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 of paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not

ment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars it 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 half cares for each subsequent insertion. Sinven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a sin-

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 pearly 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, Ot 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!

Whene'er the Autumn of the heart Shall cloud our lives with gloom, And Winter's cold and c'ailling 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. At a time, like the present, when the side-walks of the town are pretty clear of obstructions, in the way of customers to the stores or visitors to the town, a fair field for exhibition may be afforded to all who chose to practice the fashionable steps. Here follows a description of them:

"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. It eminently distinguishes a great swell, a boarding-school miss in her teens, or a stiff-starched old maid.

The swingers: a most unpleasant breed to walk with arm in arm. Their manner is to advauce first one shoulder then the other, with two long arms pendulous and keeping time to the strides of a couple of stiff legs, moving as gracefully as the extended legs of a mathematician's compasses, or the timber understandings of a Chelsea pensioner.

The bobbers: one might suppose them desiyous 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, whence they have doubtless, taken their name.

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. Except on a bad road, on a hot day, in a tight pair of shoes, and with a hungry belly, this style is quite unpardonable.

The skippity-hippity-hop step is usually met with among half-bred, Sunday-dressed bucks. It is a smirking, lippity-loppity motion. A mer-cer's apprentice, or a tailor's clerk, in his holiday gear, may not unfrequently be seen cutting this ridiculour figure.

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, heyday, 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 think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as affect more importance of carriage and motion. yours is, would be sufficient."

It is amusing to see two jostlers dancing before each other at cross purposes, right and left, beg-ging 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 "handsome your gold chain is," or what "a devilish good orator you proved yourself at the club last night." On parting, the step accidental is sure to convey your person to its destination with a swinging of the body, nodding the head, humming "lal lal lal lal," and swaggering with the feet.

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.

A ball room suit and pumps are the life and

soul of this very pretty step.

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. You are led to imagine their bodies have acquired actual ponderosity by the transaction. Such a heaving up of each side, such a parade with the legs, and such action in the very placing of a stick or umbrella under the arm is highly diverting to every peripatetic phi-

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 lit-erary, 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 Phillipe'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 managed a theatre, and failed in both-having built a magnificent chateau, and had it sold by auction—having commanded in the National a little plat but over a field of five acres. Guard, and done fierce battles with bailiffs and duns—having been decorated by almost every potentate in Europe, so that the breast of his growing strawberry vines. Mr. P. grows roots, 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, caricatured, 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. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it-not the least article, however unimportant in itself, for it establishes a precedent-nor under any pretence, for it opens the door for ruin to stalk in, and he seldom leaves an opportunity unimproved. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him through life-to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The busband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no further than his welfare and happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits is in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting room of the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend, and if that friend be not true to him, what has he to hope? If he dares not to place confidence in the companion of his bosom, where is he to place it? A wife acts not for herself only, but she is the agent of many she loves and she is bound to act for their good, and not for her own gratification. Her hosband's good is the end to which she should aim-his approbation is her reward.

"WIFE," said a tyranical husband, one morning, to his abused consort. "I wish you would make me a pair of false bosoms." "I should

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. It drops from 5 to 10 seed in a hill, at such distances as is desired, and is so constructed as to open the hill, drop the seed and cover them at the same time, thus saving seed and the labor of one horse and 7 hands; as it usually takes 2 hands to drop after one plough, and one to cover. In other words one horse and one hand with this machine performs the labor of eight hands and two horses in planting crops. From what the ingenious inventor told us of its operation, having planted his entire crop with it this year, it is destined to come into general use. It can also be made to drop corn and peas at the same time with much more accuracy than it can be done by hand.

The inventer in ands 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."

[Laurensville Herald.

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 seeding, impregnated by early scarlet and never manured but kept continually moist by artificial watering; for which purpose he uses a garden en-

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 haybut 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 mauure, 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 Pyrenees—having edited a daily newspaper and 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

> 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. This, and the watering every hot day when it does not rain is the great secret of growing strawberries, not only six months but last year he actually had them upon his table every month but two-January and February. Of course at the North, the bearing seasons could not be of equal duration, but it may be greatly extended by the same course of cultivation.—Scott's Weekly paper.

> 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. In the handling of oxen, if the hide be found soft and silky to the touch, it affords a proof of tendency to take on flesh. A beast having a perfect touch, will have a thick, loose, skin, floating as it were, on a layer of soft fat, yielding to the slightest pressure, and springing back towards the finger like a piece of soft leather. Such a skin will be usually covered with an abundance of soft, glossy hair, feeling like a bed of moss-and hence is ever termed a mossy skin. But a thick-set, hard, soft hair, always handles hard, and indicates a hard feeder.

> 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 .-This is the most effectual remedy ever tried-scarcely ever known to fail.

How to Grow Magnificient Peaches .- Mr. J. C. Thorwell, of Metuchin, New York, presented us a basket of the finest and largest Crawford Melacatoon Peaches we have seen this year. His method of growing them is very simple, and may be easily followed by others. His soil is gravelly and stony, and for the peach orchard, he chose the highest part of his farm. Before setting out the trees, he plowed deep, say 10 to 12 inches, and top dressed heavily with lime, then cultivated in the usual manner. He thinks deep plowing is the secret, and says it would have been still more beneficial to have subsoiled his orchard ground. Farmers, please remember this. Large peaches bring three to four times as much in this market as small ones. Picked Morris whites brought as high as ten dol ars per basket, this season. These are preserved by the tomer.

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 Ex-chequer D'Iseaeli,—"the wondrous boy who wrote Alrory,"-in his recent Life of George Bentick, has many interesting statements and speculations as to the "children of Israel," of whom he is one. In one place, he remarks that "the allegation that the dispersion of the Jewish race is a penalty incurred for the commission of great crimethe crucifixion of Jesus Christ-is neither historically true or dogmatically sound. It is not historically true, because the Jews were as much dispersed throughout the world at the advent of our Lord as they are at the present time, and had been so for many centuries

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. All which proves that it is in vain for man to attempt to baffle the inexorable law of nature which has decreed that a superior race shall never be destroyed or absorbed by an inferior.'

Again: 'If the reader throws his eye over the Provisional Government of Germany, of Italy, and even of France, formed in 1848, he will recognize every where the Jewish element. Mazni, who accomplished the insurrection, and defence and administration of Venice, is a Jew, who professes the whole of the Jewish religion and be-lieves in Calvary as well as Sinai. He is what the Lombards call a converted Jew. Frederick Gentz, Secretary of the Congress of Vienna was a child of Israel. Several millions of the Jewish race persist in believing only a part of their religion.
There is one fact which none can contest—christians may continue to persecute Jews, and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the Incarnate son of the Most High God, is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?

'The European nations are indebted to the Jews for much that regulates, much that charms, and much that solaces existence. The toiling multitude rests every seventh day by virtue of a Jewish law; they are perpetually reading for their example, the record of Jewish history; and singing the odes and elegies of Jewish poets; and they daily acknowledge on their knees, with reverend gratitude, that the medium of communication between the Creator and themselves is the Jewish race. Yet they habitually treat that race as the very vilest of generations, and, instead of logically looking upon them as the hu-man family that has contributed most to human happines, they extend to them every term of obloquy and every form of persecution.'

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 younger members of the order have decided to wear three-cornered hats, as better adapted to the progress of the age. The elder fathers, condemning this innovation, as against the rules of the order, have protested,

and go in favor of the large hats. Father Roothan, the General, has published an article in Naples, ordering all the members of the Company of Jesus, young, middle-aged and old, to adopt three-cornered hats, threatening the rebellious with ecclesiastical terrors, and expulsion from the mystical and political order of Lovola. The Italians predict a probable schism among the Italian Jesuits. One party will be called "Protestant," and the other "Reformed and Three-Cornered," Jesuits.

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. When he sat at the dinner table, he could scarcely hold his spoon, so that sometimes he spilt his soup on the cloth.-His son and daughter were much displeased at this, and at last they made their old father sit in a corner behind the stove, and gave him his food in a little earthen dish.

He never got as much as he could eat, and he would often look towards the table with wet, longing eyes.

One day his shaking hand let his little dish fall, and it was broken. The woman scolded but he said nothing; he only sighed. Then they bought a wooden trough for him.

Once as he was sitting thus in the corner, his little grand child, about four years old, was playing on the floor near him with some pieces of

What are you making?' asked the father, smi-

ling.
'I am making a little trough,' answered the child, 'for father and mother to eat from when they are old and I am grown big!"

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence, and their tears flowed fast. They brought their old father back to the table, gave him as much food as he wished, and they never again spoke an angry word when his trembling hand spilt soup on the cloth.

POPULATION OF TURKEY .- The New York Times contains, in a letter from Constantinople, extracts from a semi-official Journal, which gi some interesting statistics of the Turkish Ca tol and Empire. The population of Constanti ople, including the suburbs, is stated at 975,000 Less than one-half of these are Mussulmen. The whole number of slaves is 47,000, of which 42,-000, are females. The greater part of the females are black, and perform the duty of house servants. The total population of the Ottoman Empire is stated to be nearly 40,000,000.

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

THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.-The American expedition to Japan is viewed with extraordinary favor by all the Journals, both English and French, that have commented upon the subject at all. The Paris Constitutionel

"The success of the expedition cannot be doubted for an instant, especially if it is conducted, as every thing leads us to expect, with a mixture of moderation and firmness. According to the manner in which the commodore shall act, he may merit the gratitude of all christendem. In all probability, the Japanese will not be of long duration. We bid the Americans God speed, and shall hear with real pleasure of the success of their mission, because we are sure that it will be accomplished without great or unnecessary bloodshed."

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 amu-sing. The prisoner had been defended by counsel, all that could be said on his behalf had been said, but the case against him was too palpable to admit a shadow of doubt, and a verdict of guilty was pronounced. The judge seemed to ook upon the culprit, who was a rough looking fellow, destitute alike of friends and character, with some degree of pity, and previous to pas-sing the sentence of law upon him, commenced giving him a few words of advice. The benevoence of his lordship's tone was not thrown away upon the lawyer, who seemed to feel that as long as there was a chance of helping his client he was bound to do his utmost; unobserved, therefore, he at once whipt behind the dock, and putting his hands to the sides of his mouth, whispered to the prisoner as loud as prudence would permit—"Why don't you cry you fool! Be quick—you'll save a month at least!" The culprit, who before this, was standing as unmoved as a statue, immediately took the hint, rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, and for a moment seemed overcome by a sense of the degraded situation in which he stood, The dodge answered. "I trust (said his lordship) that the sense of shame which you now feel will prevent you from appearing again in such a situation in a court of justice, and in that hope I am induced to pass upon you a much lighter sentence than I should otherwise do, which is, that you be imprisoned in the House of Correction, in this county, for the space of one month." The fellow, we were afterwards informed, is a most hardened rascal - Deives (Eng) Gazette.

A Dutchman had occasion to reprimand, what he considered a very refractory son, who after receiving it, took his seat with such indications or countenance as to induce the conviction that although he "acquiesced" in he was not pleased with the operation. The old gentleman observing to distorted condition of his facial mu-cles and thinking he heard a muttering, turned to the truant with:

'Vot dat you say?' "Me say nothing," was the reply.
'Vel den vot you tink?

unmerciful onslaught.

out you must stop!"

'Me tink nothing, was the answer. 'Dat be von lie sir: you tink damn it 'an me ip you for dat.' Suiting the action to the word poor Hans was made the unwilling recipient of a second very

TIME TO STOP .- Speaking of courting reminds us of a little incident that occurred in our good city "once upon a time." A close-fisted old codger had a likely daughter," whose opening charms attracted the attention of a certain nice young man. After some little manoeuvring, he ventured to open a courtship. On the first night of his appearance in the parlor, the old man after dozing in his chair until 9 o'clock, arose and putting a log of wood on the fire, said, as he left the room, " There, Nancy, when that log burns

TRUTH VERIFIED .- A gentlemen fom 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."-The people were greatly surprised, and rather inclined to skepticism when he spoke of a brick building being actually moved without injury from 'one foundation to another.' A Yankee wit who had been "eyeing the stranger" rather suspiciously, replied-"It is so! for I came by the next day; and they were moving the cellar !

Local politics run high in the We ... rn counry. A candidate for the County Clerk in Texas offered to register marriages for nothing. His opponent, undismaved promised to do the same and throw in a cradle.

An elderly lady, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the 2d of April. Her husband who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the first of April." "People might well judge so," responded the matron, "in the choice I made of a husband."

Ladies toilette travelling sachels have come into use. They have nine compartments, for ribbons. laces, soap, pins, powder, brushes, hairpins, tooth-brush, combs, and nail-brush, &c. They are made of brown Holland, and are convenient and portable,