Samuel THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 6, 1852.

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 pay-ment be delayed six months, and Three Dollårs if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the follow-

ing 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. Sin-gle insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

13 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-week-ly until ordered discontiued and chargea accordingly.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

THE Subscriber has just received a new supply of Fresh Winter and Spring Garden Seeds. As we test 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, Largo 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 Loaf, May, Early Drumhead, Large late Drumhead, Savoy, Really Drumhead, Large late Drumhead, Savoy,

Early Dutch, Green Globe Savoy, True Green Glazed. CARROTS-Early Horn, Long Orange. CUCUMBERS-Long Green, Early Frame, Gherkin. CUCUMBERS—Long Green, Early Frame, Gherkin. LETTUCE—White Cabbage, Silesia, Curled Ice head. ONION—White-Portugal, Large Red, Yellow Dutch. PEAS—Early Warrick, Early June, Early Charlton, Early Double Blosson, Codo Nulli, Dwart Marrow-fat, Large White Marrowfat. RADISH—Long Scarlet, Scarlet Turnip, Black Fall. SQUASH—Yellow Bush, White Bush, Summer Crook-

neck.

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 Broccili, Cauliflower, Celery, Egg Plant, Kale, Nutmeg, Melon, Parsley, Parsnip, Peppers, Tomatoes, Rhubarb, Spinage, Vegetable Oyster. Also, a large variety of **choice Flower**

SOO Asparagus Roots. For sale by FRANCIS L. ZEMP. Jan. 9. 3 tf

Jan. 9.

Lewisville Female Seminary, Ten Miles East of Chesterville.

tf

Rev. L. McDONALD, Visitor. MRS. A. S. WYLIR, principal; assisted by Mrs LEWIS, of the Columbia Institute, Tenn, and Miss H. S. KELLOGG, a graduate of Castleton Seminary, Vt. The scholastic year will be divided into two sessions of five months each; the first commencing the 5th of January, 1852, the second on the 22d of July.

The pupils of this seminary, in sickness are attended free of charge. For a circular containing full particulars, addres

Mrs. Wylie, Lewisville P. O. Chester District, S. C. January 6, 1852. 2

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. A LL persons having demands against the estate of John S. Cunningham, decid, are hereby notified to present them duly attested, and all persons indebted to said estate will make payment to Answer to " My Life is like the Summer Rose." The dews of night may fall from Heaven

Upon the withered rose's bed. And tears of fond regret be given To mourn the virtues of the dead: Yet morning's sun the dew will dry, And tears will fade from sorrow's eye, Affection's pangs be lulled to sleep, And even Love forget to weep.

The tree may mourn its fallen leaf, And Autumn's winds bewail its bloom,

And triends may heave the sigh of grief O'er those who sleep within the tomb.

Yet soon the spring renews the flowers, And time will bring more smiling hours; In friendship's heart all grief will die, And even Love forget to sigh.

The sea may on the desert shore

And even Love forgets to mourn.

Lament each trace it bears away : The lonely heart its grief may pour

O'en cherished Friendship's last decay : Yet when all trace is lost and gone, The waves dance light and gaily on; Thus soon Affliction's bonds are torn,

The Highland Lassie and her Lover.

As there are warm pasture valleys and pleasant homes, sunny and sheltered, bosomed deep among the loftiest ranges of the snowy Alps, so gloomy though the gleaming peaks look in the there are in the Highlands of Scotland, bleak and distance.

· My father fed flocks and herds upon as lovely a slope of the Grampians as ever surprised a traveller with its beauty, when, from the grim passes, and over the mighty ridges, he suddenly came across our vale.

Being a man of substance, my father had determined that I should have a good education at Edinburgh. I was, therefore, taken from under the earnest care of our pastor, and sent to college for the next five years.

I remember well the sadness that came over me when this was first decided upon, for in quitting that spot, which was to me all the world, and entering upon an unknown region, attractive as was the picture that had been drawn to me of it, I could not divest myself of a vague fear, such as his who, traversing a dangerous road on a dark night, knows not what pit or chasm may be in his path, open to receive his unwary and ineautious foot. But I had a source of deeper regret.

Jeanie Cameron had the bluest eyes-the fairest hair, and the sweetest face that I had ever seen among the daughters of women. Her voice was as pleasant to my ears, when she carrolled some of our mountain songs, as the whistling of the mavis in the summer morning. She was a neighbor's daughter-of far humbler means than mine-and she had been my companion from infancy.

I know not what spell it was that this sweet child, but two yoars my junior-she was so fairy like and little-had upon me. If ever beanty, youth, and innocence combined had a willing slave, one that would obey any wish, much less a command-she had one in me. In my dreams a command—she had one in me. In my dreams I always beheld her—in my waking moments I The first few days passed over with

Who will be my companion, as you have been ? -who will care for me as you have cared ?"

She had lifted up her hands to her face. She covered her eyes, and I saw that tears came between her fingers. I would have kissed them away but I dared not, and I waited with a swelling heart for her emotions to subside. Present- ly agitated. she grew a little calmer.

"You will soon find friends to love you, Allandinna forget me, dinna forget Jeanie !" and now she fairly sobbed.aloud, carried away by the violence of her feelings which were utterly beyond

control, and my agony may be easily imagined. I believed that it was I who was the sufferer, that I alone was to endure the grief and sorrow. What was my astonishment mingled with a pain and pleasure, to see that my parting was of such consequence to her that it could so pain her.

I tried, incoherently enough I doubt not, to comfort her, and I found myself seated on the grey stone, with her beautiful head leaning on my shoulder, and my arm clasped around her whom I have so cruelly forgotten and neglected, waist.

She still wept, and my head swam with a confusion of images and thoughts that were as vague and indefinite as if they were the offspring of delirium.

Mere children as we both were, we felt acutely the pain of losing each other's presence, and we poured out our mutual sorrows with a fullness that left nothing to confess except that we loved; loved with that warm and youthful feeling that annihilates time and space.

Perhaps after all we only believed we loved. Even that is something. We can forget the pain, the joy, the rapture, and the delusive dreamngs of his first love-time? Who can forget, even if he would ; that nature and women were to him as, perhaps, they never were before ? Who does not know the almost fierce violence of a boyish love-its imperious nature ; its grotesque and perfect selfishness, its absolute ferocity, in a manner when its flaming and soul-coosuming jealousy happens by chance to be awakened ? I

do well Thus I loved Jeanie with a violence that terrified her. She herself was calm, pale, and spoke but little after having made her dear confession I was wild and vehement, and kneeling at her feet with her hands in mine, my face turned up to hers. I poured forth every secret of my heart with a sort of prodigality that savored much of egotism. What of that ? If ever living being was ever honest in his vow I was then.

I left Jeanie and home-the former most regretted-and was absent for some ten years at least, without having once returned-ten long vears.

We corresponded-Jeanie and I-at first regularly, then less frequently, and at last, I know | might be taken with some dreadful disease, and not how, some five years had passed, since I heard no doctor near. If coal was placed in the grate, from her, and I said to myself resignedly, "Yes, either Mr. Vincent must put it in lump by lump, she has forgotten me-she is fatherless-she is with his fingers, or Thomas must come up on wedded to another;" and, after a momentary pang of regret, I said to myself, "Be it so-I will forget her entirely," and thus I was in a world take a bed in another part of the house, because of attraction, excitement, and amusement, and the baby might be attacked by the croup, or home lost its charms.

But I was obliged to turn my face homeward at last. My father had died suddenly of appoit was with such mingled feelings of sorrow and unbroken stillness, and all who came within the

covered from her swoon, and then gently unclosing my hands, she replied in a voice-Oh, still so sweet, but so mournful,

"Yes, Master Allan-I remember you." The sigh that followed was like the last fluttering shiver of a broken heart. I was dreadful-

"Jeanie, my own, my only love," I said ; "my poor, ill-used betrothed, will you forgive mepardon me-the pain, the agony, I have caused

" I forgive you all-every thing! she calmly replied. I have long forgiven you and yours .-They told me, Allan, that you had long forgotten me! that you were wooing a fine lady and a rich-and I thought that I should have died at the time, but I had more to suffer, and I lived

on." "They told you truly, Jeanie ; but thank God, what I meditated came not to pass. I am not wedded. I love, but it is you, Jeanie-you that I still love. Will you forgive me?"

"I have, Allan," she interrupted me, meekly. "Aye, but," said I, "can you forgive me sa far as to forget the past in the present ?- Jeanie will you be my bride ? Will you let me love youcherish you-make you happy? If a life of devotion can atone for years of neglect-

" Allan," she said breathlessly, " you mock me -will the poor peasant girl be the wife of the rich laird ?'

"Yes; that is what I mean. I mock you not. I take heaven to witness; and thus I went on with an increasing cloquence, till she laid her hand in mine and said-

"I will."

We walked home beneath the light of the cold bright stars, and that hour was the most delicious I have ever known. In another week she was my wife.

The First Baby .-- In a novel "The Glenns," recently published, occurs the striking picture of felicity, which crusty old bachelors will read with interest :

"If the baby was asleep, no one was allowed to speak, except on pain of instant banishment; the piano was closed, the guitar was taboed, boots were interdicted, and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house lest the smoke might hurt 'the baby;' and lest the street door might disturb its slumbers, he must make his exit by the back way, and reach the street by the garden gate. The doctor was never out of the housenot because the 'baby' was ill, for it was most alarmingly healthy, but because she was afraid it tip-toe, leaving his boots below, lest the noise should disturb the 'baby.' And yet he must not might cry to have some one walk up and down the floor with it in his arms, and then he would not be within call. In short when the 'baby' plexy, and I was his heir. He was buried two slept, the whole house was under a spell, whose mouths before I could return, and when I did so, enchantment consisted in profound silence and magic circle were at once under its influence."

NUMBER 11.

[From the Soil of the South.] How to raise the Price of Cotton.

Mr. EDITOR: It strikes mo that you must be well pleased with the result of your labors when you red the newspapers, and see the accounts of fine cotton crops from every section of our country, and the scarcity and high price of provisions, As the object of your paper is to teach the planters of the South how to raise large crops of cotton and get 4 and 5 cents for it; to raise small crops of corn and poor hogs, if any at all, and pay one dollar per bushel for the former, and 10 and 12 cents for bacon, I say you must be well pleased to find that your suggestions are so gencrally adopted.

But laying all jokes aside, do you not sometimes think that your undertaking is a hopeless one-that of encouraging and advising the plan-ters to raise an abundant supply of provisions and stock of all kinds, as much cotton as they can after this is dono, and improve their plantations so as to preserve and increase their fertility, and keep them in a high state of cultivation? The cotton growing States can make, in an ordinary year, not only as much cotton as can be saved in good time, say by Christmas, but also a bountiful supply of pork, cotton, oats, peas, and potatoes, and I might add wheat. Is it done?

An answer is readily procured by taking Columbus as a criterion for the past year, and inquiring how many hogsheads of becon have been brought here, how many bushels of corn from the west, and how many of wheat ? Bacon has been sold as high as fifteen cents, corn has brought from eighty-five cents to a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half per bushel. Nothern hay has been sold at one dollar and seventy- five cents per hundred in our streets. Why is this ?-Men had just as well acknowledge the truth at once, and say they plant their best lands in cotton, too few acres in corn and cats. and pay no attention to the raising of hogs. The high price of cotton during the last season has caused many a farmer to have a scant supply of corn for the next year; and not the dry weather that was experienced during the past year. It is true, the drought affectd corn crops seriously, but in many instances on adjoining plantations, where the land was equally fertile and well worked, one man has an abundance of corn, and another a meagre supply. What is the reason ? There is but one; and that is, one planted a sufficient quantity of land to produce corn enough if the seasons were not very propitious, and the other planted just enough, provided the seasons were genial. I ask the planters if it is not time to change this order of things? You will hear a man at any time, who has cotton to sell complain that the English Spinner and the Northern manufacturer are attempting to purchase it for less than he thinks it is worth, when if you would visit the plantation you will see poor mules, an empty smoke house and three-fourths, if not four-fifths, of his land planted in cotton. He is one of those who neglect every thing for cotton, help swell the receipts, and reap for their labor a low price. Does he make more clear money than the man who raised his own supplies, and makes cotton a secondary consideration? Does he clear as much? I appeal to those who have tried both, to answer the question.

He has to take his five and six cents cotton money, and buy another man's ten and twelve cents bacon and dollar corn.

Think of it that with a soil and climate adapted to raising almost every article of food for man and beast, the necessaries of life particuly, our people should buy meat produced in Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana and hay grown in New York and Maine. What a Commentary on Southern enterprise and agricultural skill! Let every planter determine that he will ever after feed his family and negroes on Southern raised corn and hay-make what cotton he can besides this, and I will guarantee there will be no complaint about the price of cotton. I think all that was necessary for the planter's convention in Macon to say to them, was,-make your own supplies, and you will find a remedy for for the low price of cotton. ARATOR.

R. B. CUNNINGHAM,) Admirs. W. C. CUNNINGHAM, 5 tť Dec. 29, 1851 101

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE. WE respectfully inform the citizens of Charlotte VV and the Travelling public that we have opened a LIVERY AND SALE STABLE at which they can be

accommodated with Carriages, Buggies, Sulkies, and Saddle Horses, to any point they may wish to go. We would also say Stock Drovers can have good Lots

for stock and Provender at as low a rate as can be afforded. Horses kept at the usual rates, by the day, week,

month or year. The Stables are those known as Robinsons.

20" Persons stopping at either of the Hotels, will always find a servant in readiness to show the Stable. C. J. PRIDE.

	R. MOI	R. MORRISON.	
Charlotte, N. C. Dec. 8.	98	w6m	
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DRY GOODS. SELLING OFF AT COST.

WE have on hand a large assortment of WINTER and EARLY SPRING GOODS, which we propose selling off at COST, and some styles LESS THAN COST, so as to make room for a large assortment of Spring and Summer Goods.

Purchasers will find it much to their interest to call on us.

We have and will continue to keep the largest and most select stock of Goods to be found in this market. S. C. & J. CHAMBERS.

Columbia, January 27.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

LL persons having demands against the estate of A Col. Tillman L. DIXON, dec'd, are requested to hand them in properly attested, and those indebted to the same to make payment to WILLIAM DIXON, Ex'or. Dec. 15 97 w3m

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have this day associated them-selves in copartnership under the name of REED-ER & DESAUSSURE, for the transaction of Factorage and Commission business in Charleston, for the sale of Cotton, Rice, and other country produce. Orders tilled with care, and forwarded.

OSWELL REEDER-JOHN B. DESAUSSURE. Office on Adger's Wharf. im 9 Charleston, Jan. 6 1852,

BRICKS FOR SALE.

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

NEW YEAR.

THE subscriber having a large supply of Goods of every description, will sell them to his customers on a credit of one year at very moderate prices. He will also sell for cash as low as any other establishment in the place.

Feeling very thankful for the liberal patronage bestow ed upon him for the last seventeen years, he hopes by strict attention to business, and very low prices, to merit its continuance. E. W. BONNEY. its continuance.

FOR SALE-Boy's Boots at cost. E. W. BONNEY. Jan. 13.

did the same, for I was rarely from her side.

Whether my father, who was somewhat of a stern man, and seemingly little acquainted with what is meant by the tender-heartedness of young lovers; (lovers! have I then confessed it ? be it so.) I say, whether he disliked my tieing myself, as it were, to the apron-strings of a girl-a mere child ; whether he saw that feelings deeper, stronger, less liable to be broken, would spring up between us as we grew older; and whether he had in secret an objection to a future union between Jeanie and myself, owing to the difference of our possessions, and that he wished I to have an heiress at the grange as its future mistress, I do not know; certain it is that he did not openly say so ; but I could not help looking suspiciously on the matter, and believed in my secret heart that the whole was a plot entered into for the purpose of severing us.

I well remember the afternoon on which this point was settled between my father-my meek mother was dead-and the minister, when the design was first told me, and that in two days I should be off on my sturdie sheltie, with a body of drovers that were going from the Grampians southward in a day or two, that stunned and dismayed I spoke not a word ; but when opportunity was afforded me, and I had recovered myself, I stole quietly forth and wandered in my old direction.

From where I stood down the sloping side I saw the comfortable shieling of John Cameron, and my heart beat as I beheld Jeanie in her neat kirtle kneeling to milk the goats that Geordie, her elder brother had just driven to their rude, but comfortable sleeping place. I had eyes, however, for nothing but Jeanie, and there I waited until she finished, and Geordie was in with the animals, preparing their beds of fern for the night.

I descended and was soon by her side; she started when she saw me; her small face lighted up with pleasure, and the next moment it was dark again.

"What makes you look so pale, Allan ?" she said.

"I am going to be sent away, Jeanie," I replied.

Her lips quivered, her face grew white, and her soft evelids fell.

"Going away, Allan ?" she said, wonderingly. "Yes : my father is going to send me to Edinburgh to college.'

"And-and-when do you go ?" asked Jeanie, softly, but without now looking up into my face.

"In a day or two; and oh, Jeanie!" I said as I took her hand which was quite cold, "my heart torrent of passionate words to ears then dead to the field as well as I did, and on such a bitter

seeing Jeanie. I learned that she had grown up

up in my heart with renewed force. I heard too, that she was parentless and poor,

and had been forced to go into the service of a mick. We had passed the previous forenoon farmer, some little distance off, who was very alone together, when something I said to the willing to marry her, and then all my jealous General roused his anger. He retorted. I was passions were aroused up.

If I needed no other proof than this, that my diections were not dead, it was sufficient; but without having determined what course to pursue, 1 intended to see her and learn from her own lips, the reason of her silence.

It was on an afternoon just such another as the one on which I left her more than ten years dress for the apointment, when I saw the Genago, that I started from my statelier home, to meet with Jeanie, without her having any intimation of it.

By inquiries I had make, I knew the exact spot almost as well as the time she would pass a certain lone spot returning from a market town a few miles off, whither she had been sent by her master.

I arrived at the spot a considerable time before her, and took my position in the lonely glen whither I should observe her before her seeing me. There I waited with a gathering impatience.

I saw at last with a wearied step, and an appearance of bodily lassitude that agonized me, that once beautiful girl approaching. She was changed, much changed indeed; and I thought the remorse I then felt was like a knife in my bosom. She was poorly clad, thin, very pale, almost white, and there was a joyless despairing expression in her face that haunted me for many a long day after. It was more like despair than resignation, and I shrank from that meek and sad face.

I had seen many a fair face since I had seen hers last. I had trifled with many a beauty in my time, and I then knew-knew well-that I ten her, and the secret of our broken correspondence, begun with silence and inattention on my

part, had wasted her soul and body, and that in ral. addition to all this heart-breaking, came loss of parents, poverty and a darkening of hope. I wept like a child as she sat to rest on a stone, and it was not until she arose, once more to proceed on her journey, that I stood before her and yesterday, for I ment not to doit.'

said, "Seanie, do you not hnow me?" She gave an electric start, turned paler, gave

one faint scream, and would have fallen, if I had

is heavy and sad at the thought of leaving you. their sense, for it was some minutes ere she re- cold morning too."- New Monthly Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF WOLCOTT .- Expressing my surprise one day to Wolcott, that his satrical a pale, thin, but very beautiful young woman-that she was not married, and the old love sprang disposition had not got him in more scrapes, he told me he never was in but one that seriously alarmed him. It was with a general McCormore sarcastic than before. He went away and sent me a challenge for the next morning. Six o'clock was the hour fixed upon; the ground to be the Green, at Truro, which at that time was sufficiently retired. There were no seconds. The window of my room, however, commanded the Green. I had scarcely got off my bed to eral walking up and down the river, half an

hour before his time. The sun was just rising cloudily, the morning bitterly cold; which, with the General's pistol and his attendants on the ground before the hour appointed, were by no means calculated to strengthen my nerves. dressed and while doing so, made up my mind it was a great folly for two old friends to pop away at each other's lives. My resolution was speedily taken. I rang for my servant girl.

"Molly, light the fire instantly; make some good toast; let the breakfast be got in a minute or two."

"Yes, sir."

My watch was in a minute of the time. Pistol in hand, 1 went out the back way from my house, which opened on the Green. I crossed like a lion, and went up to McCormick. He looked firm but did not speak. I did.

"Good morning to ye, General."

The General bowed.

"This is too cold a morning for fighting." "There is but one alternative," said the General, distinctly.

"It is what you soldiers call an apology. My dear fellow, I would rather make twenty when I had gradually cooled, and neglected, and forgot- was so much in the wrong as I was yesterday; but I will only on one condition."

"I cannot talk of conditions," said the Gene-

"Why; then I will consider the condition assented to. It is, that you will come in and take a good breakfast with me, now on the table. 1 am exceedingly sorry if I hurt your feellings

We shook hands like old friends, and soon forgot the differences over tea and toast; but I did not like the pistols and that cold morning; notwithstanding, I belive many duels might end not caught her in my arms, and poured forth a as harmlessly, could the combatants command

"THE FAITHFUL EXECUTION OF THE LAW."-The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian makes the following comments on the conclusion of the long farce of the Christiana trials. The "finality of the compromise" is beautifully illustrated by these proceedings.

"We learn from the Lancaster Intelligencer, that the Christiana murderers and rioters have been finally discharged, and the grave charges preferred against them entirely abandoned. This ends the whole proceedings. The United States court may have done their duty and the grand jury of Lancaster county may have discharged their obligations, but the truth is palpable, that the mardering of one man, and the serious wounding of another, still remains unvindicated.

The laws of this State were recklessly violated -the Constitution and laws of the United States were trampled under foot, and a citizen of another State ruthlessly assassinated by a band of desperate fanatics-and yet not one of the murderers were discovered or punished. And all this occurred in Pennsylvania-in the midst of a people proverbial for their devotion to the common interests of the entire country-in the broad blaze of open day-and, no one has been punished. There is a neglect somewhere-there is a flagrant violation of duty, the precedent of which will be influential for future trouble and disorder.

The Christiana riots, resulting in death and bloodshed, will long be remembered with shame by the people of this State, and regarded with indignation by the citizens of the whole Union. The offended majesty of law, and violated dignity of order, have been either ignorantly or contemptuously neglected ; and wherever the fault lies the retribution will be dreadful."

AT Mr. Judah Touro, a wealthy Jew of New Orleans, has made a donation of \$1,000 to the fire department of that city.