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### To a Violet growing on a Grave.

Meek, lovely, unobtrusive flower,  
Why art thou doom'd to those dark shades!  
Could earth afford no fairer flower,  
Than that the gloomy cypress spreads?  
And fragrant violet, must thou bloom  
And waste on Death thy sweet perfume—  
Here breathe thy loveliness away  
O'er reckless dust, and cold decay!  
How oft its diffidence like thee  
A violet in obscurity!  
A flower that blossoms in the shade,  
Unknown, unnoticed, there to fade!  
Ah! I have felt thy hapless doom  
In travelling to the lonely tomb;  
But—I'll not pluck thee, lovely flower,  
Though gloomy be thy cypress bower:  
Shortly to live—or rather die—  
The gaze of Admiration's eye.  
This shade, so mournful unto me,  
To thee, thy fav'rite one may be,  
For how know I what sacred ties  
May bind thee to this native scene,  
Of mortal dust, that 'neath thee lies.  
Perhaps thou hast a portion been;  
Thou wert perhaps, a Violet vein,  
Where life's warm blood was want to flow;  
As such, hast throbb'd along the vein,  
And rushed to meet thy country's foe;  
Or gently heav'd in placid breast,  
Or burn'd where inspiration blest,  
Or o'er the brow of beauty strayed,  
Or in a lover's bosom played.  
My fancy does in thee decry,  
The azure of a dark blue eye,  
A substance which could once absorb,  
Infinity within its orb.  
Grasp space, and heaven and earth survey,  
And scenes forever pass'd away;  
A substance which, perchance, has been  
A gazer on this lovely scene.  
This scene, this very spot might be  
The haunt of thy mortality,  
And thou perhaps didst fondly choose  
This oft, the bed of thy repose.  
Then unmolested, lovely flower,  
I'll leave thee in thy cypress bower;  
With kindred atoms still remain,  
And "dust to dust" compound again.

**EARLY RISING.**—Happy the man who is an early riser. Every morning day comes to him with a virgin love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The joy of nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called "old," so long as he is an early riser and an early walker. And a youth!—take my word for it—a youth in dressing gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepid, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountain, and the dew sparkle upon blossoming hedge-rows.—*Butler.*

**MARKS OF THE GENTLEMAN.**—No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor even heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say for the honor of our species, there are men, in every throb of whose heart there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

The prettiest design we ever saw on the tombstone of a child was a lark soaring upward with a rosebud in its mouth. What could be more sweetly emblematic of innocence winging its way to heaven under the care of its guardian angel!

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the face; then you have a friend and companion.

The old darkey's definition of perseverance was not a bad one, and will do for a life motto. Here it is: "Catch hold—hold fast—and neber let go!"

A minister approached a mischievous urchin, about twelve years old, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, thus addressed him: "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you."  
"I believe he has too," was the significant reply of the urchin.

### For the Camden Journal.

#### Internal Resources of South Carolina

Love of country, patriotism, and public spirit, so commendable and manly, are but other terms for that divine injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And though so liberally professed in every day life among men as right and proper, is not practised yet more than it ought to be. And while it affords an excuse for so many of our actions that a mere superficial observer might suppose its influence almost universal, candor compels us to admit that there are occasional instances of naked, undisguised selfishness, and yet we must believe in charity, that the majority of men aim, with more or less earnestness, at the common good. All those who devote their time to religion, politics, literature or professional callings, obviously tend that way.

At the public good we aim, is so frequent an expression, that we may consider it almost every man's motto. Therefore, when we speak our reflections and call upon all concerned for a hearing, respectful attention at least, is due. Ideas and opinions are as much and as naturally the forerunners of expression, as seed time is of harvest, and humble as the pretensions of the author may be, some thought might escape him, that others of more ability than himself, could take up, unfold and improve upon resulting finally, in great benefit to mankind.

Beginnings are usually small; indeed, we may say in every thing that is or has been, there was a feebleness in its beginning, which should teach us to examine closely any new project before we reject or condemn it.

Every good citizen is in a measure, bound by his relations to society to exercise his mind in looking out for the ways and means of bettering himself, his family, and his fellow men. Though his tribute be but a mite, let him throw it into the common stock of a progressive age. When chance offers great things to attempt, we should not let them pass, but lay hold of them vigorously—but they are rare, while less things are often seen and as much required as the greater, to make up the whole.

With this preface, and with a sincere desire to be useful, I submit what follows to my fellow citizens, asking them to discuss the matter for themselves, and consider it kindly towards me.

Ours is a small state compound with other Southern States, but our bounds are fixed, and, as was once observed in Congress by a member from this state, "We occupy a surface prodigiously large compare with our numbers."

The area of South Carolina in round numbers, is nineteen millions of acres and the population under six hundred thousand, giving over thirty acres of land to every individual, old and young, black and white, and I think we may safely say there is one hundred acres of land for every person engaged in its tillage. If then, we estimate that by any means, one half of the land, or nine and a half millions of acres is capable of culture, there is room enough in our borders yet, to plant ten times as much more as we now plant.

Admitting then, that we have nine and a half millions of acres of tillable land, of which allow one half for grain and pasturage and plant only the balance, four and three quarters millions of acres or one fourth of all our surface, and were to make no more than half a bale of cotton to the acre, it would give us a crop of nearly twenty four hundred thousand bales equal to the present whole crop of the United States. This is startling, and some of my readers may throw back their heads and raise up their hands in amazement. At first, it does look incredible, that so small a territory and but one fourth of it employed making only half a crop should turn out so much,—but here are the figures and competent calculators say we have the land. I feel that this is a sort of new idea and some one may say if South Carolina can do so much, the other cotton states can do it too, or that South Carolina is looking ahead to making all the cotton wanted. But observe, I am not telling what we are trying to do, or what we are going to do but what we could do if we would, and what duty to ourselves requires that we should boldly attempt for our sake and the sake of those who are to come after us, if we wish to improve our condition by using our resources or even maintain our present standing before the world.

Union or disunion, secession or submission, this is our present home; here we find our lots cast; here our abiding place. And the Mighty Maker's command to Adam in Eden to subdue, to dress and to keep it is a command to us. If not so audible from Deity, we hear it from interest, from nature's first law from the desire to provide for those dependent upon us, and to enlarge our blessings.

Let our rivers be straightened—throw all the water into one straight channel, that it may run off quick and wash out deep—thus securing their deltas free from freshets, and you open up an immense mine of agricultural wealth, which must add to your capital, increase your productions and comforts, employ your labor and skill to greater advantage, invite an increase and retain your present numbers—which if something is not done, must look out for other fields to operate in. To effect this purpose, is worth an effort—for if we lose them, we lose the essentials of strength, capital and population—when the opposite course will encourage them to remain with their energies, means and productions.

Small streams are ditched drained and re-drained, as we will see on almost every plantation—then why not the rivers that are worth so much more?

From Camden falls to Santee is about 40 miles—the swamp will average at least two miles—many places it is four miles across—but say two miles all the way and you have eighty square miles or upwards, fifty one thousand acres of land, of which there is not now under culture above 15,000 acres, thus adding 36,000 acres of new land; or say an increase of value on the whole of \$20 per acre, gives us 1,000,

000. And this in a short distance of Wateree alone, in the centre of the State, while there is Santee Congaree, the Pee Dees, Lynchess Creek, and several other streams adding in all, ten or twenty times more.

As we know more about Wateree River, and we believe that no other would yield so much at so little expense, we can say more about it, and would respectfully ask particular attention to it, from Camden to Santee. In a straight line, it is about forty miles—as it runs, 125 miles or more. The fall 18 inches or more to the mile, as it could not run with less. Reduce the length to forty miles, and concentrate the fall, gives us five feet, and if the flow increases in proportion, it would run off in one day as much as it runs now in one week, and the single channel give sufficient vent for all the water.

The old river beds could soon be planted,—the creeks, lakes, and ponds could be drained by ditches into the deepened channel, and all or nearly all rendered secure from overflow of water, which has been so frequent the last few years as to discourage the few that plant them. The crops and stock lost in the last ten years would be a sufficient sum to pay for the work I propose.

These lands are greatly needed, for what was naturally fertile of the high lands, has become much worn, while these lands once made free from freshets, are almost invaluable, the quality of the soil being the very richest, and lying so as never to wear out. Producing cotton, corn, or small grain equal to any lands on earth. These great advantages would not be for a few years only, or require a periodical expense to keep them up, as most improvements do, but they will tell and tell well for all time to come.

An expenditure of \$100,000 by the State will add one million to its wealth. Lands now valued at five dollars, will be worth fifty dollars per acre; it is too large an undertaking for individuals, though they have done much in banking out, which does not answer the purpose. To embark all the way would cost three times the money that straightening it would, and then the embankments are always liable to break or be undermined, while the water outside of them must lie on the ground which is often an injury to crops, to the ground, and a hindrance from work. The enterprise is so inviting to the State, so much can be done with so little money. Let it be surveyed by a competent man,—count the cost, make all the calculations, and go to work as soon as possible. Here we have rich mines which are certain never to fail. They cannot be worked too soon; objection might be made to this magnificent improvement as redundancy too much to the benefit of a few, which I answer by asking what work of its kind has not the same tendency? Where a railroad passes land rises in price. Town property and rents increase in value, where the facilities of trade and travel are enlarged; and what is good for a part of the people is good for the whole. The State belongs to the people, and without the people it could not go on. We insist with great confidence, that this enterprise is practicable, and that it could not fail to result in eminent good to all.

It looks like this acquisition had been reserved for a later day,—a day when necessity would compel a movement towards it. To the writer, who must confess himself sanguine on the subject, it presents itself as a cheap means of nearly doubling the wealth of the State.

It may meet the common cry of humbug or visionary scheme; may be denounced as too expensive or impracticable; and so it may be, for great allowances are to be made in exploring new grounds. We are liable to make over and under estimates, but let it be looked into; if worthy of the trial, let the Legislature move on the subject, and move earnestly; here is something worthy of its aid, and just in character with the enterprise of our people when they move at all, and in which our public men have always been disposed to join. Our State pride is proverbial. See how much has been spent in improving the navigation of our rivers, by canals and clearing out obstructions. And now when they are made safer and better than they ever were before, is nearly superseded by railroads, which have also been cherished into usefulness by the aid of public money. Besides, see what the State has done to preserve and promote the prosperity of her citizens; rebuilt the city of Charleston; built Hamburg; see her Atlantic steamer navigation company; her College, her Lunatic Asylum, her Bank of the State and its branches; indeed her munificence has been ever on a liberal scale. No sectional interests are recognized. A long pursuit of this policy may eventually burden posterity with our debts, and let it be so, if we put them in possession of ample means of payment, to which we are prompted by every duty and worthy motive. Can it be possible that the great author of all things who placed these fertile lands where they are, did not intend them for the use of man? They can be used and it becomes us to make an effort to appropriate them to our benefit; or shall they remain a wilderness or worse than a wilderness in our midst as it were to taunt us! Shall we fold our arms and remain as we are; shall we use no effort to make the waste places glad, the crooked paths straight, to set our houses in order, not to die but to live! Should I succeed in waking up my fellow citizens from their apparent apathy, to investigate my premises and push their enquiries in search of new schemes of utility, I shall feel that I have been the humble instrument of doing great good. It is no labor, trouble, or expense, to join me in the project thus stated. These lands of so little value now, should be rescued; it is desirable, and it is practicable. Take a common sense view or any other view of it, and I fancy you will concur with me.

Much has been written and said, and many plans and propositions offered and tried, of cheap and easy means of transportation of our staple to market. What I bring before you is of higher consideration, that is, increasing the great staple itself.

The work can be done by the planters along the river and not by northern contractors or emigrant laborers. It will not require the outlay of a dollar, or employment of a man beyond the limits of the State.

On looking round for objections, but two present themselves. It may interfere with the navigation of the river, which is so slight now that river navigation is nearly abandoned, that no opposer would resort to that plea. The other, it would interfere with individual boundaries, and might cause confusion. There is some weight in this, but second reflection blows it to the winds; for where is the man who would object to having the value of his property increased five hundred per cent? If such an one can be found we would esteem him a brilliant specimen of the modern eccentric.

The great interest of South Carolina to which all others are at present merely subordinate, is the planting interest; that is the head spring, the main fountain of our strength; and here, it may be, we have committed an error in having planted too much, and pursued it to the exclusion of other callings. To trade and commerce, to ships and steamboats, to banks, railroads, turnpikes and lately to plank roads, we have not been inert; and in politics, State and national entirely too much time and talent have been expended, which has had the effect to put us ahead in politics and behind in almost every thing else, but especially in domestic industry and enterprise, in which we humbly confess that other and apparently less favored portions of our country have gained the advance on us. We have lived too easy in the past for our present or future good; we have not used our birth-right to the greatest advantage, and have most unwisely slighted the gifts of nature. Other quarters of the country have raised our food for us, when we could as well have raised it ourselves, while our raw cotton has been sent off to enrich old and new England and other sections, many of whom we see now only as foes instead of friends.

In the retrospect there is but little to flatter or console us; the present only is ours, and may the future historian, in making a true record, have it to say, that in the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century, the sunny South was born again, her people became practical, they were struck with new views, and learnt their duty, and like enlightened men they done it, the result of which was they prospered and went on to prosper, had plenty of earth's good things and were happy

RICHLAND.

### Where is the Shovel?

"Nathan, where is the shovel? Here I've been hunting long enough to do my work twice over, and can't find the shovel."

The farmer was wroth.  
"I don't know where 'tis father; summers about I suppose."

The two joined in the search.  
"Nathan, you have left the shovel where you have worked, I know. Why don't you always put the tools in their places?"

"Where is the place for the shovel, I should like to know, father?"

He could't tell. It had no place. Sometimes it was laid in the wagon, and occasionally accompanied that vehicle when harnessed in a hurry. Sometimes it was hung up with the harness, to fall down when not wanted, or get covered up where it was. A great deal of shoe-leather had come to naught by that shovel.—It had at times more than the obliviousness of Sir John Franklin, and defied discovery. So it was with all the other tools. They would seem to vanish at times, and then come to light rusty as old anchors.

The farmer's barn was crowded. He had no "spare room" there. There were several in his dwelling. But the barn was always crammed—it was a kind of mammoth sausage—stuffed every year. So there was no room for a special apartment for the tools. In his imagination he never saw his hoes hung on a long cleat, his chains all regular in a row, his rakes and his long forks overhead; certainly he was never anxious for such a convenient room.

Why?  
His father never had a tool-house, and his tather was called a good farmer.

So he was, then—in his day—but there are better husbandmen now, let me say and I desire to shock no one's veneration.

Did they find the shovel? No! they might as well have searched for the philosopher's stone, seemingly. Nathan started for Mr. Goodman's to borrow one. Their work must be done, and borrow he must.

"I don't know as you can find one in my tool-house," replied Mr. Goodman.

Nathan noticed that he bore down on some of his words like a man on a plow beam. Didn't he mean something! Nathan went to the tool-room thoughtfully. A door on wheels opened with a slight push, and there was Goodman's tools—enough Nathan thought to equip a company of Sappers and Miners! Hatchets, axes, saws, tree-scrappers, grafting tools, hoes, diggers, shovels, spades, pick-axes, crow-bars, plows, harrows, cultivators, seed-sowers, sieves, trowels, rakes, pitch-forks, flails, chains, yokes, muzzles, crowwines, baskets, measures,—all were there, neatly and compactly arranged. It was Goodman's ark—to save him from the deluge of unthrift! Here every night the tools were brought in and wiped clean and hung up in their places. The next morning a job could be commenced at once.—Goodman knew. He partitioned off a large room in his new barn for tools. It was central and easy of access. It was a pleasant place for a visitor; the tools were the best of their kind.—Every new shovel or rake, or fork, before used was well oiled with linseed oil, which left the wood smooth and impervious to water. Goodman frequently says, "I had rather have the few hundred dollars I have spent for tools so invested than the same in rail-road stock. It pays better."

Now there is no patent on Goodman's plan,

and I hope many will go into it—the more "successful imitations" the better.

**BENEFITS OF DRAINING.**—Professor Norton thus describes the benefits of draining wet lands an operation too much neglected among us:—"When a drain is made and covered, (for I mean here covered drains,) the water which falls upon the ground does not remain to stagnate, and does not run away over the surface, washing off the best of the soil, but sinks gradually down, yielding to the plants any fertilizing matter which it may contain, and often washing out some hurtful substances; as it descends, air, and consequently warmth, follow it. Under these new influences the proper decompositions and preparation of compounds fit for the sustenance of plants go on, the soil is warm and sufficiently dry, and plants flourish which formerly never would grow on it to perfection, if at all. It is a curious fact, too, that such soils, resist drought better than ever before. The reason is, that the plants are able to send their roots much farther down then in search of food, without ever finding any thing hurtful. Every part being penetrated with air, and consequently dryer and lighter, these soils do not bake in summer, but remain mellow and porous. Such effects cannot, in their full extent, be looked for in a stiff clay, during the season; the change must be gradual, but it is sure."

**CULTURE OF THE TOMATO.**—This most excellent vegetable is fast becoming an indispensable article of diet with the rich and the poor and it is fortunate that it is so—for with its peculiar flavor raw, and the innumerable ways in which it can be cooked it ranks high in the catalogue of dainties, and is, withal, one of the very best vermifuges that can be taken into the stomach. Negroes and children should have free access to the Tomato vines. Who would not prefer taking Tomatoes, nicely sliced, with a little pepper, salt and vinegar over them, to Calomel? or even who would not prefer them stewed, with a little sugar, butter, and some ground bread, to a blue pill? Tomatoes are exceedingly easy of culture—growing in almost any soil; but like almost every other plant, are immensely improved when cultivated in rich soil. Tomatoes, to be grown in their greatest perfection, should not be allowed to ripen their fruit on the ground. The fruit is inclined to rot, and even the sound ones have an earthy taste. When the plant is six inches high, it should be trained to bushes; or what is better still, make a frame work of laths, placing the laths some six inches apart, and place the frame each side of the vines: with leaves or straw, and they will grow five feet high, loading each side the lath with their beautiful fruit, and affording every facility to the picker. Vines cultivated in this way, will continue bearing until frost. Young Tomato plants are easily transplanted. They may be set out any time when the ground is moderately moist, by shading the plants from the sun for a few days.  
*Soil of the South.*

**THE UNGRATEFUL SON.**—"The eye that mocketh at his father, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out." Prov. 30, 17. This is a terrible denunciation against ingratitude to parents, and even in the present day is sometimes virtually fulfilled.

"Some years ago, an Irish gentleman, who was an extensive contractor on our public works, was reduced to poverty by the profligacy and dishonesty of an ungrateful son. The old man lost his wife, and to add to his calamity, his health failed; and, to fill the cup of his sorrow, he lost his sight. Thus, poor, friendless, blind and forsaken, he found an asylum in the Franklin county almshouse, Pennsylvania.

"While an inmate of this refuge for the afflicted his wicked and ungrateful son travelled that way; he was informed of his father's situation, and that his parent wished to see him; and although he passed within two hundred yards of the almshouse, he refused to stop and see the kind father he had ruined. Now mark the result. The very day he passed the almshouse on his way to Gettysburg, in an open carriage, he was overtaken by a storm and took a severe cold which resulted in the destruction of his eyes. He lay in Gettysburg in a critical situation until his funds were exhausted, and those who had him in charge took him to the Franklin county almshouse.

"The very day he was brought in, his father, having died the day before, was carried out.—He was put in the same room, and occupied the same bed, and in a short time followed his neglected and heart-broken father to the judgement seat of Christ. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of an angry God.

**MRS. GAINES' CASE.**—The U. S. Supreme Court, which recommenced its session in Washington last week, it is stated has refused a rehearing to Mrs. Gaines, widow of Gen. Gaines, by a vote of 4 to 2. This we suppose ends the chapter. Had her claims been sustained, she would have been probably the wealthiest person in the United States. There have been times, during the progress of the suit, when, it is said, she might have compromised for a half a million of dollars.

A laughable story is told of an old miser, who, being at the point of death, resolved to give all his money to a nephew, at whose hands he had experienced some little kindness.  
"Sam said he—for that was his nephew's name—"Sam, I am about to leave the world, and to leave you all my money. You will then have \$50,000—only think! Yes, I feel weaker and weaker. I think I shall die in two hours. Oh, yes, Sam, I'm going! I give me two per cent, and you may take the money now!"

To make a man happy all that is required is, a pretty little wife and a big plantation.