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TERMS.

THREE DOLLARS, payable in advance. Advertisements inserted at one dollar and a 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.

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Having located in Camden, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Camden and its vicinity. Office at the Kershaw House. mar. 9. If

E. J. FORD,

House, Sign and Furniture PAINTER.

CAMDEN, S. C.

Imitations of all kinds of Wood and Marble, Paper Hanging, China Glass &c., done in the best style. His prices will be in accordance with the times. Jan. 26-6m.

The Great Medical Discovery!

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS,

Hundreds of Thousands

of Sufferers have testified to their wonderful

Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?



THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK.

Made of Pure Fruit, Whiskey, Proof Spices,

and Refuse Liquors, colored, sweetened,

and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonic"

"Appetizer," "Restorer," &c., they lead the

tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but a true

Medicine, made from the Native Roots and

Herbs of California, from all the best

Ingredients. They are the GREAT BLOOD

PURIFIER and LIFE-GIVING PRIN-

CIPLE, a perfect Blood-purifier and Invigorator

of the system, carrying off all poisonous matter,

and restoring the blood to a healthy condition.

No person can take these Bitters, according to

directions, and remain long unwell.

100 will be given for an incurable case, pro-

viding the bones are not destroyed by mineral

acids, or other means, and the vital organs

wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Enlarged Spleen and Chronic Rheuma-

tism, Bilious, Remittent, and Inter-

mittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood,

Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder, these Bitters

have been most successful. Such Dis-

eases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which

is generally produced by derangement of the

Digestive Organs.

They invigorate the stomach, and stimulate

the torpid liver and bowels, which render them

of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of

all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor

to the whole system.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache,

Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the

Chest, Distress, Sour Stomach, Bad Taste in

the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the

Heart, Copious Discharges of Urine, Pain in

the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other

painful symptoms which are the offspring of

Dyspepsia, are cured by these Bitters.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find

it impure, by passing through the skin in Pimp-

les, Eruptions, or Bores; cleanse it when it is

found, and you will find the health of the system

is generally restored and the health of the system

will follow.

WORMS, TAPE, and other WORMS, lurking in

the system of so many thousands, are effectually

destroyed and removed.

For full directions, read carefully the circular

around each bottle, printed in four languages—

English, German, French, and Spanish.

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Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Druggists and General Agents,

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SOLELY SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND

DEALERS.

ONE DOSE OF

DR. SHALLENBERGER'S

Fever and Ague

ANTIDOTE

Always Stops the Chills.

This Medicine has been before the Pub-

lic fifteen years, and is still ahead of all

other known remedies. It does not purge,

does not sicken the stomach, is perfectly

safe in any dose and under all circum-

stances, and is the only Medicine that will

CURE IMMEDIATELY

and permanently every form of Fever

and Ague, because it is a perfect Anti-

dote to Malaria.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE UNRIVALED

AMERICAN

DOUBLE

WATER WHEEL,

Mill Gearing, Shafting & Pulleys

STEAM ENGINES & BOILERS.

POOLE & HUNT, BALTIMORE.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

REMOVAL.

On and after March the 1st, the undersigned can be found at his residence, on MONUMENTAL SQUARE. Patients waited upon at their residences at any time if solicited. Feb. 25. I. H. ALEXANDER, Dentist.

Ice-Cold

SODA WATER

Drawn from a GLASS FOUNTAIN, by

HODGSON & DUNLAP.

MORAL POWER OF MUSCLE.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

It is about a dozen years since business—not pleasure—took me to New Jericho, the terminus of civilization and the Whammeler Rail Road. And a "hard road to travel," that was. It had steeper grades, sharper curves, and more of them than, it is to be hoped, ever put in peril the public life and limb before or since.

It was Saturday afternoon, and we were to reach Jericho at some indefinite hour that evening, "time not being the essence of the contract."

At a place called Blurin, we stopped fifteen minutes to "liquor." There had been a cock fight, and several other fights; and a big crowd there that day, and everybody was in high glee.

The New Jericho delegation returned by our train, and rougher looking samples of rustic rowdiness it would have been difficult to find, even in that favored region. Among them was a six-footer, a very Hercules in proportions, with a cock-o'-the-walk sort of swagger about him, who took possession of two seats, depositing his body on one and deadheading his legs on the other. One cheek was puffed out by an underlying quid, while ever and anon, with a back-acting jerk, he would send near a gill of tobacco juice over his shoulder, which those in range had the privilege of dodging or taking the consequences of, as they liked. As for his conversation, the curse of Erulphus or the table-talk of a Flander's mess-room in Uncle Toby's time, in point of maledictory power, was weak in comparison.

At the next station a young lady came on board, as beautiful as Venus and modest as Diana. How so rare a flower came to bloom in such a wild, was a question to puzzle over. But there was no time to settle it. The lady was standing and all the seats were occupied. I was on the point of offering mine, when a youthful looking gentleman, of prepossessing manners and appearance, stepped forward and addressed the couchant Hercules:

"Allow me," he said politely, "to turn over the back of this seat."

"Hey?" the other granted.

The request was repeated.

"See you dod darned first!" was the gruff response.

"But sir," the gentleman began to expostulate.

"Lookee here, you!" blustered the bully, "don't you offer to go to rile me!—that's my advice, an' I gives it free gratis, 'cause I feels an intruder in you."

"But this lady is entitled to a seat," the stranger persisted.

"Give her yourn then, don't drot you! an' stop your chin music, or, by Hoky, you'll rile me!"

As a last resort, the gentleman appealed to the conductor, who happened to be passing. But the latter declined to interfere. Such things must be left to courtesy. Besides, it wasn't his place to take part in the disputes of passengers.

So saying, he went his way, punching tickets, and taking no further heed.

"Dod blast you, you have riled me!" shouted the bully, springing to his feet and striding up to the young man, who didn't seem quite sensible of his danger. "You've gone and stuck your nose into other people's business, an' I'm goin' to pull it."

An attempt was made to suit the action to the word; but before the metaphorically offending member had been so much as touched, something—it moved so swiftly I could not be positive it was the gentleman's fist—took Hercules directly between the eyes and sent him sprawling to the other end of the car. He didn't get up immediately, and when he did, he seemed bewildered as to whether he had been knocked down or the train had run off the track. He had enough, at all events, wherever it came from, as was evident from the subdued air with which he took his departure for the smoking car, whether his companions soon followed, no doubt secretly chuckling at the result, as usually do the chums of a whipped bully.

Pap Kilderkin, the proprietor of the New Jericho Rest, was the most communicative of hosts. Before bedtime that night, I was thoroughly and accurately "up" in all the gossip of the place, and its scandalous statistics at my fingers' ends.

Among other things, I learned that "stated preaching" had hitherto been among the wants of the community, but that a "supply" had been at length obtained, and the minister was expected to enter on his duties on the morrow.

"And a refreshin' season he'll hev of it," said Pap.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Oh! Bill Grinkev an' t'other chaps is goin to brake him in to-morrow; an' ef you want to see fun, I'd edvice you to go thar."

And I did go, not "to see the fun," as Pap Kilderkin suggested, but, I trust, from better motives. Pap went too—by what prompted, I prefer not judging.

When we reached the church, the minister had not yet made his appearance, though a goodly number of hearers had already assembled. A few minutes later, yesterday's delegation to the Blurin cock fight, headed by the vanquished bully, with both his eyes in full mourning, sauntered in, and proceeded noisily down the aisle.

"That's Bill Grinkev," whispered Pap, "and them's t'other chaps."

"Make way for the mourners!" sang out Bill, crowding with his companions, into a front seat, where a boisterous conversation was struck up, mingled with an incessant cracking of peanuts.

"I kin tell you thar programmy," Pap continued; "a pack of shootin' crackers will be tetcht off durin' the fast hymn, and a pair of game chickens, as a couple of them chaps hev got in thar pockets, 'll be sot to fightin' as soon as the tex is gin out, arter which cyn'ral Ned 'll be in order."

A sudden silence fell upon the congregation. Not a murmur was heard, and the peanuts ceased to crack. Looking up, I

saw the new minister in the pulpit, and guess my surprise at recognizing him at the young man that had struck out so deftly from his shoulders the day before!

With a clear, manly voice, he gave out a hymn, which was sung through without interruption. A prayer was offered up amid profound and decorous silence. Another hymn followed, and then a sermon, earnest, plain, practical, without a word of cant in it. From the beginning to the end of the exercises, save a single incipient crow, promptly choked off, from one of the invisible chickens, order was observed.

"I say Bill," I overheard from one of "t'other chaps," as they made their way out, "that parson's a trump; he preaches a downright good lick, and fights fair, without bitin' or goug'in."

It was to see the new minister's status was settled. I have since heard that Bill Grinkev has become an exemplary member of the church, and the parson the happy husband of the young lady, as whose champion he first achieved popularity.

THE WARM HAND OF SYMPATHY.—Till we have reflected on it, we are scarcely aware how much the sum of human happiness in the world is indebted to this one feeling—sympathy. We get cheerfulness and vigor, we scarcely know how or when, from mere association with our fellow men, and from the looks reflected on us of gladness and enjoyment. We catch inspiration and power to go on, from human presence and from cheerful looks. The workman works with added energy from having others by. The full family circle has a strength and life peculiar to its own. The substantial and the effectual relief which men extend to one is trifling. It is by these, but by something far less costly, that the work is done. God has insured it by much mere simple machinery. He has given to the weakest and poorest the power to contribute largely to the common stock of gladness. The child's smile and laugh are mighty powers in this world. When bereavement has left you desolate, what substantial benefit is there which makes condolences acceptable? It cannot replace the loved ones you have lost. It can bestow upon you nothing permanent. But a warm hand has touched yours, and its thrill told you that there was a living re-ther to your emotion. One look, one human sigh, has done more for you than the costliest present could convey.

A FREE POKER.—How can a person be attached to a house that has no center of attraction, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire, and an warm chimney, like the heart in the body? When you think of the old homestead, if ever you do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fire-placeless house into another. But you have something just as good, you say. Yes, I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancestors, has invented a fireplace, with artificial, iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas is burned so that it has the appearance of a wood fire.—This seems to be blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you can't poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife, poke the fire. I do not know how any virtue whatever is possible over an imitation gas fog. What a sense in sincerity the family must have, if they indulge in the hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this center of untruthfulness what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand: perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautiful daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make wax-work. A cynic might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend—"Just as good as the real." But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought and cheaper than the visits of a doctor, made necessary by the want of ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us.

From "Back-Log Studies," by Charles D. Warner; Scribner's Monthly.

DON'T BE TOO SENSITIVE.—There, are some people; yes, many people always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street, who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly.—They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and its use in a great degree from the color of our mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary evil are vastly increased.

A schoolmistress asked a pupil to tell what words the letters S double E spelled?

The child was dull, and so the mistress cried, "What is it, ou duncie, I do with my eyes?"

"Oh, yes," replied the child, "I know the word now, ma'm, S double E squint."

IMPORTANT TO DEALERS IN REAL ESTATE.—At the last session of the Legislature and Act was passed entitled "An Act to Further Amend an Act Entitled 'An Act Providing for the Assessment and Taxation of Property,'" and in that Act we find the following paragraph, to which we would call the particular attention of parties purchasing lands:

Amend Section 90 by adding: "And provided further, That each county Auditor shall keep a record of all sales or conveyances of real property made in his county, in which he shall enter, in columns, the names of the purchaser and seller, the quality of land conveyed, the location and price of the same, and the amount of the county duplicates annually, and for the purpose of carrying out this provision, the Clerks of Courts and Registers of Mesne Conveyance of each county are hereby required to have the endorsement of the county Auditor on each and every deed of conveyance for real property, that the same is on record in his office; before the same can be placed on record in the offices of said Clerks of Courts or Registers of Mesne Conveyances, and the said county Auditor shall be entitled to collect a fee of twenty-five cents, for his own use, for making such entry and endorsement."

THE VALUE OF LOCAL GOVERNMENTS.—There are but few, even of the Democracy, who appreciate fully the peril of this nation. It is admitted on nearly every hand that our Government, under the control of the Republican party, has for the period of that public, been undergoing a rapid and alarming change; that the strong federal features originally impressed upon the Constitution are fast fading away, and that we are moving steadily into the formation of a centralized despotism. But it has not generally been observed that we are incorporating into our civil policy features which most centralized governments are free from, and which exist only in the odious tyrannies. When it is remarked that we are losing our right of local government, few appreciate fully the extent of that loss, and fewer still know that in losing it the most revolting military despotism follows as a natural and almost inevitable consequence. Indeed, our ancestors claimed this right under the British Constitution, and when it was assailed, they regarded the provocation as sufficient to warrant revolution.

A Radical Congress and a drunken President have, in a few short months, deprived us of what our ancestors won through seven long years of suffering and blood. No more fitting illustration could be suggested than the fool who destroyed the beautiful temple whose construction progressed through ages, whose architecture was the handiwork of genius and whose altar was the repository of jewels. These facts are worthy of cool and solemn reflection. The people cannot reflect too deliberately upon the character of their rights, the source from which they spring, and the fearful price with which they are bought. Peace is always desirable and should be the wish of every good citizen.—But there is danger in the delusions of a safety purchased at the expense of all that is worth living for. There was a generous despair that sprung from the high sentiments of our fathers which made them too noble to be followed by; evile children. They presented human nature in its grandest form.—There is something sublime in the record of their glorious achievements. Kings were not only their pupils but their sup-planters, and princes were not regarded as targets too good for their "villainous saltpetre." They had a scorn of danger and a fierce, tiger spirit, that not only made them brave but terrible. They knew their rights and maintained them. They were not appalled at impossibilities. They plucked victory from the very jaws of despair, and won the right to live as freemen.—N. Hampshire Patriot.

A MODEL LEGISLATOR.—A correspondent, M., in a long communication to the Chesterfield Democrat, charges R. James Donaldson with being the instigator, if not the actual perpetrator, of all the so-called Ku klux outrages in the county, includin' them murder of Melton. He gets forth the reasons for his belief at length. Donaldson, it will be recollected, is one of the very worst of the carpet-baggers that were stranded on this shore by the receding tide of war, and has been a thorn in the flesh of the people of the Pee Dee country from '65 to this day. Like Whittmore, Donaldson is a Northern Methodist preacher. He has been engaged in politics, gold mines, the land commission and general merchandise. He is now, or lately has been internal revenue collector, and in all these several widely different employments has somehow managed to get the ill-will of all honest men with whom he came in contact. One of the most prominent Republican officials is our authority for his general character.

Daily News.

THE SITUATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

An address to the people of North Carolina appears in the Raleigh Sentinel, signed by W. H. Battle, B. F. Moore, T. Bragg, G. V. Strong, L. H. Rogers, and men recognized as conservative leaders, which is in avowed response to one put forth not long ago by Gov. Caldwell, in which that functionary lamented a lawlessness which he asserted prevailed in a number of localities, and threatened the people that if it was not put down he would call for troops to put it down. The present address reminds the people that the lawless bands are confined to a very few localities and have no political affiliation whatever. But the conservative party is held responsible for all the violence of this sort. The signers call, therefore, upon all good men of the State to assist the officers of the law in ferreting out secret offenders, in bringing them to punishment, and establishing order and law everywhere. Especially are all illicit organizations denounced.

At Hartford, Conn., Frederick C. Hall, (colored), convicted of murder, has been sentenced to be hanged on the 3d of July, 1872.

CAPTURE OF A WILD MAN.—Sometime before the 17th of last month, the attention of persons living near the line of Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and in the neighborhood of Backbone Cut, had been directed to a colored man, who seemed to be dodging about the woods and unwilling to be seen. On Wednesday week he approached too near the hands of Mr. Mason, who were at work on the railroad, who, to their astonishment found the man to be as naked as when he came into the world.

He was arrested by them, but failed to answer a single question, he being either unable or unwilling. Every motion and gesture and even the expression of the fellow's eyes, proved conclusively that he was not only an idiot but perfectly wild. He was entirely unable to give an account of himself, and did not even know his name. The only sound he could make resembled the jabber of monkeys. He was taken in charge, and the proper authorities will probably send him to a lunatic asylum.—Richmond Dispatch.

Now that the war between France and Prussia is over, the German heroes who carried away from the occupied French districts such war "trophies" as clocks, bronzes, clothing, gold and silver watches, jewelry and other handy relics, whereby to remember the days of conflict, will be compelled, by official decree, to surrender these articles, to the German authorities. Rigorous search will be made where it is suspected that articles are concealed. Only articles taken on the battle-field or in arsenals will be permitted to remain in private possession as souvenirs of the campaign, and even these will have to be paid for at a valuation to be fixed by the authorities. It is not stated, however, that these captured spoils are to be restored to their French owners.

The Charlottesville (Va.) Intelligencer says: A few days ago, twenty or thirty persons, who had joined a beloved church near Charlottesville, were baptized. After the baptismal service, the members all withdrew to the meeting-house, to partake of sacrament. It was then made known that several of the newly baptized had voted the Conservative ticket during the recent election, whereupon they were not permitted to commune with the rest.

A despatch from London announces that a marriage has been negotiated between the Duke of Edinburgh and the Princess Thyra, of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales. If the announcement is true, the Duke must be congratulated, as the Princess is said to be a very pretty and amiable girl. The King of Denmark is the best match-maker in Europe. One of his daughters will be Queen of Great Britain, another will be Empress of Russia, and now we have a third to be the Duchess of Edinburgh. As is well known, the present King of Greece is his son.

A CHINESE WILL.—A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons as follows: To Fum-Hum, his eldest, one-half thereof; Nu-Pin, his second son, one-third thereof, and Ding-Bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof. When the property was inventoried it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants, and it puzzled these three heirs to decide how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up the seventeen elephants, and thereby impair their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Sum-Punk, for advice. Sum-Punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen, and said: "Now we will suppose that your father left these eighteen elephants. Fum-Hum, take your half and depart." So Fum-Hum took nine elephants and went his way. "Now, Nu-Pin," said the wise man, "take your third and git." So Nu-Pin took six elephants and travelled. "Now, Ding-Bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and bogone." So Ding-Bat took two elephants and absquatered. Then Sum-Punk took his own elephant and drove him home again. Query—Was the property divided according to the terms of the will? Exchange.

The Chicago Tribune suggests in view of the conviction of the Hon. Mr. Bowen for bigamy, that it would be well, since the Bowens and Whittemores are developing so plentifully in the Palmetto State, for the electors of that commonwealth to choose one or two alternates at each election, to take the seats in the House as fast as they are vacated by the expulsion of members, or their conviction of felonies. Bowen was not, to be sure, sent to prison until after his term expired; but then he was, as one might say, eligible to that institution during his entire term.

DRINKING IN THE DARK.—People should never drink in the dark, Louis Lorell, residing at 352 East street, N. Y., feeling thirsty last Thursday night, rose from his bed and drank what he supposed to be water, there being no light in the room. He immediately experienced a dreadful sensation in the throat, and he soon discovered that he had been imbibing lime, or whitewash. The poor man died in great agony before day-break.

"What are you disturbing," the whole house with your yells in this way for? demanded a New Jersey landlord of a guest whom he found late at night in seeming pursuit of invisible foes, and yelling at the top of his voice. "I'm shouting the battle cry of freedom," answered the guest, as he went ahead with his search and his yells.

A library in the museum at Cassel, Germany, is made from 500 European trees. The bark of each volume is formed of the bark of a tree, the sides of the perfect wood, the top of young wood and the bottom of old. When opened, the book is found to be a box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree, either dried or imprinted on wax.

The Aurora a Sign of Storm.

From the Nether-Loosher Correspondence of the Liverpool Courier.

A meteorological fact worth chronicling is that every storm of any violence that has occurred within the last seven months has, in every instance without exception, been heralded by an auroral display of more or less brilliancy, the storm generally proving violent in proportion to the universality and brilliancy of the auroral light. On referring to our meteorological "notebooks," we find that the storm and aurora were generally separated by an interval of from ten to fifteen hours four and twenty hours elapsing only in two instances, and in these cases the storm, even if severe, was but of short duration, as if its force had been well-nigh expended and its energies exhausted ere it reached us. So marked, indeed, and constant was the connection thus observable between the aurora and storms toward the end of last autumn and winter and spring months, that it perforce fastened itself on the attention of the most careless and unobservant of such phenomena, so that it became quite a common thing latterly to hear it remarked among the people, "We shall have a storm soon; the merry dancers were very bright last night."

We had occasion to be riding homewards at a late hour on the night of the 22d inst., under a clear starry sky, when toward midnight the north and northwestern heavens suddenly flared up, with bright aurora light, which spread out in broad sheets through which waves after waves, fast and furious as the fluttering of a banner in a gale of wind, flashed and flickered with astonishing rapidity, and a vis viva that seemed thoroughly to permeate its every particle, and to excite them into the liveliest possible action. It continued thus for upward of an hour, when it suddenly resolved itself into a pale-green flush on the face of the heavens and soon after finally disappeared. Next morning was one of bright sunshine, with a gentle breeze from the south, and you would have said that any one remarking that it was a fine day, and likely to continue so, could hardly be mistaken. Remembering the previous night, however, we observed to a playman on his way with his horses to a field, that he would probably have to yoke before the usual hour in the evening, for that a storm of wind and rain was imminent, for all so fine a morning as it seemed. Rusticus