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#### From the Youth's Magazine. THE CROP OF ACORNS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. There came a man in days of old, To hire a piece of land for gold, And urged his suit in accents meek, "One crop alone is all I seek; That harvest o'er, my claim I yield, And to its lord resign the field."

The owner some misgivings felt, And coldly with the stranger dealt. ·But found his last objection fail, And honeyed eloquence prevail, So took the proffered price in hand, And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneered with pride, And sowed the spot with acorns wide; At first like tiny shoots they grew, Then broad and wide their branches threw But long before those oaks sublime, Aspiring, reached their forest prime, The cheated landlord mouldering lay, Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O ye, whose years unfolding fair, Are fresh with youth, and free from care, Should vice or indolence desire The garden of your souls to hire, No parley hold-reject the suit, Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware; With firmness break the insidious snare, Lest, as the acorns grow and throve Into a sun-excluding grove, Thy sins, a dark o'ershadowing tree, Shut out the light of heaven from thee

## BORROWING.

Will Wag went to see Charles Quirk, More fam'd for his books than his knowledge, In order to borrow a work

But Charley replied, "My dear friend, You must know I have sworn and agreed My books from my room not to lend-But you may sit by my fire and read."

Now it happened by chance on the morrow That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air, Come, his neighbor's bellows to borrow, For his own were out of repair.

But Willy replied: "My dear friend, I have sworn and agreed, you must know, That my bellows I never will lend-But you may sit by my fire and blow !"

MARRIED LIFE.-Julius Moser gives the following counsel, from a wife and mother: "I try to make myself and all around me agreeable.-It will not do to leave a man no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face .-It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like: a word from you at the right time will not f.il of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue. The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like the dew drop on the rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality. The skill re-

quired is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife: he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word .-Your education, which gives you an immense adadvantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

Dissipation softens the soul so much, that the most superficial employment becomes a burden, and the slightestinconvenience an agony. The roses of pleasures seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their aweetness after they have lost their beauty.

THE POPE has sent a messenger to Vienna to remonstrate against the heavy demands made on the Papal treasury by Austria, for the mainten ance of troops.

MARRYING A BEAUTY.

" More poetry from poor Meadows, more ' woful ballads made to his mistress' eyebrow," said the fairest of young widows, as she held up about half a quire of pale pink note-paper to the vexed eyes of her humble companion; " really the young man makes himself very ridiculous."

" Very ridiculous, indeed !" said Miss Hindley, who felt a great horror of Meadows, considering, with justice, that if her patroness were to select an humble servant, she would soon cease to stand in need of an humble companion. " I really wonder, dear Mrs. Temple, that a person of your fine mind can encourage the young man in his folly; the love of one so weak and silly is very little

worth having."

"Nay, Miss Hindley," said the beauty, "his love is at least disinterested; don't I know that the second time he came to my house you told him that the whole income was, by the will of my late husband, to pass from me if I married again? And don't I know that you make this communication to all single men between twenty and sixty? expressing your regret in a very soft tone of voice, at poor misguided Mr. Temple being influenced by his relations to make a will so unjust to his wife, while you are thinking at the time in your own mind, that Mr. Temple and his relations were perfectly right, and that Mrs. Temple has all the inclination to make herself ridiculous were she not deprived of the power of doing it."

Miss Hindley colored violently; the accusation was perfectly just; but she only clasped her hands together and said, "Dear Mrs. Temple you do not know half the affection I have for you. I am aware that money is quite an unnecessary adjunct to one so fascinating as you are; but I confess I should like to see you loved for your-

"And is it not a proof that I am loved for myself," asked Mrs. Temple, rather sharply, when a man of independent fortune is anxious to marry me, although he knows that a second mar-riage will deprive me of every shilling that I

"No," said Miss Hindley, who was not deficient in shrewdness, "I do not think it proves any such thing. Mr. Meadows loves you only for your beauty; now, your beauty is at present a part of yourself, but it will not permanently be so; it will fade and decline when your conversations and your accomplishments remain in full perfection; your admirer does not estimate these, he only thinks of your outward appear-

"How can you possibly tell that, Miss Hindley?" asked the fair widow.

"Because," replied Miss Hindley, "Mr. Meadows, when he speaks to you or of you, extols only your personal charms; if you mention a book, if you sing a song, does he not always contrive to bring in some absurd compliment to your leveliness ?"

Mrs. Temple did not consider compliments to her loveliness quite so absurd as they were considered by Miss Hindley; but as she had much more sense than is usually allotted to the share of beauty, she was ready to admit what indeed she had long secretly admitted to herself, that the fine speeches of Meadows were rather over-" than as an intellectual English woman; and that it would be extremely agreeable if he would sometimes converse with her as a rational being, instead of carrying on his courtship by a perpetual succession of son-

nets, sighs and compliments.
"His cousin, Mr. Corbett, is a far more intelligent companion." she said; "he admires Alfred Tennyson as much as I do; then how scientific a second he sings, and what excellent remarks he made on the cottage in the wood that I sketched from nature, giving it all due commendation, yet pointing out a fault in the shading; I like people who commend and find fault in their proper places."

"Then you cannot like people," said Miss Hindley, "who talk about your beauty, for that is a subject which I am sure cannot give rise to

fault finding." Adela Temple smiled, and glanced at herself n an opposite looking-glass; she was certainly a brilliant beauty, but a beauty of a peculiar description; her figure was pretty, but not fine; her complexion, hair, and teeth would merely have entitled her to the appellation of a nicelooking person; her eyes constituted her beauty -such eyes were surely never seen! Dancing, glittering, flashing-now laughing so gaily that it seemed immaterial whether the lips were laughing or not-now veiled under the shade of long dark fringed eyelashes-now eloquent with intelligence-now melting with sensibility: they were large hazel eyes, but they could in turn look as animated as black eyes, as soft as blue, and as sober as grey ones; they were eyes that brought all sorts of quotations from the poets into the head of every one who knew anything about the poets, and made the plain prosaic people of this work-a-day world shake off their common places and express their admiration in some such freak of speech as that employed by the gallant dustman who said he should like to light his pipe at the eyes of the Duchess of Devonshire! And those eyes were the constant theme of Meadows' tongue and pen, and those eyes were eulogized on the pale pink paper, in verse which Adela Temple had the patience to read to the end, although they were certainly very trite and intrepid.

"Not quite in the style of Alfred Tennyson," said Miss Hindley, in a caustic tone of voice. "Perhaps not," said Mrs. Temple, quickly,

but all men cannot be poets any more than all women can be beauties. I am determined, Miss Hindley, to return to London next Tuesday, by the railroad.

Meadows and his cousin were sauntering slow-

ly down Regent street.
"Congratulate me," said the former; "I have received the most encouraging and delightful letter from Adela. She will be in London to-

I shall soon have the happiness of calling her mine. I am not at all deserving of her."

"Not at all, in my opinion," said Corbet, pen-

People do not always like to be agreed with, "And pray why am I unworthy of her?" asked Meadows rather indignantly.

"Because you only value her beauty," replied Corbet, "custom will render that beauty familiar to you, years will rob it of its brilliancy, and your love will deteriorate in proportion. I wish you valued her mental attainments as highly

" As you do," I suppose?" interrupted Meadows, rather scornfully.

"As I do," repeated his cousin temperately, "I cannot compete with you, Meadows, in the goods of fortune, or in captivation of manner; but I have an income quite sufficient for every comfort, and I would have gladly laid it at the feet of Mrs. Temple, if she had given me the least encouragement to do so. I certainly admire her appearance, but I have never coveted personal loveliness in a wife; her temper, mind and manners are the great sources of attraction to me."

"Temper, mind and manners are all very well in their way, responded his cousin; "but I could

never be happy if I did not marry a beauty." "May you find all the happiness you anticipate in such an union," said Corbett; "and may you constitute the happiness of her who deserved to be loved for qualifications very superior to the charms of the countenance! And here the cousins seperated.

"Another railway accident in the papers." said old Mr. Bridgemore, as he mumbled over the newspapers. "Concussion at the Vauxhall terminus—no lives lost, but several of the pas-sengers materially hurt. The beautiful Mrs. Temple has received a dreadful injury; the sharp corner of a dressing case having literally crushed one of her eyes. She is now lying dangerously ill at her home in Winpole street, attended by a physician and a surgeon.'

"Why, Celestina, my love, (said Mrs. Bridgemore to her daughter,) that is the beautiful young widow that Meadows raves about. Upon my word I am sincerely sorry for him. Suppose she loses her eye?"

"Then she will lose her lover," said Celestinaa prim, plain spinster, with dull greenish grey eyes; "I think the disappointment will be a proeyes; "I think the disappointment will be a proper punishment for him. I used to like Meadows impaired."

"But have you consulted the most able occu"But have you consulted the most able occuhis insane raptures about Mrs. Temple's dazzling. eyes; actually he seemed to fancy her a twin sister of the Princess Brilliant in the fairy tale.,'

"She is a fine creature," said young Bridgemore, "and I dare say she will look very well, even with the loss of one of her eyes."

"There I quite disagree with you," said his sister; "her charms depend upon having her countenance well lighted up; these accidents make one have quite a horror of railways; such

a thing might have happened to oneself."

And Miss Bridgemore looked complacently in the glass, feeling that her greenish eyes were an unquestionable pair, and left the room to put on | er of Corbett was just then in want of a compandone, that he appeared to regard her rather as her walking attire, and call on half a dozen neighbors to claim their sympathy for the shock her large party surrounded the bride and the bride feelings had sustained from the disastrous announcement of that morning's papers.

> The beautiful Mrs. Temple lay in a violent fever; the physician and surgeon looked grave; Meadows was on the brink of lunacy; Corbett sad in his looks, and constant in his enquiries; Miss Hir dlev was a tender, kind and ca eful nurse .-At length the patient was pronounced out cf

"But will the sight of the eye be restored?" said Meadows, passionately, to Miss Hindley, as she walked down to the drawing room to commu- middle of the day." nicate the cheering intelligence to him. Miss Hindley shook her head.

"Let us be thankful that her life is preserved." she said, "and we will not think about her eye."

"Not think about her eye !" exclaimed Meadows; is life worth having on such terms?"

Miss Hindley regarded him with something

like contempt. "Are talent, money, and health of no value

to the possessor, or to others?" she asked.

"Nothing can compensate a woman for the

loss of beauty," he replied. Miss Hindley did not, above once in a twelvemonth, indulge herself in the relaxation of speaking her mind: an humble companion has no right to be more extravagant in her luxuries, but she was on the point of favoring Meadows with some very candid strictures, when the door opened, and Corbett, who had heard the good news from the servants, rushed into the room in such a paroxysm of joy, that Meadows was glad to seize the opportunity to make his escape, to the satisfaction of Miss Hindley, who began to recollect that "it was never good policy to affront anybody; and that after all Mr. Meadows had only proved himself to be silly and selfish as she had always believed him to be."

A few weeks clapsed. Mrs. Temple was convalescent, and sat in her drawing-room to receive visitors; she was elegantly dressed; her complexion, although paler, was just as clear as usual; her hair flowed in ringlets just as graceful, and the railway concussion had not robbed her of her white teeth; but a broad band of blach velvet was tied over her right eye, and nobody, who did not behold it, could have any idea of the alteration it wrought in her appearance.

In fact she would never have been called a beauty had it not been for the splendor of the eyes that illuminated her features; and now the solitary eye, dancing, sparkling and flashing by itself, looked almost preternatural, like the eye of a heroine in a German story of witcheraft. Its exceeding beauty drew constant attention to its want of a companion. Had it been an ordinary eye its loneliness would not have been half so conspicuous. Adela was in good spirits, and ex

morrow. I have the most sanguine hopes that to health. All her friends came to see her, some you have not an idea what a life of confinement trium, h. Corbett no longer thought her a beauty, but he continued to think her the most delightful person he had ever conversed with. Meadows, on the contrary, could not conceal the shock he felt at her disfigurement, and he told the Bridgemores, the next day, that "he did not think he should ever have the resolution to call on Mrs. Temple again."

"Dear me, said Celestina, with affected amiability; "I do not see why you need give up all thoughts of her; try and persuade her to get a glass eye; it would look a vast deal better than a velvet band."

"A glass eye!" repeated Meadows with ineffable contempt, gazing full into Celestina's greenish grey eyes as he spoke, "that expedient might answer very well, Miss Bridgemore, if the other eye resembled glass in the want of animation and expression; but can a glass eye sparkle? Would it not mock the brilliancy of the other?

"For my part," said Bridgemore, "I think it does very well as it is; the remaining eye looks all the brighter for the neighborhood of the black velvet Is that not the way jewelers set off diamonds?"

"And there would be some advantage," said young Bridgemore, laughing, "in having a oneeyed wife; she would only be able to see half one's goings on"

"The goings on" of Meadows, to do him justice, were not like those of his friend Bridgemore, of a description to shun the light, and he only replied to this consolatory suggestion by an indignant "Pshaw!"

"Then have you quite given up every idea of marrying Mrs. Temple," said Corbett, who was

"Assuredly," replied Meadows; "you will never hear of my marriage, unless you hear at the same time that I have united myself with a beauty?"

Several weeks elapsed; Corbett informed his cousin that he was accepted by Adela, Temple, and invited him to the wedding. "We expect all the near relations on each side," he said.— The party will amount to thirty.'

"Thirty people going to the wedding!" exclaimed Meadows, in horror; "I should have thought that your bride elect, considering her affliction, would have wished to have been married in a private manner." "I do not know what you consider as an afflic-

tion," said Corbett, gravely, "my dear Adela is very thankful that the sight of her left eye is un

list?" acked Meadows. "Is all hope gone?"
"I have not spoke to Adela on the subject,"

said Corbett, "but her physician is so old a friend and Miss Hindley so very zealous and attentive, that I am sure nothing has been neglec ted that can be of service to her."

"Poor Cobbett! poor fellow!" said Mea lows, compassionately, "I am sorry for you; I will certainly come; don't expect me, however, to write any poetry on the occasion. I cannot eulogize a bride with a solitary eye.'

The wedding day came; everybody was in good humor, not excepting Miss Hindley, for the mothion, and had willingly agreed to receive her. A groom at the altar. Adela was beautifully dressed and looked very graceful; but shed a few tears, and the effect of the tears dropping from a solitary eye was, in the opinion of Meadows, very ludicrous. The ceremony concluded, the party returned to the vestry.

"Of course," whispered Meadows to the bridegroom, "you and your bride must set out from the church door on your wedding excursion."

"Not so," said Corbett; "we return to Adela's house, partake of breakfast with our friends, and do not set out for Turnbridge Wells till the

"She actually means to sit down to breakfast in company with thirty people," soliloquized Meadows, with a black velvet band tied over her eye!" The party returned to the house and Adela repaired to her room. Breakfast was shortly announced, and Miss Hindley requested the guests not to wait for the bride, saying that she doubted not they would find her in the break-

fast room. There, indeed, she sat; and what was there in her appearance which made some of the party start, and others shriek, Meadows stand transfixed, and the bridegroom rush to her with an exclamation of delight? The black velvet band was removed from the left eye, and no discoloration or disfigurement was perceptible; the two eyes danced, glittered and flashed in the most harmonious accordance.

"What magic has been at work!" exclaimed

Meadows in consternation. "None at all," replied the beauty, "the newspapers greatly exaggerated the very slight injury my eye had received; my frame had sustained a severe jar and my nerves a severe shock, and I was dangerously ill for some time. I had reasons of my own for wishing the world to believe that I was partially disfigured. I re-appeared in society with a black band over my eye; nobody, of course, asked me any question respecting the matter; therefore I was not called upon to utter an untruth. Dr. Duncan and Miss Hindley knew my secret, and have faithfully kept it .-Don't look so disconcerted, Mr. Meadows; now that I have again my looks, you will, perhaps, write verses on me again. I will give you my address at Turnbridge Wells and shall expect a beautiful epithalam'um by to-morrow's post.

"Dearest Adela," said Corbett, when alone with his bride, " was this happy assumption of a black velvet band your own thought, or that of

Miss Hindley ?"

"My own thought entirely, Corbet," replied his bride. "I found that Meadows loved me alone for my personal beauty, and I had a peculiar reason to dread a love of that description.-I married Mr. Temple when little more than a pressed herself most grateful for her restoration and immoderately jealous of me. Oh, Corbett, doctoring him, and then I keep right on,

from sympathy, some from curiosity, some from | and dullness I led. | Had I not possessed many resources and occupations I really think I should have gone out my senses. I was insulted with degrading suspicious; my very servants were bribed to be spics upon me. How often I wished that my husband would think less of my beauty and more of my good sense and good principles! Even my walks were circumscribed and few; my brilliant eyes did all the mischief, they were sure to bring a host of gazers upon me and my Temple per isted in thinking that I invited and encouraged the admiration I excited. At length he died, and his will stated that I was to forfeit all claim to his for une if I married again. I was vexed and hurt at his want of kindness and confidence and when I took place in society I often thought that if I married I hoped it would be to some one who would prize my mind above my person. Meadows did not at all answer this requisition; but yet I was pleased and flattered by his attentions, and could not endure the thought of dismissing him. Frequently did I wonder within myself how he would act if by any unforseen mischance I were to be deprived of beauty, and the railway accident gave me an opportunity of ascertaining this fact. I shall never forget Corbett, the generous delicacy with which you forbore making the slightest allusion to my supposed misfortune when you asked for my hand. I have bestowed it on you with the greatest pleasure, feeling that your love for me is based on esteem and friendship; and although I have just been complaining to you of the confinement to which I was subjected for several years of my life, do not imagine that I am disposed to rush into the contrary extreme, and to 'stale me to the people's eyes,' because I am worth looking at .-I am quite as fond of peace and quiet as youras self, and I undertake to say that you shall lead domestic a life as if you had united yourself to the variest dowdy of your acquaintance, instead of unwarily committing the hazardous action of marrying a beauty!"

> ORIGIN OF THE CAUDLE LECTURES .- Douglass Jerrold, in the preface to the new edition of the Caudle Lectures, gives the following singular account of their original conception: It was, says Mr. Jerrold, a black, thick, wintry

afternoon, when the writer stopped in front of the playground or a suburban school. The ground swarmed with boys full of the Saturday's holiday. The earth seemed roofed with the oldest lead; and the wind came sharp as Shylock's knife, from the Minories. But these happy boys ran and jumped, and hopped and shouted un ousc'ous men in miniature !- in their own world of frolic, had, no thought of the full length men they would some day become; drawn out into grave citizenship; formal, respectable, responsible. To them the sky was of any and all colors; and for that keen east wind-cutting the shoulder blades of old, old men of fortythey in their immortality of boyhood had the redder faces, and the nimbler blood for it. And the writer, looking dreamingly into that playground, still mused on the robust jollity of those little fellows, to whom the tax gatnerer was as yet a rarer animal than a baby hippopotamus. Heroic boyhood, so ignorant of the future in the

knowing enjoyment of the present! And the writer still dreaming and musing, and sitll following no distinct line of thought, there struck upon him, like notes of sudden household music, these words-Curtain Lectures. One moment there was no living object save those racing, shouting boys; and the next, as though a white dove had alighted on the pen hand of the writer, there was-Mrs. Caudle. Ladies of the jury, are there not then, some subjects of let ters that mysteriously assert an effect without any discoverable cause? Otherwise, wherefore should the thought of curtain lectures grow from a school ground-wherefore, among a crowd of holiday schoolboys should appear Mrs. Caudle?

For the lectures themselves, it is feared they must be given up as a farcical desecration of a solemn time-honored privilege. It may be exerrised once in a life-time, and that once having the effect of a hundred repetitions, as Job lectured his wife; and Job's wife, a certain Mohammedan writer delivers, having committed a fault in her love for her husband, he swore that on his ecovery he would deal her a hundred stripes, Job got well, and his heart was touched and taught by the tenderness to keep his vow and still to chastise his helpmate, for he smote her once with a palm branch having a hundred

WHAT IS A FOP .- The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one third collar one sixth patent leather, one fourth stick, and the rest gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. Nevertheless, such are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it does seem a waste of material, to put five dollars worth of beaver on five cents worth of brains.

LAKE FISH .- More than 30,000 barrels and half barrrels of fish from Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, have been sold in the Cleveland market since the opening of navigation this sea-

PREPARATION.-Orders have been issued by the Government of the United States for the construction, in Philadelphia, of a large number of baggage waggons for the army. They are to be ready as soon as practicable.

A physician passing by a stonemason's, baw'ed out to him, "Good morning, Mr .--- ; hard t work I see: you finish your gravestones as far as 'In Memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, resting for a moment on his child; he was violently enamored of my beauty, mallet, "unless some body is sick and you are