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TRUST IN GOD.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." The billows round me rise and roll, The storms of worldly care Beat heavily upon my soul, And shroud me in despair; Forsaken, comfortless, betrayed, With none to succor me, "Father! what time I am afraid, Then will I trust in Thee!"

As feeble as the bruised reed, Infirm to will or do; Oft working out the ungrateful deed 'Twere better to eschew; How were the sinking soul dismayed, Could it not cry to Thee, "Father, what time I am afraid, Then will I trust in Thee!"

When hope is faint, and faith is weak, And fears the bosom fill, And I a strong assurance seek That thou art gracious still; I rest upon Thy promised word, To Thine own truth I flee: "Father, what time I am afraid, Then will I trust in Thee !"

When saintly paleness marks my face, And dimness fills mine eye, And, hoping only in Thy grace, I lay me down to die; If, entering in the vale of shade, Nor sun nor star I see, "Father, what time I am afraid, Then will I trust in Thee!"

A JOVIAL FARMER'S BOY.

O, a jovial farmer's boy I'll be As fresh as the birds that sing, And carol my merry song of glee Among the flowers of spring.

O, I would not live in the crowded town With its pavements hard and grey, With its lengthy streets of dusty brown, And its painted houses gay-

Where every boy his ball may bound Upon his neighbors dome, And every shout and every sound Disturb some other's home

The squirrel that leaps from limb to limb In the forest waving high, Or the lark that soars with his matin hymn, Is not more free than I.

Then give me the trade of the farmer's boy From city trammels free.

And I'll crack my whip, and cry ' who hoy ; O, a farmer's boy I'll be!

How to Disperse Musquitoes .- Among the newest books of the season published by Murray, is "Fortune's Journey to the Tea Countries of and where Mr. Combermere, a rich citizen, China," from which (p. 179,) we take the following useful extract:

"Seeing the swarms of musquitoes, our Chinese boatmen asked my servant why he did not go and buy some musquito tobacco. In a few minutes he did so, returning with four long sticks in his hands, costing only two cash each. Two were now lighted and suspended from the roof of the boat. In five minutes every musquito in in the boat had sought other quarters! and we enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep. The substance composing these sticks was made with the sawings of resinous woods (mostly from juniper trees,) and mixed with some combustible matter to make it burn. A piece of split bamboo three or four feet long is then covered with this substance, as thick as a small cane. This is hooked on to the wall or the roof of a boat. Sometimes the sawdust itself is burnt on the floor. Wormwood is employed for the same purpose."

How the Franking "Business" is Done Up IN WASHINGTON .- We see by a statement in the House the other day, from the clerks in the Washington city post office, asking to be allowed extra compensation, and, among other reasons why their pay should be increased, they say that the letters and parcels received from the House of Representatives during two years amounted to the enormous number of 6,643,479, weighing one million three hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds! The aggregate number of free letters. &c., passing that office, amounts to 10,380,150, weighing near twelve hundred tons. This enormous amount of labor is performed by twenty. seven persons, and, during the Session of Congress, compels them to be employed sixteen hours out of the twenty-four.

MR. NEWTON:

OR, ANOTHER WARNING AT A WATERING PLACE.

It certainly appeared a most improbable cireumstance that any event should occur worthy of being recorded, to vary the even tenor of life which Mr. and Mrs. Norman enjoyed in the whole state of matrimony. They were young folks-they had married from affection-and moreover, their income was more than sufficient for all their unaspiring wants and tastes; and it was also a "certainty," a great good in these days of speculation and going ahead. Charles Norman held a government situation, with a small but yearly increasing salary; his residence was at Pentonville, and his domestic circle comprised, besides his good, meek help-meet, two little children, and only sister, some years Charles's junior; indeed Bab Norman had not very long quitted the boarding-school. Bab and Charles were orphans, and had no near relatives in the world; therefore Bab came home to live with her dear brother and his wife until she had a home of her owm-a contingency which people whispered need not be far off, if Miss Barbara Norman so inclined. This piece of gossip perhaps arose from -the frequent visits of Mr Norman's chosen friend, Edward Leslie-a steady and excellent young man, who filled an appointment of great trust as well as confidence in an old-established commercial house. Edward Leslie was not distinguished for personal attractions or captivating manners; but he was an honest, manly, generoushearted fellow, and sensitive enough to feel very keenly sometimes that the pretty Barbara laughed at and snubbed him.— Notwithstanding Bab's folly, however, it would have given her great pain had Edward Leslie courted another. He was patient and forbearing; and she fluttered and frisked about, determined to make the most of her liberty while it lasted. "Of course she meant to marry some day," she said, with a demure smile, but it would take a long time to make up her mind."

Charles quite doted on his pretty sister, and often could not find it in his heart to rebuke her, because she was motherless, and had only him and Cary to look to; and Cary's office was not to rebuke any one, much less her dear little sisterin-law. So Barbara was spoiled and humored, while the children were kept in high order-a proper discipline being exercised in the nursery, as became a well-regulated and nicely-decorated house. Cary thought Bab a beauty, and so did Charles; the young lady herself was not at all backward in estimating her own charms; and it was a pity to see them so often obscured by affectation, for Bab had a kind heart and an affectionate disposition. One day when Charles returned home after business hours were over, Bab flew towards him with an unusually animated countenance, holding an open letter in her hand, and exclaiming: "Oh, dear Charles, read this! You'll let me go-won't you? I never was at the sea side in my life, you know; and it will do me such a deal of good."

Charles smiled, took the letter, and tapping his sister's dimpled, rosy cheek, he said fondly: "I don't think Bab, that you want doing good to' so far as health is concerned. The sea-air cannot improve these roses."

"Well, well, Charles, never mind the rosesthere's a dear. They only ask me to go for a fortnight, and I shall so like it; it will be so nice | short, I'm sure I like Edward Leslie best-I'm to be with one's school-mates at the sea. Bell sure Llove edward Leslie;" and Bab blushed and and Lucy Combernere are such bathers, they must let me go-do!"

There was no resisting this coaxing, so Charles said he "would see about it, and talk the matter over with Caroline."

"Cary thinks it will be delightful for me," explained Barbara; "she's always a good natured darling." And Bab felt sure of going, if Charles talked the matter over with Cary; so she flew off in an eestancy of joy, dancing and singing, and forthwith commenced preparation, by pulling off the faded pink ribbons which adorned her bonnet, and substituting gay, bright, new streamers.

The invitation in question came from Mrs. Combernere, who, with her two unmarried daughters, were sojourning at a favorite watering place-always crowded during the seasoncould join his family every week, and inhale a breath of pure air. Charles did not particularly like the Combermeres. Mrs. Combermere was a fussy woman, full of absurd pretentions, and with a weakness for forming aristocratic acquain tance, which had more than once led her into extravagance, ending in disappointment and mortification. The Misses Combermere inherited their mamma's weakness; they were comely damsels, and expectant sharers of papa's wealth, who was "very particular" on whom he bestowed his treasures. Bell and Lucy had been at school with Barbara Norman, and a strong friendship-a school friendship-had been struck up amongst the trio, whom the French dancing master denominated "the Graces." And now Barbara had received an invitation to stay with them for a fortnight, a private postcript being inserted by Miss Bell, to the effect that "Bab must be sure to come very smart, for there was most elegant people there, and such beaux!"

Bab went accordingly on Saturday, escorted by Mr. Combermere, who always returned or the following Monday. Never before had Bab beheld so gay a scene; never till now had she looked on the glorious ocean; never had she promenaded to the sounds of such exhibitrating music. Her pretty little head was quire bewildered, though in the midst of all her delight she wished for Charles and Cary and the children; there was such delicious bathing for the tiny ones; such digging with their little spades in the golden

sands! Innocent happy gold diggers, they! She found Mrs. Combermere and the girls in the full swing of sea-side dissipation-quite openhouse kept, free and easy manners, which at home would not have been tolerated. But it when Mr. Newton spoke of a Belgravio. Miss came only once a year, and they could afford it. Quite established as an inmate, was a tall cursion, glided into the room unnoticed, in the

seemed to be on terms of friendly familiarity with half the aristocracy of the nation. Mrs. Combermere whispered to Bab that Mr. Newton was a most "patrician person," of the "highest connections;" they had met with him on the sands, where he had been of signal use in assisting Mrs. Combernere over the shingles on a stormy day. He was so gentlemanly and agreeable that they could not do otherwise than ask him in; he had remained to tea, and since then he had been a egular visitor.

Mr. Newton had been at first treated with great coolness by Mr. Combermere; the latter gentleman did not like strangers, and looked on a moustache with suspicion. But Mr Newton was so differential, so unexceptionable in deportment, and prudent in his general sentiments, warmly advocating Mr. Combermere's political opinions, that he had at least won the good opinion even of the father of the family. Besides, he paid no particular attention to the Misses Combermere; there was no danger of his making love to them-that was clear; and Mrs. Combermere, mother-like, felt a little mortified and chagrined at such palpable indifference. But when pretty Bab Norman appeared, the case was different; her brunette complexion and sparkling dark eyes elicited marked admiration from the patrician Mr. Newton; and he remarked in an off-hand way-soto roce, as if to himself: "By Jupiter! how like she is to dear Lady Mary Manyers." Bab felt very much flattered by the comparison, and immediately began to like Mr. Newton immensely: he was so distingue, so fascinating, so refined. Bab did not add that he had singled her out as an especial object of attention even when the fair dashing Misses Combermere challenged competition.

The fortnight passed swiftly away-too swiftly, alas! thought little Barbara Norman; for at the expiration of the term, Mrs. Combernere did not ask her to prolong the visit, but suffered her to depart, again under the escort of Mr. Combermere, without a word of regret at parting. Cruel Mrs. Combernere! she wished to keep Mr. Newton's society all to herself and her daugh ters! However, the young gentleman asked Barbara for permission to pay his respects to her when he returned to the metropolis; this had been accorded by Barbara, who, on her return to Pentonville, for the first time found that comfortable home "insufferably dull and stupid." Edward Leslie, too-how dull and stupid even he was, after the chattering perfumed loungers of the elysium she had just quitted! Yet Edward was never considered either dull or stupid by competent judges; but, quite the contrary-a sensible, well informed, gentlemanly personage. But. then, he had no great friends, no patrician weaknesses, he knew nothing about racing, or betting, or opera dancers, or slang in general. In short, he seemed flat and insipid to Bab, who had been compared to the beautiful Lady Mary Manyers, by the soft and persuasive tongue of Lady Mary Manver's dear friend. Yet, in her secret heart of hearts, Bab drew comparisons by no means disadvantageous to Edward Leslic.-"Yes," thought Bab, "I like Mr. Newton best by the sea-side in summer time, when harp-music day life, for winter hours, for home hesitated, though she was quite alone. Cary say; and as for me, I do believe, Charles, I shall listened good naturedly to all Bab's descriptions drown myself for the love of the sea! Oh, you of the happiness she had enjoyed; and Cary thought, from all Bab said, that Mr. Newton must be at least some great lord in disguise .-She felt quite nervous at the idea of his coming to such an humble house as theirs, when he talk-ed of parks, and fours-in-hand, and baronial balls, as things with which he was familiar, and regarded as matters of course. Cary hoped that Charles and Edward Leslie would be present when Mr. Newton called, because they were fit to associate with royalty itself. Cary had a very humble opinion of herself—sweet, gentle soul! Charles often wished his dear sister Bab might closely resemble her. At length, Bell Combermere wrote to say that they were about returning to town: and Mr. Newton declared he could not remain behind. Bab's heart fluttered and palpitated at each sound the knocker gave, and she was thankful that Carv's cousin, Miss Ward,

> Miss Ward was an accomplished, charming wo man of middle age, who for years had resided in the Earl of St. Elmer's family as governessgreatly valued for her many estimable qualities. Not being in robust health, she had absented herself for a short season from her onerous duties, and and in her dear friend and cousin's house, sought and obtained quiet and renovation. Miss Ward often found difficulty in repressing a smile at Bab's superfluous graces and animated gestures; but it was a kindly smile, for the stately conventionalities amongst which she usually existed, rendered these traits of less refined manners rather refreshing than otherwise. Miss Ward was out when Mrs. Combermere's equipage drove up to Mr. Norman's door; and that large lady, with her daughter Bell, accompanied by Mr. Newton, made their way up stairs to Mrs. Norman's drawing room. Mrs. Combermere was always astoundingly grand and patronising when she honored Cary with a call; Mrs. Combermere liked to call upon folks whom she denominated inferiors—to impress them with an overwhelming idea of her importance. But on the simple minded literal Cary, this honor was lost, she received it with such composure and unconscious placidity; on Bab it produced, indeed the desired effect; but whether it was Mrs. Combermere's loud talking and boasting, or Mr. Newton's easy negligence and patronizing airs, that caused her to color and hesitate, it is not possible to define. Bab was not herself; and she began to be ashamed of living at Pentouville, Ward, who had returned from her shopping ex-

> was staying with them, to call attention off from

young gentleman, with delicate moustache, who | middle of a description Mr Newton was giving of a magnificent place, belonging to a dear friend, with whom he had been staying, before he had the "unspeakable felicity of meeting Mrs. Combermore.

"Your description is a graphic one, John Bloomfield," said Miss Ward in a low voice, close to his ear, " but howcame you here-in this company ?"

John Bloomfield alias John Newton, started as if an adder had bitten him, and gazed frantically upon the the intruder. "Miss Ward, madam," he exclaimed involuntarily, "don't say any more, and I'll go this instant I'

"Then go;" continued Miss Ward majestically, pointing to the door; " and beware, Bloomfield, how you dare to enter a gentleman's house unauthorised again."

Pale and crest fallen, the young gentleman and dear friend of Lady Mary Manvers vanished; nor did he require a second bidding to rush down stairs, and out at the front door, which was slammed violently after him.

"What does this mean, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Combermere, very red in the face, and looking terribly frightened-" what does all this mean, ma'am ?"

"Only," replied Miss Ward quietly, "that this individual, who calls himself Mr. Newton, and whose conversation I overhead after entering the apartment, is in reality, John Bloomfield, cidevant valet to Lord Lilburne, the eldest son of the Earl of St. Elmer, in whose family I have the honor to be governess. His Lordship showed toleration and kindness unprecedented to the young man, on account of his respectable parentage, and the excellent abilities and aptitude for instruction he displayed. But I grieve to say, John Bloomfield was discharged from Lord Lilburn's service under circumstances which left no doubts in our minds that he was guilty of dishonest practices-of pilfering, in short, to considerable extent. We heard that he still continued his evil course; but though knowing him to possess both skill and effrontery, I was almost as much startled as the delinquent himself, to behold him thus playing the fine gentleman, and

lounging on Cary's sofa." A faint grown escaped from Miss Comber-mere as she ejaculated: "Oh, my pearl necklace!" and a still deeper and more audible sigh from her mamma, as the words burst forth "Oh, my diamond bandean!" which led to an explanation by the distressed and bewildered ladies, of how they entrusted these precious jewels to Mr. Newton, who urged them on returning to town to have them re-set, volunteering to take them himself to Lady Manver's own jeweler, a "first-rate fellow, who worked only for the aristocracy." "They must not be in a hurry," Mr. Newton said, "for the first-rate fellow was so torn to pieces by duchesses and countesses, that even weeks might clapse before their comparatively trifling order

could be attended to." "I fear," said Miss Ward, commiseratingly, "that you will not see your valuables again. John Bloomfied is a clever rascal, and has good taste, too," continued Miss Ward, smiling, "for he invariably selects pretty things. I hope, my dear," turning to Bab, who silent and petrified, floats on the balmy air; then I should always "your beautiful gold repeater set with brilliants like him, if summer was all the year round. But is safe, and that it did not require repairs or alterations, to induce you to part with it into Mr.

Newton's hands to I doubt not be had an eye Newton's hands ! I doubt not he had an eve to it eventually."

Poor Bab-what a blow to her vanity! She could only murmur something about the watch being very dear to her, because it had belonged to her deceased mother, and that she always were it around her neck.

" And I don't think that Bab would part with it out of her hands to any one," said Cary, "if we except ourselves, save to Edward Leslie; but he is such a careful soul, one would not mind intrusting him with the most precious treasure on

Bab blushed deeply at this speech, because she saw a covert smile on Miss Ward's speaking countenance. That lady, notwithstanding her amiability and philanthropic character, rather enjoved the consternation of Mrs. and Miss Compermere, who retreated more humbly than they had entered, having received a lesson which, it is to be hoped, they profited by for the remainder of their lives, The pearl necklace and diamond bandeau were not recovered, though a reward was offered by the enraged Mr. Combermere for the apprehension of the thief; yet Miss Bell, with tears declared, that she would far rather lose her pearl necklace than give evidence against one whose attractive qualities she could not cease to

Very shortly after this affair, Barbara had mother short trip to the sea-side, and with a companion whose happiness equalled her own; it was the honeymoon excursion, and Edward Leslie was Bab's companion for life. After this second sea-side sojoura, the bride returned to a pretty house of ber own, quite near to Charles and Cary : and Barbara was never heard to complain of finding it dull and stupid though summer does not last all the year round with any of us.

Seizures of liquor are taking place in Rhode Island. Three thousand dollars worth was seized at Fall River on the 10th. At Newport complaints were entered against the Ocean, Atlantic and United States Hotels, and a seizure was made at the Ocean House. The informers were assaulted with rotten eggs, &c. One man drew a pistol. He was arrested and bailed.

THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS .- Another friend has left us, with his face turned towards the golden shores of the Pacific. Henceforth, for a season at least, he will only appear to us as distant objects come, in dreams and in the reminiscenees of the past. There are pleasing memories which constitute a chain of sympathetic association, and a medium of spiritual union, with the absent, enabling us to call up the forms and faces we have met on life's journey, and whose influence yet lingers around us like a charmed ports are received of their expulsion from the atmosphere, or an inspiration of the soul forever. mines.

Conspicuous among the elements and the evidences of our inmortality, are these golden recollections-these dauntless memories-which rise like stars in their mental heaven, and shine as the eyes of angel-watchers, above the darkness of the pilgri'ms lonely way. We yield to a celestial magnetism when our spirits go out, far over mountain and wave, to seek the remembered objects of our devotion. And do we not require this mysterious fellowship with the absent? For how sadly does this world of time, custom and business, trifle with human hopes, affections and sympathies! How often are earthly pleasures destroyed, by the abrupt changes and arbitrary conditions of 'the life that now is!"— And the fondest attachments, oh, how are they violated by the 'Necessity that knows no law?'

Amid the conflict of the outward world, the soul delights to prophesy of a day of rest, when duty and inclination, in all the circumstances of being, shall be united in conjugal relations, to be divorced no more forever. If mortals may be permitted to enjoy so great a boon on earth, may the blessing rest at last on those who now wander from kindred and from home. And as the sun-beams fall on the flowers, that open to receive the golden light, so may the benedictions of angels descend and rest on the true and loving souls that are far away, quickning into increasing life and perfect beauty, the germs of immortal hope and joy.

From the East Alabamian.

Early Days.

Who can look back upon the days of childhood without heaving a sigh for the rememberance of innocent hours, and happy, pleasurable enjoyments nearly obliterated by the vista of the past. The dark cloud that hangs over them gives them more the appearance of dreams than realites-happy dream, such as leave upon the mind a holy, soothing influence, and cause an insuitable desire to dream them over again.

Happy ways-because their pains, disappointments, dangers misfortunes,-all are forgottonpleasures, loves, kindness, scenes, hallowed by consciousness of innocence, beaming with a youthful ardor, peer above the clouds in bold relief-these are indelibly written upon our hearts, for these the deep-drawn sighs for days no more

to be recalled.

I love to think upon the past, yet sadness to note the changes a few passing years have wrought. The companions of my youth no longer clate with boyish glee, are found in the sober walks of manhood, or rest within the gloomy shades of death. Brothers, then sportive, eager, careless, now arrived at mature age, are seen breasting against the stormy scenes of life. Sisters, then blooming in youthful beauty, now matrons, with anxious care rearing their offspring. A mother, she, who with careful solicitude watched o'er my tender years, now bowed with age, awaits the hour that calls her to her final home. Heaven smile upon her failing years, and be to her a recompense for all her toils, her care and devotion to the happiness of those who call her —mother. A father—gone. What worthy tribute could a mourning son pay to the memory of him so much beloved. "Twas he that loved as parents loved. 'Twas he that toiled to make the deep solicitude he felt for those he dearly loved, and marked him for the silent tomb. Long years have passed since last I saw that father's face, yet clearly can I trace its every feature now, and hear that kindly voice, recalled by memory from out of the darkness of the past. Those days were happy indeed, but now have sadly changed-the grave holds all that now remains of him of earth.

The pleasures felt by looking back to childhood's hours, are never unalloyed with grief: yet 'tis a pleasure to look back a mournful pleasure to contemplete what once we were, to sadly note what changes time has wrought, and vainly that we might love those happy days again-

Happy childhood, gone forever, Days that beamed in golden light I'll lament thee, but can never Bring thee from my distant flight. Yet in distant still I see thee Mem'ry paints me to thy charms, Parents dear that once caressed me, Fain would clasp me in their arms.

Guilty mem'ry, gay deceiver, Pleasures thou doest paint are o'er, Time thy hero, thy dread bereaver, Lets us know those joys no more. Still I'll think of early pleasures, Wand'ring cheerless and alone, And I'll mourn as precious treasures, Joys that have forever flown.

Four sons of Temperance, who went from Providence to aid in enforcing the liquor law, were pelted with rotten eggs at Newport on Tuesday, and with difficulty escaped their assailants, only one of whom was arrested. A very bad eggs-ample of resistance to the law.

Many men lose much by being too communicative in their matters of business. The great laconic philosopher Burke, says, "Keep shady; and if you see a quarter on the ground, put your foot on it."

Resignation. - A very worthy and respectable gentleman from Portland, who occasionally takes a "smile," was asked by a friend, how he managed to get along where the Maine Liquor Law was so rigidly enforced. "Ah, sir," he replied, "like a good Christian-I go to my closet."

The Chinese continued to arrive in San Francisco, in great multitudes. Nearly 4,000 had reached the city within a fortnight. They stopped but a short time, and made their way at once to the mines. The hostility of the miners