

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME II.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, OCTOBER 1, 1850.

NUMBER 78.

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.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers shall be entitled to the sixth copy (of the edition subscribed for) gratis for one 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 per 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, so they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

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

Liberal discounts allowed to those who advertise for three, six, or twelve months.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal:
W. C. CASTRO, General Agent.
CARL T. W. HOGY, Jacksonville, Lancaster Dist.
S. H. ROSS, Est., Lancaster, S. C.
C. C. MOORE, Carthage, N. C.
W. C. MOORE, Est., Camden, S. C.
And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

Valuable Land for Sale.

In Equity—Lancaster District.

R. E. Wylie, Adm. George W. Coleman, dec'd.

By virtue of the decree of the Court of Equity in above case, I will offer for sale on Monday the 28th October, 1850, at the dwelling house on the premises, all that valuable plantation whereon George W. Coleman formerly resided, situate on Fishing creek in Chester District, containing between five and six hundred acres, more or less, bounded by said creek and by lands of D. G. Anderson, Dr. McCreary and Chappel House.

Terms, a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bond with good personal security.

J. H. WITHERSPOON, C. E. L. D.
Com. office Lancaster C. H. Sept. 12. \$2.62.

South Carolina.

In Equity—Lancaster District.

Thomas Ballard vs. William McKenna, Plaintiff M. Glass and wife Margaret, et al. Bill for Partition Real Estate and account.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Commission that Pleasant M. Glass and Margaret his wife, H. W. Foster and Anna E. his wife, Elizabeth Gawley, John W. Johnson and Letty Amanda his wife, Henry Stringfellow and Mary his wife, Henry Champion and Mahala his wife, and also Monroe Miller, James Miller and John Miller, (if alive, and if dead, the children and heirs at law of the three last named) defendants in above stated case, are absent from and reside without the limits of the State, it is ordered on motion of Messrs. Hammond and Boyce, Solicitors for Compt, that the said defendants, Pleasant M. Glass and Margaret his wife, Dr. Wm. Foster and Anna E. his wife, Elizabeth Gawley, John W. Johnson and Letty Amanda his wife, Henry Stringfellow and Mary his wife, Henry Champion and Mahala his wife, and also Monroe Miller, James Miller and John Miller, (if alive, and if dead, the children and heirs at law of the three last named) do answer, plead or demur to the Bill in above case on or before the 16th December, 1850, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against each and all of them.

J. H. WITHERSPOON, C. E. L. D.
Com. office Sept. 24, 1850. \$10 2473

State of South Carolina.

In Equity—Lancaster District.

Thomas Ballard, Adm. vs. William McKenna, Plaintiff M. Glass and Margaret, his wife. Bill to Enforce Decree and Partition.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Pleasant M. Glass and Margaret, his wife, Dr. William Foster and Anna E. his wife, John W. Johnson and Letty Amanda his wife, Elizabeth Gawley, Henry Stringfellow and Mary his wife, Henry Champion and Mahala his wife, and also Monroe Miller, James Miller and John Miller, (if alive, and if dead, the children and heirs at law of the three last named) defendants in the above case, reside without and beyond the limits of the State, it is ordered on motion of Hammond and Boyce, Solicitors for Compt, that the said defendants, Pleasant M. Glass and Margaret his wife, Dr. Wm. Foster and Anna E. his wife, John W. Johnson and Letty A. his wife, Elizabeth Gawley, Henry Stringfellow and Mary his wife, Henry Champion and Mahala his wife, and also Monroe Miller, James Miller and John Miller, (if alive, and if dead, the children and heirs at law of the three last named) do plead, answer or demur to the Bill in above case on or before the 16th December, 1850, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against all and each of them.

J. H. WITHERSPOON, C. E. L. D.
Com. office Sept. 9, 1850. \$10 2473

In Equity—Lancaster District.

Baily P. Ingram, vs. William Caithern and wife Nancy, Nathaniel B. Ingram, Arthur Ingram, et al.—Partition Real Estate Jemima Ingram, (deceased) and so forth.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that Nathaniel B. Ingram and Arthur Ingram, two of the defendants in above case, reside without the limits of this State, it is ordered on motion of Hamr and Sol. for complainant, that the said defendants do plead, answer or demur to the Bill in above case on or before the 1st day of November, 1850, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against them.

J. H. WITHERSPOON, C. E. L. D.
Com. office July 20, 1850. 16c 53

In Equity—Lancaster District.

R. P. Carver and wife Mary, vs. Mahala Caston, (widow) Middleton G. Caston, John E. Caston. Partition of Real Estate of E. C. Caston, dec'd.

IT appearing to my satisfaction that all the above defendants reside without the limits of the State, it is ordered on motion of Clinton and Hanna, that the said defendants do plead, answer or demur to the Bill in above case on or before the 21st day of Nov. 1850, otherwise judgment pro confesso will be ordered against them.

J. H. WITHERSPOON, C. E. L. D.
Com. office Aug. 15. 87

Poetical Department.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth!

The banquet has its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song and wine,
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when springs first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where the billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air,
Thou art round us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth, and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords bear down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O, death!

The Two Sacks.

Invited from Phaedrus.

At our birth, the satirical elves
Two sacks from our shoulders suspend:
The one holds the faults of ourselves;
The other the faults of our friend.

The first we bear under our clothes
Out of sight, out of mind at the back;
The last is so under our nose,
We know every scrap in the sack.

Epitaph on an Infant.

He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 'twas to drain!
He put it meekly from his lip,
And went to sleep again.

An old Jew being in an out-of-the-way ale house, treated himself to ham and eggs, and just as he was about to raise the forbidden morsel to his mouth, a clap of thunder started him. He dropped the fork, saying "Mein God, all dis fuss chust because old Moshes is eating a little pit of bacon."

Benefit your friends, that they may love you more dearly still; benefit your enemies, that they may at last become your friends.

Never plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you had better admit that you are an infernal scoundrel.

The man who has no time to read a newspaper was recently seen lying drunk in the streets in a village in Ohio.—*Exchange.*

Not so. He is a to-totaller, and lives in this District, and was seen the other day sitting in the shade, waiting till his boy Jeff could go over to his neighbor's to borrow the Journal.

"Well, wife, I don't see, for my part how they send letters on them ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "La, me, they don't send the paper, they just send the writin in a fluid state."

We feel the neglect of others towards ourselves, but we do not even suspect our neglect of them."

SHARP SHOOTING.—The clerk of a steamboat once amused himself greatly at the expense of a catholic priest, whose profession he pretended not to know. Among a number of impudent questions he asked the following:

"Can you tell me the difference between a catholic priest and a jack?"
"No, sir," replied the priest.
"Well," said the clerk, "I'll tell you. The one wears a cross on his breast, and the other on his back."

"Very well," replied the priest coolly, "can you tell the difference between a steamboat clerk and the long eared animal of which you have just spoken?"
"No, sir, what is it?"
"I can discover none," said the priest.
The clerk stopped out.

MORTALITY AMONG CATTLE.—The Savannah News has a letter which states that the cattle in the northern section of that State up to the Virginia line were dying by thousands from some singular disease, introduced by a drove of cattle that passed through that section of the State. Thousands had already died.

Miscellaneous Department.

DEATH OF PATRICK LEONARD.

We regret to learn from the Charleston Mercury that this gallant soldier breathed his last on Sullivan's Island on the 17th inst. The writer in the Mercury says: "The name of this brave man, though he moved in humble life, is well known to the people of South Carolina. An Irishman, with the characteristic enthusiasm of his nation, he eagerly enrolled himself as a private in the Palmetto Regiment, when his adopted State called forth her sons, and served in its ranks throughout the whole campaign in Mexico, with great credit to himself and with honor to his regiment."

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE STORY.

A few weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some, pulling off boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others, in attempt to make it seem as much like home as possible, threw off more of their clothing—each one as his comfort or apprehension of danger dictated.

I had noticed on deck a fine looking boy, of about six years of age, following around a man evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height, and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his German cap fell chestnut hair, in thick clustering curls.

After walking about the cabin for a time the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. He adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handkerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his young happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly knelt down upon the floor, put his hands together, so beautifully child-like and simple, resting his arms upon the lower berth, against which he knelt, began his vesper prayer.

The father sat down by his side, and awaited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. There were men around him—Christian men—retiring to rest without prayer; or if praying at all, a mental desire for protection, without sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God, or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those sunny locks, as she taught him to kiss his prayers?

A beautiful sight it was, that child at prayer in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone, of this worldly multitude, draws nigh to heaven. I think the parental love that taught him to hup his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. I could scarce refrain from weeping then, nor can I now, as I see again, that sweet child in the crowded tumult of a steamboat cabin, bending in devotion before his Maker.

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathered about a company of Italian singers in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice and harp and violin; but no one heeded, no one cared for the child's prayer.

When the little boy had finished his evening devotion, he arose and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, in his declining years I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the name of the mother that taught him.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room, and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat? Who trains up their children to pray, even at home?

Home Journal.

CARPENTERS AT A PREMIUM.—The Russian government has distributed a circular among the artisans of Vienna and Prague, stating that there is employment for 300 carpenters and joiners in the south of Russia. Every workman who shall present himself shall receive a gratuity of 15 florins, independently of the expenses of his journey.

FAIR BETTING.—A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says he saw an Irishman bet a Dutchman one dollar on a horse race, which of course the Irishman lost. Shortly after the money-taker came round was offered by the Dutchman the dollar he had won. "No, no," this don't go, it's pewter." "Dur duvill," said the Dutchman, "I got it a little while ago of an Irishman—the cursed cheat." "Well, well," said the collector, "you've got another dollar—you must have had, or you couldn't have bet."

"Oh, yes," said the Dutchman, finding that he was cornered, "oh yes, but mine Got, mine ish a bad one, too!"

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, in his celebrated grey great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by two orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty looking female, who, by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping, and was leading by the hand a little boy about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman, and her distress, the Emperor pulled up his horse, by the road side and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear?"
"The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

"My mother is crying, sir, because my father beat her."

"Where is your father?"
"Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on-duty with the baggage."

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband, but she refused to tell, being afraid the Captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion, his habitual suspicions returned to his mind, and he said:

"Malpate! your husband has been beating you; you are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in the fault yourself?"

"Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one; he is jealous, terribly jealous, and when he gets into a passion, cannot restrain his violence."

"But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy he may inflict on you some very severe injury, perhaps kill you."

"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him, for I am sure he would not do it willingly. He loves me too well for that."

"And if I guess rightly, you love him."
"That is very natural, Captain; he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy."

So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture in spite of the heart of iron, of marble or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"Well," said he again, turning to the woman, "whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty—tell me your husband's name."

"If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell you, for I know he would be punished."
"Silly woman! all I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve."

"That would make me very happy, Captain, but though he ill treats, I will not get him punished."

The Emperor shrugged up his shoulders and made some remark upon female modesty, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him:

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuilleries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband."

In the course of a few minutes the baggage of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the Fifty-Second.—Napoleon despatched one of the officers who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"Have you a vivandiere in your company?"
"Yes, Sir," replied the Captain.
"Has she not a child?"
"Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of."

"Has not this woman been beaten by her husband?"
"I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after the occurrence. I have reprimanded the man."

"Is he generally well conducted?"
"He is the best behaved man in the company. He is very jealous of his wife but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Does he know me by sight?"
"I cannot say, Sir, but as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not."

"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division."

On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man of about five and twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone:

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"Bah, General! if women are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever, and yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube.—Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins, but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it."

Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

"Ma foi! General, my wife is mine and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor, 'Sire, you look to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife.'"

Napoleon laughed and said, "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

"The word produced its magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said:

"Oh, Sir! that quite alters the case. Since your Majesty commands I of course obey."

"That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Everybody speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant, and when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du Palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may buy a sulky's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business.—Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But mind; never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

"Ah, Sir! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

"Two or three years after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen. On one of his marches he met and recognized the vivandiere and her son. He immediately rode up to her, saying:

"Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?"
The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"Oh, Sir! Oh, Sir! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives."

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and as Napoleon rode off, the cries of vive l'Empereur, uttered amidst tears and sobs, by the mother and son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion.

COTTON.—No part of the world has shown the same capacity to meet the growing wants of cotton manufacturers as the United States; but even in that vast field of enterprise and skill the power of producing sufficient quantities seems to have reached its limits. Other countries are equally as well adapted by climate and soil—the East and West Indies, and the coasts of Africa, for example; but many years must evidently elapse before the necessary machinery can be brought into play; and in the meantime exclusive dependence on one country is attended with serious evils. Until abundance can be secured, the manufacturer must be crippled in his operations, prices will continue to rise, the demand will correspondingly decline, and the millions of persons engaged in this branch of trade will have their means of existence seriously deranged. A cotton famine is scarcely less lamentable in its effects on society than a famine in the cereal products.

To meet this impending evil many ingenious schemes have been devised, but all that we have seen propounded fall far short of any immediate practical result. One of the most feasible has been put forward by Mr. G. R. Porter, a gentleman well known by his able contribution to the commercial and manufacturing statistics of the country. Mr. Porter's substitute is flax. He advocates the growth of flax by farmers in England and Ireland, and shows that it would not fail to pay; while the partial adoption of new machinery would be more than counterbalanced by the advantages of a regular trade and uniform supply. We have given elsewhere the reasoning on which Mr. Porter basins his conclusions.

How far this reasoning will operate upon the manufacturers we have no means at present of knowing; but as regards the farmers, they will doubtless be ready to fall into any arrangements which while it promotes their own interests, will advance that of the country. Flax was formerly an important article of home growth, but it has been almost driven from the field by the superior cheapness of cotton. During the intermediate stage through which we are now passing, our necessities may possibly compel a return to the cultivation of a staple once so important to the farmers and manufacturers of this country. We invite attention to Mr. Porter's clever communication, read before the British Association the other day. In the present and prospective state of the cotton trade every suggestion is worthy of attention, and his especially deserves perusal and reflection.

European Times.

AN UNFORTUNATE PLANTATION.—The plantation of Mr. Bringer, in St. James Parish, has undergone a series of reverses during the last year, which might well discourage the most persevering of men. Some fifty field hands were first swept off by cholera; two sugar-houses and a stable were then blown down by a hurricane; the levee was seriously damaged by the undermining action of the river currents; and to crown the list of disasters, on the night Thursday, the 29th ult., at about 8 o'clock, the plantation, stable, with eighty or ninety valuable horses and mules, 4,000 barrels of corn, and a large quantity of forage, were burned. The Messenger estimates the loss at twenty thousand dollars.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A white gunpowder, said to be more powerful than the black, has been manufactured in England. It is composed of chlorate of potash, loaf sugar and prussiate of potash.