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THOMAS W. PEGUES.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum in advance, Three Dollars and Fifty Cents with in six months, or Four Dollars at the expiration of the year.
Advertisements inserted at 75 cents per square, (fourteen lines or less) for the first and 37 1/2 cents for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be noted on all advertisements, or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.
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Accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented for payment quarterly.
All letters by mail must be post paid to insure punctual attention.

POETRY.

Selected for the Camden Journal.
The following Poem was written on board the Steamboat Gen. Gaines, on a passage up the Mississippi, and addressed to a lady whom the author deserted:—
Adieu, sweet girl! a fond adieu,
By Fate's unseemly decree we're parted;
Farewell Orleans to peace and you,
Farewell dear maid, too soon deserted.
I little deemed the appointed hour
I should have met you, could I inherit
The gloomy, wild and maddening power,
Which now corrodes my reckless spirit.
While musing on Fate's dread decree,
I saw a young and leafless willow,
An emblem of thy memory.
Droop sadly o'er the silent willow:
From that love tree I tore a bough,
And of its finer branches wove
A wreath to bind the faded brow
Of him whose breast is doomed to rove;
To rove, because it could not bear
The frowns of your just indignation;
Yet tears of blood, and years of care,
Can't soothe the pangs of separation.
While borne upon the sterile deep,
Beneath the frosty ray of Heaven,
In vain I seek the charms of sleep;
I fancy that you softly whisper—
This silent hour was pledged to me,
Now weeping here alone I wander,
Inconstant, faithless wretch go free,
Yet on your broken promise ponder.
But never to the girl return,
Whose artless heart you could discover,
Then leave alone too late to mourn,
The absence of a reckless lover.
The hour is past, the twilight speed,
The darker shades of night are o'er me;
Your troubled spirit in silence fled,
But leaves a gloomier void before me.
You say my heart is free from care,
With never faces never lonely;
Saw you its deep recesses bare,
You'd see your own sweet image only.
You'd see your last soul-inflicting kiss,
Stamped on this heart with deep impression,
You'd see the clime of former bliss
The faded ruins of transgression.
You'd see in premature decay,
In that lone cell, the home of reason;
Unprotected late she fell a prey,
A prey to love's unhallow'd treason.
My heart, where is thy calm repose!
Forever lost amid the surges
Of deep regret and countless woes,
Which from my bleeding breast emerges.
Though we may never meet again,
Till both have passed life's stormy ocean,
Doubtless, sweet girl, I'll see you there,
Beyond the tompests of commotion,
Where I, deception's perjured child!
Can never hope to gain admission;
Can only see you from the wild,
Eternal vortex of perdition.
Yet, maiden, grant one pensive prayer,
To him who cannot be forgiven;
Then add not torture to despair,
By frowning from the vaults of Heaven.
* * *

For the Camden Journal.
MARIAN WENTWORTH,
In a small village not many miles from the town of B——, and near the banks of the river Colorado, was a most romantic spot, visited often by the ladies when tired of the bustle and noise of B——. But on the evening that my story commences, all was tranquil, except the buzz of the humming bird as it extracted the sweets from the wild honey suckle, that twining around two or three trees, formed a natural arbor, one or two steps from which a spring, issuing from a rock, completed the beauty of the landscape. In a few minutes the branches of the trees were bent aside, and a young girl apparently about seventeen years of age, stepped in front of the spring—her bonnet, which had fallen back, displayed a profusion of light brown ringlets, her eyes were full hazle, her complexion was dazzlingly fair, and a fastidious judge might have thought the roses in her cheek too deep—her mouth was small and beautifully formed—she remained standing for some time in the attitude of one who listens for the sound of an approaching footstep, but suddenly with an expression of impatience, she turned as if to retrace her steps, when a rustling among the trees attracted

her attention, and a young man between nineteen and twenty was by her side—her anger,
“For even in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes,”
spring at the appointed time, immediately disappeared as she looked up and observed the expression of melancholy in his countenance, said “why, what has happened Frank, to make you look so sad? I am sure it is very unusual.” But young Seymour managed to change the conversation without replying to her question.
Marian Wentworth (for such was the name of our heroine) was the daughter of a rich banker of the town of B——, who, after having acquired sufficient wealth, retired from business, and having only two daughters, both beautiful and accomplished, they were, as may be supposed, the reigning belles of B——. But Marian had accepted the addresses of Frank Seymour, a young man of high respectability, and only son of a very rich planter, and the next month from the period in which my story commences, was appointed for the celebration of their marriage. We must now acquaint the reader with the cause of the melancholy which was visible in the countenance of the young man. He had that day received intelligence of an order issued by the commander-in-chief, ordering all who were capable of bearing arms to join the company under Captain Harcourt, who was going to the assistance of their neighbors in Texas; and thus, so near the time fixed for his marriage, he was obliged to embark in an expedition which it was probable if he was not killed or taken prisoner, he would fall a victim to the climate. He had met Marian, determining to reveal all; but after looking at her happy countenance, he found that he had not courage, and determined to pass one more happy evening before communicating the dreadful intelligence. The sun was sinking behind the trees, when they stopped before the door of a beautiful building, the mansion of Mr. Wentworth, where they were met by Julia, Marian's younger sister—she seemed about fifteen, all gaiety and mischief and very fond of a flirtation with the young officers quartered at B——. It could be truly said of her, that she was “mistress of all hearts, yet constant to none.”
Nothing could be more different than the style of beauty of the two sisters. Julia's mischievous black eyes and dimpled chin, gave an expression of great archness to her countenance; her complexion was dark but clear and ruddy.
“Her's was the loveliness ever in motion that plays Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days— Now here, now there, giving zest as it flies, From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes.”
Scarcely had her sister and Frank entered the house, before she exclaimed, “Oh! sister Marian, I have passed such a delightful evening—you would not be persuaded to accompany me to town and I will tell you what you have lost. I met the handsome Captain Harcourt at Cousin Edith's, and he is so agreeable I became quite captivated with him.”
“I, for one, said Frank, glancing towards Marian, and smiling, am delighted your sister did not accompany you, Miss Julia, if this Captain is so handsome and agreeable, who knows but what he might have supplanted me?”
If I was in Marian's place “there would be great danger of his doing so,” said Julia, whose greatest delight was to say any thing that she thought would tease Frank, who, notwithstanding, was a great favorite with her.
After conversing for some time, Frank took up the guitar that was lying on the centre table, and placing it in Marian's hand begged her to sing, “she wore a wreath of roses,” and he almost forgot the cause of his disquietude, as he listened to the sweet clear voices of the two sisters poured forth in song. But when, in the last verse, she sang, “but now she wore a widow's weeds,” he shuddered to think how soon those words might almost be applied to her.
Captain Harcourt called the next day, and he soon became a constant visitor at Mr. Wentworth's. The time was now fast approaching when Marian would be obliged to hear the dreadful intelligence, as the latter end of the ensuing week was fixed for the departure of the company.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony she experienced when she was told by her lover. Only one that has been placed in a similar situation can have the least idea of it! But a week after, when he saw her for the last time before his departure, the change in her appearance plainly indicated the sufferings she had endured—her cheek was so pale that the blue veins were distinctly visible. The details of all that was said during this interview might be tiresome to our readers. Frank promised that he would return at the first opportunity, and that she should receive intelligence if he did not return.
For a week after her lover left, Marian's life was despaired of, but youth and a strong constitution finally prevailed. As soon as she was able, the physicians advised her parents to travel with her on the continent, until her health became restored.
We next see them in Florence, where they had been a month, and the two beautiful girls had been much spoken of, when they became acquainted with a young Italian nobleman Signor Gambasine, who became quite captivated with Marian's sweet countenance and manners, and although she gave him no encouragement, but the contrary, he paid her marked attention and it was soon reported that she was engaged. As soon as she discovered it, she persuaded her father that she was much better, and wished to return home; and he, willing to gratify her, left Florence a few days after, but travelled till the ensuing fall.
It was only a few weeks after their return, and Marian and Julia were in the drawing room; the latter was seated by the window and talking of every thing she could think of, with the hope of amusing Marian, who was reclining on the lounge, but with her thoughts far away—they were however suddenly recalled by Julia, who exclaimed, “sister Marian, as I live, here is Signor Gambasine advancing up the avenue, where could he have dropped from?”—She interrupted herself upon observing the effect her words had produced upon her sister who was deadly pale, and arose with difficulty from the sofa, “Julia, I cannot see him, this evening—if he enquires, say that I am too indisposed.”—She was so much agitated that she could scarcely give utterance to these words, and with difficulty reached the door a few minutes before the front one was opened and a young man of fashionable appearance entered. “Ah! Signor Gambasine,” said Julia, rising, “this is quite an unexpected pleasure—we did not hear of your being in our town.” “I only arrived this morning, and hastened to pay my respects to the Miss Wentworths,” said Gambasine, “and hope your sister's health was benefited by her travel.” “Sister Marian's health has been delicate since her return, and she is quite indisposed this evening.” The conversation soon took a different turn, and Julia described with animation, the scenes she had witnessed, and the different places through which she had passed, and Signor Gambasine found that he had remained twice the length of time he had intended, after hearing he could not see Marian.
Every day found Gambasine a visitor at Mr. Wentworth's—and Marian often excused herself from seeing him by the plea of indisposition—but he was not discouraged; and on the first opportunity, he proposed. Her rejection was kind, but firm, and on his asking if her heart was already won, she thought it but right to acquaint him with her situation, and told him that she would always regard him as her friend. It was now near nine months since Frank had left, and no tidings had reached them, but soon their anxiety was changed almost into a certainty, by news that reached them, that Captain Harcourt's company had been surprised and cut to pieces, although fighting bravely, with the exception of a few, who were taken prisoners. It was supposed that the brave Frank Seymour and Captain H. had fallen. Marian received so great a shock by this intelligence that the physicians dreaded a relapse. It was a mournful sight to see so young and beautiful a creature clothed in widow's weeds.
More than a twelve-month had elapsed since the news had been received and

young Gambasine finding that he could not overcome his attachment for her, again made her an offer of his hand. Her parents were very anxious that she should accept him, and she, who had never thwarted them in any wish, could scarcely do so now. She begged them to leave her one week to make her decision.
Since the fate of Captain Harcourt's company had been known, Julia had changed very much—she was often sad, and at other times, would try to cheer her sister by some of the gaiety of former times. Her parents attributed it to grief on her sister's account.
A few days before Marian was to decide, she determined to walk to the spring for the last time. This walk had been relinquished since the rumour of Frank's death, as she found that “Memory waked with all its busy train”—but this evening she experienced a melancholy satisfaction in recalling all that passed during the last interview. She was startled from the reverie into which she had fallen, by the noise of some one approaching—she raised her eyes. What an occasion such a surprised, yet joyful exclamation? and that bright smile that has been banished from her countenance for so long a time, and which restores to it the animated expression of former times? It is no illusion, but the figure of her own Frank, who advances hastily to embrace her.
After some time, when they were returning home they discovered Julia and Captain Harcourt advancing; and by the expression of their countenances, it could easily be guessed that the topic was one of great interest to both. We will return to the cause of the absence of the young men. They had been taken prisoners and after dragging out a miserable existence for one year, the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, from some cause unknown to them, ordered that Frank should be brought to his presence and made enquiries of his previous history, which, after learning, he was very much touched by his sufferings, and Frank discovered that the cause of this unusual solicitude was the strong resemblance the Commander-in-Chief imagined he traced between the prisoner and an only son whom he had lost a few years before.—He offered to adopt Frank as his son, and upon being told that it would scarcely alleviate the misery he must endure separated from all he most loved on earth, he consented to his departure; and after continued appeals to his generosity Frank so won upon his feelings, that he permitted Captain Harcourt to accompany him.
We have only to add that a month after, the newspapers contained the following paragraph:
“Married, on Tuesday, by the Rev. Mr. Drayton, Marian, eldest daughter of Mr. Wentworth, to Mr. Frank Seymour.—Also, Julia youngest daughter of the same, to Captain Harcourt.”
The happy couples immediately set out on a tour to the continent, where it is rumored they will not return until the next spring. We are happy to add, that Frank's return did not break Signor Gambasine's heart, (as he had met him some years before in Italy, and had become attached to him, and deeply lamented the loss of so brave a young man. He welcomed him home with joy, although it interfered so much with his happiness,) but, alas! for man's consistency, he returned to Italy, and in six months afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and Captain and Mrs. Harcourt, who were at Florence at the time, received an invitation to his wedding, as he was accepted by a fair young Signorita. And now having followed the history of Marian Wentworth to a close, I bid the kind reader adieu.

that she would marry him, or live forever single.
Sometwo months since, her father forbade the young gentleman to show himself within his premises—and to cut off at once this unpleasant attachment, decided to make a journey to the West. But love defies all obstacles, and the dear creature, upon discovering papa's plan, took immediate measures to inform her friend of the same—and lo! yesterday, when the old gentleman had purchased his tickets and quietly taken his seat in the cars, doubtless congratulating himself as their motion indicated, that he was leaving the abode of his detested would-be son in law, who should enter the car and seat himself directly opposite to the old gentleman, but the very object of his wrath—the presumptuous lover, aforesaid! I could but revel in the old man's rage, which was as clearly depicted upon his countenance as was a cunning joy upon that of the maiden.— They did not speak during the journey by the rail road; and to secure her from the attacks of her lover, the old gentleman took a state room, and actually compelled his daughter to sleep in the upper berth, thus squeezing himself and wife—by no means despicable in the way of corporal dimensions—into the lower one. But what will not true love connive at! Strange to say, the lover and the loved each regarded this as an unfair tyranny on the part of the father, and therefore, to be justifiably thwarted. Fortunately for them, a window and its blind opening, gave them free communication of air into that upper berth, and afforded a nice prospect of the upper deck outside and around the state room saloon. These she quietly opened last night about 11, and the lover, by mounting the railing, easily gained access to her face into the berth, and there I saw them at the witching hour of midnight, luxuriating in the sweets of pure love, while the papa and mama were wrapped in quiet slumber, unconscious of the delicious lovemaking that was going on above their heads. I will wager a cool hundred that she was the object of her affections before she leaves the city, and thus cuts short the western tour.
Triumph of Southern Mechanics.—We have learned with great pleasure, that the Charleston and Columbia Rail Road Company, after trying the best Steam Engine, that could be obtained from abroad, have discovered that they can have better Engines manufactured in South Carolina, and by native Mechanics than they can obtain any where else. The Company has its Engines now manufactured in Charleston and the head workman is a native of Charleston. This speaks well for Carolina enterprize and industry.
And while on the subject, we would advert to another and kindred branch of industry, in the upper part of this State. We have seen at Messrs. Pollock & Solomon's Store, in Columbia, a very large assortment of Nails, Iron, &c. from the Nesbit Iron Works in Spartanburg District. We understand that the Mechanics who have used these nails and Iron, say they are of the very best quality, and that no better can be obtained. And as an evidence of the high reputation of the Iron, as well as workmanship at that Factory, the government has contracted with the Company to manufacture Cannon Balls for the use of the Army and Navy.
Now these sources of wealth, and for the application of industry in our State, are of but recent development. And it may be that the very pressure of “hard times,” of which so many complain, will cause our fellow citizens to search after the many yet unexplored mines of wealth that exist in our State. For years past, when either extravagance or bad management or misfortune caused pecuniary embarrassment, it has been the custom of our citizens to fly to the rich prairies of the West to repair their crippled fortunes, and many too, despairing of success at home, or impatient of the slow accumulations of industry, rushed hastily into Western speculations, with the hope of carving out speedy fortunes. And it has been found, that pecuniary embarrassment or “hard times” press close upon the heels of extravagance and idleness in the fresh West, as well as in the South, exhausted as it has been thought to be.
Much of the spirit of enterprize and industry now beginning to be manifest in South Carolina, are owing to these severe, but salutary lessons, which we would learn only in the school of experience.—But we believe that as yet, not one tenth part of the resources of our State have been developed. Each year will open new channels of wealth, whenever the force of home shall become sufficiently strong to induce us to try every fair expedient for accumulating property, before we can consent to burst the ties which should bind us to our own, our native State, and to the friends of our youth, merely for money.
Temperance Advocate.
North Eastern Boundary.—Governor Davis of Massachusetts, has summoned his Council to convene at Boston immediately, to take into consideration the appointment of Commissioners to negotiate with the Envoy of Great Britain, in connexion with the Commissioners of Maine, yet to be appointed, for the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary.—National Int.