

# CAMDEN GAZETTE

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THE PUBLIC WILL OUR GUIDE—THE PUBLIC GOOD OUR END.

### Miscellaneous.

FOR THE CAMDEN GAZETTE.  
SKETCH No. III.  
THE GRAVE-YARD.

"E'en from the tomb, the voice of nature  
cries,  
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

It is pleasing to wander over those places, which are consecrated by interesting association, and are, therefore, fruitful in reflections. The patriot will ever delight to frequent the scenes where Liberty successfully withstood the encroachments of tyrannic power; the orator will ever linger with fondness, around the spot where he often saw admiring crowds listening to the fascinations of his eloquence; and the scholar will tread with deep emotions the walks where in earlier life, his mind became expanded by science and his heart opened to all the endearments of friendship. But to me there is no spot so sacred, no scene so interesting as the grave-yard. There men are reduced to their original equality. The artificial distinctions of society are there unknown, for the flower of Spring blooms with as much beauty and sweetness on the turf of the peasant, as on that of the imperious lord. There the most dissolute mind is chastened, and the wildest and most disordered thoughts are concentrated. I love to read the various inscriptions on the grave-stones, for though they are often quaint, they are the mementoes of affection. They are adapted to the taste of those, who selected them; and the homely verse speaks with as much emphasis, as the more chaste and elegant effusion of poetry. While wandering among the habitations of the departed, we reflect on the chequered history of man, and are taught what we are. We reflect how Genius, which might have shed bright gleams of glory on the world, often goes down to the grave.

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung,"  
how beauty and merit often prematurely escape from earth and leave many a feeling heart to know how dreadful is the pang, that rends asunder the ties of affection. It was during one of my twilight rambles in the grave-yard, that I witnessed a scene, which would penetrate the heart of a misanthrope and convince him, that truth and constancy have a residence in the human breast. A female entered the enclosure leading an infant child. She walked with a melancholy step towards a grave, over which she religiously stopped. She appeared, like Truth weeping over departed excellence. That grave was the grave of her husband, and when her child made an allusion to its deceased father, she burst into tears, clasped it to her bosom, and hastily retired from the scene. She was the widow of a young officer, who gallantly fell during the last struggle with Great-Britain; and the child she led was the sacred pledge and only offspring of their love. I felt, at that moment, that I would willingly have exchanged life with all its hopes, for the grave of that youth, for if there can be any thing capable of giving happiness to the mind, it must be the reflection, that when life is fled, affection will come and weep over our graves. An incident of this kind must give rise to many reflections. I reflected on the sufferings of mankind in war, and the sympathies we feel for them. Revolution and war, must necessarily be productive of much

individual suffering, and our attention must be called off from their important results, to witness the struggles of the heart and affections. The calculating politician may look with frigid indifference on the distress occasioned by the consummation his plans, but men in general will turn from exulting at glorious achievement, and shed the tear of sympathy over the sufferings of the individual. They may feel all the pride of patriotism, all the fervor of military enthusiasm, when they hear the shoutings of victory; but their hearts will melt within them, when they hear the death-march at the grave of the youthful hero, and see its turf bedewed by the tears of a parent, a sister or a lover. It is when the poet describes scenes like this, that he teaches us how tender are our sensibilities, that he opens all the avenues to the feelings, and the fountains of our tears. Yet strange to tell, no one has come forward to detail the sufferings of those, who saw their friends falling around the altar of their country's liberty and glory. They see their countrymen dwelling proudly on their political aggrandizement, and exulting in the majesty of their country, but do they see any one coming to listen to the tale of their sorrows?

#### MARCUS.

In the sketch of MARCUS, there were two or three typographical errors, but they were so obvious, that they could not escape the observation of the reader.—Editor.

#### HERMIT IN LONDON.

The Nos. of the "Hermit in London" are distinguished for an admirable neatness, and pungency of satire.—But it is not in satire alone that this writer is at home; he abounds in descriptions the most natural, and in sentiments the most noble and elevated. The following beautiful apostrophe to Maternity, is extracted from the 24th number.—*Cata. Rec.*

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expending rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchedness—the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight—but the charm of Maternity is more sublime than these. Heaven has imprinted on the mother's face something beyond this world, something beyond the world, something which claims kindred with the skies—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to axalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description become ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture—it lives in his sympathies—it reigns in his affections—his eyes look round in vain for such another object on the earth.

Maternity! extatic sound; so twined around our heart, that it must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can ap-

proach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that "of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or view the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling; is to be avoided in every intercourse in life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert—though a lone being, far be such feelings from

#### The Hermit in London.

From the New-York Evening Post.  
SKETCH BOOK.—No. 5.

We have read this number with no less pleasure than the former ones, and are glad to learn that its popularity continues to increase every where. In England we are glad to hear that No. 1. has already gone through one edition, and a second is called for.—In the present number we find the description of the choir of a country church, and their performances painted so much to the life and colored with such exquisite humor, that we ask no apology for presenting it entire to our readers. It is exceeded by nothing Smollet ever wrote.

"The orchestra was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical grouping of heads, piled one above the other, among which I particularly noticed the village taylor, a pale fellow with a protruding forehead and chin, who played on the clarionet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point; and there was another, a short stout man, stooping and laboring at a base viol, so as to shew nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich.

The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instruments, and some loitering idler now and then making up for lost time, by travelling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more space than the keenest fox hunter, to be in at the death. But the great trial was an anthem that had been prepared and arranged by master Simon [the chorister] and on which he had founded great expectations.—Unluckily, there was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became hurried; master Simon was in a fever; every thing went on lamely until they came to a chorus beginning "Now let us sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting company: all became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself, as well, or, rather, as soon as he could, excepting the old chorister in a pair of horn spectacles, bestriding and pinching a long sonorous nose, who, happening to stand a little apart, and being wrapped up in his own melody, kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, and ogling his book and winding all up by a nasal solo of at least three bars.

The parson gave us a most learned sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of observing it, not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but of rejoicing: supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the church, and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Cesaria, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and a cloud more of saints and fathers, from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point which no one

present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with."

Mr. Irving concludes this number in the following happy manner:

"But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause from this garrulity.—Methinks, I hear the question asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this—how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?"—Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? And if not, are there not thousands of abler pens laboring for its improvement? It is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct—to be the companion than the preceptor.—What, after all, is the mine of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge; or how am I sure that my sagacious inductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of wit, rub out one wrinkle of the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering flem of misanthropy, prompt one benevolent view of human nature and make my readers more in good humor with his fellow beings and himself, surely, I shall not then have written in vain."

#### THE HYPOCRITE.

A Picture Taken from Life.

BEWARE OF HYPOCRITES.

He who appears a saint, that he may with greater safety act as a devil, is, in my opinion, the worst of sinners. There is no excuse for him; he cannot even say with the generality of offenders, I erred through ignorance, for I knew not what I did.

I once knew a man who would frequently disburse considerable sums of money in building churches, and other public acts of charity, where fame might be acquired; and yet, if merit in distress privately sued to him for relief, he was always so necessitated, he had not wherewith to help them.

I knew another who starved his family, denied them common necessaries of life, and preached up mortification for the good of their souls; yet would he himself partake of every thing voluptuous at other men's cost.

His never ending harrangue was that of abusing mankind openly; lashing their vices, or follies in the most ill-natured, gross, foul-mouthed and ungenerous manner; yet would he fawn, flatter, and meanly sue for favours from those above him.

Here was ostentation, pride, self-esteem, luxury, avarice, imprudence deceit, and the highest degree of ill nature, all cloaked under the sanctified pretence of true piety.

From the Charleston Courier.

The following communication was made to the *Claremont Agricultural Society*, at their meeting at Stateburg, in October last, by their President, Colonel HUGER—and has been furnished us for publication.

#### On the Culture of Potatoes.

I have, during the week, ascertained the result of an experiment on *Sweet Potatoes*, which I beg leave to communicate to the Society.

If need not be stated, for the information of the members, that the Potatoe is propagated by laying the vines on banks of earth, and cover-

ing them with earth at intervals—not that another mode of propagating them (though I believe less frequently practiced) is to place the slips, or seed Potatoes, very close together, on a flat bed, and cover them lightly with rich mould. From these, sprouts soon shoot up, and when from four to six inches above ground, they are pulled off, and set out about ten inches apart, on beds prepared for the purpose. With a view to ascertain the relative product of these two modes of propagating this valuable root, two adjoining beds were planted in the two modes above mentioned, on the 1st day of July last. Fifteen yards of each bed have just been measured and compared. The Potatoes from the sprouts weighed 33 lbs.; those from the vines, 16 1-2 lbs. About three-fourths of those from the sprouts appeared to be good eating Potatoes, while not more than a tenth from the vines appeared large enough for eating. It must be noticed, however, that the sprouts afford a comparatively small number of slips for next year's seed, and that vines are better for that purpose; but as the Potatoe from the sprout is said to keep better than the root Potatoe, and does not, I think, require more than half the labour, no inconsiderable advantage may be derived from always cultivating some in this mode.

Another incidental advantage is, that as the sprouts can be procured for setting out whenever the season is favorable, a crop is almost always insured; and it is probably within the experience of every planter, that the crop from vines has failed, from the vines not being fit to put out when the season was favorable, or the season suitable when the vines were at command.

To make still more striking the difference of product from the two modes of cultivation, I selected from an acre and a quarter of ground the three best Potatoes produced by planting the vines, and from a quarter of an acre of ground planted in sprouts, two of the best yam Potatoes, and one of the best Spanish (though not as large as many of the yams,) and submit them to the examination of the Society. The three produced from the sprouts weighed 43 lbs.; the three from the vines, 3 1-2 lbs.

F. S. HUGER.

27th October, 1819.

#### POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

ANY person wishing to have an account at the Post-Office, must pay in advance. No Letters, or Papers, will be delivered on the Sabbath, after 9 o'clock in the morning.

P. Thorburn, P. M.

Camden, February 10, 1820.

#### Notice.

ALL persons having demands against the estate of MICHAEL ISAACS, late of Camden deceased; are directed to render them according to law to the Subscriber. And those who are indebted to him, to make immediate payment.

Judah Barrett,

Administrator Michael Isaacs, deceased.  
February 10, 200—2

#### Public Sale.

BY Permission of the Court of Ordinary for Kershaw District, will be sold, on Saturday the 19th inst. at 12 o'clock, before the store of Samuel Lopez, in Camden; a quantity of wearing apparel, a watch with chain, seal and key, two trunks and one table, belonging to the estate of MICHAEL ISAACS, deceased.

Conditions Cash.  
Judah Barrett,  
Administrator Michael Isaacs, deceased.  
February 10, 200—2