

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA; JUNE 18, 1852.

NUMBER 49.

## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY THOMAS J. WARREN.

### TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months. THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one Square (fourteen 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-five and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion. The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

From the Southern Era.

### THE DYING MOTHER.

A mother lay on a bed of death— But her brow was calm the while, And a light beamed o'er her pale sweet face As pure as a seraph's smile; Around her couch the children knelt, With their hearts bowed down with woe; For when their mother's sweet smile was gone Their home would be cold below.

The mother looked on the weeping ones, And a mist spread o'er her eyes, For she thought how chill their home would be When she dwelt beyond the skies, Her spirit longed for the realm of bliss, But a mother's love was strong; And her dying voice stole round their hearts Like a sweet and solemn song.

"Tis hard to say farewell, my loves, But I cannot linger here, The angel Death on dark wing roves And his icy breath is near; But from this world of death and gloom I go to a land of rest, And there immortal flowers bloom— There dwell the pure and the blest.

Your mother oft will leave her home And the shining gates of bliss, And shield where'er her children roam Their souls from the guilt of this My loves, when 'round my grave you stand, When twilight doth blend its dyes, I'll watch you from the spirit land From my home above the skies.

Oh! weep not that I leave you now, That my spirit shall be seen; You may again behold my brow In the angel's shining home— Farewell! I see the angel band, Their melodious notes I hear, They call me to that happy land Where comes no grief or tear.

A pure light fell o'er the mother's face, And her spirit winged its flight, While harp and lute swell'd a sweeter strain As it entered the realm of light. A bright cloud passed o'er the twilight sky, And fell in a silver shower Where the children knelt—the dead cold brow It crowned in that solemn hour. The children knew when cloud light fell In bands o'er her shining hair, She soared away to the spirit land And sung with the angels there.

### THE FATAL CONCEALMENT.

Some years after I commenced practice—but the precise date I shall, for obvious reasons, avoid mentioning—I had a friend at whose house I was a constant visitor. He had a wife who was the magnet that drew me there. She was beautiful, but I shall not describe her. She was more than beautiful—she was captivating. Her presence was to me like the intoxication of opium. I was only happy when under its influence; and yet, after every indulgence in the fatal pleasure, I sank into the deepest despondency. In my own justification I must say, that I never, in word or look, betrayed my feelings, though I had some reason to suspect that they were reciprocated, for, while in my company she was gay, brilliant, and witty; yet, as I learned from others, at times she was often sad and melancholy. Powerful—most powerful, was the temptation to make a disclosure of my heart, but I resisted it. That I had the firmness to do so has been for years my only consolation.

One morning I sat alone in my chamber. My clerk was absent. A gentle knock was just audible at the outer door. I shouted, "Come in!" in no very amiable humor, for I was indulging in a delicious reverie upon the subject of the lady of my heart and the presence of an ordinary mortal was hateful. The door opened, and Mrs. — entered. I do not know exactly what I did; but it seemed to be a long time before I had the power to rise and welcome her, while she stood there with a timid blush upon her face and the glorious smile on her lips which made me feel that it would be too great a happiness to die for.

"I don't wonder you are surprised to see me here," she began with a provoking little laugh; "but is your astonishment really too great to allow you to say 'How do you do?'"

"Perhaps your surprise will be increased," she continued, "when I inform you that I have come upon business."

I muttered out something about not being so ambitious as to hope she would visit me for any other motive. She took no notice of what I said, but I perceived that her face turned deadly pale, and that her hand trembled as she placed before me a bundle of papers.

"You will see by these," she said in a low hurried voice, that some property was left to me by my uncle, and by my grandfather, but so strictly settled that even I can touch nothing but the interest. Now, my husband is in want of a large sum of money at this moment, and I wish

you to examine the affair well, and see whether by the twisting of the law, I can place a part of my capital at his disposal. Unintentionally I have done him a great wrong," she added, in a tone so low that no ears less jealous than mine could have caught the meaning; "and poor as this reparation is, it is all that I can make, and I must do it if possible."

I pretended to study the papers before me, but the light danced and mingled; and if, by a great effort, I forced my eyes to distinguish a word, it conveyed not the slightest meaning to my whirling brain. Every drop of blood in my body seemed embued with a separate consciousness, and to be tingling and rushing to the side next to her, whose presence within a short distance of me was the only thing of which I had a distinct perception. I hung my head to hide from her the emotion of which I was thoroughly ashamed.

It may be well believed that I was in no condition to give a professional opinion; but I got over the difficulty by telling her I must have time to study the case, and promising to let her know the result.

"You are a fretsome creature," she said, with a little coquettish air, "I really expected that for once in your life, and for a friend, you might have got rid of the law's delays, and give me your opinion in half an hour; so far, at least, as to tell me whether there is a probability of my being able to do what I desire. But I see you are just like the rest of the lawyers—time! time! I suppose now you will keep about it till I am dead; and then it will go to my husband in the course of the law."

"It may not require more than half a hour to ascertain so much, when I can direct my thoughts to it forth space of time," I replied; and I know that the words rattled like shot out of my mouth. "But would you be so unreasonable as to require an artist to draw a straight line while he was under a fit of delirium tremens?"

"You are an incomprehensible person," she replied, rather coldly; "so I shall leave you to your legal and lawful studies. But if you are going to have an attack of the delirium tremens, perhaps I had better send in the doctor. Shall I?"

"Well, I don't anticipate an attack this morning," I answered with a forced laugh; "so I will not give you the trouble. The fact is that I had been violently agitated a short time since, and my mind has not quite recovered its equilibrium."

"We talked for a few minutes longer—she, quizzing me in her usual playful manner—and I delighted to be so teased, standing stupid and dumb as I was. At length, she said a word, very anxious to prolong the delightful moments by keeping up the war of badinage. At length, she went to the door, and I was about to escort her down stairs, when we heard someone speaking below.

"Good God!" she exclaimed, clinging wildly to my arm; "that is my husband's voice. If he finds me here I am ruined."

"Don't be alarmed," I replied, endeavoring to reassure her; "you came here upon business, and such business, too! He could love you all the more for it."

"You don't know about this as well as I do," she said, shuddering convulsively.—"Hide me somewhere, for mercy's sake!"

I do not know how it happened; but my arm was around her, and I half carried her across the room to a large book closet.

"Can you stay here?" I asked hastily. "I will leave the door ajar for air."

"No! shut it—lock it—take away the key, or I shall not feel safe. There is plenty of air!" and she sprang into the recess.

For one moment her eyes met mine, and I thought they beamed with deep, impassioned love. The next, I had locked the door upon my treasure, thrown the papers she had brought into the drawer and was apparently busy, pen in hand, when my friend entered. He commenced in a round-about way to question me upon certain points of the law respecting marriage settlements, &c.; and, after a tedious amount of circumlocution, he gave me to understand that all this regarded a desired transfer of some property of his wife's into his own hands. He had come, in fact, upon the same errand as that generous creature! He also had a copy of her relatives' wills, and these I was compelled to examine closely, for he was desperately pertinacious, and would not be put off. I was angry at the thought of what his poor wife must be suffering, and felt that I could have kicked her husband out of doors for keeping her there. At last, he made a move as if to go. I started up, and stood ready to bow him out.

"So," said he, tying up his papers with provoking deliberation, "nothing but my wife's death, you say, can put me in possession of this money. I want it very much, but nobody will suspect me of desiring her death for the sake of having it a little sooner."

He laughed at his own poor jest, and I made a sort of hyena chorus to it, that sounded strange and hysterical, even to my own ears. He went at last, but stopped again on the stairs, and detained me there, talking for full five minutes longer. I felt by sympathy all the pangs of suffocation. My throat seemed swollen—my forehead bursting.—Great God! will he never be gone? Will he stand here gossiping about the weather and the generalities of the law, while his lovely wife who came here to sacrifice her individual interests for his sake, dies a terrible and lingering death! He is gone? I rush back into my room. A step behind makes me turn round. It is my clerk—curses on him! I could have stabbed him—shot him, beaten out his brains—hurled him headlong down the stairs. But any violence would have compromised her. In a few moments my brain was clear again.

"Watson," I cried, "Mr. — has just left.—He has gone up Fleet street, I think; run after him, and request him to leave those papers with me. Say to him I would like to examine them

more at leisure. Run quickly, and you'll overtake him."

Watson disappeared. I turned the key of the outer door, and sprang toward the closet. As I unlocked it, I remembered the look she had given me as I shut it, and I wondered, with a beating heart, whether the same expression would greet my enraptured gaze when I opened it.—There she stood, with her eyes calmly fixed on mine.

"You are safe, dearest," I murmured.

She did not rebuke me for calling her so; and emboldened by her silence, I took her hand to lead her from her narrow prison. She moved forward and fell into my arms a corpse!

I cannot well recall what followed. I only know that I tried every means for her restoration to life; but alas! without success. Of one thing I was firmly convinced—she had not died from suffocation. I had once seen the body of a man who was killed by the falling in of the mouth of a pit. I recollected his purple and swollen face, and his lax, warm limbs. She was pale, rigid, cold. The tumult of her own emotions must have killed her the moment the door was closed upon her. By some means I kept my secret from the knowledge of Watson and every one else. All that night I was trying to recover her. Then I formed the project of shutting her up in the closet—locking up the chambers, and going abroad for twenty years. But that idea was rejected as quickly as formed, for it would be hardly possible that the presence of a dead body in the house should not be discovered before that time. Next, I thought of setting fire to the place, burning all my books and papers, making a funeral pile of them; and thus ruining myself to save the secret. But that thought, too, was dismissed. It might cause loss of life and property to many innocent people, and would be a bungling proceeding after all; as, if the fire was discovered early, policemen, firemen, mob, all would brake in, and finding her body there, all would be lost—for it was more to save her reputation than my life, that I was striving and plotting.

In the meantime I was a prey to the most painful anxiety. I was sure that by that time she must have been missed and sought for. Perhaps she has been seen to enter my chambers.—Every step that I heard, I feared might be that of a policeman. In the morning a stranger called on business. This, of course, was nothing extraordinary; but, when he had gone, I felt that he was a detective officer, and had come as a spy. I thrust a few clothes into a carpet-bag, intending to escape France. I caught up a box of matches, to set the place on fire. I grasped a razor, and looked eagerly at its keen edge as the surest and swiftest way of ending my misery.—But then, all these would leave her to the jests of the world, and my own sufferings were nothing in comparison. At this distance of time, I can look back impartially and coolly upon that dreadful day; and I can solemnly declare, that I would rather have been hung for murdering her, than to have allowed a breath to sully her fair fame.

I had just laid down the razor, when a hurried step crossed the ante room. It was her husband's.

Now, I thought, all is lost. She was seen to enter here and he has come to claim her.

"My dear —," he began in a nervous, unsettled way, "you remember, the business that I came here about yesterday?"

"Perfectly."

"And do you remember the words I used, as I was going? I mean in answer to what you said about my not being able to touch that money till after the death of my wife?"

"Yes, I remember them distinctly."

"My wife has disappeared since yesterday morning," he continued, turning even paler than before; "and if anything should have happened, you know, and you repeat those expressions they might be laid hold of, and I don't know what would be the consequence. I might be suspected of having murdered her."

Poor fellow! If I had not known the truth, I should have suspected it myself, from his excessive terror and anxiety. He wiped the perspiration from his face, and sank into a chair. The sight of a person more frightened than myself reassured me I was calmer than I had been since the preceding morning.

"Where did she go? How was she dressed?" I inquired, anxious to know all that I could on the subject.

"I don't know. She told me she was going out shopping and visiting, but no one saw her leave the house, and none of the servants knew exactly how she was dressed. When I went home to dinner, the first thing I heard was that she had not returned."

"What have you done? Have you sent to the police and to the hospitals?"

"Yes, and to every friend and tradesman where she was at all likely to call."

"You may depend upon it," I replied, very impressively, "that I will not repeat what you said yesterday. You are right in supposing that it might tell against you very much if she should be found dead under suspicious circumstances."

He talked a little longer, and then went to renew my self-possession during this interview I do not know; so far from being really calm, I could have gnawed the flesh off my bones in my agony.

That night, when the doors were fastened, and I was alone—except for the company of the dead—I shut myself up in the closet for two hours, to ascertain whether she died for want of air, for I ascertained my own knowledge of the appearance of suffocated persons. The place was well supplied with air from several large crevices.—My first idea was correct—she had died from some other cause.

When I emerged from the closet, I found that the night was intensely dark. It was raining in torrents, and the thunder and wind roared in terrific chorus. The river was at high tide and swollen by the rain. I sat there in the dark upon the floor, holding the cold, stiff hand of the dead within my own. I thought dreamily how

often it had welcomed me with its soft pressure, while her eyes had beamed brightly into dimples of delight. Now that hand that used to be so plump, so full of warmth and life, was rigid and cold—those eyes were glazed and ghostly, the lips were clammy and hard. Tears came to my relief. I wept as grown men seldom weep, and with heart-easing gush came a new idea of escape for her and me. I was ready to believe at that moment that her spirit rested upon mine and inspired the thought—for it burst upon me suddenly, with a conviction that if executed that instant it would be crowned with success. How could I otherwise have the temerity to snatch her up in my arms, carry her down stairs, at the risk of being encountered by some of the other inhabitants of the house; bear her through the courts, and by a way that I knew into the garden.

The river was running strong and deep against the wall. I pressed one knee upon her cold forehead, and threw her into the stream. Gladly would I have gone with her, and held her in my heart till death; but the impulse was still on me, and without delay I hastened back. No one saw me, and the beating rain effaced my foot prints.

A few days after, I saw by the papers that her body had been found far down the river.

Two years later her husband married again.—He is stout and ruddy, and laughs as heartily as ever.

I shall die a bachelor. I am lean and pale, and bowed, and gray-haired, and the sound of my own laugh is strange to me.

### Woman's Best Ornament.

BY REV. E. F. RODGERS.

Let me urge upon my female readers, especially those who are in youth, the importance of taking loftier and better views of life than those taught by the vain world. It is a sad thing to see so many of the young and fair, whose life is almost a blot—whose keen susceptibilities, whose noble powers, whose deep affections whose precious time are lavished upon dress and gaudy, and fashionable visiting; who wears the bright apparel of the butterfly, and are as light and graceful, and useless too; whose conversation finds no higher or more improving subject than the idle gossip of the day, the last party, or the never failing topic—dress; whose reading is miserable trash which is indicating every community, and enervating and dissipating the minds of our youth; whose life seems to be an aimless, frivolous life; and who, as they flirt by their airy wings, provoke the inquiry: "For what were these pretty creatures made?" I pray you take notice of the following. While I could not draw you from the rational pleasures of society, nor our gloomy cloud upon your youthful sky, I still would plead for some serious hours, some industrious moments, some time apportioned to the culture of the mind, the enriching of the memory with some of useful knowledge. I would plead that the capacities and aspirations of the immortal part receive some ministrations, and that the moral faculties be cultivated and stimulated, and the generous impulses of the soul be expended in labor for the best good of those around you. Be assured there is no beauty like that of goodness—there is no power like that of virtue; personal beauty may attract the admiration of the passing hour, but it is the richer beauty of moral worth, the loveliness of the soul, that commands the deepest reverence, and secures the most enduring affection. Even men who have no religion themselves, but who are men of judgment and whose opinion is worth the most, respect and admire the lady most, who display in her character the "beauty of holiness."

If there is one sight more than any other, in this world of sin and sorrow, which combines all the elements of beauty, nobleness and of worth, it that of a young and lovely female, whose youth and beauty, whose depth and richness of affection, and whose powerful influence on human hearts, are all consecrated to the cause of truth and holiness, laid as an humble offering at the Savior's feet.—Such a being is, indeed worthy of the reverence and admiration of every true and noble heart, and she will command it, even when the light of her beauty is quenched, and the flower of her loveliness is faded. But if there is a sad heart, breaking sight on the earth, it is that of one gifted with all the charms which nature lavishes upon her daughters, prostituting them upon the altar of vanity or fashion, and starving the soul on the unmeaning flattery of a vain and hollow-hearted world; running a giddy round of gaudy, frivolity, and dissipation; laying upon the future a cheerless and broken old age, and a miserable, remorseful eternity.

"Oh what is woman? What her aim, Her lips of love, her eyes of light? What is she if those lips revile The lowly Jesus? Love may write His name upon her marble brow, And linger in her curls of jet; The light spring flower may nod to bow Before her tread, and yet, without that meek grace, the flower A lighter thing than vanity!"

[Lady's Book.]

VERDICT IN A GAMBLING CASE.—An interesting case was decided in the New-York Superior Court, on Thursday. It was the case of John Taylor vs. Shirluck Hillman, to recover \$3,500 paid by Taylor to Hillman for a gambling debt. This is one of the instances where ruin and grief and immediate has been brought on by a propensity for gambling. Taylor got with his wife, \$7,000; he borrowed \$1,000, lost an extensive establishment, and is now a cartman in New-York, earning \$1 per day. Verdict for plaintiff in the full amount claimed.

"A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love; there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether that rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can."

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate, that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

THE ARMY WORM.—The Baltimore Sun says that there is a species of worm in some parts of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, doing much damage to the crops this season. It is considerably like the grub worm, and is called "army worm," from the fact of their crossing fields in large numbers, and destroying everything as they pass along.—We observe, also, that our Tennessee exchanges are complaining of the ravages of this destructive insect.

WINE MEASURE.—Three spoonfuls of brandy make one cocktail—three cocktails one go—three goes one spree—three sprees a muss with the police—three musses with the police, one visit to the penitentiary. Cut it out and paste it in your hat.

"John, stop your crying," said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable yell for the past five minutes. "Stop, I say, do you hear?" again repeated the father after a few minutes, the boy still crying. "You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute, do you, chimed in the hopeful urchin.

A man praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage, that taken in great quantities, it always made him fat.

"I have seen the time," said another, "when it always makes you lean."

"When?" I should like to know," said the eulogist.

"Why, no longer ago than last night—against the wall."

GOOD WISHES.—A singular sort of a man, not twenty miles from here, sent to a magistrate to write his will. After a number of bequests, he went on—Items:

"I give and bequeath to my beloved brother Zack, one thousand dollars."

"Why you are not worth half that sum in the world," interrupted the magistrate.

"Well, no matter if I ain't," replied the other, "its my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it if he has a mind to."

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.—"Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a farmer.

"Sir," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain—all the valuable heads hang down, while those that have nothing in them stand upright."

Said a boy, whose master boxed his ears for every trivial offence, why am I like a time piece? Because there are always hands going round my face.

"Anna, my dear, ah! what a beautiful sky; how I admire it." "Yes, John, I sometimes wish I was a sky."

FLORENCE AT A DISCOUNT.—"May it please the court," said a lawyer before a Dutch Justice, the other day, "this is a case of the greatest importance. While the American Eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Chain of the west, rejoicing in his pride and place—"

"Stop dare, I say! I got to do mit de wild bird! Dis has nothing to do mit de wild bird! It is von sheep" replied the Justice.

"True your honor, but my client has rights here."

"Your client has no de eagle."

"Of course not, but the laws of language."

"You cares I for the laws of language. I understand de laws of the State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."

"Well then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and—"

"Dat will do! dat will do! your client is charged mit stealing a sheep, just nine shillin. De Court will now adjourn to Bill Vergeson's to drink."