

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 30.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MARCH 30 1871.

NUMBER 80.

CAMDEN JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
T. W. PEGUES & SON.

TERMS.
THREE DOLLARS, payable in advance.
Advertisements inserted at one dollar and half per square for the first insertion, at one dollar for the second, seventy-five cents for the third and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.
Liberal discounts made to half-yearly and yearly advertisers.
Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.
The space occupied by ten lines or less, of this size type constitute a square.

Louisville Excelsior Ploughs.

These Ploughs are made of either Cast Iron or Steel, and are the best and cheapest in the market. Send for price list. Also, Ames' and other Ploughs of all prices and descriptions, Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters &c.

Moore's New York Ploughs,
AT \$2 EACH.

A full stock of PLANTERS' and BUILDERS' HARDWARE, consisting in part, of Elmira and Brad's Hoes, Spades, Trace Chains, Axes, Nails, of warranted qualities, Guns, Cutlery and Household Articles. Wholesale and Retail by,
C. KERRISON, JR. & CO.,
249 King Street, (sign of the Big Axe)
Charleston, S. C.
C. KERRISON, JR. W. J. AXON, C. WAGNE
October 6.

SIXTY-FIVE FIRST PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

THE GREAT

Southern Piano

MANUFACTORY.

WM. KNABE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright

PIANO FORTES

BALTIMORE, MD.

These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty Years, and upon excellence alone attained an unpurchased pre-eminence, which pronounces them unequalled.

combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great variety of intonation and Sweetness throughout the entire scale.

TOUCH

is silent and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos.

IN WORKMANSHIP

they are unequalled using none but the very best REASONED MATERIAL, the laborer employed in our business and the materials used.

Our SQUARE GRANDS have our Improved OVERSTRUNG SCALE and the A-CORNER TRIPLE.

We would call special attention to our late improved GRAND PIANOS AND SQUARE GRANDS, PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1868, which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano fully warranted for Five Years.

We have made arrangements for the SOLE WHOLESALE AGENCY for the most celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and MELODEONS which we offer, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Factory Prices.

WM. KNABE & CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Gu.

Sept. 15.

MANHOOD.

HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.

Just published, second edition, by Dr. LEWIS, 223 pages. The Medical Companion and Guide to Health on the radical cure of Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., and the Venereal and Syphilitic Maladies, with plain and clear directions for the speedy cure of Secondary Symptoms, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, and all diseases of the skin, such as Scoury, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Blotches, and pimples on the face and body, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Treatise, clearly demonstrates, from a forty years' successful practice, that the alarming effects of self-abuse may be radically cured, pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, can be effectually cured, cheaply, privately and radically. This Book should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope. Price 50 cents.

Address, Dr. LEWIS, No. 7 Beach St., New-York. 40 years' private practice.

April-7.

THE UNRIVALED

AMERICAN

DOUBLEDAY

TURBINE

WATER WHEEL,

Mill Gearing, Shafting & Pulleys

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS.

POOLE & HUNT, BALTIMORE.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

NOTICE.

Proposals will be received at the office of County Commissioners at the Court House, for the thorough repair of 25 MILE CREEK BRIDGE. All proposals must be sealed and opened on Tuesday, January 31st, 1871.

T. F. SUTHERLAND, Clerk.

Jan. 12-31.

Irish Potatoes

AND ONIONS, just arrived. A splendid article of Onions and Irish Potatoes, at KINKLE'S.

FRESH

GARDEN SEEDS.

We have just received a New Supply of Garden Seeds, all of which we warrant FRESH and GEN- UINE, as we never sell old Seeds.

HODGSON & DUNLAP.

CAROLINA

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

MEMPHIS, TENN.

OFFICE:

NO 291, MAIN STREET.

CAPITAL, \$200,000

ASSETS, \$800,000

All Invested at the South.

Encourage Southern Institutions.

This is a Southern Company, chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee, with a CAPITAL sufficient to make her reliable beyond a question and doing a strictly LIFE INSURANCE Business and none other. Profiting by the experience of older Companies and having adopted the most liberal plans together with rigid economy in our management, our success has exceeded our greatest expectations and has placed the COMPANY in a permanent and reliable position. In its first two years we have issued between THREE THOUSAND and THREE THOU- SAND NINE HUNDRED POLI- CIES, and our accumulations amount to EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Pres't, M. J. WICKS, President Mem- phis & Charleston R. R.

Vice-Pres't, J. T. PATTIN.

Sec'y, W. F. BOYLE.

REFERENCES:

Hon. G. A. Trenchum, James H Wilson and W. J. Magrath, of Charle- ton; Hon. J. P. King, of Augusta.

R. J. MAGILL,

General Agent for S. C.

Dr. C. J. SHANNON Med. Examiner.

The Great Medical Discovery!

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS,

Thousands of Thousands

Best testimony to their wonderful

Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

Hon. G. A. Trenchum, James H Wilson and W. J. Magrath, of Charle- ton; Hon. J. P. King, of Augusta.

R. J. MAGILL,

General Agent for S. C.

Dr. C. J. SHANNON Med. Examiner.

They are not a vile

FANCY DRINK,

but a

Remedy for

the

most

common

and

dangerous

diseases

of

the

human

system.

It is

the

only

remedy

for

the

removal

of

the

poison

from

the

system.

It is

the

only

remedy

for

the

removal

of

the

poison

from

the

system.

It is

the

only

remedy

for

the

removal

of

the

poison

from

the

system.

It is

SPEECH OF DR. J. C. AYER.

By request, we publish the following speech of Dr. J. C. AYER, the "great medicine man," delivered on the 25th ult., upon the occasion of the inaugura- tion of the new Town, Ayer, in Mas- sachusetts:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"On the western coast of Scotland where it slopes into the Irish Sea, a river, rising on the mountains of the inner land, winds down among the hills and empties into the Frith of Clyde.— From remote time it has been called Ayer from an old Scotch word "Ayr," meaning an eagle nest. Near its mouth and a contiguous harbor, long stood a hamlet which became a royal burgh or town named from the river, and now about one-third as large as Lowell—the city of Ayer. For more than a thousand years it has been noted in the history of Scotland. During the wars of Robert Bruce it was one of his resorts, and was especially favored by him because he was there cured of leprosy.— Oliver Cromwell made it one of the depots and headquarters of his army in his attack upon Scotland, and one of his old forts is now the Citadel of Ayer.

But above all its distinctions, Ayer was the birthplace of the poet Burns. And what a poet! What a voice has he given to all the endearments of home! How has he hallowed the cottage and all it covers—wrens and wife, patches and poverty, beans, barley, ale, hardship and the poor man's toil. How he wraps with tenderness whatever he names, even his bleak leaguer of pasture, the stubble field, ice, snow, sleet, and rain, brooks, birds, mice, thistles and heather. His Bonny Doon, John Anderson, My Jo, Johnny, Auld Lang Syne, and Highland Mary roll round the world in ever ringing sympathy with what is purest and best in human nature. His songs woo and melt the hearts of youth and maidens, bring solace to the sorrowing and courage to the overburdened by their lot. His inspira- tion has set the affections to music in strains that are immortal.

No other man ever made a lan- guage classic, but he has rendered that lowland Scotch's Doric dialect of fame. The name of his home and his wife's river Ayer is lifted on the wings of his pathos, and now the approaching traveler yearns to search for spots which genius has hallowed.

Along the borders of the sea in- terior, the sun and air breathe life into the

bones of my ancestors from one ancient John Ayer, then John Ayer, down through the centuries to this Ayer before you; through their vicissitudes of poverty and plenty,—of fortune and misfortune; how they have intermarried with England, Ireland and Scotland, and later with the Americans who are an excellent mixture of them all.

My Friends—you have chosen the name I inherited for your town with an extraordinary, unassuming, and have thereby conferred an honor upon me, the proper acknowledgement of which I do not feel fully able to express.— But I beg you to be assured that it is appreciated and that it will gratefully be remembered with a living interest and in your prosperity while life remains to me, and, I trust, beyond that by my children after me.

If this name has become noted among the many that are worthier around you, that is greatly due to its publicity.— May I be permitted to state whence that came! Until within a few centuries all the civilized nations of the globe were pent up on the Eastern conti- nent. Two or three hundred years ago they leaked over into this; few and fearfully at first, then more and more but always in their settlements timidly hugging the Atlantic coast. Within the last two or three generations, they have burst out, as it were, and over run these vast continents of the West. New measureless stretches of mountains and valleys, hills, plains, forests, and prairies with the boundless pampas and mountain ranges of South America.— Former generations lived in villages and towns, thickly settled together where physicians were plenty and near at hand. Now, the people are widely scattered, in many sections of these countries. For great numbers the time- ly treatment of physicians cannot be had at all. They can not visit patients enough many miles apart to live by their profession, nor can they carry medicines enough with them on horse- back for their requirements. Hence has arisen in these modern times, a necessity for remedies ready at hand, with directions for their use—a pos- sible recourse for relief in the exigencies of sickness, when no other aid is near. It is a new necessity; consequent upon the changed conditions of human life—a want. I have spent my years supplying, and I will tell you something of its extent. Our laboratory makes every day some 680,000 bottles or doses of our preparations. These are all taken by somebody. Here is a number equal to the population of fifteen cities as large as Lowell, taking them every day (for sickness keeps no Sabbaths) nor for once only, but again and again year after year, through- out nearly one third of a century. We all join in the jokes about medicines as we do about the Doctor's mission to kill the clergyman's insincerity and the lawyer's cheating.

Yet each of these labors among the most serious realities of life. Sickness and its attendant suffering are no joke,

neither is the treatment of them. This system of transportable relief, to be made available to the people, must keep its remedies fresh in their memo- ries. This is done by advertising. Mark Twain. An advertisement taking the sum of the newspaper with which the contract (some 1900 annually) is struck, is in such numbers, that when they come each other flatwise, like leaves of a book, the thickness through them is sixteen miles. In addition to these some seven millions of pamphlets and twelve millions of circulars are sent to the public demand for this kind of information. Our annual issue of pamphlets alone, laid solid upon each other, make a pile eight hundred and thirty miles high. The circulars prepared and sent reach 1894 miles, and these assertions are matter of mathematical certainty. What ever the estimation in which these publications may be held here, they reach the tensides of millions upon millions of men who do treasure and regard them, and who in their trials do heed the counsel they bring.

Not only over these great Western continents, but throughout that other land so little known to you, under our feet, the Australian continent, there are few places as large as this which are not familiar with the name you have chosen, and employing the reme- dies that bear it.

Thus, gentlemen, have I striven in my humble sphere to render some ser- vice to my fellow men, and to deserve among the afflicted and unfortunate some regard for the name which your kind partiality hangs on these walls around me. We may look forward with confident hope to the renown you will confer under it, and the pros- perity, which there is reason to trust the future has in store for you. Strained as you are here on one of the main arteries between the west and east, between the great industries of the plough and the spindle you must aid in their exchanges and thrive with them. Soon those channels will be opened wide and pouring through your precincts streams of men and merchandise that will need your furtherance and must contribute to your growth.

Located here in the center of New England, to what dearer spot can you turn than this inhospitable beginning of life rich with the love of your mother town and its influence through the

you are now councilors.

Convince the Board of Health, and improve the health of the people, and you will be the value of an example all other towns have, and you so worthy of submission to follow. Build schools for your children, and find talent to teach them, their intelligence and integrity in prosperity and happy hours will be your sure reward.

Associated as you have made me with your school, and I wish I might be allowed to contribute from my means such as they are, something toward this fast foundation of the public good.

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long. Oppressed with fear, that I do not deserve the distinction you bestow, I beg you to make me worthy, and to smile upon you with his per- petual blessings.

POOR DANIS.—The identity of ex- tinction which has been upon Paris is worse than the charge of foreign in- vasion, and the destruction wrought by the communists of Montmartre is more terrible than that of a German bomb.

The troops that maintained a hopeless contest with wonderful constancy, and the citizens who endured one of the most severe sieges in modern history, have fallen at the moment when the world looked to them for the establi- ment of a strong government, and set an example of heroism and self-sacrifice to the place of the Republic they pretended to seek. The need of a strong hand to crush anarchy, and against the life of the Republic, is a lamentable thing. His noble and powerful power to guide events, and his willingness to all parties has lost him the advantages of his position. The army itself deserts to the side of the insurgents as soon as they are brought face to face, and the proclamation of an unknown committee find better sympathy than the appeals of the acknowledged Ministry to a per- verted patriotism. The wild rage of the mob, who seek to establish a chimerical authority by the murder of generals and statesmen, like Chanzy, Clement, LeComte and Thomas, have fought for the nation through the war, is pitiable and disgraceful spectacle, and the world which so lovingly sympathized with besieged Paris, is now called upon to commiserate it in the possession of a mad mob of communists.

Charleston Courier.

Westfield fat cattle dealers sigh over the competition from the West, which makes him feel better by Brighton. Some of the Westfield feeders re- cently sold hives for less per hundred pounds than they paid for them, four months before.

King Victor Emmanuel is said to be haunted by the disembodied spirits of the heroes of France. King Ulysses Grant is also haunted by the disembod- ized spirits of the heroes of Ken- tucky.

Mark Twain.

Don Platt and Mark Twain met at a dinner party in Washington, and the following is D. P.'s idea of the said M. T.:

"This was my first meeting with Mark Twain. I had seen his portrait in the Galaxy, and it gave me an insane idea of the humorist. I recollect, when I was a boy, that the enterprising Mon- sieur Dorville, in his museum in Cin- cinnati, had the head of a murderer named Hoover, who had very properly been hanged, preserved in a jar of alcohol, and on exhibition. This wood- cut of Mark Twain looked to me more like Hoover's head than anything else, and was entirely unlike the countenance that beamed in on us last night. One would not pick Mark out from a crowd as a humorist, indeed, one would not venture to pick him out as a literary character at all. He looks more like a member of the Ohio Legislature (if you know what that is) than any thing else. That is, a sort of a man who had narrowly escaped being made county commissioner, and so was returned to the Legislature.

He is not only careless about his clothes, but he is positively ignorant of the subject, and labors under the im- pression that the garment that hangs so loosely upon his shoulder is a coat. From under his bushy hair his face peers out, presenting a square, well-pro- portioned forehead, keen gray eyes, and hooked nose, a well-developed mouth exhibiting a good deal of detestation, and a chin that rounds up supporting the whole, in no part of which you will find a particle of the humor for which he is distinguished. His face, on the contrary, is a sad one, and when all are in roars about him he continues in a state of dense solemnity. His voice is the most extraordinary voice I ever heard. It is a cross between Horace Greely and Tim Lincoln. He draws his words out in the most protracted manner, that gives a grolery to what he says utterly beyond description.

It is quite impossible for him to pro- duce in his conversation a serious ef- fect. The exceedingly droll quaintness of his countenance, added to the drawl of his voice, makes one laugh when the speaker is really trying to be serious. For example, I had said to him that a contrast to be funny at regular inter- vals struck me as rather heavy, and he replied by saying that was so, while he might be sufficiently entertained in

The Noses of Great Men.

A magazine writer has discovered that the French, and indeed all the Latin races, are remarkably "nosy," and the study of nosology has seldom been neglected in France. Julius Cesar desired that he might have men about him who "were fat, and such as slept o' nights," but the modern Cesar, Napoleon I, was wont to say, "Give me a man with plenty of nose." He little dreamt that he was destined to be baffled by a people, the Russians, whose noses were well high level with their faces, and that his ultimate victor was to be a man with the most promi- nent nose in Europe—Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Napoleon's own nose was exquisitely chiselled, sculptural in mould, form and expression; but not one of his brothers had a nose worth looking at, and that of Jerome Bonaparte was beneath contempt. Ney's was weak, undecided, though honest; but consider the mighty hook of Ber- nadotte, the severe aquiline of Kleber, the dangerous protuberance of Marceau. A man with that profile was a man to be got rid of. Robespierre's nose, small, delicate, pug-nish, supercilious, forms one of the oddest outward characteris- tics of that inexplicable man. It is not, like Murat's, that of a blood-spiller. It would have better become a member of the Social Science Association, or a doctrinaire opponent of capital punish- ment. Voltaire's, on the other hand, was eminently typical of the man. It was sharp as a pen, inquiring, sug- gestive, scornful and hopelessly skepti- cal. But for a thoroughly emblematic feature, haughty, imperious, command- ing, imposing, commend us to that of Louis XIV. The Grand Monarque, it was discovered after his death, was really a little man; but it was much more his nose than his towering periwig and his high-heeled shoes that made him look seven feet high. De- pend upon it, but for his nose, a dozen millions would never have bowed down and worshipped him for seventy years.

The Lesson of Life.

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prizes without proof of effort, but having struggled and proved the slow years with trial, as the result of a virtuous and earnest life.

An Editor's Shirt.

Editor's have first rate shirts in Texas. The ladies of a town out there have given to the editor of the paper an embroidered shirt which contains a pictorial history of Texas, including the war with Mexico, and the meeting of the first Legislature, and also pic- tures of the State, all worked in red worsted. The editor never wore a shirt in his life, and he thought this was a flag for a temperance procession which was to come off the next week. So he made a little speech of thanks, in which he said he would give it out forever to the breeze of heaven, that they might kiss its folds, and that until his hands painted it should never be trailed in the dust—never. The ladies didn't understand him, and when he talked about its trailing, they blushed and said they were sorry they made it too long. But a committee-man took the shirt, and explained the shirt to him in a whisper, and the next day he appeared in the office with that shirt mounted over his coat, and wrote four columns of explanation for his paper. The shirt is much admired by the boys of the town, and whenever the editor goes out for a walk, they follow him in regiments, studying the history of Texas and the fine acts on the back of it.

A CAUTIOUS MAN.—A fellow, who was traveling in Western New York, entered a bar-room, and after calling for drinks for two looked about over the loungers, apparently after a friend to drink with him. To every one's surprise he invited a fifth-rate Ameri- can, who eagerly accepted and swallowed his "pizen" with great ardor. The traveler however, leaving his untouched, very coolly lighted a cigar and seated himself by the fire. After some time the landlord inquired, rather sharply, if he did not intend to drink that whiskey. "Why, certainly," said he, "if it don't kill the coldest man within ten or fifteen minutes."

It has been decided that "Ours" and "Gracious me," used by a man swearing.

The colored population of Maryland have a majority of 500,000.