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LINES.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

If you bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death has torn asunder here,
How sweet it were at once to die—
To leave this blighted orb afar—
Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But ah! how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wandering through each radiant orb,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then those stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine for ever.

It cannot be!—each hope, each fear
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now!
There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain;
'Tis heaven that whispers "dry thy tears—
The pure in heart shall meet again!"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MEMORY.

Soft as rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet, as chimes of low bell pealing
When eve fades away;
Sad as winds at night that moan,
Through the heath o'er mountain lone,
Comes the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood's memory.

As the sunbeams from heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades that eve
Peal not on the night;
As the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
To the world to wake.
So on the winds shall freshly breathe
O'er the mountain's purple heath;
But the past is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

Weeping.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will weep you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball, or to a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard; and they will weep because they cannot have everything their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents, and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture. Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortune, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mourning. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The "Widow of Ephesus" bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other. Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of bitter repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gaping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they can coin their tears, and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humor, and the makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve

the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian beforehand. The one weeps whether he will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe. They are social in their tears: they would have the world weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imaginations so fantastic, that they make even the material world sympathize with their sorrows. The dew on the cheek of the lily is compared to tears on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew-drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day, and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping water-falls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, and weeping climates; and if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have to finish the climax—a weeping world.

St. Louis Signal.

From the New York Herald, March 27.

Terrible Disaster at Hurlgate.

Yesterday afternoon, about two o'clock, while Mr. Maillefert was engaged in blasting the rock called the Frying Pan, at Hurlgate, a terrible catastrophe took place by which two of Maillefert's assistants were instantly killed, one is feared, fatally injured, and several seriously hurt, including the professor himself. It appears that Mr. Maillefert, in undertaking his blasting operations, employs two boats, in one of which is contained the galvanic battery, and in the other of which are placed the canisters. Mr. Maillefert, himself guides the former, which on this occasion was one of Francis' life boats; while the latter is employed by his assistants. It also appears that immediately before the occurrence of the explosion, one canister, which contained about one hundred and twenty pounds of powder, had been already sunk in the water by the assistants, and was fixed on the rock, while another canister was still in the boat. Mr. Maillefert, who is generally about forty feet from the boat containing assistants, then approached them for the purpose of receiving the wire, which was attached to the canister that was sunk in the water.

By some mismanagement or other, he was handed the wire attached to the canister in the boat, instead of that already fixed on the rock. Having removed to the proper distance, he then brought the wire in contact with the magnetic battery, the natural consequence of which was the explosion of the canister in the boat, while the charge under water was not fired at all. The boat, of course, was instantly blown to atoms, and the men, three in number, were scattered in various directions; two of them being instantly killed, and the third shockingly mutilated. The boat of Mr. Maillefert, who was accompanied by his brother-in-law, was also greatly damaged, and he himself thrown to a height of sixty feet in the air. Such was the violence of the explosion, that the effect was felt all round the neighborhood, to the distance of several miles. Boats from shore were immediately sent to the scene of disaster; the dead and the wounded were picked up and brought to Astoria. The following is a list of the same:

Mr. Maillefert received several serious internal injuries, but not beyond recovery, it is said. Theodore Southard, terribly mutilated, having a large portion of his side torn open, so that his entrails are exposed to view. Slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Joe — was picked up dead, with his arms and a portion of his skull blown off.
Another, name unknown, was entirely missing for the greater part of the afternoon, but we understand that towards evening his body was washed ashore near Astoria.

The brother-in-law of Mr. Maillefert, received some slight bruises, and had several of his teeth knocked out by the concussion.

A NEW SIDE-SADDLE.—We have seen a capital article, the invention of Disbrow, at his riding-school, No. 20 Fourth Avenue. It renders horsemanship perfectly safe to the ladies, by the addition of a new support on the outside of the near crutch, against which the knee of the rider presses. At the same time, that part of the saddle which heretofore rested upon the shoulders is cut out, saving the animal from those painful excoriations so frequently witnessed.—This saddle holds the lady firmly in her seat, and she may safely trust herself on a restive horse, gallop, leap fences, and perform other feats which would be attended with some risk to an inexperienced rider occupying the common side-saddle. We are glad to see this invention and we doubt not that the ladies will hail it with much pleasure.—N. Y. Enquirer.

BURNING OF GEORGIA RAILROAD CARS.—The Augusta Constitutionalist states that a train of Freight Cars going up on Thursday, took fire a few miles above Stone Mountain, from the woods which were burning, and six of them were destroyed. Two of these were close Cars, filled with dry goods, which were entirely consumed. The other four were Platform Cars, on one of which was iron—on another, stone; on the two remaining Cars, were a wagon, which was saved, a hoghead of molasses, and some other heavy articles, part of which were destroyed.

The Sentinel adds that it was a terrible day, one of the most extraordinary we ever recollect to have witnessed in this climate, the wind blowing a perfect gale for six or eight hours, and we fear the destruction of property on plantations and in the woodlands, has been immense. We have already heard of the destruction of considerable property in houses, mills, fences, wood, &c.

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of marriage, bared his head and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as if it had been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

Virginia.

The Democratic State Convention for the appointment of Presidential Electors, closed its session on Friday last. It made no nomination for President. The following resolutions were adopted without dissent:

The Democratic Republicans of Virginia, in Convention assembled, following the time-honored usage in declaring the principles which bind them together as a party, do resolve,

1. That the true relations between the States and the Federal Government, and the true rules for the construction of the Constitution, are correctly set forth in the resolutions and report of 1798 and '99, of the General Assembly of Virginia, and the doctrines therein expounded are hereby adopted and reaffirmed.

2. That Congress has no power to appropriate, directly or indirectly, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the purposes of internal improvements.

3. That specific duties, taxing, as they do, the low-priced necessities of the poor as heavily as the costly luxuries of the rich, are unequal, unjust, and odious; that duties designed for protection, foster one branch of industry and cherish one section of the country at the expense of others, and are utterly inconsistent with justice, sound policy, and Democratic principles; and that we are opposed to any increase of the duties on imports, especially on articles of general and necessary consumption, such as iron, coal, sugar, salt and coarse cottons.

4. That the Federal Government ought to adhere in its foreign policy in the maxims inculcated by the Father of his Country, and by the Father of Democracy.

5. That we re-affirm the Resolutions of the Baltimore Conventions of 1844 and 1848, as far as applicable to the present condition of the country.

6. That we recommend to the Democracy of the several Congressional Districts, to send, each, not more than four delegates to the Baltimore Convention.

7. That we approve of the mode of voting heretofore pursued by the Virginia delegates in the Baltimore Conventions, and recommend that they continue the rule of casting the whole vote of the State by a majority of the districts.

8. That the vote of the State in the Baltimore Convention ought to be given for such candidate as will command the greatest strength in the Democratic party throughout the Union, and whose principles are known to conform most strictly to the cardinal tenets of the Democratic Republican faith.

THE WHIG CANDIDATES.—The New York Courier and Enquirer thinks it is daily becoming more evident that Mr. Webster is the most available of the three Whig candidates for the next Presidency. He excites no positive objections anywhere, whilst both Mr. Fillmore and General Scott, are violently opposed by local and sectional influences, which would render the success of either at the polls, at best, a matter of extreme difficulty. The vote of New York will, in all probability, be indispensable to the success of the next Whig nominee. That vote could, with almost absolute certainty, be relied upon for Mr. Webster or for General Scott, but in present circumstances would as surely be withheld from Mr. Fillmore, because of the bitter feud which divides the Whig Party of this State into two sections, of the smaller of which Mr. F. is the head and front. On the other hand, Gen. Scott has little or no chance of obtaining the vote of a single Southern State, because he has not distinctly declared himself in favor of the Compromise; and, without the aid of some of them, his cause is hopeless.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—The friends of General Scott think that they can elect him as President, provided they can unite the whole strength of the whig party, North and South. Some efforts to effect this union are about to be made. As I mentioned in yesterday's letter, an epistle is about to appear, if it has not appeared, which was written by General Scott immediately after the consummation of the compromise measures, in which he gives them his cordial approval. He also, it seems, addressed letters to Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, while the measures were printing, in which he encourages their efforts to effect an adjustment of the vexed questions. These letters, without further avowals, will, it is now said, place Gen. Scott right, with the compromise men, and not injure him with the free-soil whigs.

A Visit to the Pasha of Egypt's Harem.

They left our hotel about 1 o'clock accompanied by an Italian lady, who, being in the habit of introducing European ladies to those imprisoned hours, undertook to be their chaperon.—A long drive through the narrow streets of Cairo brought them to the palace, and alighting, they crossed a spacious court, filled with Nubian slaves, to a lofty and commodious hall, hung with lamps and having the floor covered with fine matting. Here they found a number of female slaves whose forms were models of grace and some of whom were extremely beautiful. They were all dressed in white calico, with broad trousers, and were wrapped round with a Cashmere shawl. Passing these, our ladies ascended a superb staircase, almost lined with slaves, some of whom were very fantastically attired, and were met on the landing by a daughter of Ibrahim Pasha, a beautiful girl, 17 years of age, and possessing a dazzling complexion and lustrous black eyes. The young princess wore a hoddie, scarf, and trousers of rich green brocade silk, embroidered with gold and colored flowers, with priceless slippers, covering the tiniest of feet. Her long black hair was gathered up on one side and fastened by a brooch, and on the other was cut short, though behind it fell in long plaits down her neck, and its luxuriance was partially concealed by a turban of light green satin, put on very naively, and which gave an exquisite completeness to her appearance.

At the summit of the stairs they were received by the first wife and head of the harem, a lovely woman, dressed in black brocade silk, with a very long train. By her they were led into a stately room, furnished with silk divans, piled with cushions, and what looked strange amongst such oriental furniture, two or three tables, the velvet coverings of which were heavily embroidered with gold. Here they were joined by two other wives, who, being extremely plain, had probably been married from mercenary motives; tho' it is impossible to fix a limit to Turkish taste. After a little time, 2 or 3 sons (of course, only children) were introduced, and the company was further augmented by about 30 slaves.

The wives and their visitors now began to converse, and, as usual in the East, paid each other some flattering compliments. They were curious in their enquiries respecting a young lady of the party, and were astonished to find that she was not yet married, concluding that she was at least betrothed, would shortly be claimed by her lover. When underceived on this point, and assured that she was perfectly free, they expressed their surprise in the most amusing manner. During the conversation, a slave pre-erented sweetmeats and water, with napkins embroidered with gold. A second slave then came forward, and, kneeling, offered coffee in gold cup. Sumptuous pipes were then given to some of the ladies, but not to our party, who, as Europeans, were known not to smoke. All this time the conversation proceeded, and, turning on the subject of dress, was maintained with great sprightliness, dresses on both sides being very closely examined, as they usually are by ladies. The entire inhabitants of the harem were very animated, and seemed perfectly happy and contented, as if their imprisonment and bondage, so mourned by Europeans, never cost them a sigh.

At parting, the whole body, except the principal wife, attended our ladies to the door of the court; and, after an offer of sherbet, which was declined, the gratified visitors came away.

[Melly's Khartoum.]

From the Dollar Newspaper.

Ruta Baga Turnips.

This crop, as a root crop, I consider one of much importance to the farmer. With proper attention to its cultivation a much larger amount of food can be raised per acre than any other crop will produce. I have been in the habit occasionally of sowing from a quarter to an half acre, and have raised at the rate of from nine hundred to twelve hundred bushels per acre. I now propose, for the benefit of your readers, to state my mode of cultivating the crop. First—About the middle of April, I select a spot of ground on which I had, the previous season raised a crop of potatoes. This ground I plow deep, then harrow it, and leave it until about the 15th of June, when I go over it again with the cultivator. I then draw furrows in one direction, about three feet apart, and as deep as possible, with a common plough; after which I place in the furrow common barnyard manure. After having nearly filled each furrow with manure, I then take plaster, in proportion of two bushels to the acre, and sprinkle it on the top of the manure. This done, I then pass round the furrow so filled with manure and plaster, and turn a light furrow on the manure, thereby forming a ridge above it. After this, I rake the coarse lumps from off the ridge; and then, either with a drill or by hand, carefully plant the seed in a line one the ridge, 10 inches apart, taking care not to put more than two seeds, in each place, nor plant them too deep in the ground. The seed should not be over half an inch under the surface, or they will not come through. After the plant is up and has got its third leaf it is not infrequently attacked by a little black bug or grasshopper, by some called turnip or cabbage fleas, which will, and often does, destroy the entire crop. This, I prevent, successfully, by taking slacked lime, pulverized, putting it in a peice of bobinet, or something thin enough to let the lime dust through, and pass over each row shaking it over the plants until they become pretty well powdered with lime. I have never known a single plant to be eaten by anything like fleas or grasshoppers while the lime remained of the plant. If it should be washed off by a shower of rain or otherwise, it may be repeated again, as the operation requires but little time. After the plant has attained the size of ordinary cabbage plants, I pass along each row, and where there are two plants together pull up the least of the two, where plants are missing, I transplant those taken out. I then use the hoe, corn cultivator, and plow for dressing. The two latter for dressing between the rows, and the hoe between plants. In this manner, I never fail to raise an abundant crop. The use of plaster is advantageous, not only on account of the rapidity with which it decomposes the manure, rendering it fit nutriment for the plants, but also because it possesses in a great degree the faculty of constantly attracting moisture.

F. P. B.

Montour County, 1852.

From the New England Farmer.

Vegetables for Milch Cows.

The pleasant discussion agitated by your intelligent correspondent from Exeter, on the feed best adapted to milch cows, and particularly as to the value of carrots for this purpose, I have read with interest. It would seem, that there need not be any difference of opinion, on a matter of so common occurrence.—But still on this, as on most other subjects, we find very different opinions entertained, by those of equal intelligence and observation.

In regard to carrots, it seems to be admitted by all, that they improve the quality of the milk, however it may be as to the quantity. It is also admitted, that they have a healthy and fattening influence on the animal that eats them. It is certain that they are palatable, for there is no class of roots devoured by the animals with more avidity. For many years I have been familiar with a stock of cows, kept for a dairy and other

purposes, to which carrots have been fed more or less every year. Without any exact experiment as to their value for feed, the impression has ever been that they were equal to any other root. If this impression is erroneous, I should like to have it demonstrated. But I cannot relinquish an opinion, without well digested facts to the contrary, that I have cherished from my youth, and which was taught me by a working man of much practical observation.

I remember a few years since, some of the best farmers of my acquaintance put forth the idea that green corn, cut and fed to cows in the months of August and September, and when the feed of pastures came short, for want of moisture, was of little or no value. Coming from such sources, I thought there must be something in it; and that Pickering and Coleman and others, who had been encouraging the use of this article, as valuable for milch cows, might have been mistaken. Notwithstanding, opinions thus put forward, I find many careful men, who rely on their milk products, continue to grow corn for their cows. And I strongly suspect, that the same class of men will hesitate, before they discard the use of carrots entirely.

Among the many projects of improvement now agitated, I know of no one more worthy the attention of careful cultivators than the comparative value of crops as feed for milch cows. Every family in the land is interested in this subject. No sooner does the infant inhale the air of Heaven, than some preparations of milk begin to be made for its nourishment, in some form or other, while life lasts. Time was, when the potatoe was cultivated for the feed of stock; but of late the voracity of man is such, that few potatoes can be spared for that purpose, unless they are suspected of being impregnated with the rot. Turnips also, especially the ruta baga, have been cracked up, as excellent for milch cows, but there are those who turn up their noses when turnips are named, and say they cannot endure the taste of the milk of cows within the same category. If it were not for this peculiar flavor imparted to milk, by feed on turnips and cabbages, I should think these crops would yield a more abundant feed for stock than any others that can be cultivated. On looking over the number of the Transactions of the Essex Society, recently published, I perceive the crop of cabbage raised by Mr. Mason, of Beverly, exceeds any vegetable product that has come to my knowledge. The sales from his grounds the present year exceed \$450 per acre, for several acres. When it is considered with how little labor this crop is grown, the land being properly prepared there would seem no occasion to go West to raise wheat at 50 cents a bushel, when labor can be so much better rewarded by growing cabbage in the East.

P.

Danvers, Jan. 29, 1852.

DOING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—"Sir," said Fierfaces the lawyer, to an unwilling witness; "Sir!" do you say, upon your oath, that Blimpkins is a dishonest man?"

"I didn't say he was ever accused of being an honest man," did I? replied Pipkins.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Pipkins, that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" inquired the Judge, merely putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon.

"Sir!" said Fierfaces, "Sir!" upon your oath—mind upon your oath—upon your oath, you say that Blimpkins is a rogue, a villain and a thief?"

"You say so," was Pip's reply.

Have you said so?"

"Why, you've said it, said Pipkins: what's the use of my repeating it?"

"Sir!" thundered Fierfaces, the Demosthenean thunderer of Thaumtown—"Sir!" I charge you upon your sworn oath, do you or do you not say Blimpkins stole things?"

"No, sir," was the cautious reply of Pipkin, "I never said Blimpkin's stole things; but I do say he's got a devil of a way of finding things that nobody ever lost.

"Sir!" said Fierfaces, "you can retire," and the court adjourned.

APPLYING A TEXT.—The sharp-nosed gentleman who lolls in the Suffolk Office's arm-chairs, during the forenoons, was once accosted by a half tipsy, stammering fellow, with the question—

"Pray t-tell me, sir, d-didn't you c-come from a rich n-n-neighborhood?"

"Fellow, what mean you?"

"Why, the s-scribers say that the rich grind the fa-faces of the poor, and I see that they have g-got yours down to a sharp p-point."

Dabster says he would not mind living like a bachelor, but when he comes to think that batchelors must die, and that they must go down to the grave without any one to cry for them it gives him a chill which frost-bites his philosophy.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education in after years—we learned to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

A western debating club submits the following questions: "If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or let him go?"

Why does water boil sooner in an old saucepan than a new one. Punch takes it upon himself to answer this obtuse query, by saying, "it's because the old un's used to it."

A tall man, who was given to dissipation, was told by a medical friend that he was dying by inches. "Thank Heaven!" said he, "I measure six feet and seven inches."

"Hilloa there! what's your hurry?—where are you going?" "Going, I'm running for an office." "Running for an office! What office?" "The squire's office. Darn it, I'm sued."