

Semi-Weekly Camden Journal.

VOLUME 2.

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THE CAMDEN JOURNAL
PUBLISHED BY
THOMAS J. WARREN.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL

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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 are charged for a single insertion.

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

C. MATHESON,
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,
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. 68

A. G. BASKIN,
MAGISTRATE,

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.

J. N. 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.

C. S. WEST,

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

P. J. CAES,

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.

Charles A. McDonald,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
CAMDEN, S. C.

F. ROOT,

AUCTIONEER.
CAMDEN, S. C.

RICE DULIN,

FACTOR AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CENTRAL WHARF,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
May 2. 35 11

Z. J. DEHAY,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
CAMDEN, S. C.

THOMAS WILSON,

Fashionable Boot Maker,
CAMDEN, S. C.

WM. M. WATSON,

Fashionable Tailor,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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

GLOVERS & DAVIS,
Factors and Commission Merchants,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Aug. 8 62 3m

PAVILION HOTEL.
(BY H. L. BUTTERFIELD.)

CORNER OF MEETING AND HASSELL STREETS,
AND IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF HAYNE AND
KING STREETS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

ROBERT LATTA'S
GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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.

G. W. WIENGES.

C. M. WIENGES,
SADDLE AND HARNESS
MANUFACTURER,
CAMDEN, S. C.

Marine, Fire, and Life Insurance.

Commercial Insurance Company,
OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
CAPITAL, \$250,000, ALL PAID IN.
OFFICE, NO. 1, BROAD-STREET.
PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM B. HENRIOT.
DIRECTORS,
JAMES K. ROBINSON, HENRY T. STREET,
GEO. A. TRENHOLM, WM. MCGURNEY,
ROBERT CALDWELL, J. H. BRAWLEY,
A. K. TAFT, T. L. WRAGG,

A. M. LEE, Secretary.
E. L. TESSIER, Inspector.
R. C. PIERCE, 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.
WM. D. McDOWALL,
Camden, S. C., May 5, 1851. 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 successful and attentive, and the table will be
supplied with the best the market affords.
His Stables and Carriage Boxes are roomy and always
fully supplied with Provision, 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

BERNADOTTE D. BRONSON,

Sheet Iron and Tin Ware Manufacturer,
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,
CAMDEN, S. C.

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 establish-
ment 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

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, fiberts, pecan
nuts, assorted pickles and preserves.
—ALSO—
A few doz. old Port Wine, Heidsieck best Cham-
pagne, London Porter and Scotch Ale in pints, to-
gether a large stock of Bagging, Rope and Twine,
all of which he offers low for cash.
Jan. 1. S. E. CAPERS.

Ladie's Dress Goods.

A splendid assortment of Ladie's 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 pat-
terns.
E. W. BONNEY.

From the Maine Farmer.

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

Peter would go the wedding, he would—
So he saddled his ass—and his wife,
She was to ride behind, if she could;
For, says Peter, the woman, she should
Follow, not lead through life.

He's mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
And proper and safe; and now
You stick by the tail, while I stick by the ear,
And we'll ride to the wedding in time, never fear,
If the wind and the weather allow.

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed,
But the ass had let in a whin.
That two at a time, was a load never framed
For the back of one ass, as he seemed quite
ashamed
That two should be stuck upon him.

Come Dobbin, says Peter, I'm thinking we'll trot
I'm thinking we won't, says the ass,
"In the language of conduct," and stuck to the
spot,
As though he had said, he would sooner be
shot,
Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, I'll whip him a little,
Try it, my dear, says she,
But he might just as well have whipped a brass
kettle
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle,
Never a step moved he.

I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle, says she,
I'm thinking he'll alter his mind—
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels;
I'm thinking, says Peter, he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind.

Says Peter, says he, we're getting on slow,
While one end is up, 'tother sticks to the ground,
But I'm thinking a method to match him I know,
We'll let for an instant both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around.

So said, so done, all hands were spurring,
And the ass did alter his mind—
For off he set like patridges a whirring,
And got to the wedding while all was stirring,
But—left all his load behind.

THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued.)

"Come in," said Miss Smith.
"Lida, go and get the black crape bonnet
you altered yesterday; the body has come for
it, I suppose."

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her
work, when the door opened, and Mr. Gilbert
walked quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her
shawl and seemed tempted to commence de-
clarations on the cruel papers forthwith. Lida
took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat
down amid a torrent of compliments from
Miss Smith, and began to turn over a volume
of Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bringing
the book which Miss desired.

Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gil-
bert oblige her by reading a few pages, if he
was not too much engaged—she had been in-
formed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy; but the
light was so dim that he must sit by the win-
dow—so moving his chair with the self posses-
sion of a man accustomed to have his own
way—he sat down within a few paces of Lida.
She did not look up, but the most delicate of
all blushes broke into her cheek, and the young
man said that her fingers were a little tremu-
lous, as she bent diligently over her work. He
seemed busy searching for a favorite poem, and
Miss Smith took advantage of the opportu-
nity to let down a quantity of black hair,
which the mutilated pattern had failed to ren-
der more than wavy, and giving her lounces
a slight shake, she drew her chair to the win-
dow, ordered Lida to place a block for her feet,
and folding her hands with a graceful languor,
composed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how
many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her
hands and exclaimed, "Beautiful!" "Oh! how
sweet!" while the reading of Childe Harold
went on; or to give any description of the
color which glowed in the cheek of our Lida,
and the pleasure which filled those soft eyes
till they sparkled like gems beneath her droop-
ing lashes. But it is quite necessary to inform
the reader, that, after this day, Mr. Gilbert was
a constant visitor at the milliner's shop—that
he read Childe Harold quite through, and when
Miss Smith solicited some of the shorter poems,
he looked at Lida, and answered no—he would
read them to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss
Smith was delighted with this indication that
her neighbor desired a *te-te-a-te*, and Lida,
who heard Byron for the first time—though she
had read more than most girls of her age, was
quite unconscious of the compliment paid to
her purity of conduct in the denial. The law-
yer had a large library, and there was no lack
of books for perusal. Lida, seldom spoke
while he was reading, but it was pleasant for
a refined man like Gilbert to study the change of
her fine, sweet face. It was like a volume of
"unwritten poetry," which no one could read
but himself. In less than a week, his easy
chair was wheeled into the milliner's room every
day, and he was quite domesticated among
the straw trimmings, scraps of satin, and paste-
board chips that littered the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a re-
markable pleasant feeling, but in order to enjoy
it perfectly, there must be some companionship.
It was very pleasant and agreeable for
Miss Warner to return from a four years' school,
to be the richest and most accomplished belle
of a country village. It was pleasant to be en-
gaged to a wealthy and handsome young man
like Gilbert, but as she did not care for books,
had no one but a widowed mother to bestow
the flattery which school-mates barter one with
the other, as she detested all useful employ-
ment, it was to be expected that her time must
pass somewhat heavily especially after the first

objects that presented themselves when she
went to lounge away her mornings in the por-
tico, where the sweet face of our Lida bent
over her work, by the opposite window, and,
just beyond, the dark locks and white fore-
head of her own affianced husband. Miss
Warner was not absolutely jealous, but she
was very idle, and so, very naturally enough,
began to think it just possible enough, that the
country milliner might have received something,
worth looking at, from town.

One morning she was seen crossing the
highway elaborately dressed, with peach blossom
gloves on her pretty hands, and a deep
fringed parasol guarding her face from the sun.
There was a great deal of artificial grace in her
step, as she glided over the greensward, and the
little affected knock which she gave at the
milliner's door, was eloquent of high breeding.
Then there was the patronising bend to Miss
Smith, the gracefully extended hand to Gilbert,
and the quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat
blushing like a guilty thing by the window.—
Gilbert touched his lips to her peach blossom
glove, but when he saw the supercilious look
she fixed on Lida, he dropped it again, and a
dash of color swept over his forehead. Miss
Smith was full of delight, exhibited all her finery,
and instilled more flattery into a conversa-
tion of fifteen minutes, about ribbons and hats,
than were ever bestowed, in the same time, on
those ladies who purchase by the year in the
form of a "humble companion."

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order
to withstand the incense to her vanity; and
even if her affianced husband had not been a
constant visitor, it is doubtful if the honeysuck-
le portico would not soon have been abandoned
for the milliner's room and its gossiping
freedom.

In less than a fortnight the peach blossom
gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gil-
bert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his
lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he
did. She thought Miss Smith "such a nice
creature—such a dear, good soul, so capable of
appreciating true elegance of manner—so
very tasteful in her bonnets and fancy caps."
It was beautiful to see how condescending the
stated Miss became, how useful she made her-
self in snipping up little bits of satin, and how
prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did not think
she would make a good milliner, if she should
but learn the trade, and other important ques-
tions, which must have diversified the pages of
Milton and Young, which he was reading with
an agreeable variety.

The jealousy that springs from affection
painfully aroused, cannot be divested of gener-
osity; but that which arises from morified
vanity, is bitter and implacable. It was not
long before Miss Smith became convinced that
the gentle girl who sat listening with such in-
tense interest to every word that dropped from
the eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert, was his
sole attraction to the room, and a few adroit
words to the affianced bride were enough to a-
rouse her attention to the damask color that
came and went whenever young Gilbert ad-
dressed her.

"Artful wretch!" muttered the future bride,
setting her pearl white teeth together as she
spoke, "she think of attracting him!" And
with a scornful laugh, she began practicing her
steps in a distant corner of the room.

Gilbert went home that night with his
affianced bride, and the next day he sent a book
for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room alto-
gether. The young apprentice only saw him
as he crossed the green toward the building;
his countenance was very serious, and he seem-
ed to avoid looking towards the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She
took the milliner to a distant part of the room,
and as they conversed in low voices, a scorn-
ful laugh now and then reached the apprentice,
who had become nervous and sensitive, she
scarcely knew why. Miss Smith followed her
visitor to the entry.

"It is well that I mentioned it in time," she
said in a confidential whisper.

Miss Warner tore her glove as she attempted
to draw it on.

"A pretty speculation for a washerwoman's
daughter," she added, with a curling lip.

"But he cared nothing about her," rejoined
Miss Smith, anxiously.

"No, indeed; he was quite angry at the
charge, and consented to stay from your room
forever, if I desired it."

"She would have made a splendid mistress
for the homestead up yonder," rejoined Miss
Smith, with another low, disagreeable laugh;
"it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon
it."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the bride with a light,
mocking laugh; "but no, no; I should not so
much regard seeing him the son-in-law of a
washerwoman, but it would break my heart
to know that any one but myself was mistress
of the homestead and property."

"Hark! Did you not hear some one moving
in his office," said the milliner, listening apprehensively.

"No, it cannot be; I saw him going to the
house just as I came in."

"Let us move away from his door, there is
no harm in that," whispered Miss Smith, and
they walked down the entry conversing to-
gether.

After a while the sound of their but half-sup-
pressed laughter filled the apartment.
"It would be a capital joke!" said the mill-
ner.

"Just the punishment she deserves, presump-
tuous creature!" was the reply.

"But can you persuade him to join us?" was
the next question.
"He shall!"

rain drops among the crimson flowers which
shed a rich fragrance from the honey-suckle
vine. She was by his side, his arm had been
around her waist, and but a few moments be-
fore his eyes had been fixed with tender and af-
fectionate earnestness on her face, but now his
arms were folded and he looked sternly upon
her.

"Do you really desire this, Louisa?" he said
in a deep constrained voice. "Would you ever
respect me again, if I could do so cruel, so un-
manly an act?"

"I will never love you again if you do not!"
was the petulant reply.

An expression almost of disgust swept over
the young man's face, and his lips trembled as
he spoke.

"Tell me have you been to see Miss Smith's
room to-day?"

"Yes I was there just at sunset. But why
do you ask?"

"No matter. Have you thought this all
over? Are you resolved to deceive this poor
girl?"

"Resolute!"

"And are you willing that I devote myself to
win her affections?"

"They are already given, without trouble of
asking."

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight,
and the word "Unwomanly!" was smothered
between his lips.

"And you will assist me—will tell her that
you resign all claims on my hand—on the
homestead and property?" he added, with a
slight and bitter emphasis on the last.

She did not observe it but answered eagerly
—"Yes, yes, I will do my part to perfection.
How very mortifying the truth will be when
she thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert and finds that it
is all a joke!"

"But think of the shock it will give her pride
and delicacy—"

"And refinement—pray add refinement!"
said the young girl, scornfully; pride, delicacy
and refinement are such common attributes to
the daughters of our washerwomen!"

"Shall I," replied the girl with a slow bend
of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat,
was about to leave the house, but she laid her
hand on his arm, and looked smilingly into his
face.

"They tell me the house is finished. Will
you take to look at it in the morning?"

"If you desire it," was the cold and abstract-
ed reply.

"Well, I shall be ready at ten. Good night!"

And gaily kissing her hand, the young creature
glided into the house.

"It was her voice, then, and she was plan-
ning her design with the infamous milliner. I
would not believe my own senses till she con-
firmed them. But she will not persist in any-
thing so cruel; it is absurd to suppose. If she
does—if she does—I will obey her."

As he muttered these words, the young man
walked slowly into the house.

CO-OPERATION.

Extract from a letter received in this city dated
COLUMBUS, Ga. Aug. 27.

"It pains us in this quarter to see the efforts
making in your State to defeat the exercise of
the only remedy which, in my judgment, is
practicable for the evils and oppressions of
which the South complains. You have a party
now rising in your State called the Co-op-
erationists, which I look upon as the most dan-
gerous of all others to the cause of Southern
liberty. Butler Cheves, and indeed most, or
all them, no doubt, are sound patriots, and to-
tally different in character and object from the
Submission party of Georgia; but if they suc-
ceed in preventing the separate secession of
your State, the effect will be the same as that
which will result from the triumph of the Sub-
mission party of my own, should they triumph,
which God forbid. The effect in either case
will be that the South will have to yield when-
ever she is out voted, though the majority shall
continue to disregard the Constitution and op-
press our section. South Carolina is now our
only hope, because we believe she has unity
enough to bring up practically the question of
the right of secession. If she succeeds, she will
be triumphant, for she will, in that case, be
aided by a body of men who will have power
and influence enough to force the other States
to interfere in her favor, and compel the Gov-
ernment to return to its legitimate powers and
objects. If she fails to succeed, all is lost; or at
least, the defence of our right and equality
will be postponed for other men and other
times. It is to me absurd for Butler to be
prating about co-operation, when the elections in
the Southern States are going against us. The
only way to secure co-operation is, for your
State to demand of them Equality, and to se-
cede if it be longer withheld. There is not
the slightest danger of coercion; the South will
not submit to see a Federal gun pointed against
you. Georgia, uncertain and fickle as she is,
may be relied on as your ally whenever you are
threatened with Federal bayonets. Cobb may
be elected, Toombs, Stevens, and the whole
corps of submissionists may succeed, but they
would be forced to leave the State instantly,
did they dare to take up arms against you. I
repeat, that I now look upon the co-operation
party of your State, UNDER EXISTING CIRCUM-
STANCES in other States, as the most dangerous
party against Southern liberty of all the parties
in the Union."—Char. Mercury.

THE LARGEST STEAMER IN THE WORLD.
The Eclipse, Capt. E. T. Sturgeon's new
steamer, now on the stocks at Louisville, Ky.,
is to be 350 feet in length. She is to have eight
of the largest-sized boilers, and her water-wheel
will be forty-two feet in diameter. She will be
completed in the fall, and it is expected that
she will make the trip from New Orleans in
four days.