

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JUNE 15, 1852.

NUMBER 48.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.
THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

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ENDURANCE.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which evil hands and tongues commit,
The bold encroachments of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit,
The scornful bearing of the proud,
The sneer and laughter of the crowd.

And harder still it is to bear

The censures of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what you are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.

But when the friends in whom you trust

Were steadfast as the mountain rock,
Fly, and are scattered like the dust,
Before misfortune's whirlwind shock,
Nor love remains to cheer your fall—
This is more terrible than all.

But even this and these—ay, morn,

Can be endured, and hope survive;
The noble spirit still may soar,
Although the body may not thrive;
Disease and want may wear the frame
Thank God! the soul is still the same.

Hold up your head, then, man of grief,

Nor longer to the tempest bend;
For soon or late must come relief;
The coldest darkest night must end.
Hope in the true heart never dies;
Trust on; the day-star yet shall rise.

Conscious of purity and worth,

You must with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth;
And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the Spirit's homeward flight,
Still heaven at last the wrong shall right.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis holy time. The evening shade
Steals with a soft-control
O'er Nature, as a thought from Heaven
Steals o'er the human soul;
And every ray from yonder blue,
And every drop of falling dew,
Seem to bring down the human woes,
From Heaven, a messenger of repose.

O'er you tall rock, the solemn trees

A shadowy group incline,
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
Around their holy shrine;
And o'er them now the night winds blow
So calm and still, the music low
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer,
Soft-echoed in the evening air.

The mists, like incense from the earth,

Rise to a God beloved;
And o'er the waters move as erst
The holy spirit moved;
The torrent's voice, the wave's low hymn,
Seem the far notes of seraphim,
And all earth's thousand voices raise
Their song of worship, love and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers

Bend low their lovely eyes,
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
Up to the holy skies:
And the pure stars came out above,
Like sweet and blessed things of love,
Bright signals to the eternal dome,
To guide the parted spirits home.

There is a spell of blessedness

In air, and earth and Heaven,
And Nature wears the blessed look
Of a young saint forgiven;
Oh, who at such an hour of love,
Can gaze on all around above,
And not kneel down upon the sod,
With Nature's self to worship God?

The Mormon bible is a curiosity of literature. The following description of the vessels in which the chosen people crossed the Atlantic, is a fair sample of its contents: "These barges were built after a manner that they would hold water like a dish, and the bottom thereof were tight like unto a dish, and the sides thereof were tight like unto a dish, and the ends thereof were peaked, and the top thereof was tight like unto a dish, and the length thereof was the length of a tree, and the door thereof, when it was shut, was tight like unto a dish. And the Lord said unto the brother of Jared behold thou shalt make a hole in the top thereof, and also in the bottom thereof, and when thou shalt suffer for air thou shalt unstop the hole thereof and receive air, and if it be so that the water come in upon thee, behold ye shall stop the hole thereof, that ye may not perish in the flood thereof."

By private letters from Ninevah, we learn (says the New York Herald,) that Col. Rawlinson, who is now conducting the excavations, abandoned by Mr. Layard, has opened out the entire place of sepulture of the Kings and Queens of Assyria. "There they lie," we are told, "in huge stone sarcophagi, with ponderous lids decorated with the royal ornaments and costume, just as they were deposited more than three thousand years ago."

Subsoil Plowing.

BY D. JOHNSTON.

Another system of plowing, until recently little practiced in the United States, and in its true form, yet very imperfectly understood in the South, will be recognized under the head of *subsoil plowing*, which does not imply, as is too often supposed, the turning up of the soil to a prodigious depth, but is performed by an implement of very simple construction, following in the furrow after a surface turning-plow, elevating the subsoil, (or the strata of earth below the reach of an ordinary turning plow,) allowing it to fall back upon its original foundation, but not into its original position, as many descriptions indicate.

Thus the soil may be brought to a proper state of porosity, to any reasonable depth, to admit the penetration of the atmosphere, and percolation of water, without producing the results so much dreaded by most southern cultivators, that of bringing the so turned barren clay to the surface, which operation would fall under the head of trench plowing.

The writer will agree that trench plowing *proper* is not applicable to general husbandry, nor is it advisable; but there is a method by which the soil may be *deepened* by a version without deterioration, but with advance of two varieties of plowing above referred to. Suppose for example a field to have been broken to the depth of six inches with the surface plow, and subsoiled to the depth of nine inches or any other practical depth, the heretofore impenetrable subsoil has been rendered porous and is therefore susceptible of being pierced by the roots of plants growing thereon, and is also capable of absorbing air, water, carbonic acid &c., which it will do. Thus, it must appear obvious that a portion of the subsoil, adjacent to the original surface which has been turned down upon the pulverized substrata, must have become enriched from natural causes which certainly follow that operation; also much inert fertility existing in the subsoil will be brought into action, noxious compounds destroyed, and new formed favorable to vegetation, by uniting these constituent elements in some proportion among one another; or some of the aforementioned elements may unite with others introduced into the soil by its great mechanical improvement, thereby ensuring to the farmer the greatest possible advantage to be derived from whatever traces of fertility may be existing in the soil or atmosphere.

I now propose that the next surface plowing extend one inch deeper than the original, or to the depth of seven inches, bringing to the surface one inch in depth of the subsoil, raised by the previous sub-soiling, and rendered to some extent fertile by some, or all of the various changes referred to above. I would also here recommend that as much vegetable matter of *whatever form*, as possible, should be turned down during the second plowing, i. e., at the time of turning up the one inch in depth of improved subsoil, and be thus brought in contact with the second strata of sub-soil. By this means the temperature of the whole mass will become elevated, as well as by admission of the sun's heat, through the porosity of the overlying surface soil. In the decomposition of the vegetable matter turned down, if it be considerable, much good will result, not only from the degree of heat produced, but from the mingling of elements composing two highly contrasting substances, brought in juxtaposition, neutralizing and destroying such as are prejudicial, and husbanding in the great storehouse mechanically formed by the farmer, such as are truly available to the growth of vegetation. I trust that it will thus be seen that any farmer wishing to improve his soil, may by exercising the rules above laid down, with proper judgment and skill, permanently improve its texture to the depth of one inch every year, until he shall arrive at the maximum capacity of his implements for deep tillage.

I have before stated that good crops, could be produced on new lands, without observing the minutiae of cultivation, but every adept in the science will agree with me, that as the soil becomes exhausted the product deteriorates annually, until not enough is realized to defray the expense of cultivation; e. g., take old fields thrown out of employment in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and perhaps some portions of our own beloved State, we may enquire, what is the cause? It is this! The whole product susceptible of removal, has been carried off the land, no more to be returned; that which could not be removed, has not been plowed in and saved, but with the most soluble and, therefore, the most immediately available ingredients of the soil has been washed down the inclinations of the surface to some adjacent stream, over the subsoil so admirably fitted for a *water bed*, in addition to its natural tenacity, by the condensing and solidifying friction of plow-shares for years. Over this impervious bed, may be seen, shower after shower hurling into oblivion every element of fertility, whether natural or artificial. Therefore the whole strength of the soil has not been exhausted by cropping. It will also appear obvious that the sub-soil cannot have become extremely rich from filtration, for, as the removal of all fertile elements of the soil, by washing, implies a soluble condition, it necessarily follows, that such removal must be in the direction of the fluid holding such elements in solution; but the sub-soil being, as nine-tenths of them are, nearly impervious to water, the conducting fluid of the mineral, animal, and vegetable pabulum of plants in solution, the only state in which it can be assimilated, it is clear to my mind, that the natural, impenetrable sub-soil cannot, in any reasonable length of time, derive a great benefit from the dissipated fertility of the overlying soil, but on the other hand if the land be properly sub-soiled, no such loss will result. Every element of fertility will be husbanded and saved, including a great amount certainly derived from the atmosphere, the amount of absorption from that natural source being in exact ratio to the amount of pulverized

earth exposed to the penetration of atmospheric influences, no matter if it be two or three feet in depth. Thus, it is evident, that through careless and ignorant management, rich lands become poor, and poor lands poorer; let every land-owner look well to this point. I would also here throw out a hint to those settling new farms: Do not commence the "skinning system," thinking thereby to amass a fortune. 'Tis true, that in few years you may have cleared an amount equal to the first cost of your land, but, as a set-off, your lands are worn out; whereas, had you commenced operations in a proper manner, for every dollar found short in the purse, you would certainly have realized two in the improved value of your land. I trust I may venture the assertion, that the time never yet was when a fine settlement of rich land, *well improved*, would not sell at a remunerating price.

Sub-soiling is a tedious and rather expensive operation, in the outset, but when properly executed, will not require repeating in three to seven years, according to the natural tenacity of the soil.

When there is a superabundance of water, this operation should be performed by running the furrows parallel with the inclination of the surface; or, in other words, up and down the hill; but in all cases where there are ditches or deep water-furrows to receive the surplus water, the sub-soiling should be performed at right angles to them; thus allowing the water to percolate through the entire substrata, and fall into the ditch and be conveyed off. However, if the subsoiling be so thoroughly done as to pulverize the *entire mass*, then the direction of the furrows is immaterial; but in case of imperfect breaking by horizontal furrows, the water would in its descent, lodge against every intervening, unbroken space, until sufficiently high to flow over it; and thence by the active force of capillary attraction, the whole surface-soil would become wet; and therefore, the subsoiling, before becoming effective, must be performed in the opposite direction.

Calhoun, Ga. March 1852.

AN EGYPTIAN GRAIN.—One of the principal staples of Egypt is the *dourra*, classed by botanists, if I am not mistaken, as a variety of the sorghum, though it resembles the *zea*—maize—in many particulars. In appearance it is very much like broom corn, but instead of the long, loose panicles of red seeds, is topped by a compact cone of grains, smaller than those of maize, but resembling them in form and taste. The stalks are from ten to fifteen feet high, and the heads frequently contain as much substance as two ears of maize. It is planted in close rows, and when ripe is cut by the hand with a sort of sickle, after which the heads are taken off and threshed separately. The grain is fed to horses, donkeys, and fowls, and in Upper Egypt is almost universally used for bread. It is, of course, very imperfectly ground, and unbolted, and the bread is coarse and dark, though nourishing. In the middle and Southern States of America this grain would thrive well, and might be introduced with advantage.

FRUIT.—The cultivator of fruit, whose good example is referred to in the New England Farmer, keeps a circle of several feet around the roots of every tree clear of grass, and enriches it with chip manure, bones, ashes, and several other kinds of fertilizing substances. He has very large crops of most excellent fruit, which he states brings him more money than any of the neighboring farmers obtain from all their crops.

The Vineyards of Bordeaux.

"Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the high fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are, attached to the horizontally running slopes with wibes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every thing has been supported without being trained, and how things are arranged, so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwining their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low, two-foot dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers. If ever you want to see a homely not red, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearance go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weazened, scrubby, dwarfish expanse of bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches,—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless, and the most inimitably-flavored wines. Such are the vines that grow Chateau Margaux at half-a-sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Convent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with overripe black currants.—Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns.—Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime, let us continue our sur-

vey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost in such vanities—only, you observe from time to time rudely curved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No rasper, no ha-ha's, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring guns and steel-traps constantly in a state of high go-offism—only, where the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the wayside to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the espaliers, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact, that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought amongst grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous.—Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocer's boys, after the first week, loathe figs, and turn poorly whenever sugar candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, and supper. The labourer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is lunging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while, as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, laboring incessantly at the *metier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset.—*Claret and Olives.*

SAFETY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—A letter writer at Hong Kong coincides in the safety of Sir John Franklin. The following is an extract of a letter dated March 28: "There have been here no less than thirty-seven whalers from the Arctic seas. It may interest you to know that they almost all believe that Sir John Franklin is safe, and that he has got through the ice barrier into inner waters, where he will not be reached until a mild season arrives, which they say the present will be. Most of them have now departed. They say Franklin will not suffer for want of food. They give strange accounts of the Esquimaux vibrating from the Asiatic to the American continent, and back again, carrying their boats, made of skins and whalebone, over the ice, launching them when they meet with open water. They all confirm the fact that the whales found in the Behring's Straits and Baffin's Bay are the same species; proving the existence of a passage, for a whale of the Arctic species, they say, has never been seen to the South of 22 deg. of latitude, so they cannot have doubled either of the Capes, (of Good Hope or Cape Horn,) and the whale is under the necessity of making his presence known by coming to the surface to blow."

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption. Not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled and so they perished: their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Live, then for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.

FRENCH WOMEN.—The Paris correspondent of the Charleston Evening News, writes:

"Ladies dine publicly at the restaurants; this may be seen at almost any of the more fashionable ones. Sometimes it is not even necessary to go inside these establishments to see the fair sex, for every pleasant day they may be seen seated in the front of the doors in the open street engaged in the delectable occupation of sipping coffee, wine, and frequently something stronger than either. I should not like to assert that this was a very aristocratic custom, but have nevertheless seen many fashionable dresses both inside of the coffee-house and outside, and I understand that many ladies of respectability are in the habit of visiting them, but always attended by husband, brother or father; no other relative is allowed here to accompany a lady singly anywhere, day or night, so that an unmarried lady having no domestic occupation, is not able to amuse herself by going to a concert, or an afternoon with 'my cousin.' These are restrictions which our barbarous state of morality has not yet found it necessary to adopt, and nothing better indicates the relative degree of female virtue and modesty in the two countries."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—WEST CHESTER, PA., June 3.—The Convention met at 9 o'clock. The business committee reported for consideration of the convention a series of resolutions, congratulating the world on the advance made in the doctrines held by the convention; denying the right of Legislatures to endow institutions whose advantages women were precluded from enjoying; asking for an alteration of the laws, whereby the wife may inherit the estate of her husband, as he inherits hers, and be regarded as the guardian of her children, and demanding that remuneration for equal services may be the same to women as men.

The consideration of these resolutions was postponed for the present, to her a little read from Mary Mott, of Indiana, and to allow Ann Preston to give an exposition of the views of the convention. The address set forth that woman demand an equality before the law; that the property of the husband should descend to the wife, as his only heir; that woman should be permitted to

hold offices of trust and profit, and so trained to unfold her nature that every path should be regarded as her appropriate sphere, whatever duty pointed.

These views were ably maintained by Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Rose Lucretia Mott, and adopted as the sentiments of the convention.

A committee was appointed to advance the legal and political rights of women, by preparing and circulating petitions, and acting in such other way as might be as necessary.

After appointing a committee on publication, the convention adjourned at 5 o'clock *sine die*.

REVENGE.—When the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternative pangs of rancour, envy, hatred and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorn, all the base misfortunes are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them and perhaps those very actions, which when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes are beautiful and ornamental.

CORN.—The South Carolina wagons have drained Rutherford, Henderson, and Buncombe of all their corn, and are now going into Haywood, Yancey, McDowell, and Burke. Corn is worth here from 50 to 75 cents, and every where below the mountains one dollar and upwards.—*Asheville Messenger.*

THE JENNINGS ESTATE.—Several persons in various parts of the country have for some time past, it will doubtless be recollected, entertained hopes of doubting in the division of this estate, which has long been waiting for heirs to claim it, and have gone to considerable expense in many instances to set forth their claims. We find, however, in the Chronicle, published at Chelmsford, in the County of Essex, England, the following paragraph relative to the matter, from which it seems probable that the proceeds of this immense property will remain in the hands of John Bull, and not, as it was fondly anticipated, find their way into this country.

This long litigated case has, we learn, been this week settled by the Court of Chancery.—The property connected with the estate lies, we believe, principally in the county of Suffolk, and at one period was estimated at £7,000,000, but only one half that amount has been divided in the late decision. Two claimants reside in this town, and others are scattered about this and other counties; but the only fortunate one living in this district is a journeyman printer named Langham, in the employ of Mr. Howard, of Maldon. By the recent decision we understand that the property is divided into seven portions, and that Langham's share will be £500,000.

The Boston Post tells of a man in Maine, who kept a grocery store, and when he sold a pint or half a pint of rum, he would always put his thumb in the measure—an enormously large thumb—and at the end of twenty years' practice, he esteemed that he had sold his thumb for at least five thousand dollars, and had it left, after all. What an old soaker it must be.

WATER DRINKING.—Prof. Silliman closed a recent Smithsonian lecture in Washington by giving the following sensible advice to young men:

"If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

The culture of wheat, as a general thing, was introduced into Alabama only ten years ago, and no crop, not even corn, has proved more uniformly certain and satisfactory. So certain, indeed, has the crop been considered, that the culture has rapidly extended during the last four or five years.

The wheat crop throughout the western states is spoken of as looking extremely fine the present season. The winter, although more than usually free from snow, has been favorable. Regular rains have kept the earth moist, and the growing crop wears a vigorous and green appearance.

YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, give the following caution to youth: "If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

Southey says; "I have heard a good story of our friend Charles Fox. When his house was on fire he found all efforts to save it useless, and being a good draughtsman, he went up to the next hill to make a drawing of the fire—the best instance of philosophy I ever heard of."