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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

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### LETTERS.

And he said, who art thou? And she answered, I am Ruth, thy hand-maid; spread therefore thy skirt over thy hand-maid; for thou art a near kinsman.—Ruth 3c. 9v.

If for me thou hast prepared,

A resting place in heaven;

If for my soul hast ever cared,

And all my sins forgiven;

I pray thee spread thy skirt o'er me,

For I am near of kin to thee.

Should strong temptation ever lead

My feet from heaven away,

Stand by me in the hour of need,

My erring steps to stay;

And Father spread thy skirt o'er me,

And own me near of kin to thee.

Should friends forsake advancing age,

And sorrows multiply,

Let mercies still my heart engage,

And all my wants supply;

Then Father spread thy skirt o'er me,

For I am near of kin to thee.

Oh! when I yield my fleeting breath,

And death stands victor by,

Stand thou beside my bed of death,

And calm my latest sigh;

And Father spread thy skirt o'er me,

And kindly own me kin to thee.

R. B. C.

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Filled is Life's Goblet to the brim;  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With a solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers—no garlands green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
For maddening draughts of Hippocrene,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart,  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel it is wreathed and crowned,  
Whose seed and foliage sun embrowned,  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plant it towers,  
The fennel with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was suited with the wondrous powers  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness;  
Nor prize the colored waters less,  
For in thy darkness and distress,  
New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe,  
Which from its brim may overflow—  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light:  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noontide night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foe man's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity!  
O ye afflicted ones who lie  
Steepled to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried!

I pledge you in the cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf,  
The Battle of our Life is brief,  
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—  
Then sleep we side by side.

## Collect Materials for Manure, and Compost Them.

The day is fast approaching, when necessity, if not reason, will force all who cultivate the earth for a living, to economise every thing on their several farms that can be converted into manure; for unless they do so, it will be impossible to carry on their cultivation, because loss, instead of profit will be the result of all such attempts. There is no mystery about this matter. The reason must be obvious to every one who reflects. At least a moiety of all that comprises the food of every plant grown, is derived directly from the soil. Hence, then, as the continuing to grow annual crops, creates an incessant drain upon the natural resources of the earth, and the supply is from year to year decreased, it follows as a natural consequence, that unless artificial supplies of manure be periodically applied, an exhaustion of the food-yielding powers of the earth must take place.

Viewing the subject in this light, we have for many years been endeavoring to impress upon the agricultural mind, the propriety of acting upon the principle, that manure making, was the first duty of the farmer; that it was his business not only to carefully husband, but to appropriate, every thing on his land towards its fertility, that contained the elements of nutrition, or which, by its affinities, and powers of assimilation, could be made to subserve the purposes of vegetation. Time after time, we have named the various substances to be found on most farms, which could be thus appropriated. Time, after time, we have pointed out the means by which they could be rendered available, and we have frequently had the gratification to know, that by following our advice, agriculturists had improved their lands, increased their productive capacities, and, as a natural consequence, bettered their own conditions. The knowledge of such results, while it has been flattering to our pride, and grateful to our feelings, has served to increase our energies, and render our toils the less irksome. But while such evidences have come to our knowledge to cheer us on in our course, we have sometimes had to encounter the prejudices of those who, wedded to those old customs, handed down from father to son, for ages, looked upon every improvement as an innovation, and therefore rejected it, notwithstanding they had the unerring evidences before their eyes, in the form of worn-out old fields, that the customs of their forefathers must have been founded upon erroneous principles, or such results could not have occurred.

We have sometimes asked the owners of such farms, why they did not make an effort to restore fertility to their lands, why they did not gather and compost the various refuse substances which abounded on every farm? To this question, the stereotyped answer was,—they had not time?—as if time thus spent, was not, as it is in reality, the most lucrative part of farm economy—as if the detaching a part of a force, to collect the refuse materials to be wrought up into manure, would not prove to them the farmer's goldmine—as if the effect of appropriating such time to such purpose, would not enable them to produce more on one acre than they now get from three—and, as if they would not thereby actually save both labor and time; for it takes no more force to cultivate an acre of rich, than it does one of poor land; while there is this difference in the results, the first is sure to end in profit, the latter in disappointment and loss.

If the necessity of applying manure, to restore the abstractions of cultivation, was a new thing, there might be some excuse for the indifference manifested by those who are otherwise intelligent men. But it is no new thing; for *Marcus Cato*, the earliest Roman agricultural author, who flourished a hundred and fifty years before the Christian era—who was distinguished alike for his eloquence in the forum, for his enlightened statesmanship as *Consul* and *Censor*, in the administration of government, as he was for his skill and genius in leading armies, or as a filler of the soil, incorporated this wise and salutary advice in his work on agriculture.

Study to have a large manure heap; keep your compost carefully.

This was not the advice of a mere theorist, but the counsel of an enlightened, practical, husbandman, who though wielding the civil affairs of Rome in her days of greatness—of one who we find at one time, electrifying her senate from the forum, by his eloquence—an eloquence that caused him to be called the Roman Demosthenes—an eloquence that enabled him to find the way to the hearts of the people, through their judgments, though he flattered them not—though he rebuked their passions—and who, at another, we find leading her legions to battle, to victory, and to triumph, still had time, and derived pleasure, from cultivating the earth with his own hands,—and who, in giving the above advice, spoke from the results of his own rich experience—an experience which had enabled him to take a broad, comprehensive, philosophic view of the constitution and nature of soils—which had enabled him to study and fathom their physical wants, and in ten short words, to pronounce how those wants could be supplied. And though two thousand years have revolved since they were uttered, they are as true to day, as they were when first pronounced; for the farmer who does not take these precautions, will, in a few years, realize the sad truth, that the fertility of his land has departed, as the soil, like human beings, and other animals, require to be fed, to preserve the integrity of its strength, and continue its productive powers.

### Best Method of Applying Guano.

I am satisfied from experience and observation in the use of Guano, for the past twelve years, that the best method, decidedly, of applying it to crops in our dry climate, is to plow or spade it into the ground, and autumn is the best season for doing this, as it gives time for the purgatives contained in the guano to get thoroughly mixed with the soil before spring planting.

Do not fear to lose the guano by plowing it in as deep as you please.—It will not run away, depend upon it. At the South, it loses half its virtues if not plowed in at least three inches deep; six to twelve inches would be still better.

Spread broadcast on grass land, late in the fall or very early in the spring. If not plowed in before sowing buckwheat, rye, or wheat, then spread it broadcast after sowing the grain, and harrow well and roll the land. This last operation is quite important.

Caution.—Never put Guano in the hill with corn, no matter if covered two or three inches deep; for the root will be certain to find it, and so sure as they touch the guano, so certain is it, that it will certainly kill the corn the same with peas, beans, melon vines, in fact most vegetable crops. Wheat and other small grains have so many roots and tiller so well, there is no danger of guano killing them when sown directly with the seed. Still, as before remarked, it is better to plow it in before sowing the seeds.

After corn has come up, the only safe way of applying guano to this crop is to take about a table-spoonful, at the first time hoeing, and dig it in an inch or two deep, around the corn, six inches at least from each stalk. A table-spoonful is sufficient unless the land be very poor; and with this quantity it will take 250 to 350 lbs. per acre according to the distance the hills are planted apart. If the soil be rather poor, a second dose administered in the same manner, at the time, the corn first shows its silk, will add considerably to the yield in grain if followed by rains but little or nothing to the growth of stalk. Guano increases the size and growth of the grain more than it does that of the stalk; hence one must be content to wait till the grain is fully matured before giving an opinion of the virtue of guano.

Before applying the guano it is better to mix it well with an equal quantity of plaster of Paris or charcoal dust. Either of these substances help to retain the ammonia and prevent its evaporation.

The genuine, unadulterated Peruvian guano, is so much superior to any other kind, that it is really the *champion* of all guanos; it is considerably higher than those of other qualities.

As each is very late this year, farmers will do well to apply guano to it. This will accelerate its growth, give a larger crop, and cause it to mature at least one week earlier.—*Cultivator*.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.—"Robert, which is the longest day in the year?"

"Sunday, sir."

"Joseph, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, in what continent—the Eastern or Western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South."

"What are its products?"

"Africa, sir, or down South?"

"Africa, you blackhead!"

"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir; by drawing their breath?"

"Sit down, Joseph!"

"Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it's a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imaginations of astronomers, and old geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas. William Stiggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An old race horse, sir."

"Silence. Next. Jack, what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets in a bust, and runs agin the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face."

"Class is dismissed."

Well Dinah, said a would be belle, to a black girl they say that beauty soon fades, but do you see any of my bloom fading?—now I want you to say plainly without any compliments.

Oh! no, missus, but me kinder tink—

Think what, Dinah? you'n' bashful.

Oh! no, me no bashful; but den, me kinder tink as how, young misses don't retain all obber color so well as de colored ladies.

"Who made you?" inquired a lady teacher of lubberly boy, who lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Not know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. A boy fourteen years old! Why then's little Dickey Filton—he's only three he can tell I dare say. Come here, Dickey—who made you?"

"Dad!" replied the infant prodigy.

"There," said the teacher, triumphantly, "I knew he would remember."

"Well, he oughter," said the stupid boy, "tain't but a little while ago since he was made."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a cavortous person; but I will bet five to one that if you was to bait a steel trap with a new three cent piece and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

"Don't the clouds begin to break?" inquired Harriet, during a rain. She was impatient for an opportunity to go shopping. "Guess so," was the answer, and the speaker glanced from the window, guess they're broke; they look bad enough to be!"

A young man, who had just returned from his studies, and on the following Sabbath when the minister used the word, he leaped up and exclaimed, "By jingo! if you, and my mother to deal with you, wouldn't swear that way without gitting hiled I know."

Politicians make fools of themselves; pettyfogues make fools of others; and pretty girls make fools of both.

COMFORTS OF AN EDITOR.—If he does not fill his paper with news of importance, whether there be any or not, it is condemned for not being what it purports to be—a newspaper.

If he does not fill at least one column every week with something laughable, his folio is pronounced uninteresting.

If a public nuisance should exist, notice of it would offend; and not to notice it would be censured.

If he does not publish all the marriages and deaths, that in all the world for twenty miles round, whether he hears of them or not, he is not fit for an Editor.

If every paper does not contain a goodly portion of Suicide, Horrid Murder and melancholy Accident it is dull and an unwelcome visitor.

If half the gloomy transactions which occur are recorded, it is a vehicle only of calamities.

If the paper contain advertisements, the general reader murmurs; if it does not, the business men will not patronize it.

If he publishes the laws of the State, old and young maids grumble; if he does not, civilians frown.

If he steers an impartial course, he is said to be on the fence, if he jumps off, he is sure to be besmeared.

If a dozen kind friends call on him while he is correcting his proof sheet, and one error escapes detection, he is the greatest blunder head in the world.

### CURE FOR DRINKING SPIRITOUS LIQUORS.

Take two ounces of the flour consideration. Dissolve it in a pint of the spirit of self-denial; then add one quart of the juice of resolution to it.— Shake it well together—then put it into the golden bowl, (memory)—if the golden bowl be not broken—then sweeten it with the sugar of high reputation. A dram of these bitters may be taken as often as the appetite craves strong drink. A larger portion of juice may be added, if necessary; and if one howlful should not perfect a cure, it must be filled up again with the same kind. The longer one takes these bitters, the less bitter they will taste.

### Our Country.

In 1792, the corner-stone of the present Capitol at Washington was laid. At that time, General Washington, in whose honor the new seat of Government was named, officiated. Fifty-eight years afterward, namely, on the 4th day of July, 1851, the corner-stone of an extension of the buildings was laid, and the Secretary of State made an address, in the course of which he presented a sketch of the comparative condition of our country at the two periods.

Then we had 60,000 States, now we have 30 States.

Then our whole population was three millions, now it is twenty-three.

Then Boston had 18,000 people, now it has 137,000.

Philadelphia had 42,000, now it has 499,000.

New York had 32,000, now it has 515,000.

Then our imports were \$21,000,000, now they are \$178,000,000.

Then our exports were \$26,000,000, they are now \$151,000,000.

The area of our territory was then 800,000 square miles, it is now 3,500,000.

Then we had no railroads, now we have 8,500 miles of railroads.

Then we had 200 post offices, now we have 21,000.

Our revenue from postage then was \$100,000, now it is \$5,000,000.

These are only a few facts to show the rapid growth of the country; and what we and our children have to do to secure the continuance of its prosperity, is to love, fear, and obey the God of our fathers; to avoid intemperance, pride, contention, and greediness of gain, and cherish in all our hearts a true patriotism, and a just sense of our obligation to those that shall come after us.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.—Louis Joseph Papineau, in a recent address to the electors of the Montreal District, has the following views upon the destiny of Canada, in connection with the United States:

"Our social conditions are very analogous to that of the American, but very different to that of England. Our interests are much greater and more numerous in America than in England. Colonial inferiority cannot and should not last forever. The separation is a question of time. It has its indeterminate time, but it is as inevitable and certain as death to all men. And when we ask ourselves what is better for our descendants—the struggles and the rivalries of different nationalities, or their aggregation in this beautiful confederation—there can be no hesitation in the presence of the spectacle which American power gives us, who is already the second among the civilized nations of the earth, and who, if she continues to progress during the next half century, will become the most numerous and powerful nation of the civilized race. What pignons would our children be near such colossal statues! Must we allow them to be exposed to the danger of an unequal and unfavorable contest? It is not better to associate them to a future as glorious as that which will prevail in a state so vast, that many young men of the present day will see it peopled with 50,000,000 of prosperous and enlightened inhabitants."

The Hon. Francis Lyon, commissioner and trustee for winding up the Alabama State Bank and branches, has made a report of the collections made during the six months up to the 31st July, of the 4th day under the old State Bank system. The aggregate sum is \$207,894. The sum paid by the debtors of the Mobile branch exceeds \$132,000. Mr. Lyon has managed this business most admirably, and has commended himself to the warmest gratitude of the public. His trust must now be nearly closed, for there is not much now to be got out of the bank assets.—*N. O. Progress*.

PROGRESS OF STEAMBOATING IN THE WEST.—Thirty-eight years ago, there were but four small steamboats running on the Western waters.—During last year, 1851, no less than three hundred and twenty steamboats were constructed; at Pittsburg, 112; Wheeling, 46; Cincinnati, 111; Louisville, 61. The aggregate amount of tonnage amounted to 64,297 tons. The total number of passengers carried on these steamers during the year, was 3,050,626. The marine insurance effected on hulls and cargoes, amounted to \$32,811,440.

For the six months of the present year, there are fifty-nine steamboats built or in progress of construction. Number of steamboats destroyed in the course of the year 1851, belonging to the four districts above named, 44; of this number, 19 were snaggled and 13 burned. The number of lives lost, by these disasters, was 482.

A Monster Shark was caught, as we learn from the Savannah *Republican*, on Friday last off Tybee. It is said to have measured fifteen feet from the end of its tail to the tip of the nose, and when opened that it was found to contain ten king crabs, a sea gull, and a man's boot, with any quantity of bones, resembling those of the human body. It took six men, besides the informant of the *Republican*, to haul and lash it to the gunnel of the pilotboat, from which it was caught. The jaws contained eight rows of teeth.

### DISTRESS AMONG IMMIGRANTS.

The Board of Health of New-York have ordered the sleeping rooms at the emigrants' offices in Canal and Centre-streets, closed, and forbid the Commissioners of emigration from lodging any more destitute emigrants there; the consequence is, that the poor creatures are actually sleeping in the streets. The police stations have no room for them, and so the poor creatures have nowhere to lay their heads.

### HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN TEXAS.—Murders and Suicide of the Murderer.

The Red Land Herald published at San Augustine, Texas, of the 17th ult., gives the details of one of the most heart rending tragedies we have ever been called upon to record. It occurred a few days since in the Southern part of Shelby county.

Aquilla and Jesse Ballard, (brothers,) were cultivating a plantation in partnership, and their feelings towards each other had always been of the most fraternal description. The whole family consisted of Aquilla Ballard, wife and child; Mrs. Haynes (sister to Mrs. B.) and child, and Jesse W. Ballard.

On the 11th, (Sunday,) Aquilla Ballard rode over to his mother's, a distance of five miles, to

ill. Shortly after he left home his brother Jesse invited Mrs. Ballard to take a walk with him, saying he had a secret to tell her. A short distance down the road they stopped some time in deep and earnest conversation; Jesse exhibited considerable excitement. When they returned to the house Mrs. B. was pale and melancholy, and continued so during the rest of the evening. Jesse Ballard, however, became unusually lively and spirited. The Monday morning following, Jesse inquired of a negro boy whether his gun was loaded properly. Having discharged and reloaded it he set it against the side of the house. Soon after he had another conference with Mrs. B., when the latter returned to the house and told her sister that Jesse was going to kill the negro boy and then kill her, (Mrs. B.)

About this time Jesse called up to Clara, (Mrs. B.) to come to him, but she refused. He again, in a manner wild with frenzy, called to her, and commanded her to come, saying he had something to tell her. Mrs. B. obeyed, approached him and threw her arms about his neck. Some words passed hurriedly between them, but what those words were will only be known at that day when all things will be brought to light. As he tore himself abruptly from her, she was heard to exclaim, "Oh, Jesse, don't do it." Seizing his gun, he approached the kitchen, where the boy Nelson was, and asked him how he felt. The boy replied, "better, and would be able to work in the morning."

Jesse told him that he did not wish him to work any more, that he was going to kill him—and, snatching the action to the word, and telling the negro woman to stand out of the way if she did not wish to get hurt, he raised his gun and shot the negro dead. At the fire of the gun, Mrs. B. caught up her child and ran out the opposite side of the house and hid in the top of a fallen tree. Mrs. Ballard started to run, but again returned to the house. After shooting the negro man, Jesse, with one hand on his head and the other holding his gun, turned rapidly on his heel four or five times, coming to a halt, he saw Mrs. Ballard passing through the gate on the opposite side of the house. He immediately pursued her, and when within a few feet, fired the second barrel, lodging the whole load in her back, several shot passing entirely through her body. She fell dead. His next movement was to draw off one of his boots by her side, when suddenly turning, as if recollecting that both barrels of his gun were empty, he returned to the house, and procuring the only load of buckshot left, he hurried off to a branch about 200 yards distant, when, having reloaded one of the barrels of his gun, he blew off nearly his entire head by placing the muzzle of the gun under his right jaw and touching the trigger with his toe.

A CURIOUS FACT.—A modern philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seven-tenths of a second, says, that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles head-headed, without taking cold.

A Yankee student being asked how many genders there were, said three: "masculine, feminine, and neutral;" and defined them as follows: "Masculine, men; feminine, women; neutral, old bachelors."