

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 22, 1850.

NUMBER 15.

Poetical Department.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
THE FIRST BRIDAL.
BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

"And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man,
made him a woman, and brought her unto the man."
The temple was the new-made earth,
Unweeping skies arch'd o'er it,
For sin as yet had not had birth,
Why should the Heaven's deplore it?

No curious crowd was gather'd there,
To criticize or wonder,
When softly breathed, that primal air,
The vow which none may sunder.

Oh! ne'er was marriage rite so bless'd—
The minister and witness
Was God himself, who thus impress'd
The seal upon its fitness.

Go forth in bliss without alloy,
Young bride and bridegroom favor'd;
With all the soul can dream of joy,
Your cup of life is flavor'd.

With gratitude both pure and deep,
Go, make the world your altar,
Ye have but one command to keep—
Can your obedience falter?

With hearts and minds attuned to love,
And God in all things viewing,
The flowery paths of Eden rove,
Your graceful tasks pursuing.

The vistas which before you open,
With cloudless light are streaming,
Undoubting faith, untrembling hope,
Around your steps are beaming.

Let fall the curtain. Shut the scene—
On life's green threshold leave them,
Whate'er of woe may supervene,
There's nothing *worth* to grieve them.
Baltimore, 1847.

THE FATHERLESS.

Speak softly to the fatherless!
And check the harsh reply
That sends the crimson to the cheek,
The tear drop to the eye.
They have the weight of loneliness
In this rude world to bear,
Then gently raise the fallen bud,
The drooping flower spare.

Speak kindly to the fatherless!
The lowliest of their band,
God keepeth, as the waters,
In the hollow of his hand.
'Tis sad to see life's evening sun,
Go down in sorrow's shroud,
But sadder still when morning's dawn
Is darkened by the cloud.

Look mildly on the fatherless!
Ye may have power to wile
Their hearts from sudden memory
By the magic of a smile.
Deal gently with these little ones,
Be pitiful, and be,
The friend and father of us all,
Shall gently deal with thee.

The Olio.

ONLY TRY.

The following has been translated from a French paper. They used to say that every soldier carried in his cartridge box a marshal's baton. Might not one say, in these days, that every chorister carries in his wind-pipe a fortune? Here is one example at least.

About thirty years ago, in a little city of Italy, at Bergamo, by a singular contrast, the company at the Opera House was quite indifferent, while the choristers were excellent. It could scarcely have been otherwise, since the greater part of the choristers have since become distinguished composers. Donizetti, Crivelli, Leodoro, Bianche, Mari, and Dolci, commenced by singing in the choruses at Bergamo. There were, among others, at that epoch, a young man, very poor, very modest, and greatly beloved by his comrades. In Italy, the orchestra and the chorists are worse paid than in France, if possible. You enter a boot-maker's shop, the master is the first violin. The apprentices relax themselves after a day's work, by playing the clarinet, the hautboy, or the timbrels, in the evening at the theatre. One young man, in order to assist his old mother, united the functions of chorister to the more lucrative employment of journeyman tailor.

One day, when he had taken to Nozari's house a pair of pantaloons, the illustrious singer, after looking at him earnestly, said to him, very kindly—

"It appears to me, my good fellow, that I have seen you somewhere."

"Quite likely, sir; you may have seen me at the theatre, where I take a part in the choruses."

"Have you a good voice?"

"Not remarkably, sir; I can, with great difficulty, reach *sol*."

"Let me see," said Nozari, going to the piano; "begin the *ganuz*."

Our chorister obeyed, but when he reached *sol* he stopped short, out of breath.

"Sound *la*—come, try."

"Sir, I cannot."

"Sound *la*, you fool."

"La, la, la."

"Sound *si*."

"My dear sir, I cannot."

"Sound *si*, I tell you, or by my soul I'll—"

"Don't get angry, sir; I'll try—*la, si, la, si, do*."

"I told you so," said Nozari, with a voice of triumph; "and now, my good fellow, I will say only one word to you. If you will only study and practice, you will become the first tenor in Italy."

Nozari was right. The poor chorister who, to gain his bread, had to mend breeches, possesses now a fortune of two millions, and is called *Rubini*.

WHAT A WOMAN SHOULD BE ALPHABETICALLY.—A woman should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, modest, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary, yielding and zealous.

What a woman should not be.—She should not be artful, bold, cross, deceitful, envious, fretful, grovelling, hollow-hearted, idle, jadish, knavish, lazy, morose, nonsensical, officious, petulant, quarrelsome, ranting, snappish, talkative, unreasonable, vain, wrangling, extravagant or yawning.—*Port. Bulletin.*

It may be said generally of husbands, as the woman said of hers who had abused her, to an old maid who reproached her for being such a fool as to marry him—"to be sure he is not so good a husband as he should be, but he's a wonderful sight better than none."

NAPOLEON'S TOMB. According to a late development, the affair of Napoleon's tomb at Paris has been the subject of very great financial mystification. The original estimate of the cost was 500,000 francs; but now it appears it is expected that it will amount in all to nearly 3,000,000.

An invalid sent for a physician, the late Dr. Wheelman, and after detaining him some time, with a description of his pains, aches, &c. he thus summed up:—"Now Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless syrups, they don't touch the real difficulty, I wish you would strike the cause of my ailment, if it is in your power to reach it." "It shall be done," said the Doctor, at the same time lifting the cane and demolishing a decanter of gin which stood upon the side-board!

Dr. Johnson, being once in company with some scandal mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rouge, he observed: "It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks, than to blacken other people's characters."

A Selected Tale.

DISTRUST.

OR THE VICTIM OF VOLUNTARY WIDOWHOOD.

List and I will tell you a story of real life as it occurred in our very midst. The heroine of my story lived many years in Mobile, and was a native, I think, of this place; at all events, her lot in life must early have been cast among us. Many in this Fair Room have taken her by the hand; for, at every hearthstone she was a welcome guest, rendered so by her brilliant manners, and engaging, lovely disposition. Everybody loved Dora Hammersley, for she loved everybody. She had been a widow nine years when I first made her acquaintance, and a more lovely woman in every point of view it has never been my lot to meet with. I often wondered at her perversity in remaining single, when I knew, with the world, that she had it so largely in her power not only to become an interesting wife, but a most useful member of society. She always parried my persuasions, by saying that she dreaded the dominion of a step-father over her only child, a sweet little girl of some ten summers. I noticed at the time, despite her efforts to conceal it, that the poor woman was immeasurably wretched. She was not in love, for she was a woman of too finely a balanced mind ever to sit down and mope on an unrequited passion. Her beautiful blameless life had been passed among us, with the exception of the five years of her married life, which had been spent elsewhere. It was during a brief visit she paid Mobile in 18— while at her father's house, she heard of her husband's death. I shall never forget the shock it occasioned me, more for Dora's sake, who I knew to be so ardently attached to him. Time heals every wound, and I knew, in the common course of things, she must long since have ceased to grieve for her husband's death. The announcement, at last, that she was about to leave Mobile forever and settle in the west, filled the large circle of her friends with the most unbounded astonishment. What! leave the dear friends, where she had been so petted, so caressed, for a home in a strange land—far from the scene of her childhood! Well might we all wonder. I determined, with my husband's permission, to ask an explanation of this strange resolve. She was to perform her last pilgrimage to the graves of her parents, who were interred in the old grave-yard, head of Church street. Thither we went together, and after sauntering through the old arenas—anon stopping to listen to the wind, as it swept in Aeolian strains through the overhanging gloomy pines—we reached at last an old broken wall, and hiding her sit down beside me, I took both her hands in mine and implored her, by my past friendship and my present devotion to her interests, to frankly tell me the cause of her unhappiness.

"I am so glad you have touched upon this subject," said she, hesitatingly, "for oh, I know that I would be so much happier if some one else beside myself knew the terrible secret of my past life. Yes," she said, "I will tell you all without reservation; but we must enter into solemn compact first."

"Anything in reason, Dora, and which it is in my power to perform, I will most willingly do."

"Will you promise not to hate me?" she convulsively sobbed. "Will you promise, by the sacred dust of my parents, that you will still love me as you have hitherto done?"

"I will still continue to love you, Dora, though you had committed murder. There now, will that assurance satisfy you?"

She kissed me affectionately and began the recital of her griefs. "Mind, you promise not to interrupt me," she said. "You will remember," she continued, "that I was married early in life to one whom I more than idolized, and went to Louisiana to live. It was during the last months of the five years that I sojourned in that state, that the seeds of my after unhappiness were sown. I was young, Emily, and was too prone to put faith in all I saw and heard. It has only been through the two last years of my close intimacy with you, that I have learned what a good-wife should be. Oh, Emily, Emily, the precious pearls that I have cast from me, and trampled in the dust, because I knew not their value! Will you believe it, my friend, that my husband is now alive and the father of a large family in one of the West India Islands. It was my own fault," she continued as I was about to interrupt her. "I listened to evil counsel, Emily, and learned to distrust my husband. Yes, I learned to distrust, and at last to hate (or at least thought I did) that husband who had always lavished upon me every kindness. I never quarrelled with him. No—I was too innately proud for that; but I allowed myself to brood upon my silent, growing hate, and, oh, there is no feeling on this earth that so high warps the brain to madness as the late born of jealousy. You know my frank, open disposition, Emily. So I went to him, and with my mouth in the dust, asked for a separation. Oh, never did the poor doom-sacked victim of the Bosphorus beg for life, as I for the blessed privilege—of going from his presence forever with our only child. He tried to reason with me, but I was mad, Emily, and have been mad since. I asked for nothing but my child, and pleaded with an earnestness which he saw it was useless to resist. So, Emily, I will pass on the announcement of my widowhood—when I went forth to the world a hypocrite in widow's weeds. My husband wrote to me three times during the first year of our separation, imploring me by every precious tie to permit him even by stealth to look once more upon the face of his child. To every entreaty I returned a cold, stern, hard answer, and for all this I have dearly bitten the dust since. The years sped on which return no more, and my child began to expand into a loveliness which was almost superhuman. Strange as it may appear to you, I again learned to love my husband through his child. When she spoke to me it was her father's voice, every word breathed into his; and I so loved my child that I again loved my husband through her. Strange inconsistency you may call this, but it is nevertheless true. I knew that he was alive, for regularly every year I have received a small provision for our maintenance through unknown hands. This, with the little patrimony received from my father, enabled me to live far above want—actually affording many of the little luxuries of life. You little know how I have yearned to look once more upon my husband's face. Oh Emily! I thought if I could but see him, all might be made up. I was prepared to humble myself in the very dust, that I might be taken back to his heart once more. I knew not where to direct even a letter to him, and like a poor condemned criminal I dared not make open inquiry; for in the eyes of the world I was a widow and my poor child an orphan. So well have I played my part in hypocrisy, that no one has ever dreamed of my husband's existence."

"I believe that I knew, and loved you, too, for nearly four years—and that brings me to nearly a widowhood of thirteen years. I had almost outlived the hope of ever again seeing my husband, when about three weeks since I received a small note from him, announcing that he was in Mobile, and most anxious to see the child of his youth—that he would call on me the evening of that day, as an old friend of the family, promising under any circumstances not to reveal himself to Ada. Oh! the hours of that day were so 'laden paced'! At last he came with seven o'clock. I parted with my husband, a tall slight figure, with light blue eyes, and dark curling hair—and I shook hands with him after a lapse of thirteen years, a perfect Indian in complexion, an enlarged robust figure, eyes somewhat darker, and his hair, instead of grey, was as black as night, lying in thick masses of large manly curly curls! Never would I have recognised the husband of my youth in the fine looking middle-aged man I presented to my daughter as the friend of her father. I had prepared her to receive him affectionately, and the warm welcome she extended, assuring him that any one who had known her father should have the warmest corner of her heart, was beyond conception painful to both of us. They had a long and interesting conversation. He inquired about her studies, and seemed pleased with the progress she had made, making her promise (with my permission) to correspond with him under the assumed name of Damslow. While in conversation with his child, I had written a few lines, stating my earnest recantation of my former errors, and earnestly asking for a reconciliation. He was terribly agitated during the whole interview, and when I gave him my note to read, the strong man shook like an ague fit.

"He scanned it several times—walked the floor in terrible agitation—looked at me once with the concentrated agony of a life of human suffering—and approaching Ada gave her a miniature of himself, which he said she must keep for her father's sake as well as his own—kissed her several times, and bidding her farewell, asked me to take a turn with him on the balcony. "Dora," he said, as he nervously closed the door, "years ago you passed the fiat of our separation. You know how earnestly and hope-

lessly I sued for terms—you turned a deaf ear and a hard heart to all my solicitations. You were the victim, I too well know, Dora, of a wicked conspiracy. Had you but listened to the counsel contained in the last letter I wrote you, twelve years ago, all would have been well; as it is, you sowed the seeds of your own unhappiness, by distrusting your husband, and, at best, have reaped but Dead Sea fruit. I grieve for you—I grieve more for my daughter, who must go forth to the world without a father's protecting arm. After your rejection of all overtures on my part, I went to the West Indies, obtained a divorce from yourself, and married a Spanish woman, who could not speak one word of English. By my last marriage I have three children, all daughters. You will often hear from me through my child. God bless you, madam! And, without even one kiss, Emily, my husband vanished from my sight. One affectionate, kind caress, would have been so little to him, and such a precious remembrance to me! May be, this is what men call retribution."

Slowly we pursued our way homewards, and I ceased to wonder at those eccentricities in my friend, which formed the comments of so many. Dora Hammersley left Mobile some years since, and settled in the west. Her daughter, as every body tells me, is worthy of her mother—has married well, and moves with her mother among the first women in the nation.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the New Orleans Crescent.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

We are greatly indebted to an esteemed friend who came passenger by the Falcon, for the interesting details below:

The steamship Oregon left San Francisco, Jan. 1, at 9 a.m., having on board one hundred cabin and about two hundred steerage passengers, with a freight list of gold dust amounting to over \$1,200,000. The entire amount of gold dust brought by passengers and freight list is estimated at about \$3,000,000. Business at San Francisco is rather dull on account of the rains, and merchants preferred investing in land and real estate. Gold dust, the day previous to the Oregon's leaving, was in demand at \$16 to the ounce for shipment, and must continue to command that price until after the rainy season.

I refer you to the papers for local news, in which will be seen an account of the destruction by fire of a large amount of property. At the time of my leaving, some three or four of the ruins were nearly rebuilt, and were under contract to be ready to move into by the 6th. Of these I may mention the Demmon House and El Dorado.

We passed the point of the Golden Gate, and then Barataria, making her way up finely to San Francisco. This boat has had a hard time of it, having got out of coal, and has been lying at Acapulco for some two months.

The Bay of San Francisco is being enlivened by steamboats. The propeller McKim, formerly of New Orleans, has been profitably employed as a regular packet between San Francisco and Sacramento city. The steamer Senator is also in the same trade. A new boat of Aspinwall's line, called El Dorado, is nearly completed for the same trade. On the San Joaquin a stern-wheel boat called Capt. Sutter has been running between San Francisco and Stockton.

There was an iron propeller boat, called the Fire Fly, being put together to run to Pueblo San Jose.

Col. Jack Hays, Indian Agent, was at San Diego when the Oregon left.

Capt. TOWN.—Nothing had been heard in San Francisco, prior to the sailing of the Oregon, of the death of Tobin, and it is not believed.

NAVAL.—The U. S. Flag ship, Savannah, Com. Jones, has been lying at Sausalito, (six miles below San Francisco,) intending to go up the river to Benita, some thirty miles, but cannot go, it is said, for want of a crew to work her. The Falmouth was lying near her, and was to leave in a few days for Mazatlan. The Revenue brig Lawrence, Capt. Frazer, is lying in the bay opposite the town, and had rendered much efficient service to the shipping in the many difficulties occurring there with seamen. The St. Mary's is also lying in the bay.

They have some three or four steamboats on the Upper Sacramento running from Sacramento to City up the Yuba river. The freights are exorbitantly high, as the navigation is attended with much risk, and is indeed only possible during high water.

The Bay of San Francisco contains some three hundred sail of vessels, of which some two hundred are idle and without crews. Previous to the Oregon's leaving labor was much reduced in value, and especially seamen's wages.—Seamen were shipping for voyages to the Sandwich Islands at nominal wages—not over \$30 per month; to Panama, \$20 to \$30; to Oregon, \$75; on the rivers from San Francisco bay, \$60. This is a great reduction, as only some two months since no seamen would accept less than \$120; and then laborers readily commanded from \$8 to \$8 per day. This change is owing to the accession of laborers constantly arriving, and the confined rains which prevent out-door labor to a great extent.

The Town Council of San Francisco have had three large sales of town lots, which have realized upwards of one million of dollars, and were to have another sale on the 31 of January. They have opened a City Hospital, and are making great improvements on the streets. Rents continue high, and buildings of every kind, style and condition, are being erected. I doubt whether there is one hour in the twenty-four that the sound of the hammer or saw is not to be heard in the town of San Francisco—certainly not for the five months of my residence.

Great inconvenience is felt for the want of suitable public buildings; and as for the Post-office, I consider it a nuisance, totally discreditable to the Government and all connected with

it. There are but six or eight clerks employed in the office, and there are but two general delivery windows; while there are some seven hundred boxes, which rent, for each name, at two dollars per month, and one dollar extra for every name additional. Here the merchants and clerks have a grand wrangle, after the door has been opened by a Col. Poor, a sort of volunteer clerk, who, it is understood, has the privilege of furnishing his acquaintances with their letters previous to opening the windows. This Post-office should have thirty clerks, and at least five windows for the general delivery. You may see on any day, between the arrivals of the steamers, from ten to one hundred persons, in single file, before these windows; and the fact is, it is impossible for the clerks to go through the labor with the present arrangements. Men have been known to sell their places in the line, when within five or six of the window, for \$16 to \$20.

It will be seen by the papers that California is democratic in her late vote. There was no attempt to adopt free-soilism or Wilmot-provisionism in the contest. The Constitution of California had wisely settled those disturbing sentiments so far as regards the State of California. What position in respect to these parties the California delegation will take, I am unable to say; but it is hoped that they may keep aloof from all sectional and embittering conflicts, and support the "Constitution and the Union."

The Oregon brought as passengers the California delegation to the Senate and House of Representatives—John C. Fremont and W. M. Gwin to the former, and G. W. Wright and E. Gilbert to the latter; Thos. Butler King, Government Agent, late M. C. from the State of Georgia; T. B. Winston, well known in New Orleans, and many others of more or less note. Mrs. Fremont was ill of the fever at Panama, and not expected to live.

WEBB'S EXPEDITION.—Several individuals who were attached to the ill-fated expedition led by Webb and Audubon have arrived in San Francisco, having reached that place about the middle of December last. Our informant does not recollect any of the names except that of Henry C. Mallory. They suffered very severely on the route and passed through many hardships.

TOUCHING ANECDOTE.—JENNY LIND.—The following is vouched for as truth by the London Athenaeum: During the visit of this child of song to Bath, she happened to be walking with a friend, in front of the almshouses, into one of which she entered, and sat down a moment, ostensibly to rest herself, but in reality to find some excuse for doing an act of charity to the old woman who lived in it, and whom she had seen feeble and tottering. At the moment, was full of the Swedish Nightingale, whom she had heard was just then in Bath, entertaining with her voice all those who were so happy and fortunate as to be able to go to the theatre. "For myself," said the old woman, "I have lived a long time in the world, and desire nothing before I die but to hear Jenny Lind." "And would it make you happy?" inquired her visitor. "Ay, that it would," answered the old woman; "but such folks as I can't go to the playhouse, and so I shall never hear her." "Don't be sure of that," said the good natured Jenny; "sit down my friend and listen;" and forthwith she sang, with all her richest and most glorious powers, one of the finest songs she knew. The poor old woman was beside herself with delight, when, after concluding her song, her kind visitor observed, "now you have heard Jenny Lind." If she had given the woman a hundred pounds, she could not have afforded her half so much pleasure. It was an act of noble charity, of the tenderest and most delicate kind. Money it would have been easy for her to give, and money no doubt she did give; but to sit down in an almshouse, and there to call up the enchantments of her voice for the amusement of an obscure and poor old woman, was a touching proof of goodness of heart, which nothing we have heard of Jenny Lind surpasses.

To know the worth of women, just imagine the world without them once. Where would you spend your Sunday nights? Who would hold your head when you had the tooth ache? What would you do for buttons to your shirts or partners for your cotillions? Without girls a sleigh-ride squeeze would be more worthless than a squeezed orange—cold weather would have an extra chill added to it, while suicides and broken hearts would be multiplied by an hundred. To take the women from the world, would be like taking the rose from the garden—the nightingale from the songsters—summer from the year.

Georgia Burr Stones.—We had an interview on Monday with a gentleman from one of the Northern cities who has for many years been largely engaged in the importation of French Burr and German stones, and who has made a visit to Savannah expressly for the purpose of examining the Georgia Burr stones, manufactured in this city. He expressed himself much pleased with the specimens which he had seen, at the manufactory here, and has gone to the quarry for the purpose of seeing the mode employed in getting out the stone, and to satisfy himself, more fully, in regard to the extent and accessibility of the deposit. He informed us that he designed making orders with a view of putting our Georgia stone in direct competition with the imported article in flouring mills in two of the Northern cities. We learned from him also, that a similar test is now being made in one of the large flouring mills in Richmond Va. Savannah Morning News.

Fashionable life has been compared by a fashionable writer to the chariot of Tullia, as it drives onward in its noisy triumph over the bodies of the fallen, however dear or venerable. Not very complimentary to the "upper ten," certainly.