

CAMDEN JOURNAL.

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1842.

NO. 9.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
THOMAS W. PEGUES.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum in advance, Three Dollars and Fifty Cents within six months, or Four Dollars at the expiration of the year.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square, (fourteen lines or less,) for the first and 37 1/2 cents for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

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POETRY.

ENGLAND.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

There's blood upon the jewelled sword,
And shame upon thy crown;
Pollution marks thy belted lord,
And sin thy churchman's gown;
And from the islands of the sea
The groan of millions curses thee.

Thy masses in their hovels pine,
Or curse thee, while they toil,
Thy nobles, of illustrious line,
Like vampires, suck thy soil;
And now, proud mistress of the sea,
The meanest wretch gives food to thee!

A queen upon a throne of gold—
A parliament of drones—
A nation's voice that's bought and sold,
While every cottage groans;
An army o'er the wide world spread,
To gather garments from the dead.

A bird of prey!—with bloody beak
Now feeding on its young,
Now going forth, with hellish shriek,
The meagring crows among;
Proud scavenger of land and sea,
Avenging Heaven has noted thee!

Disturber of Creation's peace!—
Destroyer of the laws!—
When will your march of murder cease?
When will your legions pause?
When mail-clad men shall make your grave
By Javan's towers and Erie's wave.

But hark! a cry for vengeance rings
From Indus and the Nile;
It thunders death to Europe's kings,
And starts in Albion's isle;
That power whose flag is never furled—
Whose morning drum beats round the world.

Proud boaster! know that deeds of blood—
Of broken faith and shame—
Have made thee mistress of the flood,
And magnified thy name:
And think how Rome, the mighty, sank
When rolled the Northern avalanche.

Well may'st thou stand, when nations wheel
Their cannon to'ards thy throne!
But when thy starving millions feel
A foe in thee alone,
Not throne, nor lords, nor martial power,
Can stand the onset of that hour!

A BALLAD.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

I do not love thee—no, I do not love thee:
And yet, when thou art absent I am sad,
And envy e'en the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound, though those who speak be
dear,
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone.
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee—yet I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost, seems still well done to
me;
And often, in my solitude, I sigh,
That those I do love are not more like thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TRIUMPH.—The man who is perpetually hesitating will do two things he will do first, will do neither. The man who resolves, but suffers his resolution to be changed by the first counter-suggestion of a friend, who fluctuates from opinion to opinion, from plan to plan, and veers like a weather-cock, to every point of the compass, with every caprice that blows, can never accomplish anything great or useful. Instead of being progressive in any thing, he will be at best stationary, and more probably retrograde in all. It is only the man who first consults wisely then resolves firmly, and then executes his purpose with inflexible perseverance, undismayed by those petty difficulties which daunt a weaker spirit, that can advance to eminence in any line.

Let us take by way of illustration, the case of a student. He commences the study of the dead languages, but presently a friend comes and tells him that he is wasting his time, and that instead of obsolete words, he had much better employ himself in acquiring new ideas. He changes his plan and sets to work at the mathematics. Then comes another friend, who asks him with a grave and sapient face, whether he intends to become a professor in a college; because if he does not, he is misemploying his time, and that for the business of life, common arithmetic is enough of mathematical science. He throws up his Euclid and addresses himself to some other study, which in its turn is again relinquished on some equally wise suggestion; & thus his life is spent in changing the folly of this course; and the worst effect of it is the fixing on your mind a habit of indecision, sufficient of itself to blast the fairest prospects. Now take your course wisely but firmly; and having taken it, hold upon it with heroic resolution and the Alps and Pyrenees will bend before you—the whole empire of learning will lie at your feet, while those who set out with you, but stopped to change their plans, are yet employed in the very unprofitable business of changing their plans. Let your motto be perseverance. Practice upon it and you will be convinced of its value by the distinguished eminence to which it will conduct you.

MOB IN LOUISVILLE, KY.—The disgraceful mob which broke out at Cincinnati, has extended to Louisville. We copy the following from the Louisville Advertiser of the 13th inst.

Riot.—Much alarm was caused in this city on the receipt of the news from Cincinnati yesterday morning. The fact of the destruction of the banking house of the Miami Exporting Company, of which Mr. Lougee was understood to be principal manager, and his exchange office, directed attention to the establishment of Lougee and Moore, ('Louisville Savings Bank') on the corner of Wall and Water streets in this city.

It appears that Mr. Moore, in anticipation of trouble, withdrew every thing of value from the premises early yesterday morning, and concealed himself also. The doors not being open at the usual business hour, increased the interest felt, and a crowd soon assembled. But little excitement existed—nearly all being more spectators who came to see what was to be done. There were several, however, gathered round the doors, who appeared bent on mischief.

At a few minutes past ten a shutter was forced from one of the windows, when a rush followed. The window was soon demolished—several sprang inside—opened the doors, when the crowd rushed in, and soon, books, letters, papers, chairs, tables, in fact, the entire contents of the office were flying into the streets amidst shouts of the mob.

No effort was made to arrest these proceedings, until Mr. Turner, our gallant and efficient City Marshal, arrived, who got into the office and commenced tumbling the principal rioters into the street. Being aided by Messrs. Colgan Coske, and others, the room was soon cleared, and quiet, in a great degree, restored.

We have not ascertained whether the papers destroyed were of value, but we presume not, as such were doubtless removed with the funds. The entire loss cannot be great.

We are persuaded that, had Mr. Moore opened his office at the usual hour, and attended to his business in the ordinary way, there would have been but little excitement and no violence. A run might have been expected under the circumstances, but the fear of being called upon to redeem his paper, ought not to have driven him from his post. We have reason to believe that he had bad advice from Cincinnati!

But notwithstanding his ill-advised course, there was no excuse for the outrage committed by the mob. We can conceive of but few cases in which a resort to mob-law can be excused, or even tolerated, in a civilized community; and this certainly is not one of them. This transaction is a disgrace to the city, and ought to fix the mark of public scorn on all engaged in it. We hope they will be brought to punishment. Give us any kind of law but mob law.

The horrible punishment of crucifixion is still practised in some Mahomedan countries. The unfortunate victims often live in torture for many days. All the characters of antiquity, who are lauded in history, indulged in this superlatively barbarous practice. Alexander, Caesar, Augustus, Titus, all the Roman Emperors, and the Mahomedan conquerors often crucified their hundreds, and even thousands at a time, and women were not exempt from this fate.

It is stated in the papers that an address signed by 60,000 names, which are Daniel O'Connell, and Father Matthew, the Apostle of Temperance, has been forwarded from Ireland to this country, calling upon all Irishmen to make common cause with

the Abolitionists. A negro was the bearer of the paper, which, it is said, will soon be published. Most of the poor Irishmen who signed the paper are in a much more wretched condition than the most degraded class of the negroes upon whom they waste so much sympathy. They would be vastly gainers if they could make an exchange of position with our blacks, taking their sooty skins, bondage and all.—Negro slavery is perfect liberty compared with the torturing servitude of the Irish peasantry, imposed by that inflexible task-master, Necessity. Indeed, some of our Northern brethren would be great gainers by a similar exchange. They serve harder masters than most of our slaves.—But their bliss consists in their ignorance, and it would be a pity to disturb its delusions.

COURTING.—A lawyer, whom we knew well, did his courting off-hand. He had got a good practice and a high reputation, as well for what his noddle contained of Coke and Blackstone, as for being an eccentric chip in all his ways, doings and sayings. His eccentricity got him in the notion it was 'n't "meet that woman should be alone;" and so of a delightful summer's eve—when the roses smiled and the cowslips laughed, Sunday evening too, mind ye, gentle reader, that

"Delightful hour of 'witching love'"—he caught up his hat and was seen ascending the steps of a cottage beside the hill where tripped

A lovely damsel bright and fair."

She opened the door, as he politely asked, "is the Chief Justice within?" "No, sir," said the pretty one, "but will be shortly." "Ah, that's no matter," said the Counselor, as he was curtsied within the door. "I did not come to see the father, my client is interested only in the testimony of the daughter. My client, madam, owns the mansion you see from yonder, and the pith of his suit is to ascertain if you would have any objection to becoming his mistress. I'll call next Sabbath evening for your answer." "Why, sir, it won't be necessary to suspend the suit. I think your client's case is framed in justice, and I am sure he will win, as father has been 21 years upon the bench, it would be decorous to see if his opinion does not confirm mine." "Certainly, madam," said the lawyer, as the father entered the apartment. It is needless to say that the full Court did not reverse the decision—and the happy pair signed the bond and went into possession in four weeks from that night.

Affecting Very!—A romantic lady, with the scribbling mania strong upon her, made a fashionable tour some time since, of which she wrote an account, and from which we make the following extract as an illustration of the sublimity ridiculous in writing. Describing a storm to which she was exposed on board a vessel, she says:

"In spite of earnest solicitations to the contrary, I persisted upon remaining upon deck! although the tempest had now increased to so frightful a hurricane! that it was not without great difficulty I could hold up my parasol."

If the following be not paddy, all over, then we will submit to the consequences.

BLARNEY.—A bright morning to your fair face, Mistress Murphy.

Well, a good morning John.

Och! Mistress Murphy, whenever I see a shiny, Irish mornin, like this, it puts me in mind of the old country and ov the time when I lived wid your fadher, (rest his soul,) a dacinter, man never drew breath, an sorra a poor creature ever passed his doors widout a bite or a sup.

Troth he was John.

Mistress Murphy, (pulling a flask out of his pocket,) would ye thrust me for a half pint till I go down to the wharf, and may the devil fly away wi' the roof of me jacket, but I'll pay pay ye before the sun goes to bed!

Fire burn the dhrap, John, tell ye pay me for the half pint ye got yisterday.

Mistress Murphy, (emphatically,) I know, yer modher, an' she was an old hod-carrier and yer fadher a dhirty washerwoman, and I seed him hauled wi' six roarin' big bulls to the gallows ye ould ug—

John sloped in double quick time and a pewter beer mug rattled wrathfully across the pavement.

"If a handsome face is a letter of recommendation, as Queen Elizabeth used to say, the next thing which catches attention when we know nothing of internal qualities, is the manner of behaviour."

Politeness is the counterpart of real goodness;—or at least is to it as paper currency is to sterling gold. "Whoever will cultivate true benevolence of heart, and soundness of principle, will never be much at a loss for essential politeness."

CASE OF THE REV. MR. VAN ZANT.
This popular and accomplished clergyman, who has been for years the pride and boast of Rochester and of Western New

York, has been convicted by a jury—certainly not prejudiced against him—of the seduction of a lovely young female of his congregation.

Viewed in its proper light, this is one of the most terrible events that has occurred in this country. Here was a man, pledged and sworn to a holy life. Every Sabbath he stood the viceregent of God, the mediator of man, at the altar—there, and at the bedside of the dying he administered the holiest rites of our religion. He was the favorite clergyman at marriage ceremonies, and administered the forms of the church to those who swore truth and constancy to each other. For such a man as this to be guilty of such an offence is terrible—it comes over the minds of the community like a blasting curse—a moral desolation. In the moral world, it has the same effect, as a great defalcation in the financial; but how much more dreadful!

As virtue, honor, reputation, character, purity, peace of mind, are beyond all price—cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents—cannot be bought though often sold, so is this crime; of which Mr. Van Zant was convicted, worse than that for which so many are imprisoned, outlawed, disfranchised, and confined among felons in the State prison.

We do not wish to enter into an abstract argument respecting this crime, which the law punishes in pecuniary damages—we will not here enter into the force of Shelly's argument, that it is no crime; or Walker's—but we may say that the case of Van Zant is a warning to the clergy, especially such as are fat, young, and handsome, fond of good company, rich wine, and have a church full of fine women—a warning to all good mothers, not to let wolves in sheep's clothing pull the wool over their eyes—and especially, most especially to all young and pretty girls, to be very careful how they go to young clergyman's soirees, get books out of their libraries, and allow them to hug and kiss them in the bright moonlight.—In every way it is a caution.

N. Y. Aurora.
Mr. Van Zant was an Episcopal Minister, and has a wife committed to the care of his own house, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon; all his family, with the exception of his wife, being at home. Both the girl and her sister testified that he had taken improper liberties with them.

THE BEST LETTER.—"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." "Pooh, nonsense—tell right out, Jane. Which do you like best?" "Well (blushing and dropping her eyes) I like you (u) the best."

A KNOWING ONE.—"Have you voted?" asked a political drummer of a loafer who was hanging round the polls, as he thrust a ticket into his hand. "No, I havn't, and I don't mean to, that's more, till the third day, about sundown. Nobody shakes hands with me or treats after I have voted. You don't catch me."

When at the close of the Revolutionary War the American army was disbanded, the officers gave a dinner in New York to Washington, their beloved Commander-in-chief. When called upon for a toast he gave following:

"The American Soldier of Freedom—May he at all times receive a good and plentiful ration! And when he has finished his tour of duty on earth, may he pitch his tent in the Elysian fields, and there receive his reward from the right hand of the God of battles!"

Babies by the Million.—It would be a curious sight to see all the white babies in the United States, under 5 years old together, they would make a pretty little collection of 2,400,000. What a squall there would be, should they all be spanked at the same time, and what a heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet them.

They have had a bit of a religious riot in Boston. The Post, of Thursday, thus alludes to it: DISGRACEFUL.—We are mortified to state that the church where Elder Knapp has preached for the last two evenings, has been surrounded by a tumultuous crowd of men and boys who have annoyed the congregation while entering and departing from the building, by hisses and other riotous conduct. On Tuesday evening, several of the mob were taken to the watch-house, and more were arrested last night. The number assembled last evening must have amounted to nearly two thousand, and it was utterly impossible for the police to control them. Such scenes are gross outrages upon the rights of those who go to hear M. Knapp, and should be prevented if there be power to do it in our city government.

From the Southern Planter.
THE COW.

How much a certain supply of good milk conduces to the comfort of a family; how much inconvenience is occasioned the good wife by the failure of the cow "to come up," or any other accident which deprives her of this necessary addition to her culinary stores! How often it happens that all the art of the milkmaid fails to extract the necessary supply from the dozen miserable looking cattle

she is sent to drain! What a contrast does such a scene present to one we lately witnessed. We were invited to call and see a cow belonging to a poor man in this neighborhood, to whose family she was the chief means of support. We called about milking time, and found this beautiful animal well housed, well fed, well curried, and in the act of being well milked. The rich streams that was flowing from her generous bag would have more than sufficed to supply the wants of any one family, and was certainly greater in amount than that obtained from a whole plantation of cows that we have seen.—Why will any body, who does not intend to sell milk or butter, keep more than two cows? One good one is generally sufficient. It is not necessary to urge the convenience and economy of keeping one good cow well, instead of a half dozen indifferent ones badly. We believe the community are well aware of the difference. But the truth is, the cattle in this region, generally, are so indifferent that it is a difficult matter to get one good cow and with us importation is out of the question. What is left then but that our farmers should pursue the course pointed at by us on a former occasion; viz: by selecting the best of our native stock, and judicious crossing, build up a good stock of our own. The man who will early turn his attention to this matter will find his account in it. A native or acclimated stock, every thing else equal, is worth fifty per cent. more than a foreign one.—An hundred cows per annum may be sold in the city of Richmond, alone, at one hundred dollars a piece, if they are of the quality that may well be produced in a few years by proper attention.

The Ayrshire we incline to believe the best cross for the native cattle of Eastern Virginia, and the importation of a good bull would, we think, amply remunerate the importer, provided, he would calculate to use his services in raising a stock of milch cows for this market. When the character of such stock came to be established, and the farmer knew where for one hundred dollars he could get a cow that, well fed and attended to, would supply his family with milk and butter, we believe for some time, greater than the supply.—For this purpose the river farms below are admirably adapted; for they have this advantage, that whilst this stock can be transported above, not only with impunity, but with actual advantage, it is a well known fact that cattle cannot be brought down from the upper country, without the greatest risk.

That our friends may the better judge of those outward and visible signs, that mark a good milch cow, we subjoin the following article from the "Tennessee Agriculturist":

"If we ever rightly appreciate the cow, we will understand the secret of breeding cattle of one shape for milk, another for beef, and still a third for oxen. We will learn the milch cow must have light fore-quarters and brisket, thin neck, delicate head, soft silky coat, wide hips, and thin thighs: while the best animal for beef, has a short thick head and neck, heavy quarters, round barrel and short legs; but the ox is longer in the limb, body, and indeed in all his proportions. When breeding domestic animals is reduced to a science, the different breeds for the milker, beef and ox, will be discussed with the greatest gravity, and the particular structure of each will be considered indispensable. Not only so, but the proper management of cattle in each state of their growth will be looked upon as a matter of more importance than the attention now given to the racer in each year of its growth. When we esteem the cow as we should, we will have her winter quarters, in point of comfort, next to the family dwelling; and we will learn that every currying is at least as serviceable to the cow as the horse. The proof that we do not put a proper estimate upon the cow, requires no other argument than the fact, that not one farmer perhaps in fifty has even a comfortable shelter or wholesome winter food for cattle. In Tennessee, we have enough of the improved breeds, and we trust a sufficiency of knowledge to commence improving. If we, as farmers, study our own comfort and interest, we will produce breeds of cattle more valuable than any yet in existence, and the prices heretofore given for the best short-horned Durham, will be no more than a 'starting bid' for them.—There is no doubt in the world, a race of cows may be made which will give a bushel of milk each per day, and could we imagine an adequate price for an animal of this description!"

Internal Improvements.
I WILL receive Proposals for completing the unfinished part of the Road across Santee Swamp, at Vance's Ferry, according to the plan of Gen. J. W. Cantey's contract, until the third day of February next, at which time I will attend on the work to perfect the contract for the same. All communications addressed to me officially, and sent, postage paid, to Cedar Shoal Post Office, Chester District, will be attended to until the 25th January.

J. G. KELL, Supt. Public Works.
Jan. 12.