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THE SISTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN. "Sisters!-is there name-relation-Nearer, dearer, upon earth? Is there, through this broad creation, Tie more sweet in human birth? Yet how oft that link is broken As life's selfish path we roam: Years have pass'd since we have spoken-We-who'd once one heart, one home!

"If I wronged him 'twas in terror Lest her life should be o'ercast; If I wronged him, twas an error She might pardon now-at last! Three long years, nor yet once near me-She who with me nightly slept; Oh, ye blessed Angels hear me. Hear me, ye who've loved-and wept!

"Angels that on earth, when living, Had dear sisters by your side; Teach mine own how sweet's forgiving! And how hard a thing is pride!" As she wept-'mid feelings holy-Wond'ring if they e'er should meet; Some one entered, slowly, slowly, And sank humbly at her feet.

Saying-"for her sake who bore us, Fed us at the same fond breast, Let God's spirit now come o'er us-And this angry spirit rest: Pardon-pardon-sister-sister!" Upward sprang she with a start, Fell upon her neck and kissed her--Lip to lip-and heart to heart!

Thus forgiven and forgiving In each other's arms they wept; Oh, in holier regions living, One had watch around them kept! And they talked of times departed; Of their mother, what she'd said, When together, broken-hearted, They had knelt beside her bed!

"Ah, could she have thought this, ever, Thought that we for three long years, We that loved so much, could sever, She had died in tears-in tears! Not in smiles like those she gave us, Like a seraph called to bliss; Let us pray that God will save us

From all future sin like this!" And the sister mused in wonder How a word, a little word, Had the power two hearts to sever, Leaving truth for years unheard. Long she pondered-but she knew not Higher aid had lent its store: That an Anget she could view not,

Led her to her sister's door?

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER.

The intelligent correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, gives us the following sprightly sketch of a new actress, who is about to make her debut in Paris, and who is creating an immense sensation before hand, on account of her beauty and accomplisments.

The lady is about thirty years of age, but her life has already been varied enough to suit the most greedy romancer. First, abandoned by her mother in the streets of Paris, she begged her bread from door to door, and slept wherever she could find a shelter, until by force of begging and economising, she purchased an old second-handed guitar, and with that she went about singing half-a-dozen of the most popular songs, in every court-yard of the great city .-Her youth, for she was only thirteen years of trembling, and on her knees. age, and the extreme loveliness of her child-like countenance favored her greatly, and sous and but affectionate tone. "It is a misfortune which often silver pieces fell in showers a her feet cannot now be helped. We must pay the debt. often silver pieces fell in showers a her feet the sixth story of a house in one of the most be saved." popular quarters of the city; and there she lived dark, and going out early in the morning to fol- he said to his wife : low her business. One evening, about six ing, she was sitting in her little room, studying over the words of a new song, when she thought that is what afflicts me." she heard a groan in the next room to her .-She did not know her neighbors at all, indeed whence she now distinctly heard the groans re- ful to her. peated. There was no answer. The little girl arn to the stairs and called for help, but few peoton to her husband one day, that they had been the the sixth story, and the child waited in vain for would disturb her peace, if it was not for the

ing the knob found that it yielded, and a moment after she was in the room, but in complete darkness. She ran back to her own room, got a light, and returned, when a sight met her eyes, such as ever, she, who was accustomed to misery, had never seen. The odor of the room in the first place was almost insupportable; piles of rotten vegetables and old bones lay promiscuously strewn about the floor, and in one corner on a bank of damp straw, lay an old woman groaning in pain. The child went to her and spoke to her, whereupon the old hag started as if she had been bitten, but immediately turned her face to the wall again. The little girl thinking she was very ill, left the room and went herself for a doctor; he came, and disgusted with the appearance of the room and odor, declared he could do nothing until the patient was removed to a better place; but the old woman swore she would die where she was, and all remonstrances were in vain. The doctor, therefore, prescribed as well as he could, but the next day the old woman died; but before her death she questioned the little girl about her former life, and, finally revealed to her, that she was watching over the death-bed of her own mother: and that she had amassed a small sum of money, which her daughter would find in the straw. After the old woman's body was taken from the house. accordingly, the young girl searched, and found an old petticoat; in which was found no less a sum than 8,000 francs, in gold and silver. All this the old woman had got by begging and by picking and searching in the streets. Her daughter, upon finding herself possessor of such a fortune, placed the greater portion of it in the savings' bank, and then placed herself in a good boarding school, where her intelligence soon developed itself, and at seventeen years of age she was the most accomplished, and by far the most beautiful girl in the school.

It had always been her intention, when she but had finished her education, to go on the stage, at a soirce given by the mistress of the school, a young gentleman the son of a General of the empire, who had left him the title of baron and a large fortune, saw our heroine, fell in love with her, and soon after married her. For the first two or three years nothing occurred to disturb their union; but suddenly the young wife, who had hitherto shown herself amiable, tender, and devoted, changed entirely. Her spirits became unequal and she no longer seemed satisfied with the quiet happiness of her home. Arrived at that stage of her youth, at the age when all the forces developed themselves, her unsettled and ardent nature struggled greatly against her good instinct. She showed an inclimation for coquetting, and the passion for gambling seized upon her with uncomfortable violence. Her husband suffered and trembled in silence. With that weakness very common to tender hearts, he had become a secondary personage in his house, and could not now reigain the power he had so quietly given up. Madame——had already lost large sums at eards, and had secretly sold her -had already lost diamonds and replaced them by false stones.

The poor husband regretted not having authority enough to bring about a reform, and stop the desperate course of his wife. He would have given a great deal to lead a peaceful existence in the country, but he knew that at the first words any such proposition would have been firmly objected to. His perplexity was very great when a good idea came into his head.

Among the saloons of the elegant world where gambling was allowed, there was one more dangerous than the others, because the worse sort of gambling was permitted and a very mixed society received. Mr. X. consented to allow himself and his wife presented to the gentleman of this house, and he marched resolutely into the abyss. Madame soon placed herself at a card table, and immediately a middle-aged gentleman came and placed himself opposite her. They played, and at the first round the gentleman won a hundred louis, and soon the losses of the beautiful game stress amounted to twenty thousand

"Shall we double?" asked her partner. "Yes," she answered, trying to preserve her calmness.

She lost again, and her adversary asked: "Shall we double?"

This continued question, and the unlucky isue of the game was repeated several times. Frightened at first, Madame X. thought at last that her partner was a very gallant man, who wanted to lead her on to acquit her debt at a single blow by playing until the luck should change. But when the debt amounted to a hundred thousand crowns the gentleman arose, excused him-

self, and said: "We will stop now, Madame, if you please

you owe me three hundred thousand francs. This announcement caused a great excitement in the saloon, and Madame X. retired with despair in her heart. For the first time she was afraid of her husband. However, the terrible confession must be made to him; she made it, pale,

"Rise, my love," said her husband, in a sad wherever she sang. She had a small room in We shall be nearly ruined, but your honor will are we, because thus ignorant and in the dark,

The creditor arrived soon afterwards, and Mr. quietly alone, coming home as soon as it was | X, went with him to his notary. On his return

"All that remains to us now is my little domonths after she had commenced the street sing- main in Avergne. I am well content myself there, but it will be a gloomy abode for you, and

Touched by such exquisite kindness, Madame X, set out for the country without regretting had never seen either, but she got up and went Paris and her disastrous pleasures. After so out, and knocked at the door of the room from much excitement, a country life seemed delight-

ple pay any attention to cries that came from happiest years of her life; and that nothing some one to come. When she found she was thought of the large sum of money she had made ty whipping for our pains.—Musings of an Innot heard, she returned to the door, and turn- him pay.

"Console yourself," replied the husband; "our economies would have more than repaid your loss: but you lost nothing, and our fortune is now doubled. The gentleman who played with you is one of my friends, who played on my ac-

The joy of the wife was extreme, and they soon afterwards returned to Paris. But Mr. X. was induced to endorse for several friends, and in and clothe himself: but his wants are enlarged, two short years he lost all he was worth. His wife is now going on the stage to try and repair the losses of her husband. I leave it to you if her life has not been varied enough.

Life's Inequalities.

Yonder goes a man rolling in wealth and luxury; he was born to it, he will doubtless die surrounded by it. When he departs, they will put him in a sumptuous coffin, shining like a mirror; and richly lined as ever lady's bourdoir; they will give him a stately funeral, and solemn funeral rites; and so they will send him to his long home, with a long flourishing of drums and trumpets; fulsome obituaries will be served up in his honor, and in due time a gaudy monument will rise over his remains in some fashionable rural cemetary. The poor fellow that ran against him just now, and whom he cursed so, what a different time he has of it in this world, and is likely to have. That moving mass of rags began to draw breath in some dark den of shame and infamy; a penniless, friendless vagabond from the beginning, thus far he has been kicked and cuffedalong the highway of life, and he looks as if he expected to be kicked and cuffed up to the closing scene; the terminus of his sad pilgrimage, most probably, a prison or the gallows; no funerel ceremonies will be thrown away upon his poor carcass; no tear be shed over it, no grave receive it; no, 'twill be chopped up in some profane dissecting room, most likely, for the edification of a set of noisy students, who will crack their vile jokes, and puff their filthy tobaccosmoke over it in mockery-oh, can it be that these two men are the children of the same Heavenly Parent, alike creatures of his care, alike the children of immortality, alike responsible at his bar !-Why, why then permit such terrible, such cruel disparities of condition in the outset of their career? Why then continue them thus pertinaciously to the close! Why, again, these frightful inequalities as to endowments? There goes a man across the street with a bundle on his head—it is his calling—he is equal to no other his head is only fit to balance bundles on-education can do nothing for him-he has been tried and found wanting-there is nothing there to educate-you could no more educate that man into a respectable merchant or competent lawyer, than you could by culture convert a squash into a cluster of delicious grapes—jes, and the very next person that you see there, following at his heels, but who knows him not? Who knows not the capricious brow, those eyes that flash glorious fire, that tongue that sends forth its winged words, whose burning eloquence that sets the hearts of a whole nation a blaze? Why, oh why is our Father in Heaven so prodigal of his good gifts to the one, and so cruelly sparing of them to the other? Why, again, put one immortal soul in a poor pality, contemptible body, with searce a sound organ in it, a perpetual source of disquiet to its owner, yes, a continual stumbling-block in his path, while another is endowed th a glorious set of nerves and muscles, a magthat can administer to its wants and delights? Oh, is it fair? Why does one man prosper in all his undertakings, every thing he touches turning to gold, his blunders even have a happy issue, while his neighbor, equally amiable, more intellicrafty villains, worried out of his life by hardhearted creditors, and dying a poor desolate bankrupt! Why one fair island is blessed with all that a land can be blessed with; made the seat of wealth, power, art, science, civilization, while its neighboring sister, equally lovely by nature, is yet cursed with every evil under the sun, is become the head quarters of wretchedness, famine and death ! Why permit these things! Why, too, permit so much innocent suffering in the world? Why should all these poor wives and poor children undergo sorrow, poverty, ignominy, for the misdeeds of husbands and fathers! Why allow one man's drunkennes or incompetence, to send hundreds of souls to their account without a moment's warning? Why allow the insane ambition of another to bring thousands to an untimely end upon the battle field? Why, loo, all these dire accidents, these famines, floods, pestilence, shipwrecks, earthquakes, conflagrations! What do they mean? What lesson do they teach? Who can decipher them? Oh dear. what child cannot ask these questions! What sage can answer them satisfactorily. There is, there is a meaning, a deep hidden

wisdom in these arrangements of Providence, though our poor feeble wits cannot master itthere is a key to these dreadful puzzles-an answer to these soul vexing riddles—not here, the blessed life to come will answer all these questions-oh, without that faith, that hope, existence were a miserable dreary farce indeed—meanwhile to break out into rebellion? To throw reason and conscience overboard, and let the vile crew of appetites and passions take command of the ship? Oh, no, no, poor children that we are, we must obey, not question the order of our Parent the Great Teacher sets us, not set up a course for ourselves-a pretty idea, truly that we babies, in this infant school of our existence, should array our little silly notions in opposition to the great Governor of the Universe--better submit, without uscless noise or scuffling, to the discipline prescribed—how absurd, too, to be kicking and pounding, in this petulant way against the door which the Master hath closed and barred against us -we cannot enter, we are wasting breath and temper, neglecting our tasks, and earning a hearAgriculture and Agriculturists.

Agriculture is the body, while the other professions are the members; and although the bo dy and members are mutually dependent, and reciprocally useful to each other, the body can exist without the members. The farmer can supply his necessities, and most of his reasonable wants within the circle of his family, he can feed and his ability to gratify them increased, in proportion to the profits of his labor If, through ignorance or sloth, he produces only what is neccessary for the sustenance of his household, he can buy neither of the merchant, the manufacturer, nor the mechanic-nor contribute to the upport of the learned professions; or, if he buys, he cannot pay. But, if his produce is double what is required for the consumption of the family, the surplus half may be employed for the benefit of the other classes-in purchasing from them the comforts and elegancies of life. The other classes, on contrariwise, cannot thrive, as such, without the aid of the farmer: he furnishes the raw materials for the manufacturer; he feeds the mechanic, and freights the bark of commerce: and is, besides, the principal customer to them all.

The head can do more than the hands. The animal strength of the ox and the horse would effect no useful purpose, without the contrivance and direction of man. In many countries on the old continent, where the cultivator is debased by ignorance and despotism, the awkward, illcontrived implements of the primitive ages are still in use. There is not a manufacturing employment, nor mechanical art, but has been ibridged in its manipulations, and had its fabrics improved in quality, and reduced in price, by the aid of modern science. We say modern science, because some branches are but beginning to develope their practical advantages to useful labor. We verily believe that science can do more, and will do more, in the coming thirty years to improve the condition of agriculture, than has been effected in the last three centuries. An intelligent head is deemed of more importance, and commands a higher compensation in many of our large establishments, than half a dozen mere sinewy arms. Mind is the great lever that moves the material world—the master spirit that civilizes man, and multiplies his comforts and enjoyments. We acquire knowledge in our business mechanically, but slowly. The acquisition may be accelerated and augmented to an amazing extent, by the experience and teachings of men who have made natural and chemical seince their study and employment for life. There is another consideration which renders the improvement of the mind, of public benefit; ignorance begets indolence, and indolence begets vice. If we would, therefore, inculcate virtue, we must foster industry: and if we would make industry respectable and desirable, we must throw light

upon its paths, and secure for it a merited reward. It results as a consequence, that the improvement of our agriculture is of the first importance | disposition-than if she was beautiful as Milton's to every class of our population; and that this improvement can in no wise receive such efficient aid, as by instructing the youth who are hereafter to manage its concerns, as well in the science, as in the practice of their business.

Mints to Farmers and Pianters.

article recommending to all farmers and plannificent pair of lungs, and all other appertinances | ters the making of cotton comfortables for negroes, instead of purchasing for them blankets.-We do not remember whether the article has been published or not, or whether it can now be found by our printers. It was our intention to call the notice of our readers to the article then, gent perhaps, is forever in hot water, cheated by but omitted to do so. We were struck with the good sense and economy of the advice. The cold weather for some days past, has brought it to our mind.

If, instead of purchasing blankets, our farmers and planters would make thick cotton comfortables for their negroes, it would not only be much cheaper, but much more comfortable for the ne-The consumption of cotton, in making this article for general use throughout the Southern States, would be enormous. This would open a new demand for cotton. But we would not confine the use of the cotton comfortables to the slaves, but extend it to the masters, too, and exclude altogether and entirely the use of blankets.

A comfortable is much warmer and better than a blanket, and will last longer. Some years since we purchased a parcel of them in Charleston, not for our servants, but for the use of the house .-They were made however, at the North, where our buckets, brooms, and axe helves are made, or were made a few years since. We, therefore, speak from experience when we say that they are not only cheaper, but will wear longer and much warmer. They can be made by any one, who can make a bed quilt, and even by those who cannot stitch neat enough for a quilt. The negro women, themsevles, can make them on every farm and plantation, of nights and bad weather, and make them substantially.

What saving this would be to the Southern States. How much annually, is carried out of have expended over \$15,000,000, exclusive of the South Carolina for the purpose of purchasing blankets? It encorages, too home industry, and more than that, home independence. We should suppose, too that the burning secession patriotism of South Carolina would be just as comfortablo under the stitching of their own wives and daughters and servans, as under that of the work--scholars, we are are, to learn the lessons which manship of Yankee girls.—Greenville Sonthern

> A TEXAN COLONEL'S STORY .- "No, my friend," saio the colonel to his grave companion. "No, it is entirely impossible for one nursed as you have evidently been, in the lap of luxury-perhaps even in a ceiled and framed house-to know what we suffered here in '36. I'll just tell you exactly how it was with me, and I have seen nothing-O, nothing at all-to what some have! You see I was there in Sabine county, had a little cabin in the woods away from town some dozen miles. I had a hundred cows, twenty | very fine quality,

mares, seventeen fillies, and a wife and three children, but not a dollar in the world, However, I was a lawyer, and had engaged to defend a man for cow stealing at court in town next day, for which I was to get two bushels of meal. You see my clothes had well worn out, and so I swapped with a Red Indian for a suit of deer-skin .-Did you ever see a real suit of deer-skin, stranger?

"Well, I have-felt it too. You see the Indian told me to dye it in dogwood ooze. I did so you know; left them in all night. Next moruing I was up early and off for court, for I needed that meal-didn't have anything in the house at all. My deer skin suit fitted well-had tassels round the calves and skirts. Well, I rode out of the mot of timber in which my c. n was built on the prairie that stretched the rest of the way to town. As the sun got hotter, the wet skin—you see I had to put it on wet, for I must be at court had to have that meal-the wet skin began to get tight! Pshaw, I don't mind, says I; but in twenty minutes, I did mind. Got off the mare out there in that broad prairie, with the roasting, broiling, burning sun, right over my head, and my clothes creeping up and coiling tight around me like a nest of snakes. My arms were fassened so by the sleeves that I couldn't get at my knife to rip anything. My hair stood on the end like the thorns of a bois d'arc. O, the misery—the suffering—the agony! My whole body was bound up and screwed together and strangled. Blood rushed to my head—couldn't get on my horse. Well, I lay there in the blistering sun till somebody going to court happened to pass and rip me up. He cut me in two or three places, he was shaking so with laughter while he did it. Well, you see I rode back home-took the last sheet in the house-cut it out-wife sewed on one leg while I sewed on the other-got to court just in time with my white suit-cleard the man, and got the meal!"-Red Land San Augustine.

Early Rising.—Happy the man who is a carly riser. Every morning day comes to him with a virgin love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The copy of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called 'old,' so long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And a youth!—take my word for it-a youth in dressing gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountain, and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedge-rows.—Bulwer.

What if you are homely as a log hut. Don't cry about it. Let goodness of heart make up for outward looks. A lady with eyes that resembled peeled onions, and as crooked as a politician's creed, a nose like a hoe, and a mouth that is stretched from ear to ear, and opens like a jack-knife, will be more respected and beloved. by those whose good opinion is worth one's pains to secure, if she possess a good heart and a kind Eve, with a corkscrew disposition and a heart of lead. The wise never judge from the complexion of the skin or the symmetry of the form, but by the virtues of the heart.

A man and his wife purchased a gallon of whiskey in a village in Yates County a few days We cut out for publication, some weeks since, since. They started home in a sleigh, and next morning the woman was found on the sleigh frozen to death. The husband had left her sitting on the sleigh, and she was too much intoxieated to follow him.

> A Hungarian officer named May lately killed himself at Constantinople by tying a sheet around his body and setting it on fire.

> There were eighteen natives of S. Carolina in the late convention of Mississippi, and of these, eleven were Union men.

> WANT TO KILL HIM.—A Washington letter states that Mr. Clay is constantly receiving boxes and bottles, and packages of quack medicines from all parts of the country, recommended for all sorts and description of diseases.

> Happy is he who can't get trusted. He shall have no bills to settle.

Wise are they who can't write. They will leaver be taken up for forgery.

PRUDENT HUSBAND .- A woman was lately buried in a grave yard near London, who had been dead upwards of five years, a near relation having left her an annuity of \$30, to be paid on the first day of every year as long as she should remain on earth. In consequence of this legacy, her surviving husband hired a little room over a stable in the neighborhood of his dwelling, where she was kept in a lead coffin until after his death.

Pennsylvania Common Schools .- In the seventeen years that the common school system has been in operation, the people of Pennsylvania large sums annually paid to sustain the numerous private academies, seminaries, and schools in the State. The number of schools has increased from 762 to 9,200, and the teachers from 808 to 11,500. The pupils number half a million, and the annual cost of the same is \$1,400,000.

A quaint old gentleman, of an active stirring disposition, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him one morning, "did you ever see a snail?"— "Certainly," replied Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met, as you could never overtake him."

The San Francisco Courier says that the valley of the Gilla is as well adapted to the culture of cotton as any portion of the Southern States. Even with the limited agricultural knowledge of the Indians, they manage to raise cotton of a