

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 29.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, AUGUST 26, 1869.

NUMBER 2.

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbia Phoenix.
THE CHINAMEN.

MR. EDITOR: As the question of a supply of labor by means of an extensive importation of Chinese is at present uppermost in the minds of many of our citizens, who claim to have the future welfare of the South at heart, it may not be out of place to give a short account of the character, the habits and the industrial capacity of these people whom we propose to bring into our midst. A celebrated German landscape painter, Edward Hildebrandt, lately deceased at Berlin, has left an account of his recent journey around the world, which is not only highly amusing and instructive, but also entirely trustworthy, on account of the high character of its author. He says: "The Chinese are more cleanly and more industrious than the Hindoos; but they are fearfully perverse and immoral. I saw on my journey, (through the celestial empire,) numerous corpses of children floating in the rivers. In Hong Kong, my friends had already prepared me for these horrible symptoms of Chinese immorality, but when I saw the fact before my eyes, I almost lost my self-control. Infanticide is the order of the day, owing to the crowded population and the difficulty of gaining the necessary subsistence for the family. The new-born girls generally fall victims to this horrible practice—especially when they have a weak constitution and unattractive features. The unnatural parents throw their children into the river, or expose them alive, a prey to dogs and hogs. In the larger towns, which are not situated on the rivers, the corpses are thrown into pits, which, from time to time, are filled up with quick lime. The activity of European missionaries is powerless against this practice; in fact, their efforts are entirely without result." Still, in spite of this moral degradation, the author says, the Chinese are, in some respects, a very interesting people. Their shops offer to the foreign visitors innumerable objects of attraction.

Their fantastically gotten-up tea services, their carriages in ebony wood, their chairs, sofas, tables and bedsteads, made of the costliest woods and inlaid with a curious mosaic, composed of small pieces of white and red marble, cannot be too much admired. In their agricultural pursuits they excel any other nation in economy. Every third man carries manure on his back from the towns; even the shavings of the beards and the trimmings of the finger nails are brought up and turned to account by the gardeners and farmers in the neighborhood of the cities. Interesting is a dinner at the house of a "Mandarin." The "Tschau-Tschau" consisted of at least thirty or forty-five courses. Hard-boiled eggs, which had been preserved four or five years under ground, Indian bird's nests, shark fins, pickled and dried rain-worms swimming in a bluish sauce, hachoes of large and small caterpillars were, with many others, the dishes with which the travelers were regaled. Our thirst was quenched with a light luke-warm wine. A quantity of confectionary, composed of sugar, almonds and hog's lard, constituted the desert. The rat is the favorite game of the Chinese. Gourmands know how to appreciate the difference between land and water rats more than zoologists can do. The former are said to be superior in flavor, and bring consequently a higher price. They are in such demand as to form an article of trade, so that the newspapers of Hong Kong habitually quote their market price in their price currents.—The literary and scientific knowledge of the Chinese is of the lowest order; their judicial proceedings are barbarous, their punishments inconceivably cruel and loathsome. Nor is there, it seems, any hope that this nation will ever attain to a higher degree of mental culture, owing to the strange "stability" of Chinese character and customs.

With such accounts before us, it behooves those among us, who do not look merely to the immediate advantages of

an increase of manual labor, to consider well before they act whether, by bringing in such a set of men amongst us, they are not preparing a worse curse for our children's children, than African importations have proved to be, and whether it is not well to weigh the truth of the maxim, that a bad citizen is worse than no citizen at all, and that a base, low and immoral inhabitant will eventually prove a curse and not a blessing to the community in which he lives, whatever his capacity for physical labor or the cheapness of obtaining it may be. A. S.

BOWEN IN A NEW ROLE. HIS EXPLOITS IN FLORIDA—AN INCENDIARY AND A ROBBER-NICE REVELATIONS.

The following extract from a private letter, which we have received from a responsible source, throws some light upon the proceedings and reputation of our Honorable representative while in Florida:

"At the time of the evacuation of the little town of Jacksonville, Florida, by the Confederate forces and its citizens, in the latter part of 1861 or the early part of 1862, I was there, having been sent from Virginia (by a special application made by Governor Milton to President Davis) to drill some of the Florida State troops. I was the officer who conveyed the order from General Traylor (then commanding that department) to Major Charles Hopkins (commanding Hopkins Battalion) to proceed at once to Jacksonville, for his battalion was then at Baldwin, and burn the saw-mills in and around the place, together with the foundry and any other buildings that might prove serviceable to the enemy, but 'spare and protect as far as possible all private dwellings and property except such as was specially specified in the order.' The enemy's gunboat had, I believed at the time of the burning, the very night crossed the St. John's bar, and were cautiously feeling their way up the river. The saw mills and foundry, as was ordered, were soon consigned to the flames, as was also the large hotel, (the Judson House,) and several stores—the stores and hotel, however, not by hands of Hopkins' Battalion. Mr. Bowen was one of the perpetrators of this outrage, and I will here state, on the word and honor of a man, 'that on the night of the fire in Jacksonville, I saw him, one of prime movers and instigators in the "gutting" of C. L. Robinson's store. I there saw him move and assist in moving blankets and sheets filled with goods and merchandise stolen from said store, and knowing, too, that Mr. Robinson was a "good Union man," so-called; and mark me, at this time this "Honorable" gentleman, C. C. Bowen, did not belong nor was he in any wise connected with any organized Confederate force, but came to Jacksonville, upon this occasion, solely for the purpose of pillage and plunder, and the goods he stole, for he did steal them, he appropriated to himself. He was at that time known in Jacksonville and around the eastern part of Florida as a low, mean, contemptible "one-horse gambler," one who would lie or steal when it suited him to do so. He was at or about this time, I think, associated with a man by the name of Woodward, also a gambler, but by far a more deceit man than Bowen Woodward, since the war, has been imprisoned on charges made against by C. L. Robinson for acts said to have been committed on that same night. Woodward is not the man who should have been confined. Mr. Bowen is the gentleman. I have given you this little of his history, so that he may know that the world knows him. I am perfectly willing at any time to substantiate what I have written, by any number of witnesses.—*Charleston News.*

The situation grows more complex in Spain. Another Republican demonstration had taken place, according to our late advices, and the Carlists seemed to be rapidly gaining in strength. A capitulation tax had been decreed, but it was not thought probable that it could be collected. The bishops, doubtless acting under compulsion, had renewed their adhesion to the Government.

A THOUSAND YEARS AS A DAY.—Not long ago, a friend handed us, for perusal, a neat, morocco-covered pamphlet of eighty pages,—an American editor of an English work entitled "The Stars and the Earth,"—containing some old and somewhat familiar astronomical truths, very beautifully and poetically told, and made to illustrate very interestingly and poetically some of the grandest ideas.

It is a well known, demonstrable fact that light travels about two hundred thousand miles per second; that it requires about three years for the light from a star of the first magnitude to reach us, about one hundred and eighty years from a star of the seventh and about four thousand years from a star of the twelfth.

The converse of this is equally true. The light, therefore, reflected from the earth which strikes the eye of an observer on a star of the third magnitude, would show at this time, the condition of things terrestrial about first year of Johnson's administration. A dweller on a star of the seventh magnitude would look upon us as we were during King, William's war," while an inhabitant of a twelfth magnitude star would behold the earth as it was four thousand years ago, and, perhaps, witness the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel.

Imagine, now, a being of unlimited power of vision and comprehension, and susceptible of being transported in an inconceivably short space of time, from earth to a star of the twelfth magnitude and you spread before him a panorama of the world's history for four thousand years.

We can readily understand, therefore, how it is that, to an infinite being, whose omniscient eye looks forth, at the same instant, from all the planets and stars, all the doings of the ages past are ever present, and "A thousand years are as one day."

We present another homely condensation of a beautiful thought, and leave the work to delight our readers to a greater extent,

Could we, for once, be gifted with the power of locomotion with as great rapidity as light moves, and start upon our journey at the instant a butterfly passes us so swiftly that we can hardly distinguish its colors, we might, then, at our leisure, count the grains of colored dust upon its tiny wings; or, if our journey began at the moment a flower bud began to unfold, or a flash of lightning gleamed across the sky, we might devote unlimited time to an examination of the phenomena. L. D. B.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Columbia Phoenix, says:

"We paid a visit, on Wednesday, to the model farm of Mr. James M. Crawford, in Cotton Town, near Columbia, and inspected his cotton field—which, in size and quantity of the bolls, far exceeds anything we have ever seen or heard of—the famous Georgia brag acre, of which we published an account, a day or two ago, not excepted. An old and experienced Mississippi cotton planter made an examination and calculation of the crop on one acre as it stands in the field—the "brag" lot—with the following result: He counted three stalks, taken indiscriminately from this patch, which averaged 300 bolls to the stalk, 52 rows to the acre; 70 stalks to the row; allowing 100 bolls to the pound, shows 10,920 pounds to the acre—provided, of course, that it matures. Some of the stalks had over 500 bolls. Mr. Crawford has another most excellent lot of four acres, the smallest stalk counted in it containing 86 bolls; another 156, and still another 358—an average of 200 bolls to the stalk. The entire crop was grown from the well known Dixon seed. Doubtless can examine this cotton at any time. The ordinary stable manure was principally used, and the soil is far from being the best in this vicinity. Thorough tillage did the business. Mr. Crawford declares that a man who cannot make good crops in Richland, had better lay aside agricultural implements.

A SAD ROMANCE—THE WIFE OF A DAY—LOVE IN DEATH.—Some three years ago, a young German, whose family had immigrated to this country, came East from San Francisco to pursue his studies for the Presbyterian ministry at Princeton College. His health was feeble, and it was thought best for him to spend his vacation as much in the open air as possible. He accordingly hired himself to a farmer in Bucks County, Pa., and spent the summer in out-door occupation of a light character.

A few weeks ago, when the Pacific Railroad had just been completed, and the public were still talking of the last spike with the golden head, a young lady purchased in Philadelphia one of the very first through tickets for San Francisco. She was the fair daughter of a Quaker farmer, who lived near where the young German student had been employed during his vacation. They had met, loved, and were engaged to be married. But his health had grown worse, and his family had sent for him to come back from California. Letters from him to the Bucks County farm-house told only of still further decline. The young girl pined under her trouble. At last, one Saturday, came a telegram, asking her to come to him at once. Her betrothed was sinking fast. On Tuesday she was on her way. The road of iron that spans the continent was safely traversed, and she reached San Francisco.

The rest of the story is briefly told. The newspapers of Eastern Pennsylvania, a month ago, announced, under the head of "Married," the wedding in San Francisco, June 24th, of a gentleman of that city to a lady of Bucks County, Pa., following it, under the head of "Died," June 25th, was the name of the husband. The wedding had been by a death-bed. The Quaker girl was the bride of a day.

EXCITEMENT AND SHORT LIFE.—The following, by an unknown writer, accords with our observation: "The deadliest foe to man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended as rapidly as he deems best.—Within certain limits, he has a choice, to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intemperately, to draw his little amount of life over a large space or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never over-tasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his account with God and man squared up, is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest limit which it is possible to attain; while he who lives intently, who feeds on high-seas food, weather material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose reign to his passion, frets at every trouble and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his day."

TRUE ENOUGH.—The New York Times says that the late war "changed in some degree the theory of the Government." Well, it did, adds the Richmond Dispatch. It transformed a free government into a despotic one. It converted States into Counties. It abolished the written Constitution by our fathers, and for it substituted an unwritten one—that is to say, the will of the majority in Congress. It deprived the States of every right they had, and there, by deprived the citizens of personal rights. We mean, of course, that these rights are now held by sufferance, the National Government having power to take away whenever it shall feel so inclined whereas, before the war these rights were considered so sacred that no man would have dared to lay rude hands upon them.

Gov. Scott is in Philadelphia, and the Inquirer, of that city, compliments him for many things which he did not do.

RULES FOR THE POST OFFICE.—Those who are not posted in Post Office etiquette, will find the following to contain some points:

When you call at the Post Office for your mail, and the postmaster hands it out, ask him if that is all.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be; then go home, and send the rest of the family around to ask through the day.

When you want a stamp on your letter, tell the postmaster to put it on; if he don't like it, lick him. In case you put on the stamp yourself, soak it in your mouth long enough to remove the maulage; it will then stick till it is dry.

Be sure to ask the postmaster to credit you for stamps; if he has any accommodation he will do it.

If you have a box, stand and drum on it until the postmaster hands out your mail; it makes him feel good, especially if he is waiting on some one else.

If you cannot wait at the wicket for your mail, go inside and make yourself at home; your company is no doubt agreeable to the postmaster.—*Sumter News.*

If your name is John Davis, ask if there are any letters for the Davises.—Take all bearing that name, open and read Miss Sally's, Miss Ann's and Miss Jemima's, keep them two or three weeks, then return them, endorsed, "opened by mistake, but not read."

THE STAMP ACT NOWHERE.—The famous Stamp Act, upon which the war of the American Revolution was fought and won by the fathers of free constitutional government, will not bear comparison with the present American system of taxation. This is very pointedly demonstrated in the announcement of the Revenue Commissioner that base ball clubs are liable to taxation, and are required to take out a license. Next, we suppose, we may expect a similar ukase against little boys with their marbles and tops, and the little girls with their doll-babies and jumping ropes.—Truly, radical economy is a great thing in a small way, and requires a fine drawn talent to understand and apply it, so that it may have its perfect work of oppression.

A gentleman heretofore prominently connected with political affairs in Louisiana, who recently arrived in Philadelphia, gives a very encouraging account of affairs in that State. He says political bitterness has almost entirely died out, and that the people generally are turning their whole attention to business.—He says the cotton and sugar crop of the State will be larger this year than ever before, and that in all of the Southern States through which he passes on his way there he noticed every evidence of returning prosperity. So far as New Orleans is concerned, he says the city was never in a more prosperous condition, and that there is a general disposition to cease talking politics and to forget the past.

ELOQUENCE.—But, as I said before, we have proved to you where that town line is. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, there it is, and there it remain forever; and all the ingenuity of my learned brother can never, never efface it—can never wash it out—No gentlemen, he may plant one foot on the utmost verge of the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, then plant the other on Arcturus and seize the Pleiades by the hair and wring them till they are dry, but he cannot wash out that town line.

HON. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.—Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, late of the Confederate Cabinet, but now of England, has after two years appearance at the British bar, been made Queen's counsel, an honor almost without precedent in the promptitude of its bestowal. Aside from making him senior counsel in whatever cases he may be employed, the promotion will considerably add to his emoluments.

The Daily Republican, the radical organ of the State, has made its appearance.

THE TEA THAT COMES TO THE UNITED STATES.—We were in a tea house at Canton drinking such superfine tea as we never tasted in the United States. We noticed that large jars were placed under each table, into which all the grounds were tossed. Chinese, do not, as already stated, steep their tea in a pot, but put it into your cup, pour in hot water, covering the cup to keep in the steam, allowing it to stand about five minutes, draining it off and refilling. The second cup is considered the best, and the third filling is very good. But when the strength is exhausted, the grounds are thrown into the jars, taken out doors, spread on cloths, dried, doctored, repacked, and sent over to us! The average cost of tea in china is from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, but duties, freights, insurance, interest on capital, profits to importers and middle men, swell it to prices which make it an article of luxury. More poor tea is drunk in the United States than in any other land.—*Carleton's Letter.*

PUT A HOLE THROUGH IT.—One night General—was out on the line. He observed a light, on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was the signal light of the enemy, he told his artillery officer that a hole could be easily put through it. Whereupon the officer turning to the corporal in charge of the gun said:

"Corporal do you see that light?"
"Yes sir."

"Put a hole through it."
The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready, he looked up and said:

"General, that's the moon."
"Don't care a darn; put a hole through it any way."

A DAREBY'S ENJOYMENT.—A patriotic Sambo left his employer, and went to Charleston, to enjoy the delights of 4th of July. After an absence of about a fortnight, on his return, he was asked how he enjoyed himself. He replied that he had a miserable time; that he was sick, and nothing pleased him, and my only enjoyment, he said, was "my brudder dead," and I went to de funeral.—*George Town Time.*

A doctor ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "No, we did not give it to him. 'Good Heavens,' said the doctor, 'is the child living?'" "Yes, but the old cat isn't, we gave it to her."

A BONDSMAN'S HIRE.—The Charleston papers report it as stated on the streets that Benjamin Reils, bondsman for Sheriff Mackey, had withdrawn his name from the sheriff's official bond, and instituted suit against Mackey for \$600, as due services as bondsman for twelve months.

Junior class in grammar; parse the sentence "a radical." "A radical is a compound, unconstitutional noun; black in person, African in gender, desperate in case; and is governed by negroes under partisan rule, as one ignoramus governs another."

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, out of them said: "Jim, lets go to another house—this hotel leaks."

"Well Patrick," said the doctor, "how do you do to-day?"

"O, dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health entirely. This rheumatism is very distressing indeed. When I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my toe is swelled up as big as a goose's hen's egg, so when I stand up I fall down directly, and so I do."

Rev. Mr. Richardson, of Washington, Ohio, is said to be the oldest living American clergyman. Although 106 years old, he walks five miles every Sunday and preaches a sermon.

Mrs. Earnestine E. McGrath, wife of President McGrath, of the South Carolina Railroad, died on Friday last.