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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY

THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months. THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed six months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion. The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

THE Subscriber has just received a new supply of **Fresh Winter and Spring Garden Seeds.** As we had all our Seeds before selling them, the public may purchase from us with confidence. We sell nothing that we do not feel assured will grow if the necessary cautions are used. Our supply consists in part of:
BEANS—English Windsor, Early Mohawk, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Large White Kidney, Refugee or 1000 to 1, Red French Speckled, Dutch Case Knife, White Dutch Runner, Large Lima.
BEETS—Early Blood Turnip, Long Blood, white Sugar.
CABBAGES—Early York, Large York, Sugar Leaf, Mar, Early Drumhead, Large late Drumhead, Savoy, Early Dutch, Green Globe Saver, True Green Glazed.
CARROTS—Early Horn, Long Orange.
CUCUMBERS—Long Green, Early Frame, Gherkin.
LETTUCE—White Cabbage, Silesia, Curled Ice head.
ONIONS—White Portugal, Large Red, Yellow Dutch.
PEAS—Early Warwick, Early June, Early Charlton, Early Double Blossom, Codo Nulli, Dwarf Marrow-fat, Large White Marrow-fat.
RADISH—Long Scarlet, Scarlet Turnip, Black Fall.
SQUASH—Yellow Bush, White Bush, Summer Crook-neck.
TURNIPS—Large White Flat, Early Spring, Early Dutch, Yellow English, Red Top, Flat, Ruta Baga.
CORN—Sweet Sugar, Six Weeks, Tuscarora, with Okra, Purple Brocoli, Cauliflower, Celery, Egg Plant, Kale, Nutmeg, Melon, Parsley, Parsnip, Peppers, Tomatoes, Rhubarb, Spinage, Vegetable Orister. Also, a large variety of **Choice Flower Seeds.**
500 Asparagus Roots. For sale by
FRANCIS L. ZEMP.
Jan. 2. 3

SADDLE & HARNESS MAKING.

THE undersigned continues his business at the old stand, returns his thanks for past favors and hopes for a continuance of patronage. All work in his line will be done with punctuality, and where the cash is paid, at the time of delivery, a discount of ten per cent will be made.
Jan 6. [2-ly] F. J. OAKS.

Teacher Wanted.

A LADY is wanted to teach in a private family, about ten miles from Camden. One who understands Music, would be preferred.
Address the subscriber at Camden, S. C.
Jan. 30—tf BENJAMIN COOK.
Charleston Mercury, copy tri-weekly for two weeks, and forward bill.

NEGRO SHOES AT COST.

THE subscribers will sell the remainder of their stock of NEGRO SHOES, at Cost, for Cash.
January 27. WORKMAN & BOONE.

Robinson's Patent Barley.

AN excellent, nourishing article of food, for Children and Invalids—too well known to "heads of families," to require a minute description. Has always been kept and sold at
Z. J. DELHAY'S.
Feb. 3—tf

BRICKS FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has on hand a large quantity of GOOD BRICK, which may be had on application.
January 23. J. F. SUTHERLAND.

Paints, Oils, &c.

THE Subscriber is now receiving his Spring Stock of White Lead, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Chrome Green and Yellow, Spanish and Van Dyke Brown, Venetian Red, Yellow Ochre, Widow Glass, &c., which will be disposed of as low as can be, consistently with uniformity of prices.
Z. J. DELHAY.
Feb. 3—tf

WANTED.

A Child's Nurse is wanted by a gentleman living about 10 miles from Camden, a girl from 10 to 14 years of age. Enquire at this office.
Feb. 10. 12 sw1m.

TEACHER WANTED.

A Teacher is wanted by a few Families in the country. For further particulars, address the subscriber at Flat Rock, Kershaw District, S. C. SEABORN JONES.
Feb. 10. 12 1mw.

In Equity—Lancaster District.

James R. Hunter, vs. Allen C. Blair, et al.—Petition to Account and apply Funds.
It is ordered that William McCorkle and Elizabeth his wife, defendants in above case, (made so by the order of the Court), do answer, plead or demur to the petition in above case, on or before the 12th day of May, 1852, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against them.
JAMES H. WITHERSPOON,
Com'r. Equity L. D.
Lancaster C. H. (S. C.) Feb. 5, 1852. 12—tf

Clear the Way.

IN order to make room for Spring Furnaces, I now offer the following WINTER GOODS at prices unquestionably low:
Ladies' Winter Dress Goods of every kind, from 12c. upwards
Beautiful Brocade Lustres, 25, 31 and 37, worth 50c.
6-4 English Merinos, all shades, only 50c
French Merinos, plain and figured, at N. York cost
Moussin DeLaines worth 37, for 13, 20 and 25c
Beautiful fast colored Calicoes, reduced to 10c.
First quality Branch Calico, now selling at 12c.
White and Red Flannel at a shade over cost
White and Grey Duffel Blankets at 75, 87c, and \$1
With a great variety of WINTER GOODS, at prices temptingly low. My object being to raise money for my Spring purchases, I will sell them off at any sacrifice of profits, rather than keep them over to next winter. Parties wishing bargains, will find this an excellent opportunity for converting their loose change into good, cheap and substantial Dry Goods.
Jan. 23. JAMES WILSON.

PATENT Meat Cutters and Sausage stuffers.

Also, a good assortment of Rocking and Sitting Chairs For sale by
E. W. BONNEY.

(ORIGINAL.) SMILES AND TEARS.

There is a close affinity,
'Twixt joy and sorrow;
That which causes Tears to-day,
Brings but Smiles to-morrow.

When the heart is low with care,
The phantom Hope is smiling;
When we have most cause for fear,
It wins us with beguiling.

Even in our dreamy sleep,
A fairy world is 'round us;
And ere with mimic cause we weep,
The enchantress, joy, has bound us.

When with reason's renewed reign,
The Smile at fairy dreamings;
Joy and sorrow come again,
And cheat us with their seemings.

Free are we from sleeping thrall,
Yet in our day dreams mingle;
All—and yet in fancy's hall,
Nor joy, nor sorrow's single.

Smiles and Tears win us in youth,
Bursting—overflowing;
Seems the young heart in its truth,
With fear and pleasure glowing.

Tears are in the old man's eyes,
Smiles his lips are wreathing—
Tears, for childhood's joys that flits,
Smiles, with blessings wreathing.

'Tis taught us in each humble flower,
That to the zephyr bends;
Or nurtured in sequestered bower,
To ease and luxury lends.

Bathed in the sunlight and bloom,
Two dewdrops on a fair rose rest;
Twin sisters springing from the tomb
Of sorrow—nursed on beauty's breast.

Hid in the lily's peaceful bell,
And shedding beams the pearl drops swell;
Like bursting tears, which, ere they fall,
Joy lights, and glist'ning, breaks the thrall.

Joys and sorrows are the bands
That link the threads of life,
Binding years, and filling them,
With thoughts of the future rife.

A STRANGER.

THE POOR STUDENT, OR THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

BY EDWARD CARROLL.

"Adel, who is that young man whom I saw by your side when first I came on deck? You well know that I object to your making the acquaintance of strangers, and I am surprised that you have not better remembered my wishes on this subject."

Thus spoke the noble Lord Alton to his lovely daughter, as they stood together on the deck of a large packet, in which they were proceeding from England to the new world.

Lady Adela hesitated for a moment ere she spoke, and dropping her eyes—eyes as blue and bright as the azure sky above them, she turned away her blushing face and answered timidly:

"I believe the gentleman's name is Ayres, and he is a student, who, having completed his studies in Germany, is now returning to the United States."

"A student! I could have sworn that from his pale face and threadbare coat; but who told you this?"

"He himself sir."
"He is a Yankee, no doubt?"
"He is sir."

"Mark me, Adela, how you made his acquaintance I do not seek to know, but it must cease immediately. Heaven knows where you get all your plebeian notions from, but I would never have believed that a child of mine would condescend to notice a poor student, and he a Yankee. Promise me, my daughter, that you will drop at once, this degrading acquaintance."

Ere she could reply, a wild cry rang through the ship, and caused the cheek even of the stern father to pale with fear.

"Fire! the ship's on fire!" shouted a dozen voices, and at that cry, which at sea strikes terror to the boldest heart, all was confusion. The hardy sailors rushed to and fro, mingled with the passengers, and for a few moments seemed like men distracted. But the loud clear voices of the officers seemed to inspire them with courage, all prepared with a will to assist in subduing the flames. The fire had originated in the hold, in which it was smouldering, threatening every moment to break forth with violence.—Holes were cut in the deck, and the seamen applied themselves hastily to pump in water. It was soon evident however, that the fire was gaining upon them, and a new source of terror presented itself.

The powder! yes, the powder! One hundred kegs of powder stored in the magazine, and only a board partition between it and the flames!

The crew half maddened with fear rushed to the boats, but were recalled by the Captain who urged them not to give up the ship till the last hope had fled. The hatches were removed from the magazine, and the volume of smoke that rolled upwards, told that the fire was penetrating towards the powder.

"Who will go down and hand up the kegs?" cried the Captain, but the boldest hearts in the crowd shrank from the proposal. A moment's pause and a young man stepped forward, and without a word, sprang down the ladder. The crew, animated by this example, crowded round the hatchway, and receiving the heavy kegs as he handed them up, threw them over the side. For sometime they labored in silence, but at last

a faint cheer from those who had counted, told that the number was nearly completed. The half uttered huzzas died on their pale lips a moment after, when several kegs, the wood of which was charred and smoking, were passed up in rapid succession. A moment more and the young man ascended from the hazardous labor, and half suffocated by the smoke, fell forward to the deck. He was raised, water given him and he revived. When he wiped the smut from his features, all recognized him as the young student Ayres.

Meanwhile the fire had been making fearful progress, and at last even the Captain was forced to admit that it was impossible to save the noble ship. The boats were lowered, and all crowded forward to obtain a place in them. They were filled in a moment, but still a number were on board the burning vessel. With frantic cries they implored to be taken off, but the boats were laden almost to the water's edge, and the sailors reluctantly obliged to push away without them.

"My daughter! oh, my daughter, save her!" cried Lord Alton in agony; "put back and save her!"

"I am sorry we cannot," replied the Captain; "but the weight of an additional person would swamp the boat."

The young student, who had been crowded on board the boat amid the others, now leaped forward and said eagerly—
"Captain, if our number was one less, would you attempt to save her?"

"Yes," replied the Captain in a tone of surprise.

"Back, then, and I will give her my place," cried the youth. "Save her, and give me at least the privilege of dying for her sake."

For a moment the sailors were motionless with surprise, but the next, a few strokes of their long oars placed them again under the bows of the burning ship. Seizing a rope the devoted student climbed on board, and after a short search found the object for whose sake he was about to make such a sacrifice. Pressing her to his breast, he bore her to the bows, and kissing her pale lips, lowered her carefully into her father's arms.

"Farewell," cried he mournfully, and the moment after, the boat was pulled rapidly away from the doomed vessel.

The sun, which was nearly set, sank behind a dense black bank of clouds, and the gentle breeze which had been blowing throughout the day, freshened into almost a gale. The wind swept the burning wreck before it, and those in the boats watched her as she gradually distanced them until the blazing light went out in darkness.

Night was on the broad expanse of waters, and when morning dawned, no trace of the gallant bark which had yesterday upheld them was visible to the occupants of the boats. But another sight greeted their eyes; a white speck was on the blue waters near the horizon; they knew it was a ship, and she seemed shaping her course directly for them. Their hopes were not unfounded, for in a few hours they were picked up by the vessel, which proved to be a New York trader homeward bound.

They reached their port in safety, and Lord Alton and his daughter determined to spend a long time in the new world, ere they again tempted the treacherous billows of the ocean. Lord Alton soon forgot his escape from the fire and waves, but the gentle Adela constantly sighed for the noble youth who had preserved her life at the sacrifice of his own.

A year had passed away, and Lord Alton and lady Adela were still in New York, but the check of the lovely girl was fading daily, and she was evidently suffering from secret grief. Her father, alarmed by her altered looks, made immediate preparations to return to England, hoping that her native air would recall the hue of health to her pallid features. He engaged passage in one of the best packets of the day, and when the hour appointed for sailing drew near, he rode down to the wharf, and carefully supporting his daughter from the carriage, led her towards the vessel. But suddenly, with a slight shriek she murmured, "it is he," and sunk fainting into her father's arms.

At the sound of her voice a young man with a haggard countenance and tattered clothing, sprang forward and bent over the insensible girl. It was William Ayres, but so changed that the eye of love alone could have recognized him.

Adela was conveyed back to their hotel, and the student accompanied her. She was soon recovered, and then the youth explained his presence in the land of the living.

His story was soon told; after remaining on board the burning vessel as long as possible, he had lashed himself to a spar, and trusted to the mercy of the waves; he had floated four days beneath a scorching sun, and on the fifth was discovered, and picked up by an outward bound Indianan. He returned on the first opportunity, but sickness prostrated him, and he had just landed from a merchantman when Lady Adela recognized him.

Need we finish the story? The imagination of the reader could do it for us. Let it be sufficient that after proving to the satisfaction of Lord Alton that he had descended from the ancient family of the Earldom of Ayre in Scotland, the poor student was presented with the hand of the beautiful Lady Adela, and never in after life did he regret the lover's sacrifice.

THE PROPOSAL.
A worthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue stocking school;
"Excuse me, good Sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool!"
"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair;
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question."

The Domestic Young Man.

FELIX is a young gentleman who lives at home with his mother. He wears India-rubber goshes when the weather is at all damp, and always has a silk handkerchief neatly folded up in the right-hand pocket of his great-coat, to tie over his mouth when he goes home at night; moreover, being rather near-sighted, he carries spectacles for particular occasions, and has a weakish, tremulous voice, of which he makes great use, for he talks as much as any old lady breathing.

The two chief subjects of Felix's discourse are himself and his mother, both of whom would appear to be very wonderful and interesting persons. As Felix and his mother are seldom apart in body, so Felix and his mother are scarcely ever separate in spirit. If you ask Felix how he finds himself to-day, he prefaces his reply with a long and minute bulletin of his mother's state of health; and the good lady, in her turn, edifies her acquaintance with a circumstantial and alarming account, how he sneezed four times and coughed once, after being out in the rain the other night; but, having his feet promptly put into hot water, and his head into a flannel something, which we will not describe more particularly than by this delicate allusion, was happily brought round by the next morning, and enabled to go to business as usual.

Our friend is not a very adventurous, or hot-headed person; but he has passed through many dangers, as his mother can testify. There is one great story in particular, concerning a hackney-coachman, who wanted to over-charge him one night for bringing them home from the play, upon which Felix gave the aforesaid coachman a look which his mother thought would have crushed him to the earth, but which did not crush him quite, for he continued to demand another sixpence, notwithstanding that Felix took out his pocket book, and with the aid of a flat-candle, pointed out the fare in print, which the coachman obstinately disregarding, he shut the street-door with a slam which makes his mother shudder to think of; and then, roused to the most appalling pitch of passion, by the coachman knocking a double knock to show that he was by no means convinced, he broke with uncontrollable force from his parent and the servant-girl, and running into the street without his hat, actually shook his fist at the coachman, and came back again, "with a face as white," Mrs. Nixon says, looking about her for a smile, "as that ceiling." She never will forget his fury that night—never!

To this account Felix listens with a solemn face, occasionally looking at you to see how it affects you; and when his mother has made an end of it, adds, that he looked at every coachman he met for three weeks afterwards, in hopes that he might see the scoundrel—whereupon Mrs. Nixon, with an exclamation of terror, requests to know what he would have done to him if he had seen him; at which, Felix smiling darkly and clenching his right fist, she exclaims, "Goodness gracious!" with a distracted air, and insists upon extorting a promise that he never will, on any account, do anything so rash, which her dutiful son—it being something more than three years since the offence was committed—reluctantly concedes; and his mother, shaking her head prophetically, fears, with a sigh, that his spirit will lead him into something violent yet. The discourse then, by an easy transition, turns upon the spirit which glows within the bosom of Felix; upon which point Felix himself becomes eloquent, relates a thrilling anecdote of the time when he used to sit up till two o'clock in the morning reading French, and how his mother used to say, "Felix, you will make yourself ill, I know you will," and how he used to say, "Mother, I don't care—I will do it," and how, at last, his mother privately procured a doctor to come and see him, who declared, the moment he felt his pulse, that if he had gone on reading one night more—only one night more—he must have put a blister on each temple, and another between his shoulders.

Mrs. Nixon has a tolerably extensive circle of female acquaintance, being a good-humored talkative, bustling little body; and to the unmarried girls among them, she is constantly vaunting the virtues of her son, hinting that she will be a very happy person who wins him, but that they must mind their p's and q's for he is very particular, and terrible severe upon young ladies. At this last caution, the young ladies resident in the same row, who happen to be spending the evening there, put their pocket-handkerchiefs before their mouths, and are troubled with a short cough; just then Felix knocks at the door, and his mother, drawing the tea-table nearer the fire, calls out to him, as he takes off his boots in the back parlor, that he needn't mind coming in in his slippers, for there are only the two Miss Greys and Miss Thomson, and she is quite sure they will excuse him, and nodding to the two Miss Greys she adds in a whisper, that Julia Thomson is a great favorite with Felix, at which intelligence the short cough comes again, and Miss Thomson, in particular, is greatly troubled with it, till Felix coming in, very faint for want of his tea, changes the subject of discourse, and enables her to laugh out boldly, and tell Amelia Grey not to be so foolish. Here they all three laugh, and Mrs. Nixon says they are giddy girls; in which stage of the proceedings, Felix, who has by this time refreshed himself with the grateful herb that "cheers, but not incites," removes his cup from his countenance, and says, with a knowing smile, that all girls are; whereas his admiring mamma pats him on the back, and tells him not to be sly, which calls forth a general laugh from the young ladies, and another smile from Felix, who, thinking he looks very sly indeed, is perfectly satisfied.

Tea being over, the young ladies resume their work, and Felix insists upon holding a skein of silk while Miss Thomson winds it on a card. This process having been performed to the satisfaction of all parties, he brings down his flute in compliance with a request from the youngest Miss Grey, and plays divers tunes out of a very small music book till supper time, when he is

very facetious and talkative, indeed. Finally, after half a tumbler full of warm sherry and water, he gallantly puts on his goshes over his slippers, and telling Miss Thompson's servant to run on first and get the door open, escorts that young lady to her house, five doors off; the Miss Greys, who live in the next house but one, stop to peep with merry faces from their own door till he comes back again, when they call out, "Very well Mr. Felix," and trip into the passage, with a laugh more musical than any flute that was ever played.

Felix is rather prim in his appearance, and, perhaps, a little priggish about his books and flute, and so forth, which have all their peculiar corners of peculiar shelves in his bed room; indeed, all his female acquaintance—and they are good judges—have, long ago, set him down as a thorough old bachelor. He is a favorite with them, however, in a certain way as an honest, inoffensive, kind hearted creature; and as his peculiarities harm nobody, not even himself, we are induced to hope that many who are not acquainted with him, will take our good word in his behalf, and be content to leave him to a long continuance of his harmless existence.

Thoughts for Farmers.

Under this head the Rome Courier makes the following very sensible and timely suggestions to the planters, which we beg to commend to their consideration:

"At or before this season of the year, it is usual for intelligent and successful farmers to lay out their plans and commence the preparation of their lands for a new crop of oats, corn, cotton, &c. In this region of country the last two years, with here and there an exception, have been highly unpropitious to the growth of average crops, particularly of the two former, and had not an abundant wheat harvest come to our relief, the country would have had a foretaste of a temporary famine. As it is, it will require the exercise of the most rigid economy upon the part of all concerned for the next six months, to enable the provision crop of last year to hold out until the new one is laid by or gathered.

"We will venture the assertion, that within the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitants,' there never was a more universal failure at the South of the oat crop, than the one witnessed last year, nor a more magnificent display of nubbins and small potatoes. Fortunately for themselves, if not for their owners, a goodly number of neat cattle took a near cut out of trouble by surfeiting themselves upon blasted or smut-corn in the fall, and thus escaped the more tardy and mortifying process of gradual starvation. Enough, however, survive, and barnless and fodderless, wander forth, seeking something to devour, to excite our commiseration and elicit our charities; and we would suggest to the worthy officers and members of the different Agricultural Association in Georgia, that fairs be held during the present year for their especial benefit.

"But our primary object in penning this article is, to urge upon our agricultural friends the propriety of planting less cotton, and more of every thing which conduces to the sustenance of man and beast. The true and only safe policy of the farmer or planter steadily to pursue is, to plant for an abundant supply of the necessities of life first and foremost, and then if he has surplus lands and labor, devote them to the culture of cotton. Were the whole South thus to reverse the order of things, and make the provision crop the primary one, and the cotton crop the secondary one, we should at once see a more prosperous and encouraging state of things. The price of the great staple, without the artificial stimulants of cotton conventions would naturally and steadily appreciate, and the whole country become more independent and prosperous. We say then to our agricultural friends, in preparing your ground for another crop, don't forget the crib, the granary, the potato bank, and the smoke house.—We can live without cotton; bread and meat we must have.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Plow Deep and Plant Shallow.

Mr. Editor: In looking about me this year, I have noticed a great number of farmers in this part of the country breaking up their lands about ten inches deep, and planting their corn nearly as deep—as is the old adage with us, "Plow deep and plant deep—but plant deep any how." Now, sir, do you not know that this is a mistake? If you don't, I know that it is a broad mistake as was ever made by intelligent farmers, because I have tried it and I know it by experience. My rule is to plow deep, and plant shallow, (contrary to the recommendation of several "Agricultural papers,") and I will give you my reason for so doing. I plow deep (subsoil from fifteen to twenty inches) so as to get as much clay on top as possible, which will through a chemical process, turn to soil; and to turn the soil under the clay, in which I intend for the roots of the corn to grow. I have the rows in which I intend planting run off about four inches deep; by this means I secure the richest soil for my corn to take root in; and by plowing deep and planting shallow, I have a deep loose soil, and will always secure a moisture to the roots of corn. The question might be asked, why is it that he don't plant his corn deep? It is this: suppose I break my land fifteen inches deep and plant my corn twelve? I would only have three inches of loose dirt for my corn to grow in, and more than probable that would be clay, while the roots of corn would have little or no advantage from the soil, it must be to all, that will look at the reason of the case, very evident that their doubts about this (if they question it all) to try the experiment next year, and inform you of the result. Wishing you great success in your paper, I remain,
TARRU.

Why is the sun like a loaf of bread? Because it is light when it rises.
Why is a young widow like a poet's coat? Because she wants to be repaired.