# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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### TERMS.

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The number of insertions desired, and the edi-

tion to be published in must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be published semi-weeky until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly

## NEW CASH-STORE.

A FTER returning my thanks to my friends, acquainces and the public generally, for their former liberal patronage, I offer to them a variety of Greceries, 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

TOBACCO—Yellow Bank, Ellis, and a variety of common, at prices from 12 to 75c. per pound TEAS—Gunpowder, Green, Hyson and Black SEGARS—Rio Hondo. Gold Leaf, Sylva, Palmetto, and a variety of comman, prices from 6 to \$40 per M. CANDLES—Sperm. Adamantine and Tallow CHEESE—Goshen and English BAOON—Sides, Shoulders and Hams LARD. Constantly on hand

BACON—Sides, Shoulders and Hams
LARD—Constantly on hand
FISH—Salmon, Herring and all numbers of Mackarel
PRUITS—Figs, Raisins, Almonds, Currants, English
Walnuts, &c.
SPICES—Allspice, Nutmegs, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Mustard and Pepper
PICKLES—English and American, a variety
KETCHUPS—Mushroon, Walnut and Tomato
PRESERVES—Citron, Orange, Lemon, Pine Apple
and Ginger

and Ginger
BRANDY-FRUITS—Peaches, Cherries and Limes JELLIES and JAMS—A variety
LOBSTERS and SARDINES—Hermetically Sealed

CANDIES—Of all kinds CRACKERS—Pic Nic, Soda, Butter, Wine, Water and

# 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, consideration

in part as follows:

200 pieces Prints, at prices from 5 to 15c. per pard

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, Alpaccas, Irish Linens, Tickings, Apron

Checks, Shirtings, Drillings, Ginghams, Linseys, Flannels, Salicia, Serge, Cashmeres, Pocket Handkerchiefs, nels, Salicia, Serge, Casameres, Focaet Handserchels, Cravats, Suspenders, Hosiery, of all kinds; Gloves of all kinds; Linen Shirts, Merino Shirts, Cloths, Cassi-meres, Satinets, Tweeds, &c. Together with a large assortment of

#### Ready-Made Clothing. -ALSO-

Violins, Double barrel Shot Guns, from \$11 to \$15, Rifles, fliut 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 liber al advances on Cotton shipped to Messrs Chambers, Jeffers & Co., Charleston.

I intend selling exclusively for Cash, and most res-

pectfully invite any who wish Bargains, to give me a call, and they will find the cash system decidedly pre-

Call at his Old Stand on the corner.

B. W. CHAMBERS. Camden, Oct. 5.

FRESH Solar Oil—Received yesterday by Nov. 2.

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

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

Mexican Mustang Liniment, IN Bottles at Fifty Cents and One Dollar. For sale Z. J. DEHAY'S.

Mexican Mustang Liniment, N bottles at 25, 50c. and \$100. Received to day by T. J. WORKMAN,

# EATHER AND SHOE FINDING Deather And Of every kind, viz: Best Hemlock Sole; best Baltimore Oak Sole "Harness and Band—extra "French and American Calf Skins "Income and Binding Skins

- Sadler's Calf and Pad Skins Shoe Knives, Pincers, Rasps, Files, Hammers, Awl Blades, Shoe Nails, Tacks, Thread, Sand Stones, Heel

Balls, Blacking, and Shoemaker's Tools of every description, and of the very best quality. Just received and for sale by

WORKMAN & BOONE. and for sale by

# LEATHER! LEATHER!!

A LDEN & MURRAY have now on hand, a choice lot of BAND, HARNESS and UPPER LEA-THER, of their own tanning, which will ce sold low.

A superior lot of NEGRO SHOES, of their own manufacture, very heavy and warranted good, at prices from 50c. to \$1.

Expected in a few days a choice lot of FINE SHOES, of every description, comprising many new and beau Sept. 28.

# Woollen Goods.

An assortment of · ALL-WOOL PLAINS KERSEYS, LINSEYS SATTINETTS, TWEEDS

JEANS, &c. &c. &c. &c. For the Plantation and House Servants. Purchasers will please call, as they will be sold cheap, by
Oct. 21.

W. ANDERSON.

AN HOUR BEFORE THE SUNSET.

BY CHARLES SWAIN. An hour before the sunset, Upon a summer eve, I heard a mother answer, "You should not man believe! 'Tis easy to make promises,
And that the thoughtless find— But truthfulness and giddiness Are never long combined; If you'd have lovers woo you, For neither land nor pelf—'

"Men care not for the maiden That any glance can strike; Men care not for the sweet looks Bestowed on all alike! But there's a maiden dignity Which no one can deride; A sanctity of soul that makes

The ribald turn aside!

If you'd have lovers woo you,

For neither land nor pelf-

If you'd have men respect you,

If you'd have men respect you,

You must respect yourself!

You must respect yourself. "No charm more sweet than innocence From angels could be brought; No shield so strong as modesty And purity of thought! The heart is jealous of its own, And would not even prize A hundred graces, it displayed Before a hundred eyes!

If you'd have lovers woo you, For neither land nor pelt-If you'd have men respect you, You must respect yourself!"

#### Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane.

The following sketch forms an interesting epiode in the life of the talented, but unfortunate, Scottish poet, Tannahill. There are few of our readers, we suppose, but are familiar with the beautiful poem, and the delightful music, of "Jessie, the flower of Dunblane."

The fair object of this song was a bonnie lassie in Dunblane. Her family were of poor extraction, and Jessie herself was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her, she was in her 'teens,' a slight, dimple-cheeked, happy lassie; her hair yellow colored and luxuriant; her eyes large and full, overflowing with the voluptuous langour which is so becoming in young blue eyes with golden lashes. Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and as in all things he was enthusiastical, became forthwith her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, and panting to know and see the world, she left her poor amourant 'to con congs to his mistress' eye-brows, while she recklessly rambled, along the flowery meads of Dunblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying non-chalance. This was a two fold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innecent, and yet, withal so encased in insensibility, as apparently to be neither conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, no caresses of her lover; 'twas too much; to mark all this, and feel it with the feeling of a poet was the aeme of misery. But the Flower of Dunblane, was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in person r manners to engage her attention or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love-almighty love-must be free, else it ceases to be love.

Tannahill was plain in his person and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontent as the cruel disappointment which it had been his unhappy fate almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed-as a vast paradise full of the beauty of heaven and of earth, where mem walked forth in the image of their creator, invested with his attributes, and woman trod proudly amidst the lovely creation, an angel venerated and adored. To express dissatisfaction under all these circumstances was, to her mind, the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real lover of misery, and sufficient cause for her not to respect him. Both viewed the world thro' a false medium, and their deductions, although at variance, gave color to their minds and accelerated their fate. Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiment, and as all womankind ever did and do, she scorned a cooing lover. The bard was driven to des pair, and summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberations. Soon after this period the song of "Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane," together with the music was published and became a publie favorite; it was sung everywhere, in theatres and at parties; a world of praise was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips, and men became med to know the lady. In a short period it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dunblane, was the favored one.

From all quarters young men and bachelors flocked to see her, and her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, poor Jessie became really enamored. A rakish spark from Midlothians, adorned with education, being of polished manners and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her young affections. She too credulously trusted in his unhallowed professions. The ardor of first love overcame her better judgment, and abandoning herself to her love-passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments near the city of Edinburgh. The song of nelected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse; while

every hand. "Who would be eminent," and a distinguished child of popularity, "if they knew the peril, the madness, and distraction of mind to which the creature of the popular breath is exposed?" When the poet heard the fate of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost burst with mental agony, and working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song, more glowing and energetic than ever before dropt in burning accents from his tongue. It is to be lamented, that in a fit of disgust he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment.

Ere three years had revolved their tripple circuit after Jessie left her father's home, she was a changed woman. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her; the oval cheeks were indented by the hand of his misery, and the face and person presented the picture of an unhappy, but amiable being. How changed was the figure clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy, lively girl in Dunblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant! But this is a subject too painful to dwell on: let us hasten to the catastrophe. It was on an afternoon in July, a beautiful sunny afternoon, the air was calm and pure. The twin islands of the Forth, like vast emeralds set in a lake of silver, rose splendidly o'er the shining water, which now and then gurgled and mantled their bases. Fifeshire was spread forth like a map, her hundreds of inland villages and cots tranquilly sleeping in the sunshine. The din of the artizan's hammers in Kirkaldy and Queensterry smote the still air; and Duntermline's aproved inhabitants scattered forth their whitened webs beneath the noontide sun. On the opposite shore, Leith disgorged her black smoke, which rolled slowly in volumes to the sea. Edinburgh castle, like a mighty spirit from the "vasty deep," reared her gray bulwarks high in air; and Arthur's seat rose hugely and darkly in the back ground. The chorusses of fishermen, like hymns to the great spirit of the waters, ascended over Newhaven; and down from Grangemouth, lightly booming o'er the tide, floated the tall bark. The world

seemed steeped in happiness. But there was one—a wandering one; an out-east—wretched and despairing, amidst all its loveliness; her bosom was cold and dark-no ray could penetrate its depths; the sun shone not for her, nor did nature smile around but to inflict a more exquisite pang on the unfortunate. Her steps were broken and hurried. She now approached the water's edge, and then receded. No human creature was near to disturb her purpose-all was quietness and privacy; but there was an eye from above that watched all. Jessie Mantaith have manufault soldads that name at such a crisis. But Jessie set herself down, and removing a shawl and bonnet from her person, and taking a string of pearl from her marbleseeming neck, and a gold ring, which she kissed eagerly, from her taper finger, she cast up her steaming eyes meekly imploring the forgiveness of heaven on him, the cause of her shame and death. Scarce offering a prayer for herself, she breathed forth the names of her disconsolate parents, and, ere the eyes could follow her, she disappeared in the pure stream. The sun shone on, he green of the earth stirred not a leaf; a bell did not toll; nor did a sigh escape the lips of one human being, and yet the spirit of the lovliest of women passed (may we not hope?) to hea-

A Sketch.-A mother was kneeling in the hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them, like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips-the soft bright earls that clustered on their pillow were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthy breathings, and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh glad spirit, yet rested on their red lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride-and then, as she continued to gaze on the lovely slumberers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness, and a cold shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, so glowing, might be touched with sudden decay and gather back in their brightness to the dust. And she lifted her voice in prayer, solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the Giver of Life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned.

And as the low-breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her, and her spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange wild paths of life, and a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts seathed with desolating and guilty passions. And the prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent, even to agony that He who was the fountain of all purity, would preserve these whom He had given her in their perfect innocence, permitting neither shame nor crime, nor folly, to east a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested from His hand as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit, a pale shadowy form stood be side the infant sleepers. "I am Death," said the spectre, "and I am come for thy babes, I am commissioned to bear them where the perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, dust nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me you can preserve them forever from contamination and decay."-A wild conflict, a struggle as of the soul panting in strong agony, shook the mother's frame, but faith, and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earthly passions, triumphed, and she yielded up her babes to the spectre. 'Behold!' said Death, as he touched the fair forms, and the it brought her into notice and enhanced her beauty, it laid the foundation of her final destruction. Popularity is a dangerous elevation, is forever sealed. They will awake where there whether the object of it be a peasant or prince; is neither blight nor tempest.' And the benign

temptations around it, and suares are laid on power, whom we call the Spoiler, bore away the now perfected blossoms of immortality to the far-off sky.

> THE ORATOR AND THE NEWSPAPER .- Compare the orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the Newspaper, and we may gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquiti-ous power of the latter. The orator speaks to a few hundred, the newspaper addresses millions. The words of the orator may die in the air; the language of the newspaper is stamped on tables imperishable. The arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of ratiocination; the reasonings of the newspaper may be scanned at leisure, without a fear of perplexity. The passion of an orator inflames an assembly; the feeling of a newspaper electrifies a continent. The orator is for an edifice; the newspaper for a world; the one shines for an hour; the other for all time. The orator may be compared to the lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but to leave it again in darkness; the newspaper to a sun blazing steadily over a whole earth, and "fixed on the basis of its own eternity."

> Printing has been happily defined "the art preservative of all arts." Printing makes the orator himself more than an orator. It entehes up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the speaking gallery through which the orator thunders in the ears of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of rising generations .- William Wullace,

> O! King, Live Forever!-Such was the form of the old Eastern salutation. It may have been, as coming events cast their shadows before, that this apparently absurd wish was but a precursor of what will become a common and not at all unnatural form of expression. A gentleman has appeared in our midst who tells us gravely and in perfect faith, that we may as well live a few bundred years (if we want to) as not. That he has in his possession a wondrous fluid which one imbibes, and lo! the magic restoration! health succeeds instanter.

What wonderful revolutions in trade and customs this new wrinkle will make, remains to be seen. At any rate we may rest assured that the nineteenth century will go down to future ages, as abounding with the strangest, most incomprehensible isms, ogies, and pathies. The spirits are opening a regular communication with earth; homeopathists are gaining regular armies to their stand, and here comes the clixir of life to close up the rear with a regular certificate that men needn't die if they don't want to.

All hail, novelty! What would the world do without thee? Curiosity would go pining up ing what she might devour, and finding nothing

All hail, novelty! From beneeforth wonders will never cease—or life either. When a man hires his house, it will be on a lease perchance of a hundred years or so—if the locality suits him. We shall plant orchards, and eat of their fruit with our great, great, great, great-small grandchildren; and we hale, hearty old-young men still. Only think of it!

Go on erying Excelsior. Progression is the order of the day; our country is enlarging its bounds, and if somebody don't stop it, it will go beyond them. Who will see that it is speedily and properly fenced in ?-Olive Branch.

A Domestic Sketch.-We are indebted a correspondent for the following sketch of a domestic scene that cannot fail to touch a cord in

"One market day, we saw a wagon loaded with wheat coming into town-nothing strange in that, certainly. And a man driving the team, and a woman perched on the load beside, and a child throned in the woman's lap-nothing strange in that either. And it required no particular shrewdness that the woman was the property-personal of course-of the man, and that the black-eyed, round faced child was the proper ty of both of them. So much we saw, so much we suppose every body saw, who looked. It is a fair inference that the wife came in to help her husband "trade out" a portion of the proceeds of the wheat, the product of so much labor, and so many sunshines and rains. The pair were somewhere (a fine point of observation, isn't it?) this side of forty, and it is presumptive, if blessed like their neighbors, they left two or three children at home "to keep house" while they came to town -perhaps two girls and a boy, or as it is immaterial to us, two boys and a girl. Well, we followed the pair, in and through until the wheat was sold, the money was paid, and then for the trade. The baby was shifted from shoulder to to shoulder, or sat down upon the floor to run off into mischief like a sparkling globule of quick-silver on a marble table, while calicoes were priced, sugar and tea tested, and plates 'rung.' The good wife looks askance at a large mirror that would just be the thing for the best room, and the roll of carpeting, of the most becoming pattern-but it won't do, they must wait till next year. Ah! there is music in those next years that orchestras cannot make. And so they look and price and purchase the summer supplies, the husband the while eyeing the little roll of bank notes growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Then comes an aside conference particularly confidential. She takes him affectionately by the button and looks up in his face-she has fine eyes by-the-by-with an ex pression eloquent of "do now, it will please them so." And what do you suppose they talk of?
Toys for the children! Johnny wants a drum and Jane a doll, and Jenny a book all pictures, "just like Susan so and-so's." The father looks nonsense," but feels in his pocket for the required silver; and the mother, having gained the point, hastens away, baby and all, for the toys. There acts the mother; she had half

promised-not all-that she would bring them

something, and she is happy all the way home-

not for the bargains she has made, but for the

pleasant surprise in those three brown parcels. And you ought to have been there when she got home, when the drum and the doll and book were produced-and thumbed and cradled and thumped—wasn't it a great house! Happiness is so cheap, what a wonder there is no more of it in this world!"

SIAMESE TWINS .- Many of our readers, (and particularly our distant readers) are unacquainted with the fact that these interesting brothers now ive near Mount Airy, Surry County, N. C. We lately visited them at their residence, and was pleased to find them very intelligent and hospitable.—They were born in May, 1811, of Chinese parents, at the city of Maklong. They have travelled very extensively throughout Europe, and have visited all the United States except Illinois and Missouri. They have a very retentive memory of things and persons, and are free to communicate any information they possess. En-dued with fine common sense, they exhibit a great deal of fact in their business transactions, and have the reputation among their neighbors 

We learned that they were very expert in the use of a gun, and take great pleasure in hunting. They run fast, and walk sometimes eight or ten miles a day. They stand close together, yet are never in each other's way, and whatever movement is made by one is responded to immediate ly by the other. They seldom speak one to the other, but their perception is very quick, and they seem moved by the same impulse when engaged in conversation.

Their wives have blessed them with eleven children. They seem affectionate and happy in their domestic relations .- Rowan Whig.

Franklin Pierce is the youngest man who has ver been elected President of the United States. He is 43 years of age. Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Van Buren were each 58; Jackson, 62; Harrison, 68; Taylor, 66; and Polk, 49.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE U. S. SENATOR.—The Boston Post suggests that Hon. Charles G. Atherton will be likely to be selected by the Legislature as the successor of Hon J. P. Hale, in the Senate of the United States.

CUBA AND FRANCE.-The correspondence of the Koenische Zeitung, (Cologne Gazette,) writes from Madrid, under date of the 20th October:

"I can inform you on the authority of an auhentic source, that a secret treaty has been concluded with France, according to which that power has pledged herself to protect Spain in the of French vessels of war at present on Transat-lantic stations have received orders from their government to place themselves under the orders of the Captain General of Cuba. Three French vessels of war have been already for some time in Cuban ports, and to our squadron on that station the St. Edward, of 86 guns, will shortly be added. She is quite a new vessel, and was only launched on the 16th inst."

In connection with this we quote the following news brought from Cuba by the Black War-

"The English steam frigate Highflyer, and two sloops of war, were in the port of Havana; also several French vessels of war, but no Ameican man-of-war.'

The Governor General received on Sunday at his table the senior commanders of the four English and French steamers in the port-not only to express the kind feelings the Spanish sovereignty feels for their illustrious nations, but also to express the cordiality with which the Governor General welcomes the society of such accomplished officers.

ANCIENT RUINS .- The ruins of ancient cities of immense magnitude and extent, have long been krown to exist in several islands of the Pacific ocean, the origin and existence of which, history furnishes no account. In one of the Ladrone islands, a groupe lying in latitude 16 deg. north, and longitude 170 deg. east, some two thousand miles from the coast of China, are the stupendous ruins of one of these ancient cities.

The Vineyard Gazette, published at Edartown, gives an account of a visit to these ruins by Captain Alfred K. Fisher, of the Nantucket whale ship America. The principal street was three miles long, and the buildings all of stone of a dark color, and of the finest material. Near the centre of the street were twelve solid stone columns, near fifty feet in height, and ten in diameter at the base, surmounted by stone caps of immense weight. From the principal avenue other streets diverge at regular intervals and at right angles. The ruins of the whole city were overgrown with trees of ancient gigantic growth. The native inhabitants, nor the Spaniards, in whose possession the island is at present, could give no account of the founders of the city. It seems to be a counterpart of those Central American cities, the record of whose people is blotted from the memories of men.

THE MAINE LAW .- A memorial is in circulaion for signatures in Washington, to be presented to Congress, asking such an amendment of the city charter as will empower the corporate authorities " to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for mechanical and medicinal purposes, within the limits of the cor-

NORTH-CAROLINA .- The official vote of North-Carolina for President is-Scott, 39,058; Pierce, 39,744; Pierce's majority, 686. The vote falls 12,675 below that polled at the previous Gubernational election. The electors have been summoned by Gov. Reid to meet at Raleigh, on the first Wednesday in December, to cast the vote of