

# The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 17, 1850.

NUMBER 74.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED BY  
THO. J. WARREN & C. A. PRICE,  
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### 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.

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And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

## Poetical Department.

The following lines are respectfully dedicated to the Rev. Lucius Bellingier:—

"The Indians, when the pale-face approached, took up their line of march for the west. Far in the untracked forest they went, until they came to a wide, deep, rolling stream. 'Here,' said the old Chief, 'will we rest—this is our Alabama.'—(W hich, in their language, means, here we rest.) Time passed on—and the old chief, returning from his hunting one day, heard humming in the branches above, a honey bee. (This insect never precedes civilization.) He stopped, and calling his tribe around him, he said, 'The pale-face is coming—this is no Alabama to us,' and again they resumed their march towards sun-set."

The pale-face from a distant clime,  
Across the waters came,  
To seek a home in stranger land  
The clime of savage fame;  
Before his face the Indian fled,  
To trackless regions West  
To seek an unmolested home,  
A weary nation's rest.  
Far through the untracked forest wild,  
With spirits sad they roam,  
In memory of their father's graves,  
Their loved—their native home—  
Till by broad Alabama's banks,  
Which forests wide invest,  
The Indian chieftain stopped and named  
The river "Here we rest."

A mighty people here they live,  
Within their wigwam home,  
And in their Alabama bathed,  
And by its waters roam;  
Upon its waves their light canoes,  
Like arrows glanced along,  
Then to the music of the maid,  
Now to the warrior's song:  
Around their council fire met,  
The chief and dauntless brave,  
And cried their war-whoop to the breeze,  
And o'er the warrior's grave:  
Their war-dance wild with painted forms,  
To ruder music timed,  
And orgies and mysteries,  
To the Great Spirit chimed:  
The warrior wooed his dusky maid,  
At evening's gentle hour,  
And sang to her of warlike deeds,  
His sweet prairie flower.

And now the aged chieftain's son,  
Is soon his bride to wed,  
E're yet his father in his grave,  
Is numbered with the dead—  
And now the gathering crowd begin,  
The festival to hail,  
With war-dance, trophies, sacrifice,  
War-song and legend tale.

But hark! that sound, the chieftain's ear  
Has heard the Honey-Bee,  
Humming amid the blooming flowers,  
Upon the forest tree:  
Too well the aged Indian knew,  
The sadness of that sound,  
That even here their last wild home,  
The pale-face's steps were bound.

"My Braves! no Alabama here,"  
He said, and smote his breast,  
"No Alabama! we must go,  
And seek another rest!  
Farewell, ye Alabama waves,  
Thou proud, deep, rolling stream;  
Your flowery banks and currents bright,  
Shall fill an Indian's dream,  
When far amid the desert waste,  
In climes yet further West,  
The Indian shall in fancy see,  
The river "Here we Rest."

Camden, S. C. CONSTANCY.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 1, 2, 10, 18, 6, is a city in Italy.  
My 2, 5, 12, 4, is a large canal in the U. States.  
My 3, 6, 19, 20, 18, 5, 2, is a town in Bengal.  
My 4, 15, 9, 16, 19, 18, is a river in South Carolina.  
My 5, 6, 10, 6, 9, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.

My 6, 20, 7, 6, 16, is a chain of mountains in Africa.

My 7, 18, 10, 15, 18, 3, is a city in Europe.

My 8, 13, 16, 2, 5, is a river in Germany.

My 9, 10, 3, is a river in Austria.

My 10, 6, 5, 18, is a town in Sicily.

My 11, 14, 12, 10, 19, is a river in Georgia.

My 12, 3, 15, 9, 6, 10, 6, is one of the United States.

My 13, 15, 1, 4, 11, 9, 13, 7, 15, is a District in So. Ca.

My 14, 9, 3, 17, 18, 7, 10, is a County in N. C.

My 15, 2, 13, is a River in Scotland.

My 16, 13, 9, 3, 13, is a River in France.

My 17, 2, 17, 12, 7, is a county in Maryland.

My 18, 5, 6, 10, 1, 4, is a county in Vermont.

My 19, 13, 10, 3, 2, 16, 16, 4, 2, is one of the U. States.

My 20, 4, 3, 10, 12, 16, is a town in Egypt.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American officer. C. C. H.

Flat Rock, Sept. 3rd, 1850.

## Miscellaneous Department.

### THE MOTHER'S LAST VISIT.

"There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out."—Hamlet.

One dark, foggy winter's evening, a party of young men were assembled in a strangely-looking apartment as a company of well-dressed respectable people were perhaps ever collected in for the purpose of enjoying a convivial meeting. It was a large attic with a slanting roof, from which projected two square windows with rattling casements, through whose clinks and crevices the feathery snow danced gaily, and then settled in a miniature range of alps upon the inner sill. Over one was carelessly hung, by way of curtain, an old faded and tattered table-cloth that had once been printed baize; and over the other a piece of sack-cloth served a similar purpose.

A large strong deal table stood near the windows, and on it lay a strange assortment of surgical preparations, bones, skulls, chemical apparatus, bottles, instruments and books. A small bed of the shape that Punch denominates the scissors, was pushed into an obscure corner near the fire-place; and this, with the table before mentioned, sundry boxes, and one old leather-covered easy chair, composed the whole furniture of the room. This easy chair was occupied by a young man of slight figure and delicate health; the rest sat upon the bed or upon boxes round the fire. Another box, placed in the center, supported two pewter pots, the remains of a loaf and some cheese-rinds, the wrecks and fragments of their supper. The owner of this place of few comforts sat upon the most ricketty of all the boxes. He was about two-and-twenty; but his pale studious face made him look much older. There were, besides, in the firm compression of his mouth when silent, in his rapid but distinct enunciation when he spoke, in the quick glance of his intelligent dark eye, even in the small attention bestowed upon his crisply curling black hair and redundant whiskers, evidences of a reliance upon himself, and an indifference to the opinions of others, that belonged to a maturer age than he could claim. Yet his figure was not devoid of a certain picturesque grace that, to the eye of an artist, would have more than compensated for absence of neatness. His open shirt-collar, slightly confined by a black ribbon, displayed a strong and well-shaped masculine neck; and his loose German blouse suited well with his large-boned vigorous and symmetrical frame. The only sign of ornament that could be seen about him was a steel buckle to the bit of a leather belt round his waist. It was perfectly plain, but very bright; and often while conversing, his eyes would fall upon it, and he would mechanically polish it with his hand.

The other young men, five in number, all bore the stamp of mental superiority over the common run of young gentlemen; and all bore in their attire, and some in their gold watch-chains, the marks of greater affluence than the poor student they were visiting. There is one remark, which I am sorry to say, veracity compels me to make concerning them. They were all—from the stalwart host to the pale youth in the chair—all smoking; yes, smoking common clay pipes and filling the room with an odor resembling that of "villainous shag."

Walter Cameron loved these friends and fellow students; they formed his social world in the loneliness of the hazy city; and every Saturday evening found them assembled in his comfortable abode, where they enjoyed themselves much more than they would have done in the most elegant drawing-room with a less genial companion.

"I am the more disposed to put some faith in it," said the host, continuing the conversation between the puffs of tobacco smoke, "from the natural bias of us north-country folks to give some latitude to the excursions of our organs of wonder. When I was a child I had a very firm belief in fairies, brownies, kelpies, vraiths, and all the rest of them; and though they have now, of course, vanished, like the mist on the hills, the faith that was once capricious enough to contain such things may, without very great difficulty, stretch so far as to embrace a subject that is supported by a name standing so high in the scientific world as Dr. Elliotson's. Still, look, I cannot positively believe in mesmerism till I have had full proof of its reality; I merely suspend judgment."

"You must see something of it; you must try some experiments yourself," cried Tom Dunsford eagerly (he was the only believer present, and a warm advocate of mesmerism.) "It is impossible to learn anything of it from public exhibition; there are so many counter influences at work—so many things to distract the mind of the operator, and to draw the influence from the patient. In short, the only way thoroughly to convince yourself of the facts in the case is to have a patient all to yourself, in a

quiet room, where you know you won't be disturbed, and try there all sorts of dodges to test the reality of the trance. Truly marvelous things come out in this way. You can hardly believe the evidence of your own senses sometimes."

"Humph!" responded Cameron—not contemptuously, but as though something had just occurred to him that he meant to keep to himself.

"If one could believe in that," said another of the friends, "it would induce a more ready belief in the existence of a soul and a future state—two things, by the way, that I have had no faith in for some years past."

"Yes; if you could allow mesmerism, you might swallow anything," observed Arthur Leigh (the chairman.) "Cameron here feels disposed to credit this humbug because his childhood was spent amidst the mists, literal and metaphysical, of the Scotch mountains.—Why, I could make out a much stronger claim for a belief in ghosts and hobgoblins of every description, although I was reared amid the sunny valleys of Devonshire. I might make out an hereditary title to the power of seeing visions; for my mother and all her ancestors, as far as we can trace them back, had all of them this peculiar privilege. Nay, I might even assure you that I had seen a ghost or a wraith myself when I was about ten years old, but that I prefer giving a more rational explanation to the circumstance."

"What was it?" asked two or three at once. "We lived in Devonshire, on account of my mother's health, as she was consumptive," continued the pale student. "The night that she died, I awoke suddenly, from a consciousness that some one was near me, and I saw her standing by my bedside. I was a little surprised, as she had not been strong enough to leave her bed for some weeks past; and asked her if she felt better. 'Oh, yes,' she answered, 'I am quite well now.' She then went slowly out of the room. The next morning they told me that she had died during the night; and when I related the visit she had paid me, they looked at each other in alarm, and I afterwards understood that I was supposed to have seen my mother's spirit. But the affair admits of so easy an explanation, that any such idea is perfectly preposterous. In one of those accessions of strength so common before death, my mother had naturally felt a wish to see her only child, and had risen from her bed to come and see me."

"But was no one sitting up with her?" asked Dunsford.

"Yes—an old nurse. But nurses always go to sleep, and never will own it. She said she had been wide awake all the time, but that's all rubbish. I dare say I could have heard her snoring if I had listened."

"Was your room close to your mother's?" said Cameron, thoughtfully.

"No; it was at the end of a long passage and a flight of stairs."

"And do you think that any person who had been for weeks unable to rise from her bed could traverse that passage, down those stairs, and back again, an hour or so before her death? I should rather suppose it the effect of your own imagination."

"Anything you like, except a ghost," said Arthur Leigh, rising to replenish his pipe.

"There's some one knocking at the door," said one of the students.

"Come in!" shouted Cameron, but no one entered. "Come in!" he repeated. "Arthur, as you are on your legs, just see who it is will you?"

Here the knock was heard again by all in the room, and Arthur opened the door.

"Here is an old lady who wants you, I suppose, Cameron," he said, turning to his friend. Cameron started up and went to the door.

"Where is she?" he asked while an unaccountable sensation caused his heart to stand still, and his cheek to blanch.

"She was here this moment, I vow," said the other, looking eagerly around. "Where can she have gone to? My eyes were not off her more than an instant."

"Did she speak? what was she like?" were Cameron's hasty questions.

"She merely said, 'Tell Walter Cameron that I am gone home, and the keys are with the minister.' And for what she is like, give me a sheet of paper and I will sketch her."

"Here—here," said Cameron, as with a trembling hand he gave a sketch book to his friend. "This is very singular," he muttered as he sat down again and buried his face in his palms.

"What ails you—what is the matter with you?" inquired several of his friends at once.

"Don't ask me long a few minutes," he replied; "just wait till I have finished his sketch."

They kept silence. Walter Leigh was an expert draughtsman, and his task was quickly done.

"There it is—that's just like her," he said, giving the book to Cameron.

"Oh, God! it is, then, as I feared," cried the latter, clasping his hands in agony. "You shall judge for yourselves; and he took a miniature case from a drawer in a table. "This is a portrait of my mother; it is a mere daub by a country artist, but still it is an excellent likeness. Now what say you? compare these two."

"They are the same person," said Dunsford.

"Decidedly the same," said one of the others.

"There can't be two opinions," said a third.

"Certainly not," said the fourth and last.

"Well, and what of that?" asked Arthur Leigh, who was a staunch unbeliever in all "metaphysical aid." She must have come from Scotland to pay you a visit, and retreated on seeing so many strangers with you.

"No, no," replied Cameron mournfully; "we have been parted for more than two years, and she would not be frightened away by the sight of a few strange faces; and besides, where could

she have gone! I much fear that she is dead or dying."

"But I tell you that I saw her distinctly; that I heard her speak," persisted the obstinate Arthur.

"You are quite sure of that?"

"I'd swear to it, if that would give you any satisfaction."

"Well, I shall not go home till I hear of her in some way, which cannot be till Monday morning. But it is impossible to study in this state of mind; so if you don't see me at the hospital before, just look in here after post time on Monday, will you?"

They all promised, and bidding their friend good night, they took their departure; every one of them, excepting the seer of the vision, being more or less disposed to give credence to the supernatural character of the visitation.

For a long time after they were gone Cameron walked up and down his gloomy apartments, and when at last he threw himself half undressed, upon his bed, it was not to sleep—the idea of his mother continued to occupy his thoughts.

He had left the candle burning, and as he lay ruminating on the strange event of the evening, his eye was caught by the glitter of his buckle, which he had thrown upon the table. It was a parting gift from his loved parent, and was doubly prized by him, because it was the handiwork of his father, who, though a man of superior intellect and even learning, had been nothing more than a simple worker in iron.—Perceiving in his son the same mental vigor which he had through life felt to be "cabineted, cribbed, confined" by his own mechanical occupation, he had determined to give him a liberal profession; and thus it was that the young man was studying hard, subsisting on the simplest fare, and living in a garret, in order to eke out the slender remittances which he received from his now widowed mother; for alas! the strong arm that had toiled, the active brain that had planned, to work out a brilliant future for the loved son, were now in the tomb. His father had died during the second year of his studentship; and it was on the day following his funeral that he had last parted from his mother.

During the course of the evening the events of which I have just narrated, he had several times observed a dimness that obscured the polished surface of the buckle, and when his eye fell upon it as he lay in his bed, he started up and pressed it to his lips, half believing that this had been caused by the breath of her who had given it to him.

"I have heard," he thought, "that by gazing earnestly into crystal and polished substances, distant persons and events may be beheld. If such a power resides in anything, it surely ought to be found in this."

He looked intently into the broadest part of the steel. His imagination was probably over excited by what Arthur Leigh had seen, for he saw presently, the interior of a homely cottage. Upon a bed lay a quiet figure, covered with a sheet. This was turned back from the face, and he saw distinctly the features of his mother.

Cameron dropped the belt, and uttered a deep groan. Mastering his emotions, he picked it up, and endeavored a second time to obtain a sight of the strange vision, but it came not again; and shortly before day-break he lay down once more, and obtained a brief and unrefreshing sleep. The next day, being Sunday, could bring him no news, so he spent it in taking a long walk many miles away, among hills that in their wildest parts slightly recalled those over which he had rambled in his boyhood.—When at night he returned to his lodging, extreme weariness procured him a deep and dreamless slumber.

When he awoke in the morning, he saw his friend Tom Dunsford standing beside his bed.

"I am glad to see you sleeping so soundly," he said; "I hope I did not disturb you?"

"No, no," replied Cameron, "I only wonder that I should have slept so long. I was much fatigued yesterday. What is the hour? Is it past nine yet?"

"It is only half-past eight yet," answered Dunsford; "come along and breakfast with me at the coffee-house over the way; we shall hear the post-man when he is coming down the street, and then we can run out, and see what he brings for you. Come along. Perhaps you may have a letter in your mother's own hand, which will at once dispel all your gloomy forebodings."

"If I should have one from her, I should not be the less certain that she was dead on Saturday night. I feel as sure of the fact as if I had seen her."

"Indeed!" said Dunsford, thoughtfully, "it will show. The idea is too deeply grafted into your mind to admit of being urged away, and rallery would be indecent on such a subject. We'll try to divert your thoughts from it, and wait the healing hand of time to console or disabuse you."

It was with difficulty that Cameron could be persuaded to take a little refreshment. He sat watching the arrival of the postman. He came at last. The letter was seized. There were the black seal, the hand-writing of the minister, the postmark of his native village. Cameron cast one look of anguish upon his friend, and rushed up to his own room, closely followed by Dunsford. The letter announced the death of Mrs. Cameron on the previous Saturday, after an illness of a few hours only. The writer concluded by saying that the deceased had consigned to his care the keys of some chests containing her little valuables, and some important papers, which were to be given up to no one but her son.

"Good, good!" exclaimed Dunsford, turning as pale almost as the paper which Cameron had handed to him in silence; "who after this will deny the existence of mesmerism, or any other thing, because it seems incredible, and runs counter to the pre-conceived ideas?"

"Every one," replied Cameron. "You will doubt it yourself after a few years."

## THE SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

We have had frequent occasion to notice the increased and increasing business and the high prosperity that seemed certainly to wait on the future of Charleston; and at no former period have there been more striking evidences of this rapid and sure advance in trade and wealth than at the present time; and what is a subject of gratulation to us all, is the activity and energy with which this accumulation of business is met by all classes of our community, and amongst them we note with especial pleasure the very efficient preparations that our Railroad has made, and is making, to do its part in the general progress.

We understand that the South Carolina Railroad Company, besides putting all their large stock of motive and car power in complete order, have added greatly to both, in anticipation of the business of the approaching season.

Of locomotives the Company have received, and expect shortly to receive, five new engines, viz: the "F. H. Elmore," now in the engine house; the "R. Y. Hayne," on board ship, both from Norris and Brothers, Philadelphia; the "Wm. Lowndes" and "Wm. Cummings," from Baldwin, Philadelphia; and the "Langdon Cheves," from Rodgers, Ketchum and Grosvenor, Patterson, New Jersey. Of these all that have not arrived and on the way or ready for shipment.

Of passenger cars the Company are receiving, of the most approved model and construction, seven new ones—viz: the "Col. Gladden" and "Augusta," both now on the Road, and the "Columbia," "Camden," "Greenville," "Charlotte" and "Montgomery," which will be on the road in a fortnight. Two of these are in course of construction by Mr. Hacker, of Charleston, and are nearly finished.

Of freight cars the Company have now ready for service four hundred, and are receiving, under an existing contract for two hundred box cars, at the rate of three a week.

These preparations indicate the ability of the Company to despatch promptly everything that may come, either in the way of freight or passage; but we learn at the Charleston depot, that their arrangements are such that the Company have, without exception up to this time, and will continue in all time to come, to dispatch every package of goods by the five o'clock morning train, that was received at the depot by dark the evening before, and in the event of more passengers arriving than can be accommodated in the Mail trains of ten and half past ten o'clock, an extra train will be dispatched half an hour after the regular trains, which will arrive at Hamburg, Columbia and Camden at or very nearly the same time as the latter.

There are also, we learn, other improvements in progress that will add greatly to the ultimate efficiency of the Road. We allude particularly to work now going on in cutting round the inclined plane at Aiken, which the energetic contractors, J. C. Sproulls and Co. are pressing on to completion; to the new ironing of the Road with heavy Bridge and T rail, which we learn will be finished by the 1st of January, and to the construction of new workshops, engine house, &c. which has been undertaken by J. P. and B. F. Earle, to be completed in part by the 1st of January, another part by the 1st of February, and the whole by the 1st of April. A long and strong pull, and a pull altogether, is all that is needed on the part of the community of Charleston to make our City all that its warmest friends could desire.

## MYSTERIOUS OUTRAGE.

A DETERMINED VILLAIN.—During the past week we were informed of a series of outrages committed by some unknown villain, in the western section of the city, on a respectable lady, but fearing that a publication of them would prevent the detection of the perpetrator, we withheld the facts which we are now authorized to give. It appears that on Sunday evening, the 24th ult., about 8 P. M., Mrs. Menzies, wife of James Menzies, of the Morse telegraph office, was standing in the front passage of her dwelling on Franklin street, between Lutaw and Paca, just inside of the door, when a man passing, threw something which struck her on the left cheek, causing it to blister with severe pain. On Monday night about the same hour, whilst in the act of closing the front door, after a lady who had just left, the contents of a bottle of oil of vitriol was suddenly thrown at her, which burned the body of her dress, but fortunately none of it touched her flesh. At the repetition of these outrages, every means were used to discover the perpetrator, means watch constantly kept on the house. On Thursday morning, however, whilst sitting at the front parlor, a paper containing gunpowder and matches, with turpentine worked into it, and sand paper so arranged as to ignite the matches and cause an immediate blaze, was thrown into the room. It was evidently intended to cause a quick flame, and thus set fire to her clothing, but being opened with suspicion and care there was no damage done. Again, on Thursday afternoon, not six hours after the package was thrown in, Mrs. M. was sitting at a window opening in the back yard, having resolved to keep away from the front part of the house, when a man suddenly appeared in the yard, and again threw some vitriol at her, a portion of which fell on her forehead, and the balance on her dress, severely blistering the flesh and burning her dress. These repeated outrages caused renewed vigilance to detect the perpetrators, the neighbors joining in the watch. Consequently no further attempt was renewed on Friday, and by renewed watchfulness on the part of Mrs. M., it was hoped that no further attempt could be made. On Saturday morning, however, a small boy called at the door with two sugar rucks, nicely wrapped up, saying that Mr. Menzies had sent them for her from the office. Supposing him one of the of-