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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

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From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.

### THE LAST OF THE FAIRY RACE.

BY MRS. H.—

In the days of yore a fairy sat  
Beside a chrysalis spring,  
And in her arms she held a babe  
A young and tiny thing;  
And with its little ruby lips,  
To its mother's breast did cling.

On its form she fondly gazed,  
And on its cheek so fair,  
And tear-drops gathered in her eye  
As she smoothed its golden hair,  
And slowly move her quivering lips,  
As if in silent prayer.

Farewell, farewell, to the bright green earth,  
It is a lovely land;  
But I will go to a brighter home,  
To join my elfin band,  
And the crystal waters sparkled bright—  
She sank 'neath the golden sand.

### KINDNESS.

As stars upon the tranquil sea,  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart,  
Reflect the source divine.

O, then, be kind, whoe'er thou art,  
That breathest mortal breath;  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.

### JOHN ALCOHOL, MY JOE.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,  
When we were first acquainted,  
I'd money in my pockets John,  
Which now you know there ain't,  
I spent it all in treating, John,  
Because I loved you so;  
But mark me how you have treated me,  
John Alcohol, my Joe.

John Alcohol, my Joe John,  
We've been too long together,  
So you must take one road, John,  
And I will take the other;  
For we must tumble down John,  
If hand in hand we go,  
And I will have the bill to foot,  
John Anderson my Joe.

### Home.

Is there any other word in the vocabulary of nations that is so expressive, so suggestive, so gentle and so important in its widest signification as that which heads our article? Home! What a talisman it is, what a spell, what an invocation! Is there any heart, old or young, that does not beat responsive to the sound of that one word? Is there any brain so dull into which it does not flash with a gush of suggestive congruous fascinations? We have all had a Home.—Perhaps we have not all got one; but we have, certainly, all had one. Change of time and circumstances may have so buffeted us about the great world, that we feel too cosmopolitan; and in an easy adaptation to all places, and to all sorts of men, we lose that home-feeling which makes some spot an individuality, as it were, which nothing else shall be like. Perhaps there are many who, with a philosophic reach above common feeling, hold aloof from the domesticity of society, and with a self-inflicted Pariahism, if we may be allowed the expression, will not be of a home homely; but these are the eccentricities of human nature. We speak of, and we speak to the masses, and to them we say you have all Homes, or you had all Homes.

All men, then, have lost a Home, are trying to make a Home, or are striving to keep one that they have. Everybody has his or her ideal of somewhere, or some place of rest, of complete satisfaction, where the roar and the din of the great world may not enter, or if heard at all, would be esteemed for its contrast to the serenity within—a Home, in fact, for without serenity there is no Home. We used to think in our very young days that the highest title that man could give to man was His Most Serene Highness; and we now think that a man who is happy in his Home, at his own fireside, with the partner of his heart smiling gently upon him, and his little children looking like shining content (as some author has it) is to all intents and purposes a Serene Highness. If such a one be not, why then, as Othello says, "chaos has come again."

Let us look at that busy merchant upon the mart of nations—fire in his eye, keen calculation in every muscle of his face, his brow tinted with something of the color of the yellow ore he struggles and pants for. He has his moments

when with moistened eyes and faint sighs he thinks of his childhood's home, of his father's fireside; and when there will rise up before him the dim spectral band of past companions, of past affections—his mother's tender glance, his father's counsel, the playful tenderness of a sister's love; and in comparison with that lost Home, not lost through fault or folly of his, but swallowed up in the vortex of time, he will for the moment think lightly of his bills, and bonds, and balances, his usuries, and his cash accounts; and his dream will be yet to make a Home where there shall be smiles and peace.

For what is it that yonder pale student consumes the midnight oil? It is for fame! The empty applause of those whom in his heart of hearts he holds but cheaply? Ah, no—he is striving for a home. He pictures to himself the vine-clad porch of some simple cottage, and himself upon the threshold, with the hand of her whom he loves in his, and all the world beyond them banished from their contemplation. These men, then, are striving to make a home. They may never reach the goal of their ambition.—They may, when the goal of refuge is within their sight, sink fainting by the way; or they may find that habit is as strong as this first aspiration after a home, and they go on then striving until the grave closes the account, and gives them a quiet home indeed. But still they have happiness in the pursuit, if to them it were but an ignis fatuus which they never much cared to reach.

Some are battling to regain a lost Home.—They have had the blessing, and treated it like a humble until it slipped from them, only then showing itself to them, as the shadows of adverse circumstances roll between them and it what a jewel they have lost; and Home is something akin to love, in the respect that once lost, it is not easily recovered again. But such persons will commence their pursuit, and through the crowds of humanity, as though feebly looking for some remembered but lost face, they will search for another Home like unto the one that has left them.

Home is the revivifying spell that braces many a heart to do its duty. The mariner on the wide ocean, as he clings to the frail spar that is alone between him and eternity, thinks of his Home, and his grasp tightens, for he feels that the spirit of that holy word has given him strength. The soldier, upon the scorching plains of India, dreams of a home at last in his native land; and as the watch-fire pales at his feet, he smiles at the visions of his native village rises before his mind's eye.

The veriest vagrant that begs from door to door has his Home, if it be but some deserted hovel into which to crawl at night, when the blasting wind is high and mighty. The Homespeller is around and about us all. Give the megiest wreath you can find in the great city an alms of unwonted amount, and ten to one but he shuffles home with it. The profane and vulgar are accustomed, when they wish that any rude bluster, upon a public occasion, should be quiet, to advise him to "Go Home." Even they know that Home is the Kingdom of the heart; and in the thatched cottage, through which the hollow wind whistles, as well as in the gorgeous palatial pile, redolent of warmth and perfumes, the Homespeller lingers, and there is no place like it.

A Happy Home! Oh, what a spell there is in the word! Can human ambition point to a higher hope than that, unless it abandons this great sphere and flies its gaze upon immortality? And after all, what is immortality, and the God-like hope of Christianity, but a Happy Home forever! Is there anything in the wide world so gracious to the heart as the Home fireside?—Home voices, their sighs and sounds? Home tears ever leave in them a redeeming joy that makes them all but celestial!

The man who with humble means and quiet wishes, the man with a mind attuned to the harmonies, and to the beauties of nature, who has a Home, where envy and unthankfulness find no place, where dear domestic love and gentleness are the presiding angels, is indeed a Serene Highness; and long may he continue so, and may our happy country be ever celebrate him as the land of Home and Hearts.

### Some Facts relative to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

Col. Croghan, to whose family it belongs, was a resident of Louisville, Kentucky. He went to Europe twenty years ago, and, as an American, found himself frequently questioned of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave—a place he had never visited, and of which, at home, though living within ninety miles of it, he had heard very little. He went there immediately on his return, and the idea struck him to purchase and make it a family inheritance. In 15 minutes bargaining he bought it for \$10,000, though shortly after, he was offered \$100,000 for the purchase. In his will he tied it up in such a way, that it must remain in his family for two generations, thus appending its celebrity to his name. There are nineteen hundred acres in the estate—three square miles above ground, though the cave probably runs under the property of a great number of other land owners. For fear of those who might dig down and establish an entrance to the cave on their own property, a man's farm extending up to the zenith and down to the nadir, great vigilance is exercised to prevent subterranean surveys and measurements as would enable them to sink a shaft with any certainty. The cave extends ten or twelve miles in several directions, and there is probably many a backwoodsman sitting in his log hut within ten miles of the cave, quite unconscious that the most fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Europe and America are walking, without leave, under his corn and potatoes!

The equable air, and the good health of the miners, who were at one time employed in digging saltpetre from near the entrance, started an idea, some time since, that a hospital for con-

sumptive patients might be profitably established in the cave. Stone huts were accordingly constructed, in the dark halls beyond the reach of external air, and, among those who tried the experiment, were two consumptive gentlemen, who, with their healthy wives, passed six weeks in this hideous seclusion from daylight. One of the gentlemen died there, and the other received no benefit—but the devotion of those voluntarily buried wives should chronicle their name in the cave's history. Another patient, who went in and remained some weeks, was attended by friends and a servant, but his end approaching, the death scene in that dark and silent abyss became so appalling, that they fled in terror, friends and servant, and left the dying man alone. Nothing could induce them to return, and, when others went in, the poor man was found dead with an expression of indescribable horror upon his features. Those who have seen these dreary huts, miles away from the sunshine, who have smelt the gravelike air, barren of the pervading vitality which vegetation gives the atmosphere above ground, and who have realized the intense silence and darkness that reign there like monsters whose presence is felt, can appreciate the horror of being left alone at the last hour in such a place.

The side avenues of the cave, into which visitors are not usually taken, are said to be labyrinths of interminable perplexity, and the guides are instructed to let none enter them alone. A gentleman who left his party a year or two ago, and ventured to explore for himself, lost his way, and was only found by Stephen, after many long and vain researches. He had stumbled and put out his lamp, and had been forty-three hours alone in the darkness. When discovered, he was lying on his face, benumbed and insensible. Stephen brought him out, several miles, upon his back, and he recovered; but he had the experience of a death in darkness and solitude.

The Mammoth Cave is as large as a county, but, having another county on top of it, it is not represented, I believe in the Kentucky Legislature. In the country's literature it will be strongly represented, some day, for there is scenery for a magnificent poem, a new Dante's Inferno, in its wondrous depths. It is a Western prairie of imagination, still wild and unoccupied.—*Willis' Letters.*

From the American Farmer.

### PRIZE ESSAY.

On the Comparative Advantages of Drill Husbandry over the old system, (to which the Premium of the Maryland State Agricultural Society was awarded.) By EDWARD STABLEY, of Montgomery Co. Md.

The importance of the subject, and believing that a more extended knowledge of the advantages in the use of the Drill, over the old method of seeding broadcast, would prove beneficial to the Agricultural community, I am induced to give my own experience, and also the result of considerable observation on its use, by others. In theory at least, this subject has long been familiar to me; but from the high price of the implement, generally about \$100,000, dollars were entertained whether small farmers,—those who grow from ten to twenty-five acres in wheat, were justified in incurring so much expense. Previous however to changing my plan of seeding wheat, and covering with either the harrow, cultivator, or small plough, I carefully examined many fields with the wheat drilled in, in adjoining counties in my own, and other States; and with the opportunity in many cases of comparing the growth, and actual results, in the same fields.

Within the past three years, these observations have extended over drilled fields, in the aggregate to fully 800 to 1000 acres; exclusive of drilling last year about 100 acres in my own crop, and for several of my neighbors. This year we shall use it to greater extent, should the season permit late seeding.

In no instance, either in my own, or the experience of others, where the results have been carefully ascertained and compared, has the drilled wheat failed to prove the most profitable; first, in the saving of seed; and secondly, in the increased product of grain; and varying from one, to six or seven bushels to the acre.

In a single case only have I heard the drilling condemned. The ground all good, was the greater liability to rust, and business of maturity; but from an examination into the case, there were other causes too apparent to be overlooked, and quite sufficient to produce this result, without attributing it to the use of the drill; the wheat was seeded in low, wet land, and several weeks later than it should have been. Had a portion of the same land been seeded broadcast, and under similar circumstances, it is confidently believed the latter would have been quite as much affected with rust, and probably a lighter crop also, to be thus affected.

I will proceed to state some of the advantages, and disadvantages, as I have found, attending each method. The most common mode of covering wheat in broadcast sowing, is with the harrow; and if the land is well prepared previously, i. e. in fine fifth and level surface, the harrow will so imperfectly perform the operation, as to leave much of the seed uncovered; or so near the surface, that the first settling rain thereafter will expose no inconsiderable portion of the grain.—True, some of this will sprout and take feeble root; but it is generally thrown out and killed by the winter's frosts;—together with another portion, covered, though too shallow; hence the necessity of adding an increased quantity of seed to guard against this contingency.

To provide against this loss of seed, my broadcast seeding has usually been from 2 1/2 to 3 bushels to the acre; and if harrowed in, rarely stands too thick at harvest. If the shovel plough, or small bar share is used instead of the harrow, a considerable portion of the seed is covered too deep, and is necessarily irregular in vegetating;—even if some does not fail entirely to force through the ground; and this irregularity continues, both in length of head, and maturity

until harvest. When cut, the crop is interspersed throughout with green heads, unless the best wheat is permitted to stand too long, and to shatter off in the harvesting.

There is also another objection to broadcast sowing; it is not possible, either to distribute on the ground, (particularly even in moderately windy weather) or cover the seed with regularity; in places it is quite too thick, and in others again as much too thin. This disadvantage, I have with others long been aware of; though without practical knowledge, could not fully compare and appreciate the "advantages of the drill husbandry, over the old system" of broadcast seeding.

We will now compare the two methods, by stating what are, in my opinion, the advantages of using the drill. If the seeding is performed early, so as to admit of the branching or "tillering" of the grain in the fall, five pecks properly drilled on land of medium quality, will generally prove sufficient; but as it is unsafe on account of the depredations of the Hessian fly to seed most varieties of wheat early, I drill 1 1/2 bushels, and sow broadcast not less than 2 1/2 bushels to the acre; of course there is a saving of one bushel of seed; but as most persons perhaps would only sow 2 bushels broadcast, and drill five pecks, we will assume a clear saving of seed of three pecks to the acre. This would more than pay for the hire of a drill, at the usual charge of 50 cents an acre; and the same team will drill near or quite two acres to one over the harrow, and probably four or five to one over the shovel or small seeding ploughs.

Assuming the cost of the team, land and harrow, at \$1.75 per day, the account will stand nearly as follows for fifty acres of wheat—

| Broadcast.                    |          |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 100 bushels of seed at \$1.00 | \$100.00 |
| 10 days team, &c. at \$1.75   | 17.50    |
|                               | \$117.50 |
| Drill.                        |          |
| 62 1/2 drilled 5 p. at \$0.80 | \$50.00  |
| 5 days team & drill 1.75      | 8.75     |
|                               | \$58.75  |
| Difference in favor of Drill  | \$58.75  |

If to the above we add only one bushel to the acre increase by drilling, here is a saving in a single season, of near or quite the cost of the best drill in the country, in seeding and growing a crop on fifty acres.

It may be urged that five acres is rather too small an allowance for a day's work with the harrow, in a large field with comparatively little turning of the team; granted; but in a large field the drill will seed 14 to 16 acres a day with the same team that would properly harrow in, by lapping over the previous course—seven to eight acres of wheat. I assume the increase at one bushel only; when my own experience, and also of those on whom I can rely for correct details, go to prove that from three to four bushels is much nearer an average increase.

I am aware that some advocate the drilling of two, and even two and half bushels to the acre; and with their unusually productive lands, it may be, and doubtless is justified by experience; but where there is one acre that produces 35 to 40 bushels of wheat, there are probably thousands seeded that do not yield the half, if the third of it; but whether drilled or broadcast, it is believed less seed will suffice in the one than in the other mode, to produce at least an equal crop; with the best conducted broadcast operations, there is usually, if not always more or less loss, if not an actual waste of seed. Those who

It may be asked by those not familiar with the drill why there should be a saving in seed and an increased product, by its use? In the first place, the seed is all regularly distributed, and to a given depth, 1, 2 or 3 inches, by an arrangement for the purpose, and at the pleasure of the farmer; and it is all uniformly covered; consequently, having an equal start in vegetating, and all liable alike to the changes of moisture and temperature, it all arrives at maturity more equally. The same causes also operate to produce more similarity and larger heads; for from large and heavy heads only, can we expect to reap heavy crops. When the grain is sown irregularly, and covered at different depths, with portions of it crowded together, all our experience proves that many of the heads are short and small; poorly filled, and late in maturing.

Again, this plan of seeding leaves the earth ridged up between the drills, which is gradually crumbled down by the frosts; and as the alternate freezing and thawing has a necessary tendency to throw out the young plants, this process of feeding them, as it may be termed, rarely fails in this way to protect the tender growth, and to prevent serious loss from seeding in low wet lands; and which would otherwise be half lost in some cases.

There is however another advantage, and an important one; the open spaces between the drills, afford a greatly increased chance to get a good stand of grass seed;—clover, timothy, or other varieties, which should always be liberally sown on the wheat that finishes the rotation of grain crops. In the course of my investigations, many cases might be referred to, in which the results, carefully ascertained, and comparing the yield by both methods, has shown the increase by drilling to average several bushels to the acre; and if to this be added the saving in seed and the greater facility, and economy in labour, the saving is still more; but not having permission to use the names of individuals,—some of whom even prefer not to have them made public—it would be unsatisfactory perhaps to state results, without giving names.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—On Thursday afternoon this body, which has been in session since the 9th inst., adjourned. Towards the close of the session resolutions in favor of the Main law were adopted. There are connected with the churches of the conference 93,561 teachers and 473,311 scholars in the Sabbath schools. In the libraries, 1,260,558 volumes. In the last five years there has been an increase of 32,771 teachers and 152,681 scholars.

### Fight with Indians.

SANTA FE, June 17.—The El Paso mail arrived here this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and before I had time to read Henry Grainger's letter, the other came in from Independence. I will first briefly state all of Henry's Indian fight. Dave Rhinehart was sent to Corlitas with a stock of goods amounting to \$4,000. He sold the whole for \$2,000 and ran away with it. As soon as Henry heard this, he left after him in hot pursuit—caught him, and on returning, at about forty-five miles this side of Corlitas, four of them, the whole party, were attacked by a band of sixty Gila Apaches. They succeeded in taking possession of a mound close by. In the first charge of the Indians, the mules were all taken but one, and Grand Jean desperately wounded in the thigh, while endeavoring to save his riding mules. He fell, and the other three men ran out and fetched, or dragged him up to the top of the mound before the Indians could scalp him alive. In doing this, two of the men were badly wounded, the Indians using slugs instead of balls. Night coming on, the Indians retired out of gun shot of the mound, and built fires all around this little band of truly courageous men. They, all wounded but one, spent the night in fearful anxiety and constant watchfulness.

With morning's dawn, hostility on the part of the red devils was recommenced with active and vigorous charges. At every charge, they met with a deadly and well directed fire from this little band. On the second charge, they saw three fall dead and two badly wounded. On the third charge, they came up the mound within pistol range, and then they dealt at them with Colt's army revolvers. At this juncture, they fled to some distance, still watching them, and with great coolness, commenced eating the provisions and drinking the water belonging to this little band on the mound. About 3 P. M., the Indians again commenced, and with determined ambition to wipe them out, (in Indian parlance.) They made a charge in several places. In the meantime, our heroes had piled up rocks that were handy by, and formed a broken kind of breastwork on one side of the mound, and were now in wait, their rage and thirst having made them desperate. At the fourth charge, the party used their revolvers as before, with terrible effect. Still the devils persisted, until they in utter consternation fled, not knowing how they could fire so many times, and evidently from one piece. In the fifth charge, the man not wounded (by name Daly) had his clothing, even to the soles of his shoes, shot and riddled by slugs, but in no wise injured except by concussion; the other three also were in this fix. Henry, at this charge, received a slug in his left leg, in front, direct on his portemonnaie, which was at the time filled with doubloons and silver to the amount of \$400. This saved his leg from being broken, but the concussion was so great as to cripple him completely.

The Indians again retired, and again kindled their fires, evidently intended as a decoy, for this was done and the sun yet an hour and a half high. In this movement they were out generalled. By some means they got a log or stick of wood and dressed it up in a coat, pants and hat, and then limping and endeavoring to get along made a demonstration towards the Indians. At once they charged on them, firing; down dropped the dressed log, and in the meantime away went Daly on the only mule in camp, (slightly wounded at that,) for Carrisal for assistance; and before the Indians could get back to their camp and make ready to follow Daly in pursuit, he was some distance off, all this time the three wounded ones pouring it into them with their rifles. Grand Jean's rifle was a Swiss one, and carried an ounce and a half ball at least one thousand yards.

Night set in and put an end to hostilities.—But the same ordeal of constant guard had to be gone over with. The three men fatigued and worn down with want of water and provisions, their thirst became so great that they had recourse to powder eating, to allay their extreme dilemma.

At 11 p. m., Henry made up his mind to reach Carrisal or perish. And with this determination he set out, limping and dragging his wounded leg after him; the other two, it seems, left soon after, and made their escape. Grand Jean, after travelling some distance, felt his wound commence bleeding afresh; and he says he was completely lost, and knowing well his situation, he consigned his soul to his maker, and fell asleep, as he thought, but he had fainted. The other three reached Carrisal, and soon found that Grand Jean was missing. At this, Daly offered three hundred dollars to a party of Mexicans to go and bring him in, dead or alive.

A party of seventeen started in search of him; found him insensible about six miles off the road, and brought him in. Returning consciousness induced him to believe all was a dream. He soon recovered far enough to ascertain how he was saved.

Soon the others proceeded on their journey to El Paso; leaving him to the care of his salvators. He agreed to pay them the three hundred dollars, but they, the scoundrels, put him in prison and threatened him with death, and in this way extorted from him the sum of five hundred and twenty-five dollars; and not satisfied with this, stole all the movable property he had, and then started him off out of their town, still weak from the immense loss of blood occasioned by the wound in his thigh. He met his boon and courageous companion Daly with a carriage, in which were the two other wounded men, and he, with the others were soon in El Paso. He was five days without drinking a drop of water or eating a morsel of provisions, desperately wounded at that.

He is now safe in the Paso, but very far from being well, and is in quite a critical situation. It will be some time before he can sufficiently recover his strength to travel. As soon as he is able he will be up, and then I will immediately embark for Kansas and St. Louis. Jennerett or myself will go down by the mail to the Paso.