

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MARCH 26, 1852.

NUMBER 25.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY

THOMAS J. WARREN.

### TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment be delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

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The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

### HAPPINESS.

Know thou this truth, (enough for man to know)  
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

The only point where human bliss stands still,  
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;  
Where only merit constant pay receives,  
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;  
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,  
And if it lose, attended with no pain:  
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,  
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:  
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,  
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:  
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,  
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;  
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;  
Never dejected, while another's blest;  
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

[Pope's Essay on Man.]

### DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death drouth strange beauty on that cherub brow  
And dashed it out. There was a tint of rose  
On cheek and lip—he touched the veins with ice,  
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes  
There spake a wistful tenderness—a doubt  
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence  
Alone can wear—with ruthless haste he bound  
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids  
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound  
With which the babe would charm its mother's ear  
Charming her even to tears—the spoiler set  
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile  
So fixed and holy from that marble brow,  
Death gazed and left it there—he dared not steal  
The signet ring of Heaven.

From Motherwell's Poems.

### WOMAN.

Perchance, far out at sea, thou may'st have found  
Some lean, bald cliff—a lonely patch of ground,  
Alien amidst the waters—some poor isle  
Where summer blooms were never known to smile.  
Or trees to yield their verdure—yet around  
That barren spot the dimpling surges throng,  
Cheering it with their low and plaintive song,  
And clasping the deserted coast away  
In a most strict embrace—and all along  
Its margin rendering freely its array  
Of treasured shell and coral. Thus we may  
Note love in faithful woman: oft among  
The rudest shocks of life's wide sea she shares  
Man's lot, and more than half the burden bears,  
Around whose path are flowers strewn by her  
tender cares.

### THE BRIDAL EVE.

'Twas on one of those beautiful evenings in  
May, when all nature is clad in her richest  
robes, and each blossom yields its odours to the  
passing breeze, that I perceived the inhabitants  
of the little village of L. to be in a complete  
flutter: Beaux and belles were seen tripping  
along the streets, rigged out in all their finery;  
and the playful smile which illuminated the  
countenance of each passing nymph, told there  
was somewhat of unusual occurrence about to  
take place. Reader, be not surprised when I  
tell you it was nothing more or less than a  
wedding.

I had been a few days in the village, and had  
formed an acquaintance with some of the chief  
inhabitants, among whom was Mr. Bevil, one  
of the principal dandies of the place, and who  
at this moment came running up, and seizing  
my hand and hitting me a hearty tap on the  
shoulder, in the exuberance of good friendship  
exclaimed, "Mr. Warring you are going to the  
wedding of this beautiful creature? To which  
I replied in the negative, and inquired who it  
was, for I had not yet heard; "who is it?"  
replies he in evident surprise, "why, none else,  
to be sure, than the lovely Miss Eliza Stanmore,  
for whom more men have run mad, than for any  
other since the Trojan War—But come, you  
must go, the good old Mr. Stanmore will be  
proud of your company," and at the same time  
interlocking his arm in mine, hurried me along  
towards a stately mansion in the eastern part  
of the town.

In our walk, I learned from him that Eliza  
had for a long time reigned pre-eminent as the  
belle of the country as well as of the village,  
and had, as is usually the case, been solicited  
in marriage by many of the most respectable  
and eminent men of the place, yet, (strange to  
relate), to all of whom she had given the most  
unqualified refusal. The fact of the case was  
this—in extreme youth, she had formed an at-  
tachment for a young man against her father's  
will, from whom she was torn by her unfeeling  
parent. Yet, although she was constrained to  
drop the idea of marrying him (at least, for

the present, the primal attachment of her heart  
remained firm and unshaken. Young Edmund,  
for that was the name of her lover, had joined  
the army, hoping that he might signalize himself  
by some act, or in some way become accepta-  
ble in the eyes of her avaricious father. So  
long as Eliza received any information concern-  
ing him his fortune was still precarious, yet  
was not the ardor of his passion in the least  
abated, or his hopes in ought extinguished.  
Therefore Eliza remained callous to the ad-  
dresses of her many admirers, and deaf to the  
earnest entreaties of her father. But now three  
years had rolled round since she had received  
any intelligence from him, and it was a cur-  
rent report through the neighborhood that he  
had fell at the battle of —; his own sister  
persuaded Eliza such must have been his fate.  
At last this unfortunate girl, overcome by the  
continual solicitations of her friends, yielded at  
last, to satisfy the desires of her parent, and  
was now going to be married to a rich land-  
holder of the first connexions, though at the  
same time, she declared her heart was with her  
unfortunate Edmund.

This little interesting history made me some-  
what anxious to see this beautiful, young and  
unfortunate lady—I therefore yielded to the  
impulse of the dandy's arm, and entered the  
domicile of Mr. Stanmore. A large company  
had convened in the expectation of the ap-  
proaching ceremony—the eyes of all resting  
on the bride and bridegroom who were seated  
on a sofa, in the audience hall. I was struck  
with the enchanting appearance of the unfor-  
tunate Eliza, as soon as I cast my eyes on her,  
the impression I then felt, even at this late day  
remains bright in my memory. She appeared  
to be about in her sixteenth year, she was ar-  
rayed in the finest costume, but the natural  
regularity and symmetry of her countenance  
and the charming lustre of her snowy neck  
partially covered with floating ringlets of hair  
of the finest chestnut brown, were sufficient to  
render her "too charming," without the frail  
assistance of dress. All that is beautiful, lovely  
and fascinating was there; indeed I may say  
it, without exaggeration, I never beheld,  
before nor since, so interesting a being. From  
the dejected cast of her countenance, and lan-  
guid eye, it was easily perceived that her feel-  
ings partook not of the gay festivities, mirth  
and glee that regaled the happy inmates of the  
house.

A few moments elapsed after I had gained  
a seat, when the priest announced that all was  
ready. A slight paleness flashed over the coun-  
tenance of the unfortunate Eliza and a cold  
trepidation shook her gentle frame; yet with  
as much composure as the case would admit of  
she approached the threshold, where her des-  
tiny was to be confirmed forever. Never can  
I forget the feelings that pervaded my breast  
at that dread moment.—Worlds would I have  
sacrificed, could I have produced the unfor-  
tunate Edmund. The ceremony was about com-  
mencing, when a considerable tumult was cre-  
ated at the door. Mr. Stanmore called to know  
what was the matter—a waiter entered and  
told him a stranger was contending with the  
porter for admittance, swearing he would speak  
to the gentleman of the house that instant.  
"Let him enter," observed Mr. Stanmore. The  
waiter retired, and in a few moments returned,  
conducting in a middle aged man of ordinary  
size and appearance; his garb was sufficient  
to tell he was a minstrel. "What is thy busi-  
ness friend," observed Mr. Stanmore, "that  
you are so importunate?" "The lion I ask  
is small," replied the stranger, with becoming  
modesty, "and Heaven itself, will bless thee  
for granting it." "Name it," replies Mr. Stan-  
more, somewhat impatiently.—"It is," replies  
the stranger, "that I may play an epithalamium  
previous to the solemnization of your  
daughter's marriage; I pray you deny me not  
this small request." You shall, undoubtedly,  
have liberty," said Mr. Stanmore, "and we  
will thank thee for thy performance, good sir,"  
A triumphant smile played upon the lips of the  
minstrel—he nodded a respectful obeisance,  
and riveting his eyes on the bride, sung (ac-  
companied by his voice with his harp), the follow-  
ing pathetic verses, in the most plaintive man-  
ner:

1. "O know you not, my lady bright,  
Who now the bridal wreaths are wearing,  
An absent youth a gallant knight,  
Of high renown and noble bearing.  
2. "Where is that youth? Oh! lady fair,  
For thee he breath'd his dying pray'r;  
His aching head was on my breast;  
My blessings bear to her, he said,  
Whisper'd thy name then sunk to rest,  
Too true to thee, thou faithless maid."

From the commencement of this song, I had  
observed a sudden paleness, as of death, to  
seize the unfortunate Eliza, and an immense  
trembling to agitate her whole frame; but  
scarce had the minstrel concluded the last line,  
when uttering a faint scream, she swooned,  
and would have fell, had not she been support-  
ed by the bridegroom. "What is the matter,  
my love?" exclaimed he most affectionately;  
"speak, I beseech you;" but she returned him  
no answer. Her countenance assumed the as-  
pect of a maniac, her eyes rolling in frightful  
wildness—at last by a wonderful effort, she  
gathered a degree of composure, and in the  
most plaintive manner, thus addressed the min-  
strel:—"No, good minstrel, I have not yet  
breathed the nuptial vow, nor will I—I am yet  
true and faithful to the object of my first pre-  
dilection." Then turning to her father, she  
cries—"O my father, do not, you cannot force  
from thy unfortunate child, an oath to Heaven,  
which, though thy cruelty might force my lip  
to utter, my heart never could sanction." The  
bridegroom and her father raved in all the ag-  
ony of despair, crying, "she is deranged, she  
is a maniac." For a while she sunk in a state  
of stupidity—again her features recovered their

wonted animation and seeming to obtain a  
momentary gleam of sensibility, again she  
spoke.—"Be assured good minstrel," she cried,  
"the vow I gave to my only beloved is yet un-  
broken;" "and believe not," she said, again  
addressing her father, "that I am raving, for  
you will find it true enough I have given my  
last farewell to earth." Her cheeks, which  
had for a moment been suffused by a fierce ru-  
buncundity, now became ashy pale—her eyes  
grew dim, and it was easily seen that death  
was fast approaching. One deep convulsion  
rent her soul; she fell upon her father, and  
casting one filial glance, sunk in the bosom of  
rest. "O my God!" exclaims the unfortunate  
father, my daughter dies—she is dead—one  
look my dear child; yet awake, I will not claim  
thy unwilling vow." But his heart became  
lenient too late—she heard him not. The min-  
strel cast a pitying glance upon the lifeless  
corpse of Eliza, and finding it was true enough  
she was dead, a supernatural smile glanced  
across his countenance and exclaiming, "by  
Heavens, a noble soul," immediately disappear-  
ed through the crowd. —It was Edmund.  
ONSLO.

### Wonderful Catacombs.

One of the foreign correspondents of the Na-  
tional Intelligencer, gives the following descrip-  
tion of the regions of the dead beneath a convent  
in Palermo:

Chief among the wonders of Palermo are the  
Catacombs of the Capuchin Convent, near the  
Porta d'Ossuna. It is said to be a place of great  
antiquity: many of the bodies have been preserv-  
ed in it for centuries, and still retain much of their  
original freshness. I had heard of these cata-  
combs in Paris, and my visit to Palermo was in-  
duced chiefly by the extraordinary account given  
of them. Entering the ancient and ruinous court  
of the Convent, distant about a mile from the city,  
we were conducted by a ghostly-looking monk  
through some dark passages to the subterranean  
apartments of the dead. It was not my first visit  
to a place of this kind, but I must confess the sight  
was rather startling. It was like a revel of the  
dead—a horrible, grinning, ghastly exhibition of  
skeleton forms, sightless eyes, and shining teeth,  
jaws distended, and bony hands outstretched,  
heads without bodies, and bodies without heads—  
the young, the old, the brave, the once beautiful  
and gay, all mingled in the ghastly throng. We  
walked through long subterranean passages, lined  
with the dead on both sides: with a stealthy and  
measured tread we stepped, for they seemed to  
stare at the intrusion, and their skeleton fingers  
vibrated as if yearning to grasp the living in their  
embrace. Long rows of upright niches are cut  
into the walls on each side, in every niche a skele-  
ton form stands erect as in life, habited in a robe  
of black; the face, hands, and feet naked, withered,  
and of an ashy hue, the grizzled beards still  
hanging in tufts from the jaws, and in the recent  
cases the hair still clinging to the skull, but matted  
and dry. To each corpse is attached a label  
upon which is written the name and the date of  
decease, and a cross or the image of the Saviour.

Soon recovering from the shock of the first im-  
pression, I was struck with the wonderful variety  
of and marked expression of character in the fa-  
ces and forms around me. There were progres-  
sive dates of death, extending from remote cen-  
turies up to the present period, the niches being  
so arranged as to admit of a regular order of de-  
posit. Many of the bodies stood erect, as if just  
lifted from the death-bed, the faces colorless, and  
the horrible agonies of dissolution stamped upon  
the features; the lower jaws hanging upon the  
breast; the teeth grinning and glistening between  
the parched lips, and the black hue of sickness  
about the mouth and around the sunken sockets  
of the eyes; and in some the sightless orbs were  
open and staring with a wild glare of affright, as  
if peering into the awful mysteries of the unknown  
bourn from whence none return; while others  
were a grotesque laugh of derision still more ap-  
palling, with the muscles of the mouth drawn up,  
the eyebrows lifted, the head jilted knowingly on  
one side; the hair matted in horny tufts, the bare  
spots on the skulls, like the pebbled wig of a bar-  
lequin; the skeleton arms stretched, and the bony  
fingers spread as if to clutch the relentless de-  
stroyer, and wrestle with him to the last. These  
I fancied were lively fellows, who were carried  
off suddenly after a midnight carouse. I sat down  
on a box containing a dead child, and looked up  
at a row of bodies opposite that attracted my no-  
tice in a particular degree. In the middle stood  
a frolicking fellow, about two years dead, whose  
sunken eyes appeared still to burn with the fire of  
life and humor. His hands were lifted in a de-  
precating manner over a congregation of corpses  
sitting on a shelf below. Some appeared to be  
listening; some grinning at his humorous har-  
angue; others, with their heads together, seem to  
question the propriety of his anecdotes; old gen-  
tlemen, with knitted brows and lantern jaws;  
ranges of bodies stood on each side of him as if  
laughing, talking, praying, dying, suffering, listen-  
ing, rejoicing, and feasting at the banquet of  
death.

One little man, in a dingy suit of black, sat in a  
corner; the end of his nose was eaten off by the  
worms; his mouth was compressed, and had a  
pinched expression; his hands grasped eagerly  
at something. I thought that little man was a  
miser, whose death was caused by starvation.  
Another figure, a large portly body, stood in a con-  
spicuous part of the vault; it was the corpse of a  
fat old bishop, whose jaws were still rotund and  
smooth with good living, and his sleek hair parted  
down to his head as with the oil of yore; round  
beefs and macaroni soups, and jolly cast of coun-  
tenance, betokened a system liberally supplied  
with the juices of life, and a conscience rendered  
easy by attention to the creature comforts. That  
man lived an easy life, and died of good feeding.  
He was carefully labelled, and carried on his  
wrists a jewelled cross. There stood in another  
part of the vault a fiery orator, with open mouth  
and distended arms. The head was thrown  
back, the breast partially bare, a few tufts of black  
hair fell from his pebbled skull; his round staring  
eyes were stretched open, and his brows arched  
high on his wrinkled forehead; he looked toward  
heaven for inspiration. I fancied I could hear the  
flaming torrent, as it blazed and crackled and scin-  
tillated from his thin ashy lips. It was the glow-  
ing eloquence of an ardent soul that left its parting  
impression upon the clay; the form yet spoke, but  
the sound was not there. Passing on from vault  
to vault, we saw here and there a dead baby  
thrown upon a shelf—its little innocent face sleep-  
ing calmly among the mouldering skulls; a leg or  
an arm, or an old skull, from which the lower  
jaw had fallen; now a lively corpse, jumping with

a startling throe from its niche, or a grim skeleton  
in its dark corner chuckling at the ravages of the  
destroyer. Who was the prince here? Who  
was the great man, or the proud man, or the rich  
man? The musty, grinning, ghastly skeleton in  
the corner seemed to chuckle at the thought, and  
say to himself, "Was it you, there on the right,  
you ugly, noseless, sightless, disgusting thing?—  
Was it you that rode in your fine carriage about  
a year ago, and thought yourself so great when  
you ordered your coachman to drive over the  
beggar if he did not get out of the way? Don't  
you see he is as handsome as you are now, and  
as great a man; you can't cut him down now, old  
fellow."

And you, there on the left. What a nice figure  
you are with your fleshless shanks and your  
worm-eaten lips! It was you that betrayed youth  
and beauty and innocence, and brought yourself  
here at last to keep company with such fellows as  
I am. Why, there is not a living thing now, save  
the maggots, that would't turn away in disgust  
from you. And you, sir, on the opposite side,  
how proud you were when I last saw you; an  
officer of state, a great man in power, who could  
crush all below you, and make the happy wife a  
widowed mourner, and bring her little babes to  
starvation; it was you that had innocent men  
seized and cast in prison. What can you do  
now? The meanest wretch that mocks you in  
this vault of death is as good as you, as strong,  
as great, as tall, as broad, as pretty a piece of  
mortality, and a great deal nearer heaven. Oh,  
you are a nice set of fellows, all mixing together  
without ceremony! Where are your rules of  
etiquette; your fashionable ranks, and your plebeian  
ranks; your thousands of admiring friends,  
your throngs of jewelled visitors? Ha! ha! This  
is a jolly place, after all; we are all a jolly set  
of republicans, and old Death is our President!"

Turning away from this strange exhibition of  
death's doings, I followed the old monk into the  
vaults allotted to the women. Here the specta-  
cle was still more shocking and impressive. The  
bodies were not placed in an upright position  
like those of the men, but were laid out at full  
length in glass cases, the walls on both sides be-  
ing covered.

The young, the gay, the beautiful, were all  
here, laid lowly in the relentless embrace of death,  
decked out in silken dresses, laces, and jewelry,  
as in mockery of the past. Each corpse had its  
sad history. I saw a young bride who was stricken  
down in a few brief months after her marriage.  
She was dressed in her bridal costume; the bon-  
net and veil still on, the white gloves drawn over  
her skeleton fingers; a few withered flowers laid  
upon her breast by the mourning one she had left  
behind. Through the thin veil could be seen a  
blanched, grinning, bony face; sunken sockets,  
marked around with the dark lines of decay; and  
her long hair was drawn in luxuriant masses over  
her withered bosom. Another held in her arms  
a skeleton babe. Some were habited in walking  
dresses; others in all the finery of ball-room cos-  
tume, with gay silks, slippers, silk stockings, and  
tawdry lace. It was a ghastly sight to look under  
the bonnets, and gaze upon the sunken ashy  
features, decked around with artificial flowers,  
and trace in those withered lineaments no linger-  
ing light of beauty, no flickering ray of the immor-  
tal spirit, but a dreary history of mortal agony,  
decay, and corruption. Yet here the husband  
comes to hold communion with the beloved soul  
that once dwelt in that mouldering corpse; to look  
upon those blanched features, that were once ani-  
mate with life and affection; to kiss the cold lips,  
and feel no returning warmth. And here, too,  
the father, brother, sister, and wife come to gaze  
upon the dead; and here the mother comes to  
weep over the withered corpse of her babe. Once  
a year, as I learnt from the old monk, the relatives  
of the deceased come to pray for the salvation of  
their souls, and deck their bodies with flowers.

"From the conversation of the monk, I learnt  
that these catacombs are supported by contribu-  
tions from the relatives of the deceased, who pay  
annually a certain sum for the preservation of the  
bodies. Each new comer is placed in a temporary  
niche, and afterwards removed to a permanent  
place, where he is permitted to remain as long as  
the contributions continue; but when the cus-  
tomary fees are not forthcoming, the corpses are  
thrown aside on a shelf, where they lie till the  
relatives think proper to have them set up again.—  
Whole shelves are filled with skulls and bodies  
of the dead, put out of the way to make room for  
others of a more profitable character.

"It might be supposed that the air of the cata-  
combs is in some degree affected by the fresh  
bodies, but this is not the case. There is no offen-  
sive odor; and the visitor would scarcely know,  
if he did not see them, that he was surrounded  
by the dead. I could perceive no difference in the  
atmosphere of these vaults from that of any other  
subterranean place, except a slight smell of mould  
not altogether disagreeable. The fresh air is ad-  
mitted from the top, and it is to its extreme dry-  
ness that the preservation of the bodies may be  
attributable."

### Use and Benefits of Lime in Scotland.

Falkner, thus speaks upon this subject:  
"There is no country in Europe where cal-  
cined lime is used to so great an extent, and  
in such quantities, as in the more improved and  
improving districts of Scotland. This may be  
partly owing to the total absence of chalk,  
which abounds in many parts of England, and  
which renders calcined lime less necessary  
there; but is principally to be attributed to the  
great benefit which has been derived from its  
use, which would hardly be credited were its  
effects not too correctly stated to be disputed.  
In bringing new or maiden soil into cultivation,  
the use of lime is indeed found to be so essential,  
that little good could be done without it. Its  
first application in particular, gives a degree of  
permanent fertility to soil which can be impar-  
ted by no other manure. Maiden soils in Lam-  
mermuir, of a tolerable quality, will, with the  
force of sheep's dung, produce a middling crop  
of oats and rye; but the richest animal dung  
does not enable them to bring any other grain  
to maturity. Peas, barley, or wheat, will set  
out with every appearance of success, but when the  
peas are in bloom, and the other grains putting  
forth the ear, they proceed no further, and  
dwindle away in fruitless abortion; while the  
same soils, when sufficiently limed, will, in  
good seasons, bring every species of grain to  
maturity.

This fact proves that oats and rye requires  
less calcareous matter than what is necessary  
for other grains; that lime acts as an alternative,  
as well as an active medicine; and that defects

in the constitution of the soil are cured, even af-  
ter the stimulant and fertilizing effects of the  
lime have long ceased to operate. Lime is al-  
so peculiarly beneficial in improving moorish  
soils, for making them produce good herbage  
where nothing but heath and impalatable grasses  
grew formerly, of which instances, too nu-  
merous to be repeated, must be in the recollec-  
tion of every experienced farmer. The expense  
of this article, and the distance to which it is  
carried, in some parts of Scotland; is stated to  
be enormous: in Aberdeenshire, for instance;  
very little of it is produced in this county; it is  
carried inland to the distance of more than 30  
miles, after being imported from Suderland; yet  
lime is there considered to be so absolutely ne-  
cessary to the land as to be considered the  
foundation of all substantial improvement."

From the Alabama Planter.  
Small Crops.

Messrs. Editors:—In this country we have  
a great variety of things that according to soil,  
locality and circumstances, we may profitably  
cultivate, and it is good economy to vary and  
multiply them by such means. If one article  
fails or is light, another may be good and in  
some measure supply its place, and then there  
is a variety for our stock, and it is probably as  
grateful to the beasts as to man to change his  
diet once in a while, nor is it less grateful than  
healthful to do so to either man or beast.

Potatoes.—This nutritious and healthy root  
is so congenial to our climate that it grows on  
almost any soil so well that few neglect to  
raise a small crop. A fine sandy loam seems  
their proper place, but as before said they  
grow almost every where. Horses eat them  
with avidity and are healthy and thrive well on  
them; sheep and cattle likewise. To the for-  
mer they would be doubtless an excellent win-  
ter food; to milch cows they would be very  
superior either raw or boiled, but the latter  
best. They will fatten hogs first-rate; as an  
article for market they are among the most  
saleable. Planted near rivers, railroads, &c.,  
they might be made the source of much profit,  
but producing largely, they are of great value  
to fatten pork and with no trouble in gathering.

Gouber or Pindar Peas—These, like the po-  
tatoes, grow almost every where, but best on  
sandy lands. They require not much work,  
and succeed well even on poor land. They  
are very saleable and not heavy to take to mar-  
ket. Plant them and if you have not time to  
dig all, when you quit, turn the sows and pigs  
on them. They will dig at them all winter,  
and if there are enough they will keep fat too,  
as the peas keep sound till spring. They are  
equal to anything for either young or old hogs.  
They might be profitably raised either for the  
market or for the hogs. Lately a very fine ta-  
ble oil has also been obtained from them.

Turnips.—A well manured piece of ground,  
either old or fresh, is pretty sure for turnips,  
especially as in this climate we can sow a se-  
cond time if we sow early and miss the first  
time; they are very valuable as the food of  
man or beast. They should be more cultiva-  
ted, as we neglect vegetable food too much in  
this country. They can be cultivated profitably  
for sheep, cattle and hog feeding; for the  
two latter they are best boiled, with meal mixed  
with them according to the circumstances and  
design of feeding. In cultivating new land,  
naturally rich, they sometimes do without ma-  
nuring. All land either new or old should be  
rich and finely pulverized.

Peas.—Go under a variety of names, as  
cornfield, blackeyed, tory, cow, black, &c.—  
The tory, which rather a red pea, has some  
good qualities. They do not rot soon and bear  
well, though the yellow or common cow pea  
is esteemed by some as good and by some a bet-  
ter bearer, and generally a healthier and better  
pea for stock; hence, though not keeping so  
well as the tory from rot, it is yet preferred by  
many. This crop is attended to with some care,  
but by no means as it should be. Some plan-  
ters estimate it as worth half as much as the  
corn and many one-fourth. It is usually raised  
by planting between the corn hills at the  
last plowing but one and generally hoed once  
after the corn is laid by. No planter should  
fail to raise peas. Stock of all kinds, horses,  
cattle, hogs, and sheep are healthy and fatten  
upon them. There are always too few gather-  
ed to meet the demand for the market and plan-  
ting. Some kinds are good for man also.—  
They may be raised with facility in wheat, rye,  
or oats' stubble, especially the latter, or on a  
fallow. Raised in this way the vines may be  
cut off or pulled up and thus produce a large  
amount of fodder for stock. Ploughed under  
when green, it is said by some that they are  
equal to clover as a fertilizer. This is worthy  
of further trial. The crop is worthy of more  
attention than is usually given to it by plan-  
ters.

BEETS, CARROTS AND PARSNIPS.—These  
crops are grown largely at the north and pro-  
duce from 500 to 1500 bushels to the acre,  
according to kind, soil, &c. They make a  
large part of the feed for horses, cattle, sheep,  
and hogs. They are accounted among the  
most profitable crops.—Might they not be  
successfully raised here, and after supplying cu-  
linary purposes make a valuable addition to our  
food for stock? By greater variety in our re-  
sources might we not feed and raise and fatten  
stock more successfully than we do?

Talking about women voting, the Burlington  
Sentinel says:

Cradles are the ballot boxes for women, in  
which they should deposit, not votes, but vot-  
ers. That makes a Warwick of every mother  
of 'em.