

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY
THOMAS W. PEGUIN.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum in advance, Three Dollars and Fifty Cents within six months, or Four Dollars at the expiration of the year. Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square, (fourteen lines or 14 lines) for the first and 37½ cents for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

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POETRY.

From the Alexandria (D. C.) Index.
THE ORPHAN.

BY J. E. DOW.

I have no home, my parent's graves
Are blotted from the burial green;
Along their hearth the wild wind raves,
And silent is each youthful scene.
I have no home to shelter me,
And FATHER, I have none but THEE.

I have no kindred, all are gone,
My lovely sisters sad and gay;
Their death cold pillows on the lawn,
Were made when autumn passed away;
The winter came to mourn with me,
And FATHER, I had none but THEE.

I'm all alone, my heart is sore,
My native hills I know no more;
No smile have I, nor pity's tear,
Nor memory of the dead before.
An Orphan I from infancy,
And FATHER, I have none but THEE.

Around me sweeps the bitter blast,
And in my path the snow flakes fall;
On winter's pall my form I'll cast,
And strive to bear my mother's call.
The night grows dark—I cannot see,
And FATHER, I have none but THEE.

The morning came, and 'mid the storm,
The stranger found the Orphan child;
A threadbare cloak enclosed the form,
On which the snowy drift was piled.
Her weary spirit now was free,
And FATHER, she found grace with THEE.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Planter.

MANURING.

The system of spreading refuse vegetable matter over the surface of land, instead of hauling it into the farm pen to be trampled by cattle, is finding much favor in public estimation. Among its advocates, we reckon not the least able, Mr. Drummond, the author of the following communication. We invite particular attention to his views; they in a great degree correspond with, and confirm, those of "W. W." in a former No. of the Planter.

For the Southern Planter.

I have for many years been in the custom of spreading a portion of my manures on the surface of some field which was to be cultivated the year following, and have never failed to be gratified at the result. When I speak of manuring the year previous to ploughing, I mean a year before the usual time; i. e. spreading now, and during the winter and next spring, on land which is to be cultivated in the year 1843.

I have already spread on my field to be cultivated in corn in 1843, some refuse straw, chaff, compost, saw-dust and moul, scrapings about negroes' houses, rotten leaves, and pulverized charcoal and cinders from a blacksmith's shop; and shall through the winter continue to spread the like. Refuse hay, weeds, chips, shavings, saw dust, and tobacco trash are all very good, and should never be moved to the farm pen, that we may have the trouble of moving them out again. The hog pens, however, should be liberally littered, for which purpose leaves are best; but if these cannot be had abundantly, then other trashy matter should be used.

Next spring I intend all the long manure of the horse, cattle and hay yards, to go on the cornfield intended for 1843. Of course, the decomposed and pulverized manures, will go on gardens and meadows; and of course, my cornfield of 1842, gets no manure. So soon as the weather is sufficiently warm to cause evaporation, (which is usually about the first of April) I intend to sow plaster on all the manures then spread, and follow with the same immediately after every future spreading.—The plaster is expected to intercept and retain the ammonia, as it issues from the manure, and which would otherwise become aerial, and future rains to carry it into the earth; and this, together with the

protective coat, is expected to grow a splendid crop of grass; and altogether, to make the land permanently rich.

My hilly lands are kept mostly in small grain and pasturage, and my bottoms, except for meadows, are kept in corn, small grain, and used without grazing, except partially in the fall and beginning of winter; which system I am satisfied with, and shall continue it unless convinced of my error. The ground allotted to corn will, as above stated, be manured the year before ploughing, followed in fall or winter, raked and planted in the spring, the crop tilled by the cultivator, so as not to lift the grass seeds to the surface, followed again the next fall or spring for a crop of small grain, when the grain and grass will all start together. So soon as the small grain is harvested, the field is again ready for the manure and plaster, and the third year is rest for the land, and ploughed for the sheep and calves, or cows and hogs if you please, from August till the fallow is finished.

My ground intended for corn in 1843, is now well taken in white and red clover, and in the spring is expected to make a handsome show of spear grasses; the seed of all which were previously on the land or carried with the manure which was spread for the corn crop. For this purpose, the clover are far preferable to all others. Before dismissing this part of my subject, I would remark, that it might be well to be cautious in pasturing stock sheep on highly dunged land, as I am inclined to think this is at least one of the generative principles of rot.

Let us now compare the customary mode of moving and applying manure with my proposition. As to manuring in the hill, or on the planted and growing crop, it is out of the question. Broadcast and before the fallow for planting, is the only method for a substantial Southern Planter. If the land to be planted is clay, it must be ploughed in fall or winter, for the purpose of exposing it to the frost; that, thereby, it may become pulverized. And if infested with worms, or other pestiferous insects, although sandy or otherwise porous, it must be ploughed in the same season, for their destruction. If the agriculturist has on hand the wanted quantity of manure, he must start his carts to move it out in March, and perhaps continue through April; and whether his field has already been ploughed or not, by the time the job is done, it is badly potted, by the treading of the wheels and teams. If the ground has been ploughed, it must be ploughed again, for the purpose of turning down the manure; and this is double work and cloudy to boot; nay worse, for the team and ploughman have a tough job in getting through the trodden earth, and tangled corn-stalks, and straw: and if it has not been ploughed, the last mentioned objections are equally applicable.

My mode is to get out the manure at my leisure,—the sooner the better—but if by June not much difference; and if the land should be potted in so doing, not much difference for this either, for the covering matter will prevent the land from baking, and the growing roots will open the pores anew.

Unfermented dung when applied directly to growing vegetables begets rust and other diseases; and if these be eaten by man or beast, they have a deleterious effect; but if instead of converting these vegetables into food they are ploughed down for manure, the deleterious quality must by decomposition, be thoroughly dissipated. Col. Taylor has justly remarked, that "the earth will no more bear gorging with dung, than the stomach of man with food," and I say that disease, will as certainly follow the one practice as the other. A weakly constitution, and poor land, will bear less; and a robust constitution, and rich land, will bear more food.

The custom is to spread the manure, plough it down, and plant immediately; by which process poor earth is brought to the surface, consequently the crop takes a wretched start, the puny roots presently enter and feast on the rich dung, which gorges the plant, and disease is the consequence. By my proposed practice, the ammonia, or essence of the manure, has time to sink six or eight inches before the fallow plough shall again lift it to the surface, when and where it is ready for immediate and congenial action on the young plants; and the course manure which shall be turned under, will, with the aid of industry, produce a bountiful and nutritious crop.

ZA. DRUMMOND.

Amherst, Nov. 1842.

HOGS.

The following description of the points of a good hog is taken from that standard little work, the Farmer's Almanac:

"As this species of farm stock justly occupies much of the attention of the farmers at the West at this time, we shall devote a chapter to a sketch descriptive of those breeds in which the most interest is felt.

"Let us see first what constitutes a good hog. The head—though it is certainly preferable that this should be short, handsome and sprightly, with thin, pointed and pendulous ears; yet good hogs may have

a long and somewhat coarse head, with a heavy flopped ear. The jaw should not be too heavy—the flesh of that part is coarse and of little value. moreover, it does not give an aptitude to fatten, frequently to the injury of the breeding qualities. The neck short and not too heavy, fitting well on the shoulder; the shoulder not quite as high as the loin, thick and of good substance, rounding well out; the constitution is generally in proportion to the capaciousness of the breast and loin. The brisket coming well down, and the distance between the fore legs as great as possible. The back broad and straight, and rather arched than otherwise, and particularly no sinking immediately behind the shoulder. The ribs well arched, forming a good barrel, and supporting the belly well. The rump rounding off evenly, the tail well set on; tapering and thinly haired, except the tuft, which may be heavy; in some breeds the tail is curled like a corkscrew. The ham must be of good size, round and plump, and swelling out so as to come in a line with the shoulder; such a formed ham will weigh well to its size. The hips wide spread, and the twist coming well down the flank deep and full; the belly roomy, but not coming too near the ground. The legs straight and fine in the bone; the muscles heavy, particularly in the thigh and arm; the hock pointed; the pastern joints firm and strong, not resting the dew claws on the ground, so that the animal has a bold and erect footing; a thick fleshy leg will not carry a heavy hog to a distant market. The skin thick, but tender and gelatinous, and easily masticated, even in the shape of roasted crackling; soft and handling well and free from eruption. The hair smooth and soft, no bristles on the neck, shoulder or back. It has been observed, even by some of the oldest writers that smooth soft haired hogs are most suitable for warm climates.

"Though the above described form and qualities are those that in our view constitute the best hog, yet, like all other kinds of farm stock, they should in a measure be adapted to the climate, situation with reference to market, nature of the keep, and the circumstances and management of the farm."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BACON SAVED.—The Legislature of Maine have granted a divorce to Col. Ebenezer Cobb and his wife Sarah Bacon. The wrong side of fifty caught the husband, while the bride had just passed the age of blooming seventeen.

For this divorce the only course
That wisely can be taken,
Fair Sarah sued—the case was proved,
And thus she saved her bacon!
Can any blame the youthful dame,
Who gave the courts a job?
When all the corn is shelled and gone,
Say, who would keep the Cobb?

There is a man in Boston whose face is so sharp that he splits wood with it.—Rasp.

Wonder if he is related to the old lady who once lived in North Carolina, whose nose it is said, was so sharp that she used it for a tooth pick.

[From the N. O. Picayune.]

LOOK OUT.

When you find that your horse has been "taken with a leaving" during the night, lock the stable door and look out.

When you hear fire-bells ringing in the night, and the wall begins to feel hot at your side, get up and look out.

When you have fifty thousand dollars in your pocket-book and suddenly find that your pocket-book has become an abstraction, then look out.

When you are sitting comfortably smoking a cigar upon the boiler deck of a high-pressure steamboat, and find yourself unceremoniously knocked into a cocked hat, minus a leg and an arm, and lying in hot water, then look out.

When pretty women pass along the sidewalk, opposite your office window, you are at liberty to look out.

When a pretty woman is looking out for you, look out.

When you are water-bound in your place of business at dinner hour, with a hungry stomach, a preevish temper, and a cataract of rain falling in the street, take a chair by the window, politely breathe your thankfulness to the gentleman who borrowed your umbrella, and look out.

When you step upon a tip-sy flag in the sidewalk during sloppy weather, and find your new French tights fancifully variegated with mud spots, you will find it a pleasant revenge to return and stamp upon the flag again, harder, so that your coat may assume uniformity with the pants, and ever after look out.

When you are riding in a railroad car, and are told to "look out!" look out, of course, but keep your head in.

When a man strikes a boxing attitude before you, and it strikes you that he intends to strike, by all means strike out an intimation of striking back, in as striking a position as possible, and look out.

When somebody you don't know offers you something you never saw, desiring you to buy it at less than half its value, look out.

When gratuitous lodgings are provided for you by an impatient creditor, in a small stone apartment with a grated window, you may possibly find it pleasant pastime to look out.

When any body you don't want to see happens to be near you in a public room, it is quite natural that something in the street should attract your attention and you may look out.

Any young ladies having connubial desires, and no particular prospects, may perhaps find it profitable to look out.

Upon getting into a "wrong box," upon any occasion, it may be as well to look out.

When you find another man doing more business than you are, and you are puzzled to know the reason, just look over his advertisement in the newspaper, and look out.

When James G. Birney is President of these United States, look out: You need not, however, make yourself especially uneasy about looking out for such a look out.

Look out for rain whenever the almanac tells you; and if don't come, why you can still keep on the look out.

Look out for fun about the coming holiday times, and if you want direction how to find it, read the morning papers and look out.

Look out for Number One particularly, and upon all occasions, and look out for your neighbor when you can, for a man sometimes saves his own neck by being upon the look out for another.

From the New York Aurora.

PLEA OF AN IOWA COUNSELLOR.—Gentlemen of the Jury:—It is with feelings of no ordinary commotion, I rise to defend my injured client from the attacks which have been made upon his heretofore unapproachable character. I feel, gentlemen, that though a good deal smarter than any of you are, or even the Judge here, yet that I am totally incompetent to present this ere case in that magnanimous and heart rendering light which its importance demands. And I trust, gentlemen, that whatever I may lack in presenting the subject, will be immediately made up by your own good sense and discernment, if you have any.

The counsel for the prosecution, gentlemen, will undoubtedly endeavor to have dust in your eyes. He will tell you that his client is a man of function—that he is a man of unimpeachable voracity—that he is a man who would scorn to fetch an action against another, merely to gratify his personal corporosity—but let me retreat of you, gentlemen to beware how you reply upon any spacious reasoning like this. I myself apprehended that this ere suit has been wilfully and maliciously fought—fought gentlemen for the sole and only purpose of browbeating my unhappy client here, and in an eminent manner grinding the face of the poor:—and, gentlemen I apprehend that if you could look into that man's heart, and read the motives that have propelled him to fetch this suit, such a picture of moral turpentine and heartfelt ingratitude would be brought to light as has never before been experienced since the Falls of Niagara:

Now, gentlemen, I want to make a brilliant appeal to the kind sympathies of your nater, and see if I cant warp your judgment a little in favor of my unfortunate client, and then I shall fetch my arrangements to a close. Here is a poor man, who has a numerous wife and children dependant on him for their daily bread and butter, wantonly fought up here and arranged before an intellectual jury, on the charge of eggnomiously hooking—yes, gentlemen, mark the idea, hooking, six quarts of cider. You, gentlemen, have all been placed in the same situation, and you know how to feel for the misfortunes of my heart broken client; and I hope you will not permit the nateral gushings of your sympathizing hearts to be overcome by the superstitious argument of my ignorant opponent on the other side.

The law expressly declares, gentlemen, in the beautiful language of Shakespeare, that where no doubt exists of the guilt of a prisoner, it is your duty to lean upon the side of justice, and fetch him in innocent. If you keep this fact in view, you will have the honor gentlemen, of making a friend of him and all his relations, and you can allers look back upon this case that you did as you have been done by; but if you disregard this first point of law, set at nought my eloquent remarks, and fetch him in guilty, the silent twitches of conscience will foller you over every fair cornfield, and my injured client, gentlemen will be pretty apt to light on you some of these dark nights, as my cat lights on a saucer full of now milk.

Expensive Profanity.—The editor of the Crescent City says he was once in a county court up the country, when a wealthy devilmay-care farmer ripped out an oath, for which the Judge fined him.—With much nonchalance he pulled out his pocket book, and paid a \$20 bill for the outrage. The lawyer went on with his argument, and touching the feelings of our farmer, he again broke out with—
"D—n my eyes! if it ain't a lie!"

Again he was fined. He still, however, kept on swearing, and regularly paying his fine for each oath, until at last he found himself in a terrible passion, and only seventy-five cents in his pocket book.—He could contain himself no longer, but jumping up from his seat, exclaimed, "See here, Judge, that are lawyer is a cursed scoundrel, and I aint got but six bits, and I want to swear at him eternally bad.—Now, yer honor, jist tell me of an oath that's worth three-quarters of a dollar, and if I don't pitch it at him d—n me!"

ANECDOTE.—The Philadelphia Chronicle calls the hero of the following story a Yankee, but we will wager a sixpence that he was born in Pennsylvania. But no matter, it is a good joke.

"What do you charge for board?" asked a tall Green Mountain boy, as he walked up to the bar of a second rate hotel in New York—"what do you ask a week for board and lodging?" "Five dollars." "Five dollars! that's too much; but I'll 'pose you will allow for the times I am absent from dinner and supper?" "Certainly—thirty-seven and a half cents each." Here the conversation ended, and the Yankee took up his quarters for two weeks. During this time, he lodged and breakfasted at the hotel, but did not take either dinner or supper, saying his business detained him in another portion of the town. At the expiration of the two weeks, he again walked up to the bar, and said—"Sp'ese we settle that account—I'm going in a few minutes." The landlord handed him his bill—"Two weeks' board at 65—\$10.—" "Here, stranger," said the Yankee, "this is wrong—you've made a mistake; you've not deducted the times I was absent from dinner and supper—14 days, 2 meals per day—28 meals at 37 1-2 cents each—\$10 50. If you've not got the fifty cents change that's due me, I'll take a drink and the balance in segars."

ANOTHER HORRID MURDER.—We are again called upon to perform the painful task of recording the murder of an unoffending woman by her brutish and inhuman husband. The facts in relation to this appalling murder are as follows:—A man named James Adams and Ann his wife, lived in Amity lane, one door from the corner of Wooster street, and on Thursday the husband who is an intemperate man, in the employ of Mr. Lark, the Street Inspector of the 15th Ward, returned home from his work about half-past 5 o'clock, and finding a woman named Ann Gorman setting the table for supper, began to abuse her, called her opprobrious names, and threw a plate at her head, afterwards swore he would take her life, and for that purpose seized a large carving knife; but Mrs. Adams who had been in the yard hanging up some clothes that she had been washing came in, remonstrated, with him on his attack upon this unoffending woman; upon which he became the more enraged and said he would take her life also, and plunged the knife into her bosom and buried the blade four inches, which he drew forth and again stabbed her in the breast, the knife passing through her corset board and breast bone, and into the right ventricle of the heart.

Mrs. Adams then got from his grasp and ran round into Wooster street, to a Mrs. Turner's No. 213, calling murder, her inhuman brute of a husband leaving his attacks on her to wreak his vengeance on the woman, still keeping hold of the bloody knife, but who fortunately made her escape through the window. On Mrs. Adams going to Mrs. Turner's, to avoid the murderer, she was placed on a chair, and in a very few minutes after fainted and died. Mr. Leek, hearing of the horrid deed, went and arrested Adams, whom he took to the Upper Police office, where he was placed in strong confinement.

The Coroner yesterday held an inquest on the body, at Mrs. Turner's, and the jury delivered a verdict that the unfortunate woman came to her death by stabs inflicted on her person by her husband James Adams.

Adams was examined about 5 o'clock, before Justice Taylor, and fully committed. He is about 50 years of age, and a native of England, as was also Mrs. Adams, and who was about 49 years old. She was a very industrious woman and he on the contrary, a very intemperate man, and was frequently in the habit of ill-treating her.—N Y. Era.

RIGHT OF SEARCH.—It is said by a Louisiana Journal that Gen. Hamilton, on the part of Texas, has, in the treaty with England acceded to her right of searching Texas vessels. Texas is a small republic, and among the nations of the world like a slender reed; but we know that if Hamilton has in reality sacrificed a principle so scrupulously repudiated by the United States, it is disavowed by the great body of her virtuous population. In the present crisis of affairs, we say to Texans, never permit this act to be ratified by your legislative body. America is on the brink of war, and England on the brink of her grave. These are not empty sounds, and we know from the great reliance the citizens of eastern Texas, have placed in the Herald, that this advice will not be unheeded.—Natchez Herald.