

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

[NEW SERIES.] VOL. I.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1840.

No. 30.

Published every Saturday Morning,
THOMAS W. PEGUES,
Publisher of the Laws of the Union.

At three dollars in advance; three dollars and fifty cents in six months; or four dollars at the expiration of the year.

Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square for the first, and 37 1/2 for each subsequent insertion.—The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly. One dollar per square will be charged for a single insertion.

Semi-monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements will be charged the same as new ones each insertion.

All Obituary Notices exceeding six lines, and Communications recommending Candidates for public Offices of profit or trust—or puffing exhibitions, will be charged as advertisements.

Accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment, quarterly.

All Letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

PROSPECTUS

Of a New Weekly Paper to be published in Augusta, Georgia, entitled

THE SOUTHERNER.

"Principles—Not Men."

IN order to expose and counteract the misrepresentations and falsehoods so unblushingly resorted to and disseminated by the federal-whig presses of the country, in the present contest for the Presidency, and in order to place before the people of Georgia, a faithful account of past and passing events, as they relate to the questions at issue, we shall begin the publication of a weekly sheet, on Saturday, 6th of June next, which will terminate on the 31st October following. We have been urged on to the adoption of this undertaking, by many of our political friends, who have seen as well as ourselves, the unscrupulous and highly censurable course pursued by our opponents, which, instead of being marked by honorably and just feelings, is characterized by a perversion and distortion of well authenticated facts, and a feeling of hatred degrading to human nature, and to the respect which should be entertained by citizens of the same country, however wide may be the difference in their political opinions. This paper will not be betrayed into a like course towards our opponents; but it will expose, in strong language and with undoubted proofs, the misrepresentations and falsifications which may be resorted to, in order to prejudice the sensitive mind, to deceive the unwary, and to lead astray the unsuspecting. In this undertaking, we hope to receive a support adequate to the object in view. By the dissemination of this sheet, much and useful information will be imparted to those who wish to act, in the present contest, with impartiality and with an eye single to the public good. With these few remarks, we place the undertaking under the care of our political friends, to whatever party denomination they may have heretofore belonged, for we consider as political friends all those citizens who, governed by patriotism alone, support men only for the sake of principle, and the welfare of the country. We must show to the people of the United States the danger of the Rights of the States, and of the State Institutions, protected by the Constitution, threatened as they are by a party which, disregarding honest and fair means to obtain power, employ the basest expedients to rally around its standard, men of all political descriptions, of all political hues, and of all degrees of political degeneracy.

The Southerner will be printed on a large sheet, every Saturday, from the 6th June, to the 31st October, for One Dollar, payable in advance. As postmasters are authorized to transmit money for subscriptions to newspapers, persons wishing to subscribe to the Southerner can request their respective postmasters to transmit to us the amount of subscription.

GUIEU & THOMPSON.

Augusta, May 11, 1840.

Sale of Steam Engine.

ON the first Monday in July next, will be sold before the Court House door in Camden, at 12 o'clock, M., the Engine of the Steamer Camden, on a credit till first of January next. The purchaser to give a note with good security, to be approved by the Agent.

This Engine was made by Watchman & Bratt, of Baltimore, and is said by judges to be an excellent one, and is now in good order.

The Furniture belonging to the Boat will be sold at the same time and place, and on the same terms.

The Engine may be treated for at private sale.

JOHN ROSSER, Agent.
Camden, May 28. G:20

Sperm Oil.

THE subscribers have just received a supply of superior Sperm Oil.

JONES & HUGHSON.
April 10.

THE CASKET,

AND
Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.
UNEXAMPLED SUCCESS!

Prospectus for a New Volume.

THE great increase in the subscription list of the Casket, which has nearly doubled since the commencement of the last volume, warrants the most extensive improvements on the first of July, 1840—at which time a new volume will be commenced with increased vigor. Nothing need be said of the firm basis on which the Casket stands, it being already the oldest magazine in the country, and has maintained its popularity in the face of all opposition. It is to be found upon the centre table of families making literary pretensions, from Maine to Georgia.

TYPE—EMBELLISHMENTS.

The Casket is printed with a clear and beautiful type, upon the whitest paper. The illustrations are not surpassed by those of any periodical at home or abroad; and besides the monthly steel engravings, a quarterly plate of colored fashions has lately been added. The style of these embellishments is unequalled, and they are accompanied with an appropriate sketch. No wood cuts disgrace the work. **WHATSOEVER APPEARS IN THE CASKET IS OF THE FIRST ORDER OF ART.**

The volume will be opened with the first of a series of Mezzotint engravings, prepared expressly for the work, by the burin of Sartain, who deservedly stands as the best engraver of the kind in the United States.

LITERARY CHARACTER.

The literary character of the Casket is well known. It is wholly original, of the highest order and sustained by writers of the FIRST RANK. Essays; Tales; Sketches; and Travels, compose its prominent prose articles; while the poetry is equalled by that of no other magazine of like character. The variety for which the Casket is celebrated, shall suffer no diminution; but on the contrary, every exertion shall be made to increase its interest.

SEVERAL SKETCHES OF THE REVOLUTION have already appeared, and others shall follow in the course of the volume, presenting when finished a complete picture of the manners, and a historical account of the great battles of that time. Thus, the Casket, instead of being filled with sickly sentimentalities, aims at a true delineation of human nature in every variety of character.

The series of thrilling Nautical Sketches, entitled "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," and which are rated by the contemporary press equal to the celebrated Sketches from "TOM CRINGLE'S LOG," and the "Leaves from a Lawyer's Port Folio," which have attained a deserved celebrity will still furnish attractions to the Magazine.

We shall furnish the readers of the Casket with some valuable papers from entirely new contributors. "The Author of 'OLD IRON SIDES OFF A LEE SHORE,'" will give the first of a number of Sketches in the July number. We count upon his prolific and graceful pen to do much in maintaining the great popularity of the Magazine. In addition to the variety already embraced in the pages of the Magazine, our ASSYRIAN LETTERS the first of which appeared in the June number as introductory, will interest and add worth to its pages. They are from no unpractised pen.

FASHIONS.

The fashions are published in the Casket quarterly, or as often as any really new styles arrive from Paris. The Engravings are all colored, and executed from original designs. No old worn out plates are re-touched, and they published as the latest fashions. The truth of our designs may be tested by comparing them with the latest description of dresses from London and Paris. They are universally admitted to be the finest specimens of engraving and coloring afforded by any Magazine in this country. The expense of getting them up is great, but we shall in no wise abate the quality. Remember! The readers of the Casket are furnished with these fashion plates as AN EXTRA.—They do not interfere with the regular and choice engravings which always accomplish the work.

TIME OF PUBLICATION.

The Casket is published on the first of every month, in every quarter of the Union. The most distant subscriber consequently receives it on that day, as well as those who reside in Philadelphia.—In all the principal cities agents have been established, by which means subscribers in the vicinity can obtain their copies free of Postage.

TERMS—THREE DOLLARS per annum. Or two copies yearly for FIVE DOLLARS. No new subscriber received without the money, or the name of a responsible agent.

Published by **GEORGE GRAHAM,**
36, Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.
June 20th 1840.

THE EVERGREEN;

A Monthly Magazine of New and Popular Tales,
Poetry and Engravings.

THE characteristic feature of this work is signified and portrayed in its title. The monthly wreath we intend offering to our readers shall be literally composed of "Evergreens." Our design is to collect into a shape at once neat and suitable for preservation, the best and most interesting specimens of periodical and fugitive literature of the day; to carefully separate the chaff from the wheat, the dross from the fine gold, and to present a compendium, which, like good wine, shall be heightened in value by age, and be, in the language of our motto, "perennial and fragrant."

Of course it will but require a proper exercise of taste to render a magazine, formed on this plan, the richest depository of elegant and entertaining literature ever published, and this we seriously mean the "Evergreen" shall be; for we are quite sure we have the materials to render it so. We can boast of a more brilliant list of contributors than any contemporaneous periodical, as may be seen by glancing at the contents of our present number. Indeed, there is no author honorably known to fame in these or any former times, to whose productions we do not have access. We shall always aim, however, at presenting what is new and comparatively original to the readers of this country; believing at the same time, that an old familiar piece, so it be excellent in itself is far preferable to an original article having no claim upon the attention of persons of refined literary taste.

A portion of the talent of the age, in this country and in Great Britain, has been exercised in the periodical department of literature. We need not mention the names of Campbell, Wilson, Bulwer, Washington Irving, Jeffreys, Lockhart, Knowles, Moore, Marryat, Ainsworth, Miss Mitford, Præd, Mrs. Hemans, T. K. Hervey, Barry Cornwall, T. Hood, Poole, Leigh Hunt, and hundreds of other distinguished and agreeable writers, to prove this fact. These and many others of eminence have given brilliancy to the magazine literature of the last ten years; and such of the productions of these as may be new and uncollected, shall find a "loca habitation" in the Evergreen.

Our work will be embellished with engravings on wood or on steel, and each number will contain 56 pages neatly printed.

Terms, \$3 in advance. Published by J. Winchester, 23, Ann-Street, New York.

POETRY.

FOR THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

The fading moonlight silv'eth Canaan's hills,
Far compass'd; the patriarch's domain;
And faintly breaketh through the eastern clouds
The grey of morning dawn.

Forth from her tent

The trembling Hagar came; and paused to hear,
If those low breathings were indeed the sounds
Of Abram and his spouse on secret watch;
Or else the stifled throbs of her own heart,
Distinctly audible. Life's crimson tide
Was at the flood, and Fear was bursting through
The narrow bounds of self control: again
Her tears fast fell, as would the melting hail
On Ætna's fires. Hagar was deeply moved!
And she would have Saraie's hard dealing borne,
Than rather tempt the howling wilderness,
A friendless outcast, mong thebeasts of prey.
But from her turned was Abram's countenance;
And then the iron entered in her soul—
Shame added pinions to her feet, and hope,
Too vague and dreamy, led her on to wish
For Liberty in Shur.

All nature slept.

The Fan Palm moved not; and the drowsy fly,
That stuned the ear of night with ceaseless hum,
In common with the Adder and the toad,
Laid still upon the leafy fig: and sleep
Hung o'er them, as the clammy air of death
On nature's corpse! There came a sigh,
Forth from the Pines, whose lengthened shadows
seemed,

Dark phantoms uttering through the wilderness,
Sad voices of the toms. Then on her view,
Lining the dim horizon, through the dust,
A caravan appeared. It was a troop
Of travelling merchants, with their camels bound,
For gums and spices to Arabia coast—
Them Hagar fancied to an armed train
Of Abram's hosts; nor tarried she to learn
Their object and their way. Fast on she sped.
Till where the corn-flag and the mandrake grew,
In fresher verdure by the Fount of Shur,
O'er arched with Elms, and stately sycamores,
Deep through the glen, there bubbled by a stream,
In which the famished Lion slaked his thirst,
And Bird of paradise. There Hagar fell:
And would have raised, with burning hands, some
drops

Of those sweet waters to her fainting lips,
When came a voice—an Angel's voice, which said,
Hagar, "What doest thou here?" 'Twas the voice
Of Pity, that she had not often heard:
'Twas music, such as when the stars first saw
This round world rising from eternal night,
And all the suns of God sung loud for joy;
Such music, as the morning hymn of flowers
Breathes on the lovers of creation's works;
Such music, as the rippling ocean gives
The wearied seaman on the Sabbath eve.
It seemed to ask, where mortal, canst thou hide
From God? Where lurk from his all-seeing eye?
It was the voice of Mercy; and it showed
How little suited to a fallen state,
Are human wrath, and envy, and revenge,
The daily gift of man to man—It spoke
Of him who guides life's wanderer on his way;
And fills the soul with peace, when all the world
Is dark and sad beside. Hagar adored
Before the Angel; and exclaimed, "thou God,
Who rulest over all things, seest me."

She knew that God was with her, and for joy,
Kneel down, and lifted up her voice, and wept.

Miscellaneous.

From the Jour. of the American Silk Society.

THE GRAPE VINE.—There are few things that afford more pleasure for the expense of time and trouble, than a good and well managed grape vine. From considerable observation, the editor of this Journal was led to conclude, that a very erroneous practice was generally pursued in relation to grape vines; and three years ago, determined to try an experiment. The error in practice alluded to, is this: the vine is permitted to grow to the full extent of its ability, and thus every season a large portion of wood has to be cut off, and thrown away. It occurred to the writer, that this waste of the power of the plant, might, and ought to be prevented. Accordingly in the spring of 1837, he obtained an Isabella vine, one year old from the layer, having a very good root, and planted it in an ordinary soil, of rather a sandy quality, putting a wheel-barrow load of wood-yard manure and old lime mortar about the root. As soon as it began to grow, he rubbed off all the buds but one, and trained that perpendicularly, rubbing off during the season all side shoots; and when it had reached to the top of a second story balcony, nipped the end off, thus stopping its further growth. In the spring of 1838, he rubbed off every bud but two at the top of the vine, and trained these two along the front of the balcony, having stretched a large wire along the posts for their support. He rubbed off every side bud, during the season, as at first. Both shoots made about thirty-five feet of growth this season. In the spring of 1839, every joint on the horizontal shoots was permitted to send forth its buds, and to grow unmolested, till the branches had fairly set fruit, generally until they were about 18 inches long. Then the

end of each branch was nipped off, and its further growth prevented. The perpendicular stem was carefully prevented from sending out buds. The whole plant was carefully watched that no more buds might be permitted to grow—each one being rubbed off as soon as it appeared. Thus from about the middle of June, the vine was not permitted to form any new wood. During the season the grapes grew uncommonly well, and every one ripened in good season, and was very fine, as was proved by the numerous company at the Horticultural Society exhibition, who unanimously pronounced them the finest grapes there. The produce of the vine was three hundred and fifteen bunches, all very large, and the berries of uncommon size. The society awarded to them its first premium for native grapes. Almost every body, however, doubted whether the plant had not been injured by this excessive bearing of fruit; and many old gardeners considered that it would be killed by it. The writer never doubted on this score. He had only compelled the plant to make fruit, instead of wood, to be cut off and thrown away, and has no doubt that if he had been able to get the season before a greater length of wood for fruit branches, the plant have supported a much larger quantity of fruit. On trimming the vine preparatory to its bearing in 1840, there was very little wood to be cut off. Only two buds were left on each branch of last year's growth, and these are now growing, and showing fruit buds very finely. The vine is not dead, nor does it appear to have been injured in the least by last year's hard work. So far, the experiment is beautifully successful, and we now feel authorized to recommend this plan, to all who love fine fruit. It must be borne in mind that the experiment was made with the ISABELLA grape; we of course cannot say any thing about its applicability to other kinds from experience; but the same reasoning applies with equal force to all kinds. If the powers of a plant can be turned from the formation of wood, to that of making fruit, as we have proved it can be, in the case of the Isabella grape, we do not see any reason why the experiment may not be successful with all kinds of grapes and fruit. One thing we do know, that a plant that bears fruit does not grow as much as one that does not; and we are hence authorized to infer, that the power of the plant may be directed at pleasure, either to the growth of fruit or of wood—that by suppressing the one, you may increase the other, to a very great extent. The vine above described has attracted the attention of numerous persons, and many have determined to follow the example. It may be observed that this vine occupies no room at all in the garden. It grows close in the corner of the house, a single stem ascending fourteen feet to the balcony, when it starts off horizontally as above described, along the balcony. Thus every house in any city that has a yard at all, so that the vine may be set in the earth, may have just such a supply of delicious grapes as the writer of this had last fall.

A youth in Tuscaloosa, by the name of William Hart, has invented and constructed a Miniature Steam Engine, which is the wonder and admiration of the city. The Monitor says: "The steam is generated in 3 boilers, 22 inches long, and 8 in diameter—it is condensed into a single pipe about one inch in diameter, and 3 1/2 in circumference. This propels the piston-rod, which unites the pitman 27 inches long, to a crank on an iron wheel 23 inches in diameter. An experienced Steam-boat Captain, who saw the little Engine in operation, stated that the same velocity would propel a boat forty miles an hour. It has a suction pump, which supplies the boilers with water—safety valve, carrying 13 lbs. of steam, equal to a single horse power, &c." He is a caution, and will yet shine in the growing galaxy of inventive genius. The best of it is, he made the whole of it secretly of nights and without the knowledge of any one.

THE SABBATH IN NEW ORLEANS.—The New Orleans papers give a gloomy picture of the immorality of that city. Acting on the barbarous and brutal customs of half-civilized Mexico, and despotic, bull baiting Havana, some demi-savages have introduced the degrading and barbarous practice of bear baiting, dog fighting, &c., as a Sunday amusement, with the tacit sanction of the authorities. In the very heart of the city proper, and not in its suburban precincts, exists an arena for such disgraceful shows. It was shameful, says the Advertiser, to witness on Sunday last, dogs, led through the streets by their unfeeling owners, bleeding and lacerated—to look on the motley groups collected within and around the arena of blood—yet know that New Orleans, where such scenes were enacted—claimed credit for being a christian city.

A GOOD ONE.

A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day just as she was receiving a half dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horror!) two of the grave elders of the church approach her door. She ran the man out the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went one of the corks.

"Dear me," exclaimed the good lady, "there goes that bed cord; it snapped yesterday just the same way; I must have a new rope provided!"

In a few moments, pop went another, followed by the peculiar hiss of the escaping liquor. The rope wouldn't do again, but the good lady was not at a loss.

"Dear me," says she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there.—S'cat!"

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtain.

"O, dear me," said she, "I had forgot, it's the yeast! Here Prudence! come take away these bottles of yeast!"—N. O. Picayune.

A Story of Crime—Six Persons Murdered.—We have a tale of horror to record this morning. Six of the members of a family residing in Cromwell Township, Huntingdon County, Pa. were recently murdered. The circumstances are thus detailed in the Huntingdon Journal. Some of the neighbors not having observed any of the family of Mr. William Brown, the owner of a small farm in the place just mentioned, were induced to visit the house to ascertain the cause. The result was the discovery of the dead bodies of his wife, daughter, and four sons—the oldest of the children 21, the youngest 10 years of age. The wife and one son were found in the house—the wife's throat cut from ear to ear, and the son shot through the body; at some distance from the house were found two other children, one of them shot, and the other killed with a club or some other instrument—and in another direction in the woods the two others were found, one shot and the other killed with a club. Mr. Brown has been arrested, also M'Coneghy, his son-in-law, and M'Coneghy's brother. Brown denies—says he was from home, and on his return found the door of his house fastened; whilst standing there he was shot at and narrowly missed; another gun was discharged, which grazed his cheek and perforated the lower part of his ear, and passed through his hat.

A correspondent of the Journal says:—"A jury of inquest has been vigilantly engaged part of last night, and this day, examining the dead bodies, and endeavoring to ferret out the perpetrator or perpetrators. Suspicion at first was strong against Brown himself, but the jury are of opinion that it is almost impossible that he could have participated in the murder, from the circumstances of his having returned home that evening, (being absent at work all the week) and in less than an hour from the time he was seen going, he came running to his nearest neighbours, alarming them of his own situation, and that of his family. There are circumstances coming to light, which go far to settle the guilt on Robert M'Coneghy, who is married to Brown's daughter, the only child now living, and John M'Coneghy, who it is supposed was an accomplice of Robert's, and are now in custody, and presume they will both be committed, at least Robert will. Brown is also in custody, and will, we believe, also be committed. Brown is the owner of a small farm, the possessing of which, could have been the only motive of the M'Coneghy's murdering Brown's family. The bodies were, this day, six in number, deposited together in the earth, on Brown's premises. The scene presented an instance of the most reckless depravity which can possibly befall the lot of human nature."—Phil. Inq.

A professor in one of our Universities was lately engaged in a course of botanical lectures. Among other things he prided himself upon having discovered a very uncommon species of the nettle. This he produced, and informed his auditory that it possessed every other property of the common nettle, but that it did not sting. A wag in the secret had unluckily changed the specimen; and introduced the common nettle in its room.—"You see, gentlemen," said the Professor, "that it does not sting. He then applied it to his hand, and with eager astonishment, added, "D—n it, but it does."

The Taunton and New Bedford Rail Road will be open for public travel on the first of July. The road is twenty miles long, and its actual cost will be within the original estimate of four hundred thousand dollars.

Baltimore Republican.