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### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient true piece says to all,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who under his cloak  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light,  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber door,  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality,  
His great fires by the chimney roared,  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But like the skeleton at the feast,  
The warning time peace never ceased,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed,  
Oh, precious hours! O, golden prime,  
And influence of love and time;  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient time-piece told,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night,  
There, in the silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead,  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
"Ah, when shall they all meet again  
As in the days long since gone by,"  
The ancient time piece makes reply,  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

**A PATHETIC SPEECH.**—The speech made in the Florida legislature on the occasion of a member's death, has been the rounds, but is good enough to print again:  
"Mr. Speaker, Sir—Our fellow citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the legislature, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brown creatures, (bronchitis) and he was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was 55 years old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an ingenious creature, and in the early part of his life had a father and mother. His uncle, Timothy Higgins, served under General Washington, who was buried soon after his death with military honors, and seventeen guns were burst in firing salutes. Sir, Mr. Speaker, General Washington would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive and hadn't a died sometime beforehand. Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we be adjourned till to-morrow morning as an emblem of our respect for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, of the brown creatures yesterday in the forenoon."

**Why are potatoes and wheat like idols of old? Because they have eyes and see not—ears have they and hear not.**

### From the Southern Cultivator. Diversify your Products.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—It has always appeared to me surprising that the planters of the South should persist in the cultivation of large crops of cotton, to the manifest injury of their lands, and the lessening of the amount of money received for their crops. That the lands of the South are deteriorating, must be evident to the most superficial observer.

How is this evil to be remedied? It must be plain to every one that to plant less cotton, and more of every thing else, is the only way; but will the planters do it? It is so obviously their interest; and that they are intelligent, I think a doubt cannot remain on the subject. The only difficulty it seems to me is to obtain concert of action. The large space over which cotton is planted renders it difficult to get the planters together to consult on what is best for them to do; but at the next meeting of the Cotton Convention, a system of sub-societies, or sub-committees, in every county in the Cotton States, might be adopted, that would effectually accomplish the purpose. If half or two thirds of the present breadth of land was put in Cotton, the crop would yield MORE MONEY than the whole breadth. Then the remaining land might be profitably cultivated in sweet potatoes, turnips, and in small grain, with an additional quantity of corn. What additional quantities of hogs, sheep, cattle and mules might be raised, and the lands enriched more and more every year. If this system was adopted, the South would become the most beautiful, the richest, the most abundant, the happiest and most independent country in the world. Add to all this, every county might have a Cotton Factory, to spin yarns, and export them to the north of Europe. The spinners in Lancaster county, in England, are wealthier, and subjected to fewer vicissitudes, than any of the other cotton manufacturers in the country. I say then to my fellow planters, begin to manufacture, even with one hundred spindles, begin. I say again begin—you can find labor in abundance as cheap as any where else, and all the materials and appliances in the greatest abundance. I say again begin, nay, I beseech you to begin.

To descend to a few particulars: suppose a planter to lessen his cotton crop, and plant one hundred acres of sweet potatoes, one hundred acres of the red top turnip, rye, oats, wheat, in such quantities as he may deem sufficient. Suppose he puts one hundred sheep in the fall on his turnips, dividing off the field in small spaces at a time, allow the sheep to feed, trample and enrich the field during the whole winter at proper intervals, would not that field produce nearly double the quantity of cotton or corn the next year that it would do without this preparation? And the field of sweet potatoes treated in the same way with one hundred eggs, would it not produce a great improvement? And then the rye for your Devon Cows! what yellow butter, what abundance and improvement would follow, what abundance and improvement would follow, and still have MORE MONEY for your cotton, than you can possibly obtain at present.

Hear me, my fellow planters, for I tell you the truth—I wish this might be published in every paper of the South, and the cry enter every ear.

### From the Laurensville Herald. Oak Leaves.

Fifteen years ago, I will remember, that cotton seed and wheat straw were regarded as nuisances about a farm yard and gin! Our best farmers did not regard them as worth hauling home and now they are regarded an excellent manure, and richly worth taking care of, as in fact cotton seed is worth in market, from ten to fifteen cents per bushel.

Now, I may be thought to be utopian, and in advance of the age, so far as never to be overtaken, but I assert, as the members of Congress say, "here in my place," (and I have as much right to a place as they have,) that ten years will not roll over my head, should I live so long before dry oak leaves gathered from the forest will be regarded as an excellent manure, and well worth the time it will take to haul them upon our corn, cotton, grains or root lands, and manure with leaves, but corn and cotton stalks, and almost every annual growth upon our lands will be garnered up and prized as valuable fertilizers. The truth is, and any farmer may try it who chooses, that in weight oak leaves are as valuable as cotton seed, simply thrown broadcast upon the land and ploughed in late in December or early in January, and for corn, cotton potatoes, or anything that grows until the middle of August, or later, there is no manure that will pay better, put in drills early in January and covered up as deep as practicable, than dry oak leaves. They not only furnish food for the roots of plants, but they keep the soil moist, and facilitate the process of degradation, and thus enrich the soil from the soil itself.

This moisture and degradation takes place too, about the time corn, cotton and roots need it most, viz: about the time they are forming their fruit; whereas, like cotton seed or any other vegetable manure, when rotted entirely, before put in at the time you plant, unless put in very large quantities, becomes exhausted, or in other words dry and almost worthless, either as a means of retaining moisture, or as nutriment to the plant.

As a manure for sweet potatoes there is nothing better, and the object of this article is to direct the attention of our farmers to this subject, in order that they may have good crops of potatoes, whether it be reasonable in the latter part of the summer or not, and it is not too late now for that operation.

The plan is to haul some five or six wagon loads of leaves to the acre, and put them in convenient places. Then open large deep trenches 3, 1-2 or 4 feet apart with a large shovel first and then two twister furrows in the same, so as to throw the dirt out as much as possible, after which you should run two furrows in the trench with Broylers' subsoil plow, then put in your

leaves and tramp them in, throwing a little dirt with your foot or a hoe over them, so as to prevent the wind from blowing them out, as well as to enable the twister afterwards to cover them well, which must be done immediately. Then split out the middle with a shovel or double twister, then open a very shallow hole, or simply level the dirt, drop your potatoes some eighteen inches or two feet apart, and with a hoe draw dirt over them from the middle furrow, covering them some two or three inches.

Let them remain in this way until they begin to come up, when scrape them down in order to kill the weeds and grass, and the next time you work them, run three small deep scooter furrows in the middle of the row, hill your potatoes up good, and if you have the leaves, fill up between the ridges about half way to the top or more, and let them alone. All the weeds that come up after this will not injure the potatoes. If he who tries this plan does not make more potatoes from the same ground, with less trouble than he ever bid before, then set me down as an ignoramus, as well as a TYRO.

**THE SUN-FLOWER.**—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* has some remarks on the culture and use of the Sun-flower, which may be worthy the attention of the agriculturist. He says:

"I have raised and tested it, and think no farmer who has much land should be without it for feeding various animals, and the oil it produces. It has yielded with me from 90 to 100 bushels per acre, manured the same as for corn. I plant in drills, between three and four feet apart, and scatter the seed about six inches distant in the rows—using from four to five quarts per acre.

"When ripe, as the large heads begin to shell out, I cut it up, and leave it scattered in rows to dry, and when thoroughly cured, draw it into my barn, handling carefully and placing on an airy scaffold. When wanted, the seed will nearly all shell out by throwing down, and needs but little pounding. Clean in a common fan mill.

"One hundred pounds of the seed yield forty pounds of oil; one bushel will make a gallon of oil. I had part of my seed made into oil at a common oil mill, and used it for burning in lamps and tested it well for painting. Our house has been painted a long time; and it wears fully equal to those where linseed is used, and the walls are left more glossy as though a little varnish had been applied.

"The oil cake is nearly equal to any other—and there is nothing better to feed hens in winter than sunflower seed; they did not know what it was at first, but by mixing it with oats, they gradually grew fond of it, and produced eggs more abundantly than usual on other food.—The seed is well known to be good for horses, and its well worth 50 cents a bushel to the farmer.—I hope they will test this matter for themselves, and am sure they will find it profitable to raise their own oil, &c., as I have done."

**BREEDING HOGS.**—Farmers generally kill off their hogs too soon, and are disposed to depend too much on young swine as breeders. Now, it is well known to all scientific stock raisers that the finest animals are always produced from those that arrived at full maturity, and people who have heretofore overlooked this important fact, are advised to reserve their most promising hogs, sheep, cattle and horses until they are fully developed, and then notice the superiority of their progeny over that produced by half grown and immature animals.—*Southern Cultivator.*

**CHARCOAL FOR FLOWERS.**—It is an ascertained fact, that powdered charcoal, placed around rose bushes and other flowers has the effect of adding greatly to the richness of the flower.—We find in a late number of the *New England Farmer* very strong evidence of the truth of this statement. The ladies, and every lover of a flower, will doubtless receive this information with delight.

**PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT.**—Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, weak less and less in love with precocity which, indeed is often mere manifestations of disease, the disease, of a very fine, but weak organization. Your young Rosciuses, and all your wonders of that kind, generally end in the feeblest of commonplace. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting, and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hope of life, and saw nothing better than death at the age of 18. Burns and Byron died in their 37th year, and doubtless the strength of their genius was over. Raffelle, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished at 37; Mozart earlier.—These might have produced still greater works. Dryden came up from the provinces dressed in Norfolk druggat, somewhat above the age of 30, and did not know that he could write even a line of poetry; and yet, what towering vigor and swinging ease appeared all at once in "Glorious John." Milton had, indeed, written "Comus" at 38; but he was upwards of 50 when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond 30, and his "Task" was not written till about his 50th year. Sir Walter Scott was also upwards of 30 before he published his "Minstrelsv," and all his greatness was yet to come.

"James, now I want to hear your lesson," said a schoolmaster to a little urchin, who was not in the habit of studying much.—"Gueth not, thir; papa thays little boyths should be theen and not heard!"

### Premature Interment.

The New Haven Journal has recently given a description of some unusual appearances in the face of a corpse during the performance of the funeral ceremonies. A flush of crimson overspread the cadaverous features, while the forehead became moist with what seemed to be perspiration. An examination was held by two physicians, on whose report the body was subsequently consigned to earth. There can be no doubt, however, that many cases of premature interment have occurred when there were not even the symptoms of life exhibited as in the above case. A state of trance has often been mistaken for death. One of many similar cases is told in the following paragraph from a recent number of the N. Y. Tribune.

"The Courier d'Athens relates that just as the body of the wife of a gipsy named P'Passan was being interred in the cemetery in that city, a noise was heard to proceed from the coffin, which was immediately opened. After some restoratives had been administered to the supposed dead woman, she soon recovered sufficiently to return to her home."

A correspondent of the Tribune, referring to this and like cases, says Dr. Herbert Mayo, an eminent English physician, in a work "On the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions," gives a very clear account of the various forms of trance, and of the causes which produce them. Of one form he says:

"Death-trance is the image of death—the heart does not beat; the breathing is suspended; the body is motionless; not the slightest outward sign of sensibility, or consciousness can be detected; the temperature of the body falls; the entranced person has the appearance of a corpse, from which life has recently departed. The joints are commonly relaxed, and the whole frame pliable, but it is also likely that spasmodic rigidity will form an occasional adjunct of this strange condition, so that the only means of knowing whether life be still present is to await the event."

Dr. Mayo gives instances of premature burial in that part of his book where he discusses the superstition called "vampirism," once prevalent throughout Europe. The "vampire" was a corpse, which, retaining an unnatural vitality, preserved itself from decomposition by sucking the blood of the living; for which purpose it nightly forsook its grave. The fears engendered by this superstition led to frequent examination of burial grounds by the local authorities. The record of these investigations, which were then thought—in the changed position, absence of decomposition, &c.—to confirm the prevailing superstition, show now to the enlightened inquirer an untold number of victims who were buried alive. Though Dr. Mayo considers this danger as comparatively small in England, where bodies are not hastily buried. "Still," he says, "society is not sufficiently on its guard against a contingency so dreadful." And again: "When the nurse or the doctor has announced that all is over—that the valued friend or relative has breathed his last—no doubt crosses any one's mind of the reality of the sad event." \* \* \* "The laity, if not the doctors, too, constantly lose sight of the fact that there exists an alternative to the fatal event of ordinary disease; that a patient is liable at any period of illness to deviate, or, as it were, slide into another and deceptive route—instead of death, to encounter apparent death."

When this possibility is fairly considered, few will feel inclined to question the soundness of Dr. Mayo's advice. "The body," he observes, "should be kept in a warm room for the double purpose of promoting decomposition, if it be dead, and of preserving in it the vital spark if it still linger; and it should be constantly watched. There are, of course," he adds, "many cases in which such care is positively unnecessary. Such, for instance, as death following great lessons of vital organs, and in the great majority of cases of seeming death, the bare possibility of the persistence of life hardly remains. Still it is better to err on the right side."

The writer of the communication in the Tribune says that, many years ago, his father, on recovering from an attack of yellow fever at Surinam, fell into a trance, such as Dr. Mayo has described, and lay for ten days without any external sign of life, but not without consciousness. He was laid out for burial soon after this state supervened, and was only saved from a most horrible fate, by the caution or affection of an attendant, who pleaded for delay until decomposition should set in. He himself overheard part of the conversation which was to determine his fate, while wholly incapable of manifesting any sign of vitality; and in after years could never allude to the subject without emotion.

It would be easy to multiply examples, but the foregoing may suffice to awaken a wholesome attention to a subject which nearly concerns all.

**THE CITY OF HAVRE.**—Instead of a handsome city, such as it appears from the ship's deck at sea, rising on a gradual elevation from the shore, and adorned with good houses and gardens, you enter into streets of wooden buildings, with the pavement dislocated or broken up, the drains neglected, and filth and stable dung interrupting steps in every direction. The quay is spacious, but the water is shallow near the shore; and all sorts of uncleannesses are suffered to annoy the senses. A constant malaria is the consequence, which at certain seasons of the year renders the lower quarter of the city very sickly, and occasions much mortality among the sailors from foreign ports. Port-au-Prince, with all its advantages of situation, with every inherent capability of being made and kept delightfully clean, is perhaps the filthiest in the world. The houses in general are of two stories, but built slightly of wood, to avoid the rend and tear occasioned by earthquakes, which at different times have nearly demolished the city. Some few of the better habitations are of brick or stone, and may be called handsome edifices. The Senate-house is a plain substantial building, with no

pretension to splendour; and the palace of the President, the largest edifice in the city, was built by the English, for the general's headquarters, during their temporary occupation of the south of the island; and is, therefore, as little like a royal palace as any republican could desire. The Haytien flag, of red and blue, floats on its turrets; and it has in front a spacious court, in which are lodges for the military guard. These are the only public buildings worthy of notice. The Roman Catholic church is a capacious structure, but very plain and homely.

**ENERGY—WHAT IT DOES.**—We love your upright energetic men. Pull them this way, and then that way, and the other, and they only bend but never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they will be out and bright. They are not ever yawning away existence, or walking about the world as if they had come into it with only half their soul; you cannot keep them down—you cannot destroy them. But for these the world would soon degenerate. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, and rear our manufactures. They whiten the ocean with their sails, and they blacken the heavens with the smoke of their steam-vessels and furnace fires. They draw their treasures from the mine. They plough the earth. Blessings on them! Look to them, young men and take courage; imitate their example, catch the spirit of their energy. Without life, what are you good for, if it is passed idly away? We should ever measure thus life's employment.

**QUOTING SCRIPTURE.**—A worthy deacon, in the good town of F——, in the neighborhood of this city, was remarkable for the facility with which he quoted scripture on all occasions.—The divine word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What is better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action. One hot day he was engaged in mowing, with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in the swarth, conning his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from the swarth just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps!" was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "the wicked flee when no man pursueth but the righteous are as bold as a lion." And taking the workman's swarth, he moved but a step, when a swarm of the brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat with many a painful sting and in great discomfort.

"Aha!" shouted the other, with a chuckle, "the prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished!"

The good deacon had found his equal in making application of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known quote scripture in the mowing field.—*Pollard Eclectic.*

"Did you attend church to day, as I charged you?" inquired an old planter of one of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling.

"Sartain, massa," was Cudjo's reply, "an' what two mighty big story dat preacher did tell."

"Hush, Cudjo, you musn't talk that way—what stories are they?"

Why, he tell de people no man can serve two massas; now dis de fuss story kase you see old Cudjo serve you, my old massa, and also my young massa John. Den de preacher says, he will love one and hate de oder, while he knows I hate you boff!"

The Board of Directors of the Bank of Brunswick at Augusta, have declared a dividend of five dollars per share payable to the Stockholders on demand.

**Macaulay says of an occasion in which Somers made a speech:**—Somers rose last. He spoke little more than five minutes, but every word was full of weighty matter; and when he sat down, his reputation as an orator and constitutional lawyer was established. Our Congress orators will do well to ponder this five minute's speech in their hearts.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look!"

"Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, I never was so old before in all my life."

**FUNNY PLACE.**—A writer says that Mexico is a queer place. One half of the people are ex-Presidents, and the other U. S. loafers. There is but one industrious man in the whole country, and he's got the itch.

Which can smell a rat the quickest—the man who knows the most, or the man who has the most nose?

"Why, Doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine that you are giving to my husband. Why is that?" "All right," replied the Doctor; "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

A sharp talking lady was reproved by her husband, who requested her to keep her tongue in her mouth. "My dear," responded the wife, "it is against the law to carry concealed weapons."

**OLD SAYINGS.**—To whom you betray your secret you betray your liberty. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. When a man is not liked whatever he does is amiss. Who will not keep a pony, will never have many. We are bound to be honest, but not to be rich. At the gate which suspicion enters love goes out.