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SONG FOR THINKERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Take the spade of perseverance,
Dig the field of progress wide:
Every rotten root of faction
Hurry up and cast aside;
Every stubborn weed or error;
Every seed that hurts the soil;
Tares, whose every growth is trear—
Dig them out, whate'er the toil.

Give the stream of education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out, where'er they block its course:
Seek for strength in self-exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate to fortune;
Make the road to honor straight.

Men are agents for the future:
As they work, so ages win
Either harvest of advancement
Or the product of their sin!
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen education's plan;
From the majesty of nature
Teach the majesty of man.

Take the spade of perseverance,
Dig the field of progress wide;
Every bar to true instruction
Carry out and cast aside:
Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom;
Cleanse from crime the common sod,
So that from the throne of heaven
It may bear the glance of God.

[From the Baltimore Weekly Sun.]

HOPE.

BY JOHN F. JEFFERSON.

See, through the clouds that roll in wrath,
You little star benignant peep,
To light along their trackless path
The wanderers of the stormy deep.

And thus, oh! Hope, thy lovely form,
On sorrow's gloomy night, shall be
The star that looks through cloud and storm
Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,
Full many a brighter beam we meet;
'Tis when the tempest thunders there,
Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow with the sun's decline,
Like faithless friends, will disappear;
Thy rays, dear star, more brightly shine,
When all is dark and lonely here.

And though Aurora's golden gleam
May wake a morning of delight,
'Tis only thy enchanting beam
Will smile amid affliction's night!

HENRIETTA;

THE BEAUTIFUL SONGSTRESS OF BERLIN.
AN OLD WORLD TALE.

The opera was over! still, however, the tumultuous applause raised in honor of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta, and in demanding her momentary reappearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison to the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisance, her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature) and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch, upon whose head, worn gray during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared to have been carried away by the epidemic, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, right noble warriors were fascinated by the siren, they were more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke—who had become close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama.—The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation:—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavoring to pass, in the true *acquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the Restaurant, or where?"

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *cau-de-vis*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied. The discourse naturally turned on the opera, and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. But, as the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) we turn with pleasure to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was anything but congenial. She was conscious of the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indecent to true feminine feeling; but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise,) tended greatly to overcome the sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the appearance than the reality of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of their critics, who, (probably because they knew nothing of music,) seemed to prefer descanting in no measured terms upon her personal accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train, it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the Restaurant were duly numbered, including a young man (of whom the rest knew no more than we did.) He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip. By Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared almost withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was of superior presence, although his dress betrayed not the man of opulence.

One morning the party assembled in Henrietta's saloon, were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, when they were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Bruckbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

"Good Heavens!" said Henrietta, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Let me breathe, dearest lady," said Bruckbaner, "and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes, I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to-morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learned that only one was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if in one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it; a dispute arose, we tried to interfere but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together; both were practiced fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hail-stones! Nor had more than a minute scarcely passed, before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of the sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly bought prize."

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

"They were taking him to his barrack," answered the director.

The beautiful songstress, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance. Werner, however, with Louis's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately; and addressing the company, said:—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

The others quitted the house, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves

had experienced on viewing the body of the officer borne out of the cashier's house, (opposite which she resided) rendered her for sometime speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded man, which the servant was enabled to answer, through the attention of Werner, (who had meanwhile made inquiries,) satisfactorily.—The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and favored with an interview in the evening, as had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at that moment engaged in reading, and everything around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp. "I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor. "Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it."

"Ah, Jean Paul's Titian," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same, and now I peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth taking her hand was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced; but a elord had been touched, which ceased not to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of first on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even plant the stone whereupon I found your open book; and, curious, woman-like,) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgettfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me!—What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favorite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other. Ere we had reached it, I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in the world, and what in your heart; whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they do not wish to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and, received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of glittering splendor wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of governess, and that of mere companion would only be a change for the worst! *The labor of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honorable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted herself, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaving her hand upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said: "Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and yours. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?" She answered not, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were standing, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would probably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects; that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the University. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made, and Henrietta, now fully contracted to Werner, resolutely declined the gal-

lanty of her host of other beaux, who, at length, perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced, when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the siren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonials of respect to their songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured; and hence it was announced that no pay office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert day a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learned with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to enquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by the compliment on the part of the count, but assured his excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as, literally speaking, every place had long been engaged.

The count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder, by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta, smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

The offer was made with so much grace and modesty that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating himself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it, said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *ecclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer, and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:

"My daughter, fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favor of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered: "I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and will would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!"—His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced.—After some mutual passages of ceremony, the count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The prince will avow that he not only loves but also honors you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat—her bosom heaved tumultuously—she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it to him. "I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift; and the starting tears prevented further speech."

The count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed: "Well then, I will proceed to unfold to you the whole of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," she answered; "I dare not—I will not hear you!"

"You dare! The prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the State forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign to reign in favor of his brother; and in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts, his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to a private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the wife of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said: "Count, I am indeed grateful for this proposal, and I honor and esteem the party from which it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your

prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me further!"

The count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion, he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried: "Noble, excellent girl, come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter*!" and, at the same moment, the door sprang open, and Werner rushing towards the old man, exclaimed, "Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happiness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendor, and that our old friends of the Restaurant, being each consecrated to *sink the admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hallowed ground the foot of profanity dares not approach. Infidelity itself is silent, and forbears its scoffings. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never, in its full intensity, be realised. It is perennial, dependent upon no changes—but alike in storm and sunshine—it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death has fully come over him; and, as the last parting knell falls on his ear, he may say, "I go down to the grave of my son mourning." But the hurry of business draws him away; the tear is wiped from his eye; and if, when he turns from his fireside, the vacancy in the family circle reminds him of his loss, the succeeding day blunts the poignancy of his grief, until at length it finds no permanent seat in his breast. Not so with her who has borne and nourished the tender blossom. It lives in the heart where it was first entwined in the dreaming hours of night. She sees its playful mirth, or hears its plaintive cries; she seeks it in the morning, and goes to the grave to weep there.

A SISTER'S VALUE.—Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship, which renders a brother so worthy and noble. Learn to appreciate her sweet influence, as portrayed in the following words: "That man has grown up among affectionate sisters," I once heard a lady of much observation and experience remark.

"And why do you think so," said I.

"Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart."

He who has never known a sister's kind ministrations, nor felt his heart warming beneath her enduring smile and love-beaming eye, has been unfortunate indeed. It is not to be wondered at, if the fountain of pure feeling flow in his bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentle emotions of his nature be lost in the sterner attributes of mankind.

A sister's influence is felt in manhood's riper years; and the heart of him who has grown cold in chilly contact with the world will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some accident awakens within him the soft tones, the glad melodies, of his sister's voice; and he will turn from purposes which a wrapped and false philosophy had reasoned into expediency, and even weep for the gentle influence which moved him in earlier years.

SPAIN AND THE CUBAN INVADERS.—It is said the Spanish Minister at Washington has called the attention of the President to the fact that organizations are now forming in various sections of the Union, for another invasion of Cuba. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Courier & Enquirer*, in announcing the alarm of the Spanish Minister, adds:

"Spain will contest the possession of Cuba, as it is her just right to do, at every hazard and with every means of defence that can be procured by her own resources, or if need be, alliance with other Powers. A vigorous policy has been ordered, and the Captain General of the Island, in obedience to instructions, under the apprehended revolt and invasion, has directed that every person taken with arms in his hands against the authorities, shall be shot within three hours afterwards. A further order has been issued, that in case any officer should refuse to execute the foregoing penalty he shall be shot instantly for contumacy. The failure of our courts to convict the expeditionists engaged in the last crusade against Cuba, has not only encouraged others to repeat that lawless enterprise, but it has created a bad impression abroad as to the ability of the judicial tribunals to administer the law in the face of a morbid state of opinion."

HOW TO REFORM A BALKEY HORSE.—If you have one, harness him into a good single tree, then fasten him, tail to tail, to a well harnessed team of good strong horses attached to a pair of double trees, start him—he'll back—then immediately start the others and let them pull him backward for a hundred yards or more.—Two or three such lessons will perfectly cure him of all his crawling propensities.