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From the Ohio Cultivator.

AUTUMN AND WINTER.

The Autumn is going with its beauty so glowing,
And Winter o'er all things is casting its pall;
The rose tree is fading, no longer 'tis shading,
The arbor of love or the bright water-fall.

The dahlias are lopping, the ripe fruit is dropping,
The corn-leaves are withered and dry on the stalk;
The ring-dove is sighing, the grasshopper dying,
The fire-fly no longer enlivens the walk.

The forests are changing, the wild birds are ranging
To hunt out a home where the skies are more clear,
The streams deeply flowing, the chilling winds blowing,
All tell us that Winter, cold Winter is near.

Summer's sweets we're tasting, away are all hanging,
The days of the peach and the melon are o'er;
Then let us be trying while Autumn is dying,
To lay up for Winter a plentiful store.

Work freer and harder to fill up the larder,
Then give to old Winter when'er he shall come,
A welcome most willing; we'll heed not his chilling
If there is warmth round the hearth-stone and plenty at home.

But while we are careful—no cause to be tearful,
Let us think of the children of sorrow and wrong,
And give from our treasure, with no stinted measure,
The good gifts of Heaven to help them along.

FRIENDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and brighter shines
To pure and perfect day,
Nor sink these stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in Heaven's own light.

The Atmosphere.

The atmosphere is that great ocean of air which surrounds the earth on all sides, and in which we live, move and breathe, as fishes do in water. It revolves with the earth on its axis, and, like all other forms of matter, is preserved at the earth's surface by the attraction of gravitation. This ocean of air penetrates into all unoccupied places, as water flows into all crevices and holes beneath the level of its surface, and enters into the pores of bodies; hardly anything in nature being free from air unless force has been employed to extract it.

The following truths have been ascertained respecting the atmosphere:

AIR IS A MATERIAL SUBSTANCE.—The minds of our readers, unaccustomed to philosophical speculations, may at first feel a difficulty in believing that a thing so light, impalpable, and apparently spiritual as air, should be possessed the same properties as solid matter. Yet that this is really the case is capable of being proved beyond the possibility of doubt.

Matter may exist in the solid, liquid, or aeriform or gaseous state, and may be made to pass from the solid to the gaseous condition by the application of heat. With this fact every chemist is familiar. Now, matter when it passes from solid to a gaseous condition, still retains all its essential properties as solid matter unimpaired, and that this is in reality the case with air we shall now proceed to show.

AIR IS IMPENETRABLE.—Impenetrability is that property which matter possesses, of excluding all other bodies from that portion of space which it occupies. No two pieces of matter can exist in the same portion of space at the same time. Every material body necessarily fills a certain portion of space to the exclusion of all other bodies from that space. This property of

matter philosophers have agreed to call impenetrability, and that the ocean of air which surrounds the earth, possesses it equally with the solid rocks which form the crust of the earth may be shown by the following simple experiment.

Place a piece of cork on the surface of water contained in any convenient vessel, and take a glass tumbler and invert it over the cork so as to bring its edge in contact with the water. A portion of air is now detached from the surrounding atmosphere. If now the jar be pressed down so as to be entirely immersed, the presence of the confined air in the tumbler will be found to exclude the water from its inside and the cork will be seen floating at the mouth of the tumbler, thus proving that the water has not entered its inside.

The experiment may be varied in the following manner. Instead of a tumbler, take a glass jar, put a handkerchief into the inside, which must be so secured that it will not fall out when the jar is inverted. Now invert and press the jar below the water as before, on removing the jar from the water and taking out the handkerchief it will be found to be perfectly dry.

Float a candle on a piece of wood or cork. Invert a jar over it and press the jar down into the water. The light will be seen burning below the surface of the water, and will gradually become extinguished. This proves that the water does not enter the jar, otherwise the extinction had been instantaneous.

One of the distinctions of modern times, is that science has passed from speculation into life. It is not only pursued as a source of intellectual gratification, but it is made use of as a mighty power by which nature herself is subdued, and the comforts and convenience of life increased.

We are indebted to the discovery of the impenetrability of air for gasometers, or reservoirs of gas. They are formed on this principle. A large iron vessel is inverted in water and supplied with gas by means of pipes from an adjoining manufactory. All day long the metre or vessel may be observed filling, and its top may be seen to rise. Towards night, a weight is made to descend on the top of the risen vessel, and its pressure forces the gas into the pipes by which it is conveyed to all parts of a town or city. By this contrivance the darkness of night is dispersed, morality is improved and crime lessened, for every passer by is now a detective policeman, and we walk securely from our places of business to our homes, through brilliantly illuminated streets.

The Diving Bell is constructed on the principle of the impenetrability of air. A vessel in the form of a bell is inverted in water, and the impenetrability of the air not allowing the water to enter, workmen may go underneath and descend uninjured to the sea. But it must be obvious, that the air in the bell must soon become unfit for respiration, to remedy which defect a continual supply of fresh air is by means of an air pump, conveyed by pipes into the bell, which is thus kept constantly overflowing with air, the superabundant air escaping under the bell and rising in bubbles to the surface of the water.

The diving bell is used extensively in most of the royal dock yards in England, for the repairing of the bottom of vessels. It is also used in the pearl fisheries in Ceylon and South America, and for the recovery of property lost in wrecked and sunken ships.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

ACTION OF LEAD UPON WATER.—We have lately seen a number of articles discursive of the question, whether or not the action of lead pipe upon water rendered the water deleterious to health when consumed; and although the arguments in the negative were ably ingenious, they were not sufficient to overturn the many well established facts offered by the other side.—It has indeed become so well substantiated that water corrodes metallic lead, and forms a poison which is always injurious and in many cases fatal, when taken into the stomach, that no one ought at this day to dispute it.

The immediate question, however, is—and it is a very important one—whether or not the water which is used from public works in towns and cities, acts sufficiently upon the lead in its passage from the iron main to the dwelling, as to endanger health. We should say, unhesitatingly, that it depended altogether upon the state of the water drawn off. If that be fresh from the iron pipe into the street it would certainly be pure and harmless; but if it had been remaining for some time—and the longer the less pure—it would undoubtedly be unfit for family consumption.

An incident occurring upon our own premises will confirm what we say. We have a leaden reservoir for rain water, holding some fourteen thousand gallons, which contains water some eight and a half to nine months in the year. At the beginning of December last, fearing the effect of the frost upon the pipes, the water was let out as usual, to the amount of five or six hundred gallons, which ran into a fish pond, containing at the time a couple of thousand gallons of other water and the effect was instantaneous upon the fish. In less than twenty-four hours, the whole of them—some ten dozen, with the exception of half dozen—died. Some of them were catfish of large size, which are regarded as among the hardest species. The half were saved only by removing them from the pond. On one occasion a gold fish was put into a tub of this water, and it no sooner entered it, than it sprang over the sides of the vessel; and when replaced, soon after died.

Though these are simple occurrences, they bear very strongly against the use of leaden pipes for the conveyance of water for cooking and drinking purposes.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

DESCRIPTION OF JESUS.—The following epistle was taken by Napoleon from the public records of Rome, when he deprived that city of so many valuable manuscripts. It was written at the time and on the spot where Jesus commenced his Ministry, by Publius, the Governor of Judea, to the Senate of Rome, Caesar being Emperor. It was the custom in those days for the Governor to write home any event of importance which transpired while he held office:

Conscript Fathers: There appeared in these, our days, a man named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles he is accepted as a prophet of great truth; but his own disciples call him the son of God. He had raised the dead, cured all manner of disease. He is a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very ruddy countenance, such as one may both love and fear. His hair is the color of a fibert, when fully ripe; plain to the ears, whence downward, it is more orient of color, curling and waving about his shoulders. In the middle of his head is a seam or portion of long hair, after the manner of the Nazaries. His forehead is plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth are exactly formed; his beard is the color of his hair, and thick, not of any great height but forked. In reproving, he is terrible, in admonishing, courteous; in speaking, he is very modest and wise; in proportion of body, well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man, for his surpassing beauty, exceeding the children of men.

Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the slow-dropping mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life and surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessing. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. It is beautiful; but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow, the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which the grave grapes to finish before the victory is won; and—strange it should be so—this is the highest life of man.—Look back along the great names of history; there is none whose life had been other than this.

Westminster Review for July.

LEARNING TO SPELL.—Bad spelling is discreditable. Every young man should be master of his native tongue. He that will not learn to spell the language that is on his tongue and before his eyes every hour, shows no great aptitude for the duties of an intelligent, observing man. Bad spelling therefore is an unavoidable indication. It indicates a blundering man—a man that cannot see with his eyes open. Accordingly we have known the application of more than one young man, made with great display of penmanship and parade of references, rejected for his bad spelling.

Bad spelling is a very conspicuous bad indication. He who runs mad read it. A bright school-boy, utterly incapable of appreciating your stores of science, art and literature, can see your bad spelling at a glance and crow over it. You will find it hard to inspire that boy with any great respect for your attainments. Bad spelling is therefore a very mortifying and inconvenient defect. We have known men, thrown into prominent positions, so ashamed of their deficiency in this respect, that they never ventured to send a letter till it had been revised by a friend. This was, to say no more, sufficiently inconvenient.

I say again learn to spell young man. Keep your eyes open when you read, and if any word is spelt different from your mode ascertain which is right. Keep your dictionary by you; and in writing, whenever you have the least misgiving about the spelling of a word look it out at once, and remember it. Do not let your laziness get the better of you.

TOBACCO CROP OF VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Times publishes a comparative statement of the tobacco crop of Virginia for this and the preceding year, from which it appears that the total yield of 1851 was 30,454 hhd., whilst for the seven months of the present year the inspections already amount to 47,421 hhd. By October it is thought the quantity will reach 50,000 hhd., being an increase of more than fifty per cent.—The ruling price, though not so high as during the two preceding years have been sufficiently handsome to remunerate the planter.

A GOOD CEMENT.—Take Plaster of Paris, and soak it in a saturated solution of alum, then bake the two in an oven, the same as gypsum is baked, to make it Plaster of Paris, after which they are ground to powder. It is then used as wanted, being mixed up with water, like plaster, and applied. It sets into a very hard composition, capable of taking a very high polish. It may be mixed with various coloring minerals to produce a cement of any color, capable of imitating marble. This is a very rare recipe, and is worth twenty dollars to many of our subscribers, any of whom can prepare it for themselves.

SINGULAR SHIPMENT BY EXPRESS.—On Thursday last the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette saw at the office of the American Express Company in that city, a little girl, about ten years of age, who had been shipped by express from Washington City to her father Mr. Perryman, at Dayton, Ohio. The cost of transportation—including boarding and extra fare was only \$18.

We are indebted to Mrs Cudde, for the following lines:
Men brandy drink, and never think
That girls at all can tell it;
They don't suppose a woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

How to Make Manure.

The following statement is given by a Hampshire County, Massachusetts, farmer, in the report of the Agricultural Society of that County on the best method of making a highly fertilizing and cheap compost manure:

"Immediately after planting in the spring and after I have used the manure I want, I commence my compost heap for the next season.—Into a convenient place, which is a hollow in the angle of the bank wall, on the South end of my buildings, I deposit first a load of horse manure. Over this I usually spread the scrapings of my wood and cellar, especially in May, and all other substances that will make manure, I find about my buildings, such as the rakings of the yard, old leaves, &c., making in all another small load, then over the whole spread about a bushel of ashes.—For the next three or four weeks this heap receives from the washroom, all the soap suds and washing water, and from the house, all the useless slops and washing of the kitchen, sweepings, &c., being kept continually moist. In about four weeks after the first deposit, I add another load of horse manure; more loam and sand from the washing of road drains spread over the horse manure, and over all a layer of wood ashes occasionally adding more during the next four weeks. This heap, for the succeeding four weeks, receives as before, all the fertilizing substances that accumulate in the washroom and kitchen. This process is continued during the Summer and Fall, until snow covers the ground, and then I call my heap finished, only it continues to receive during the Winter, washing slops, &c.

I claim for this manure the following advantages: First, it is cheap. Horse manure alone is a miserable fertilizer, and this except the wood ashes, is the only substance of any value that enters the composition. Combined in the way stated, it helps to form a valuable manure. Again; as a matter of cleanliness and convenience, this compost heap is of great advantage. How often do we see about farm-yards, accumulation of substances rendering the premises filthy and unsightly. The compost heap receives all these otherwise useless accumulations."

THE CURCULIO—A DISCOVERY.—Much has been written on the Curculio—many inquiries have been made as to its habits, destruction, &c. We have carefully read every article seen for years back in our agricultural papers, and in a large number of exchanges recently, for the remedy but have found nothing that could be relied upon.

Having some fine plum trees, the fruit a very large reddish purple variety, that have been bearing some eight or ten years, and never maturing a dozen plums a year, we have felt much solicitude and anxiety to discover a remedy. We have tried many that have been recommended, without success. Knowing that trees standing in a hard trodden yard were more apt to mature fruit than others differently situated, we resolved last spring to make an experiment. We therefore, before the trees were in bloom removed the soil, which was thickly set in Bermuda grass, from around each tree to the distance of five or six feet, and depth of two to three inches—then built a chicken coop around each tree, and requested our better half to have her chickens, &c. fed no where else but in the coops which had been done; consequently, of chickens, ducks, turkeys, &c. one brood or another will be found under the trees, waiting for their oft repeated meals, throughout the day, and ready to pick up every curculio that dare show his head above ground. Now mark the result; our trees are breaking with the finest fruit, just maturing, we have ever seen. Comment is unnecessary—each reader can make his own deductions. If, on further trial the course pursued this year shall prove an effectual preventative, even when applied to a few trees, we shall feel gratified at having made the discovery.—*Farmer and Planter.*

FATTEN ALL YOUR HOGS.—Our caption is a piece of advice we give to our readers, with the understanding of course, that "hogs" don't mean little 'pigs' or even 'land pikes.' We intend to designate any swine that will weigh eighty pounds poor. And we repeat, let all such be fattened before hog-killing time rolls around. Because every farmer, nearly has an abundance of corn, and we feel assured it will pay him better by being put into hog meat than any other possible way. To convince our agricultural friends of the soundness of our advice, we will tell them what we know to be the truth. Pork is now selling in Kentucky at five cents gross, and it is altogether improbable that it will be offered in this latitude at any thing under 6 1-4 cents, during the coming season. Therefore, the more of your own meat you fatten, the less heavy will be the draw upon your cotton money; and another season pork may be cheaper. A word to the wise ought to suffice.—*Edgefield Advertiser.*

CROPS.—The Aberdeen (Miss.) Democrat of the 1st inst., says the rust and boll-worm are proving very disastrous to the cotton crop in that region. Planters estimate that the crops will be one half less than was anticipated a short time since.

We learn from the Eutaw Ala. Democrat of the 3d inst., that the corn crop in Greene county is generally an abundant one. The worm was doing great damage to the cotton crop. The accounts of the cotton crop in the adjoining counties were also unfavorable.

The Red River (Alexandria) Republican of the 4th inst. says: "The Sugar crop of the Parish has turned out much better than was anticipated in the early part of the season. The cotton crop is, or rather was, very promising, until the appearance of the caterpillar, which is now becoming general. The late rains, too, have put a stop to picking, and injured the prospect also. The corn crops have turned out well." The Lexington (Miss.) Advertiser of the 3d inst., says accounts from every portion of the State speak in the most extravagant terms of the abundant yield of the grain crops. Some

fears are expressed though that Cotton will not do so well as was thought a few weeks since.

The accounts of the crops of all kinds, in Arkansas continued to be good.—*N. O. True Delta.*

DUELING.—A duel was fought, the Sun reports, on Wednesday, in New Jersey, by Capt. Stone of Santa Fe, and Mr. Townly of New Bedford. The insult, it is alleged, was offered by Mr. Townly, to a cousin of Capt. Stone's. The latter having demanded reparation, and being refused, the laws of honor were appealed to; and both gentlemen, with their "friends" were on the ground at an early hour, two shots were exchanged. The Captain received a flesh wound on the arm by the first shot, and the second bored his hat. Townly was hit by both shots, in the shoulder and hip, and was carried off in a feeble condition.

WHAT BARNUM AND JENNY LIND MADE.—The following note to the New York Musical World, said to be from a reliable source, gives the sum total in round numbers, that the two personages whose names head this article cleared over all expenses during their connection. It seems that they averaged a trifle over \$3,000 a piece on each concert:

Not long since, Mr. Barnum exhibited to me the account current between himself and Jenny Lind, and a truly marvellous document it is.—He ought to publish it entire for the astonishment and edification of the world generally and singers particularly. According to the footing up and balances, the parties received the following handsome dividends, after all expenses were paid:—Jenny Lind, \$302,000; P. T. Barnum, \$308,000 total, \$610,000.

NATURAL RELIGION.—1. Look out for number one.

2. Use others all you can, and let them use you as little as possible.

3. Get money honestly if you can—get money.

4. Every one for himself and the—take the hindmost.

Here you have the thing in a nutshell. There is no need of inking whole reams of paper with an explanation of the subject, for here you have the exact doctrines in which the world believes and which are practiced by a vast majority of the people in every nation of the globe.

I shall soon die, Cuffy, I must go on a long journey." "Very well," replied Cuffy, "I guess you hab good going because it's all the way down hill."

A rich joke was recently played off upon a sharp-nosed constable in Western Massachusetts. He started out to arrest a person who had often escaped pursuits, but who, he was informed, was at that time engaged in a neighboring corn field. The constable, wishing to take him by surprise, took a round about direction, scaling the sheds and fences opposite, when squatting, he crawled stealthily along, and at length pounced upon his victim, clenching him firmly around the waist exclaiming: "You are my prisoner!" He had nabbed a scarecrow.

"Hello, Mr. Snouticle, can you tell me the right road to Mr. Beltzcoaset's mill?" said a traveler to a Dutelman, lately.

"Yaw," said the Dutelman, "I kin dell you pesser as any body. You mustn't shoot make do riffer up stream, und the first house you come do, will be mine proter Han's parn—it is shingled mit shtraw: und ven you ax him, he kin dell you pesser as me."

A worthy divine having wearid the patience of a portion of his congregation by a somewhat lengthy sermon, and noticing persons stepping out of the church very quietly, sat down in the pulpit, saying, "I will wait till the chaff is blown off." This made the people quiet.

A COLLOQUY.—"How do you do?" "Do what?" "How do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "How do you feel?" "Pretty smooth, I suppose, but you can feel me and see." "Good morning, Mr. Smith." "I think it's rather a bad one—very wet and nasty."

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man said with the oak leg said, when the mad dog bit it.

The Albany Knickerbocker tells of a young man who died in that city of disappointment ambition, as he "wanted to wear high shirt collars, and his mother wouldn't let him!"

Two signs were one opposite to each other in Philadelphia thus inscribed 'Jas. Shott,' and Jonathan Fell."

An old man who had fallen into a ditch on his way home, and being unable to get out bawled lustily till morning when helped up by a neighbor he hastened home, and began to scold his wife for not hearing him, and coming to his assistance, "Lor!" said the old Lady, "I heard your voice, and I knowed it but I thought it was an owl!"

HARD.—A contemporary says, "A fool and his money are soon parted," and a brother kindly asks of him what he has been buying!"

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak!" said a fop to a gentleman. "Why they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it.

"Yes, sir."
"Well, what is it?"
"I know her very well by sight, but swallow me if I can recollect her name."