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TERMS.

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Selected for the Camden Journal.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY MRS. DORR.

Is he not a little darling? Oh! I have so longed to be With you once again sweet sisters, that my treasure you might see!

THE CONTRAST.

A few mornings since, having nothing to do and meeting my friend Dr. S—, I accepted his invitation to accompany him, and jumped into his gig.

sick chamber, I heard a noise seemingly made by several persons; but, on opening the door, beholding the patient, heaving about in his bed, uttering shrieks and cries of despair; one domestic sat in silence by his bedside.

'Doctor,' he cried, as we entered, 'save me—oh, save me!' 'It is near his last hour,' whispered the doctor to me, and then speaking aloud to his patient—

'Pacify yourself—sleep, and I may save you.' 'But for a year, a month, a week—that I may strive to be better—I cannot die now doctor—I will not— you must save me!'

In this manner he acted for awhile, upbraiding himself for never having previously thought of death; the paroxysm did not, however, last long; he gave one awful struggle, which threw him on the floor, gave forth a horrid imprecation on his soul, and when the attendants, who had just entered, raised him to replace him on the bed, the spirit had taken flight.

My friend, the doctor, called in to take tea with me, just before sunset, one cool summer's evening. It chanced that the foregoing incidents were the subject of our remarks, and I was using them as an argument against iniquity and disbelief; for my friend allowed, that the young man, whom he had seen in his last moments, had been a rich man; one who, for the vanities of this world, had sacrificed his hopes of eternal salvation.

'Uncle,' cried my little niece, Anna, running toward me, with the tears streaming down her rosy cheeks, 'Maria wishes to see you instantly.'

I guessed the import of this notice, and, inviting the doctor, proceeded a few rods, to a small cottage, which was the picture of neatness, and we entered.

On a bed, covered by a snow-white counterpane, lay extended the withered but still beautiful form of Maria. Though consumption had worn away the richness of health—though her eye had exchanged its once brilliant lustre for the supernatural fire of disease, the same soul was visible in her altered looks, the same smile of holy loveliness played about those luteless lips.

'I am happy that you have come,' said she to me, 'and am delighted to see your friend. The last time, doctor, we met, I was well and happy, but disease has made me its victim. Yes, I am happy,' she added, turning to her aged parents, who sat on either side of the bed, holding her hands in their own. 'How immeasurably happy I am, for I know that my Redeemer liveth. I have sent for you,' she continued to me, 'because I feel so much better, and know that it indicates that my dissolution is at hand. To me this situation is not distressing, and I bless the Lord that he has vouchsafed to me this little strength before the final hour, that I may give evidence to mortals of the power of religion—that I may assure my father and mother that I am happy, and beseech them not to grieve that their daughter is dead, but to reflect, that He, in whom she has placed her trust, stands by her bedside, ready to wait her soul to the regions of bliss. Pite not, then, for me, but let the joy with which I wait for the final summons, teach you the value of faith—faith in Him who can not only raise the dead to breathe again the atmosphere of this world, but can resuscitate the body to enter an eternity of glory. My strength is leaving me—I feel I shall speak no more—I hear the voices of angels about my couch—I see their winged forms hovering about me—see, they welcome me to their eternal mansion. Father—mother—friends, adieu! At this moment her strength failed; her parents shed no tears; already they had received consolation from her last words. Suddenly she rose, and with vehemence cried, 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit!' and then falling back on her pillow, her eyes opened, and fell with a placid look upon those about her; they then fixed lovingly on her mother, the lids relaxed, drooped, the silken lashes fell upon her cheek, and in a few moments she breathed no more.

and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation than the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to his "Father who is in heaven."

[From the Boston Christian Observer.]

The Blind Boy and his Teacher.

One day a little blind boy was brought into my class, who had lately come to reside near the Sabbath school. He was a beautiful child, and his light flaxen hair, his clean attire, and especially his sad affliction, rendered him the object of general attention. From my childhood I had always entertained a feeling of peculiar regard for those whom God, in his providence, had been pleased permanently to afflict; and though in my early days I was full of mischief, and fond of amusing myself at the expense of others, yet nothing could induce me to join with those who would take a mean advantage of their afflicted fellow-creatures; on the contrary, I always felt disposed to stand up for their help, however great might be the odds against me. As soon, therefore, as this interesting child entered my class, I felt all my tenderest sympathies awakened, and the tears stood in my eyes as I contemplated his heavy calamity. I drew him gently towards me; patted his little head; spoke many kind and soothing words to him; and thus endeavored to gain his confidence and affection. In this I soon succeeded, for he was naturally amiable and docile; and then I commenced the work of instruction. As I could not teach him to read, (for then we had no books with raised characters for the blind,) I instructed him in the leading doctrines of the Gospel, and taught him such hymns and passages of Scripture as were calculated to impress his youthful mind. But nothing delighted him so much, or appeared more to interest the class, than to take him on my knee and describe to him the glories of the heavenly world, and the happiness of its blissful inhabitants. Upon these occasions he would sit with mute attention, occasionally passing his hand lightly over my face, as if anxious to obtain some idea of the expression of my features. And while I spoke to him of the glorified body of the saints, free from all imperfections, and the certainty of all who were good and loved Jesus seeing him in heaven, his sightless blue eyes would move rapidly to and fro, and his whole countenance brighten up with pleasure and delight. "Are there no blind people in heaven?" he would sometimes ask, "and does every one see Jesus? Then I will be good, for I should like to see Jesus. But when will it be? Isn't it a long time?" By such inquiries as these he greatly endeared himself to me, and a circumstance soon happened which strengthened the chord of affection which bound us together.

Our school was situated in the centre of a dirty narrow street, in one of the worst districts in London and we were frequently annoyed by the conduct of a number of low, disorderly boys, who interrupted the children in their passage to and from school, and threw stones, cabbage-stalks, and other missiles into the door and windows. My class was generally the first that was dismissed, and one day a boy came running back with his clothes bespattered with mud, and complaining that there were boys outside pelting him. I instantly rushed to the door, for I thought of my little afflicted one whom I had just sent home, with a classroom to lead him. I stood but a moment, for at a short distance I saw a big boy dragging the blind child towards a heap of mud, into which he presently fell. My indignation was thoroughly aroused. With the fierceness of a lion, I darted to the spot, and, having rescued the little sufferer and placed him on his feet, I hastened after the crowd, who, with his companions, had taken to his heels. Through several turnings I followed him, and seeing him at length run down a street, to the other end of which there was a short cut, I went round that way, and we met at the corner. Finding that he could not now escape me, he prepared for a stout resistance, but the struggle was brief, he was quickly overpowered; and, a fellow-teacher coming to my assistance, he was conducted back to the school, where, leaving him to be dealt with as his conduct merited, I proceeded to the house of the injured child.

The dear boy was still crying when I entered, but, as soon as he heard my voice, he ceased, and came running towards me. "I won't cry any more," he said, "for I ain't hurt. He was a wicked boy to pull me into the mud, but there will be no wicked boys in heaven, and no mud to fall into there. Teacher, I do love you, I should like to see you; and then, after a moment's pause, he added, "but I shall see you in heaven." These remarks were made with so much simplicity, that, were it not for the condition he was in, I could have taken the dear child in my arms, and pressed him to my bosom; contenting myself, therefore, with giving him a few words of encouragement, I left him in the care of his mother, and returned to the school.

For some weeks after this, my little pupil never seemed so happy as when he was at school, and even then, as when he was upon my knee. "Teacher," he would say, "tell me about Jesus. When he was upon earth, he took little children in his arms and blessed them. Will he take them up in his arms in heaven? I should like to be carried in his arms." Dear child, I did not then imagine how soon his wish would be realized; but so it was. He sighed for a purer air; and he found it; he panted to behold the glories of the Redeemer, and his desire was satisfied; for in a few days this tender plant was removed to a more genial clime, and those eyes, which never beheld the natural sun, were blessed with a full vision of the beauties and glories of the Sun of Righteousness.

At the very commencement of the dear child's illness, he seemed to have a presentiment of his death. Although there was nothing in his indisposition calculated to excite the slightest alarm, yet he spoke of his approaching end with as much confidence, and the same joyful anticipation, as the school-boy of his approaching holidays. "Mother," he said, "I shall die and go to heaven, that beautiful place, and there I shall see grandmother, and little Willy, (a deceased brother,) and, above all, I shall see Jesus, for teacher says that nobody is blind in heaven, but that every eye shall see him." His mother, however, did not take much notice of his remarks, being confident that in a few hours his usual health would return. The following day he appeared to be rather worse, and such remedies as were deemed requisite were administered, though with little benefit; still, no immediate danger was apprehended; but towards night it became evident that the child was seriously ill, and required more skillful medical aid.

The doctor came, and everything that experience could suggest was tried to relieve the sufferer, but in vain; the child grew rapidly worse, and eventually his case was pronounced a hopeless one. All this time the mind of the dear boy continued in a peculiarly calm and happy state. His thoughts and desires seemed to centre in heaven, and nothing delighted him so much as the certainty that he was about to depart, and to be with Christ; and if his mother at any time would say that she hoped she was not going to lose her darling, he would reply, "O yes, mother, I feel sure that I am going to be with Jesus."

On the night preceding his death he called his father and mother to his bed-side, and told them that "the time was come, and that he was about to leave them." "To-morrow," said he, "will be Sunday, and I shall not go to school to see my teacher; for in the morning I shall be along with Jesus. Do not disturb my brother and sister, but bid them good-bye for me. Tell them to be good, and prepare to follow me to heaven." A short time before he expired, he raised himself in bed, in order that he might pray on his knees; in this posture he continued a few minutes, and prayed that God would keep him in the hour of death, and make him patient to the end. He asked for a blessing upon his parents, his relatives, and his teacher, and having laid himself quietly down in bed, he sweetly, as the morning dawned, fell asleep in Jesus.

[From the N. Y. Flor.]

What is Manure?

Any substance which restores the elements of fertility to the soil may be termed a manure, and in the language of Professor Norton, "may be divided into two classes—organic and inorganic; organic, when derived from the remains of organised beings, as plants and animals; inorganic, when produced from the mineral kingdom. Vegetable differs much in its action from animal kingdom. Green vegetables, when deprived of vitality, rapidly decay; their great succulence promotes this when assisted by air, facilitated no doubt by the capillary tendency, reducing the fibrous organ to carbonic acid, water, and ammonia: at the same time liberating its earthy and saline ingredients. Dry vegetables decay slowly—the sap being dried up is less inclined to putrefy; but low soon it commences when moistened or mixed with animal matters, as when straw is employed as litter! Peat is a vegetable manure in which decomposition is checked, not only by antiseptic matters, but chiefly by excessive moisture, and the consequent exclusion of air. Yet, when dried, and mixed with animal manures or caustic lime, how speedily it moulders down! The principal supply of vegetables for manure is derived from the leaves and stems of grain crops, grasses, the collection of weeds, the consumption of green crops, and, in some cases, of the seeds of plants. Seeds of plants are not directly used as manures, being too valuable as an article of food. Seeds contain the richest elements for fertilisation—the phosphates and nitrogenous products; hence the rich manure obtained from cattle fed on oil-cake or Linseed grain. The refuse of some seeds is used for manure, as bran, rape-cake, malt-dust, &c. Green vegetables are sometimes used as a cheap method of fertilising the soil, either upon which they grow, or by removing them to another field. In this country, the principal green crop used for manure is clover. The waste of substance which would form valuable manure, if saved and composted, upon many farms, and by saving, economical farmers, too, would make them open their eyes with astonishment if they could only see the truth. We have known many a careful, yet stingy New England farmer, who has all his life-time snuffed the tainted air of the privy, which has diffused its fertilizing grasses abroad upon the air, instead of applying its substance as a manure upon his growing crops.

How many of you, my readers, at this moment are complaining of short crops, and yet have piles of stable manure lying exposed to the bleaching effects of winter rain, or under the evaporating power of a scorching sun? How many of you have a barrel of ground plaster standing in your stable, with which you daily sprinkle the floor, and thus absorb the ammonia which is so offensive, and would otherwise escape and be lost? That old greasy coat, hat, and boots, which I saw last week disfiguring the landscape near your house, where they have dangled as a scare-crow ever since last spring, would make more corn than they saved, if you had used them as a manure. For the same purpose, we beg of you to save the blood and bristles of your butchering—it is a valuable manure. Finally, bear in mind that almost every organic substance is capable of being converted into manure, and increasing the productions of the earth for the benefit of the whole human family.

The Young Farmer's Choice.

I take it for granted that you are a farmer out of choice, and that you prefer this profession, for good reasons. I am sorry for a man who is tied down to a business in which he finds no particular satisfaction. He must have a "hard row to hoe," to say nothing about improvement, and success. These are out of the question. If you are a farmer merely because that is the only business you know of in which you can get a living, you will lack that zeal necessary to the highest success.

No man ever attained eminence in his profession who did not love it with a little spice of enthusiasm. If you do not like farming, therefore, do something else. Some have supposed that those young men who are not sharp enough for the learned professions, as they are called, or for merchants, may do well enough for farmers. Now I hope it is too late in the day for such doctrines. It begins to be understood that our business calls for all those good and sound qualities of mind, which are necessary to success in any other calling, and indeed a greater diversity of talents is called into action, and a greater scope is given for the exercise of them, than any where else in common life. So we might with great propriety say of a boy who has not intellect and force enough for farming, let him learn a trade or study law.

If you have a proper taste for your calling, and are willing to qualify yourself for it, your first aim should be to arrive at the highest place in your profession. The celebrated Dr. Wright, in his farewell address to the young men of a class about to graduate, says, "what-ever shall be your profession, let it be your first aim to gain the summit of it." To make this aim effective, it is necessary of course to have a just estimate of the excellence of the profession.

The superiority of the farmer's vocation has been so often the theme of agricultural addresses, and essays, that it has become trite. I have not a word to say now about the antiquity of our business, or its poetic pleasures. As a plain matter-of-fact business, it is worthy of the highest efforts of a good mind. What is worth doing at all, is generally worth doing in the best way. A great majority of young farmers must have regard to the profit of their business as a safe means of independent support. Very few in this country are in circumstances to engage in agricultural pursuits, merely as amateurs; the profits must be looked to by most, and I might incidentally add, that it gives zest to all pleasures of labor, to feel that it contributes to the livelihood of ourselves and our families.

The profits and the pleasures, and everything that moved you to choose this as your profession, should incite you to gain all that knowledge and skill which are necessary, and put forth all those efforts which will give you the highest success. Remember that the art of farming is rapidly improving, and it requires no small degree of study and earnestness to make the advances which you are called to do.

Prepare for Drought.

WHAT! another drought? exclaims one; not so fast gentle reader—I only said prepare for one—and if it actually comes you will be ready for it; or if good seasons prevail you will not be hurt thereby. Now what I mean by preparing for a drought is this, plough deep, plant well, and thin close. If possible, have your ground sub-soiled; but if you are an unbeliever in this doctrine, and cannot be induced to try it, why then break your ground with the deepest running plow you have, and don't hold them out of the ground, but let them down in proportion to the strength of the horse. List your fields close and deep, and when planting be liberal with your seed, for it is better to thin than replant, and be sure you thin in time; (that is so soon as your corn will bear it) Spare it not because it looks likely, but if you planted for one stalk in the hill, thin to one stalk; or if for two stalks to the hill, thin to two stalks. If these directions are followed, (and I flatter myself that some will follow them) and the after culture be thorough and faithful, then will the reward be gratifying and ample. Who will try it? will you?

I am making some experiments to test the capability of wheat's bearing manure and culture. I have it in drills varying from 18 to 36 inches apart—and the grain more or less crowded in the drill from three to six grains to the foot. Some I cultivate, and some I leave untouched. On portions of it, I am trying the effects, and difference of common manure, unbleached ashes, plaster of Paris, and lime. The success or failure of each I shall note, and if I deem the experiments sufficiently interesting, give them to the readers of the Southern Cultivator. MARTIN RICHARDS. The Cottage, near Northport, Dec. 1851.

PAGANS.—Many of us no doubt are not aware that the word "pagan," derived from "pagus," a village, signifies properly the dwellers in hamlets and villages, as distinguished from the inhabitants of towns and cities; and the word so used, and without any religious significance, in the earlier periods of the Latin language. But how came it first to be employed as equivalent to "heathen," to be applied to those yet alien from the faith? It was in this way.

Christianity first fixed itself in the cities and centres of intelligence; and the outlying villages, being the last to receive it, were designated as heathens, and so heathens and pagans came to be convertible terms. The formation of Angia from the Angles, and of England out of Angledand, are familiar instances.—Trench.

A GAMBLER LYNCHED.—We learn that a gambler of the name of Williamson, suffered the penalties of Lynch law at Hickman, a few days since, at the hands of the passengers of the steamer St. Paul. It appears that a party of returned Californians started for St. Louis on the boat from New-Orleans, but as the boat was about leaving port a police officer came on board, and cautioned the passengers to beware of gamblers and pickpockets during the trip, at the same time informing them that several of the fraternity were on the boat. This made the Californians extremely cautious and wary of the approaches of their fellow-passengers.

Some distance above Memphis, this man Williamson, who had tried every means to ingratiate himself with the Californians, and finding every project failed, persuaded one of them to visit his state-room to try a bottle of fine brandy. He drank some of the liquor, which almost immediately made him sick, and he rushed into the cabin crying out that he was poisoned. It appears that the liquor had been drugged with morphia.

The boat stopped at Hickman, and the passengers seized Williamson, proceeded to the woods, tied him up to a tree, and gave him sixty-seven lashes on his bare back, and turned him loose.—Louisville Courier.

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, and transports the mails.