a proper pride in his calling, and conducts its details with an eye to permanent improvement as well as present profit, will always, other things being equal, become a rich and more prosperous man in the end, than the greedy cultivator who runs down his soil with an uninterrupted series of exhausting crops in his extreme haste to make it immediately profitable.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT MIS-SOURIAN.

This extraordinary zoological monument of former ages, arrived at Louisville a few days since, and is about to be exhibited in that city. We gather from the Louisville Journal a hasty description of this mighty skeleton, which will be read with more than ordinary interest.

It measures 32 feet in length and 15 in height. The head measures, from the tip of the nose to the spine of the neck, 6 feet. From the edge of the upper lip, measuring along the roof of the mouth, to the socket of the eye is three feet, from the lower edge of the upper lip to the first edge of the front tooth, 20 inches.—Each jaw has four teeth, and the upper jaw has besides two enormous tusks.

The teeth are each 4 inches broad.—The nose projects 15 inches over the lower jaw. The tusks are 10 feet long, exclusive of 1 foot and 3 inches, which forms the root, and is buried in the skull. The right tusk was found firm in the head, and remained fixed in its socket during the excavation, and its transportation to St. Louis, which for unate circumstances enables us to know the exact position and situation which the tusks occupied in the head of the animal during its life. They were carried by him almost horizontally, bending somewhat down, and then coming with their points up again, making a sweep, from extremity to extremity, in a straight line across the head of 15 feet.—The longest rib measured 5 feet 6 1/2 inches in length, the shortest 2 feet 3 inches. The scapula, or shoulder-blade, is 3 feet 1 inch in length, and 2 foot 7 inches in breadth. The length of the humerus, or forearm, is 3 feet 5 1/2 inches, and its greatest circumference is 3 feet 3 inches. The femur, or thigh-bone, is 4 feet and a half inch long, and 8 1/2 inches in diameter. The feet of the animal appear to have been webbed.—The fore foot has 4 toes and a thumb.—The longest toe measures 1 foot 8 inches, the shortest 1 foot; and the thumb 7 inches. All the bones of the animal are firm, and contain no marrow. The cavity of the brain is quite large.

The proprietor, Mr. Koch, in his printed description of the animal, makes the following remarks on its supposed habits and nature:—The animal has been, without doubt, an inhabitant of water-courses, such as large rivers and lakes, which is proven by the formation of the bones: 1st, his feet were webbed; 2d, all his bones were solid, and without marrow, as the aquatic animals of the present day; 3d, his ribs were too small and slender to resist the many pressures and bruises they would be subject to on land; 4th, his legs are short and thick; 5th, his tail is flat and broad; 6th, and last, his tusks are so situated in the head that it would be utterly impossible for him to exist in a timbered country. His food consisted as much of vegetables as flesh, although he undoubtedly consumed a great abundance of the latter, and was capable of feeding himself with his fore foot, after the manner of the beaver or otter, and possessed, also, like the hypopotamus, the faculty of walking on the bottom of waters, and rose occasionally to take air.

The singular position of the tusks has been very wisely adapted by the Creator for the protection of the body from the many injuries to which it would be exposed while swimming or walking under the water; and in addition to this, it appears that the animal has been covered with the same armor as the alligator, or perhaps the migatherium.

NEVER MARRY A WOMAN WHO CANNOT READ.—A man named Pike lately forged a check for \$75 in the name of Samuel Painter, upon the Bank of Chester County, Pa. After getting the check cashed by a merchant, Pike fled to Philadelphia, from which place he wrote to his wife, promising to meet her in a wood adjacent to his house. His wife, being unable to read, got a neighbor to peruse the letter, which gave information that led to his detection. He has since confessed to several forgeries passed upon other banks.

From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer, May 18.

MITCHELL, THE FORGER.

Officer Bowyer arrived last evening in the Albany boat, having this notorious person in his custody, who is now lodged in safe keeping. Mr. Bowyer received Governor Seward's requisition on Lord Sydenham on Thursday last at Montreal, and immediately presented it to Mr. Dominick Daly, the Governor's Secretary, who informed Mr. Bowyer that His Excellency was too ill to attend to business, but he entertained no doubt the request would be complied with. Accordingly on Friday evening Mr. Bowyer received the orders for Mitchell's removal, and on Saturday at 9 A. M. left Montreal with Mitchell in irons. Capt. Comeau, of the Montreal police, accompanied Mr. Bowyer to Burlington, and as soon as they reached American waters, formally surrendered the prisoner in the name of Her Britannic Majesty.

Mitchell is in good health, and appears reckless as to his fate; avowing his determination to plead guilty of the crimes with which he is charged.

It appears that on his flight from this city he went to Philadelphia, where, after having procured a ticket at the Pittsburgh Railroad Office, (for the purpose of misleading any who might be in pursuit,) he disguised himself in a suit of grey clothes, a broad brim hat with a crape band, in which dress and green spectacles, and with a carpenter's rule in his hand, for four days openly walked the streets of that city, frequently meeting persons with whom he was well acquainted. He left Philadelphia for New York in the cars, and went up the river in the steamboat Utica; being all the while in company with persons whom he knew, but none of whom detected him through his disguise.

An incident occurred at Troy, which shows the constant apprehension of discovery under which he must have been laboring. While purchasing a stage ticket at that place, a person standing behind him, read aloud from a newspaper a paragraph, headed "Mitchell the Forger," upon which the guilty man turned suddenly around, under the conviction that he was discovered; but finding such was not the case, he merely said he knew him, and believed him to be a great rascal.

ECONOMY IN THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE.

We learn from Bennett's Herald, that the new Collector, Mr. Curtis, is getting along quite comfortably. He has adopted a rule, which is now inflexible, not to give audience to applicants during office hours. In this way, he manages to despatch the public business, and at the same time to make such changes as are deemed advisable. There seems to be no doubt that the number of men employed in the Custom House has greatly exceeded the necessities of the public service. We understand that the Secretary of the Treasury has sent on peremptory orders to Mr. Curtis to dispense with all offices, except such as are indispensable to the administration of the revenue laws. The Collector has made as careful an examination into the matter as the circumstances admitted of, and has come to the conclusion that from sixty to one hundred inspectors and other officers can be dispensed with, without detriment to the public service. This will effect a saving to the Government of from \$60,000 to \$100,000 per annum. There may not be as much electioneering and loafing hereafter, as under the old dynasty, but it is hoped that the interests of the people will, at least be carefully looked after.

BULWER, in his work, entitled, "Night and Morning," makes the following just observation on the contagiousness of crime:

"It may be observed that there are certain years in which, in a civilized country, some particular crime comes into vogue. It flares its season, and then burns out. Thus, at one time we have burking, at another swingism—now suicide is in vogue—now poisoning trades people in apple dumplings—now little boys cut each other with pen-knives—now common soldiers shoot at their sergeants. Almost every year there is some crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not bloom again. Unquestionably, the press has a great deal to do with these epidemics. Let a newspaper give an account of some out-of-the-way atrocity, that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it, like leeches. They brood over and resolve it; the idea grows up a horrid phantasmalian monomania; and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types, springs up into foul flowering. But if the first reported aboriginal crime has been attended with impunity, how much more does the imitative faculty cling to it. Ill judged mercy falls, not like dew, but like a great heap of manure, on the rank deed."

OUR CITY.—The sound of the hammer and the trowel, the busy rumbling of the drays, and the appearance of streets crowded with produce wagons; tell that Hamburg is doing her share of business. Day after day our warehouses are receiving a heavy supply of cotton, and the side walks present as much an appearance of business almost as they do in the winter months. Indeed, the prospect at present, is far beyond our calculation some months ago.

We are informed, that a very large portion of trade which heretofore found another market, has been turned hither, and a much larger portion will be received here next fall. Our sound currency is doing wonders for us too. If the Georgia money remains in the bad condition as it now is, for one more year, we shall need one or more banks to supply our market with funds, to pay for the staple. Nothing like it. Our natural advantages are great, and the changes of men, cannot affect the trade of our city. It will increase instead of decrease.—Hamburg Journal 20th inst.

EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY AND VOYAGE.

It is stated that an English traveler, Sir George Simpson, who recently set out from Liverpool, and left Montreal on his wild route a few days since, is now engaged in one of the most extraordinary adventures of modern times. He is on his way round the world, and expects to travel in all, 36,850 miles. Thus, he left Liverpool and arrived at Halifax and Boston by steam-packet, a distance of 35000 miles. Thence he went to Montreal by water, a distance of 370 miles. He left that city in a canoe, and intends to visit French river, lakes Huron, Superior, White Fish, Lake of the Woods and Winnepeg; until he reaches the Red River settlement, being a distance of 2150 miles, all by canoes. He then proposes to travel on horseback and on foot, to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of upwards of 1300 miles. He will then proceed down the Columbia river, a distance of 1110 miles, by boat, until he arrives at Fort Vancouver. He will then travel on the Pacific Ocean by steamboat and ships upwards of 15,000 miles; will visit the Sandwich Islands, Kamschatka, and various other places. He will proceed to Siberia; and travel 800 miles on horseback—then along the Lena, a distance of 2840 miles, in boats.—He will take horses and after visiting various regions of the north of Europe, will visit Perm, Orza, Moscow, St. Petersburg, and proceed home through Europe, being a distance of 9500 miles in carriages and on horseback. His calculation is to be absent the whole of this year, and the greater part of next.

The Penalty of an Elopement.

A year since a letter was published from Montreal announcing the elopement of Mrs. Harris, wife of Captain Harris, 24th regiment, with E. D. David, Esq. of Montreal, barrister, and major in the Montreal cavalry. On the 6th instant the action commenced by Captain Harris against Mr. David was tried in Montreal, and resulted in a verdict for thirty thousand dollars damages.

ALL MEN ARE 'LED.'

Swift once attempted in a humorous mood, to prove that all things were governed by the word led. Said he, "Our noblemen and drunkards are pimpled; physicians and pulvers are feeled; their patients and organs are pilled; a new married man and an ass are bridled; and an old married man and pack horse are saddled; cats and dice are rattled; swine and nobility are styled; a coquette and tinder box are sparkled."

From the American Sentinel.

TOMB OF GEN. HARRISON.

By the following paragraph, copied from the Shelby (Ky.) News of the 5th, it will be seen that those with whom the decision of the question properly rests, have decided that the remains of the great and good man whose loss a nation mourns, are to find their permanent resting place on the bank of the Ohio River at North Bend. However a national or central feeling, mingling with respect for the memory of the individual, might have favored a different disposition of these remains, and induced the wish that they should repose in the nation's cemetery, none can question the right of those who have thus decided, on the fitness of the decision. To us, the spot designated as the final resting place of the remains of Gen. Harrison, seems peculiarly appropriate.

We learn that Col. Todd, on his way to his residence in this county last week, in performance of a sacred duty, called upon the venerable widow of our lamented deceased President. Whilst there, he was invited by that lady to consultation with herself and her only remaining son, as to the ultimate depository of the re-