

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JUNE 24, 1851.

NUMBER 50.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL

Is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed for six months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL

Is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if payment is delayed for six months, and Three Dollars, if not paid until the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates: For one square (14 lines or less) in the semi-weekly, one dollar for the first, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. In the weekly, seventy-five cents per square for the first, and thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion. Single insertions one dollar per square.

The number of insertions desired, and the edition to be published in, must be noted on the margin of all advertisements, or they will be inserted semi-weekly until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

All communications by mail must be post-paid to secure attention.

The following gentlemen are Agents for the Journal:
W. C. EASTON, General Agent.
C. T. W. HEYR, Jacksonville, Lancaster Dist.
S. H. ROSS, Esq., Lancasterville, S. C.
C. C. McCRIMMON, Carthage, N. C.
W. C. MOORE, Esq., Camden, S. C.
And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

C. MATHESON,
BANK AGENT.

At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel

B. W. CHAMBERS,
Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,
AND
Bayer of Cotton and other Country Produce,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WILLIAM C. MOORE,
BANK AGENT,
And Receiving and Forwarding Merchant
CAMDEN, S. C.

REFERENCES—W. E. Johnson, Esq. Maj. J. M. DeSaussure, T. J. Warren, Esq.

PAUL T. VILLEPIGUE,
FACTOR,
And General Commission Merchant,
ACCOMMODATION WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Liberal advances made on consignments of Produce, and prompt attention given to the forwarding of Goods, at the lowest rates.
Aug. 26. 65

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.

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.

F. ROOT,
AUCTIONEER.
CAMDEN, S. C.

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)
Corner of Meeting and Hasell Streets, and in the immediate vicinity of Hayne and King Streets, Charleston, S. C.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

May 2. 35 11

JON. B. MICKLE.
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.

(Office in the rear of the Court House.)
May 6. 36 411

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.

Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.

BY THE

Commercial Insurance Company,

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.

OFFICE, No. 4, BROAD-STREET.

PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM B. HERIOT.

DIRECTORS,
JAMES K. ROBINSON, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, WM. McBURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRADLEY,
A. R. TAFT, T. L. WRAGG.

A. M. LEE, Secretary.
E. L. FESSLER, Inspector.
B. C. PRESSLEY, Auditor.
R. A. KINLOCH, Medical Examiner.

The subscriber having been appointed agent for this Company, is now prepared to receive Proposals for FIRE RISKS, and will effect Insurance on fair and liberal terms. WM. D. McDOWALL.

Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851. 36 11

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.

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, Laguira 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 Biscuits and Cheese
Soap and Starch, assorted
Pepper, Spice, Ginger, Nutmegs, Mace and Cloves
Powder, Shot and Lead
Hardware, Cutlery, Nails and Castings
Paints, Linseed Oil, Sperm Oil and Wh. of Gla.

Also—
Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Quarters
Together with a large assortment of

Bagging, Rope and Twine.

J. W. BRADLEY,
Camden, S. C. Sept. 23.

25-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:

Fulton Market Beef
No. 1 and 2 Mackarel in kits, for family use;
Rio and Java Coffee; crushed and brown Sugars;
New Orleans Molasses, (new crop) butter, Twine and soda crackers; cheese, buckwheat, raisins, currants, almonds, English mustard, filberts, pecan nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.

Also—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck 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.

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 Ke yseys; Bed and Negro Blankets
Mous. De'aines, Gingham, &c.

Groceries.

Brown, Loaf, crushed and clarified Sugar
Rio and Java Coffee
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, Hammers and Hatchets
Spades, Shovels and Hoets
Hand, mill and crosscut saws
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows
Nails, brads, tacks and spiggs
Knob pad closet and stock locks
Iron squares, compasses and plane irons
Brushes, blacking, cotton and wool cards
Broadaxes and steelyards; pots and skillets
Broad and narrow Iron &c.

Ready Made Clothing

Saddles, Bridles and Martingales
Crockery and Glassware
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.

Darlington Hotel,

DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOTEN, 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 11

MANSION HOUSE,

CAMDEN, S. C.

GARD.

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 11

Just Received,

WHITE Lump Lime, a fine article for White-washing, Plaster Paris, Cement Stone Lime, and Land Plaster for agricultural purposes.

For sale by C. L. CHATTEN.

Feb. 23 17

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

Sharp's Magazine for May contains a translation, from the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of several "incidents in the War of Mexican Independence," from which we select the following thrilling scene. A captain in the insurgent army is giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda, situated on the Cordillera, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details, he continues:

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in gliding across the trees, formed a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one, chiselled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which incessantly boiled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depths. This place was known in the country by the name of "the Voladero."

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which protected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipice there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day, the passage would not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep; the path crept round their entire basement; and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the edge of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task even for as practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farm house and the abyss of the Voladero. I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was but just wide enough for the four legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retrace my steps.

"Halloo!" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine! Keep back!" It was too late. At that moment, a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced toward me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not turn?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we both were placed.

"Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses round for want of room, to back them along the path which we had traversed, or even to dismount from them, these were three impossibilities which placed us in presence of a fearful doom. Between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably must have become the prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face—the unknown and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in a dead silence. Above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distance from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before mine eyes? The love of my country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for Mexico and the Insurgents?" I exclaimed, in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman if he answered me in the negative.

"Mexico e Insurgente—that is my password" replied the cavalier. "I am the Colonel Cuaduno."

"And I am the Captain Castanos."

Our acquaintance was of long standing, and and but for our mutual agitation we should have had no need to exchange our names. The colonel had left us two days since at the head of a detachment, which we supposed to be either prisoners or cut off, for he had not been seen to return to camp.

"Well, Colonel," I exclaimed, "I am sorry you are not a Spaniard—for you perceive that that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridle on their necks, and I put my hand on the holsters of my saddle, to draw out my pistols.

"I see it so plainly," replied the colonel, with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact, that the colonel already held his pistols in his hand. We both maintained the most profound silence. Our horses felt the danger like ourselves, and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided.

"What are we going to do?" I demanded of the colonel.

"Draw lots which of us shall leap into the ravine."

It was, in truth, the sole means of settling the difficulty. "There are, nevertheless, some precautions to take," said the colonel.

"Ho who shall be condemned by lot, shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but, in short, it is a

chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You cling not to life then?" I cried out, terrified at the 'sang-froid' with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself," sharply replied the colonel, for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But the time is slipping away.—Are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery at which one of us will ever assist?"

How are we to proceed in this drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the school boy? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands, imprudently stretched out over the heads of our frightened horses, might cause them to give a fatal start. Should we toss up a coin, the night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The colonel bethought him of an expedient, of which I never should have dreamed.

"Listen to me, captain," said the colonel to whom I had communicated my perplexities; "I have another way. The terror which our horses feel, makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—"

"Wines!" I hastily exclaimed.

Not so—shall be the loser. I know that you are a countryman, and such as you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore the gown of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh—to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter."

We waited in deep and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. This silence lasted for a minute—for an age! It was my horse that neighed first. The colonel gave no external manifestation of his joy, but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will allow me a minute to make my peace with Heaven?" I said to the colonel, with failing voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"It will," I replied. The colonel drew out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant with stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the colonel.

I answered nothing, and with the infirm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated by a nervous tremor.

"Yet one moment more," I said to the colonel, "for I have need of all my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manœuvre which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Garduno.

My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horseback. I may say, without flattering myself, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self-possession in the very face of death. Take it at the worst, I had already braved it too often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant, I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt, for the first time since my rencontre with the colonel, the bit compressing his mouth, I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and with the bridle and the spur, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already at a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments, and then recommenced the same manœuvre.

All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next the hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single projection, not a single tuft of weeds to check my decent. This sudden movement, joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so desperately did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching, between the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but he attempted it here would have been fatal, and dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was passed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew forth from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebra unites itself with the cranium. The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over towards the

wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck, without a single motion; and for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved! I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then arose, and cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk in a swoon upon the ground. When I re-opened my eyes, the colonel was by my side.

REMARKS OF HON. J. H. ADAMS, Before the Convention of Southern Rights Association, in Charleston.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is no idle affectation, when I assure you it has been with great difficulty I have mustered sufficient courage to follow our distinguished Senator (Judge Butler) in this great debate, whose patriotism all of us unhesitatingly admit, and who is far better qualified, by superior wisdom and experience, to guide and direct our counsels; but I feel that we have reached a point in this great controversy, when mere personal considerations should not be allowed, for a single moment, to conflict with an honest and fearless discharge of duty to our country.

Although we have been invited to meet here for the purpose of consultation, it is not to be disguised, that the result of our deliberations, be they what they may, will exert a powerful influence over the action of that higher body, to whose assembling, at no distant day, the whole country is now looking with such intense interest, and in certain quarters, with such fearful anxiety. Nor is it to be disguised, that but one feeling pervades our whole Confederacy, and this is, that so far as South Carolina and the Federal Government are concerned, matters are fast coming to a serious crisis. Under such circumstances, whether wisely or unwisely called together, now too late to inquire, we owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our constituents, that we deal with each other in plain English; that we do not separate without thoroughly understanding each other; that we indulge a free and frank interchange of opinions and feelings on the grave issue before us.— While we should studiously avoid the use of epithets and insinuations calculated or designed to irritate and embitter, let us have no concealments, no faltering, no quibbling, no resort to phraseology that will admit here or elsewhere of a double or doubtful construction. Let us, in a word, endeavor to prove ourselves equal to the crisis in which we find ourselves, and discarding all considerations of self, rising superior to all unworthy struggles for individual mastery, let our high and sole purpose be, to pursue such a course, to indicate such a policy, as shall, under the solemn sanction of that high tribunal whose interposition has been invoked, fully vindicate our honor, and restore, if possible, security to a deeply insulted and wronged people.

With these general remarks I shall proceed at once to submit my views upon the great question before us. I shall state my position briefly, without arguing them at length, which neither my own inclination nor the time of the meeting would justify me in attempting. I shall begin by announcing certain fundamental propositions which will not be disputed by any member of this Convention, and which I shall assume as points on which we are all agreed: First, we all agree that any State of the Confederacy has the right peacefully to withdraw from it, whenever she thinks proper so to do.

Second, We all agree, that the General Government has deliberately legislated us out of our share of the common property of the country, and we feel that the effect of this legislation has been to degrade us from the rank of an equal to that of an inferior member of a common Confederacy.

Third, That under a vile pretext of a regard for the right of petition, Congress has usurped authority over the institution of slavery, and under a forced and unwarranted construction of the words "exclusive jurisdiction," has already legislated on the subject in the District of Columbia.

Fourth, That the Northern States have not only failed to comply with a plain provision of the Constitution, expressly inserted for our especial protection, but by vexatious legislation, have rendered it worse than useless. These propositions I shall not attempt to fortify by argument before this body. And fortunately for our cause, there exists little or no division of opinion in relation to them throughout our entire State. Those in our borders who are ready to controvert them, or defend the past acts of the General Government, in numbers scarcely constitute a corporal's guard, and thank God, they never have had, and I trust never may have a place in the confidence and affections of our people. The next proposition I shall announce, is to my mind equally clear with the foregoing, and I shall be disappointed if it does not meet with as ready assent from this body, viz: that a settled purpose pervades a large portion of the North to destroy our property, and ultimately degrade and ruin us, and that this purpose is destined speedily to become the fixed feeling of a whole section of the Confederacy, which by mere force of numbers can control the action of the Government.— Does any one doubt the truth of this position? Does any one ask for proof of this assertion?