

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JULY 25, 1851.

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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.
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THOMAS J. WARREN.

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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.

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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.

RICE DULIN,
FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35

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

THOMAS WILSON.
Fashionable Boot Maker,
CAMDEN, S. C.

F. J. OAES,
Saddlery and Harness Manufacturer,
Opposite Masonic Hall,
CAMDEN, S. C.

S. D. HALLFORD,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
AND GENERAL AGENT,
Camden, S. C.

R. J. MCCREIGHT,
COTTON GIN MAKER.
Rutledge St., one door east of M. Drucker & Co.
CAMDEN, S. C.

A. G. BASKIN,
Attorney at Law, and
Solicitor in Equity,
Office in Rear of Court House,
CAMDEN, S. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Kershaw and adjoining Districts.

A. G. BASKIN,
MAGISTRATE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Z. J. DEHAY,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
CAMDEN, S. C.

ROBERT LATTAS
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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

W. M. WATSON,
Fashionable Tailor,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Charles A. McDonald,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
CAMDEN, S. C.

C. S. WEST,
Attorney at Law.
Office in Rear of the Court House, Camden, S. C.
June 17 48 2ms

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. MURPHY,
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A. M. LEE, Secretary,
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector,
R. C. PRESLEY, Solicitor,
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.
W. M. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851. 36

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.

CHARLES A. PRICE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CAMDEN, S. C.
WILL PRACTICE IN Kershaw and the adjoining Districts.
Feb. 4

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 market afford.

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

Darlington Hotel,
DARLINGTON, COURT-HOUSE.
THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DORRIS, 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

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 kitts, 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, 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.

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:
Leaf, Crushed, Ground and Granulated Sugars
S. Cruz, Porto Rico, and New Orleans do
New Orleans, Muscovado and Cuba Molasses
Java, Laguna 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, Sola 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 Wm. G. Gla
—ALSO—
Bleached and unbleached Shirtings and Sheetings
Blankets, Bed Ticks, Apron Checks and Omburgs
Together with a large assortment of
Bagging, Rope and Twine.
J. W. BRADLEY,
Camden, S. C. Sept. 23.
\$7-Cash paid for Cotton and other Produce.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.
THE DROP GAME.
BY JOHN JONES, JR.

'Come, Laban Lee,' said the Post Master of a certain village in New Jersey, situated within ten miles of Philadelphia—'You must take a paper this year. How can you live, man, without the news?'

'The news!' returned Lee. 'Humph! I have more news now than is agreeable. In fact, I don't believe in your news mongers, no how. Every man mind his own business—that is my motto.'

'Yes, but friend Lee, it is of interest to know what is going on in the world.'

'No special interest to me. What do I care about other people's concerns? It won't make my cows give more milk, nor my land grow more bushels to the acre.'

'I am not sure of that.'

'Aint you?'

'No.'

'Well, I am, then.'

'There are farmers whose cows give more milk than yours, and whose land yields a better increase. From these you might learn something to your advantage.'

'But what has that to do with newspapers?'

'A great deal. Intelligent farmers inform the public of their agricultural experiments; and give the new methods by which they obtain large yields of produce.'

'Book farming!' exclaimed Laban Lee, in a tone of contempt. 'Never believed in it; and never expect to. The good old fashioned way is good enough for me. Industry and economy—that is my motto, and I teach it daily to my children. Hand work is worth all the newspapers in the world.'

'I am not sure of that,' returned the Post Master. 'Hand work is badly without head work, and will soon find itself in the rear.'

'I'm not in the least anxious,' said Lee, with a self-satisfied air, as he turned off and went on his way towards the city, his tubs well filled with butter, and his wagon loaded with a goodly stock of poultry and fruit. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;—he kept on talking to himself. 'When there is a dollar in my pocket, I know what I've got. But, if I spend it for a newspaper, what is there to show for it? I never knew any good to come of taking the papers. They only put nonsense into the young people's heads, and make them think themselves wiser than their parents.—Dad! and they shan't come into my house.'

Laban Lee, if the truth must be told, had a sordid love of money. The dollar was always held so close to the axis of vision, that little beyond the round bright coin was ever discernible. By hard work, industry and economy, he had gradually gained upon the world, until he was the owner of a snug piece of ground covering about fifty acres, well stocked, and as well tilled as his "good old fashioned" way of farming would permit.

The over careful in saving, when love of money subdues almost every other sentiment, are not generally over honest in getting. The every-one-for-himself principle of action generally leads to a disregard of other's interests, a trespass upon others rights, and a departure from truth in dealing. Into these defects Laban Lee naturally fell, as many a citizen, who had bought tough chickens, bad butter, and spoiled turkeys, from the "fair and honest countryman," could testify. Lee knew how much was gained in these transactions; but never had any idea of how much he lost. Far oftener than any of his customers guessed, his butter, or at least a carefully arranged portion contained in his tubs, lacked several ounces of the true weight; and more than once had he come near losing a goodly number thereof, at the hands of the Clerk of the Market. Such a man was Laban Lee.

As the countryman wended his way towards the city, his thoughts were busy in summing up the probable amount he would receive for the contents of his market wagon; yet this occupied state of mind did not keep his eyes from resting with intelligent discrimination upon the road he travelled. Money, and articles of value, had been found by others, and why might he not be so fortunate? Such things were frequently lost by the careless. The idea of restitution never occurred to him; this was kept obscured by the pleasurable anticipation of gain, as the finder of lost property. Once, and only once, had Laban Lee been fortunate.—On a certain occasion as he walked along the road, he espied, a short distance in advance, a bright object partially concealed in the sand. Eagerly he sprang forward, snatched it from the ground, and was rewarded by obtaining half a dollar! Small as the sum was, to gain it thus, awoke in his mind the most pleasing sensations. From that time, whether in town or country, few square rods of earth or pavement over which he passed, escaped his watchful eyes.

On the present occasion, notwithstanding Lee examined the road by which he travelled to the city with his usual care, no treasure was found. Better fortune, however, attended him on the day following. He had sold out his butter, poultry and fruit, and over thirty dollars, received in exchange therefor, were in his pocket. Prices had ranged pretty high, and the farmer felt satisfied with his sales. Just as he was preparing to leave, the sudden exclamation of a man by his side startled him, and turning quickly, he saw a gentlemanly looking stranger, with a well filled pocket book in his hand.

'Somebody's dropped this!' said the stranger, addressing Lee. 'And it's filled with money.'

The farmer's eyes were instantly distended. He felt his knees tremble.

'Is it yours, friend?' enquired the stranger, blandly.

Lee could, with difficulty, refrain from saying that it was. But he forced out the words—'No; I believe not.'

'What's to pay?' half carelessly enquired a third party, coming up at this moment.

'Somebody's lost a pocket book' was replied.

'Indeed! Much money in it?'

'It's full. See there.'

And the possessor of the book showed the folds and edges of a large bundle of bank bills.

'Gracious me! What are you going to do with it?'

'I don't know, I'm sure. It's not mine.—Whoever lost it ought to have it. But, as I am a stranger in the city, and shall leave in an hour, it will be impossible for me to restore it. No doubt a large reward will be offered for its recovery, in the morning papers. What's to be done? I'm really in a quandary.'

'You ought to get the reward,' said the second comer. 'For you are the finder.'

'True,' replied the man. 'But I can't possibly remain in the city until to-morrow. To-night must see me in New York.'

'If you choose to take it,' said the person who came up last, 'I will give you fifty dollars for your chance in the reward.'

'Fifty dollars,' was the musing reply. 'I don't know what to say about that. The reward will doubtless be two or three hundred. There can't be less than twenty thousand dollars in the pocket book.'

'I wouldn't like to risk more,' was the half-indifferent response to this.

The possessor of the pocket book seemed irresolute for some moments.

'Well,' he at length said, 'take it. But I think you are driving on me a very hard bargain.'

The other thrust his hand into his pocket, and after feeling about there for some moments, said—

'That's unfortunate! I've left my pocket book at the store. But, come with me, and I'll give you the fifty dollars.'

'Where is your store?'

'On the wharf.'

'O dear! No, I'm not going away down there.' Then turning to Laban Lee, the stranger said, in the most insinuating manner,

'Why can't you take it friend?'

'Hav'n't got fifty dollars,' replied Lee, his eyes fairly glistening on the pocket book.

'How much have you?'

'Only thirty.'

The man shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head.

'You'd better come down to my store, No.—South Wharves. I'll give you fifty dollars. Or, if you will take our friend's thirty dollars, I will make it fifty for him, the moment he shows himself at my place of business.'

'I suppose I will have to do so,' said the holder of the pocket book, in a changed, sober, and rather disappointed voice. 'But, it is giving up a large advantage for a mere trifle.'

Eagerly Laban Lee drew forth his thirty dollars, handed it to the man, and grasped the treasure.

'Come down to No.—South Wharves' sounded in his ears. A moment after, and he stood alone, yet so bewildered that all his ideas were in a whirl of confusion. Soon a calmer state followed. He crept into his cart, and there, safe from prying curiosity, opened the pocket book in order to feast his eyes upon the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and to debate the question of restoration.

Alas! From what a height of imagination down to the very bottom of the pit of reality did Laban Lee soon fall. Wrapped around by three or four one dollar counterfeit bills, was a mass of soiled, crumpled, and blotted strips of bank note paper; and this was all the treasure contained in the pocket book!

No wonder that in his bitter disappointment, the farmer groaned aloud. It was some minutes before even a gleam of light broke in upon the darkness that enveloped him. Then he thought of the man who had agreed to give fifty dollars for the pocket book. He would go to him instantly, and conceal the discovery he had made, get from him the promised sum, and thus shift the loss upon another.

Of course he did not find the individual he sought, at No.—South Wharves. He was the victim, and this man an accomplice.

Two days afterwards, the Post Master of Lee's village said to him—

'Aha! So the drop game boys have been trying their hand on you.'

'Drop game? What do you mean?' returned Lee.

'Listen.' The Post Master drew a paper from his pocket and read. 'Yesterday a farmer from New Jersey, named Lee, was silly enough to pay a couple of sharpers thirty dollars for a pocket book which they pretended to have found. Of course, this Lee doesn't take the newspapers, or he never could have fallen into a snare that has been so often exposed. We have little pity for men who are wilfully ignorant.'

Laban Lee turned off suddenly and walked hurriedly away. The next time he went to the city, he ordered a newspaper.

Letter of Hon. J. T. Withers.
Received by the Committee of Invitation of the Anti-Secession Celebration at Greenville, 4th July, 1851.

Gentlemen: I acknowledge your invitation to join the citizens of Greenville, on the ensuing 4th of July, in a meeting, projected and intended, as you inform me, to express opposition to separate State secession. You will see reasons (I am persuaded,) to excuse my absence, and accept this manuscript as my representative. To be a faithful one, it must contain no adulation, no hobbling compliments, no cajollery, no cunning reservations, no arrogance, on the one hand, no hypocritical humility on the other. These may be useful tools for political jugglers; I have not the art to use them, nor do I wish to be taught the accomplishment.

I proceed, therefore, to say to you that if I were in the Convention, this day, I would vote against an ordinance abrogating the Constitution of the United States, and separating South Carolina from all the other States of this Confederacy. Yet I would promptly vote for one that should abrogate that instrument, and, at the same time, introduce this State, as an integral element, into another Confederacy, preconcerted, and calculated to organize a slaveholding power adequate, by numbers, by extent and contiguity of territory, in wealth and homogeneous interests and pursuits, to inspire confidence in each citizen, as well as in other communities, that it was competent and determined to protect life, liberty and property, by the safeguards which the present age and our circumstances have rendered necessary; adequate to give assurance that it could vindicate its title to respect and to justice, in external relations; adequate to resent, in fact, affront and aggression; to work out, in short, by sure and steady steps, and by republican institutions, the great end of all righteous government. I repeat it, Republican Government, for if I am to inhabit a solitary continental fragment; if I am to be made Robinson Crusoe, in his solitary isolation from all friendly sympathy, without his insular protection against any annoyance, but open by sea and by land to all that are possible; if I must be exposed to every Robin Hood spawned upon mankind by the vagabond benevolence of this proudest age and country, who, by my own act, shall find sanctuary in every point beyond the limits of my narrow domain—I shall not deem that man a eunuch who betakes himself to the study, with favorable eye, of the energetic virtues of monarchial government, to grow the more acceptable as pressing necessities may infuse the element of military vigor, under that most engaging aspect, "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

I do not think it would be impertinent for a member of the convention, whenever it may deliberate, to suggest to that body something like this, to wit: the people of this State are entitled to expect the security of such a republican structure as is above described: the past, the present, all the portants of the future, proclaim that they will need it; their concerns are in precisely the same circumstances, the material are abundant for a simple and solid municipal and federal polity in the patriarchal form of society, in which African slavery has placed us of the South, in the recent experience (all our own) of certain quicksands to be avoided in constructing a federation, abundant for happy relations to the external world in that security for peace and good behavior which is found in the value, to all civilized man, of cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco. Are those materials organized? If so, let us take the final steps. If not, let us observe to what extent the organization has proceeded, and join in any, the most earnest and solemn effort, to forward the process. Let us not despair of those who are in the same bottom with ourselves, whose eyes and brains and hearts, we have no reason to affirm, are inferior to our own; especially may we halt, while we perceive our comrades working up to the designated level, and refrain, with long patience, from taking an irretrievable step, while any hope remained that they would reach the elevation that should disclose to them the land of Canaan. We are not yet driven to that sort of policy which, under the stimulation of an impetuous, though intrepid sentiment, would subject an army, all sufficient, being judiciously ordered, for victory, to become a prey to the cunning adversary, by presenting to him the force, not in column, but in advance guards, or in successive regiments.

It is to be hoped that the convention may bear to be further told, and some member venture to suggest, that masses of men, of agriculturists, free from the heat and discipline of perpetual association and contact, even more than individuals, are slow to discard, in proportion as they are sincere, party associations, long standing and cherished; are slow to surrender to trust, though no longer deserved, in familiar leaders, though artfully contriving to betray them; are most of all slow to rupture a fundamental structure long admired, the theme of impassioned and perpetual eulogy; beautiful and noble, in reality, when seen in its original and genuine proportions; justly to be called (and a thousand times declared by us all,) the most magnificent monument of a glorious generation. Slow to abandon all these in order to shun a calamity rather looming in the future, than now present to the senses, seen as yet in its hideous deformity rather by the keener eye of a practised and vigilant observer than by the more careless observation of the man at his plough, the busy multitude. Yet there may be no vain hope that when pointed steadily in the right direction and to the true object, the vision of others will prove sufficient for the discovery, if ours has been.

Let us forbear to treat our neighbor Georgia or Mississippi as an apostate, and denounce him as ready for manacles, because he does

At an anti-slavery meeting held in Geauga co., Ohio, on the 4th inst. Mr. Giddings was present and publicly announced that he had withdrawn from the N. S. Presbyterian Church on account of slavery.

There is much truth in the following extract from a correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Journal: "There are many thousands of people amidst the magnificence and splendor of the British capital, to whom the labor of a sugar plantation would be ease, and the fare of the negroes in the slave States a luxury they never dreamed of. The number and condition of the poor in England should leave Englishmen no sympathies to waste upon distresses beyond the range of their own vision."