

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
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Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.
Aug. 26. 68

W. H. R. WORKMAN,

Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.

(Office immediately in rear of the Court House.)
WILL ATTEND THE COURTS OF
Darlington and Sumter Districts.
Business entrusted to him will meet with prompt and careful attention. July 26

JOS. B. KERSHAW,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will attend the Courts of Kershaw, Sumter, Fairfield, Darlington and Lancaster Districts.

CHARLES A. PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILL PRACTICE in Kershaw and the adjoining Districts.
Feb. 4

C. A. PRICE,

Magistrate,
OFFICE AT THE COURT-HOUSE, CAMDEN, S. C.

COURTENAY & WIENGES,

BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND DEALERS IN
CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Opposite the Post Office.

Agents for the best Green and Black Teas, and Patent Medicines.
S. G. COURTENAY. G. W. WIENGES.

To Rent.

THAT brick dwelling and store, next to the "Manion House," now occupied by T. Bonnell. Apply to J. B. KERSHAW, Esq. or.
Dec 24 101

ROBERT LATTA.

LATE THE FIRM OF DICKSON & LATTA.

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he is now receiving a variety of Heavy and Fancy Groceries, which he will sell low for cash—Two doors above the Planters' Hotel, and immediately opposite James Dunlap's, Esq.
Camden, S. C. March 18th, 1851. 22 if

ALL persons are forewarned against trading for a Note of Hand, given by me to Mr. Thomas Baskin, for the amount of Three hundred and fifty dollars (\$350.) dated 12th March, as I do not intend paying it.
W. R. YOUNG.
March 21, 23 if

Notice.

ALL persons having any claims against the Estate of the late Mrs. Martha E. Wilson deceased, will present them properly attested, and those indebted will make immediate payment to Mr. John Rosser, who is authorized to act as agent in my absence.
PAUL T. VILLEPIGUE, Adm.
Nov. 12, 1850. 80 wif.

WHISKEY, RUM AND BRANDY

50 Bbls. Rectified Whiskey,
50 Bbls. New England Rum
5 casks Domestic Brandy
40 doz. Old Madeira Wine
60 doz. Porter and Ale, in quarts and pints
Received and for sale by
JOHN W. BRADLEY.
Jan

THE SOUTHERN STORE.

ALL who wish Bargains, are invited to call at K. S. MOFFAT'S new Southern Store, third house above the Bank of Camden, where they will find a complete assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,

consisting in part, as follows:
Fancy and mourning Prints
7-8 and 4-4 brown Shirtings
Blue Denims and Marlborough Stripes
Satinets and Kentucky Jeans
Cloths and fancy Cassimeres
Negro Keseys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. De'aines, Gingham, &c.

GROCERIES.

Brown, Loaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffees
New Orleans and West India Molasses
Mackarel, Nos. 2 and 3 in barrels
Cheese, Rice, Flour, Bacon and Salt
Raisins, Pepper, Spice
Tobacco, Segars, &c. &c.

HARDWARE.

Pocket Knives and Forks
Britannia and Iron Spoons
Trace and Halter Chains
Axes, Hammors and Hatchets
Spades, Shovels and Hoes
Hand, mill and crosscut saws
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows
Nails, brads, tacks and sp. icks
Knob, pad, closet and stock locks
Iron sizers, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards
Broadaxes and steelyards; pots and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing

of every description.
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crochery and G. seware
Gunny and Dundee Bagging
Kentucky Rope and Twine
Together with every other article usually found in a well selected stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware. All of which will be sold exceedingly low for cash.

The highest market prices paid for cotton and other country produce.
Dec. 24. K. S. MOFFAT.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber is now opening a large assortment of Groceries and staple Goods, in the Store lately occupied by William J. Gerald (south of the Bank of Camden) which he will dispose of at Charleston prices for cash.

Those wishing to purchase would do well to call and examine the stock, consisting in part, of the following, viz:

Loaf, Crushed, Ground and Granulated Sugars
S. Croix, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Legum and Rio Coffee
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas
Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow Candles
No. 2 and 3 Mackarel, in Barrels, Half and Quarters
Wine, Soda and Butter Raisins and Cheese
Soap and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloves
Porter, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Paints, Linseed Oil, Sperm Oil and W. w. Oil.

Also
Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Ouzimburs
Together with a large assortment of
Bagging, Rope and Twine.
J. W. BRADLEY.

Camden, S. C. Sept. 23.
Cash paid for Cotton and other Produce.

NEW STORE.

THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an extensive stock of GROCERIES, at the stand formerly occupied by Joseph W. Doby, one door south of Campbell's Bakery, and opposite H. Levy & Son, where may be found all articles usually kept in the Grocery line, consisting in part of the following:

Fullon Market Beef
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackarel in kits, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffees; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, wine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

Also
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsick best Champagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, together a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine, all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

1 Case Olives stuffed with Anchovies. Received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.
50 BOXES CHEESE received and for sale by SHAW & AUSTIN.

Darlington Hotel,

DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOTE, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared.

All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table.
Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared.
The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers.

Drivers can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them.
Nov. 1, 1850. 86 if

MANSION HOUSE.

CAMDEN, S. C.

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends, and the travelling Public, for the liberal support which he has received since he has been opened, (four months) and has entered upon his duties for 1851, with renewed energy to endeavor to please all that may call upon him, both rich and poor. His House will be found one of the most desirable, situated, and best furnished Hotels in Camden. His servants also will be found respectful and attentive, and the table will be supplied with the best the market affords.
His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Provender, and an experienced Hostler.
An Omnibus calls at the House every morning for passengers for the Railroad. Give me a call and test my motto.
As you find me,
So recommend me.
E. G. ROBINSON.
Proprietor.

Camden, February 7th, 1851. 11 if

BE KIND.

Be kind to thy father; for when thou wast young,
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father; for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother; for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well mayest thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind has she been.
Remember thy mother, for thee she will pray
As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother; his heart will have dearth,
If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the dew of affection be gone.
Be kind to your brother, whoever you are;
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister; not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet hours
And blessings thy pathway to crown;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
More pleasant than wealth or renown.

GO IT, BOB-TAIL.

A specimen of the genus "Hoosier" was found by Captain —, of the steamer —, in the engine room of his boat while lying at Louisville, one fine morning in June. The Captain enquired to know what he was doing there?

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" was the interrogative response.

"Don't know him; and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room," replied the Captain angrily.

"Hold on! that's just what I was getting at. You see, Captain Perry and I walked down town together. Captain Perry asked me to take a drink, and so I did; I knew that I wanted to drink, or I wouldn't have been so very dry. So Captain Perry and I went to the hall—Captain Perry was putting in some extras on one toe. I sung out, "go it Captain Perry, if you burst your biler." With that a man steps up to me, and says he, "See here, stranger, you must leave."

Says I, "What must I leave for?"
Says he, "You're making too much noise."

Says I, "I've been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn't leave nuther."
With that he tuck me by the nap of the neck and the seat of the breeches—and I left. As I was a shoven down the street, I met a lady—I know she was a lady by a remark she made. Says she, "Young man I reckon you'll go home with me?"
Politeness wouldn't let me refuse, and so I went.

I'd been in the house but a minute, when I heard considerable of a knocking at the door. I know'd the chap wanted to get in, whoever he was, or he wouldn't have kept up such a tremendous racket. By and by says a voice, "Ef you don't open I'll bust in the door."
And so he did!

I put on a bold face—and says I, "Stranger does this woman belong to you?"
Says he "she does."

"Then," says I, "she's a lady I think, from all that I have seen of her."
With that he came at me with a pistol in one hand and a bowie knife in the other, and being a little pressed for room, I jumped thro' the windy, leaving the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was streaking it down town with the fragments fluttering to the breeze, I met a friend. I knew he was a friend by a remark he made. Says he, "Go it, Bob-tail, he's a gainin' on you!"

And that's the way I happened in your engine room. I'm a good swimmer, Captain, but do excuse me if you please, from taking water.—*Louisville Journal.*

Novel way to evade Toll.—A few days ago, some young men, near Doddington, being unable to pay toll for a donkey which they had with them, dressed it up with a coat and hat, and raising it on its hind legs, proceeded to support it through the gate, with these consolatory words, "Come along, brother, you ben't so drunk as you pretend to be."—*Liverpool Paper.*

The World's Fair.—We understand from the *National Intelligencer* that the Secretary of the American Committee Mr. Kennedy, received by the *Cambria* a copy of the "Official Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," published by authority of the Royal Commission. The catalogue is printed in quarto form, containing 320 pages, close print, in double columns. The contributions are from all the civilized nations of the earth—from the Yellow Sea, the Burmuputra and the Ganges in the East, to the Mississippi in the West; from Australia to California—and their number is almost incredible.

The Press vs. Speech.—A rapid writer will pen about 2,500 words in an hour. A rapid speaker will utter 12,000 words in the same time. Hoe's newly invented press will print 10,000,000 words in a minute, or 600,000,000 an hour.

Alice Glen.

I noticed one day, in my ride towards home, an old worn chaise, in which was seated a young man, a fragile looking creature, with cadaverous cheek and hollow eyes, that glistened fearfully with each roll in the socket.—The loose fold of garment that hung over his form betrayed its shrunken proportion; his hands were childishly folded, with a meek air, upon his lap, and his posture, backward swaying and listless, indicated extreme exhaustion.

The worn old chaise stood before a marble worker's shop, where, fronting the door, along the smoky building, and on all sides, white shafts, gray stones, and brown slabs arose, ghastly shapes yet beautiful, with angels and cherubs sculptured thereon, some pictured with willows, some with doves, some with graceful urns, many with sorrowful faces of mourners bending over departed hopes, buried with the cherished dead in the church yard.

It seemed a gloomy stopping place for one apparently so near his end; and yet the serene countenance of the wan invalid was suffused with a glad, almost holy expression, that softened its ghastliness and made its sadness more spiritual. Day after day, as I passed, I met him always in the same place, either being assisted by some friend into the old chaise, or sitting so listless, yet so patient, waiting the progress of the laborers engaged with their work around him.

By chance I met a friend who knew the invalid. I mentioned carelessly my opinion of his apparently hopeless case, and wondered, as any passing stranger would, who he was, and what drew him so frequently and stately to the shop of the marble-worker.

"He is a doomed man," replied my companion, "and being fully aware that his time is short, he is superintending the work of his own monument."

I was startled, and looked my friend fixedly in the face. "It is a heartless whim," I exclaimed impatiently, "a living man watching the progress of his own tomb-stone."

"No, not heartless," he replied, "only singular." George Bennet, that is his name, was once a young man of good health and good expectations—by-the-by, that latter was his ruin in a manner; never a more humble, patiently-waiting heir did I see, sir, than that same young man; but," he added with emphasis, "when his uncle died, and the splendid fortune came—fine fortune and no mistake, sir—he was off and away on the broad road to dissipation. Beginning with moderate prodigality to rid himself of this golden encumbrance, his desires soon knew no bounds. He gradually threw off the restraints which once a sense of duty, engendered by a mother's pious teachings, had kept him under, plunged into fashionable follies, forgot God, ruined a good constitution, and soon sank all but a small portion of his fine legacy. Poor fellow, in his case the race was to the swift; but it has ended in his destruction. Now here comes the romance.

In his humbler days he really loved, and engaged himself to a Miss Glen, a pretty intelligent girl of Scotch descent, one of the most amiable creatures I ever knew; but she had only a few thousands, say three at the most, to bring as a wedding dowery. She never doubted his truth, nor would she believe the least report derogatory to his reputation. Ah! well, but women are loving and forgiving creatures," soliloquized my friend with an absent air, (he was a bachelor,) and for full three minutes he was silent.

"Did he ever marry her?" I asked with a concealed feeling of impatience.
"Never," he exclaimed abruptly, "no; he went to Philadelphia, dangled around a few golden satellites, from thence to Europe, came back to the States, paid court to a lady of wealth, and would willingly have wedded her, but did not, for the very good reason that she learned to despise his character.

After an absence of three years he visited Boston again, a wreck in body and fortune. I met him first, and well remember how heavily he leaned upon my side as we walked together through the old familiar thoroughfares. He said nothing about his prospects or disappointments, but talked of various subjects, mostly of politics and Europe, till we by merest accident stood opposite the old ground—you remember, Copp's Hill.

I forgot to say that I too had been for many months absent. Bennet expressed a wish to walk through, and did it not seem strange that he made a pause, from very weakness and weariness, opposite a small, smooth, white stone, that was familiar to neither of us; and when I would have led him farther on, he pushed aside the long, damp grass, and fell to conning the inscription.

Judge of my surprise, as well as his remorse, when I read the following:
Sacred to the memory
of
ALICE GLEN,
who died September 15, 18—,
of consumption.
Aged 19 years.
Love knows no change in heaven.

I do not like to dwell on what followed.—Bennet was smitten to the earth, conscience being his next accuser. There he writhed, pressing his cold forehead to the colder stone, at intervals exclaiming, wretch, wretch, and oh! Alice. I tell you sir, the mere sight of that agony was hard to bear; what must have been the endurance.

Well sir, he staggered out the church-yard, pressing his soiled handkerchief to his mouth, and depending entirely on me for support. I saw his hand was slightly stained, and by degrees the linen crimsoned, growing with every moment deeper and more scarlet.

"Bennet, you are bleeding!" I exclaimed, "Bennet, you are bleeding!" I exclaimed, "starting with affright; and closing my arm about him, I beckoned to a hackman who was

passing, helped the poor fellow into the carriage, and by the time I got him home, air, there was but little life in him I assure you.

Since that he has never rallied, until this spell of fine weather; he has been here now regularly every day, come in; yonder is the marble, look at the design."

We stepped into the shop, and the man who was working at the stone paused, with his hand upon its top.

It was pretty, unique, and calculated to arrest the attention. Two little cherubs held a scroll, upon which, amid the fancifully arranged flowers, could be traced the words, "Alice forgive; God has forgiven." Then followed the name; age and date were left out, and this quotation of scripture came next in order. "For he that soweth in his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

"Ah! my dear sir," said my friend, after a long silence, "were I an atheist, the perfect pattern which poor Bennet's recent life affords, would shake my doubts of Christianity, and scatter them to the winds; does not this show," and he pointed to the stone, "a holy fearlessness of death and its grim appurtenances?"

We walked home together in a thoughtful mood; the next day I missed the chaise, the next and the next following. I met my friend again, he told me the young man was dead.

Boston Olive Branch.

INVESTIGATION.—Fear not investigation.

Careful investigation of a subject, of whatever order of science, morals, or religion, is always attended with more sun-shine than darkness. On matters of religion I have met with many persons who are totally averse to testing the opinions which they have formed, from a fear that they will be led to abandon them, or that they may become unstable in their faith. But let such a beclouding, paralyzing idea be excluded from the mind, instantly on its first appearance. If we are right in our views of subject, by a more thorough and frequent examination of it, we shall be elevated and strengthened therein. Truth will appear more beautiful, and afford more happiness as the sun of reason rises with an increasing power to its meridian glory. But on the other hand, should investigation produce temporary instability, fear not, for it is far more preferable at any time to be unsettled in the belief of doctrines, than to be immovably bolted down in the wrong.—*Star in the West.*

To think that an eternity of bliss depends upon the purity of a few years of earthly existence, is an overwhelming thought. How great is the inducement to study truth and cultivate virtue.

Charcoal in Cisterns.—Two gallons of fine charcoal will purify a dozen hogheads of water, when the smell is so unpleasant that it cannot be used.

Red Ants can be kept out of closets and other places by impregnating the air with camphor, as this odor is offensive to all the insect family.

Many presses in the country appear to have most extraordinary notions of the powers of the President of the United States. They seem to think that he is supreme, and that even if a meeting of free citizens should happen to assemble together to consult for the common good, he has a perfect right to order out the army and navy to disperse them. Such is the ridiculous story now going the rounds in the papers, that Mr. Fillmore had directed an armed force to cruise about Charleston, for the purpose of watching the movements of the seceders in South Carolina. The President has a much better sense of his authority under the Constitution than this. Such is his weakness that he admitted to Congress he was not endowed with sufficient powers to suppress a negro mob in Boston, and he requested it might be increased. The idea then that he can by his mere fiat order out the forces of the United States, to put down the movements of the free people of a sovereign State in the confederacy, is supremely absurd.—*Norfolk Argus.*

Submission Argument.—We take the following extract from an article in the *Southern Patriot*, a submission paper in South Carolina: "We said too, that the largest slaveholders in our country had not been the most prominent in this agitation. It looks bad to see a little fellow who does not own a slave, making such a fuss about not being allowed by the Federal Government, to carry his negroes to California! and wishing to destroy the government, and involve the country in revolution and war, because the right had been denied him by the people of California themselves."

A very fair specimen of the arguments used by submissionist generally. It a man is poor, if he does not own fifty or one hundred negroes, he has no right to think, no right to complain; and if he does manifest a disposition to resent aggression, his poverty is urged against him, and he made a subject of ridicule. South Carolina is not the only place where such arguments are used; for it strikes us that we have heard them urged in this part of the political vineyard. It is time for the people, the sturdy yeomanry of the country to look to this, and rebuke at the ballot box, such abominable arrogance on the part of men who would have them bow their neck in humble submission to Northern outrage and oppression.

Hayneville (Ala.) Chronicle.

It is estimated that the representative population of Texas will be over 200,000, which secures to her two representatives in Congress. The white population is 188,000; slaves 62,000.