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C. MATHESON,
BANK AGENT.

AT HIS OLD STAND OPPOSITE DAVIS'S HOTEL

B. W. CHAMBERS,

Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
AND
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILLIAM C. MOORE,
BANK AGENT.

And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant
CAMDEN, S. C.

REFERENCES—W. E. Johnson, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSaussure, T. J. Warren, Esq.

A. G. BASKIN,
MAGISTRATE,

CAMDEN, S. C.

A. G. BASKIN,
Attorney at Law, and
Solicitor in Equity,

Office in Rear of Court House,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Kershaw and adjoining Districts.

J. S. B. KERSHAW,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,

CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

W. H. R. WORKMAN,
Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,

CAMDEN, S. C.
(Office nearly opposite A. Young's Book Store.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26.

C. S. WEST,
Attorney at Law.

Office in Rear of the Court House, Camden, S. C.
June 17 43 2ms

H. J. OATS,
Saddlery and Harness Manufacturer.

Opposite Masonic Hall,
CAMDEN, S. C.

S. D. HALLFORD,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.

AND GENERAL AGENT,
Camden, S. C.

R. J. MCREIGHT,
COTTON GIN MAKER.

Rutledge St., one door east of M. Drucker & Co.
CAMDEN, S. C.

Charles A. McDonald,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

CAMDEN, S. C.

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER.

CAMDEN, S. C.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

CENTRAL WEARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

May 2 35 11

Z. J. DEHAY,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

CAMDEN, S. C.

THOMAS WILSON,
Fashionable Boot Maker,

CAMDEN, S. C.

Wm. M. WATSON,
Fashionable Tailor,

CAMDEN, S. C.

GLOVERS & DAVIS,
Factors and Commission Merchants,

CHARLESTON, S. C.
Aug. 8 62 3m

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)

CORNER OF MEETING AND HASSELL STREETS,
AND IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF HAYNE AND
KING STREETS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

ROBERT LATTAS
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

CAMDEN, S. C.

LONG TIME AGO.

Near the pond so still and lazy,
Long time ago—
On the banks where grew the daisy,
Whiter than snow,
Lived a bouncing buxom lassie,
Not wan't so slow;
Oft she tripped the lea so grassy,
Long time ago.

Sobs and eyes chuck full of water,
Long time ago—
Praise and sighs and presents taught her
My love to know;
Oft did my fond fancy think her
Purer than snow;
But she eloped with a tinker!
Not long ago.

Oh, shall I ne'er, ne'er forget
When life and hopes were new,
When love, unmingled with regret,
Lay on my heart like dew!
Often pictured, as I dreamed,
A form divinely fair;
So chaste, so beautiful it seemed,
Not earthly, but of air!

At last the image of my thought—
The thing my fancy drew—
The creature in my visions sought,
Rose on my raptur'd view;
At once I told her all my love—
Despair within me raged;
She said my passion she approved,
But that—she was engaged!

AN ODDITY.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.
(Concluded.)

How melancholy poor Lida had been all the previous day; how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain, regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning when she came along the foot path through the fields, tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast many a sad, earnest gaze through the shop window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. The sight made the heart struggle with a throbbing pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist came over her eyes till they could scarcely discern the needle with which she seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of footsteps in the entry made the young girl tremble on her seat.

"Come," said Miss Warner, addressing the milliner, "put on your bonnet. We are going up to the house, and we want your opinion." Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and for the first time in her life the young lady addressed the apprentice.

"Get your sun bonnet," she said, "you can go with us." The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she would have refused; but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida to go with such respectful earnestness that she arose, tied on her little straw bonnet, and was ready to attend them long before Miss Smith made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age; the trees around it were majestic, and its shrubbery luxuriant; its furniture was that of another century, old fashioned and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent model; and the gloom which low ceilings give to an apartment, was relieved by tall mirrors and modern windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor.

Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have preferred above all others. Lida had never seen anything half so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart which mere novelty could not dispel. She followed her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the ballusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream. She was pale, bewildered, and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor, which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. It had but one bay window, which opened upon the most verdant nook of the old-fashioned garden, and this window required no drapery, for an immense white rose tree was trained along the casement, till a profusion of thick green leaves and snowy blossoms dropped like a curtain over the upper part, and when the sash was open, a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snow flakes all over the rich old easy chair and moss like carpet, which decorated the room. On a curious little table, with legs carved and twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar, with an azure ribbon attached, and yet unused; a superb old book-case, crowded with newly bound volumes, stood opposite the bay window, and a little French work table, perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, and as she turned with an unpleasant smile towards Lida—
"How would you like this room for your own?" she said.
"Me!" said Lida, faintly, "I have never dreamed of living in such a place as this."
"But you can live here if you like," replied the milliner.

"My mother was well off once, and she would not let me live out for anything," said the apprentice, for she could only imagine that Miss Warner wished to engage her for "help" when she should take possession of the homestead; "besides I am not strong enough for very hard work!"

"O, we don't mean that," replied the milliner; "Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and, as the lady here has taken a fancy that he likes you better than he does her, she is quite willing that he make you mistress of the homestead instead of herself."

"Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner!" said the bewildered girl, turning very pale. "I am sure, quite sure, that Mr. Gilbert never thought of me!" Lida spoke hastily, but in a faint voice, and had a look of troubled doubt in her eyes. "But he does think of you—he told me so last night!" said Miss Warner; "and I am willing to give him up; what harm can come of it?"

"And could you give him up?" said Lida, clasping her small hands with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that any one could resign, of her free will and accord, a being so perfect.

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth," replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar: "I am perfectly willing to resign him at any moment—so prepare yourself for a wedding to-morrow, if you like."

As she spoke Miss Warner and her companion glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow: she was confused and strengthless, a mist came over her sight, and, sinking into a seat, she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert in the parlor, and both were laughing as they moved towards him.

"We have broken the ice for you," said Miss Warner; "she is in the little room yonder, quite prepared for a proposal."

"And you are really determined to carry this hoax to an end?" inquired the lawyer, gravely.

"Oh, by all means," was the reply; "it really is ridiculous, the idea of her believing us. I wish you could have seen her clasp those hands and wonder how I could give you up. Go, go, before she takes it into her head to follow us. But I say, Gilbert, do remove that table with the twisted legs—it is such a horrid fright."

"It was my mother's," replied the young lawyer quietly.

"Well, well, it can be put into the garret, and kept quite safe. But go along—your lady love is waiting."

Mr. Gilbert stood motionless in the hall, till his affianced bride and her companion disappeared among the oaks; he then turned with a calm, free and resolute step towards the little room where Lida had been left. She was still sitting in the easy chair, sobbing like a child, and tears were breaking, like half-confined jewels, through the slender fingers that concealed her face.

Gilbert approached with a noiseless tread, and gently taking one of the hands from her face, pressed it to his lips. She started up and tried to conceal her tears with the trembling hand, while her face and brow and neck were deluged with crimson.

His voice was strangely tender and musical for the cruel part he was acting.

"They have told you no falsehood, Lida," he said: "I do, indeed, love you—very much. Will you come and live with me in this pleasant old house, where my parents were so happy? Can you love me, and study for my sake when we are married? for if you can answer yes, to what I have said, with your whole heart, in three days you shall be my own sweet wife."

The poor girl could not answer—she was perfectly overcome by the sensation of exquisite happiness that thrilled every nerve.

"Why do you trifle with me, Lida? Am I annoying you by these questions?"

"No—no," said the young girl, half lifting her eyes to his face; "it is not because I am so surprised, so shocked—so very happy—she broke off in confusion, turned her head away an instant, and then looked him earnestly in the face. "You are sincere with me?" she continued; "I half suspected that Miss Warner guessed how much—I mean how well—I thought of you, and so was trying to punish me with false thoughts; but you, Mr. Gilbert, could you have the heart to trifle with me so dreadfully—it would kill me indeed."

Gilbert tried to look into the soft eyes lifted so full of eloquence to his face, but he felt the hot blood rush to his forehead and answered hurriedly that he was most earnest to make her his wife. He kissed her forehead as the words were uttered, and then she became suddenly conscious that they were alone in the house and wished to leave it; he drew her arm respectfully through his, and, conducting her to the hall, went in search of Miss Warner and her companion. They were in the garden chatting, in high spirits, full of laughter at the success of their scheme.

"And how did you succeed? Did she suspect? How did she act?" they exclaimed together, running eagerly towards him.

"As you predicted," replied the lawyer with a grave smile; "your pleasant little hoax will be carried out three evenings from this."

"But I have just been thinking—who can we get that will play the minister?" exclaimed Miss Warner.

"Here is a dilemma!" chimed the milliner. "Not in the least," replied Gilbert; "I have thought of that already. My friend Morris, who graduated with me at Yale last year is just the man. He looks as much like a parson as if bred to the cloth. I will ride into town in the morning, and let him into our frolic."

"There—now all is arranged. We must give her a wedding dress, Gilbert, and that will console her for her loss," said Miss Warner.

"I am not well enough to work this afternoon; can I go home?"

"Oh, certainly! We cannot expect you to think of a trade now," said the milliner, casting a glance of sly ridicule at Miss Warner.

"Mr. Gilbert will, of course, see you home."

The blood burned in Lida's cheek, but she answered in quiet dignity, that she wished to see her mother alone.

"Then she is not out washing to-day?" inquired the milliner, with another covert look at Gilbert and his companion.

Lida could not understand the low malice of the question, so she answered quietly that her mother was at home, and left the part, when they went towards the work room.

The next morning the washer woman was at our house very early—she wished to consult with those who had been kind friends to her, regarding the strange proposal her daughter had received. Mr. Gilbert had been at her house the night before, she said, and every thing was settled for a wedding on the next evening but one. Of course no opinion could be given after affairs had gone so far; so consenting that "the children" might come to see Lida on her wedding day, our mother allowed the kind mother to depart without expressing any of the misgivings that beset her own mind.

Mr. Gilbert drove by our house that afternoon, and took the New Haven road. The second day from that, we were permitted to visit the washerwoman's house behind Castle Rock.

It was a bright day, and the little house looked neat and cheerful as we approached it, thro' a foot path across the meadow, golden with bitter cups and mottled with lilies. Lida was gathering flowers from a little yard which surrounded the door in her dwelling, and, in a few minutes we were as busy as herself gathering daisies from the meadow, and the wild honey suckles from the rocks, which we brought down in arm fulls and heaped upon the doorstep ready for use.

Before sunset, the widow's house might have been taken for a sylvan lodge, it was so fragrant with blossoms. The whole dwelling contained but three apartments—a kitchen and two small sleeping rooms; but these were as neat as human hands could make them. The pine floors and splint chairs were scoured as white as it was possible for wood to become; the little old fashioned looking glasses were crowned with asparagus branches, where the red berries hung thick and bright as coral drops along the delicate green spray; the scant window curtains of coarse, but snow-white muslin, were festooned with wild blossoms and ground pine woven together—while that in the "spare bed room" was looped up to a single wreath of wild roses and sweet briar, which filled the window with a delicious fragrance. On the little table in this apartment, stood a japan waiter with a decanter of wine in the middle, surrounded by slender wine glasses; and a fine napkin drawn over a loaf of cake close by. A dress of purest muslin lay upon a counterpane of old fashioned dimity, that covered the bed like a sheet of snow.

We stood by while the old woman arrayed her child for the bridal, and wondered why her hand should tremble so, and why the tears should fill Lida's eye, so constantly, when she observed her mother's agitation.

It was scarcely dark when we saw a party of two ladies and as many gentlemen coming toward the house. The washerwoman closed the bed room door, and went to receive the guests, leaving us with the bride. How beautiful and pure she looked in her simple dress that had exhausted all the money her mother had hoarded up for the winter, in making the purchase. The black hair, which she usually wore twisted up in one heavy woof over her head, was now braided into three rich braids, and knotted together on one side, just back of the ear by one single rose. Another bud with the blush leaf just bursting asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin, that covered her bosom. When she placed it there, Lida's cheek grew pale, and her hand began to tremble, for that moment she heard Gilbert's step in the next room. It was instantly drowned by the voices of Miss Warner and the milliner, both in high and cheerful conversation. The sound only caused our friend to tremble the more.

But when her mother came into the room, folded her in a kind embrace, and led her towards the young man, who came forward to receive her, a soft blush broke over her cheek, and her fingers wove themselves in his confidently, as if she had nothing to fear, and yet could not help trembling all the time.

"Be kind to my child," said the washerwoman bluntly; "when I was married to her father, he was prosperous, happy, and proud as you are. He died and left me in poverty. His child has never heard a rash word beneath this humble roof,—be gentle to her as I have been."

The old woman sat down, and bending her head, began to smooth the folds of her faded silk dress, and thus she tried to conceal the tears that her own words had unlocked.

Gilbert did not answer, but his cheeks turned a shade paler, and he bent his eyes almost sternly on the two females who had urged him into his present embarrassing position.

The young student arose. He had been wisely chosen by the plotters, for never was clerical dignity more thoroughly put on. He looked serious and earnest enough to have deceived more suspicious persons than Lida and her earnest hearted mother. He pronounced the ceremony with impressive solemnity—so impressive that Miss Warner and her companion could hardly restrain their laughter at his successful acting.

The couple sat down, Lida, pale, confused and trembling; but Gilbert sat motionless, and with his eyes steadfastly on the two females who were whispering together. Miss Warner seemed striving to suppress her mirth till the proper time, and a slight giggle now and then

broke from the milliner at the exquisite success of their joke.

The washerwoman arose, and brought forth cake and wine. Lida could not taste a drop, but she touched her lips to the glass, while Gilbert drained his to the bottom. The milliner was compelled to set her wine on a table, to conceal the laughter which shook her hand—while Miss Warner gracefully drank to the bride.

"And now," said the young lady, sitting down in her glass, and dusting the crumbs of cake from her white gloves, "as our amusement is over for the evening, we will return home, if you are ready Mr. Gilbert."

Lida lifted her eyes almost in terror to the man whom she believed to be her husband, while the washerwoman arose from her seat and looked Miss Warner keenly in the face.

"You need not look at me so voraciously, good woman," said the unfeeling girl; "if I have lent Mr. Gilbert to Miss Lida here, it was for our mutual amusement; but play cannot last forever, and it is getting dark, we must go home again."

"Very much delighted with your little party," chimed in Miss Smith; "if you ever get up a wedding in earnest, this would be a delicate pattern; I trust she will not feel so exalted, that she cannot come to her work in the morning."

The washerwoman was deadly pale—she lifted her hand as if to enforce silence on the flippant mockery with which she was insulted, and, stepping a pace forward, about to address the man who had violated the peace of her house, but Lida had risen to her feet, and would have fallen, but Gilbert reached forth his arm, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead, and her pale lips, while he trembled from head to foot.

"What means this?" exclaimed Miss Warner, grasping his arm in passionate amazement, "what means this in my presence, sir?"

"It means," said Gilbert, who lifted his head and looked firmly about, "it means that she is my wife, my own beloved and wedded wife, before God and in the sight of man! Weak, wicked girl! did you believe me so base, so utterly devoid of all manhood, that I should lend myself to a plot so atrocious? I loved you, Louisa; at least I thought so! and when I was flung into the dangerous society of a creature so good and lovely as this young girl, who is my wife, I felt that your fears were well-founded that my allegiance to yourself was in danger; I consented, as an honorable man should, to see her no more. You were not satisfied with this submission to a just demand—but would have made me a villain—and after that, would have married the dastard for the sake of the property and homestead!"

Before the last words were fairly uttered, Miss Warner had dropped to the floor in violent hysterics, and, some two hours after, she undertook rather an unpleasant walk home through the damp grass, between the crest fallen milliner and the young clergyman.

The next day, she had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert drive towards the homestead in a barouche which had been purchased for another occasion, and, on the back seat, was the washerwoman in a new straw bonnet, and that identical red cloak; by her side sat our Lida, looking as pretty as a snow drop, a sight which made the village aristocrat rather out of conceit with the mock marriage; but we were perfectly satisfied—true we were obliged to look out new help, but the homestead gained a capital housekeeper in the washerwoman, and the most joyous, lovely, and warm-hearted little mistress you ever saw, when it received our Lida.

A friend just returned from a short excursion in North Carolina, informs us that the incoming crops of corn in the upper portion of Spartanburg District, and in those portions of the old North State which he visited, is abundant—yielding not only a sufficiency for home consumption, but some to spare to less favored regions. The price of this indispensable grain in that State, he thinks will greatly exceed from its present high rates and make it the interest of those residing in the middle Districts of South Carolina, whose crops have been cut short by drought or the freshets, to seek their supplies in that quarter. This is truly gratifying intelligence, and we trust there are other regions that we know not of at this time, which will contribute of their abundance to relieve the impending scarcity.

In relation to the politics of the people of North Carolina, whom it was his privilege to meet, particularly those of the First (Clingman's) Congressional District, he was gratified to find a deep and abiding feeling of resistance to the late aggressive measures of Congress, and a cordial sympathy towards this State. They spoke of South Carolina in terms of kindness and even of admiration. Amid the scorn and obloquy which it is attempted to cast upon the chivalrous Palmetto State in various sections, both North and South, amid the scoffs and derision of her despoilers and the base minions of power, it is cheering to know there are thousands of true and loyal sons of the "land of the sun," who would cordially bid her "God speed," should she withdraw herself from the Union, and who if force should be used against her, would freely lavish their treasure and pour out their life-blood in her defence. Conquer South Carolina! It would be madness to attempt it.—Newberry Sentinel.

An old edition of Morse's Geography says: "Albany has four hundred dwelling houses, and two thousand four hundred inhabitants, all standing with their gable ends to the street."

TO BACHELORS.

Bachelors repent, 'tis time to take a wife,
Your happiness forbids a single life.