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Poetical Department.

THE WIFE.

She clung to him with woman's love,
Like ivy to the oak;
While o'er his head, with crushing force,
Earth's chilling tempest broke.

When the world look'd cold on him,
And blight hung o'er his name—
She sooth'd his cares with woman's love,
And bade him rise again.

When care had furrow'd o'er his face,
And clouded his young hours,
She wove among his crown of thorns
A wreath of love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,
Or one bright flower wither;
For woman's tears o'er-nourished them,
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love,
True till life's storms have passed;
And, like the vine around the tree,
It braves them till the last.

LABOR.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faith;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens!
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from the world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health!—lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins the life-current leaping!
How strong his arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as the sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth!—in the sea the pearl growth;
Rich the queen's robe from the pale cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble black hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish, are
round thee;
Bravely fling off the bold chain that hath bound
thee!
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

The Olive.

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus:—
"With time and patience the mulberry-leaf
becomes satin." How encouraging is this lesson
to the impatient and desponding!—And what
difficultly is there that man should quail at,
when a worm can accomplish so much from the
leaf of the mulberry.

Nothing is more dissimilar than natural and
acquired politeness. The first consists in a
willing abnegation of self, the second in a com-
pelled recollection of others.

No one can love what is not lovely. A sense
of duty may prompt impartial justice, but af-
fection will be the reward of desert alone.

The instinct of self-preservation in the natu-
ral life, is fear. In the spiritual life it is hope.
"We are saved by hope."

Let mine be the influence which is felt while
I am here, and noticed and acknowledged
when I am gone.
J. P.

The soul, says Tertullian, is the resemblance
of the divine intelligence, and the breath of the
Spirit of God.
T. S.

In regard to misfortunes, look always below
you; in regard to virtue and science, look al-
ways above you; this will be the means of keep-
ing you from despair and from pride. (Pensee
de Saint Martin.)

People of true good breeding are the most
difficult to offend; the care of preserving their
position in society does not oblige them to blus-
ter at every unpleasant word. (Marquis de
Custine.)

—WRITING CYPRESS.—This splendid tree
has been recently introduced into England from
the East. Imagine an evergreen with
low, with compact habit and close, feathery
foliage, like the little cypress vine, and you will
have some conception of the beauty of this tree
as we have seen it described. If a little plant
of four inches, which has just reached us, at a
cost of some ten dollars, ever make itself into
a tree, we can perhaps describe it better from
personal knowledge. There can be little doubt
however, that it will prove one of the greatest
acquisitions to our list of hardy evergreens.

The Catholic cathedral now being erected
at Albany, will cost, it is said, when completed,
about \$1,000,000.

A woolen factory, which turns out 150 yards of
cloth per day, is now in operation at Staunton, Va.

The razor-strop man is peddling the "few more
left" at Wilmington, Del.

A gentleman lately arrived at New York, from
New Orleans, with a tooth taken from the mouth
of the Mississippi.—*Ex paper.*

EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—Pre-
scription: Gum Guaiacum, one drachm; Sweet
Spirits Nitre, three do.; Rhubarb powdered, two
do.; Cream of Tartar, one ounce; Flour of Sulphur,
two ounces; one Nutmeg, powdered—all powdered
and mixed in one pint of clear honey. Dose: Two
large table spoonfuls at night, and two in the
morning, for the first two days; after that, one
each day till the mixture is all taken.

WILLS MADE ON SUNDAY.—A case was re-
cently decided by Judge Lewis, of Pennsylvania,
which involved a question as to the validity
of a will made on Sunday. The decision of
the court was, first, that a will made on Sunday,
while the testator was in danger of immediate
death, or entertained a well-grounded belief
that such danger existed, is valid; and, second,
that if a will was made on Sunday, under such
pressure, the court, would, in the absence of
proof, presume that circumstances of necessity
existed to justify the act.

THE DAYS OF THE SAILOR NUMBERED.—An
article in the New York Courier, commenting
upon certain charges in the British Navy,
mainly the substitution of marines for sailors in
naval gunnery, quotes from the "United States
Gazette" the remark that "steam, or some other
 motive power doing duty for it, will super-
sede sails; the navigator will exist, but the sail-
or will be no more." The idea has some truth.
Greater changes have been silently wrought by
the progress of science.

A Selected Tale.

From Knight's Quarterly Magazine.
MY FIRST FOLLY.
AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

In all the pride and condescension of an in-
mate of Grosvenor Square, I looked upon Lady
Motley's "At Home." "Yes," I said, flinging
away the card with a tragedy twist of the fin-
gers—"yes; I will be there. For one evening
I will encounter the tedium and the taste of a
village ball. For one evening I will doom my-
self to figures that are out of date, and fiddles
that are out of tune; dowagers who make em-
broidery by wholesale, and demoiselles who make
conquests by profession; for one evening I will
endure the inquiries about Almack's and St. Paul's,
the tales of the weddings that have been and
the weddings that are to be, the round of
curtsies in the ball-room, and the round of beef
at the supper-table; for one evening I will not
complain of the everlasting hostess and the ever-
lasting Boulenger, of the double duty and the
double bass, of the great heiress, and the great
plum-pudding:

Come one, come all,
Come dance in Sir Roger's great hall."

And thus, by dint of civility, indolence, quota-
tion, and antithesis, I bent up each corporal
agent to the terrible feat, and "would have the
honor of waiting upon her ladyship"—in due
form.

I went: turned my uncle's one-horse chaise
into the long old avenue about an hour after
the time specified, and perceived by the lights
flashing from all the windows, and the crash of
chairs and carriages returning from the door,
that the room was most punctually full, and the
performers most pastorally impatient. The
first face I encountered on my entrance was that
of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to
meet him, and expressed my astonishment at
finding him in a situation for which his inclina-
tion, one would have supposed, was so little
adapted.

"By Mercury!" he exclaimed, "I am meta-
morphosed, fairly metamorphosed, my good
Vyyan; I have been detained here three months
by a fall from Sir Peter, and have amused my-
self most indelicately by humming tunes and
reading newspapers, winding silk, and guessing
conundrums. I have made myself the admira-
tion, the adoration, the very worship of all the
cofetes in the place; am reckoned very clever
at cross purposes, and very apt at 'what's my
thought like?' The 'squires have discovered I
can carve, and the matrons hold me indispen-
sable at loo. Come! I am of little service to-
night, but my popularity may be of use to you;
you don't know a soul!—I thought so; read it
in your face the moment you came in—never
saw such a—there, Vyyan, look there! I
will introduce you." And so saying, my com-
panion half limped, half danced with me up to
Miss Amelia Mesnil, and presented me in due
form.

When I look back to any particular scene of
my existence, I can never keep the stage clear
of second-rate characters. I never think of Mr.
Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection
upon the subject of Mr. Cooper's Cassio: I never
call to mind a gorgeous scattering forth of
roses from Mr. Canning, without a painful idea
of some cotemporary effusion of poppies from
Mr. Hume. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is
in vain that I endeavor to separate your fascina-
tion from the group which was collected around
you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this mo-
ment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly
to my imagination when the forms and figures
of all by whom it was contested are associated
in its renewal.

First comes Amelia the magnificent, the ac-
knowledged belle, of the county, very stiff and
very dumb in her unheeded and uncontented su-
premacy; and next, the most black-bowed of
fox-hunters, Augusta, enumerating the names of
her father's stud, and dancing as if she imi-
tated them; and then the most accomplished

Jane, vowing that for the last month she had
endured immense *ennui*, that she thinks Lady
Olivia prodigiously *fade*, that her cousin Sophy
is quite *brilliant* to-night, and that Mr. Peters
plays the violin *a merveille*.

"I am bored, my dear Villars—positively
bored! the light is bad and the music abomi-
nable! there is no spring in the boards and less
in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight
night, and there is nothing worth looking at in
room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three
or four people, and was moving off. As I passed
to the door, I met two ladies in conversation;
"Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said
one. "O no," replied the other, "I am bored,
my dear Louisa—positively bored; the light is
bad and the music abominable; there is no
spring in the boards and less in the conversa-
tion; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there
is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the
look of a ten years' acquaintance, and com-
menced parley. "Surely you are not going
away yet; you have not danced with me, Mar-
garet; it is impossible you can be so cruel!"
The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity.
"She would allow me the honor, but I was very
late; really, I had not deserved it!" And so
we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?"
"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay,
you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge
and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"
"No! it is out of my way! I never do those
things; it would embarrass me beyond mea-
sure. Pray, let us accomplish an introduction;
not altogether an usual one; but that matters
little. Vyyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent,
and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans—very handsome, and ra-
ther foolish—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she
would. I could not conceive by what blind-
ness I had passed four hours without being
struck. We talked of all things that are, and
a few beside. She was something of a botan-
ist, so we began with flowers; a digression
upon China roses carried us to China—the
mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with
little feet—the emperor—the Orphan of China
—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr. Johnson—
the great bear—the system of Copernicus—
stars—ribbons—garters—the order of the Bath
sea bathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sid-
mouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Alfieri—Me-
tastasio—fountains—groves—gardens—and so,
as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end
as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botan-
y.

Margaret talked well on all subjects, and wit-
tily on many. I had expected to find nothing
but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very
vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first
five minutes, and out of my senses in the next.
She left the room very early, and I drove home,
more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about
to leave England, to join my sisters on the
Continent. I determined to look once more on
that enslaving snail, whose recollection had
haunted me more than once. I had ascertained
that she resided with an old lady who took two
pupils, and taught French and Italian, and music
and manners, at an establishment called Vine
House. Two days before I left the country, I
had been till a late hour shooting at a mark
with a duelling pistol—an entertainment, of
which, perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I
was very fond. I was returning alone, when I
perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a
board by the way-side, bearing the welcome in-
scription, "Vine House." "Enough," I ex-
claimed, "enough! One more scene before the
curtain drops—Romeo and Juliet by lamp-light!"

I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held
dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows
in the back of the house, which it was quite im-
possible to doubt. I leaned against a tree, in
a sentimental position, and began to chant my
own rhymes thus:

Pretty coquette, the ceaseless play
Of thine unstudied wit,
And thy dark eye's remembered ray,
By buoyant fancy lit,
And thy young forehead's clear expanse,
Where the locks slept, as through the dance,
Dream-like, I saw thee flit,
Are far too warm, and far too fair,
To mix with aught of earthly care;
But the vision shall come when my day is done,
A frail, and a fair, and a fleeting one!

And if the many boldy gaze
On that bright brow of thine,
And if thine eye's undying rays,
On countless coxcombs shine,
And if thy wit flings out its mirth,
Which echoes more of air than earth,
For other ears than mine—
I heed not this: ye are fickle things!
And I like your very wanderings!
I gaze, and if thousands share the bliss,
Pretty capricious: I heed not this.

In sooth, I am a wayward youth,
As fickle as the sea,
And very apt to speak the truth,
Unpleasing though it be;
I am no lover, yet, as long
As I have heart for jest or song,
An image, sweet, of thee,
Locked in my heart's remotest treasures,
Shall ever be one of its hoarded pleasures;
This from the scoffer thou hast won—
And more than this he gives to none.

"Are they your own verses?" said my idol at
the window.

"They are yours, Margaret! I was only the
versifier; you were the muse herself."
"The muse herself is obliged to you. And
now, what is your errand? for it grows late,
and you must be sensible—no, that you never
will be—but you must be aware that this is very
indecorous."

"I am come to see you, dear Margaret—
which I cannot without candles—to see you,
and to tell you that it is impossible I can for-
get—"

"Bless me! what a memory you have! But
you must take another opportunity for your tale;
for—"

"Alas! I leave England immediately!"

"A pleasant voyage to you! There, not a
word more; I must run down to coffee."

"Now, may I never laugh more," I said, "if
I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the
front of the house, and proceeded to reconnoitre.
A bay-window was half open, and in a
small, neat drawing-room, I perceived a group
assembled: an old lady, with a high muslin cap
and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee;
her nephew, a tall, awkward young gentleman,
sitting on one chair and resting his legs on an-
other, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles
Grandison; and my fair Margaret was leaning
on a sofa, and laughing immoderately.

"Indeed, Miss," said the matron, "you should
learn to govern your mirth. People will think
you came out of Bedlam."

I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the
room.

"Bedlam, madam!" quoth I; "I bring intelli-
gence from Bedlam. I arrived last week."

"The tall, awkward young gentleman stared;
and the aunt half said, half shriek, 'What in
the name of wonder are you?'"

"Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad
as a hare in March, or a Cheapside blood on
Sunday morning. Look at me! do I not foam?
Listen to me! do I not rave? Coffee, my dear
madam, coffee; there is no animal so thirsty
as your madman in the dog-days."

"Eh! really!" said the tall, awkward young
gentleman.

"My good sir," I began, but my original in-
sanity began to fail me, and I drew forth with
upon Ossian's—"Fly! receive the wind and
fly; the blasts are in the hollow of my hand,
the course of the storm is mine!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall, awkward young
gentleman.

"I look on the nations and they vanish; my
nostrils pour the blast of death: I come abroad
on the winds; the tempest is before my face;
but my dwelling is calm, above the clouds; the
fields of my rest are pleasant."

"Do you mean to insult us?" said the old la-
dy.

"Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt? real-
ly!" said the tall, awkward young gentleman.

"I shall call in my servants," said the old la-
dy.

"I am the humblest of them," said I, bowing.
"I shall teach you a different tune," said the
tall, awkward young gentleman, "really!"

"Very well, my dear sir; my instrument is
the barrel organ," and I cocked my sweet little
pocket companion in his face. "Vanish, little
Kastril; for the Hamibal, Heliogabalus, and
Holophernes, time is valuable; madness is pre-
cipitate, and hair-triggers is the word. Vanish!"

"Eh! really!" said the tall, awkward young
gentleman, and performed an *en'rechut*, which
carried him to the door. The old lady had dis-
appeared at the first note of the barrel organ.
I looked the door, and found Margaret in a pa-
roxysm of laughter.

"I wish you had shot him," she said, when
she recovered; "I wish you had shot him: he
is a sad fool."

"Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you,
beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time!
Will you ever think of me? Perhaps you will.
But let me receive from you some token that I
may date upon in other years; something that
may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a
consolation in calamity. Something—nay!
I never could talk romance; but give me one
lock of your hair, and I will leave England with
resignation."

"You have earned it like a true knight," said
Margaret, and she severed from her head a long,
glossy ringlet. "Look," she continued, "you
must to horse; the country has risen for your
apprehension."

I turned towards the window. The country
had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but
gossoms in the van, and gossips in the rear, red
faces and white jackets, gallants in smock
frocks, and gay damsels in program. Bludge-
ons were waving, and torches were flashing, as
far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry
of the place was arming and chafing, and load-
ing for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.
I knelt down and kissed her hand. It was
the happiest moment of my life!

"Now," said I, "an revoir, my sweet Marga-
ret," and in a moment I was in the lane.

This was my first folly. I looked at the lock
of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again.
She has become the wife of a young clergyman,
and resides with him on a small living in Staf-
fordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I
have forgotten the color of her eyes.

The Railroad to Tennessee river is in rapid
progress. Cars will be running to Murfrees-
borough (30 miles) this fall. In another year
the road will be completed, and the cities of
Nashville, Savannah, and Charleston be united.
The cars are now running from Chattanooga
on the Tennessee river to the Tunnel Hill in
Georgia. The cotton is hauled around and re-
shipped on the road to either of the Atlantic
cities connected with the road. 1170 bales of
cotton are carried off every week. This trade
is all lost to New Orleans. The Memphis pa-
pers are filled with exhortations to the citizens
to subscribe for stock in the road to Charleston.
The shares are only \$25 each, so that it is in the
power of every man in the city to become a
stockholder. Gov. Jones has published appoint-
ments to address the people along the proposed
line. The citizens of Memphis voted in favor of
the city taking half a million of the stock.—
The vote stood 706 to 104.—N. O. Crescent.

CROMWELL'S ARMY.

In war, this strange force was irresistible.
The stubborn courage, characteristic of the
English people, was, by this system of Crom-
well, at once regulated and stimulated. Other
leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal
as ardent. But in his camp alone the most
rigid discipline was found in company with the
fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to vic-
tory with the precision of machines, while
burning with the wildest fanaticism of crusaders.
From the time when the army was remodeled,
to the time when disbanded, it never found,
either on the British Islands or on the continent
an enemy who could stand its onset. In Eng-
land, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan
warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, some-
times contending against three-fold odds, not
only never failed to conquer, but never failed
to destroy and break in pieces whatever force
was opposed to them. They at length came to re-
gard the day of battle as a day of certain tri-
umph, and marched against the most renowned
battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence.
Turenne was startled by the shout of stern ex-
ultation with which his English allies ad-
vanced to the combat, and expressed the delight
of a true soldier, when he learned that it was
over the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice
when they beheld the enemy; and the banished
cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride when
they saw a brigade of their countrymen out-
numbered by foes and abandoned by allies,
drive before it in headlong route the finest in-
fantry of Spain, and force a passage into a
counterscarp which had just been pronounced
impregnable by the ablest of the marshalls of
France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the ar-
my of Cromwell from other armies was the as-
tute mortality and fear of God which pervaded
all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most
zealous royalist, that in that singular camp, no
oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was
seen; and that during the long dominion of the
soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen
and the honor of woman was held sacred. If
outrages were committed, they were outrages
of a very different kind from those of which a
victorious army is generally guilty. No ser-
vant girl complained of the rough gallantry of
the red coats. Not an ounce of plate was ta-
ken from the shops of the gold smiths. But a
Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the
Virgin and Child was painted, produced in the
Puritan ranks an excitement which it required
the utmost exertions of the officers to quell.—
One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to re-
tain his pikemen and dragoons from invading,
by force, the pulpits of ministers whose discourses,
to the language of that time, were not
savory.—Macaulay.

SOUTHERN COLLEGIATE INSTITUTIONS.—We
find in the New Orleans Delta, an article on this
subject, which enforces the claims of our own
Colleges, Schools, &c. to home patronage and
support, with some very judicious remarks. We
take from it the following extract, with one re-
mark; merely to correct a common error; our
own institution of which we are so justly proud
—and which to so can regard with feelings of
more interest and affection, than the writer of
this, is not properly speaking a University, and
does not profess to be so.

It is a College, and first appeared we believe
as a University, in Woodbridge's Geography,
and the error has been kept up by similar pub-
lications.

This mention of errors in school books by
the way, reminds us of an instance which came
to our knowledge recently—a geographical
work representing a Railroad, as now in opera-
tion between Raleigh and Camden, without the
slightest reference to the Camden Branch, which
has really been completed for some time.

But to return to the Delta, whose remarks
are as follows:—*Telegraph.*

"The South has been seriously injured by
this dependence upon the North for the educa-
tion of her sons. Without referring to the ob-
jectionable constitutional principles taught from
the works of Story, Kent, and others, in which
respect we regret to observe the Louisiana Law
School following in the wake of Yale and Cam-
bridge, we think it is obvious that our young
men return from these Northern institutions im-
bued with many ideas, feelings, and tastes,
quite foreign to those which prevail here, and
which should characterize the sons of the South.
Greece, the Latin poet has said, conquered her
barbarian victor, imperial Rome, by the influ-
ence of her science and her arts. We trust it
may not be recorded of the Southern States,
that they were subjugated to Northern domina-
tion by similar influences exercised through the
numerous Colleges which are crowded with the
young men of the South.

"It is a great error to suppose that these
Northern Colleges are in any respect superior
to those of the South. On the contrary, we
know that College honors and diplomas are of
more easy attainment, and the course less com-
plete and extensive, at Cambridge, Yale, or
Princeton, than at the Universities of Virginia
and of South Carolina. It is equally true that
the discipline and morals of these institutions
are superior to those of the North, where the
young men have the run of large towns, and are
flattered and coaxed into all sorts of excesses
and extravagance."

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.—Procure common
blotting paper, and thoroughly saturate it in a
solution of nitre, (saltpetre,) and let it be care-
fully dried by the fire, or by exposure to the
rays of the sun. On retiring at night, ignite it,
and deposit it, burning on a plate or square of
sheet zinc or iron in your bed room.

No man has a right to do as he pleases except
when he pleases to do right.