

# Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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**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 three months.

**THE WEEKLY JOURNAL**

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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.

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And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

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**BANK AGENT.**

At his old stand opposite Davis's Hotel.

**B. W. CHAMBERS,**

Receiving and Forwarding Merchant,  
AND  
Buyer of Cotton and other Country Produce,  
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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. 68

**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 nearly opposite A. Young's Book Store.)  
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 Hall 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 41

**JON. B. MICKLE,**

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity,  
WINSBOROUGH, S. C.  
(Office in the rear of the Court House.)  
May 6. 36 4m

**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. WRAIGG,

A. M. LEE, Secretary,  
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector,  
R. C. PRESSLEY, Solicitor,  
B. 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 4f

**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.

B. G. COURTENAY. G. W. WIENGES.

**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 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 Mackerel in kits, for family use;  
Rio and Java Coffee; 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.

## 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 Kerseys; Bed and Negro Blankets  
Mous. Delaines, Gingham, &c.

*Groceries.*  
Brown, Loaf, crushed and clarified Sugar  
Rio and Java Coffee  
New Orleans and West India Molasses  
Mackerel, 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 Hoes  
Hand, mill and crosscut saws  
Vices, anvils and blacksmith's bellows  
Nails, brads, tacks and spigs  
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*  
of every description.  
Saddles, Bridles and Martingales  
Crochery and Gl-sware  
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. 21. 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. Cruz, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do  
New Orleans, Mozambique and Cuba Molasses  
Java, Laguaira and Rio Coffee  
Gunpowder, Young Hyson and Black Teas  
Sperm, Adamantine and Tallow Candles  
No. 2 and 3 Mackerel, 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 Castles  
Paints, Linseed Oil, Sperm, Oil and Wm. w. Gla.

—ALSO—  
Beached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings  
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Oznaburghs  
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.

## Darlington Hotel,

DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE.

THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOTY, 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. 56 4f

## MANSION HOUSE.

CAMDEN, S. C.

**GARD.**

THE undersigned begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his friends and the traveling 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 market affords.

His Stables and Carriage Houses are roomy and always fully supplied with Prosser 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 4f

## Ladies Dress Goods.

A Splendid assortment of Ladies Dress Goods in a great variety of styles, will be sold at greatly reduced prices to close them out. Among them may be found some very rich and rare patterns.  
E. W. BONNEY.

## MY EARLY HOME.

BY HIRAM TORREY.

I sit alone—alone in thought,  
And thronging visions come,  
In rainbow tints of beauty caught  
From childhood's happy home.

O happy home! best boon below,  
To passing pilgrim's given;  
First fountain spring of joy we know!  
And fittest type of Heaven.

How truthfully the dear ones rise,  
As mem'ry calls them up;  
I see the smiles and loving eyes,  
Of all that kindred group.

I'm with them now, a boy again,  
My heart is light with joy;  
No anxious care nor thought of pain,  
Our blissful sports alloy.

Scattered around the blazing fire,  
With mirth in every heart;  
Our mother dear and loving sire,  
In merry plays take part.

Our simple hearts all nature love—  
The pretty birds and flowers;  
The dancing brook and shady grove,  
The sunshine and the showers.

And when at night we go to rest,  
Our mother's pray'r we hear;  
'Tis thus we all with love are blest,  
And nothing know of fear.

We ask no joy we cannot find,  
In this abode of love;  
All is so dear, so good and kind,  
So like the home above.

My dream is o'er—that early home.  
Lies mantled in past years;  
But when my heart feels sad and lone,  
When flow unbidden tears.

Then Faith and Hope my soul assure,  
Lies in the spirit-land,  
I'll meet again as angels pure,  
That cherished household band.

## WHO IS THE TRUE LADY.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

We once knew a "young lady" who lived in fine style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion. She had her piano and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly. In all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich vein of sentiment, too, and could talk philosophy, or discuss standard authors, at pleasure. Of course she reads novels—in fact, a large portion of the day was devoted to that interesting and instructive class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she would occasionally work elegant embroidery. With an abundance of curls, that floated over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hands white and delicate, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing room style, she was followed by young men of taste. Yet, somehow, she never married. The "beau" fluttered around her like flies over a pot of honey, but they were careful not to get caught as those other insects are apt to do. Their attentions were never so particular as to require "some friend of the family" to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was within the market as plainly as though she had inscribed on her forehead: "A Husband Wanted; for particulars inquire within." But the husband never, to our knowledge, came; and we believe that at this time she is a disconsolate old maid.

What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fat woman, with a red face, is the servant of the house. She does the cooking, the washing, the chamber work. From early dawn until late at night, she is a slave. Well, that woman is our charming young lady's mother! She never sees her daughter's "callers." If by accident she should drop into the parlor while visitors were present, she would hasten out again, with embarrassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be diffused with blushing.

Now, take a walk with us. In that workshop, do you see that hard-working mechanic? The wrinkles are hardening upon his face, and the gray hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head. He looks anxious, and as though at his heart-strings tugged some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the father of our beautiful "young lady," and his hard earnings for many years have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries that her admirable taste has craved. He, too, is excluded from the society of his own daughter.

She moves in a circle above her parents, and, in short, is ashamed of them. They live in the kitchen, she is in the parlor. They drudge—she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this; she despises them, and, in fashionable gatherings, is amongst the first to curl her pretty lips at "low mechanics"—provided she can do it safely.

Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times No! We object not to her accomplishments—to her taste in dress—to her manners. We look upon and admire such, just as we do a superb statue of Venus. As a work of art it is beautiful; but, nevertheless, it is insensate marble, having no soul, being of no use in practical life, and food for nothing but to look at.

The beauty of the mind is the true beauty; and the affectionate daughter, who nestles herself lovingly into the hearts of her parents—who makes her mother companion and confidante—who not only works with that mother, but takes the heaviest burden upon herself—is the true lady. She may never have struck a note on the piano, yet her house is melodious with harmony such as angels sing. Her exterior may be humble; but her interior life is clothed in the vestments of immortal beauty.

There are many "young ladies" whose whole character is on the surface. Dress, manners, accomplishments, all external. They are "outsiders." When the scorching fires of adversity burn beneath its surface, there is no protecting wall upspread within. The whole becomes but a heap of ashes, though it may contain the outward semblance of humanity.

The true lady cultivates the higher nature. She is religious, but not fanatical—courteous, but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arm of her Heavenly Father, and associating with unscathed angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy. Her sympathy ever pulsates to the cry of suffering, and her hand is ever open to relieve. She is beautiful at home, beautiful at the bedside of the sick, beautiful at the hour of her departure into the world of spirits, beautiful through life, and transcendently and externally beautiful in Heaven.

This is the true lady.

## GLOVES AND CIGARS.

I must really have a pair of gloves, James, said Mrs. Morris to her husband, as they sat together after tea.

Mr. Morris had been reading the morning paper, but he laid it down and looked crossly up.

'Really,' he said, 'you seem to me to waste more money on gloves than any woman I ever knew. It was only last week that I gave you money to buy a new pair.'

The wife colored and was about to answer tartly, for she felt that her husband had no cause for his crossness, but remembering that a "soft answer turneth away wrath," she said: 'Surely you have forgotten, James. It was more than a month since I bought my last pair of gloves; I have been out a great deal, as you know in that time.'

'Humph!' and having pronounced these words, Mr. Morris took up the paper again.

For several minutes there was a silence. The wife continued her sewing, and the husband read sulkily on; at last as if sensible that he had been unnecessarily harsh, he ventured to remark by way of indifferent apology.

'Business is very dull, Jane,' he said, 'and sometimes I do not know where to look for money. I am hardly making my expenses.'

The wife looked up with tears in her eyes. 'I am sure, James,' she said, 'that I try to be as economical as possible. I went without a new silk dress this winter, because the one I got last spring would answer, I thought; by having a new body made to it. My old bonnet, too, was retouched. And as to gloves, you know you are very particular about my having gloves always nice, and sold me if I appear in the street with a shabby pair on.'

Mr. Morris knew all this to be true, and felt still more ashamed of his conduct, however like most men, he was too proud to confess his own error, except indirectly.

He took out his pocket book, and said:

'How much will satisfy you for a year, not for gloves only, but for all the other little of ceteras? I will make you an allowance, and then you need not ask me for a dollar whenever you want a pair of gloves, or a handkerchief.'

The wife's eyes danced with delight. She thought for a moment and then said: 'I will undertake, on fifty dollars, to find myself in all these things.'

Mr. Morris dropped the newspaper as if it had been red hot, and stared at his wife.

'I believe,' he said, 'you women think we men are made of money. I don't spend fifty dollars in handkerchiefs and gloves in a half a dozen years.'

Mrs. Morris made no reply for a full minute, for she was determined to keep her temper.—But the quickness with which her needle moved showed that she had some difficulty to be amiable. At last, she said: 'But how much do you spend for your cigars?'

This was a home thrust, for Mr. Morris was an inveterate smoker, and consumed twice as much on that needless luxury as the sum his wife asked. He picked up the paper, and made no reply.

'I don't wish you to give up smoking, since you like it so much,' she said. 'But surely, a cigar is no more necessary to a gentleman than are gloves and handkerchiefs to a lady, and if you expend a hundred dollars in one, I don't see why you should complain of my wishing fifty dollars for another.'

'Pshaw!' said the husband, finally; 'I don't spend a hundred dollars in cigars. It can't be.'

'You bring home a quarter box every three weeks; and each box, you say, costs about six dollars, which, at the end of the year, makes a total of one hundred and four dollars.'

Mr. Morris fidgeted on his seat. His wife was aware of her advantage, and, smiling to herself, pursued it.

'If you had counted up, as I have, every dollar you have given me for gloves, handkerchiefs, shoes, and ribbons, during a year, you would find it amounted to full fifty dollars; and if you had kept a statement of what your cigars cost you, you would see that I am correct in my estimates as to them.'

'A hundred dollars! it can't be,' said the husband, determined not to be convinced.

'Let us make a bargain,' replied the wife. 'Put into my hands a hundred dollars to buy cigars for you, and fifty to purchase gloves and ad ceteras for me. I promise faithfully to administer both accounts, with this stipulation, that at the end of a year, I am to retain all that

I can save out of the fifty, and to return to you all that remains out of the hundred.'

'It is agreed; I will pay quarterly, beginning with to-night.' And he took out his purse, and counted thirty-seven dollars and a half into his wife's hand.

And how did the bargain turn out? Our fair reader have no doubt guessed already.—Jane continued, during the year, to supply her husband with cigars, and at the end of the year rendered her account, by which it appeared that Mr. Morris had smoked away one hundred and ten dollars, while his wife spent only forty on gloves, handkerchiefs, and shoes, the ten dollars she had saved having just enabled her to keep her husband's cigar-box full without calling on him for the deficiency till the year was up.

Mr. Morris paid the ten dollars with a long face, but without a word of comment. He has ever since given, of his own accord, the fifty dollars allowance to his wife.

Husbands, who think their wives waste money on gloves, etc., should be careful to waste none on cigars.

## HISTORY.

We prepared an article last week in relation to some misrepresentations of some remarks of Col. McWillie at the Southern Rights barbecue at this place. We have however concluded not to publish it, as some time has elapsed since, every one who wished to understand correctly what he meant, did so, and it was not at best a matter of very great moment.

We will however say a few words upon a subject kindred to this, which we understand some of the union orators have made allusions to in their speeches as well as writings. It is in relation to the fact that South Carolina received the aid of northern troops in the war of the revolution. It is utterly untrue. The blood of no northern men mingled with southern at Eutaw, or Camden, or Cowpens, or any other of the battle-fields of Carolina. Where is the proof that they did? From what State did they come? Southern historians sometimes speak loosely of troops from the north and a northern army, but when the matter comes to be examined, it will be found they only meant north of South Carolina. The troops they speak of all came from North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. Let those who wish to degrade South Carolina, not let their rancor overrun their caution. They had better look at the record before they speak or write.

It is true, the Commander-in-chief did detail to Southern service, two or three general officers of northern birth, but this is easily accounted for by the fact that the north had contrived to monopolize the far larger portion of the general officers, and when one had to be sent south, the chances were that he would be a northern man.—But they sent us no troops. The South not only sent the north a commander-in-chief but South Carolina and all the South sent troops there.

South Carolina sent to the field 37 out of every 42 citizens, while Massachusetts, which sent more than any other New England State, sent only 32. It is notorious that only in one place did the northern exceed the southern soldiers, and that was on the pay and pension lists.

Col. McWillie alluded to the fact that the people of New England refused to take part in the war, and sent a few troops to Mexico. By these facts his remarks are borne out, and the mere fact that Washington sent one or two officers South, who of course obeyed orders is no evidence to the contrary.

Camden (Miss.) Madisonian.

*The postage law.*—The construction given the new postage law by the Assistant Postmaster General meets with the almost unanimous opposition of the press. Under this decision, the postage on a single copy of some of the large-sized journals, when sent to California, will be fifteen cents! Certainly Congress never contemplated imposing such an enormous tax. A cotemporary asks this question.

'How is it in relation to regular subscribers, who merely wish the direction of their paper changed? Are they to be charged transient rates, and their papers withheld in the office here till prepayment is made? Many of them have already paid a quarter's postage in advance at the places they reside. Must they exhibit the receipt for this payment? How, indeed, is the postmaster to know who are bona fide subscribers for less than three months? Every way we turn it, the case is involved in difficulty—and all from attempting to make a distinction between one kind of subscribers and another, when no such distinction exists, as all subscribers, whether for one month or twelve months, are bona fide subscribers. [Baltimore Clipper.]

*To Mothers and Daughters.*—Mothers make a great mistake, when, in their intercourse with their daughters, they treat love and marriage as prohibited subjects. It is quite certain girls do think of both, and if they speak their thoughts to an affectionate mother, who does no slight the feelings by cold, worldly teachings, or jealous regret at the thought of another becoming dearer than herself, there is much less fear of mistakes and misery than when young hearts make imprudent confidences, or feed on themselves in silence and solitude.

*Reading.*—The amusement of reading is among the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder in adversity; the prop of independence; the support of a just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is a shield against tyranny of all petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff, and the knave's poison.