

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MAY 14, 1852.

NUMBER 39.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

BY RICHARD COE.

There is a Spring-time of the heart—

'Tis found in infancy—

When on its mother's breast the babe

First smiles in dimpled glee:

When, like the bud upon the stem,

Its life is but begun,

And proudly tear drops flee the eyes,

As shadows flee the sun!

There is a Summer of the heart—

'Tis found in early youth—

When life is full of joyousness,

Of innocence and truth:

When clouds but seldom intervene

To mar the sky so bright,

And all is but a fairy scene

Of exquisite delight!

There is an Autumn of the heart—

'Tis found in riper age—

When sorrows a familiar thing,

And grief an heritage:

When shadows thick and dark come o'er

The beauty of the sky,

And by their dim obscurity,

Foretell some danger nigh!

There is a Winter of the heart—

'Tis found in later year—

When life is full of bitterness,

Or vain regretful tears:

When stormy winds and chilling blasts

Blow with so fierce a breath,

That we would fain seek shelter in

The anchorage of Death!

When'er the Autumn of the heart

Shall cloud our lives with gloom,

And Winter's cold and chilling blasts,

Remind us of the tomb;

If we but act our parts aright

On Time's uncertain shore

Our souls may know in purer climes,

A Summer evermore!

Walking.

The following extracts from a chapter on Walking, may amuse some of our friends, and at the same time convey a lesson to the rising generation.

The tip-toes: so called from the pretty artifice of mincing on the toes, with a step indicative of this earth being too impure to receive the impress of their feet.

The swingers: a most unpleasant breed to walk with arm in arm. Their manner is to advance first one shoulder then the other, with two long arms pendulous and keeping time to the strides of a couple of stiff legs.

The bobbers: one might suppose them desirous of aiding digestion by shaking and churning themselves in their rambles. Their heads can be compared only to a fisher's float bobbing up and down in the water.

The dandlers: walk as though they were purely out of conceit with themselves; now all on one side, then all on the other; crooked, straight, long steps, short steps, toes sometimes in, sometimes out.

The scipity-hippity-hop step is usually met with among half-bred, Sunday-dressed bucks. It is a smirking, lippity-hippity motion.

The striders require no minute description. It is customary with them to race along, in seven league boots, so that it is, under all circumstances, far more desirable to ride than to walk with these gentry, the striders.

The jostlers are a quick, independent, hey-day, miscellaneous walkers, despising all rule, all order. They may be seen in crowded streets playing hide and seek before every passenger they meet; even in open ways they thread every street as if it were too narrow, or had too many lamp posts; nay, if the welfare of the nation were at their fingers ends, they could not affect more inportance of carriage and motion.

It is amusing to see two jostlers dancing before each other at cross purposes, right and left, begging pardon each time for the unfortunate interruption they occasion each other.

The step accidental is when you have been walking, say *ala wriggle*, tip-toe, or hold up, and suddenly meet a crony, who tells you, with a shining face, pinched eyes, and an affectionate twang of speech, how "hand-some your gold chain is," or what "a devilish good orator you proved yourself at the club last night."

The step delicate, one would imagine, belonged only to lovers and ladies. It is not so. There is such a creature in the fashionable world as a dandy; a thing of perfume and nonsense, which can step as delicately as a tortoise-shell tabby.

The step pompous is that of a man who has written a noisy article in a paper or a magazine, who has made a public speech, said some silly good thing, or struck a hard driven bargain in business.

The dead march is a very unique species of walking; the head, body, and arms are held deathly still, the eyes stare straight forward, and the creature advances his *corpse* by the action of the legs only.

The flat iron step is produced by a kind of marching step, laying the foot to the ground, toe and heel at the self-same time.

The one leggers, a never-before described tribe of odd-fellows, who appear to walk on one side, just as if they were beside themselves. They are no cripples, but as they choose to act the part of such by using one leg for *walking*; the other for *pushing*.

Alexander Dumas is writing his Memoirs for the Presse in Paris. A Critic says of him:

Having mixed familiarly with all descriptions of society from that of crowned heads and princes blood, down to the strolling players—having been behind the scenes of the political, the literary, the theatrical, the artistic, the financial, and the trading world—having risen, unaided, from the humble position of a subordinate clerk in the office of Louis Philippe's accountant, to that of the most popular of living romancers in all Europe—having found an immense fortune in his inkstand, and squandered it (like a genius or a fool)—having rioted in more than princely luxury, and been reduced to the sore strait of wondering where he could get credit for his dinner—having wandered far and wide, taking his life as it came—now dining with a King, anon sleeping with a brigand—one day killing lions in the Sahara, and the next, (according to his own account,) being devoured by a bear in the Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and managed a theatre, and failed in both—having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National Guard, and done fierce battles with bulliffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his coat is more variegated with ribbons than the rainbow with color—having published more than any man living, and perhaps than any man dead having fought duels innumerable, and having been more quizzed, cavieated, and lampooned, and satirized, and abused and slandered and admired, and envied, than any human being now existing, Dumas must have an immensity to tell, and we fear that it will be mixed up with a vast deal of imagination.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or in the parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and the demon, Waste, cries, "more!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give.

"WIFE," said a tyrannical husband, one morning to his abused consort. "I wish you would make me a pair of false bosoms." "I should think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

SEED PLANTER.—We were shown on last Monday, by the inventor, Mr. Carter, a new machine for planting seed, especially cotton seed, which exceeds anything of the kind we have ever seen or heard of.

The inventor intends applying for a patent, and therefore a minute description of it might be improper. Mr. Carter is a native of Laurens district, and we wish him every success, and that his ingenuity may be rewarded, not only with fame, but with something more "material."

Strawberries.

The secret growing Strawberries six months in the year, continuously, has been discovered and practiced by Charles F. Peabody of Columbus, Georgia, one of the editors of the Soil of the South for several years, not as a theory, mere experiment, nor accidental production, but as a science, a study of time successfully carried out for profit; for he sends his market wagon into the city, loaded with this luxury, from March till September, and last year his vines continued to ripen fruit until Christmas.

What is the secret? our fair readers exclaim.—What new variety? No other than Hovey's seedling, impregnated by early scald and never manured but kept continually moist by artificial watering; for which purpose he uses a garden engine.

For four years, Mr. P. cultivated the same variety in a rich garden mould, manuring liberally every year, and at any time during summer could have moved a heavy swathe of green luxuriant vines, which have made very good hay—but that was not what he wished to grow.—Failing to get fruit by garden culture, he commenced the experiment, which for six years has proved so eminently successful. He cleared off a strip of low land along a little rivulet, the soil of which is coarse sand loose gravel, intermixed with clay lightly, and of course, covered with forest mould, digging out the roots of a thick growth of bushes sufficiently prepared the land. The vines were then set in rows, six of Hovey and one of scarlet, and the surface has never been disturbed since, by spade or hoe, except so far as going over the ground once or twice a year to cut here and there a decaying vine or branch of grass or weeds, few of which however, in consequence of using no manure, ever made their appearance, neither do the plants run to vines, spreading all over the surface every year as they did in the garden.

The whole strength seems to be exerted for the production of large rich berries to such a degree that the ground is red with fruit—not green with leaves; and this not upon a little plot but over a field of five acres.

And does he never manure them? is undoubtedly asked by every tyro in the business of growing strawberry vines. Mr. P. grows roots, stems and fruit. I repeat he never manures; never digs the ground nor turns under the old roots to give place to new ones. In autumn, he gives a light dressing of the surface soil of the forest, and covers the ground with leaves; these remain until decayed, and serve to keep the berries clean during the long bearing season.

How to JUDGE CATTLE.—In all domestic animals, the skin, or hide forms one of the best means by which to estimate their fattening properties.

REMEDY FOR GRUBS OR BOTTS IN HORSES.—When your horse is first attacked drench with a strong decoction made by boiling the root of the weed known by the name of Jerusalem Oak.

HOW TO GROW MAGNIFICENT PEACHES.—Mr. J. C. Thorwell, of Metuchen, New York, presented us a basket of the finest and largest Crawford Melacatoon Peaches we have seen this year.

purchaser, who will sell them for 25 cents each the coming winter. Peach growers, think of this.—The Plow.

THE JEWS.—The new Chancellor of the Exchequer D'Iseaceli,—"the wondrous boy who wrote Alroy,"—in his recent Life of George Bentick, has many interesting statements and speculations as to the "children of Israel," of whom he is one.

Again he says: The Jews, after all the havoc and persecution they have experienced, are probably more numerous at this date than they were during the reign of Solomon the Wise; are found in all lands, and, unfortunately, prosper in most.

THE JESUITS.—The Genoa correspondent of the New York Times says that a great dissension and rebellion has recently sprung up among the Jesuits at Rome and Naples, not respecting any new religious principles, but in relation to a reform in the fashion of their hats, called by the Italians *capelloni*.

THE OLD MAN and HIS GRAND CHILD.—There was once a very old man, whose eyes had become dim, his ears deaf, and whose knees trembled under him.

TRUTH VERIFIED.—A gentleman from an Eastern city was relating with "great gusto" to a gaping crowd in a country bar room some of the wonderful things performed "in town."

POPULATION OF TURKEY.—The New York Times contains, in a letter from Constantinople, extracts from a semi-official Journal, which give some interesting statistics of the Turkish Empire.

LADIES TOILETTE travelling satchels have come into use. They have nine compartments, for ribbons, laces, soap, pins, powder, brushes, hair-pins, tooth-brush, combs, and nail-brush, &c.

Why Don't you Cry, you Fool?—The trial at the Salisbury Assizes, lately of an unlucky wight, who had been helping himself to his neighbor's goods gave rise to a piece of ingenuity on the part of a well known lawyer, which to us, who chanced to witness it, was somewhat amusing.

Local politics run high in the Western country. A candidate for the County Clerk in Texas offered to register marriages for nothing.

I've lost flesh lately!" as the butcher said, when he sold a quarter of beef to a bad customer.