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BEAUTY.

Lo! when the buds expand the leaves are green,
Then the first opening of the flower is seen;
Then come the honied and rosy smile,
That with their sweets the willing sense beguile:
But as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,
And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays;
Till all is gathered, and the wintry blast
Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past,
So 'tis with beauty,—such the opening grace
And dawn of glory in the youthful face;
Then are the charms unfolded to the sight,
Then all is loveliness and all delight,
The nuptial tie succeeds, and genial hour,
And, lo! the falling off of beauty's flower.
So through all nature is the progress made,—
The bud, the bloom, the fruit,—and then we fade.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one;
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the west,
I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course, with silent force,
In peace each other greeting;
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies play'd between.
Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on, in joy, to meet
A calmer sea, where storm shall cease—
A purer sky, where all is peace.

A HUNG JURY.

BY SOL SMITH.

Who in St. Louis, does not know Noah Ridgely? Who, in St. Louis, has not known him for a long time—not long enough to know "anybody else"—but a long, long time—years!—Even here in New Orleans, Noah is tolerably well known; and at the river towns intermediate, there are a few "fellows" who are on terms of speaking acquaintance with him. In fact, wherever the steamer "Hannibal" has made a landing, (and where is the landing she has not made a stop at?)—Noah has been seen and known at some time or other. But in St. Louis—well, there's no use writing about how well he is known there. And wherever known, Noah is a favorite—I might say a great favorite. He has been clerk of the aforesaid "Hannibal" for I don't know how many years—and the "Hannibal" continues to perform voyages between New Orleans and St. Louis, with her single but powerful engine, (out of the old St. Louis—Capt. Swon's St. Louis), and seems as good as new; and Noah comes around with his freight bills with astonishing regularity—and he appears better than new!

But to my story. In St. Louis, we all know the difficulty of procuring jurors to try cases before justices of the peace—it being almost next to an impossibility to get together twelve citizens, "good men and true," who are willing to sit for two or three hours in a justice's office, which is never, by any accident larger than a moderate sized band box, surrounded by a promiscuous crowd which always gathers, filling up room, doors, and windows, whenever a "jury trial" is to come off—especially if lawyers are employed in it.

It so happened, "once upon a time," that two merchants had a little misunderstanding, which resulted in their "going to law" before Justice Walsh. The amount in dispute was a mere trifle; but each was obstinate and would not give way a jot—so to law they went. To make matters worse, each must have a lawyer to help on, and one of the lawyers determined to make as much out of the case as he could, asserted the constitutional right of his client, and demanded a jury. A venire facias was accordingly issued, and Constable Busby started off to execute his writ.

At the expiration of about an hour, during which the court, attorneys, and spectators, waited with exemplary patience. Busby returned, followed by one solitary individual, carrying a huge lot of freight bills in one hand, and a half smoked cigar in the other—it was Noah.

"Have you summoned the jury, Mr. Constable?" inquired the justice?
"Yes sir," replied Busby throwing down upon the table his writ with the names of twelve citizens inscribed thereon. "I have summoned them, but they won't come."

"Won't come, won't come?" remarked the justice, "we'll see about that. Clerk, write out attachments for these gentlemen. How many are there who refuse to obey the order of the court?"

"Eleven your honor," answered the sweating

constable; "this is the only one of the lot, (pointing to our friend Noah) I have been able to scare up; and he don't seem disposed to serve—says intends to plead his privilege!"

"What privilege, pray, Mr. Ridgely, have you to plead? What valid reason can you give the court why you should not serve on this jury?" asked the justice.

"I believe," replied Noah, stretching himself up to his full height, and taking the cigar from his mouth which he had been industriously smoking since he entered the office—"I believe a fireman is exempt from jury duty?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the justice—"But I was not aware you belonged to either of the engine companies. May I ask, Mr. Ridgely, which engine you run with?"

"Which engine? The old St. Louis! You are aware, perhaps, Mr. Justice, that the old St. Louis had two engines; one of them constitutes at this time the motive power of the Hannibal, and that is the engine I run with—and when hard pushed for hands, I have, upon occasions, acted as fireman—therefore, I supposed I'm excused from jury duty."

"Not so fast, my friend," interposed the justice, "this will not excuse you—"

"No!" exclaimed Noah, with apparent surprise; "then," he continued, taking a seat on the jury bench, "bring on your case, since I am overruled, and let us go through with it as we can, for I'll be hanged if I stop long."

Busby at this juncture returned from another unsuccessful foray through the neighboring streets and alleys.

"Can't scare up a single man," he reported, sitting down and wiping the perspiration from his face with a cotton pocket handkerchief which he carried in his hat.

"What is to be done?" inquired the lawyers.
"I am sure I don't know," answered Justice Walsh, "unless you choose to take Mr. Ridgely here, and let him decide your case."

As the laws of Missouri permit parties by mutual consent to take "any number less than twelve" in civil cases, the lawyers, finding there was no chance of "scaring up" any more jurors, agreed to take Noah as the jury, and after a few modest objections on his part, he was sworn in, and assigned a seat in the centre of the jury bench.

"Come, now, boys," remarked the solitary juror, on taking his seat, "hurry up these cases; I've got all these freight bills to collect, and confound me if I can stay here long for anybody."

The lawyers made short work of the evidence "not wishing to fatigue the jury," and proposed to submit the case without argument.

The justice thought this was a very good plan—it was near dinner time—and suggested that perhaps the jury was ready to give a verdict without leaving his seat, when the jury spoke as follows:

"May it please the court, the jury is not ready to give a verdict. This is an important matter—a matter involving but a small sum, it is true; but the principle to be settled by our decision here to-day is one which interests the whole city—the State—the United States—I may say the whole commercial world! The jury at great inconveniences has been dragged here and compelled to sit in judgement, the evidence being through, this jury would like to hear the argument of counsel!"

Very well," answered the counsel for the defence—and immediately poured forth a torrent of eloquence in favor of the side he espoused, which must have had a convincing effect in the right quarter, for when the learned gentleman resumed his seat, the jury expressed himself ready to render a verdict; but the attorney for the plaintiff now insisted upon being heard, and accordingly set forth his view of the case in such vivid colors that the jury, before he had finished his hours speech, had evidently relapsed into a state of doubt and uncertainty.

"If the court please," remarked the jury, "before this last speech a verdict might have been given which would have satisfied one of the parties at least; now, it is impossible; this last speech has turned everything topsy-turvy. There are some points on which the jury must request the instructions of the court."

The instructions were given, and it was generally supposed that a verdict would be rendered at once, as the dinner bells were ringing out in every direction; but not so, the jury preferred to retire and consider upon its verdict, and as all parties except the jury, seemed about obeying the summons of the bells, a hint was delicately given that it would be no more than proper, and indeed humane, that the jury should be furnished with refreshments. The hint was seized upon by the attorneys, and two very abundant dinners were in a few moments passed in through the window from the Jefferson House, the justice, constables, lawyers, and spectators, having left the office in possession of the jury, according to the custom of those times.

After dinner, the crowd gradually re-assembled in the street, and through the open window the imperturbable jury was seen with one leg cocked over the knee of the other, looking carefully over "authorities" which had been referred to by the lawyers; then changing his position, and putting the leg which had been under on top, the upper wall of the room was scanned with great earnestness for a few minutes, after which a large volume containing the statutes of Missouri was diligently consulted, and so on. It was evident from appearances, that the jury had not yet agreed.

At 6 o'clock, under instructions from justice Walsh, the constable inquired, as is usual in similar cases—"Has the jury agreed?" A solemn "No," was the response, and soon after candles were brought and placed upon the table by the constable, who after lingering a moment in hopes of an intimation that a verdict had been agreed on, was waved out of the room by the jury. From a quarter past 6 until 2 o'clock the jury cogitated without any result. At length Busby was ordered to summon the jury into court,

which was done, by opening the outer door and admitting the justice and crowd into the presence of the jury.

There sat the jury, as undecided as at dinner time.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the justice, majestically, "have you agreed upon your verdict?"
"May it please the court," answered Noah, with great dignity, "I believe it is customary to poll the jury before asking that question."

"Very well," replied the justice, who, it must be confessed, was becoming a little fretful—"poll away."

Busby polled the jury, calling out from his list—
"Noah Ridgely!"

"Here!" answered the jury.

"All right," reported Busby to the justice.

"Now, then—the jury being polled—Gentlemen of the jury," repeated the justice, slowly, "have you agreed—upon—your—verdict?"
"May it please—the court—No!" answered Noah, rising, and shaking his head emphatically.

"Is there any likelihood of the jury being able to agree?" demanded Justice Walsh, desperately.

"Not the least ghost of a chance," replied the person addressed—"the jury is hung!"

A dismissal of the jury followed, and a new trial was ordered. The hero of my sketch continues to collect the freight bills of the old Hannibal, and I believe he is considered exempt from jury duty, by general consent.

The Value of a Cent.

A little thing to write about, you may say, but trifles light as air make and mar our fortune; then are they not important enough to be noticed?

Suppose a child were starving in the streets—what then? Why a penny would buy him bread enough to recruit his dying energies. Depend upon it, a cent, properly disposed, may, at certain times, do more good than a million at others.

A friend of ours was returning thro' a busy thoroughfare to her home. Her intention was not to purchase anything, and she happened to have in her purse but one cent. Passing by a little stand, she saw some very large, rich looking oranges for sale at a penny a piece. She spoke for one, took the cent from her pocket, when suddenly a thought arrested her, she could not help it, but involuntarily stayed her hand; it was this; I have just left a luxurious table; I have had all I wanted; how foolish in me to spend this cent, when I may come across some poor beggar child to whom it may be a treasure!" She replaced the cent, and went on her way.

A long distance was before her, but as she came to the head of a small, narrow alley, she paused for a moment; something seemed to draw her irresistibly towards the place; she knew a poor widow who lived there, a lady like woman, who supported her children by her own industry, and she thought she might just look in upon her for a moment to ascertain if she was comfortable.

The widow was sitting by a small fire, her five children ranged around the hearth as she entered; the former made her welcome, but in subdued tones; and our friend saw she had been weeping. With great delicacy she inquired the cause.

"To tell you the truth Mrs. M.," said the widow, while her cheek crimsoned, "I have to-day spent the last farthing for bread for these children, and though I have work, yet my money was advanced, and I cannot get more till it is finished to-morrow. My eldest boy came running home a few moments ago from the upper part of the city, saying that a letter was in the penny's postman's box, with my name upon it, and the postmark of my native town. It may be of the greatest importance; but I am a stranger in this neighborhood; I don't like to expose my poverty by borrowing, yet I have not one cent."

"And I am sorry to tell you that one penny is all I have at present," said our friend, "but that will enable you to get what you wish, and I hope you will find good news in it." The letter was sent for. It was written by her father's sister, a good and a pious woman and a dependent. She begged her to come to her early home, from which her father had long ago expelled her, for marrying a poor man; the old gentleman was dangerously ill, might die any moment, he had spoken of her, he seemed to feel kindly towards her; and if she could hasten there, his forgiveness might be obtained, and she and her five children made comfortable.

There was no time to be lost; on foot and alone the widow set out, traveling secure in her poverty sixty weary miles.

By midnight, her feet for the first time in twelve years pressed upon the threshold of her father's princely mansion. The good aunt met her with tears. Tired and travel-worn as she was, she yearned to behold her old father before he died; she hurried to his chamber, glided to his bedside and without speaking fell upon her knees, beseeching only his forgiveness, his blessing. How could the demon of vindictiveness longer rule in that dying man's heart? He looked upon the hollow, grief-worn cheek of his only surviving child, and forgot the past; he held forth his feeble arms, and she fell upon his bosom.

The old father died with the dawn, but before he had affixed a codicil to his will, making his child and her children heirs to most of his large estate; and to-day the poor shirt sewer, who was stitching herself into the grave, lives beloved and respected by rich and poor; her children, well educated, promise to become blessings and honors to her. Upon her mantle in the best room is a gilded and transparent vase, containing one cent; and she often reminds her friends, that through the instrumentality of so trifling a sum, she became enabled to do all the good for which hundreds of hearts bless her daily.

So you see, reader, that a penny is sometimes of great value.—*Olive Branch.*

Peas and Pea-Hay.

As to a choice of varieties, we think it depends very much on the object for which they are grown. If the object is to feed negroes, we prefer either what is called the Crowder, the most prolific of all kinds and mild to the taste, or the white pea, of medium size, with a black eye, which is also a good bearer, and quite mild when cooked.

For cows, if the pea is to be gathered, we again prefer first, the Crowder, and next the large, pale-yellow, called the Cow-pea, from its excellent qualities for milk cows. But if the pea is to be left on the ground for stock of all descriptions, especially when they are to be exposed for any considerable time to the weather, we decidedly prefer the first, the black, and next the red, or "Troy." It is said that the black pea will not injure stock of any kind, and if the deliterious effects are as some suppose owing to a chemical change they undergo in sprouting, or to the decomposed state in which they are when taken in the stomach, we believe they would be less apt to produce bad effects than any other variety. As from their peculiar quality they will lie in the ground throughout the winter, without imbibing the least particle of moisture, apparently. For the table, we use only what is called by some the lady, by others the gentleman pea; very small in size and white. If the object is vine, either for the improvement of the land or for hay, we are not aware that there is much difference, provided they are planted at distances according to the size of the pea. The larger varieties will yield more vine than the small, but the vine is usually coarse and more difficult to cure. The quantity of vine, however, depends much on the time of planting. Early planting, the seasons being equal, will usually produce more peas—the late more vine.

TIME OF PLANTING, &c.—This should be done at the first or second working of the corn, and in the centre of the space between the hills, and on the ridge. Peas never should be planted in the hill with the corn. We have seen much injury done the corn by this mode of planting. Nor do we like planting between the drills (in alternate rows with the corn), because in plowing, the finishing furrow is left open too near the corn. In other words the bed on which the corn stands is left too narrow. Light sandy lands may be safely planted much earlier than such as are stiff and cold. If the object is the improvement of the land, they should be planted alone. Nor should they be planted with corn, if the object is to obtain the greatest amount of corn the land is capable of yielding, for we are fully persuaded that even under the most favorable circumstances of late planting, and not in the hill with the corn, they do it much more injury than most persons suppose.

GATHERING AND CURING THE VINES.—The ripening of the first pods indicates the proper time for cutting the vines. If cut earlier the yield is less; if cut at a later period, the vine becomes woody and less nutritious, besides producing sometimes fatal effects on horses by lodging in the intestines. In this vicinity a farmer, a few years since, lost two fine horses from feeding on tough pea vine without cutting them up.—On a post mortem examination he found pieces of partially masticated vine a foot long hanging in the folds of the intestines. These, from irritation produced inflammation, mortification and death. The pea vine should never be pulled up. It is unpleasant enough to be under the necessity of robbing the land of its ameliorating effects even by cutting off—much worse to pull and deprive it not only of the vine but of the root also. Our practice is, with sharp hooks to strike off the vine at or near the surface of the ground, without disturbing it otherwise, and there to let it lie one or two days according to the weather, then take up, pile, and as we never gather very much, because we do not like to impoverish the land, haul directly to the barn, or other shelters, under which it is secured in an open state, until cured enough to pack away. We cannot agree with our friends of the Conversational Club in their preferences of the pole over the rail pen mode of curing. If, as Mr. A. says, it is the most "economical," it is in our opinion economy only of labor. It is more convenient and more easily accomplished no doubt—but there the economy ends. The article thus cured may, as some say of badly made hay, "spend better," but that is saying but little in its favor. If the weather is favorable, and the stack removed early to the barn, the food secured in this way is usually good—but under other circumstances, it is anything else. A stack of pea vine made over so well, unless capped by a better material for turning water than itself, offers but little resistance to the beating rains, and after being exposed, has more the appearance of a stack of charred sticks than of well cured hay. Nor do we think that some, we have seen, would be regarded by a horse or cow as a "perfect nose-gay." The making of rail pens is attended with more labor and inconvenience at the time, especially in large fields, but when once made and properly filled (putting in a few rails every two or three feet) it will contain as much as fifteen or twenty-six feet stacks, and after being covered with either straw or boards, all is secured till it may suit the farmer's convenience to remove it. Cut the vines after the dew is off, and in this way they may be put up on the same day, and on opening will be found as bright and sweet as the best made Northern hay.

CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO AND TEA IN BRITAIN.—During the year 1851, it appears that there has been a large increase in tobacco and tea, in consequence of the Great Exhibition and the influx of foreigners. In 1851, in the nine months ending Oct. 19th the total quantity of unmanufactured tobacco entered for home consumption was 20,836,522 lbs. and during the corresponding period of the year, it amounted to 20,909,522 lbs. an increase of 73,000 lbs. The quantity of manufactured tobacco and snuff during the same periods were respectively 154,066 lbs. and 166,311 lbs. being an increase of 12,245 lbs. in the nine months. In the consumption of tea there was also great increase. In the nine months of last year the consumption was 39,403,195 lbs. and in this year, 41,200,725 lbs. being an increase of 1,797,530 lbs. in the nine months. What would Sir Walter Raleigh and King James I. With his anti-tobacco blasts; what would Jonas Hanway and Samuel Johnson say to these statistics? It is satisfactory to add, that the consumption of spirits during the same period was less than in the nine months of the previous year by 72,849 gallons.

THE ABUSE OF WEALTH.—"The abuse of wealth consists in allowing it to minister to the animal appetites chiefly, or in expending it to gratify some one or more of the sentiments to the exclusion of the others—and not appropriating it to the harmonious gratification of all the sentiments proper to humanity. The abuse first mentioned is a moral offence, and may so endanger society as to require legal prevention; while the latter abuse can scarcely be evidence of such moral turpitude, as the laws of man ought to recognize. The laws may prevent the ministration of wealth to low animal indulgence, but they may not restrain exclusive benevolence, nor overwhelming pride, nor foolish vanity. A man may bestow his wealth on an unworthy charity, and we can only regard it as a weakness; or he may impoverish himself by dress and vain display, and we cannot complain of him to the police."

so; but we cannot safely allow him to be a knave, whether Nature made him such or not.

"Wealth, then, is to be regarded as a means, and not as an end; and unless it constantly subserve the sentiments, and is used to exalt the moral nature of man, it hath little utility or dignity, and is to be regarded as a useless heap, gathered together under the impulse of an animal instinct, and retained only to gratify a blind propensity. To pursue it from the mere love of possession, is to allow an animal feeling to control the man, and gives to a mere propensity the sovereignty of the mind. This subjugation of the intellectual powers of a noble being to the service of an animal insect, sometimes occurs in He has a right to be a fool, if nature made him society; and the miser's wealth is so blindly grasped, that it scarcely satisfies the pressing wants of his animal nature. His intellect merely guides him in the mode of its acquisition—it is not exercised to discover the utility of wealth. He has it, and yet the man possesseth it not—but only the animal. Wealth is acquired by means of the intellect acting under the impulse of an animal instinct; it is enjoyed only through its ministration to the wants of man's superior sentiments.—An intelligent animal may acquire, but a natural being can only enjoy, wealth.—*E. P. Hulbut.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE HEAVENS.—How beautiful it is to contemplate the heavens! They are "stretched out as a curtain to dwell in." Not only as far as the human eye can see, but beyond the remotest boundary which the highest telescopic power can reach, does the ethereal firmament extend! We can find no limit, no boundary. Millions of miles may be traversed from any given point or space, and still the heavens appear illimitable. Infinity is stamped upon them. And with that gorgeous splendor and magnificence is that curtain adorned! In every direction it is studied with worlds, suns and systems, all harmoniously moving in perfect and undeviating obedience to the Almighty will. The soul in such a contemplation is absorbed. Earth ceases to hold us with its silver chain. The mind set free from grovelling pursuits, mounts up, as on the wings of an eagle, and soars away through immensity of space, surveying and admiring the innumerable revolving orbs, which, like so many "crowns of glory" and "shadems of beauty," bespangle the firmament "whose antiquity is of ancient days," and which so powerfully attests that "the hand that made them is divine!"

The immense distance of the fixed stars claims our attention, and awakens the most enrapturing feeling in the mind. Reason is compelled to give the reins to imagination, which tells us there are stars so distant that their light has been shining since the creation, and yet amazingly rapid as light travels, no ray from them has yet reached us!

"The heavens truly declare the glory of God," and, in beholding such a display of glory and beauty, we are deeply impressed with its manifestation of the power of the Creator, who sustains, upholds, and preserves such myriads of ponderous revolving bodies, each in its orbit, moving in unerring obedience to His will.

GEOGRAPHY.

Teacher—Class in geography come forward.

What is geography?
First Pupil—Geography is a description of the sun, moon, and stars.

T.—You can take your seat, and stay in after school's out.

T.—Jonah Spriggins, what is geography?
2d P.—A description of the United States and Mexico.

T.—How is the United States bounded?
P.—Bounded on the North by the North Pole, on the East by Europe, Asia, and Africa, on the South it is not bounded at all, and on the West by all Creation.

T.—That's a good boy, you shall be elevated.

—What is the most remarkable productions?
3d P.—Live Yankoes, punkins and tobacco.

T.—What is said of the inhabitants?
4th P.—Tis said they're licking the Mexicans.

T.—Where is Mexico?
P.—Down by General Taylor.

T.—How is it bounded?
P.—On the North by the American army, on the East by the yellow fever and Com. Conner, on the South by earthquakes and burning mountains, on the West by Com. Stockton.

T.—What is the chief productions?
5th P.—Revolutions and changes of Government.

T.—What is the government?
P.—Lunar—it changes monthly.

T.—What is the inhabitants remarkable for?
6th P.—Locomotion.

T.—You can dodge.

A Solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her.

"Indeed, Sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill for it is sharp enough already."

HOUSE TO LET.—"This tenement to let, enquire next door." The place was in a wretched state of dilapidation; but Banister enquired the rent, &c. These particulars gained he asked:

"Do you let anything with it?"

"No," was the reply, "why do you ask that?"

"Because, if you let it alone; it will tumble down."

A Western editor says that a child was run over in the streets by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed, with pantalets on, which never spoke afterwards.

WELLERISMS.—I speak "within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailor.

"I'm blowed if I do," as the trumpet said when it was asked to give a tune.