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## GATHER RIPE FRUIT OR DEATH.

BY E. JENNIE WARNER.

Hover not thou, with thy sombre wing,  
O'er the beautiful buds of earth,  
Gather not thou what the angels bring,  
Blight not the flowers at birth—  
Childhood hath roses that fade at thy touch,  
Voices that hush at thy breath;  
Linger not, then, 'mid the early flowers—  
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Visions are wreathing the brow of youth,  
With a deep, mysterious spell;  
Pulses are throbbing, whose joy and truth  
Have meanings too deep to tell—  
Youth hath fountains that chill at thy touch,  
Gushings that freeze at thy breath;  
Linger not, then, 'mid the summer flowers—  
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Majesty resteth on Manhood's brow,  
The fever of life and his heart,  
Hope hath enchained with eagerness now,  
Bid not her spirit depart—  
Manhood hath missions that yield to thy sway,  
Fires that are quenched at thy breath:  
Linger not, 'mid the blossoms of this day—  
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Sadness hath crept o'er the dreams of age,  
Bitterness lies at his heart;  
Tempest and mildew have blotted life's page,  
Bid the worn spirit depart.  
Wings that are fettered will plume at thy call,  
Shadows will flee at thy breath:  
Come, then, in mercy, with sceptre and pall—  
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

Peaceful resteth the crown of years  
On the Christian's hoary head;  
Faith, in its fullness, has silenced his fears,  
The tumult of passion has fled.  
Holy the visions that over him roll,  
Prayer is the voice of his breath,  
Rend thou the temple that presents his soul—  
Gather Ripe Fruit, oh Death!

## THE HOME OF PEACE.

We are apt to grow a weary  
In this troubled world at times  
For even golden bells can ring  
In melancholy chimes;  
And let our human lot in life  
Be what or where it may,  
Dark shadows often rise, from which  
Our hearts would turn away.  
Full often do we sigh to taste  
Some spirit draught of joy,  
And almost envy childhood's laugh  
Above its painted toy,  
When some great hope breaks under us,  
Or loved ones prove unjust,  
And roused from starry dreams, we find  
Our pillow in the dust.  
Say, whither shall we turn to seek,  
The healing balm of rest,  
And whence shall come the cheerful ray  
To re-illumine our breast?

Oh let us go and breathe our woes  
In Nature's kindly ear,  
For her soft hand will ever deign  
To wipe the mourner's tear;  
She mocks not, tho' we tell our grief  
With voice all sad and faint,  
And seems the fondest while we pour  
Our weak and lonely plaint.  
Oh! let us take our sorrows  
To the bosom of the hills,  
And blend our pensive murmurs  
With the gurgle of the rills;  
Oh! let us turn in weariness  
Toward the grassy way  
Where skylarks teach us how to praise,  
And ringdoves how to pray;  
And there the melodies of Peace,  
That float around the sad,  
Shall bring back hope and harmony  
With the voice of God.

MANURING CORN.—H. Jones Brooke communicates to the Journal an experiment in applying manure, or "poudrette," which costs 30 cents per bushel, to a patch of corn planted in a piece of poor soil. He put about a gill in a hill, dropped the corn thereon, and found the following result in the harvest: On the first four rows matured corn; on the first four, without manure, 14 baskets of inferior corn; on the third four rows, manured, 10; on the next four rows not manured, 14 basket of same quality as before, and so throughout, which shows the great advantage of manuring corn in the hill.

## THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

One evening, in the early part of the winter, the door-bell rang with energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. "A man," is one thing, with a servant a "gentleman," another a "person," something different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him myself. His dress was very neat, but plain, and rather coarse. His linen, that badge of refinement, was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant. Every thing about him seemed substantial; but nothing gave a clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming he was a simple man. When he spoke to me, his address was simple, clear, direct, and with a certain air of self-reliance, the furthest possible from a vulgar bluster.

"Doctor," said he, "I wish you would go and see my child. We fear he is threatened with the croup."

The case, which he described as we went along, was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my walk still more, and in a few moments we were at the door. We went up, up, to the fourth story. The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door. You will see, in time why I give these little particulars.

I entered the open door, and was welcomed by a rather pretty and remarkably tidy woman who could have been no body in the world but the wife of the man who had summoned me.

"I am glad you have come so soon," she said, in a soft pure accent. "Little William seems so distressed that he can hardly breathe," and the next moment as we passed through a narrow passage where he lay, I heard the unmistakable croupy sound, that justly carries such terror to the parent's heart.

"Is it the croup, Doctor?" asked the father, with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child, a fine boy, three years of age.

"It is certainly the croup," I said, "and a pretty violent attack. How long is it since you thought him sick?"

"Not above an hour," was the calm reply. It was made calm by a firm self-control. I looked at the mother. She was very pale, but did not trust herself to speak.

"Then there is probably but little danger," I said; "but we have something to do. Have your water here?"

The husband went to what seemed a closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tub, supplied with the Croton. This was beyond my hopes; but I had no time to wonder. The little fellow was in a high fever, and laboring for every breath. Taking him from his little crib, where he lay upon a nice hair mattress, fit for a Prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night clothes, stood him in the bath-tub, and made his father pour full upon his neck and chest three pails of cold water, while I rubbed them briskly with my hand. He was then wiped dry, and rubbed until his whole body was glowing like a flame. Then I wrung a large towel out of cold water and put it round his throat, and then wrapped him up in blankets. The brave little fellow had borne it all without a complaint, as if he understood that under his father's eye no harm could come to him. In fifteen minutes after he was wrapped in the blankets he was in a profuse perspiration, in a sound slumber breathing freely.

The danger was over—so rapidly is this disease cured.—Happiness had shed a serene light upon the countenance of the father, and thrown over the mother's face a glow of beauty. I looked upon them and was more than ever puzzled where to place them. There were no marks of high birth or superior breeding—not a shadow of decayed gentility about them. It was rather the reverse, as if they were working up from a low rank of life to a higher.

I looked around the room. It was the bedroom. Every thing in it was perfectly neat and orderly, the bed, like the crib, was excellent but not costly. The white counterpane did not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautiful it looked! The white window curtains were shilling muslin; but their folds hung as richly as if they were damask—and how very appropriate they seemed! The bath, with its snug folding doors, I knew, had not cost plumber's bill and all, more than ten dollars. The toilet table, of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt, was of pine, and cost half a dollar.—The pictures on the wall were beautiful tinted lithographs—better, far better than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of millionaires; yet they can be bought at Goupil's or Williams', or Stevens', for three to five shillings, and a dollar apiece had framed them. The floor had a carpet that matched everything, with its small, neat figure, and a light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping, in all its parts, as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving this little boy to his untroubled sleep, and giving directions for a bath on his waking we went into the other room, which was differently, but just as neatly arranged. It might have answered for a parlor, (only it had a cooking-stove,) for an artist's study, or a dining-room. It was hung with pictures—heads, historical pieces, and landscapes; all such a man of taste could select and buy cheap; but which, like good books, are invaluable. And speaking of books, there was a hanging library on one side of the chimney, which a single glance assured me contained the choicest treasures of the English tongue.

The man went to a bureau, opened a drawer, and took out some money.

"What is your fee, Doctor?" he asked, holding the bills so as to select one to pay me.

Now, I have made up my mind, before I had got half-way up stairs, that I might have to wait for my pay—perhaps never get it; but all this had changed. I could not, as I often do, inquire into the circumstances of the man, and graduate my price accordingly. There he stood, ready to pay me, with money enough; yet it was evident that he was a working man, and far from

wealthy. I had nothing left but to name the lowest fee.

"One dollar does not seem enough," said he, "You have saved the child's life, and have been at more trouble than to merely write a prescription."

"Do you work for a living?" I asked, hoping to solve the mystery.

He smiled and held out his hand, which showed the unquestionable marks of honest toil.

"You are a mechanic?" I said, willing to know more of him.

"Take that," he said, placing a two dollar note in my hand, with a not-to-be-refused air, "and I will gratify your curiosity; for there is no use in pretending that you are not a little curious."

There was a hearty, respectful freedom about this that was irresistible. I put the note in my pocket, and the man going to a door, opened it into a closet of modern size, and displayed the bench and tools of a shoemaker.

"You must be an extraordinary workman," said I, looking around the room, which seemed almost luxurious; but when I looked at each item I found that it cost very little.

"No, nothing extra," said he, "I barely manage to earn a little over a dollar a day. Mary helps me some. With the housework to do, and our boy to look after, she earns enough to make our wages average eight dollars a week.—We began with nothing—we live as you see."

All this comfort, this respectability, this almost luxury for eight dollars a week! I expressed my surprise. "I should be very sorry if we spent so much," said he. "We have not, only managed to live on that, but we have something laid up in the Saving's Bank."

"Will you have the goodness," said I "to explain to me how you do it?"

"With pleasure," he replied: "for you may persuade others, no better off than I am, to make the best of their situation. My name is William Carter. My father died when I was young, and I was bound out an apprentice to a shoemaker, with usual provisions of schooling. I did as well as boys do generally at school as I was very fond of reading, I made the most of my spare time and the advantages of the Apprentices' Library. Probably the books that helped me most were the sensible writings of Wm. Cobbett. Following his example, I determined to give myself a useful education, and I have to some extent succeeded. But man's education is a life long process; and the more I learn, the more I see before me."

"I was hardly out of my time when I fell in love with my Mary there, whom some people think very pretty, but whom I know to be very good."

Mary looked up with such a bright, loving smile, as to fully justify some people in their notions.

"When I had been one year a journeyman, and laid up a few dollars (for I had a strong motive to be saving,) we were married. I boarded at her father's and she bound shoes for the shop where I worked. We lived a few weeks at home, but it was not our home—so we determined to set up housekeeping. It was rather a small set up but we made it answer. I spent a week in house-hunting. Some were too dear, some too shabby. At last I found this place. It was new and clean, high and airy, and I thought it would do. I got it for fifty dollars a year—and though the rents all round advanced, our landlord is satisfied with that, or takes it in preference to risking a worse tenant. The place was naked enough and we had little to put in it save ourselves; but we went cheerfully to work, earned all we could, and saved all we could—and you see the result."

"I see; but I confess I do not understand it," said I, willing to hear him explain the economies of this modest and beautiful home.

"Well it is simple enough. When Mary and I moved ourselves here and took possession, with a table, two chairs, a cooking stove, a saucepan or two, and a cot-bed with a straw mattress, the first thing we did was to hold a council of war. Now, Mary, my love, said I, here we are. We have next to nothing, and we have everything to get, and nobody but ourselves to help ourselves."

"We found that we could earn on an average, eight dollars a week. We determined to live as cheaply as possible, save all we could, and make us a home. Our rent was one dollar a week—our fuel, light, water rent, and some little matters a dollar more. We have allowed the same amount to our clothing, and buying the best things, and keeping them carefully, we dressed well enough for that. Even my wife is satisfied with the wardrobe, and finds that raw silk at six shillings a yard is cheaper, in the long run, than calico at one shilling. That makes three dollars a week, and had still our living to pay for. That cost us, with three in family, just one dollar more."

"One dollar apiece?"

"No—one dollar for all. You seem surprised; but we have reckoned it over and over. It cost more at first, but now we have learned to live both better and cheaper—so that we have a clear surplus of four dollars a week, after paying all expenses of rent, fire, light, water, clothing and food, and occasionally giving a party."

I know a smile came over my face, for he continued:

"Yes, give a party; and we have some pleasant ones, I assure you. Some times we have a dozen guests, which is quite enough for comfort, and our treat of chocolate, cakes, blancmange, etc., costs as much as two dollars; but this is not very often. Out of our surplus, which comes, you see, to two hundred dollars a year—we have bought all you see, and have money in the bank."

"I see it all," said I, "all but the living. Many a mechanic spends more than that for cigars, to say nothing of liquor. Pray tell me precisely how you live."

"With pleasure. First of all, then I smoke no cigars and chew no tobacco, and Mary takes no snuff."

Here the pleasant smile came in, but there was no interruption; for Mary seemed to think her husband knew what he was about, and could tell very well without her aid.

"But what do you eat and drink?" I asked, curious to see how far this self-taught philosopher had progressed in the laws of health.

"Come this way; and I will show you," he said; taking a light and leading the way into a capacious store-room. "Here, first of all is a mill, which cost me twelve shillings. It grinds all my grain; gives me the freshest and most beautiful meal, and saves tolls and profits. This is a barrel of wheat. I buy the best, and am sure that it is clean and good. It costs less than three cents a pound, and a pound of wheat a day, you know, is food enough for any man. We make into bread, mush, pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. This is hominy. Here are some beans, a box of tapioca macaroni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best I can find in Fulton market. Here is a box of sugar, and this is our butter jar. We take a quart of country milk a day. I buy the rest down town, by the box or barrel, where I can get the cheapest. Making wheat—eaten as mush or bread, and all made coarse, without bolting—and potatoes, hominy, or rice, the staple, you can easily see that a dollar a week for provisions is not only ample, but allows of a healthy and even luxurious variety. For the rest we eat greens, vegetables, fruit and berries in their season. In the summer we have strawberries and peaches, as soon as they are ripe and good. Mary will get up a dinner from these materials at a cost of a shilling, better than the whole bill of fare at the Astor."

I was satisfied. Here was comfort, intelligence, taste and modern luxury, all enjoyed by a humble mechanic, who knew how to live at the cost I have mentioned. How much useless complaining might be saved—how much genuine happiness be enjoyed—how much evil and suffering might be prevented, if all the working men in New York were as Wm. Carter.

I never shook a man or woman by the hand with more hearty respect, than when I said "good night" to this happy couple, who, in this expensive city, are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the bench of a shoemaker a chair of practical philosophy.—[Condensed from the New York Sunday Times.

## Effects of Using Tobacco.

MILES ON TEETH.

It is frequently asked whether the use of tobacco is injurious to the teeth and the health. In answer to which the inquirer may be respectfully invited to turn to his Cyclopaedia, and when he reads of the powerful principles it contains, namely, empyreumatic oil and nicotine, the action of both of which is highly poisonous—(a drop of the former placed on the tongue excites convulsions and comatose drowsiness, and may prove fatal in a few minutes, and a quarter of a drop will kill a rabbit, and a drop a dog.) will he not rather inquire how it can be otherwise than most injurious, not only to the teeth and gums, but indirectly, if not obviously, to every part of the frame? Beyond an unsightly discoloration of the teeth, and an empyreumatic infection of the breath, of those accustomed to the use of this noxious acid poison, its deleterious effect may not be a considerable period be detected; but after long habitual use, the whole system becomes impregnated; and although habits may reconcile its action when used moderately, nothing can secure the body from its irritative property and ultimate absorption, when employed in excess or incautiously. Its action on the heart or probably the nerves of the heart, manifest in an intemperate and excessive use of tobacco, by smoking a number of pipes and segars, has caused death. Under the action of the nervous system, the motions of the heart, and subsequently the general quickness of the course of the blood are quickened or retarded. All irritants and stimulants urge and force to a more vehement, and, consequently a more rapid outlay of the strength or capacity for exertion; and it is an invariable law of organization, that outlay is succeeded by depression, and whatever duly degenerates, whether resulting originally from a stimulant, a narcotic, a sedative, or any other powerful principle, has the effect of lessening improperly the action of the heart and arteries; and it is on this account that neither intoxicating drinks, nor tobacco, nor any thing else producing an effect which issues in depression, can be recommended for the promotion of health and longevity. I would therefore strongly recommend abstinence from the use of tobacco in all or any of its forms; not only on the ground of its rendering the teeth unsightly and the breath disagreeable, but because it is clear to a demonstration, that it finally depresses the natural powers. Its use even in the forms of snuff and erlines is very objectionable; the membrane of the nose becomes thickened, its sensibility impaired, and the power of discriminating odors greatly lessened.

RAISING CALVES—A NEW METHOD.—While on a short visit to the farm of Mr. D. M. Crowell of this town, a few days ago, our attention was drawn to a plan of raising calves for early sale, which, to us in this section of the country, has the appearance of novelty, and seems worthy of the consideration of stock-growers.

Mr. Crowell took ten calves (all heifers) last spring, and commenced feeding them on sour milk at a few days old keeping them on the same kind of food during the summer, taking good care to feed them uniformly, but not very abundantly, so as to keep them growing thriftily, without forcing too rapidly. In the fall they were put in the stables, and fed on hay, and a little meal, increasing the quantity of the fitting them for beef in the spring, at one year old or a little under. These calves now look like young oxen and each alive.—N. Y. Farmer.

UNWHOLESOME CONTAGION.—The following extract from an article in the New York Tribune sets forth in pretty strong colors the influence of Congressional extravagance and prodigality on the man who leaves his home with the idea that eight dollars a day is fine wages. Though highly colored, there is a great deal of truth in the paragraph:

"The Congressman has bawled himself hoarse on the stump in behalf of 'retrenchment and reform;' but he reaches Washington, and sees millions going this way, and other millions that, at the dash of the pen; and his eight dollars per day, which looked so inviting in the prospect, dwindle, in full view of these dazzling realities, into a pittance which he would be ashamed to keep his dog on. So he begins by overcharging his mileage by some magnificent circumlocutions; next votes himself a cart load of books, which he often sells at a ruinous shave, (but he pockets the proceeds and Uncle Sam the loss); and now he is ready for jobbing in congracts, in claims, and dabbles in all manner of miscellaneous corruption, whereby the expenditures are swelled, and the treasury depleted. So up go the appropriations to an enormous figure, but nobody is to blame. Party hacks try to make party capital out of it, and pot applies unseemly epithets to kettle: new demagogues contrive to supplant some of the old ones, and fall to realizing Esop's fable of the fox and the flies; so nothing of this 'withering expose' and that tremendous castigation, but infinite confusion, wrangling, and empty noise; at all events no retrenchment, but rather increased extravagance, waste and speculation.

ANNE BOLEYN.—Henry the Eighth was married to Anne Boleyn on the 25th of February, 1533, in a garret at the western end of the palace at Whitehall. She is described as a fair young creature; so exquisitely moulded in form and feature that she enslaved the eyes and understandings of all she encountered; and such is the interest with which her memory is still invested, that numbers daily visit her chamber at Hever Castle, near Edinbridge, in Kent, England, and eagerly listen to the romantic traditions which point out the hill where Henry used to sound his bugle, when he came to visit her, in their happy days of courtship, from his palace at Eltham; and the exact spot in the garden, where, at the turn of the walk, she suddenly came upon the king, who was so struck with her wondrous beauty, with confusion wrought by so unexpected a meeting greatly augmented, that from that moment he was inspired with the fatal passion which raised its unfortunate object to the throne, but to transfer her to the block. The axe with which the little neck of the cruelly-sacrificed queen was served, is still preserved in the Tower, and shares, with her grave in the chapel, the melancholy interest which for more than three hundred years has been associated with her name. It is said that, during the night which followed her execution, her body was secretly removed from its grave before the altar in the Tower Chapel, and buried in the church of Salle in Norfolk, where a black marble slab is shown as covering of her remains.

THE BRITISH ARMY FOR 1852-'53.—The military force of Great Britain will comprehend a regular army of 101,937 men, exclusive of the regiments employed in the East Indies and maintained at the Company's expense. When we examine into the distribution of this very considerable force we find that about 38,000 men are on foreign service, exclusive of the troops in India, so that some 52,000 remain for home duty in Great Britain; and as officers and non-commissioned officers usually average about 13 per cent. on the strength of a corps, we may consider the military force in these islands as something like 60,000 strong. Altogether, therefore, one half, or very nearly so, of our land force is stationed at home; its subsequent distribution giving as nearly as possible two-fifths to Ireland and three-fifths to Great Britain. When we add to these numbers a constabulary of 12,000 in Ireland, admirably equipped and disciplined, 6,000 marines serving on shore, a certain proportion of artillery, and 50,000 pensioners, not to mention the coast-guard and the dockyard battalions, it will be thought, perhaps, that we make a respectable parade, especially if one soldier, by effective arms and judicious practice, is hereafter to be made as good as two.

The charge for the land forces is of course, increased in proportion to its numbers, £3,602,067 being the sum asked in place of £3,521,070 demanded last year.

Abbott relates a capital anecdote of Napoleon. He states that, when a commander of the Government forces in Paris, after the Revolution, Napoleon one day encountered a mob led off by a fish woman, whose rotundity was prodigious. The fatty exhorted the mob our young General was trying to disperse, to hold their ground. "Never mind, said she, glancing at Napoleon and his staff, "these oxcombs with epaulettes on their shoulders, they care not if we poor people starve if they can but feed well and grow fat. Napoleon, who was at that period of his life as the meagre as a shadow, turned to the oratrix and said: "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter?" The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this repartee, and after being well laughed at by her companions departed, and the crowd dispersed.

PLOWING-IN GREEN CROPS.—Judge Buel, of N. Y., than whom no better authority can be quoted, and by whose intelligence and skill in the art of his husbandry, (as hundreds of living witnesses can attest,) a farm of barren, drifting sand was converted into a fertile loam—says, "I am satisfied from experience, that, other circumstances being alike, a clover sward plowed under in May, will give an average increase of at least 20 per cent to the crop over any sward, and the crop will be less liable to be injured by drought.