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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: 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-seven 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.

NEW CASH-STORE.

AFTER returning my thanks to my friends, acquaintances and the public generally, for their former liberal patronage, I offer to them a variety of
Groceries, Dry-Goods, Crockery and Hardware,
At wholesale and retail, consisting in part as follows

GROCERIES.

SUGARS—Muscovado, New Orleans, St. Croix, Loaf, Crushed and Powdered
COFFEES—Java and Rio
MOLASSES—N. Orleans, Muscovado and West India
SALT—Constantly on hand
TOBACCO—Yellow Bank, Ellis, and a variety of common, at prices from 12 to 75c per pound
TEAS—Gunpowder, Green, Hyson and Black
SEAGARS—Rio Honda, Gold Leaf, Sylva, Palmetto, and a variety of common, prices from 6 to \$40 per M.
CANDLES—Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow
CHEESE—Goshen and English
BACON—Sides, Shoulders and Hams
LARD—Constantly on hand
FISH—Salmon, Herring and all numbers of Mackerel
FRUITS—Figs, Raisins, Almonds, Currants, English Walnuts, &c.
SPICES—Allspice, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Mustard and Pepper
PICKLES—English and American, a variety
KETCHUPS—Mushroom, Walnut and Tomato
PRESERVES—Citron, Orange, Lemon, Pine Apple and Ginger
BRANDY-FRUITS—Peaches, Cherries and Limes
JELLIES and JAMS—A variety
LOBSTERS and SARDINES—Hermetically Sealed
CANDIES—Of all kinds
CRACKERS—Pie Nic, Soda, Butter, Wine, Water and Sugar

CROCKERY Assorted,

SADDLES—Riding and Wagon
WHIPS—Carriage, Buggy, Driver's and Wagon
CARDS—Cotton and Wool
POWDER and SHOT

ALSO—

A new and complete stock of **DRY-GOODS**, consisting in part as follows:

200 pieces Prints, at prices from 5 to 15c. per yard
75 do Long Cloths from 6 to 18c.
300 do Brown Homespun, from 5 to 12c.
250 pair Negro Blankets from \$1.50 to \$2.25 per pair
100 pieces Kerseys, from 12 to 18c.
Oznaburgs—DeKalb always on hand

ALSO—A VARIETY OF

Muslins, Alpacas, Irish Linens, Tickings, Apron Checks, Shirtings, Drillings, Ginghams, Linseys, Flannels, Salicis, Serge, Cashmeres, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Suspenders, Hosiery, of all kinds; Gloves of all kinds; Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts, Cloths, Cassimeres, Sateenets, Tweeds, &c. Together with a large assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing.

Violina, Double-barrel Shot Guns, from \$11 to \$15, Rifles, Flint and Percussion locks \$9 to \$12
And a great variety of articles, both in **GROCERIES** and **DRY-GOODS**, too tedious to mention.

I will attend to the Receiving and Forwarding Business as heretofore, and I am prepared to make liberal advances on Cotton shipped to Messrs Chambers, Jeffers & Co., Charleston.

I intend selling *exclusively for Cash*, and most respectfully invite any who wish *Bargains*, to give me a call, and they will find the cash system decidedly preferable.

Call at his Old Stand on the corner.
B. W. CHAMBERS.
Camden, Oct. 5.

PAIN KILLER.—One Gross Perry Davis & Son's unrivalled PAIN KILLER, in bottles from 12 1/2 to \$1. Received yesterday, at
Oct. 2. Z. J. DEHAY'S.

DR. UPHAM'S

Vegetable Pile Electuary.

A CERTAIN cure for Piles, either External or Internal, Bleeding or Blind. Also for all Inflammatory Diseases, Affections of the Skin, and Impurities of the Blood, arising from any source. For sale by
June 22. THOMAS J. WORKMAN.

Just Received.

150 Ps. SHIRTINGS and SHEETINGS
100 pair Blankets
5000 yds Gunny Bagging
25 coils Rope. 100 kegs Nails.
Sept. 3. W. C. MOORE.

HOLDEN'S CORDIAL.—A fresh supply of this invaluable remedy for Dysentery and Diarrhoea. Received yesterday at
October 12. Z. J. DEHAY'S.

BAGGING, Rope and Twine. For sale by
JAMES McEWEN.

FRESH Solar Oil—Received yesterday by
Nov. 2. T. J. WORKMAN.

SPERM and Lard Oil—For sale by
Nov. 2. T. J. WORKMAN.

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.
RECEIVED to-day by
Nov. 2. T. T. WORKMAN.

Mexican Mustang Liniment,
In bottles at 25, 50c. and \$1.00. Received to-day by
Nov. 2. T. J. WORKMAN.

300 LBS. of the handsomest Candles ever offered in this market.
W. C. MOORE.

Mexican Mustang Liniment,
In bottles at Fifty Cents and One Dollar. For sale by
Z. J. DEHAY'S.

Ready-Made Clothing.

A HANDSOME stock of **COATS, VESTS AND PANTS.** Also, Coats and Vests for Boys. With a large assortment of **HATS.** Just received at
Oct. 15. A. M. & R. KENNEDY'S.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

The Autumn time! the autumn time!
How softly steals its footsteps on,
How gently fades the Summer's prime,
And dim her glories one by one.
The days are bright and calm, and clear,
It seems yet summer time to me;
But ah! a change is round me here,
In faded flower and crimsoned tree.

The autumn leaves! the autumn leaves!
How gorgeous in their golden sheen!
And yet it is but death that gives
Their glowing hues for simple green.
Oh! spirit of the frozen North!
O'er! mocker of our summer dreams!
Why com'st thou thus to blight our earth,
And hush the music of our streams!

The autumn winds! the autumn winds!
Ye come once more with plaintive song;
Ye breathe a dirge to saddened minds,
As softly low ye sweep along.
Ye're sighing for the faded bloom
Of dying Summer's beauty fled,
Like mourners wailing o'er the tomb
Of young and loved ones early dead.

The autumn rain! the autumn rain!
Its sound falls sadly on our ears;
And coursing down the window pane,
The pearls drop seem gushing tears.
Each pale sad flower hath caught a gem,
Which trembles in its loving eye;
Then fallen from the withered stem!
It lays its cheek down low to die.

And yet I love thee, autumn time!
I love the blessings thou dost bring;
Though thou hast not the merry chime
That thrills the soul in joyous Spring.
'Tis sweetly sad! 'tis sweetly sad!
'To gaze upon this solemn scene,
Nor would I, if I could, retreat,
Where naught but vernal bloom is seen.

WEALTH.—The error of life into which man most readily falls, is the pursuit of wealth as the highest good of existence. While riches command respect, win position, and secure comfort, it is expected that they will be regarded by all classes only with a strong and unsatisfied desire. But the reverence which is every where manifested for wealth, the rank which is conceded it, the homage which is paid it, the perpetual worship which is offered it, all tend to magnify its desirableness and awaken longings for its possession in the minds of those born without inheritance. In society as at present observed, the acquisition of money would seem to be the height of human aim—the great object of living, to which all other purposes are made subordinate. Money, which exalts the lowly, and sheds honor upon the exalted—money, which makes sin appear goodness, and gives to viciousness the seeming of chastity—money, makes silent evil report, and opens wide the mouth of praise—money, which constitutes its possessor an oracle, to whom men listen with deference—money, which makes deformity beautiful, and sacrifices crime—money, which lets the guilty go unpunished, and wins forgiveness for wrong—money, which manhood and age respect, and its commendation surety, and good name for the young—how shall it be gained? by what schemes gathered in? by what sacrifice secured? These are the questions which absorb the mind, the practical answerings of which engross the life of men. The schemes are too often those of fraud, and outrage upon the sacred obligations of being; sacrifice, loss of the highest moral sense, the neglect of internal life and development, the utter and sad perversion of the true purposes of existence. Money is valued beyond its worth—it has gained a power vastly above its deserving.

Wealth is courted so obsequiously, is flattered so servilely, is so influential in moulding opinions and judgment, has such a weight in the estimation of character, that men reward its acquisition as the most prudent aim of their endeavors, and its possession as absolute enjoyment and honor, rather than the means of honorable, useful, and happy life. While riches are thus overestimated, and hold such power in communities, men will forego ease and endure toil, sacrifice social pleasures and abandon principle, for the speedy and unlimited acquirement of property. Money will not be regarded as the means of living, but as the object of life. All nobler ends will be neglected in the eager haste to be rich. No higher pursuit will be recognized than the pursuits of gold—no attainment deemed so desirable as the attainment of wealth. While the great man of every circle is the rich man, in the common mind wealth becomes the synonyme of greatness. No condition is discernible superior to that which money confers: no loftier idea of manhood is entertained than that which embraces the extent of one's possessions.

There is a wealth of heart better than gold, and an interior decoration fairer than outward ornament. There is a splendor in upright life, beside which gems are lustreless; and a firmness of spirit whose beauty outvies the glitter of diamonds. Man's true riches are hidden in his nature, and in their development and increase will find his surest happiness.

Presence of Mind.

Very much has been written in regard to this important trait of character, yet adults, as well as children, are continually, in every dangerous emergency, found lamentably deficient. Accidents causing death and destruction of property will ever occur; therefore, in calm and tranquil moments, we should fortify ourselves for the hour of danger. The story of "John Raynor," impressed on the mind, possibly might have been restored to life many children apparently drowned. It was in the infancy of this periodical that the account was given, and a host of our present readers were not then its patrons; therefore, I hope to be pardoned for giving a transcript for publication, especially as it cannot fail to interest our juvenile friends.

"It was during the summer holiday of 1800," said Mr. Bowers, "I had a young friend staying with me and my younger brother Edward. His name was John Raynor; and how he came by

so much information as he seemed to have, I do not remember that we troubled ourselves to inquire; but my father, who liked John exceedingly, said it was from his constant habit of observation. He was then only fourteen, only two years older than myself. One evening, during the absence of my parents, we occupied ourselves with assisting our old gardener. The garden sloped down to a broad river, which joined the sea at a few miles distant. I was not so busy but I looked up every now and then to watch the beautiful sunset that sparkled on the water, or the passage boats and country barges that glided by at intervals. Suddenly I observed, at a small distance, something floating on the water. "It is the body of a boy!" said John, and in a moment flung off his jacket and threw himself into the water. Fortunately he was a good swimmer, and his courage never left him. He swam with all his strength towards the floating body, and seizing with one hand the hair, with the other directed his course to the shore. We watched eagerly, and the moment he came within reach, assisted him in laying the body on the grass-plot. My brother Edward recognized him as the son of a washerwoman, exclaiming, as he burst into tears,

"Poor woman, she will never see her boy again." John replied, in a hurried tone, "She may, if we lose no time, and use the right means to recover him. Edward run quickly for a doctor, and as you pass the kitchen, tell Susan to have a bed warmed."

"We had better hold him up by the heels," said the gardener, "to let the water run out of his mouth."

"No, no," exclaimed John; "by so doing we shall kill him, if he is not already dead; we must handle him as gently as possible."

"When the body had been carried into the house, the gardener urged John to place the body near the kitchen fire; but after a little persuasion they yielded to John's entreaty, and the body was rubbed dry, and placed on his right side between hot blankets, on a mattress. The head was bound with flannel, and placed high on pillows; four bottles were filled with hot water, wrapped in flannels, and placed at the armpits and feet, while the body was constantly rubbed with hot flannels. John then took the bellows, and having blown out all the dust, directed me to close the mouth and one nostril, while he, by blowing in at the other, filled the chest with air; he then laid aside the bellows, and pressed the chest upwards to force the air out; this was done from twenty to thirty times in a minute, to imitate natural breathing. All this time the windows and doors were left wide open. Edward at length returned without the doctor; he was absent from home. The use of friction with warm flannel, and artificial breathing, was continued for one hour and a half, and no signs of life appeared. John continued his efforts. Another half hour passed, and to the inexpressible delight of us all, the boy opened his eyes, and uttered a faint sigh."

What a good thing it was for the mother of this poor boy that John Raynor once read, on a framed printed paper, "Rules of the Humane Society for recovering persons apparently drowned." Better still, that he had taken pains to remember them. Every item that we glean, calculated to benefit the distressed, should be treasured in memory's garner for the hour of need. —*Mother's Journal and Family Visitor.*

QUARRELS.—One of the easy, and most common, most perfectly foolish things in the world is to quarrel, no matter with whom, man, woman or child, or upon what pretence, provocation or occasion whatever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it; and yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians, lawyers, doctors and princes quarrel; the Church quarrels, and the State quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts, quarrel about all manner of things and on all manner of occasions.

If there is any thing in the world that will make a man feel bad, except pinching his fingers in a crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after than he did before one; it degrades him in his own eyes, and in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibility to disgrace on one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more quietly and peaceably we get on the better; the better for ourselves; the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders, take care to live so that no man will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is just to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

NILE DISCOVERY.—Bayard Taylor writes to the New York Tribune that "a Mr. Rolle, who early in last winter had gained a point on the White Nile, within four and a half degrees of the equator, has sent back an account of his discoveries, with a map, which has reached the French Geographical Society. It appears, from his account that the upper part of the Nile channel is surrounded by great mountains, which extend eastwardly from the Southern Abyssinian range, far towards the centre of the continent, in a line curving to the south. In these mountains are nourished the many streams whose reservoirs supply the inundations of the Nile, continuing as they do for months. Mr. Rolle finds in that country the tradition of a white people who formerly brought merchandise from the south; he supposes that these traders were Portuguese, and that they crossed the mountains by some pass which is yet to be discovered.

At about the same date with this communication, a missionary named Don Angelo Vico, was

at a place which he called Bellenia, on an eastern branch of the White Nile, between four and five degrees north latitude. With these travellers, and with others who are scattered over that continent, it must soon be thoroughly explored. Mr. Rolle speaks of the practice of the Egyptian Turks, who kidnap and enslave the natives of those remote regions, as hindering greatly the progress of both scientific investigation and of commerce.

From the Winstons Register.

Morning, Noon and Evening, Compared to Life.

[BY MISS S. LAUGHLIN.]

It was a bright and glorious morn, fresh before me lay the landscape; gently the zephyr's breath touched the myriads of flowers that were bending beneath their coronets of dew; the first faint rays of light were gilding the eastern horizon, and dispersing the clouds that appeared in the blue vault the night before, and outshining the stars in brightness so as to shut them entirely from our view, but nothing was seen, save a few straggling beams dancing and playing upon the sparkling dew—

Just like some little Elf in sprite,
That visits earth at morning light;
Again when day has gone away,
They dance forth in the morning ray.

Thus I gazed and mused on the beauty and freshness of the scene, and thought it a fit emblem of childhood's joyous hours; no cloud dimmed the horizon there—all was beautiful, all was lovely—the smile of wild joyous glee danced from the eye, and plays over their happy dimpled faces, like the sun's first rays playing over the spangled lawn.

In the morning of life, we appear very weak, and have very little power;—but mark how our strength increases!—The sun arose very slowly, and I watched how by degrees it increased in brilliancy—more and more intense became the rays—still, advancing slowly, and slowly, increasing every hour in brightness, until it arrived at the meridian of its glory, dispensing light and heat to all.—It stood as the great emblem of Man—Man in the prime of life; and as I saw many driven to seek the shade, from the powerful rays that poured from the zenith—I thought of our own lamented CALHOUN—when he stood in the height of his power, and forced the recreants of their country to hide from the fire of his eye, and cower beneath the brilliancy of his intellect.

Oh, son of Carolina would that I
Could touch the lyric page, with pen divine,
A halo,—bright will ever round thee shine.

Again did I watch the sun, in its decline, it had touched the western horizon, and in a bed of golden clouds, it sunk from my view, on the western horizon,—that point from whence it had started in the morn, was made brilliant by the lingering light. Here is a picture of the great and good man, he has advanced steadily, year after year, in pursuit of the business of this life, becoming by degrees older and older, his friends fear lest he should be taken off suddenly, but he lives on to a glorious old age. But oh! how swiftly time passes on, his steps become more feeble, and he is compelled to lean heavily on his staff—his appointed time is almost finished in this world, and the destroyer disease seizes his frail and tottering frame—day after day—long and wearied nights, dear friends watch around his dying bed, giving every attendance that is necessary, but still the disease is increasing, and medical aid is of no assistance, his course is almost run, they have all assembled to receive the last parting blessing—all hope is lost, a smile lights up his face, he then

Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun,
He sinks to rest, his days are finished.

And how have they been spent? view him as he sleeps in death, he is free from all the trouble of this world. Although his tongue is hushed, that he can converse with us no more, yet like the last lingering reflection of the sun, his actions are left for an example, and his influence will be felt for many ages to come.

But, still death is terrible; the tear,
The grave the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear;
Of agony are thine—

Yet, it is beautiful and instructive to witness the last hours of those who have spent long years in the discharge of every Christian duty—even more glorious is the halo that lingers around the dying of the Christian, than ever lit up the western sky; or of the far famed Italian sun-set.

STREET DIALOGUE.—By M. A. C.—Pompey—Hallo, Sambo! where goin'—jest hol' on a bit—dare's an idee in dis chile's hed.

Sambo.—An' well, let's hear it—hurry up now, coz I see goin' to get de doctor for massa Jones' chile, he's got de hoopin' coff.

Pompey, (scratching his head). Well, den! Oh, here it is! Well, when I see layin' on my bed dis mornin', I gan considerin' wat was de reason w'y a nigger's nose was flat an' heels long, wen all of a sudden an idee cums into my hed, an' 'twas dis—de fus nigger as eber was went playin' mumble de peg wid a while feller an' los de game, den of course he had to pull out de peg out of de groun' wid him teef. Well, he was so long 'bout it dat he flatten his nose on his face.

Sambo.—Yah, yah, yah! Wat an idee dat was. But, Pompey, you didn't tell us de reason of de heels 'bin' long!

Pompey.—Dat's a fac'. Well, de reason of dat was, coz his toes boin' nex' to de groun' dey couldn't grow any furdur dat way, so as dey mus' grow some way, de heel den grew out issef.

THE APPLE TRADE.—One town in Massachusetts raised 14,000 barrels this year, which sold for an average of \$2, making the snug little sum of \$28,000 to a few persons, who have learned that such small business as growing and selling apples will produce a sure income.

ANOTHER COLLEGE.—The Carolina Spartan, published at Spartanburg Court House, S. C., says: "That publication will be made to the next Legislature, for an act to incorporate another College in the town of Spartanburg, to be called 'St. John's College.'" The Rev. Mr. McCollough, the Episcopal Minister of the Advent at this place, is its projector and director. We made a short visit to the grounds, which is to form, we trust, the beautiful Campus of St. John's College; and were surprised to find, already, the masonry of the two first stories, of a large and elegant building, between 70 and 80 feet long were finished. The third we were informed, would be up in two or three weeks. We learn, that the present is designed as a centre edifice, to which suitable additions may be made whenever required."

EDUCATION OF BOYS.—We know not who is the author of the following paragraph but it contains sound sentiments which ought to be treasured up by every parent and guardian in the land:

"Every boy should have his head his heart and his hand educated. Let this truth never be forgotten. By the proper education of the head, he will be taught what is good and what is evil what is wise and what is foolish, what is right, and what is wrong. By the proper education of the heart, he will be taught to love what is good wise and right, and to hate all evil foolish and wrong. And by the proper education of hand, he will be enabled to supply his wants, to add to his comforts, and to assist those around him. The highest objects of a good education are to reverence and obey God, and to love and serve mankind. Everything that helps us in attaining these objects is of great value, and everything that hinders us is comparatively worthless. When wisdom reigns in the head, and love in heart, the man is ever ready to do good; order and peace smile around and sin and sorrow are almost unknown."

DR. DAVID T. HINES.—"This somewhat notorious individual," says the Savannah Republican of Friday, "was arraigned yesterday before the U. S. Circuit Court, now in session in this city, and plead guilty to the charge of embezzlement from the Post Office. As the amount abstracted was quite small, he was let off with the light sentence of six months imprisonment in the County Jail, and a fine of one hundred dollars. We understand that other indictments will probably be found against him, at the next term of the State Superior Court."

NEW YORK MONEY MARKET.—The Journal of Commerce of Tuesday afternoon says:

There is a continued ease in the money market which will soon be further promoted by a large arrival of specie from California. We learn by special correspondence from San Francisco under date of October 14, that the steamer Oregon would leave the day after the Pacific, with two and a quarter million of gold dust on freight, which amount may be expected daily. This will give increased buoyancy in the market; with such arrivals and a limited export of coin, we do not see how any stringency can be apprehended.

The advance noticed yesterday in Sterling Exchange was mostly nominal, a few sales were effected at 110 1/4, and towards the close prime signatures on London were offered at 110 1/8. The Stock market was better, at the opening, for Cumberland and one or two other speculative Stocks, but lower for Erie and Canton.

The Maysville Eagle says, Kentucky sends annually to market thirty thousand mules worth from \$3,000,000 to 4,000,000.

"A PATRON."—Some individuals think themselves "patrons" of a paper, because they receive it from week to week, even if they seldom or never pay for it, or the amount due from them is nearly lost by the expense of collecting it. To such, we would commend the example of T. K., of O., New York, who "knowing that publishers very frequently suffer through the neglect of patrons," has paid three years in advance for his paper. We wish we had a thousand more of such subscribers. We should be glad to look upon their honest faces. "Patrons" of this sort are "patrons" indeed. They keep the needful machinery well oiled, and to serve them, is a cheerful work.—*Ex. Paper.*

HORRIBLE DUEL.—By the Santa Clara Register we are informed of the following particulars of a duel which came off in Santa Clara county, near Gilroy's ranch, and which, in ferocity and desperation, we find no parallel for in the State. It occurred, says the Register, between a Mexican and a native Californian, about a game of monte, and Colt's navy revolvers were the weapons used in combat. Nine shots were fired, and four of the balls took effect in each of the combatants. Both parties expired immediately, and they were each ushered into the presence of their Maker to answer for the murder of the other. After the second or third shot, the Californian crawled on his hands and knees nearer his antagonist and fired, in order to make sure of his victim. This shot took effect in the abdomen of the Mexican.

THE COLUMBIA and CHARLOTTE RAILROAD.—We find in the Carolinian, the annual report of Col. Palmer, President of the Charlotte Road, from which we learn that the receipts and expenditures of the Road for the year have been as follows:
From passengers, freights, and mails, \$115,017.72
And the expenses, 50,972.28

Leavings for earings, \$64,045.50
The whole cost of the road has been about a million and a half. Allowing then for the diminution of its receipts, in consequence of the interruptions of the freshet, we find the result quite promising.—*Southern Standard.*