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For the Camden Journal. NIGHT.

'Tis night—and Luna pours her beam
Upon the grove crown'd hill,
And sparkles with a silver gleam
Within the murmuring rill;
And as pursues the Queen of night
Her radiant course on high,
Her soft and melancholy light,
Looks earthward, with a glory bright,
From out the azure sky.

The twinkling stars watch o'er the scene
From their love homes above,
And gaze upon the Earth serene
Like sentinels of love;
Whilst fleecy clouds through ether swim,
Dotted the dome of night,
Like robes of viewless seraphim,
Sent to transmit the word of Him,
Who is the God of Light.

Now, whilst all nature is asleep,
I love to sit and view,
The shade-pursuing shadows sweep
Across a sky of blue.
Then liberated fancies find
Thoughts beautiful and free,
Whisperings of a mysterious kind
Seem to be bringing to my mind
Bright images of thee.

'Tis sweet to dream thus, whilst the ray
Of Luna round me throws
Reflective beams; then far away
The winged Fancy goes.—
Aspiring to yon concave skies,
Which glitter up above—
And from some star with guardian eyes
Looks down on her I dearly prize
And thus declares my love:

"Look up, look up, my gentle dear,
Look up to this lone star,
Which pauses in the fields of air
To gaze on thee afar!
Look up! nor shun its distant rays,
For it is loved of one,
Who, floating in the brilliant blaze
Which is thy atmosphere, always
Revolves 'round thee—his sun.

Look up, and think on him who weeps
When night involves the heaven,
Whose mournful heart in anguish keeps
The passion thou hast given!
Look up, and let thy tender eye
Be moist with pity's tear,
And send one single mutual sigh
Up to the purely beautiful sky,
And whisper 'He is dear!'"

THETA.

EXTRAORDINARY SURGERY.—A few weeks ago says the correspondent of the Locomotive, I was standing on the pavement, with several others, in the town of —, and some of the crowd had been spinning yarns, when one rather easy kind of fellow spoke up and said he could tell a truth that put all their yarns down. Said he, "I once knew a man who got kicked on the head by a horse, and was badly wounded. A man was immediately dispatched to a neighboring town for a skilful physician. The doctor arrived without delay, and on examination, he found in his disarray that his skull was broken, and a considerable amount of brain gone. He ordered a hogg killed as soon as possible. His request was complied with, and he took about a tea-cup full of hog's brains and filled up the cavity in his patient's head, patched his skull with silver, dressed the wound, and in a short time he was well, and was the same as ever, excepting that he had a slight inclination to root!"

HORNED RATTLE SNAKE.—Mr. William H. Thomas of Qualla Town, Haywood county, N. C., writes to the Asheville News that a Cherokee Indian named Salola captured a snake on the Smokey Mountain, which he describes "of the usual size of Diamond Rattle Snakes found in the mountains of this country, of a dark color—on its head two forked horns of about three fourths of an inch long." The Indians said it seemed to be a king among snakes of its species. Nothing of the kind has been seen heretofore by any of the oldest white inhabitants.

NOVEL FEAT WITH A GUN.—A correspondent says that a person undertook for a bet of £5 to lie on the ground, throw a potato up, turn head over heels, pick up the gun and hit the potato out of five shots before it fell to the ground. The said feat was done last Friday at Mr. Fox's the George and Vulture, Tottenham, the person winning his bet the first shot.

From the Soil of the South.

ADDRESS

Before the Oak Bowery Agricultural Society,
delivered at Oak Bowery, Chambers County,
Ala., on the 23d of June, 1852.

By CHARLES A. PRABODY.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The honor of addressing you on this, your first anniversary, I cannot but regard as an unmerited distinction. When I look around me, and see the gentlemen of talent, the ornaments of all the learned professions, and behold the bright, expectant glances of your fair ladies, I feel that to other and abler hands might have been entrusted this your first address. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, when I assure you that I bring a heart entirely devoted to the cause of agricultural improvement, and a mind deeply imbued with its great and paramount importance, you will excuse me, I am sure, for the lack which you will find in eloquence; and, perchance, for a still greater lack in scholastic lore. I do not propose to give you a lengthy dissertation on agricultural science; the cheap publications of the day are open before you, and he that wills, may read and learn. But I rather propose to go into your plantations, into your fruit orchards, and to accompany you, fair ladies, through your flower yards and kitchen gardens. I hail the formation of your Society as one of the brightest harbingers of improvement, in this most lovely county. Gentlemen planters, I assume not to teach or dictate to you, but let us reason together. You have established an Agricultural Society, and for what purpose? Would you improve and enjoy its advantages, you should hold frequent meetings—impart freely your knowledge; if you can learn nothing yourselves, you may teach others something; for our profession, our religion, and common interests, teach us to hide no light of ours under a bushel, and it is our glory and our pride that it is so. We ask no patent rights for knowledge, but as freely as we receive, as freely do we impart.

"No pent up Utes contracts our powers
The whole boundless Universe is ours."

Tell me not that you can learn nothing from the past. Is the experience of these silvered heads, which I see around me, nothing?—Forty! fifty! sixty! perchance seventy summers, have rolled o'er some of you, and in that long experience, are you not wiser, in the great art of making human food and clothing from the elements around than when you started? Yes, you may say, but you learned it from long experience, and not from societies like this, or from books. Granted; but will you not impart your long experience to the rising generation? You have toiled through many reverses, and long experience hath made you a Farmer. Here, through the medium of your Society and the press, may you impart that which hath taken you perhaps half a century to acquire, and your young men may start in the agricultural profession where you left off. Tell me, ye men of years, could ye have started life with all the knowledge of your past experience before you, would ye not have been wiser, richer, happier, far than now? Take heed, then, how ye hide your lights under a bushel. The days are fast disappearing when men shall be heard to say they can learn nothing new in Agriculture. The wisest and greatest men confess the infancy of their knowledge in agricultural science; for whether it is taught by science or by practice, the physical world is so full of new and startling truths, that, though we close our eyes, and prefer to grope in darkness, yet still the glimmering rays will pierce the wilfully closed lids from the thousand flashing lights around us. Gentlemen, yours is a noble calling. Behold! the anxious eyes of the civilized world are upon you; you are to feed and clothe the millions. Have you weighed well your responsibility to your God, your country and yourselves? Are you such perfect masters of your calling, that when the common routine of the farm is interfered with, by a visitation of any of the many scourges of our crops, that you can bring the head to work as well as the hands? Are you familiar with the entomology of your section? Have you a proper knowledge of the cross fecundation of plants and flowers? Do you know the component parts of your own soil? If not, then here are subjects for your Society. In your deliberations and councils, discuss these most important matters; learn from whence come these dreaded scourges. Yes, intelligent planters, study insects, if you would protect your crops from the ravages of insects. Is it a matter of little moment to you, that the flowered winged moth flits its midnight flight over your fairest fields of cotton, depositing its millions of eggs to hatch out the destructive boll-worm? The boll-worm has come, ye say, and the startling cry is echoed from settlement to settlement. But who knows a preventive? Here, emphatically, will you find that knowledge is power, and to no profession on earth is it a greater power than to the agricultural. A correct knowledge of the insect tribes around you may shield and protect your crops from their ravages. Your children chase in sportive glee the gaudy butterfly; as he flits on listless wing from flower to flower; but do you teach them, that though they float on wings of beauty; they lay the foundation for the defoliation and destruction of your brightest trees and plants, your choicest fruits and flowers, in the production of the loathsome caterpillar! You are the only practical botanists; but do you heed its silent, beautiful teachings? Behold the flower, with its impregnating pollen! Nature is ever active in perpetuating its species, but if we would improve upon nature we must follow up her plans. "What have we to do with flowers?" methinks I hear you say; leave them to the women and children.—Hold! presumptuous man, the flower is but God's beautiful harbinger of fruit. Through the flower the seed is impregnated, and through the flower you may originate new varieties of cotton, corn, fruits, vegetable and ornamental plants. Flowers, whether

"Wildings of nature, or cultured with care,
Ye are beautiful, beautiful, everywhere."

We find that our Northern, French, and English neighbors are annually producing new fruits, vegetables and flowers, by hybridization; upon the same principle may you improve your native fruits, your cotton, and your corn. You have all seen the principle carried out in nature by the mixture of white and yellow corn, even across large fields—This was effected through the flower. What may you not accomplish by a scientific knowledge of Botany? Your live stock are daily fed under your direction. You know that corn, oats and fodder sustain them, but your large stock of vegetable productions, the cotton, corn, wheat, rye, turnips, &c., require to be fed as well as your live stock. Have you learned their specific food? You would not have given your horse fresh beef, because you knew he did not need it, either to make his bones, muscles, flesh, hide or hair; but without a knowledge of the specific food of plants, you are liable to commit as great an error in feeding them as you would to have given your horse the beef. And where so proper a place to impart and receive information upon the specific food of plants as through your Society? You purchase lands; what test have you of their quality? Your whole prospects in life depend upon their productiveness; have you no tests but your own unaided senses to detect and point its fertilizers? You may pile high as mountains the compost heap and yet spoil the whole as a fertilizer by one misplaced ingredient. Here, then, in your councils, talk over your compost heaps, compare your soils and their productions, and information may be elicited which years of patient toiling labor may fail to accomplish. As agriculturists, do you so vary your productions that you are independent of New England or Kentucky? or do you feed your stock on Northern hay, and your negroes on Western bacon? The past season has taught us lessons of wisdom in these matters, if we will but profit by them.

When I look upon your beautiful county, and behold its fine grain and grass-growing qualities, and witness its beautiful fruit and vegetable productions, I am constrained to exclaim, What a rich heritage is yours! even without the culture of cotton. But when I take into consideration your genial climate, and the fact that you may raise everything that can be raised at the North and West, with the addition of the great staple—cotton—sweet potatoes, and many fruits that they cannot raise, I feel that you are truly a favored people, and of all others on God's bounteous globe should "GREATLY INDEPENDENT LIVE."

Let me urge upon you the importance of adopting and adapting the improved implements of husbandry to your culture. Of what avail is human skill and ingenuity, if we bring it not to bear in saving human labor? The sub-soil plow, the scraper, the cultivator, the roller, the seed planter, the root puller, and many other improved implements, are destined to work wonders in Southern culture. As men enquire, and read, and think, and practice, they will conclude that mutilated roots do not add to the product of a crop any more than mutilated tops, and that variety of tool will be selected which best preserves the roots and cultivates the crop. The great objection to the adoption of improved implements has been in the prejudices of our servants; but this should not be allowed to weigh a feather; for I assert, without fear of contradiction, that were the most improved implements adopted on our farms, every tenth hand might be dispensed with, and the work be better, cheaper and easier done.

And what are you doing for your cattle?—Are you taking steps to improve the breeds? Remember, that it costs no more to raise a good animal than a poor one. The mule having so far taken the place of the patient ox, as to almost drive beef from our tables, I urge upon you the propriety of using the ox for a larger portion of the plantation work; for after his usefulness for labor is over, the nourishment and sustenance which his flesh affords us, is more than a compensation for the slowness of his motions. But the cow—the most indispensable of all animals—I would plead in her behalf. Milk and butter being so essential to all good living, and the fact that we are not able to import our milk from abroad, it behooves you to go to the fountain head at once, and select the best breeders for milkers—and when obtained, to so feed them as if you expected them to feed you.

The root crops are entirely too much neglected here; the sweet potatoe, carrot, parsnip, mangle-wurzel, rutabaga, and common turnip are raised here easier than in any other country under the heavens; they require no housing, (except the sweet potatoe), and are easily turned into milk and butter through the laboratory of the cow.—Your natural pastures are good, and no country can surpass your artificial grazing or green soiling, and why shall not your milk and butter be as rich and abundant as in any other section of the country? Ask yourselves this question, gentlemen, and resolve, in your intercourse with each other, to discuss the matter until you have learned the why and wherefore; and "Chambers county milk and butter will be as celebrated as that of Orange County, New York.

But, gentlemen, you who till the soil and live by its tillage, I would not have you, in the weightier concerns of the farm, neglect the thousand luxuries, beauties and comforts of horticulture. Yours is beyond question, a fruit-growing country; here may you have the melting pear, the juicy apple, the luscious peach, the blushing nectarine, the acid quince, the sugary fig, the perfumed grape, the musky raspberry and the fragrant, delicious strawberry, all growing in the open air, and challenging the wide world for superiority. I could tell you something of my own fruit culture, but you might deem me visionary, as our Northern horticultural brethren do; but well attested facts speak louder than visions—and you may form some idea of my success in strawberry culture, when I inform you that I have a constant succession of fruit from March until September, and that in the month of May I sold in the Columbus market five hun-

dred dollars' worth of this delicious fruit, and my beds are still in full fruit and bloom. What I have done in fruit culture you may do; for I have hid no light of mine under a bushel.

And, ladies! what are you doing in the kitchen garden? Have you discarded the long blue collard, and placed the hard-headed cabbage there? Have you the Irish potatoe in all its farinaceous perfection? Have you the aromatic celery, with its brittle crisp stalk? Do you have a constant succession of snaps, peas, okra, tomatoes, &c., until frost? If you have not, then you may look to this Society to bring all this about; for I take it you are banded together for improvement, and if you originate no new vegetable productions, you will at least improve upon the old ones. And I would urge one more important matter for your consideration: That you sustain the agricultural press. Its influence and usefulness is daily increasing, and those who affect to despise its counsels, are imperceptibly adopting its teachings; its patrons are among the great and good of every land. The true statesman appreciates its utility, for it enhances national wealth and prosperity, and raises individual independence. Encourage it then, as you would sustain your own best interests; write for it, as the sure means of spreading light. The agricultural press is to the public what your Society should be to each other—a mirror held up to nature, reflecting practical men's minds.

I have gone more into detail, in this short address, on the culture of crops, specific manures, draining, sub-soil plowing, &c., but gentlemen, I refer you to the agricultural papers of the day; they are published so cheaply as to be within reach of all, and contain all that is useful in scientific and practical agriculture.

To the law-makers of the land I would appeal, and to the farmers, that make the law-makers, I would appeal still stronger, why is it that every interest but the agricultural is fostered and protected? Why is it that agricultural education is so grossly neglected? Were our youth early imbued with the scientific principles of agriculture, the bosom of our mother earth would freely yield her treasures, when in after life, they might either from necessity or choice, seek a living there. But no, the science of sustaining human life is nothing to our legislators. Party! with its hydra head, reigns in its legislative halls supreme; and the farmer educates his son for what they are not to be—content himself to plod on in dark obscurity, making substances for bartering merchant-princes to reap the real profits from his sweating toil. The moment his productions are made they assume an importance not before given to them, even by himself, for they are merchandise then. And the silent weaving web of nature, when she formed from the air, the earth, and the water, around us, those useful and necessary fabrics, that nourish and life-sustaining food, is left uncared for, neglected, and forgotten in the glory of the merchant's counting-room, his exchanges and profits. Farmers, should this be so? Demand of your lawgivers agricultural instruction for the masses; elevate and place your calling on a footing with the highest sciences; educate your children for what they are to be—and when blight, rust, mildew or insects assail their crops, instead of calmly looking on, and talking about bad luck, they will go manfully to work by the light of science and counteract the evils. What a mistaken notion has pervaded the public mind that the farmer needs no education! Why, gentlemen, the Southern farmer should be the most intelligent man on earth. In his charge are servants subject to like passions and diseases as himself; he should understand all the laws of health. He should be a physiologist as well as a botanist. Who so much interested in the changing weather. He should be familiar with the motions of the earth, he should be a living barometer! Who so much interested in the crust of the earth? He should be a practical chemist, geologist and mineralogist. Who so much interested in the laws of trade? He should be well skilled in all the laws of barter, exchange and commerce, in short, the perfect farmer should be a Christian, a gentleman, a philosopher and a statesman.

Gentlemen of the Reverend Clergy! to your fostering care I commend the agricultural improvement of the age; with its improvement society has improved. The refinements and sociabilities of life, go with improved agriculture; with refinement and susceptibility, morality; with morality, pure religion. So foster it; then, reverend gentlemen, that it may lead to temporal prosperity and happiness; and through its sublime and beautiful teachings, to eternal bliss.

And finally, ladies and gentlemen! let me impress upon you the importance of beautifying and adorning the homestead. The happy influences it may have on your posterity can hardly be calculated. When you build, as if you expected to make your house your own and your children's home, and not a tenement for strangers. Save and protect the native trees around the homestead. The marks of circling years on their venerable trunks speak of centuries which you can never see; under their broad spreading branches may enjoy the cool breezes of heaven; and whilst every thing else around you is modern and new, they connect with the shadowy past—they speak of other days. Embellish your grounds with fruits and flowers. Secure pure and wholesome water. And now, fair daughters of Chambers, is your time to step in, to give color, substance and beauty, not only to your homesteads, but to yourselves and your children. Mothers, let me beg of you, as you would serve the State in building up a bulwark of morality around her borders, and in increasing the usefulness, happiness, and prosperity of your children's minds the principles of beauty. Teach them early the love and culture of flowers. That earl-owl will prove an oasis in the great desert of life—never, never to be forgotten; but will throw a halo over the homestead around which shall cling all the fond memories of youth and maturer age. Yes ladies, this is your part, and I believe you will faithfully carry it out; for woman

and beauty, truth and love, are synonymous terms. You need not go to Indian isles for flowers of beauty; your own mountains and valleys teem with floral gems. Gather these and place them in your own parterres. Let the trees dark waving foliage shield and protect your porticoes from the glaring sunbeams; give the trellis a graceful trailing vine; and that home shall be a home of hearts, cemented by the pure and beautiful. Then, indeed, will your household realize the poet's vision, that

"Fancy may charm, and feelings bless,
With sweeter hours than fashion knows;
There is no calmer quietness,
Than home around the bosom throes."

Ladies and gentleman! this is no fancy sketch. Show me the habitation of men, and I will tell you of their intelligence, and happiness and virtue. For, say what you will, the human heart when actuated by virtuous principle, craves beauty. God has developed it in everything around us. It floats on the fleecy cloud. It rides on the raging storm. It flashes in the burning sun-light. It beams in the arching rainbow. It smiles through the humblest flower. And our first parents, when driven by the Archangel from Eden, lingered "with wandering steps and slow," to catch one last long look at her beautiful bowers. And thus should it be with you; your home should be your Eden, never abandoned until driven out by the angel of misfortune; and even then, like your great progenitors, its early memories will mark the greenest spot in this pilgrimage of life. Farmers! improve and embellish your homesteads. It will prove the nucleus around which every improvement of the farm will cluster; and may the smiles of Heaven rest upon your efforts, is my humble prayer.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL MARION.—DEATH OF McDONALD.—We contribute the following facts in the life of Marion, which were communicated to us by worthy and faithful soldiers of the renowned partisan leader. William McIntosh, of Sumter, now deceased, was present at the death of Sergeant McDonald. He gave us the information some fourteen or fifteen years since. McDonald died at Fort Motte when the British were in possession of it. The fort, which consisted of the dwelling of Mrs. Motte, on the south side of Congaree river, near its junction with the Wateree, had been surrounded by a ditch, for the protection of the Americans, who were assailing it. The ditch was so shallow that it was necessary for the besiegers to stoop as they passed along from place to place. McDonald, with that daring which was his prominent trait, ventured to walk erect in the ditch, thus exposing his head and shoulders to the view of the enemy in the Fort, which was within musket shot. The fatal effects of a certain rifle, whose peculiarly clear sound was well known to the Whigs, had been sadly experienced by them on several occasions. As McDonald was standing up fearlessly in the ditch, he was warned by some one near him, in a vehement exhortation, to "be aware of that rifle." He replied that he had "faced British guns too often unharmed to fear them." As he spoke, the shrill crack of the rifle was heard, he fell, and his brains gushed from the mortal wound.

MARION'S FAREWELL.—Capt. Peter Dubose, of Sumter, another of Marion's men, who was a Whig from the first to the last of the war, said to us before his death, that at the close of the bloody contest, when it was no longer necessary to keep our armies in the field, Marion assembled his soldiers to make a farewell speech on separating from his war-worn companions, who were about to retire to the shades of peace to enjoy their blood-bought liberty. They were all deeply affected at the idea of parting with their brave and beloved General and "albeit unused to the melting mood," were prepared to shed tears under the influence of a heart-felt leave-taking. Marion mounted a stand to address them, but to the astonishment of all remained silent; and at last, it being manifest that his heart was too full for utterance, he simply waved a farewell with his hand. The effect of this mute eloquence was more powerful and electrical than the most polished valedictory. Every soldier shouted long and loud "huzzas," and a cloud of weather-beaten caps went up from that little band of heroes.—*Marion Star.*

FOR RATTLESNAKE BITES.—The following says the N. Y. Sun, is an Indian recipe for rattlesnake bites, and said to be the same infallible remedy used a few years ago by a certain tamer and exhibitor of these reptiles in this and other cities, who, it may be remembered, allowed them to bite them frequently during exhibition.

Pulverized Indigo, 4 drachms,
do. Camphor, 8 do.

Mix and keep it in closely corked bottles.—The directions for use are simply as follows: After shaking the bottle, soak the bitten part in the mixture for five minutes, and the cure is complete.

INTERESTING SURGICAL OPERATION.—It is with exceeding pleasure that we notice the alleviation of misery under any circumstances. But when afflicted humanity demands surgical assistance as a very salvation from the tomb; it is with more than the ordinary feelings of gratification that we record their relief and rescue.—A few days since two interesting surgical operations were performed in our city, each evidencing the power of human skill in snatching from the embrace of pain, if not death, the person afflicted. The first was the removal of a portion of the fifth and sixth ribs from the left side of Mrs. Elizabeth Gleason a lady residing in the western section of the city. The other was the removal of a cancerous tumor from the breast of Mrs. Donnelly a lady residing in the same section who had been suffering from the effect of tumor for nearly a year. Both operations were formed with skill by the same physician Dr. Joseph Keenan. The ladies in question are both doing well, with every prospect of speedy recovery.—*Balt Times.*