

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

THO. J. WARREN & C. A. PRICE, Editors.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, 1851.

Our Market.

Cotton will bring from 7 to 11 1/2 cts.

There was frost in this place and vicinity on Thursday morning. The weather is quite cool.

As we prefer publishing the entire article signed "LANCASTER" in one Number of our Paper, we have been compelled to defer it until our next, when we shall lay it before our readers, in extenso.

It is our disagreeable duty to state, that a woman by the name of Elizabeth Marthers, was killed on yesterday in this District, about 7 miles above this place, on the road leading to Liberty Hill. She was stabbed in the throat near the left ear, and is supposed to have died very soon after receiving the wound. We know nothing of the particulars of this horrid affair, and must await developments which may be made by the Coroner's Jury of Inquest, which will take place this day.

Charles K. Brewer has been arrested and committed to Jail, charged with the perpetration of the act.

Who will say "Submit?"

There is a small party in this State who are for submission; but so paltry and insignificant, that like the worm, we walk a little round rather than take the trouble to crush. But there are some, a more respectable class, who are thoroughly opposed to secession now—but want cooperation—with these, lies the danger—and we ask them as friends in one great and common cause, not thus to sacrifice the State; not that they are desirous of so doing, but that course can event in nothing else. Cooperation is a vain and idle word, until after South Carolina makes the move. Was it not so in '76, though never so assiduously was it tried; for until the decisive blow was struck by one State. Soon another followed, and then another, and then came the glorious day of independence, still gloried by every patriot—and still held up as a glorious precedent—the way-mark on the road to "Human rights." Thus let it now be. South Carolina is now looked upon by all, as the State to lead in this crisis. And all the rest of the States say, "If she submits, we need not say anything more, on resistance." And thus will we have upon us the double curse, of disgracing ourselves, and our sister States. No, let us talk of co-operation, but of secession first. Let us form a nucleus around which others may gather. Let us sustain ourselves—our former character, and let each man ask himself; Who will submit?

A Good Idea.

The Courier in copying a paragraph from the Liberator relative to the recently notorious Dr. Starr who was admitted (by name) to this place) to perform in Camden a few days ago, suggests its future course by compelling these itinerant Lecturers and Show men to settle in advance—the plan is a good one, and we have had sufficient cause to adopt a similar one. The Fakir of Siva—the performer of Hindu Miracles, &c. has given us incontestible evidence of the treachery of the human mind, in its proneness to forgetfulness, in the way of liquidating small amounts, previous to departure. The Rule will be a good one, and we intend to adhere closely to it, in regard to all transient uncertain characters; they come here and get our money, and then try to swindle us, out of our dues. The following paragraph is the one we allude to:

An individual calling himself Dr. Jno. S. Starr, about six feet high, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, stout and erect in person wearing black coat and hat, white vest and drab pants, an exhibitor of Gas, Ledgerdeman, &c., was yesterday politely escorted over the Bridge. Information having been communicated to our public authorities, of certain circumstances connected with the recent visit of the professor of the black art, prompt and efficient measures were adopted to bring the great necromancer to such a development of his character and practices, as to satisfy our energetic Intendant that a full life exhibition of the itinerant vagabond should be made at the Police Office.

Facts have also been elicited of his masterly demonstrations on the phrenological organs of two lads inveigled by him from Charleston, whom he used as instruments in enabling him to accomplish some of his diabolical tricks, in way of pilfering money, and converting the property of others to his personal use; the said unwelcome and unwonted intruder was forced to quit for parts unknown, with positive orders never to return on pain of severe corporal penalty. As we have sufficient reason to believe that the scamp has been in the habit of inducing boys to commit thefts, and to desert their homes to confederate with him in furthering his villainy, we take this method of cautioning the Hocus Pocus Humberg and Imposter.

We copy the above from the Columbia Telegraph of yesterday. The illustrious individual alluded to, paid Charleston a visit a short time since, and had the impudence to call on us and request an editorial notice of his performance in advance, which was of course flatly refused. He paid us back for the cool manner in which he was treated, however, by decamping, leaving us minus his advertising bill, as many scamps like him have done before.

The itinerant lectures and show men that perambulate the country should be narrowly watched. Some are so well practised in the arts of deception as easily to deceive the unwary. Such vulgar fellows as Dr. Starr are estimated at a glance. If they make use of our columns for their advertisements, they must settle in advance.

It is gratifying, exceedingly so, even occasionally to discover that there are a few noble, generous souls, capable of appreciating South Carolina and her principles. In the midst of all the abuse and unjust vilification which modern recreants have endeavored to heap upon her devoted head—the reviled and abused State of South Carolina

still maintains a position in history, and character, of which any State might well be proud. The following extract we find copied in the Memphis (Tenn.) Weekly Express, (a capital Family Paper) taken from the Texas Rep.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—We are often astonished and shocked at the abuse heaped upon this noble State by a vernal Northern press. The history of South Carolina is one of which any State might well be proud. There is no sacrifice she has not made for the true interest of the country; no war in which we have been engaged that her aid has not been liberally extended. But if we are shocked at the vituperation of the Northern press, what shall we say of those papers in the South who delight in aping the cant of their filthy allies, particularly those who deprecate agitation, to see the country again restored to quietude.

In the late controversy between the two sections of the Union, South Carolina said perhaps as little as any other Southern State, she took no position; she made no demands, except such as were strictly in accordance with our true interests and honor. It comes with exceedingly bad grace from those who have proved treacherous or weak, to speak in terms of contempt of a people whose gallant bearing is contemporaneous with their earliest ancestry and who have never permitted selfish considerations to deter them from pursuing their honest patriotic convictions.—Texas Rep.

For the Camden Journal.

As the worth of the Lancaster Company has been assailed by a writer in the "Charleston Sun," I feel it my duty as Capt., to defend it, and for this purpose I ask you to publish the names of those who are Enrolled:

- 1. J. F. G. Mittag, Esq.
2. Jas. H. Witherspoon,
3. J. A. Stewman,
4. J. A. C. Dunlap,
5. M. Clinton, Esq.
6. H. R. Price, Clerk, and Lieut. Col.
7. John Williams, Esq.
8. A. J. Belden,
9. Dr. R. L. Crawford,
10. Wm. A. Moore, Esq.
11. D. W. Brown,
12. Dr. S. C. Morrison,
13. S. B. Massey, Esq.
14. J. A. Douglas,
15. A. Mayor,
16. J. A. Hasseltine,
17. Capt. Jason Clark,
18. Jas. Adams, Sheriff,
19. A. Murphy,
20. W. S. Hagins,
21. Dr. T. F. McDow,
22. Dr. S. L. Straight,
23. D. M. Poor,
24. M. P. Crawford, Esq.
25. J. L. Dixon, jr.
26. W. A. Graham,
27. J. H. Adams,
28. Jas. R. Lark,
29. J. H. Hood,
30. John McKillop,
31. J. E. Crockett,
32. Eli D. Crockett,
33. B. J. Witherspoon,
34. J. A. Cunningham,
35. Jas. M. Shaver,
36. Capt. M. B. Kirk,
37. G. W. Hammond,
38. J. S. Denton,
39. A. Addison,
40. John Bailey, sen.
41. John Baily,
42. S. N. Hammond,
43. Samuel D. Ballard,
44. John Adams, Ex-Sheriff,
45. Capt. Daniel Cantzon,
46. W. Cooke, Esq.
47. Thus Ballard,
48. Dr. Patrick H. Wade,
49. Wm. Sullivan,
50. J. J. Funderburk, Esq.
51. Jas. Croxton,
52. A. Neely,
53. Thos. G. Kirk,
54. G. W. Hunter,
55. H. F. Ballard,
56. B. R. Hancock,
57. Daniel M. Tillmon,
58. Capt. J. S. Perry,
59. Jas. D. McIlwain,
60. H. H. Gooch,
61. Philip T. Hammond, Rep.
62. Eli Beach,
63. K. G. Billings,
64. Kanady Bailey,
65. Capt. John J. Sims,
66. J. S. Cunningham,
67. J. Brasid,
68. Maj. J. D. Hale,
69. Jas. Roberson,
70. J. D. McCordell,
71. Samuel Alexander,
72. Jas. Thompson,
73. Wm. Roberson,
74. J. T. Barker,
75. John Short,
76. Jas. B. Ingram,
77. Capt. J. B. Cawsart,
78. Capt. Griffin Walker,
79. Joshua W. Hendrix,
80. William J. Culp,
81. S. B. Hammonds, Sen.
82. R. R. Terrell,
83. N. Hough,
84. Capt. R. Mosely,
85. J. W. Johnson,
86. B. F. Baker,
87. John J. Flemming,
88. T. L. Stewman,
89. Jas. E. Bailey,
90. J. F. Cheves,
91. J. E. Tillmon,
92. Capt. Wm. E. Bell,
93. J. E. Bailey,
94. Eli Bishop,
95. J. H. Wilkerson,
96. Wm. Stevens,
97. J. R. Hunter,
98. Hugh Gardner,
99. Joseph Gallisat,
100. W. J. Vaughn,
101. Elijah Philips,
102. Green Poor,
103. Jas. Graham,
104. Wm. Taylor,

- 105. Jas. T. McDow,
106. John Massey, Sen.
107. John Foster,
108. Willis Gregory,
109. Thos. M. Goore,
110. A. J. Secrest—Capt. of the other Volunteer Company, which was afterwards presented.
111. Dosey Terrell,
112. C. Q. C. Adams,
113. J. T. Goins,
114. Jas. W. Parker.

The names above are those presented to the Governor, and the following have since joined:

- 115. Joel Ward, N. C., a Mechanic.
116. Dr. E. S. McDow,
117. R. S. McIlwain,
118. N. R. E. Mayor,
119. Wm. A. Nelson,
120. Arebald Flemming,
121. Joshua Williams,
122. R. S. Reid,
123. H. J. Hancock,
124. Wm. McKenna,
125. Abner Mackey,
126. Balcy F. Ingram,
127. James L. Cheves,
128. Robert McIlwain,
129. Maddid Terrell,
130. Jas. A. Mackey,
131. Joseph Clark,
132. Timothy Wade,
133. William McIlwain,
134. Dr. R. E. Wylie.

It will be seen by those who are acquainted with our District, that all the officers of our Court, a Clerk and his deputy, the Sheriff, the Ordry, and every member of the Bar, all the members of the Medical profession in the Village. The Majors of the upper and lower battalions—the aides of the Col., and a number of Captains and other military officers, are members of this Company—and also, that it has among its number, men who have done honorable service in the Florida and Mexican Wars, and a number of the wealthiest and most respectable men in the district, men distinguished for their piety, moral worth. It will be seen by those who are acquainted with the members of the company, that there are between 100 and 120 men, who are fully able to do any military duty in the State, and that the balance have at least the spirit to act for their country, and many of them able to repel traitors from plunder and rapine.

And it moreover appears, that there is but one under the age of 18, and that he is a strong and vigorous youth, and fit for military duty. I would further state, that he was permitted to become a member, because he displayed an extreme anxiety to enrol his name as one who would fight for his country; and in this respect he might well be offered as an example, to be imitated by the writer in the Sun.

It appears, then, from facts that cannot be disputed, that the Lancaster Company is not one of old men and boys, but one of vigor, valor, intelligence, and high moral worth, commended with great wealth and responsibility. That, although there are some venerable sires, there are more than the number required by law, to constitute a company, who are fully able to do military duty. And that so far as our people have claims to vigor, valor, intelligence, military experience and skill, moral worth, and wealth, this Company includes more of these, than any company that, ever perhaps, was presented to a Governor of this State. And I would ask at what time, in the history of our country did all the professional men, — and all the officers of the Court, and so great a number of military officers, and men of the greatest wealth in a District, offer themselves as soldiers.

The charge, then, made against this company is false, and as false as the heart of the individual, that made it, is to his country. And had he been as anxious to learn that which would have been creditable to his State, as he was that which was calculated to weaken her in the eyes of the abolitionists, he would have learned that which we have stated above. Even his landlord, with whose food he seems to have been so well pleased, might have informed him better, (as his name is on the roll), and made the praise which he bestowed, pass with good odour. I would further remark, that it is strange that, as a truthful writer, which no doubt he should like to be esteemed, he did not mention the fact that another company—a rifle company, from this district, in which there are no old men, and not even one boy, also tendered their services to the Governor.

The writer makes an effort to ridicule and reproach the Lancaster Company. Now what does he deserve himself? Look at his conduct. He comes to Lancaster and passes himself off as a gentleman. He is treated kindly by the members of this company, as he himself declares, and after he arrives in Charleston, he fires back an arrow of ridicule at the patriotism of the district—yes, he violates that which is sacred even among "savages—old men." Yes, he ridicules the patriotism of the old men of our district; and by an act of praise upon one of the company, his landlord, he imagines a degree of baseness and treachery in him that betrays the baseness and treachery of his own heart! Traitor like, he suppresses his landlord would be well pleased (and I have no doubt he is) with the praise of one that has ridiculed his patriotism, and violated the sanctity of patriotic old age—that he, the landlord, would be content, and perhaps ever delighted, with the praise of his house of entertainment, by which he made "the almighty dollar," even if his own character, as a patriot, and that of the most respectable and venerable portion of his fellow citizens were ridiculed!

People of Carolina! what do you think of such an individual? But what renders his conduct still more disgraceful, he pretends to be a Carolinian! What an object of loathing and disgust does he present! A CAROLINIAN RIDICULING THE PATRIOTISM OF A VENERABLE PORTION OF CAROLINIANS, and thus siding and abetting the oppressors of his State, aiding the

Names marked thus (\*) opposite all those who perhaps would not be able to do military duty, on account of old age or other infirmities.

Names marked thus (†) are over 45 years, but the great part of them are able bodied men.

was, scarcely sufficient to board me in a family, whose society furnished me little means of improvement. I was often mortified and humbled, by the extreme narrowness of my means, especially as I became older. My evenings were passed among scenes and in places that were of no benefit to me if not an injury.— There was no one to look after me, in whom I could trust, to whom I could look up with respect and confidence. I fell among gay companions, and then came expense unusual to me. I joined in their revels but I never drank with them, I never gambled with them. But I wasted money, and more must be had. I took some small sums, but I always returned them from my salary when it became due. Oh, I have been very unhappy. My father and mother needed my help. I had nothing to send them. I could not borrow from my comrades, worse off than myself. The temptation was strong, I thought I could make all appear right till I could return it, which, as I live, I meant to do. I had resolved to forsake evil ways, let the effort cost what it might, the ridicule be ever so torturing, and poverty and ridicule are hard for a young man to bear. But the last few days have been full of misery. Do as you will with me, but have mercy on my aged parents. To know this would kill my mother."

Philip paused overcome with emotion. Mr. Ritchie walked towards the window, lifted the curtain and looked out. When he returned, the traces of tears were still visible in his eyes. "You are very young, are you not?" "Nineteen," answered Philip. "And you feel that you have committed a great sin?" "Alas, yes."

"You are aware of the penalty attached to such offences. Is it not fear, instead of sorrow that has troubled you?" For a moment Philip's eye flashed, and his cheek glowed, and resentful words rose to his lips, but he remembered that his own conduct had so degraded him that the words were not to insult. And he answered humbly. "I hope and believe that my sin is hateful to me."

"I regret that you had pursued so wrong a course. I had noted in you many good qualities, and hoped you would make a good and prosperous man. It was my intention in one month to have doubled your salary, and to have advanced you to a higher place. You see you have much in this point of view, but far more in a higher. If I forgive you what you have taken, yet I cannot recommend you to any other merchant, because, though you have formed resolutions, they are unproved. There are circumstances that I palliate your offence to me, but not to others. I feel that I also have been to blame. It was my duty, though then I did not consider it so, to have watched over your career, to have seen what your temptations were, and taught you to avoid them, to have advised and assisted you in your choice of companions. To have seen that you had

signed them to his creditor. He never attempted to get released, and was a little insane. His father was applied to, but he refused to interfere. There had been a quarrel between father and son, but it does not appear that the former knew fully of his son's condition. The creditor must have imbibed all the spirit of a Shylock to send a dying man to end his days in a jail for a debt of \$200.

A Sad Confession.—Not long since a wealthy merchant of one of our cities poured into the ear of a valued friend his bitter complaints of the conduct of his two only sons. "My life is rendered perfectly miserable by their reckless dissipation and shameless profligacy," said he. That friend inquired of the merchant if he could bear plain dealing.—"Yes," was the reply. "After what I have been made to suffer by those of my own household, I feel that I can bear anything from others." The friend laid his hand kindly upon the merchant's shoulder, and inquired, "Where did your children learn to drink intoxicating stimulants?" In the most impassioned manner conceivable, the wretched man exclaimed, "At my own table! and O, sir," said he, "that reflection is the most bitter drop in the draught I am compelled to drain." Where on earth, with all his wealth, can that wretched father now find happiness? He has thoughtlessly made his sons pass through the fire to our American Molock, and the scorched and blasted victims will in all probability, torment his vision and wring his heart with anguish while he lives, or go before him to dishonoured graves, dragging him with his load of sorrows after them.

Death of Mr. Heyward.—Information was brought here yesterday, by the Captain of a coasting vessel from Combahee, of the death of Nathaniel Heyward, sen. on last Thursday night, at his country residence in St. Bartholomew's Parish.—Charleston Paper.

London Comments.—In publishing the comments of a London paper on the Boston manifestations, there are one or two points worthy of note. First, that a hostile enactment of the central legislature, sanctioned by an express provision of the Federal Constitution, has been set at naught, and that the feeblest vibration of such a political disturbance would have toppled down one-half of the European thrones. The translation of which is, that the law in Europe would have been maintained at all hazards, while in this country a proclamation of the President is deemed a sufficient vindication of the law. Another point: this sagacious journalist says, with some plausible reason, it must be acknowledged that the measure was expressly shaped to the end that popular convulsion might cause in the attempt to execute it. In other words, that the men who supported the fugitive law in Congress knew that it could not be executed in the New England States.

The article affords another evidence that the English journalists are not unconcerned spectators of the present agitation and its probable results.

For a full half hour we've troubled our brain To fill out this column 'twere but all vain.

secret from your own eyes, and I honor you for it. But it needs not any longer. Win Minnie if you will, you have my consent. "How can I ever thank you. Oh, Sir, I am unworthy—you forget, that but for you, I should not be what I am, you forget that—" "I do not forget it. Tell Minnie all if you will. Her nature is noble." And Philip, that night, did tell Minnie all his history, did plead for her hand, and did win a most noble heart.—American Union.

The Southern Patriot published in Greenville and established by the political friends of that redoubtable General, who had so many more slaves than all the editors in the State, for the purpose not only of breaking down the Mountaineer, but of bringing the State to its senses, has been favoring its readers with extracts of letters from different parts of the State. In the last paper we find one which the Editors say is from "a gentleman of high character and one of the largest slave holders in South Carolina," and purports as will be seen to have been written near Georgetown.— The following is the extract alluded to:

"The editors of the Southern Patriot will please continue to send me their excellent paper—for which they herewith have \$3, and thanks for the number sent, of March 14—near Georgetown, S. C."

In order to give additional weight to the epistles of these gentlemen of high character, we would respectfully suggest to our brethren of the Patriot the propriety of publishing their names with their letters. It becomes the more necessary in these parts from the fact that we have not yet met any gentleman of high character who has taken any pleasure in informing his neighbors that he was the patron of a paper which denounced, as traitors, all who professed to owe a paramount allegiance to the State which gave them birth and now gives them bread.—Winyah Observer.

Melancholy death of a poor Debtor.—The infamous barbarity to which a poor man not able to discharge a pecuniary obligation is liable at the hands of a soulless creditor, where the law for imprisonment for debt prevails, is painfully illustrated by the following tragic occurrence in Boston. And yet such a law still blackens the statute book of Maryland. We certainly should make haste to blot it out, for such a power should not remain for a day in the reach of the vindictive or sordid.—Baltimore Sun.

"John Jay Bradley, a man of liberal education, a Greek scholar, and formerly an editor of a paper, died in Boston jail on Thursday, where he had been confined for a week past for debt. He was in the last stage of consumption when set to jail, and could scarcely get up the steps for weakness. The creditor peremptorily refused to release him unless the money was paid. Deceased had certain rights in property which were not available at the time which prevented his swearing