

THE JOURNAL

CAMDEN, S. C.

FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, 1851.

Our Terms for 1851.

As we have just entered upon the duties of another year, we earnestly hope and confidently expect that our patrons will come up to our help in the right way. The Weekly Journal enlarged and improved will be published at Two Dollars CASH IN ADVANCE. We cannot afford to publish the paper at this low rate unless the terms are strictly complied with; if payment be delayed three months the price will be Two Dollars and Fifty cents; if not paid until six months have expired, Three Dollars will in every instance be required. The Semi-Weekly Journal will be published at Three Dollars and Fifty cents in advance, after three months from the time of subscribing shall have elapsed, Four Dollars will be required. We are obliged to make these discriminations—the Cash to newspaper publishers is a very important consideration, and we prefer it in every case where it is possible. We don't intend to make personal applications to our subscribers for advance payments, these are our TERMS, and they have it at their option to do as they like best. Our accounts for Advertising and Job Work will be presented quarterly for payment.

We shall discontinue advertising by the year, but when an account amounts to more than 30 dollars, a discount of 50 per cent will be made on all amounts above that sum. All yearly contracts which have not yet expired, will be completed.

And snows eternal crown their lofty heads.

It is snowing here in the "sunny South," where the flowers are scarcely gone from the fragrant vales, it is snowing. It is not a frequent visitor—the streets are full of men as well as boys nowballing. It is strange what a magic effect it has—every one seems to feel its influence. It may do very well for an hour or two, but for a month or so, deliver us. How much more we like the Gen' spring.

Here flowers, fragrant like the Angel's breath, In light and beauty o'er the joyous world.

Southern Schools.

We call attention to the Schools advertised in our columns. They are Southern—and by that we mean, we no Northern Teachers—a School with a Northern Teacher is not a Southern School no matter where located. The able Teachers, the healthy nations, their cheapness, &c. we hope will secure them an ample patronage. We hope the Teachers will admit no Northern book to be used by the pupils, such as the Child's Book of History, Puff's Tales, Mandeville's Series, Paley's works, Wayland's &c. They are all poisonous springs from which Southern pupils should never drink.

Secession.

We do not intend, at this juncture, to discuss the question of secession, if we consider it too near an axiom. But our course, at least for a while, is marked out. In November next is to meet the Southern Congress—and South Carolina is pledged to wait her final action until after the adjournment of that Congress. That time should be spent in preparation for the event, be it what it may. Our Convention meets in the February following, either to repudiate, to adopt the action of that Congress, and resolve the final action of the State. If immediate or co-operation is sure, let us wait for it—but if "hope deferred," let not our hearts grow sick. Separate State action is then our course. It is a question in the minds of all, and a very grave one, to what will be the result? And some, in the view of their fancy have seen our seaboard lined with hostile vessels, our towns depopulated—a mercenary warfare waging—our fertile fields laid waste, our houses burned, our families murdered, and the selves dangling from some forest tree. Admit that your furious vision is correct, and to what does it reduce you? To this, that "I will be a slave because I am afraid to fight for freedom." 'Tis of no use to mince the words—that is the correct phrase. What if it were the case, should South Carolinians faintly yield? Is it half so probable as when the Persians ordered Greece to submit? They did not submit—but won their freedom, and a Marathon beside. Another class suppose (and we think much more correctly) that the action of the General Government would be to blockade our seaports and collect a revenue. This might be attempted, but would prove a failure. In the first place, they would have no right to do it. We would be a free and independent people, having resumed that sovereignty which we delegated, with a resuming reservation to the general government, and with as much justice might they blockade Havre as Charleston. But it would not be allowed by foreign powers, for various reasons. The commerce of S. Ca. with her rice and cotton is considerable. And England would not be disposed to do without it. She would send her trade ships to the port of Charleston, and pay her duties to the State authorities, and if any interference took place on the part of the blockading ships, it would then be an act of aggression against England, and no one can doubt how it would be resented. She has never yet shunned a war for fear of crippling her commerce. Wars seem to be its Alma Mater—and she would delight in nothing more than crippling those who are striving to be her rivals—and aiding those who give her produce. And as for our position as to the other States, it would aid us—they would act as bulwarks all around—and proudly point to us as their example, if their rights were further infringed upon. Thousands of true hearted southerners would flock to Palmetto—and we would stand out before the world a miniature Republic in which beat not a single traitor heart, or breathed a coward soul. A very little rise of taxation would support the whole paraphernalia of government. We would be the orb around which would concentrate the light of Human Rights—uncontaminated by the dross of European influence.

annum. Put all these items together, and we have the aggregate of \$132,000 difference in cost of cotton, interest on the cost of water power, and the cost of fuel—or seven and three per centum on the entire capital of \$1,800,000. Let us now turn to the other side.

Manufacturing sites are abundant at the south, in the midst of, and at short distances from the cotton fields. At all of them are large quantities of fuel, at extremely low prices, and many of them are directly at, and in close proximity to immense deposits of the best mineral coal can be had at the mills, at the low cost of 60 cents per ton, and at other places the best of wood can be procured at rates equally low. Allowing then, 20 tons of coal per day—a very large allowance—to drive the 45,000 spindles in the mills alluded to, and for other purposes, and we have 6,000 tons per annum, the cost of which, at 60 cents per ton, is \$3,600, the interest on which sum would be \$3,600. Engineers, firemen and oil, would cost ten dollars per day, or three thousand dollars per annum. These several items of cost of steam power, warming the mill, and the like, make up the gross amount of \$10,850 per annum, to drive the 45,000 spindles. Deduct this amount from \$132,000, the aggregate of the cost of water power, fuel, and difference in the cost of cotton, and you will have the aggregate of the cost of water power, fuel, and difference in the cost of cotton, and you leave \$120,850 per annum, as the actual advantage which the mills of the Massachusetts Company would possess, if situated near the southern cotton field compared with their present location. No one of course doubts, all other things being equal, that gives to the South a tremendous advantage over the North. The down east writers however, undertake to point out the disadvantages to offset this, and more too. The first of number is a supposed deficiency of capital.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce truly interprets the present calm aspect of affairs, in the following extract. All who dare to think for themselves will agree with him that it is not peace, but a hollow truce, the insincerity of which is further proved by the attempt of the so-called Northern "Unionists," and "friends of the Constitution," to take advantage of the interval to fasten another scheme of plunder upon the South, as abhorrent to the principles of the Constitution, as their late robbery of the common Territories:

"The calmness now prevailing in the country was the other day noticed by Mr. Clay as favorable to the consideration of the tariff subject. Mr. Clay did not assert that the calm was real and would continue, but he expressed a hope that it may."

"A truce has been confirmed between the administration and the Seward Whigs; and Mr. Seward is often seen at the White House. The Seward men keep their offices in New England and New York, and are quietly making their arrangements to control the Whigs in New York and in the country generally. The administration and compromise administration show a good deal of vitality, but most of their strength, such as it is, comes from the Seward faction."

"I do not know whether in putting Scott forward as a candidate they are sincere or not. Perhaps he is only put up as a decoy. The game is to be the same for the Presidency as for the governorship of New York."

"The Seward men will nominate a man upon Seward anti-national principles, and the regular Whigs will pretend to secede, only for the purpose of falling in with the better grace. They will be in time for a first rate thrashing. The Hunt game will never succeed again."

"The determination of the Whigs, in the North, to adhere to their old party organization, is now manifest, and it means nothing more nor less than an identification of Whiggism with Abolitionism. Mr. Clay did well, therefore, to qualify with an 'if,' his remarks upon the continuance of the present calm."

TRICKERY AND THE TARIFF.

A few weeks since the cotton lords at Fall River, Massachusetts, combined together to turn the screw a little tighter, by reducing the wages of the operatives. Many of the workmen and women opposed this reduction of their wages and refused to work. By the last accounts we perceive that capital has conquered labor, and that those who turned out have been compelled to resume their work at the reduced prices, and the owners are chuckling that "their factories are in operation again."

This is one of the mean devices resorted to, to swindle the workingman. The manufacturers raise a concerted cry about low duties, and foreign competition, blame the Government for not protecting them, and then suddenly stop, throwing their operatives out of employment. These poor people never receive more than enough to keep soul and body together; they work virtually for board and lodging; they seldom or never accumulate; they are, in fact, in a state of quasi-slavery, and when out of employment, of absolute suffering. When the manufacturer has reduced them to the starving point, he says: "I sympathize with you, we will put our loans in operation again, but I cannot afford to pay the former wages, the rate must be reduced."

What can the operatives say? They have no roof over their heads but the cottages attached to the mill, where they have no right to remain longer; they have no money to remove elsewhere; there are no public lands to settle upon rent-free; they can get no employment at another mill without credentials from their present employer; they see their wives dejected; their children suffering for bread, and are forced to accept the reduced wages proposed to them. And then the mill drives on again—merrily sing the spindles—fast flies the snowy lint—bale after bale of "Lowells" is shipped away—the manufacturer grows rich and richer every day upon the tears and wretchedness wearing labor of his white-flaw citizen, a free man like himself. Let us fine a mould, with a noble heart, but crushed with poverty and thus compelled to crouch—N. O. Courier

An ingenious contrivance called a "smoke vacuum" has been invented in New York

revenue yearly to feed our oppressors, and brought directly into communication with Europe, we would be able to preserve and perpetuate the principles of Republicanism. An Athens without her luxury, and her history should be ours, all except the chapter that tells her decline.

Public Enterprise.

We are not aware of any good and sufficient reason why the ancient and monumental town of Camden should be so far behind its cotemporaries of later origin in improvements of every grade and character. Surely it is not for want of age and experience on our part, or for lack of local position, the means to act with, or intelligence and morality of our people; for in all these particulars Camden is certainly not behind the age—but in Enterprise Camden is below zero, and not much hope of rising, from present indications, above temperate.

The spirit of Enterprise is in too large a degree confined to those who would if they could. But not having the means are obliged to substitute the will for the deed, and this is even more than some are willing to contribute to public enterprise. We are sorry that our duty obliges us to find so much fault with our people for their characteristic indifference upon questions of local enterprise. We have again and again asked, why don't you build a Plank Road? Where are all those Factories? Where are your institutions of Learning? Why take the initiative steps in all these praiseworthy undertakings, and then rally back upon the reserve? Onward should now be our word. Let South Carolina imitate Georgia in one particular at least—her enterprise and public spirit. Let her eschew her tame and sickly submissionism, but Georgia will one day awake and with the whole South, we hope, see her ruinous condition, for

"The South is dead, The tyrant said, Exulting in triumph of powers. O no, she but sleeps While her genius keeps A watch for her waking hours. Silent and fair She slumbers there, But feverish dreams disturb her, She needs but wake For her chains to break, Not all the North can curb her."

But to indulge no longer in the rhapsodical, let us leave Georgia to her fate and by telegraph imagine ourselves again in Camden. If the genius of enterprise is suffered to sleep forever with us—then surely will we be unworthy of our high boasts. The soil upon which we daily tread is classic—every inch of ground about us is enriched by the best and purest blood of the Revolution. There is no spot here that is not intimately associated with some interesting reminiscence of the glorious past. On the plains of Camden lie entombed the spirits of the brave and generous who have fallen martyrs in the cause—our cause of freedom: and in later days, has the soil of old Camden received into its bosom all that brave army of the gallant brave who fell on Mexican battle fields. There with numerous other reasons entitle us to a conspicuous place in the picture of public enterprise, among the things which have been and which now are. The fear of man (says a wise one) bringeth a snare. We fear that too many of our people fear to lean a few of their rusty dollars towards the advancement of public interest in our midst. This will always operate against Camden. "Are we able" to build a Plank Road is not the question to be asked and answered, as lately demonstrated by our esteemed correspondent "Blanding." Are you willing? that's the point. When this interrogatory is answered in the affirmative and a corresponding action to the word is manifested, then we may begin to have hope. We verily believe if it were not that some of the good old spirit is still left in Camden sufficient to keep its dignity above a cross road reputation, that the fate of Goldsmith's "sweet Auburn Village" might be our history in after ages. "One only master grasps the whole domain, And half a tillage stunts thy smiling plain."

The Senior tried to pun upon our name last mber, but he has decidedly got himself into business by it—as it seems that he affords a WARREN for to burrow in.

For the Journal.

"assume a Virtue, if you have it not." I was much amused in reading the article in the last Journal, by the senior Editor, under the head of "the closing year." It illustrated so beautifully the little scrap which forms the caption under which this is written. An independent Editor, and an independent Editor, senior, if he be not the real simon pure, certainly affects independence, in the article alluded to, in most happy style. One would be led to suppose that he was made of the most stern and unassailable stuff imaginable. But the artifice is shallow to deceive any body but himself, gaily when it is so notorious throughout the whole community, that there is no man in it, so thoroughly illustrates another familiar adage, that "every man has his price," and, besides, too, every body knows what his Price is, in fact in any paper you may see a Price attached with the senior editor's name. Let us have no more of independence.

HORRIBLE.—On Wednesday morning, about three o'clock, a woman named Killings, was found burned to death at the corner of Broad and Winter streets. The evening before, the city marsh had the called there, and found the deceased, with sons John and Edward, all more or less intoxicated, and the mother burning efforts to keep from freezing. John was taken to the wash-house.

Edward, who slept in the room where his mother was, and who among the neighbors, told them that the last he saw of his mother alive, she sat by the stove with a jug upon it, when she awoke again near her, and on searching, found her lying near the door. When the coroner arrived she lay as she fell near the door, with

from her, and her body baked to a cinder. The sight was horrible. In the same room lay her son, a young man, in a state of such beastly intoxication that he could not be aroused.

The family are Americans, and came from South Kingston. The woman was 62 years old.—Providence Mirror.

From the Telegraph.

Mr. Editor—The following nomination which appears in the Winsboro Daily Register, of Monday last, I believe will meet with a cordial response from the people of Richland. No more eloquent, able and faithful delegates could be selected to represent our Congressional District in the South in Congress. Both these gentlemen are well known to our citizens, and need no eulogy from me. I trust you will give the nomination a place in your paper, and that the gentlemen named will have the high honor of aiding in the organization of the

UNITED STATES OF THE SOUTH.

"Cols J. S. Preston and James Chesnut.—The time for final consultation with our sister States, before we take the glorious step of disunion, having been fixed by the "Act" of our late Legislature for 2nd day of January, 1852, it becomes us to look around for suitable delegates to represent the third congressional district in that body. I know of none more eminently qualified by their talents, eloquence and sound political opinions, than the two gentlemen whose names stand at the head of this article. They are both distinguished members of the Legislature and disunionists of the right stamp—ready to peril every thing, life, fortune, in the good cause.

"It is true that both voted against the Senate bill for the call of a Convention, under the firm belief that that measure alone would postpone rather than hasten the object we all have in view. In this, I think they were right, as the present bill to which both gave their hearty support, is decidedly, in my humble judgment, the very thing we needed. By this we show to our sisters, that we heartily desire their co-operation, while at the same time we give them an earnest of our determination to act for and save ourselves, if they refuse it. To have done less than this, would have been unwise—to have done more would have been folly.

A DISUNIONIST, per se."

SATAN IN THE GROCERY BUSINESS.—The Philadelphia Enquirer relates, in its police reports the following singular case of Monomania. A hypocritical old fellow, named Aaron Simms, who was lately engaged in the grocery business, somewhere in Fillert Street, has lately conceived the strange idea, that he is Old Scratch. About two weeks ago, he gave orders to a sign painter to prepare him a board with the inscription—"Satan, Grocer and Tea Dealer," in large gilt letters. The sign was painted, according to direction, but the friends of the monomaniac interfered and prevented it from being put up. His customers not liking the idea of dealing with the devil, dropped off; except one roguish old negro, called David Cantle, who, by humoring the lunatic, contrived to swindle him out of goods to a considerable amount. A cousin of Mr. Simms who thought it expedient to keep watch over the conduct of the insane relative, was in the back part of the store on Thursday evening, while Simms was Satan, stood behind the counter. At this time, the negro David Cantle happened to come in, and not being perceived by him, he commenced a conversation with Simms to the following purport:

"I say old boss devil, I want a few more things on that account, you know."

"It's all squared up, Dave," answered Simms "here it is posted in my ledger." "Dave Cantle, debtor, to six pounds of sugar, 48 cents; four pounds coffee 64 cents; two gallons molasses, 60 cents," and so on, about forty different items, total just 25 dollars. And here on this side is credited Dave Cantle, by one soul, \$25 to be taken out in trade.

"That account is closed old fellow; you can't get any more goods here, unless you've got another soul to trade away on the same terms." "Look a here, boss," answered Dave, in a tone of expostulation. "I often hear dat de debil had no conscience, and now I begin to believe it. You gwine to allow me only twenty-five dollars for dat soul, and it wof fifty?"

"I have given you what we agreed for," replied Simms, "and I don't think any negro's soul worth more. I can buy lots of white souls for half the money."

"But, Mr. debbil, you must consider dat I took it out in trade, dat makes de difference. A nigger's soul is a cash article, boss; and I just want what's right, I does; so you just blege me with two gallons more molasses and 4 quarts black-eyed peas and I trow in de soul of my wife, den you git a fast rate bargain."

At this juncture, Mr. Simms' cousin thought proper to interfere; he sprang out and seized the black swindler, who was soon handed over to the agents of the law. The relatives of the monomaniac deemed it expedient to shut up the store, and they have taken legal measures for putting the imaginary Satan under prompt guardianship.

CAMDEN PRICES CURRENT.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Haggling, Bale Rope, Bacon, Butter, Brandy, Beans, Beef, Cheese, Cotton, Corn, Flour, Fodder, Hides, Iron, Lime, Leather, Lard, Lead, Molasses, Mackarel, Nails, Oats, Pork, Potatoes, Rice, Sugar, Salt, Shot, Tobacco, and Wheat.

JUST RECEIVED.

Supply of J. Durand & Co's CELEBRATED FRENCH BITTERS. It is a pure state, and may be drunk with water. It is a most valuable medicine for the cure of all the diseases of the stomach and bowels. S. BENSON, Family Druggist, 111 N. 3rd Street, Camden, Sept. 24. W. C. MOORE, Family Druggist, 111 N. 3rd Street, Camden, Sept. 24.