

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, MAY 6, 1851.

NUMBER 36.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if payment is delayed for six months, and Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

In the weekly, seventy-five cents for each square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

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 inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid or receive attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal: W. C. CASTON, General Agent; Col. T. W. HUEY, Jacksonville, Lancaster Dist.; S. H. ROSSER, Esq., Lancasterville, S. C.; C. C. McCRAKEN, Carlisle, N. C.; W. C. MOORE, Esq., Camden, S. C. And Postmasters are requested to act as Agents.

Ice! Ice! Ice!

THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand large supply of SUPERIOR ICE

Wholesale and retail, which he offers to the City and country trade, on as reasonable terms as any other House in the city.

JOHN B. MARTIN, Agent,
Charleston Neck Ice House,
Charleston, S. C. March 1, 1851.

N. B.—Persons wishing Ice sent to any part on the South Carolina or Georgia Rail Roads, can be supplied by addressing a letter to the Agent, at Charleston, S. C., and the Ice will be forwarded on the receipt of the same.

Cost price charged for casks and blankets. Draying to Railroad, 12 1/2 cents per package. March 14, 1851 21 tfw

New Books, Ink, Novels, &c.

School Books, Latin and Greek Classics, &c. of the latest editions. Harrison's Columbian Ink—Fluid Black, Japan Black, Blue, Red, Carmine and Indelible Ink. The latest Novels and pamphlet publications, in great variety. Music for the Piano and Guitar.

A. YOUNG,
April 22, 31 3tw

LUMBER.

THE subscribers having commenced operations with their Steam Saw Mill, are prepared to furnish Lumber to their friends and the public, at unusually low rates for cash.

No Lumber will be delivered without an order, except where a bill has been previously given. JNO. LOVE, SR.
JAN. J. LOVE.
Oct. 11—32wt

M. Drucker & Co.

ARE just opening a large and new assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, of every description:

Ready Made Shirts, Silk and Muslin Cravats and Handkerchiefs, Kid, Silk, and Thread Gloves, Boots and Shoes, Molekin, Panama, Leghorn and Straw Hats of the newest style.

They have received a great quantity of Plain and fancy Pantaloon Stuffs, and Vestings, Linen Drills, and a very pretty assortment of Irish Linens.

And invite their friends to call and examine their stock, being certain to be able to satisfy them in every way. Camden, April 15, 1851. 39 tf

Attention Military.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the Officers of the 5th Brigade, and visitors generally, that he will have a Table, during the Brigade Encampment, which is to commence the 19th May next, at the Brigade Camp ground, for the accommodation of all who may be pleased to call on him.

His Table will be furnished with the best market affords, and attended by respectful Servants. A share of patronage is respectfully solicited. J. B. F. BOONE.

N. B. Horses will be taken to his Stables in Camden, and attended to at the lowest possible rates. Testify by calling and trying me. J. B. F. B.
April 25 83 7t

Bounty Land to Soldiers.

By a late act of Congress, Bounty Land is granted to the Officers and Soldiers of the war of 1812, and of the various Indian wars since 1790 in case of the death of the Soldier, to their widows and minor children.

The undersigned being permanently located at the city of Washington, and possessing a thorough and familiar acquaintance with the requirements of the Government Officers, is prepared to attend to procuring Bounty Land Warrants without jeopardy or delay, and at but little expense to claimants.

Land Warrants located on the best Western Lands, and the Land sold, if desired, on the most advantageous terms.

Claims for Invalid, Revolutionary and Navy Pensions, Back pay, Lost Horses, and every other description of claims against the General Government adjusted with promptness and despatch.

Persons desiring information of friends who are or have been in the Army or Navy, will forward to him all the particulars known of their service, together with a fee of one dollar, and their enquiries will be replied to by return mail. Address, (post paid), CHAS. C. TUCKER,
Washington City, D. C.

HAVING formed a Copartnership with Mr. TUCKER for the collection of claims, I shall be happy to attend to any business committed to our care. It is also well to remember, that all who have claims, had better collect them before we secede. Office in the Court House. C. A. PRICE.
Camden, S. C., March 4, 1851. 18 tf

Memphis Institute.

Medical Department.

THE regular course of Lectures in this Institute will commence on the First of November, and continue until the last of February. The Anatomical department will be opened and ready to receive students by the First of October. The Medical Department will be under the direction of the following

PROFESSORS:

J. CONQUEST CROSS, M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.
W. BYRD POWELL, M. D., Professor of Cerebral Physiology, Medical Geology and Mineralogy.
R. S. NEWTON, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
H. J. HULCE, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.
J. A. WILSON, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
J. KING, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, and Therapeutics.
Z. FREEMAN, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
J. MILTON SANDERS, A. M., M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy.

CLINIQUE LECTURERS.

MEDICINE—PROF. H. J. HULCE.
SURGERY—PROF. R. S. NEWTON.
Z. FREEMAN, M. D., Anatomical Demonstrator.
The fees for a full course of lectures amount to \$105.

Each Professor's Ticket, \$15. Matriculator's \$5. Demonstrator's Fee \$10. Graduation, \$20. Those desiring further information will please address their letters (post paid) to the Dean; and students arriving in the city will please call on him at the Commercial Hotel.

R. S. NEWTON, M. D., Dean of the Faculty.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

HON. E. W. M. KING, Professor of Theory and Practice of Law.
NOEL V. D. BARRY, Professor of Commercial Jurisprudence.

TERMS—\$50 per Session.
All communications pertaining to this department must be addressed to

E. W. M. KING, Esq.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 1850.

The Faculties, for intellectual abilities, moral worth and professional acquirements, will compare favorably with the most distinguished in our country. The medical faculty constitutes an anomaly in this or any other country—all of them are able lecturers and the best of teachers.

Those who will contemplate our geographical position, and the extent of our population, can have no doubt as to the eligibility of our situation for an enterprise of the kind. As to health, including all seasons of the year, we deny that ANY OTHER CITY HAS MORE.

A common error exists in the minds of many students relative to the place of studying medicine; those who intend practicing among the diseases of the West and South should certainly educate themselves at a school whose faculty are practically acquainted with those diseases.

That the public may be satisfied of the permanency of this school, we feel it our duty to state, that the Trustees and Faculty form a unit in action which augurs well for its future success; and that the peculiar internal organization which connects them, cannot be interrupted.

E. W. M. KING,
President of the Memphis Institute.

July 17, 1850, 18 1y

Darlington Hotel,

DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House, having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOREN, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.

Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.

The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.

Drivers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.

Nov. 1, 1850. 86 1f

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of GROCERIES, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackerel in kits, for family use; Rio and Java Coffee; crushed and brown Sugars; New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

—ALSO—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed to the Store formerly occupied by Thos. J. Warren, Esq., immediately opposite the Masonic Hall, where he may always be found ready and happy to see and accommodate his friends and the public, to any article in the line of CHEAP SADDLERY and HARNESSES; having on hand a fresh and good supply, I am prepared to offer them on the most reasonable and accommodating terms.

Saddles of every quality and price, Bridles, Martingales, Whips, Spurs, Bridle and Harness Bits, and Trimmings of all styles and descriptions, Collars, Brushes, Curry Combs. Harness made to order and warranted very best style and quality.

Wagon Harness and Bits, and Trace Chain cheaper than any one else in town. Together with Valises and Carpet Bags, and all other articles usually kept for sale in a Saddlery and Harness establishment.

I am thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore received, and beg that it may be continued and abundantly increased, as I am prepared to execute all orders for work, in my line, with neatness and dispatch, and at prices which cannot be objected to; as I am willing to follow the golden rule—"Live, and let Live."

F. J. OAKS.

Jan'y. 17, 1851. 5 1f

Case Olives stuffed with Anchovies. Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

SONG OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACRAY.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns across the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree;
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its softy vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life besides!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! it light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great,
A watch fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd,
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
A thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

"STICK TO HIM JIMMY."—Two brothers from the Emerald Isle, a few days since, purchased a piece of land not far from the Kenebeck and went to work to clear it up. After cutting down a large growth and burning over the underbrush, they proceeded to contrive a plan to get the fallen trunks together in a pile for the purpose of burning also. The land lay upon a side hill, and they concluded that if they could roll a large log which lay near the summit and place it about half way down, they might pile the rest against it, and thus secure the object. But how were they to prevent it, when once under way, from rolling to the bottom and thus defeating their plan!

To accomplish this they obtained a rope, and making one end fast to the log, one of them was to hold on the other end to prevent its going too far, while the other was to start it. Fearing that he might not be able to prevent the rope from slipping through his fingers, Jimmy, who was the Steerman, tied it to his body. "Start him say Phelim," said he after convincing himself that all was right and tight. Phelim did start him, and as the log commenced its progress the rope caught in a projecting knot, and began rapidly to wind up. It soon drew poor Jimmy chock up. First he went over the log, and the log went over him, and so they continued their circumgyrations and somersets.—Phelim watched their progress for a moment, and then sung out—"Stick to him Jimmy—faith you're a match for him; you're a top half the time."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Sally, don't, I like you!"

"Law, Jim, I reckon so."

"But, don't you know it, Sally. Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom cat that dare look cross at you?"

"I's pect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oh, now, don't Jim—I feel all overish."

"And, Sally, I want you to—"

"Don't say anything more, I shall—"

"But, I must I want you to—"

"O hush, don't I, oh—"

"I want you to-night to get—"

"What, so soon? Oh, no, impossible: Father and Mother will be angry at me."

"How, he mad at you for doing for me such a favor as to m—"

"Yes, dear me I'm so agitated."

"But there's some mistake, for all I want to have you to do, is to—mend my shirt collar."

—An editor of a Southern paper by the name of Long, asked Prentice, of Louisville Journal, if he never intended to speak the truth. Prentice, in reply, says, that he shall probably learn to tell the truth before long.

Neither wealth or birth, but mind only should be the aristocracy of a free people.

By the death of Commodore Baron, the seniority of rank devolves on Commodore Chas. Stewart.

Conscience tells the abolitionist to steal the property of one man and cut the throat of the honest one who would return the stolen goods.

Misfortune is a fire that melts weak hearts, but renders the firm purer and stronger.

THE WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY J. R. CHANDLER.

Who has sat down in measureless content, and enjoyed the pleasures which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, "How long will this last? What will occur to disturb the happiness which is now vouchsafed? I never had animal to which I was particularly attached—and I never had one, from a cat to a horse, to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my use or carresses of it, and ask, "What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape, or death?"

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the inquiry arise, "How long will this last?" No sign of future is presented, no token of dissolution is observable, but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution, How will it come, and when?

I confess that such anticipations are not always the evidence of a well balanced mind; too often they come from a morbid state of feeling, that frequently produces the very evils they suggest. The anticipation of evil is not so much the result of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a want of self-sustaining power.

Years ago, it was my chance to be near a young woman at the moment on which she was taking leave of a lover. She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

"Can it last?" said she to herself.—"And why not? if he loves me now, when my station, and consequently my manners are less desirable than his, surely he must love me more when I have had the advantage of his association, and have consequently improved by that intercourse."—She passed onwards. I heard no other words, but her steps indicated a heart at ease, or if disturbed, it was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

"Can it last? and if not, when will it fail? How will this diminution manifest itself?" These were queries which often arose in my mind, as I thought of the approaching nuptials. And once, a few days after the marriage, I saw her leaning against the trunk of a tree which was then in full blossom. She was evidently connecting her own new estate with the lovely hopefulness of the branches al over her, and as she raised her eyes again, it was evident that she was thinking of the future which was radiant with hope. For one moment a cloud seemed to pass over her face; it was rather doubt than pain.

She looked again at the tree and its manife- stance of bloom; the cloud passed from her face, and she came away in evident delight. That was a spring of disappointment as I remember; a frost destroyed the early vegetation, and entirely ruined the blossoms on the tree at which she had been looking. No fruit was borne.

It was, I apprehend, my own infirmity that led me to think more of changes which might come across the path of the newly married person, than any thing in her condition; for, though I subsequently saw where the danger lurked, yet there was with me only the foreshadowing of a somewhat morbid sensibility, contrived to anticipate enough to make the present gloomy with apprehension of the future. So I watched. Blessed be the race of croakers, whose stomachs are constantly conjuring up a cloud to darken their minds, and who are too unselfish to let any one pass without the benefit of their overshadowing forebodings. I watched this case for the first exclamation which I have recorded of this young woman had touched a chord of melancholy in my own disposition, and so I was anxious to see "how long it would last; how long the peace joy and domestic felicity would continue. It did not seem to me that the disturbance could originate with her.

The husband was fond of amusements and he kept and used a good gun and some well trained dogs. But though these drew him occasionally from his home, yet the fine disposition of the wife found in the dumb but sagacious companions of her husband, objects of regard. She learned, to like them, and as became their gentle nature, they loved her, joyed in her carresses, and seemed to have a sober resolve to watch her safety, and to secure it even at the cost of their lives. I confess that I was disappointed at this, having anticipated that the litter of dogs would have disturbed the equanimity of the wife, and thus have provoked reprisal from the husband.

It was not long before some event—I think it was the ordinary result of "security," the miserable pride of trying to make one's self considerable in jeopardising the peace and comfort of a family by going "security for a man, in whom others could not have had confidence, or they would not have asked security"—that swept from the husband a considerable portion of the property which had made his condition better than the wife's before marriage.

"And here," said I, "it will cease to last."— I hope that my feelings were of the right kind; I think now that they were only those of curiosity. Some people seem to desire an evil that they have foretold—I think I only desired to know how the loss of property was to affect the wife.

Her husband was the first to tell her of the misfortune.

"I am sorry, my dear," said the quiet wife, "sorry indeed. It will compel you to do much of the work which you have hitherto hired others to perform. Do not let the loss of your property mortify you, nor suffer yourself to dwell on the error, if it was an error, of the act by which the loss occurred."

"But you—you, my dear wife—"

"It will not," said she, "essentially affect me;

it will not add to my labors or my anxiety. I must look after the household affairs whether we have one farm or two."

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that her husband should lose the social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed, but it was a pardonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This, then, was not much of a grief. "It lasts yet."

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause. I was not in the house during the short sickness of the child, but I attended the funeral, followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the church yard. When the clouds fell upon the coffin, I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting-place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed necessary to prevent her from "going unto him."

And I said, "It lasts no longer."

The friend and neighbor led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him, that she might lean on his manly strength, shewed me my mistake.

The mother had suffered, but the affection, nay, the happiness of the wife was complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unossodded grave of her only child?

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministrations of a new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as much as she, and yet at the moment of deepest anguish, he had hushed his own grief that he might sustain her in her sorrow. The mother mourned but the wife rejoiced.—How beautiful and beautifying for the moment had sorrow become. It seemed to me as if affection had, never before possessed such charms; it needed affliction to make it apparent as the sun-light pouring through crevices into a dark- ened chamber becomes visible only by the floating particles that reflect the ingulsiug rays.

The affairs of the couple were not so prosperous as the virtues, the industry, the economy, and the womanly excellence of the wife seemed to deserve yet she never repined. I think one or two instances of excess on the part of the husband drew largely upon the forbearance of the wife, but as even the excess was accompanied with expressions of affection—they, though manly, seemed to compensate.

The feeling then was rather slight apprehension for the future than grief for the present—sorrow and deep mortification might have been felt. But these few instances, joined some unaccountable decay of means, did not disturb the happiness of the wife, a happiness which seemed to me a perpetual joy.

Was the woman apathetic? Had she no sensitiveness? Was she made to go through life with a gentle laugh, and drop into the grave with a smile? Her anguish at the death of her son proved the contrary.

The loss of property, to one who had been poor before, seemed to produce no grief; and let the reader remember, or, if he does not know the fact, let him learn it, that the loss of property is more bitterly felt by those who have from poverty risen to possession; than it is by those who from infancy to the disaster, had always been rich.

The loss of property produced no grief.

The death of her child led to a new affection for, and an enlarged joy in, her husband. His unrequited but still obvious departure from sobriety, long unattended with rudeness or neglect, did not offend the pride of the wife. "It will not always last," said I.

"I must moan as a mother," thought she, I must abate a portion of my social state, and I may, once in a long time, be mortified by some low indulgence in my husband, but fixed, deep permanent grief as a wife, it is probable I am to be spared, as a companion of my own constitution with that of my husband shows, that in the course of nature, I shall be spared the misery of mourning for his death and be saved the solitary woes of widowhood.

The loss of property rendered necessary more labor on the part of the husband, and that labor kept him more from his home than formerly; but the gentle welcome of the wife cheered the toil-worn husband, and her delicate cares changed the gloom settling on his brow into smiles of satisfaction. There was, perhaps more pleasure in the efforts which she was making, to produce the evidence of gratification in her husband than there was in the mere exchange of smiles of welcome and thanks. The wife grew proud of her influence to bring him back to enjoyment, she felt a new consequence when she found that she could not only reciprocate smiles, but dispel frowns, not only share in the pleasure of home, but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification by producing the happiness of another.

It was late in a summer afternoon, and by appointment the husband ought to have returned two or three hours before. The noises of revelry had for a long time disturbed the outer edge of the village in which the dwelling was situated—some vulgar frolic, hitherto kept in a distant part of the country, had been adjourned to that neighborhood—but the way of the husband on his return, did not lie in that course. The wife had gone out frequently to watch for his approach, and to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile which makes home delightful, which attracts and retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and stretched her eyes along the road in hope that some token of his approach would be presented; there was none. Even the dogs that had followed her out failed to give notice of his coming. She leaned over the railing with distrustless hope—he would