

Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.

Lady, we met in distant lands,
Where many a stranger face we met,
And has that meeting with its scenes,

CONSTANCY.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

BY THOMAS K. HARVEY.

Morn on the waters!—and purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light;—
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky:
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,

Who,—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep,—as the moon in the sky—

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,

The Olio.

HAMS.—The Southern Cultivator notices
some hams exhibited at the Georgia State Fair,
which were one, two, three, and four years old.

WHAT THE FACTS WERE.—A lady at —,
whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, got up
an impromptu dinner party, and was compelled

We understood on yesterday, about mid-day,
that Father Matthew had administered the tem-
perance pledge to nearly 500 persons since his

A TOAST.—The Boston Athenaeum tells a
good story of a nervous gentleman, who was
called upon at a public dinner for a toast.

think, or even read what he had thought of be-
fore. His toast was not a bad one—the man
who has lost an eye in defence of his country,

GOING OVER TO THE ENEMY.—The London
Herald relates an anecdote of a poor Irish wo-
man who kept a small fruit store in the vicinity

REASONS FOR NOT FIGHTING A DUEL.—M.
de Langerie and M. Montande, both remarka-
bly ugly men, quarreled, and challenged one

A SEVERE REBUKE.—An aged and vena-
ble gentleman, (the Rev. Dr. J. —) some
time since took passage in a stage at Philadel-
phia, with a number of young men.

OBEDIENT ORDERS.—A certain general of the
United States army, supposing his favorite
horse dead, ordered an Irishman to go and skin

SAVING A PENNY.—Mr. B —, of Frank-
fort, who is married to an actress, and is also
engaged as a writer for a journal called La

My dear sir,—said the latter, "some one
has sent me five louis on condition that I write
an article against your wife. There is the let-
ter—read it."

The bargain was made; and in the next
number of the journal a most severe article ap-
peared against the lady.

"Ah," said a mischievous wag to a lady ac-
quaintance of an aristocratic caste, "I per-
ceive you have been learning a trade."

"Learning a trade," replied the lady, indig-
nantly, "you are very much mistaken."

"Oh, I thought by the looks of your cheeks
you had turned painter."

\*\*\* The world may cry out at a bank-
rupt who appears at a ball; at an author who
laughs at the public who pronounce him a

"The sun never enlightens all parts of our
bodies at the same time; neither can reason
illumine all sides of the mind at once."

Miscellaneous Department.

MR. CALHOUN.

We clip the following remarks upon the
character and patriotism of Mr. Calhoun from
an editorial in the N. Y. Herald:

"And there is Mr. Calhoun, who, in the
nervous and irritable glow of his genius, be-
trays his Irish extraction; even he is not de-
scended from the Southern chivalry; for his

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

'Twas a night of January 17.—We had
been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles
from our settlement of four or five log houses

Our path lay through a thick forest of
oak, with here and there a tall pine raising
its dark tall shadow against the sky, with an

Did you ever see a wolf—not one of
your caged, broken down, show animals,
which are exhibited for a sixpence a sight,

Another howl; and then we could distinct-
ly hear the quick patter of the feet behind
us. We all turned right about and looked

"To the tree! let us climb this tree!" I
cried, springing forward towards a low
boughed and gnarled oak; which I saw at a

cried, springing forward towards a low
boughed and gnarled oak; which I saw at a
glance could be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree
and aided in placing the terrified girls in a
place of comparative security among the
thick boughs. I was the last on the ground

I know not how long we had remained
in this situation, for we had no means of
ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of
the tree cracking as if breaking beneath the

"Oh, God! I am gone!"
It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The
poor girl never spoke again! There was a
horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain,

When I came to myself—when the hor-
rible dream went off—and it lasted but a
moment, I struggled to shake off the arms
of my sister, which were clinging around

The morning broke at last, and our fright-
ful enemies fled at the first advance of day-
light, like so many cowardly murderers. We

We had not gone but a little distance
when we were met by our friends from the
settlements, who had become alarmed at

For my part, I confess I have never re-
covered from the terrors of the melancholy
circumstances which I have endeavored to
describe. The thought of it has haunted me

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—
MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

A farmer in one of the Western counties
in England was met by a man who he had
formerly employed, and who again asked
for work. The farmer (rather with a view

On his way he had to cross a ferry which he
could only do at one hour of the night, when
the mail was carried over. He was almost
certain he should be too late, but neverthe-
less rode on, and when he came to the ferry,

the other repeated his assertion that he had
distinctly heard him call.

Having crossed over, the farmer pursued
his journey, and arrived at the county town
the next morning. But now that he had
come there, he had not the slightest notion

The prisoner was, of course acquitted, and
the farmer found that, that urged on by the
uncontrollable impulses, which he could nei-
ther explain nor account for, he had indeed

CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH.—

When the men of this country are once turned
of thirty, they regularly retire every year, at
proper intervals, to digest their spleen. The
vulgar, unfurnished with luxurious comforts

THE SITUATION OF DISAGREEING FRIENDS.—
Their separation produces mutual uneasiness;
like that divided being in a fabulous
creation, their sympathetic souls once more

Husbands and wives, where they possess
the same species of face, under circumstan-
ces of mutual attachment, often acquire a
resemblance to each other.—Dr. Rush.

COLD BED-ROOMS.—A person, remarks
the Journal of Health, accustomed to undress
in a room without a fire, and to seek

repose in a cold bed, will not experience the
least inconvenience, even in the severest
weather. The natural bent of his body will
very speedily render them even more com-
fortably warm than the individual who sleeps