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From the Evening Bulletin.

EPITHALAMIUM.

To Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt.

BY PETER PINDAR, JR.

Well, Mrs. Goldschmidt, dear, I wish you joy:
The spinster-world forsaking,
That double happiness without alloy,
That Hymen's votaries talk of every day,
You're bent on trying, and taking
"Love honor and obey"
For your new motto,
Have given your hand to Otto!

Fortunate Otto (your Otto of Roses),
When he first learned the piano,
Ne'er dreamed he'd be the man o'
Suck wondrous luck as this day's news discloses—

Mate to a Nightingale!
And that no common, unledged bird,
But one who has made her carols heard,
And entering now her thirty second spring,
Vows that she will no longer sing
The stupid solo of celibacy,
But join him in a duo that can't fail
To suit the popular gale,
And close in a cadenza that shall be
The climax of their joint felicity.

Was ever known such transformation?
A bulbul to a goldfinch—no goldsmith—
It passes Ovid's wildest transmigration,
And yet the change was all accomplished with
A few words from the Prayer Book; so
The plumage from the warbler dropp'd,
The soaring bird her warblings stopp'd
And then subsided to a wife—

An unpoetical fowl, I know,
But pleasant, when it brings a nest for life,
Well lined, as this one, with a golden fleece
Such as no Argonauts had dream'd of, even in
Greece.

So Otto has returned to his vocation;
Jenny has set him up
And opened his new Goldsmith shop,
Where gold is to be wrought from all creation.
All alchemy is put to blush,
Since Midas, in his most metallic mood,
Never made gold with such a rush,
As Jenny can do or as Jenny could.
For, by the mint machinery of her throat,
Otto may coin from every bulbul no
A full fledged Golden Eagle, fit
To circulate where baser coin than it
Would be uncurrent, or would meet
A heavy discount in the street!

But still, I wish you joy, dear Mrs. G.;
I am resigned, or strive to be;
I'll even forget the fifteen dollar seat
That I was fleeced of in the Barnum days;
I'll even strive to lay the unwilling ghosts
Of scores of sacrificed white kids that meet
My tear-dimmed eyes whene'er I gaze
Into the drawer where lie the hosts
Of sad memorials of my youthful folly—
"Most musical, most melancholy."

And when in future years,
Around the Goldschmidt hearth appears
A "birding" brood that "must be singin'"
Each in its own domestic song,
And with no Barnum all equipped for bringing
It out before a Castle Garden throng—
Periaps, dear Mrs. G.,
You'll give a thought to me
Who, in the height of Barnum's glorious row
That first infatuation
That seem'd to fill the nation,
Invested three Vs in the fund that now
Sets up your Otto in his old vocation!
Philada., Feb. 6

A WOMAN'S VALUABLES.—Some of the brightest pages in history are those which illustrate the heroism and fidelity of woman. We remember of reading a beautiful and affecting incident which occurred in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibbelines illustrative of these traits, and which we beg leave to commend to the notice of our bachelor readers. The Emperor of Conrad had refused all terms of capitulation to the garrison Winnesberg; but, like a true knight, he granted the request of the women to pass out in safety, with such of their most precious effects as they could themselves carry. When the gates were opened, a long procession of matrons and maidens appeared, each bearing on her shoulders—not her treasures, her household goods or her trinkets—but a husband, a son, father, or brother! As they passed through the enemies lines, all respectfully made way for them, while the whole camp rang with shouts of applause.

Bachelor reader, will you allow us to ask whether there is a maid or matron on whom you could rely for a similar service, in case of emergency?

WHAT WILL THE GIRLS AND BOYS SAY!—It has been decided by an eminent physician, that 21 for a female, and 28 for a male, are the proper ages for the earliest marriages.

A Connecticut editor, in dunning his subscribers, says he has responsibilities thrown upon him which he is obliged to meet.

Maxims to Marry by.

The following maxims to marry by, addressed to single gentlemen, are copied from a very old number of Blackwood, printed so long ago that old 'Kit North' must have been something of a beau at the time he wrote them:

"Now, in making marriage, as in making love—and indeed in making most other things—the beginning it is that is the difficulty. But the French proverb about beginnings—'C'est le premier pas qui coute'—goes more literally to the arrangement of marriage; as our English well illustrates the condition of love—'The first step over, the rest easy.' Because, in the marrying affair, it is particularly the 'first step' that 'costs'—as to your cost you will find, if the step happens to go the wrong way. And most men, when they go about the business of wedlock, owing to some strange delusion, begin the affair at the wrong end. They take a fancy to the white arms—(sometimes only to the kid gloves)—or to the neat ankles of a peculiar school girl; and conclude from the premises, that she is just the very woman of the world to scold a household of servants, and to bring up a dozen children! This is a convenient deduction, but not always a safe one.

"White arms and neat ankles, bring me, naturally, at once to the very important consideration of beauty. For don't suppose because I caution you against all day-disabilities, that I want to fix you with a worthy creature whom it will make you extremely ill every time you look at. For the style of attraction, please yourselves, my friends. I should say a handsome figure—if you don't get both advantages—is better than a merely pretty face. Good eyes are a point never to be overlooked. Fine teeth—full, well proportioned limbs—don't cast these away for the sake of a single touch of the small-pox; a mouth something too wide; or dimples rather deeper on one side than the other.

"It may, at some time, be a matter of consideration, whether you shall marry a maid or a widow. As to the taste, I myself will give no opinion—I like both; and there are advantages peculiar to either. If you marry a widow, I think it should be one whom you have known in the lifetime of her husband; because, then *ad actu ad posse*—from some notion of what you own will be. If her husband is dead before you knew her, you had better be off at once; because she knows (the jade!) what you will like, though she never means to do it; and depend upon it, if you have only one inch of *penchant*, and trust yourself to look at her three times, you are tickled to a certainty.

Marrying girls is a nice matter always; for they are as cautious as crows plundering a corn-field. You may stalk for a week, and never get near unperceived. You hear the caterwauling as you go up stairs, into the drawing-room, louder than thunder; but it stops—as if by magic! the moment a (marriageable) man puts his ear to the key-hole—I don't myself, I profess upon principle, see any objection to marrying a widow. If she upbraids you at any time with the virtues of her former husband, you only reply that you wish he had her with him, with all your soul. If a woman, however, has had more than three husbands, she poisons them; avoid her.

"In widow-wiving, it may be, a question whether you should marry the widow of an honest man or a rascal. Against the danger that the last may have learned ill tricks, they set the advantage—she will be more sensible (from the contrast) to the kindness of a gentleman and a man of honor. I think you should marry the honest man's widow; because, with women, habit is always stronger than reason.

"But the greatest point, perhaps, to be aimed at in marrying, is to know, before marriage, what it is you have to deal with. You are sure to know this, fast enough, afterwards. Be sure, therefore, that you commence the necessary perquisitions before you have made up your mind, and not as people generally do, *after*. Remember that there is no use in watching a woman that you love; because she can't do anything—do what she will—that will be disagreeable to you. And still less in examining a woman that loves you; because, for the time, she will be quite sure not to do anything that ought to be disagreeable to you. I've shown a hundred perfect tigresses as pl as kittens—quite more obliging than need be—under such circumstances. It is not a bad way—maid or widow—when you find you are fancying a woman, to make her believe that you have an aversion to her. If she has any concealed good qualities, they are pretty sure to come out on such an occasion.

"Don't marry any woman under twenty—she is not come to her wickedness before that time. Nor any woman who has a red nose at any age; because people make observations as you go along the street. A 'cast of the eye'—as the lady casts it upon you—may pass muster under some circumstances—and I have even known those who thought it desirable; but absolute squinting is a monopoly of vision which ought not to be tolerated."—BLACKWOOD.

DR. BROWNLOW PRIVATE SECRETARY OF GOV. JONES.—We copy from the Knoxville Whig, of April 15th the following choice *meccanum*. Wonder if Senator Jones makes a habit of getting friends to fix up his circulars, speeches, &c.

"In good faith, as a political partisan, we stood up to Jones, and rendered him all the 'aid and comfort' we could, in his different political battles in this State. We extolled him and his speeches, through our paper, and kept him as prominently before our numerous readers, at home and abroad, as we could. We afterwards published a large edition of a bound volume, in which we gave an extraordinary eulogistic sketch of his life and political services, he himself furnishing the alleged facts, by letter! We afterwards wrote out his circular, which first appeared at Jonesboro, in reply to Gov. Polk, which was copied into all the whig papers in the State, and extolled to the skies, for its ability, and overwhelming refutation of the charges made against

the whig party, in reference to the expenditures of the Government! Jones gave us the report made out by Smith, the Register of the Treasury and requested us to do our best and sign his name, as he had not the time. We made his defence, and he afterwards thanked us by letter for a defence, more able and triumphant, as he acknowledged, than he could have made himself!"

FANATICISM.—The Governor of Connecticut, (Seymour,) in his recent message opposed the Maine anti-liquor law. The New York Tribune thus speaks of him:

"Seymour sits in the Governor's chair as the purchased instrument of rum interest—its attorney, its tool. By the money of rum-sellers, poured out without stint, was his election achieved. He was wafted to his present dishonorable elevation on the tainted breath of drunkards, and those who are fast ripening for their condition and their doom. He had other and worthier supporters, certainly; but rum gave his majority and he is but repaying an obligation in pettifogging his wretched case to the extent of his limited capacity."

From the Soil of the South.

Farm Economy.

Mr. Editor: If it is true that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," it is no less true, "that the God of this world has blinded their eyes." When! Mr. Editor—when! let it be asked with all the emphasis of deep conviction and earnestness of imminent ruin; when will the cotton planter of the South open their eyes to the fact, that a crop of two million bales will bring them more money than one of two and a half or three million? We toil and struggle through the whole calendar, from Christmas to Christmas again, devoting to the cotton crop our lands and our best energies, and thereby exhausting both; and all to swell the number of cotton bales to an amount that must, in the very nature of things, depress the price to a figure far below remuneration, and keep it there. Then look at the disastrous consequences which are inevitable by such a course. Cattle upon the lift, or down beyond the hope of resuscitation; skeleton frames reeling to the plow they have not strength to move; corncribs empty, and meat-houses desolate. In last year, the little money that was realized from the little crop, has all gone to Cherokee and Tennessee for corn. The bacon is yet to be bought, either on a credit or with money borrowed at a high rate of interest; in either case involving the hapless purchaser in debt.—An argument of five minutes will convince any man that all these calamities may be avoided, and their opposite blessings secured, by planting a smaller crop of cotton and a larger crop of grain. Indeed, almost every man is *already convinced* of that fact. Why is it, then, that all "confess the wrong and still the wrong pursue?" Each individual is aware that his diminished cotton crop will have no effect upon the market, and in order to get his share of the money, he must plant his full proportion of the cotton. Now, Mr. Editor, for one, am resolved to pursue a different course, from the full conviction that it is to my individual interest to make a provision crop; and thus, if I should not succeed so far as to have grain and pork to sell, I at least will endeavor to avoid the humiliating necessity of being compelled to pay away all, or nearly all the proceeds of the cotton crop for those indispensable necessities. And until every planter is convinced by practical experience, that, let others do as they may, it is for his individual interest to do likewise, then, and not till then, will the cotton crop be so restricted as to bring about that desirable state of things, viz: *more money, and plenty of provision.*

I am aware that it is maintained, upon quite formidable authority, that the extent of the crop has no influence in determining the price; and a learned Professor attempts to prove that to be true, by the extent of the several crops of the last ten years, and the relative prices obtained for them. But an argument based on those data is incomplete. If a large crop, or even a succession of large crops, brought a high price, the inference is irresistible that short crops, under the operation of similar influences, would have brought a higher one. To maintain that short crops cause low prices, is to maintain that corn would now be worth one dollar per bushel, if every corn crib in the land were bursting with corn. ALIQUIS.

From the Southern Cultivator.

Sheep for the South.

Messrs. Editors:—It appears to me that the Southern Planters, as a class, read, think, and reason quite too little upon the peculiarities of their situation and circumstances, for their own welfare. Because certain breeds of animals are found profitable in the North, they jump to the conclusion that the same breeds must be equally profitable at the South, too, not reflecting for one moment upon the great difference between our climate and circumstances. The great heat of our climate renders our stomachs much more delicate, and the mutton of Clayton Reybold, Esq., which excites such admiration among the gastronomes further North, would be very apt among us, to give rise to a very different sensation.

The great majority of our farmers and planters at the South, raise their meats entirely for their own use; and such being the case, the breeds of animals furnishing such meats, and only those breeds ought to be selected, unless the first cost should be too great, or there should be other great objections. Generally speaking, the first cost of good animals of the different breeds, is very much the same, therefore, is no serious objection. In commencing a flock of sheep, for instance, how few planters take the trouble to think what object they propose to themselves in so doing, and what breed would be the best for their purposes.—Poor rustics, as we are some-

times made to open our eyes when we read accounts of the enormous weights of carcass, the inches of fat, and 20 to 25 pounds of fleece of some of the Bekewell's Cotswold's and New Oxfordshires slaughtered further north, and involuntarily led to break the 10th commandment, little remembering that were we to attempt similar things we would signally fail, or pay to dear for the whistle if we succeeded. I am quite willing to allow that in the neighborhood of towns and cities where the principal object would be to furnish meat for others to eat, these breeds would probably prove the most profitable; yet as such cases are only exceptions to the general rule, they will not at all weaken the force of what I am about to say in favor of the neglected Merino. In their adaptation to our climate, soil and circumstances, they are certainly not inferior, if they are not decidedly superior to any English breed; and quite as much, if not much more, may be said without fear of contradiction, of the quality of their flesh and wool.

They certainly do not arrive at maturity very early, but in return, they are very long-lived; they are amongst the most prolific and the best nurses; they are sufficiently thrifty to give no cause of complaint, among the most healthy, whether as mutton or lamb, is unequalled, and their wool more valuable as well for coarse as for fine fabrics, costs no more to produce than that of any other breed.

I have seen comparisons drawn between them and the larger breeds, much to their disadvantage, though without reflection, appearing to be fair and impartial. In these comparisons no allusion is made to the little fact that one acre will produce just as much of Merino mutton and of Merino wool as of any other breed, and the great superiority of both. I quote no authorities in support of my opinions, because I do not think that such of your subscribers as read will find anything new in them, and to such as do not read, book authorities would not be apt to be acknowledged as of any value.

That my opinions may not be suspected of selfishness, I think it fair to state that I have no Merinos for sale, but so fully do I believe in what I have written, that I have lately been purchasing some to take a fresh start and improve my flock which has, from neglect, degenerated more than I like.

Yours, RUSTICUS.

From the Laurensville Herald.

Pastures.

There is perhaps no country in the world where it is so easy to have ample pasture for stock, excepting the wild prairie lands of the west and north-west, as in the old cotton States; and in no improved country is the great advantage that might be derived from properly enclosing them, less understood or appreciated. Thousands of acres are to be seen—everywhere in this State, of old fields and exhausted lands, so managed as to be of little or no value to their owners.—Do our people know that everywhere throughout Europe and the Northern States, pasture is considered of the first importance to the farmer? With them clover and the grasses are considered the foundation of all good farming. It may be said that clover and the rich grasses will not thrive with us as with them. This may be so—and it is probable, indeed, almost certain, that their mode of farming would not suit us. Our customs should be such as experience proves are best suited to our location. If we cannot have their luxuriant pastures, we can have our short grass and broomsage much longer than they do, which a great advantage. If we cannot mow hay for wintering our stock as they do, we have much less need of it, as our winters are short.—With shucks and straw and some other little helps we are generally able to winter our cattle.

What we ought to do is, to have our waste lands so enclosed as to afford an abundant pasturage. With good pasturage we can have fat cattle, more milk and more manure. With plenty of milk, we need less meat, and therefore less corn for feeding hogs; with plenty of manure we can raise more cotton and more corn, and more meat too. By having ample pasturage we can leave the vegetable matter on our cultivated fields to be turned in. Avoid the injury of much treading, and at the same time be gathering the manure to fertilize them.

These are such plain truths, so obvious, that one would think it hardly necessary to urge them; yet, plain as they are, they are not carried out in practice by our farmers in one case out of ten. The system of cross-fencing and close-grazing, and treading of our cultivated fields, still continues. Would it not be better, and generally cheaper, too, that the cross fences should all be removed and applied to enclosing permanent pastures? But many of us have also branch and creek bottoms that with proper attention would produce the best kind of grasses. It is certain the herds-grass and white clover succeed well in such places, and it is altogether likely that many of the grasses they now produce spontaneously, would, with proper attention, prove valuable.—In fact, several of my acquaintances cut considerable quantities of hay on their wet bottoms the last dry summer, which has helped them materially in carrying their stock through the winter. It is not slow business. A hand can save more of it in a day than he can of fodder. The reader may think I have taken a good deal of pains in telling what every body knows; be that as it may, it is not what everybody practices, and it is even of use sometimes to be reminded of what we already know.

To sum up what I have to say in a few words, let me urge every farmer in Laurens to enclose for himself a good pasture—one that will keep fat all summer as many cattle as he can carry in condition through the winter. And let him avail himself to the extent of these helps to increase his manure pile; let him tend less land, better manured and better tended, to be sure to put in enough corn and smaller grain before cotton, and I will promise him a happy independence. FRANKLIN.

MIXED MANURES.—Judge Longstreth, one of the most distinguished agriculturists of this State, mentioned in a conversation, a short time since, that he had at length got his farm hands into the practice of scattering, every morning when they visited the stable, a handful or two of plaster over the manure excremented during the night and previous day. In this way the ammonia gas, which is the fertilizing part, is kept in the manure until you want it for the crop, and then, like the Western man at the fight, "always find it there," ready to feed the maws of your plants.—In consequence of this practice of Judge L.'s his horses' eyes were not injured, nor do their human attendants suffer inconvenience by the sharp, pungent, and valuable salt escaping into, and filling the confined atmosphere of their stables, subsequently to be lost in the air. Their eyes cease to water in a few moments after the plaster is put on.—Virginia Free Press.

BONES.—Have these carefully saved, in every 200 pounds of them there is enough animal matter, phosphate of lime, and other salts to grow an acre of wheat. One bushel of bones added to a load of manure increases its value one half.

VERY TRUE.—When we hear men and women speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you will be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a washerwoman. It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn, or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wise and good respect and love goodness, wherever it is found in all its beauty and effulgence.

DIVORCE IN CONNECTICUT.—A clerical gentleman attended the House of Representatives last spring, to read prayers, and being politely requested to remain seated near the Speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an unmarrying process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following IMPROMPTU, ADDRESSED BY A PRIEST TO THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT:

For cut ting all connect ions named,
Connect i cut is fairly fame l;
I twain connect in one, but you
Cut those whom I connect, in two;
Each Legislature seems to say,
What you CONNNECT I CUT away.

A quaint writer of sentences in the Galaxy, says—'I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might over-set—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall; but I never saw one afraid to get married.'

A lady thought it would look interesting to faint away at a party, the other evening. One of the company began bathing her head and temples with bay rum, when the lady exclaimed—"For Heaven's sake put nothing on that will change the color of my hair!"

REFINING THE SENTIMENT.—The popular negro melody,

"Dance, boatman dance,
Dance all night till broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the morning."

is thus rendered into prose:

"Mingle in the mazes of the dance thou knight of the oar, while the resplendent luminary of the day has withdrawn from the earth, till the bright Aurora gilds the eastern sky with golden light, and then, with thy characteristic gallantry, accompany the fair and unsophisticated participants of thy pleasures to their paternal mansions."

A LADY'S REPLY TO AN IMPERTINENT.

"Louisa, you've the brightest eyes,
They look through me like a dart,"
"Do they Sir Pop?" Louisa cries;
"If so I'm sure they see no heart!"

Nutmegs are the kernel of a fruit like the peach, and when its pulpy covering is removed is surrounded by a coat of mace.