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GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to thee, lady!—though many
Have joined in the dance to-night,
Thy form was the fairest of any.
Where all was seducing and bright;
Thy smile was the softest and dearest,
Thy form the most symph-like of all,
And thy voice the most glad and clearest
That e'er held a partner in thrall.

Good night to thee, lady!—tis over—
The waltz, the quadrille, and the song—
The whispered farewell of the lover,
The heartless adieu of the throng;
The heart that was throbbing with pleasure,
The eyelid that longed for repose,
The beaux that were dreaming of treasure,
The girls that were dreaming of beaux.

'Tis over—the lights are all dying,
The coaches all driving away;
And many a fair one is sighing,
And many a false one is gay;
And beauty counts over her numbers
Of conquests as household she drives—
And some are gone home to their slumbers,
And some are gone home to their wives.

And I, while my cab in the shower
Is waiting, the last at the door,
Am looking all round for the flower
That fell from your wreath on the floor,
I'll keep it— if but to remind me,
Though withered and faded its hue,
Wherever next season may find me,
Of Eng'and—of Almack's—and you!

There are tones that will haunt us, tho' lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.

There are names that we cherish, tho' nameless,
For aye on the lip they may be;
There are hearts that, tho' fettered, are tameless,
And thoughts unexpressed, but still free!
And some are too grave for a rover,
And some for a husband too light.
The ball and my dreams are all over!—
Good night to thee, lady—good night!

A SONG.

How sweet it is for us to know,
That there are hearts that burn
With love for us where'er we go,
And sigh for our return.
Then, though the world is cold and drear
And gives the bosom pain,
We've but to turn to scenes more dear,
And all is bright again.

But sad must be the homes of those,
Condemned to live alone,
With none to cheer amid life's woes,
And none to call their own,
No season sweet of joy doth come,
To shed its fragrance there,
No sunshine to dispense the gloom
That broods a dark despair.

The heart can ne'er be truly blest,
Unless it can recline
Upon some fond, congenial breast,
Where love's sweet tendrils twine,
Then we can brook life's many ills,
Of sorrow and of woe,
For love a soothing balm distils,
To cheer us while below.

WORKING ON THE SABBATH.—There are a great many people who profess to keep the Sabbath, according to the fourth commandment, but who somehow or other always find a multitude of "works of necessity" to be attended to. We have seen a capital anecdote lately, about a family of such people, who were pretty severely rebuked by a colored man in their employ. The family were farmers. One Sabbath morning, the colored man was not up, as usual, at breakfast. The son was sent to call him; but Caesar said they need not wait for him as he did not wish any breakfast.

"Why, Caesar," said the young man, "we shall want you, as soon as the dew is off, to help about the hay."

"No," said he, "I cannot work any more on the Sabbath, it is not right."

"Is not right!" said the other, "is it not right to take care of what Providence has given us?"

"O, there is no necessity for it," said he, "and 'tis wrong to do it."

"But would you not pull your cow or sheep out of the pit on the Sabbath Caesar?"

"No, not if I had been trying all the week to shove them in; I would tell them so lie there."

From the Southern Cultivator. Horizontal Culture.

Messrs. Editors—Having a few leisure moments this evening, I propose giving you a few items on Horizontal Culture, or the art of leveling land, the great *sine qua non* in good farming. The idea of farming on the old fashion straight row system, is equally as absurd and preposterous, at the present enlightened day, as farming without the least knowledge of, or what is still worse, no confidence in, and a blind prejudice against the revelations of agricultural engineering. The new lights which are now beaming upon the art of agriculture, are being presented with such irrefutable force of argument, and statistical data, that egotism and prejudice are bound to yield their old treasured systems, to the votaries of science. Yet you will find four-fifths of the planters at the South, to this day, running their corn and cotton rows straight up and down hill; many of them are hard to convince otherwise. Yet I trust the day is not far distant in the dim vista of the future, when the art of agriculture and the scientific planter will be elevated, by a superior knowledge of the *modus operandi* of the different chemical constituents of the soil, reproduction and growth of plants, to that position of standing which will command the respect and admiration of an enlightened community.

Taking into consideration the different ranges of mountains, and the hills or ridges which radiate from them in all directions, in the United States, it is manifest that at least four-fifths of all the cultivated portion of country, must lie more or less undulating. There are, it is true, some portions of every county in the different States, that have some lands which might be termed level, but when compared with that which is either mountainous, hilly or undulating, it diminishes to a very insignificant parcel; even that which is considered to be level, by a careful horizontal inspection you will find to possess some places a little lower than that which surrounds it, thus creating a basin, which collects and retains water after it has disappeared in other parts of the field, thereby to the detriment of the planted or growing crop. Thus you will perceive that the horizontal culture is applicable to no inconsiderable portion of the land, which is at present in a state of barbarous cultivation.

All the different kinds of manure (guano, &c.) available but little to a man who places it in his field, on the inclined plains, (which are always certain to stand in need of the most of it) and then runs water furrows, from every three to five feet apart, draining it out of his field into the creeks and bayous, without having reaped but little of its benefits. Go with me into a field where the land lies the least undulating, the declension being even less than an angle of 45 degrees, there I will show you on every hill side, if the field has been cultivated many years, the yellow dirt or clay exposed, without but little of the surface soil, which is found on the more level portions of the field, together with innumerable gullies or water furrows, which were all first started by the plow, under the direction of bad management, some of them sufficiently large to jump your horse. Now if you are disposed to ask the question, How am I to prevent the formation of these gullies, and retain the soil in its original purity or in that state of fertility to which you have resuscitated it by art? I would say, get you a spirit level, and adopt the horizontal culture inlander; then you will free yourself from the greatest bone of contention which besets the farmer's path, namely, the wasting away of his soil. You will then have it in such a condition, that its fertility can only be diminished by evaporation, and what is extracted in the growth of plants, which by an enlightened theory of cultivation, you may easily in a great degree restore and improve with a certainty that it will not in the course of a few short months or years, traverse your neighbor's fields, en route for the river.

All lands do not require to be placed on exactly the same degree of level; it will have to vary somewhat, according to the character and condition of the soil; more particularly according to the degree of perpendicularity. This may be better illustrated and more easily understood by example. For instance, I will say that we first take a field that is termed level, yet by close inspection, we find in it some ponds, flat bayous, or basins, all of which are reservoirs of water, during the winter or spring. If you plant such places, you have to take extra pains to prepare them. Now I say, place the row in such a field on a dead level. After you once get your ridges made and they stand awhile to harden, no more water will be found in such places than falls on other parts of the field, the process of excavation will be more rapid, and you can cultivate the same as elsewhere. Each row will retain its own water, for the simple reason that it cannot get over the ridge.

Now we will take all lands which lie from a level, up to an angle of 45 degrees, place these rows also on a level, no inclination whatever, but a dead level, and away with your hill side ditches, for these reasons: When your ridges are well thrown up, which should always be done in preparing for a crop—two horse plows preferable to one horse, whether for cotton or corn—but you are not always compelled to plant your corn upon these high ridges, if it does not suit your taste. You can make a smaller ridge between these by two furrows with a one horse plow, and plant either on it or under it, following on after with your cotton block. Your ridges will then measure from eight to twelve inches in height; they should certainly be eight or nine, if you can make them so, which is easily done. Now all the water which is calculated to fall on the earth's surface in one year, in the shape of hail, snow and rain, amounts to two hundred pounds to the square foot, which makes an elevation of thirty-six inches; so if this was divided into six equal rains, the water would only rise six inches, making no allowance for absorption. We know that it rains much oftener than six times; we also know that the greater number of rains fall

gradually, thus permitting the earth's surface to imbibe much of the water during its fall. A good soaking rain of twelve hours, in ordinary seasons, will not make a rise of more than about one inch on the earth's surface, which is about equal to one hundred tons of water per acre. If your land is broken deep imbibition is more rapid, so you will perceive that a rain seldom if ever falls, which can raise the water sufficiently high to overflow your ridges. In a dry season, when the ground is hard, and benign Providence greets you with a welcome shower, instead of its running out of your field, almost as fast as it falls, or collecting in the lowest places, you can retain it in equal quantities just where it fell, each middle watering the roots of the plants in the ridge below it.

But suppose you may say, why not give these rows a little fall, just sufficient to take of the superfluity of water? or why not have drain ditches, giving a fall of three inches to the stride of the level, (twelve feet) or more if you prefer it? My reply would be this: that you can easily make your ridges so that they will retain what water falls, and I see no necessity for, nor advantage to be gained, by running it out of the field, whereas I can point out considerable detriment to accrue therefrom. Thus the richest, and best constituents of your soil, are always the lightest, either floating on the surface of the water, or being suspended by it, whereas the minerals, or heavy portions, sink. Many of the most valuable salts are easily dissolved in rain water, and thus carried away. Also a plain geological fact is here presented to your mind, the frequent or constant running or dripping of water on a particular portion of the earth's surface, lays the foundation for and creates pebbles. If you will examine your gullies, or water furrows, even those of recent standing, you will find many hardened concretions, which ere long will be pebbles. This process of allowing water to run down the rows, however slow it may traverse them, causes the soil to become harder, (bakes it as it were,) by taking away the lightest constituents, and leaving the heavier, it breaks up in plowing in clots, all of which acts directly counter to the known laws of minute divisibility, which presents a proportionately greater surface, for the action and reaction of chemical agents.

Look at the banks of every creek in your neighborhood that overflows, then ask yourself from whence came the loose loam and sediment, and drift. Animals, for a moment to the banks of the great flowing "Nile," and I think that you will readily admit, the rows should all be put on a level, where the land will admit of it. But when we pass an angle of 45 degrees, and as we continue to ascend, you will have to give a proportionate fall in your rows, varying from three to six inches the stride, as the necessity of the case demands. And now we will accept the hill side ditches, because we cannot do without them; they carry a great deal of our agricultural chemistry out of the field, it is evident; we should therefore avoid them, if possible, never using them except when the elevation demands it.

W. N. RAINE, M. D.

Howe Lake, Miss., July, 1852.

Death of the Rev. Dr. Chalmers.

The following affecting account of the death of the late Rev. Dr. Chalmers, is extracted from his memoirs by his son-in-law, the Rev. W. Haman: "He went out after writing this note into the garden behind his house, sauntering round which he was overheard by one of his family, in low but very earnest tones, saying, 'O Father, my Heavenly Father!' On returning to the drawing-room he threw himself into his usual reclining posture. His conversation at first was joyous and playful; a shadow passed over him as some disquieting thought arose, but a light spread over his face as he said that disquietudes lay light upon a man who could fix his heart on heaven. 'I'm fond,' he said, 'of the Sabbath.—'Hail, sacred Sabbath morn!' Do you like Graham's Sabbath, Mr. Gemmel? Dr. Johnson was very wrong in saying that there can be no true poetry that is religious.' At supper, says Mr. Gemmel, 'I sat near him, at his right hand. 'Are you much acquainted with the Puritan divines, Mr. Gemmel?' said he. I answered that I was in some measure. 'Which do you chiefly admire?' I think very much of Howe,' was my reply. 'And so do I, said he, 'he is my favorite author. I think that he is the first of the Puritan divines. I cannot say that I take much to his image of a living temple, but I have been lately reading his 'Delighting in God,' and I admire it much.'"

After supper addressing me, 'You gave us worship,' said he, 'in the morning. I am sorry to ask you again to give worship in the evening.' 'Not at all,' said I. 'I will be happy to do so.' 'Well,' said he, 'you will give worship to-night, and I expect to give worship to-morrow morning.' Before worship commenced, and just as the servants were preparing to come up stairs, he asked me whether I had the sermons of Mr. Purves, of Jedburg. I answered that I had not. 'They are very excellent sermons,' said he, 'and there is one in which he rids the marches between the election of God on the one hand, and the freeness of the gospel on the other, which is admirable.'"

During the whole of the evening, as if he had kept his brightest smiles and fondest utterances to the last, and for his own, he was peculiarly bland and benignant. 'I had seen him frequently,' says Mr. Gemmel, 'at Fairlie, and in his most happy moods, but, I never, saw happier. Christian benevolence beamed from his countenance, sparkled in his eyes and played upon his lips. Immediately after prayers he withdrew, and bidding his family remember that they must be early to-morrow, he waved his hand, saying, 'A general good night.'"

Next morning, before eight o'clock, Professor Macdougall, who lived in the House adjoining, sent to inquire about a packet of papers which he had expected to receive at an earlier hour. The house-keeper, who had been long in the fam-

ily, knocked at the door of Dr. Chalmers' room, but received no answer. Concluding that he was asleep, and unwilling to disturb him, she waited till another party called with a second message. She then entered the room—it was in darkness; she sate, but there was no response. At last three open window shutters, and drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat there, half erect, his head reclining gently on the pillow—expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose. She took his hand—she touched his brow; he had been dead for hours. Very shortly after that parting salute to his family he had entered the eternal world. It must have been wholly without pain or conflict. The expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering, the position of the body so easy that the least struggle would have disturbed it, the very posture of arms and hands and fingers known to his family as that into which they fell naturally in the moments of entire repose—conspired to show that, save all strife with the last enemy, his spirit has passed to its place of blessedness and glory in the heavens."

How to Dry Figs.—Messrs. Editors: In response to your request to furnish you with "the method of preparing the Smyrna or common dried Fig of commerce," I would say that although the following may not be as perfect as the Smyrna mode, I have found it to answer every purpose, and would recommend a trial of it to your lady readers:

When the figs are fully ripe, (but not cracked open) gather them carefully on a dry morning after the dew is off. Make a weak lye of wood ashes and having placed the figs in a se've or colander, pour it over them once or twice, but do not allow them to remain standing in it.—Then have ready a syrup made of half a pound of sugar for each pound of figs; boil them in this until they become transparent—then dry them on dishes in the sun, and when packing them away sprinkle over the layers some finely pulverized sugar. Try this, if it fails to produce a delicate and luscious article of dry figs, you are at liberty to call me no HOUSEKEEPER.

IMPATIENCE AND DESPAIR OF YOUNG LIFE.—We contemplate with much amusement the number of worthy, middle-age individuals, cheering, respectable authors, or hard working men of business—many old bachelors or happy fathers of families—all of whom were in their youth the wretchedest of mortals, talking perpetually of "misery" and "self-destruction." It seems ridiculous now but it was awfully real at the time. It is no more than a phase of mind which almost every one goes through, (except those worthies untroubled with any brains at all, who generally pass through life quite comfortably, and are the most "jolly" people imaginable.) But for those others, whose spirits meet and endure this bitter ordeal, they should be dealt with tenderly and borne with patiently until the trouble ends. It is the finer portion of all finer natures; the restless waver, the vague aspiring, the perpetually striving for perfection in poetic dreaming; in idle low fancies, inconstant as air, each seeking after something diviner or more beautiful, which is never found; in knowledge, or in the phrenzied dissipation of pleasure, all alike ending in nothing until the only truth of life seems to be that bitterest one of Solomon the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." This is perhaps the story of every human mind in which shines one spark of the fire of genius: the story's beginning, but thank God! not necessarily its end. Many a great strong spirit has passed—and all can pass—out of the cloudy veil into a clear day. Shakespear, who must once have felt, or could not have painted young Hamlet, reached at last the divine height where, in the universal poet, we lose all traces of the individual man; and he who once wrote "The Sorrows of Werter" lived to be that great Goethe who, from his lofty calm of eighty-two years could look back on what was near as human life could be, a perfect and fulfilled existence.

The Herald of the Family.

RAZORS.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving, but if laid by for twenty days they will then shave well. By microscopic examination it is found that the tired razor, from long stopping by the same hand and in the same directions, has the ultimate particles of fibres of its surface or edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest these fibres rearrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by. These and many other instances are offered to prove that the ultimate particles of matter are always in motion, and they say that in the process of welding, the absolute momentum of the hammer causes an entanglement of bits of motion, and hence a re-arrangement, as in one piece; indeed, in the cold state, a leaf of gold laid on a polished surface of steel, and stricken smartly with a hammer, will have its particles forced into the steel, so as to permanently gild it at the point of contact.—Scientific American.

The following exquisite song was written in an eating house by a young man who was laboring under the agony of unrequited love. We don't know where it comes from, and did not hear if it's author survived.—Carpet Bag.

"O, carve me yet another slice,
Oh, help me to more gravy still,
There's nought so sure as something nice
To conquer care, or grief to kill.

I always loved a bit of beef
When youth and bliss and hope were mine,
And now it gives my heart relief
In sorrow's darksome hour—to dine.

When you see a big "wiggie-tail" making merry in your glass of water at a tavern table be thankful. There is a good evidence you haven't swallowed him.

Effects of Night Air.

An error which exerts a most pernicious influence, is the belief that the night air is injurious; this opinion hinders the introduction of ventilation more than all other errors together. Now there is not a particle of proof, nor have we any reason whatever to believe, that the atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen undergoes any change during the night. But there are certain causes in operation at night which are known to exercise over us an injurious influence. We will investigate them to see if closed doors and windows will shut them out or stop their operation. First it is known that there is a slight increase of carbonic acid from plants during the night, but this poison is generated in much larger quantity from the lungs of animals, and accumulated immensely more in close rooms than in the open air. It is therefore certain nothing is gained in this respect by refusing ventilation. The next difference between night and day, to be noticed, is the fact, that sunlight exercises a most important influence on plants and also on animals; but it is evident that shutting out fresh air will not restore its rays.

Another fact is that all bodies, animate or inanimate, exposed at night to the direct rays of a clear sky, radiate heat with a great rapidity, and their temperature is quickly and greatly reduced; and it is well known it is dangerous to the health of men for the temperature of their bodies to be greatly and rapidly reduced. But persons sleeping in a ventilated room, even if the windows are open, are not exposed to the direct rays of a clear sky (and the law does not apply to any other combination of circumstances;) therefore, this frequent source of injury to persons exposed does not reach those in a sheltered house. As to the injury to be feared from a cold current of air, I would say it is gross carelessness for any one to expose himself to this danger, night or day, whether the house is ventilated or unventilated. I believe there is not known any other cause which can be supposed to produce any special injurious effect at night, and the least reflection will show that not any one of these mentioned can by any possibility injure a person more in a ventilated than in an unventilated house. It therefore follows that the objection of the night air being injurious is utterly futile.

The pure atmosphere has nothing whatever to do with causing the death of persons exposed at night within the tropics; nor does it produce the cough of the consumptive and asthmatic, nor the languor and misery which the sick so frequently experience.

These and other sufferings experienced more particularly at night, are caused by carbonic acid, absence of sun light, rapid reduction of temperature, the air being saturated with moisture, &c. and not by that air without which we cannot live three minutes. It is absurd to suppose that fresh air supports our life and destroys our health at one and the same time. The same thing cannot possess the utterly incompatible character of good and evil, of supporting life and destroying it.

Appleton's Mechanic's Magazine.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was young there lived in our neighborhood a man who was universally reported to be liberal and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, more than could be required of him.—One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much and said it would not be to his advantage. Now, my friends, marks the answer. 'God Almighty has permitted but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes. Think of this friends—only one journey through the world.'

SCOTT'S GENERALS.—It is said to be a fact that every General Officer, who served under Scott in the Mexican war, is opposed to his election to the Presidency—believing that he does not possess the civil qualifications to fit him for that high and responsible station. Wood, Twigg, Riley, Butler, Quitman, Pillow, Lane, Patterson, Persifer, Smith, Cadwallader, Marshall, Shields, all found in the ranks of the opponents of the Whig nominee, and if the lamented Worth and Hamer were living, they would be found among the number. Does not this fact speak volumes against Gen. Scott's fitness for the highest civil office in the world?

Mobile Register.

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.—Not long since a juvenile offender was brought before one of the Glasgow bailies, who, after reading a lecture to the lad, put the following interrogatory:

"Where did you learn so much wickedness?"
The youth, personifying innocence, with an inquiring look, replied,
'Do ye ken the pump well in Glassford street?'
'No,' said the baillie.
'Weel, then, do ye ken the pump in the Brigade?'

'Oh, yes,' answered the man of office quickly. 'Well then, rejoined the accused, 'ye may gang there and pump as long as ye like, for I am hanged if you pump me.'

POISON ANTIDOTES.—For oil of vitriol or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soap and water.

For oxalic acid, give an emetic of mustard and water, afterwards of mucilages and small doses of laudanum.

For opium or laudanum, give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and if possible the stomach pump.

For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best. For insects taken into the stomach, drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt.

For corrosive sublimate, give the white of eggs mixed with water until free vomiting takes place.