

# THE CAMDEN WEEKLY JOURNAL.

VOLUME 14

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1853.

NUMBER 47.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
THOMAS J. WARREN.

### TERMS.

Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one Square, (fourteen lines or less) seventy-five cents for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions, one dollar per square semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

### Miscellaneous.

#### First Spree of the Bricklayer's Son.

FROM "CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN."

SOME of the journeyman of the work-yard where I was first employed, kept the feast of *Saint Monday* most devoutly, and had often tried to make me do the same. I refused at first without much trouble. The recollections of the Barrier wine shops were not too inviting; but they attacked me by bantering me; they declared that I was afraid of being whipped by my mother; that I was not yet weaned, and that brandy would burn my throat. These jokes piqued me. I wished to prove that I was no longer a child, by acting badly as a man. On a day following that of payment, when I still had my fortnight's money they dragged me beyond the Barrier, and I stayed there until everything had passed out of my pocket into the till of the wine seller. Sunday and Monday were spent in this long debauch. I came back the evening of the second day, without a hat, covered with mud, and staggering along the walls of the faubourg. My mother did not know what had become of me, and thought I was hurt, or dead; she had looked for me at first at the Morgue, and then at the hospital. I found her with Maurice, who was trying to comfort her. At the sight of me her uneasiness vanished, but not her trouble. To the first delight of finding me again, followed the grief of seeing me in such a state. To lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so drunk that I could hardly hear, and I could not understand any thing. The tone of her voice alone showed me she was reproving me. Like most drunkards I was vain-glorious when intoxicated; and I considered myself for the time one of the kings of the earth. I replied by enjoining silence to the good woman, and declaring that I would henceforth live according to my own fancy, and no longer be tied to her apron-strings. My mother raised her voice; I exclaimed louder; and the quarrel was growing worse, when father Maurice parled the fray. He declared that this was not the time to talk, and made me go to bed without a word. I slept without moving until the next morning. When I opened my eyes very early, I recalled all that happened, and I felt a little shame, mixed with much perplexity. Self-love, however, hindered my repenting. Surely, I was master of the money gained by my industry. I might spend my time as I liked, nobody had a right to find fault with me; and I resolved to cut short all remarks. My mother alone made me uneasy. I got up softly, wishing to avoid her reproaches, and set off without seeing her. When I arrived at the work yard, I found the others already at work; but they did not seem to notice me. I began to rough-walk carelessly, and in a bad humor. The two days of debauch had taken the spirit for work out of me. Besides, I felt an inward shame which I hid beneath a bravado air. I listened to what the journeyman were saying, constantly fearing to hear some joke, or some vexatious remark at my expense. When the master came, I pretended not to see him, for fear he should ask me the reason of my absence the evening before. I had lost the good conscience which formerly could make me look the world in the face. I now felt that I had something in my life to hide. Those who had carried me off to the Barrier were not yet returned; the master noticed this. "It is a sort of weakness they have," said the wag of the work yard; "when they chance to work, they swallow so much mortar that they require at least three days of Argenteuil wine to rinse their throats." All the journeyman began to laugh; but it seemed to me that there was a sort of contempt in their laughter. I blushed involuntarily, as if the joke had been meant for me. All new as I was in irregularities, I still felt shame at them. The day passed thus sadly enough. The sort of uneasiness I felt all over my body, extended to my mind; I was tired inside and outside. Whilst I had been working, father Maurice had not said a word to me; but when it was time to go, he came to me, and said we would walk together. As he lodged at the other end of Paris, I asked him if he had any business in our quarter. "You will see," he replied, "shortly." I was going my usual road, but he made me take other streets, without telling me why, until we arrived before a house in the faubourg St. Martin. There he stopped. "Do you see in this building," said he, "the high chimney which rises near the gable end, and which I call *Jerome's Chimney*? It was there your father was killed!" I shuddered deeply, and looked at the fatal chimney with a sort of horror mixed with anger. "Ah! it is there," repeated I, in a trembling voice; "you were there were you not, father Maurice?" "I was." "And how did it happen?" "It was neither the fault of the building nor of the work," replied Maurice. "These scaffolding was well fixed—under the Barrier—his sight was confused—he no longer knew where to place his steps; he took empty space for a plank, and was killed without a plea for excuse." I felt the blood mount into my face, and my heart beat quicker. "Father Jerome was a valiant workman," continued Maurice, "if drunkenness had not ruined him. By long sitting at table at the wine-seller's he left there his strength, his skill and his mind. But, bah! one lives but once, as the saying is; but many then be allowed to amuse one's self before one's burial. If at some future time one's widow and orphans are cold and hungry, they may go to the poor house and blow their fingers. Is not this your opinion, tell me?"

And he began to sing a drinking song, then well known:

"Serve your time to a drinking trade;  
When you've learnt that, your fortune's made."

I was humbled and confused, and did not know what to reply. I knew well that Maurice did not speak seriously; but to approve, would have shamed me; to contradict him, was to condemn myself. I hung my head, without saying a word. In the mean time, he continued to look at the cursed gable end. "Poor Jerome!" continued Maurice, changing his voice as with emotion; "if he had not followed bad examples when he was young, we should have had him now with us—Madelaine would have had some one to direct you. But, no; now there remains nothing of him—not even a good memory; for we regret only the true workman. When the unhappy man was crushed there, on the stones, do you know what the foreman said?—'A drunkard the less!—take him away, and sweep this up!' I could not restrain a movement of indignation. 'Well! he was a hard fellow,' continued Maurice; 'he only valued men for what they were worth. If death had taken a good workman he would have said, 'It's a pity!' At bottom, every body thought as he did, and the proof is, that Jerome was followed to the grave by his friends only. Even those with whom he drank turned their backs upon him as soon as he was in the coffin; for, you see, scampers are companions, but never friends.' I listened all the while without a reply. We had begun again to walk; at the first cross-way Maurice stopped, and showing me the chimney, which far away rose above the roofs—'When you wish to begin again your yesterday's life,' said he, 'first look there, and the wine that you drink *will taste of blood*.' He departed, leaving me quite overwhelmed.

#### The Loss of a wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven,—she who is fused, so unweavably, to the precious ones around her,—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, and the stars hung glittering overhead. Pain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your hand may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have administered so unfeelingly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

There is no white arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of Love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O it is so sad."

There is so strange a hush in every room! no light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and strikes and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems to kneel only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gather upon her sweet face.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth too—of joys past, of sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—O, how often, that the grave cannot keep her.

#### Tobacco Users, Read, Learn and Inwardly Digest the following Facts.

A friend with whom we have been well acquainted from his boyhood, who was tolerably athletic and healthy in youth, but in middle life became feeble, and before he was fifty years old, was attacked by distressing and alarming fits—was very dyspeptic, and suffered more than tongue or pen can tell, from that nervous state of the system very appropriately denominated the "horror," constantly sinking lower and lower, until it might be truly said he was a torment to himself and all around him. From a very amiable, affectionate, kind-hearted man, he had become excessively irritable, cross-grained and troublesome, and a very serious trouble to his family. Of course the physician's aid was constantly invoked, but it was all of no avail, he gradually became more nervous, and less capable of self control. He was very poor, a mere shadow of his former self and the personification of despondency and mental suffering. At length although a thorough cold water man, he had fearful visitations of "snakes in his boots," an attack of delirium tremens. He was at this time about fifty-five years old. And here we will leave him as he was, and tell our readers what he is. We had not seen him for six or eight years, until he called upon us last week, but so changed that literally we could hardly believe it was the same individual—instead of the mere shadow, lantern-jawed shadow, we saw before us a healthy, robust and very cheerful, happy man. Instead of the skeleton of 110 or 115 pounds, we saw the smooth-faced, elderly gentleman, weighing from 140 to 150 pounds.—Instead of being barely able to drag himself about, he was able to perform the hardest labor.

And now our readers will ask, what has produced this wonderful and entire transformation? The answer is, he abjured tobacco after having used it for forty years. His physicians assured him that medicine was of no avail—that snakes would never leave him while they could find a pipe or tobacco-box in which they could always find shelter. This excited his ire at first, but he resolved to make the attempt. He did so—he resolved and there was still enough of manhood that had not been smoked or spit out left, to enable him to keep his resolution—to save him from anticipating the torments of another world, and snatch him from a premature grave.

Let the hundreds of thousands who are pursuing the suicidal course of our friend, reflect,

and while there is yet hope, like him cast away the filthy, loathsome and poisonous weed, that if they must die prematurely, let them resolve it shall not be by suicide, nor by such a nauseous, disgusting instrumentality as the use of tobacco. And we do deliberately assert, that with thousands of facts like the above, although perhaps not so striking, constantly before them, those who deliberately continue the use of this deadly narcotic, will be just as guilty of suicide as if they shortened their days by arsenic or poison hemlock.

From the Charleston Evening News.

#### Walker & James' Publishing House.

The marked ill success which has attended almost all experiments in publishing at the South has led many to suppose that an establishment such as that to which we are about to introduce our readers could not be sustained in Charleston. A visit to the new and spacious edifice recently erected for Messrs. Walker & James, corner of East Bay and Broad street, will show that we have among us gentlemen of sufficient enterprise and means to encounter the perils and supply the best advantages of publishing.

Messrs. Walker & James were the first to introduce steam printing in this city. The engine which they have now in use is the work of a Charleston mechanic, Mr. James McLeish. The building in which their extensive operations are carried on is owned by Edward Sebring, Esq., President of the State Bank, and is quite an architectural ornament to the neighborhood, creditable to the taste of the proprietor and his architects. Their arrangements are complete and comprehensive. A spacious steam furnace and boiler occupy a portion of the lower story. On the second floor is the steam engine, setting in motion book, job, and card presses, of various classes and sizes, on which every description of fine work is executed to any extent that may be called for. Ascending still higher, we reach the several apartments dedicated to newspaper and book printing, where some twenty compositors are laboriously employed. Here we find forms and proof sheets of the venerable "Southern Quarterly," the "Charleston Medical Journal," "Southern Baptist," and "Southern Episcopalian," awaiting the supervision of their respective editors and proof readers. Besides the periodical publications, the mechanical execution of which is unsurpassed by any of their contemporaries elsewhere in the Union, all the standard works of the Southern Baptist Publication Society are issued from this busy repository. Entering the press rooms, we find large editions of books, pamphlets and newspapers, emerging like magic, from the mammoth machines propelled by the mighty power of steam. From hence, the printed sheets are conveyed to a Hydrostatic Press of great power, where they are subjected to a heavy compression for several hours. The apartment for drying sheets is simply and conveniently arranged in the fifth story of the building. After getting up so high, the visitor, who may feel inclined to look down upon the busy world below, can enjoy a fine panoramic view of East Bay and Broad street, and also of the beautiful harbor of Charleston, and the neighboring islands, spread out before him like a map. Adjoining the compressing rooms is a large and complete Bindery, owned by Messrs. Welch and Harris, in which operatives of both sexes are employed—the stitching and folding being executed by females. Here various elegant specimens of the art are exhibited, affording satisfactory evidence that even in this most expensive department of book publishing, the means can be furnished for getting out a work complete, and bound in the best and most substantial style. We were politely accompanied in our examination of this interesting department of the publishing business by Mr. Harris, one of the proprietors, who pleasantly and satisfactorily explained the different processes of binding. The machines used are an embossing press, sewing machine and double action presses for pressing books,—all set in motion by steam. The process of stamping and gilding is very beautiful, and well worth the inspection of the curious and tasteful in such matters. There is no style of binding of any degree of finish and costliness which cannot be furnished by the aid of this machinery.

The whole building is copiously supplied with arrangements for procuring water and lights, by means of pipes and machinery, and thoroughly ventilated by a profusion of large windows on the street, aided by a superb skylight above, effectually excluding everything in the shape of "darkness visible" from the entire premises.

In noticing this admirably conducted establishment, it is but just to its public spirited proprietors, to say that it offers, in its manifold departments of labor as rare, facilities for book work as can be found in any similar house of its class and resources in the United States. Indeed there is nothing that we know of likely to be needed, in publishing a Southern book, which it cannot abundantly furnish. Mr. Joseph Walker, the senior partner, is the agent of the new paper manufactory near Graniteville, S. C., and from his warehouse, on East Bay, the printing office is kept abundantly supplied with paper of every description and quality. The printing is superintended in person by Mr. Robert James himself a practical printer, born and brought up to the trade, in this city, and qualified by the experience of years for the duties of his responsible post.

We would now say to our friends of the South and West, who have anything to do with making books or issuing circulars that they need no longer go North for cheaper or better work than they imagine can be procured below Mason & Dixon's line. Our printers here are able and willing to work with fidelity and despatch at barely remunerating prices, and it is only the greater demand for labor and wider circulation of books and newspapers at the North among a more decidedly reading people than we can boast, which places us in the background of our brethren there in the matter of cheap literature. The better sort of journeymen in our city would be ashamed to put their imprint upon such abominable specimens of book work as the shelves of our book stores are deluged with, in the closely printed clammy registered, and trashy pamphlet novels of the day. Authors disposed to give them a trial

will find Messrs Walker & James ready to extend to them liberal terms, or, if they happen to be overflowing with work, (as is frequently the case in the winter season) there are others on a less scale, but equally deserving, who are both skillful and prompt in business, and accommodating in disposition. We confidently invite you, gentlemen, to test the matter for your own consideration. II.

#### The Dardanelles.

The old gates of Janus were opened when Rome was at war, and their modern prototypes, the Dardanelles straits, are open only when a war makes treaty stipulations void, and the Porte deems it necessary to admit his allies through them to protect his capital. The accounts we now have are that they are now open for the passage of the English and French fleets.

The Dardanelles, from which the strait or Hellespont derives its name, are four strong castles built opposite each other on the European and Asiatic coasts, and are the keys of Constantinople. Two of these castles (the old castles) were raised by Mohammed II. soon after the capture of Constantinople, in 1453—the other two (the new castles) were built in the middle of the 17th century, to protect the Turks against the Venetians. The latter command the entrance to the Hellespont, and the distance apart is about two miles and a quarter. In four hours' sail up the strait are the old castles, which are about three quarters of a mile apart. These are well mounted with formidable batteries. All along the European shore to the Marmora the aspect of nature in its ruggedness corresponds with the frown of the guns; but the scenery on the Asiatic shore is beautiful. The region abounds too, in places famous in classic story. Here it was Leander paid his nightly visit to Hero; here the ill-fated hosts of Xerxes crossed on a bridge of boats; here Solyman crossed on a raft; and in modern times here Byron swam from Sestos to Abydos.

These famous straits have been more than once passed. In 1770 the Russian squadron under Elphinstone, appeared before the tower and castles, and the admiral actually went by without damage. But the other ships did not follow him, and he returned with drums and trumpets sounding. A British fleet under Admiral Duckworth forced their passage in 1807. Duckworth, in a despatch to his Government giving an account of this fact, acknowledges that he ran a narrow chance. He set sail on the morning of the 19th of February. At a quarter before nine the whole squadron, under a tremendous fire, had passed the outer castle; at half past nine the leading ship, the Canopus, entered the narrow passage of Sestos and Abydos under a heavy cannonade from both castles receiving stone-shot of 800 pounds weight.—Each ship as it passed had to endure this cannonade. The admiral remained at Constantinople until the 31 of March, when his squadron of ten ships returned. In this interval the Turks had been so busy that the castle were made "doubly formidable." The admiral weighed anchor in the morning of this day, and "every ship was in safety outside of the passage about noon." The Admiral in his despatch expresses his "most lively sense" of his good fortune, and admits that had the Turks been allowed a week longer "it would have been a very doubtful point whether a return would lay open to him at all." He lost 42 killed and 235 wounded. The Turks were so indignant at the escape of the British fleet that they believed the Governor of the Dardanelles was bribed by Duckworth, and beheaded him. The Dardanelles are said to be in such a formidable condition as to be impregnable.

Boston Post.

**SLEEP.**—Few of our readers, perhaps, are aware that the human body falls asleep by degrees. According to M. Cabanis, a French physiologist, "the muscles of the legs and arms lose their power before those which support the back, and he illustrates this by cases of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of sight sleeps first; then the sense of taste; next the sense of smell; next that of hearing; and lastly that of touch. He maintains also that the viscera fall asleep one after another, and sleep with different degrees of soundness.

**CONDUCT OF LADIES IN THE STREET.**—When three ladies are walking together, it is better for one to keep in advance of the other two, than for all three to persist in maintaining one unbroken line. They cannot all join in conversation without talking across each other—a thing that in-doors or out-of-doors is awkward, inconvenient, ungentle, and should always be avoided. Also, three ladies walking abreast occupy too much of the pavement, and therefore incommode the other passengers. Three young men sometimes lounge along the pavement arm in arm. Three young gentlemen never do so.—*Mrs. Leslie's Behavior Book.*

Whatever be a man's station in life, whether higher or lower, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster, if he will listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent and the refined among the other sex.

**FIRST AFTER ALL.**—An Irish gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving, finding the room empty. "So am I first after all."

The waiter informed him that he was mistaken; that his friends had been there, but were gone. "Very well," replied the Irishman, "then I have made no mistake; for as they were all here before me, surely I was right by saying I was first after all."

**A PERT REPLY.**—A young buck belonging to the independent drink or-let-it-alone-just-as-is-I-please-without-signing-the-pledge-society, *jumped the question* to a pretty girl a short time since, who brought a still deeper blush to his cheeks by replying that she had signed a pledge to neither drink nor traffic in ardent spirits, she did not feel at liberty to traffic herself off for a *loquacious* of brandy.

**GAS—A REVOLUTION IN KITCHENS AND PARLORS.**—The New York Mirror speaks quite confidently of the success of an invention patented by Mr. John Power of that city for the economical use of gas in warming houses and cooking victuals. It says:

The *modus operandi* is perfectly simple.—The common gas pipe is tapped at any point, an Indian rubber tube is attached by means of an ingenious coupling, composed in part of the same material, (for which Mr. Power has also a patent,) through which the gas is conducted to a small iron plate—not much larger than one's hand—that forms what may be called the stove. This plate is filled with perforations, containing asbestos, which concentrates and diffuses all the heat. The computation made by the inventor goes to show that a small office might be heated for the trifling sum of fifteen cents a day. Incredibly small as this appears, we confidently believe that it will cover the whole expense, though we have not demonstrated this by actual experiment. Admitting, however, that a much larger amount will come nearer the truth, the advantages of the invention are obvious. For lawyers' and similar offices, where it is desirable to avoid the dust, dirt and trouble of a coal fire, to say nothing of the expense of keeping an attendant, it is peculiarly adapted. A man can enter his office in the morning, turn on the gas, apply a match thereto, and the fire is instantly started, and by the time he gets comfortably settled down to his desk, the room is warmed. We shall soon be able to give our testimony as to the economy and utility of the heating part of the invention.

Of its complete success in cooking we can speak with a confidence founded upon careful observation and repeated experiments. We have eaten meats cooked by this new process, and can vouch for their fine flavor; as for the expense, we can speak with mathematical precision, having carefully computed the cost with Mr. Power and the President of the Brooklyn Gas Co. To cook 3 lbs of mutton chops takes just 10 minutes of time, and costs only 1/3 of a cent; to boil a kettle containing half a gallon of water, occupies exactly 12 minutes, and consumes less than a cubic foot of gas. To get up a breakfast of four dishes, say one for meats, a second for coffee, a third for potatoes, and a fourth for eggs, or whatever else you please, will cost only 3 cents, and can all be done within 15 minutes. If any of our readers are skeptical on this point they can easily satisfy their curiosity by a visit to Skinner & Power's Gas Works, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

The gas pipes are tapped, and the connection with the cooking apparatus made in the same way that we have described for heating. Fifty dishes can be cooked at the same time, if desired. A fine large turkey was roasted at the Astor House the other day by this process and such the prices of caterers, Messrs. Coleman & Stetson, pronounced this new mode of cooking the most complete and successful in its results that they had ever witnessed. The days of stoves and cooking ranges are numbered. The use of gas for food is a part of our domestic economy, and the kitchen will become an attractive place.

**ANOTHER VICTIM TO INTemperance.**—A few evenings since a stranger in our city was found drunk out in the streets and to protect him from danger of lying out exposed to the inclemency of the weather, he was placed in the Guard House. Upon visiting him the next morning he was found dead. A coroner's inquest was held over the body and the verdict returned "Died from the effects of drinking."—This has intemperance sent one more soul unprepared to meet its God, and thus have liquor vendors one more murder to answer for at the great day, when God will sit in judgment, to consider our actions whether good or evil.

Atlanta (Geo.) Intelligencer.

**A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.**—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from the chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

She instantly answered, "No!"

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the lady, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too much to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "remember I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the wind in His fists and the water in the hollow of His hands is my Father."

A barber desired a groggy customer of his one Sunday morning, whose breath smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping a rum hole open on Sunday.

The intelligence by the Baltic though not decisive of the question of ultimate peace or war, shows that notwithstanding the military array and imposing show of armaments, by the belligerents, there is an aversion to come to blows, at least, on the part of the Emperor of Russia, whilst the military demonstrations of the Porte are evidently more in compliance with the fanatical impulses of those Asiatic hordes which he has called from their native abodes than from his own inclination to enter upon hostilities.—We have, therefore, hopes of peace, amidst all this parade of war. It is evident that the Czar would gladly withdraw from the embarrassing position in which he has placed himself. That he cannot do so without the loss of some share of the prestige which has hitherto surrounded the throne of Russia, is no less evident, especially if he has to abdicate the principalities which he has so wantonly invaded. The results have falsified his forecast, no less in the amount of Turkish physical force he has evoked than in the opposition and firm resistance he has met with from the Western powers. Under these circumstances he would gladly make an honorable retreat, if possible, from the false position in which he has placed himself.—*Charleston Evening News.*

### General News.

#### Cotton in Algeria.

"The culture of Cotton," says the *Moniteur* of Friday last, on its first page, "is rapidly advancing. The magnificent impulse received this season is well known. From a few sparse plots which it occupied last year, the culture this year (1853) has been extended over more than 500 hectares, (1,236 acres) and nothing could be more satisfactory than the reports with respect to it which has just reached us.—If some failures owing to the inexperience of planters, cast a shade over the picture, the crop in general promises to be all that can be desired, both as to quality and quantity. It may be considered as settled henceforth that the culture of cotton is acquired to the country. The problem is resolved. To time and to the intelligence is now left the task of completing the development of this rich culture, which will in a few years emancipate French manufacturers from the dependence on foreign production in which they are now held for a most notable portion of the supplies they now require. But the Administration has not been alone in comprehending the magnificent resources offered by the colony for the supply of cotton. At its sitting of 15th February, last the Chamber of Commerce of Algiers voted 500 francs for the reserve fund, as a premium for the best cotton produced on plantations of a certain extent. The prize which was warmly disputed by numerous competitors, has just been awarded to a colonist of the arrondissement of Blidah, whose plantation, comprising eight hectares, (20 acres) was pronounced to be in the most prosperous condition. Eight other cultivators received honorable notices. The manufacturers' society of Mulhouse having repeatedly made use of the cotton and other products of Algeria, has shown its desire to cooperate for the encouragement of such agricultural enterprises in Algeria, as seem of a nature to contribute at once to the prosperity of the colony and of the manufacturers of France. The society has just established premiums of gold and silver medals for the encouragement of the growers of cotton and madder in the colony."

The terms of these premiums are: A gold medal to the planter who shall have produced in Algeria, and delivered at current prices in the department of Haut-Rhin in France, before the close of the year 1854, a crop of at least 300 kilogrammes, (662 lbs.-avoirdupois) of short staple cotton, or 100 kilogrammes (221 lbs.) of long staple (sea-island) cotton.—A silver medal for crops of half the above amounts respectively.

The planters must furnish the society with samples of their cottons, and with documentary full information touching expenses and modes of culture.

We have frequent evidence of the interest which the government of France takes in the cotton-producing capacities of the French possessions in Africa. The Minister of War in Paris has just established a permanent exhibition of the Agricultural productions of Algeria. The *Moniteur* of Thursday last, in an article announcing the opening of the exhibition, thus alludes to the cottons which figure in it:

"But what has attracted the Minister of War above every thing else, are the cottons which figure there, by samples, of the various species, with specimens near them of cotton fabrics manufactured from them. This precious raw material, of which the spinners of Lille and Rouen have already established the great manufacturing value, is destined to become a source of wealth to the colonists. Government on its part has just established premiums to be awarded after each season to the planters who shall produce the finest crops."—*Correspondence of the National Intelligencer.*

**COTTON.**—From the November number of DeBow's *Review*, it appears that the total cotton crop of the United States in 1852-3 was 3,262,882 bales; to which, if we add the previous stock on hand of 91,176 bales, we have for the total quantity now 3,354,058 bales. Of this amount, after deducting the foreign export and a stock on hand in the amount of 135,643 bales, and 20,861 bales burnt at New Orleans, there remain 621,009 bales for home consumption, against 603,029 last year, and 404,108 the year before, exclusive of the amount consumed by manufacturers south of Virginia. In this and southern establishments, it is estimated that 20,000 bales are used in North Carolina, 10,000 in South Carolina, 20,000 in Georgia, 5,000 in Alabama, 5,000 in Tennessee, and 30,000 on the Ohio; making a total of 90,000 bales; which, if added to the stock of interior towns, etc, give a total crop of the U. S., last year, of about 3,360,000 bales.

In 1851 the cotton exported from the United States amounted to \$112,315,317. In 1852 the value of the cotton exported from the ports of the Gulf of Mexico alone amounted to about \$100,000,000; and the other products from the same ports amounted to \$100,000,000 more. The total value of the cotton exported from the United States from 1790 to 1851, was \$1,711,631,676.

**COTTON CROP.**—The following extract from a letter from a planter of Jasper county, Ga. a gentleman of high character, and in whose judgment we have high confidence, presents a gloomy picture of the cotton crop in that section. The letter is in response to one from a gentleman in this city.—*Augusta Sentinel.*

JASPER CO., Nov. 9th 1853.

MY FRIEND: I have wanted to see the effects of the frost fully developed before I answered your letter. I have examined my own crop and some others in the neighborhood, and have enquired of all my acquaintances whom I have seen since the reception of your letter upon the subject. My own crop and others in that neighborhood will not make more than one-third of the last crop. I made last year 187 bags; this year not more than 50. The county will do better than this, but from all I can learn the county will not make more than one-half of the crop of last year. This is not an under estimate.