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

From the South Carolinian.

To John S. Preston.
No. 1.

The tone and temper of your late correspondence with portions of your fellow-citizens, in different parts of the State, which you have chosen to make yours by adoption, on the all absorbing political question, at this time occupying the public mind, to an extent without a parallel, have struck some of its readers, at least, with equal surprise and mortification. Whilst this fact is indisputable, however, the established and honorable liberality of our people, which no one, I am sure, is more ready to applaud than yourself, will restrain them from visiting you with any harshness of retort, and will induce them to ascribe the faultiness of your style, and the occasional severity of your epithets, rather to the inexperience of your pen and the novelty of your position, not long become that of a candidate for popular favor, than to wanton discourtesy or superciliousness. They will unanimously acquit you of any such allegation, come from what quarter it may, and as they have heretofore treated you with all kindness and consideration, as a neighbor and private gentleman, so now that you have been placed by their suffrages, sought by you only in the most legitimate and honorable methods, in a public position, and that you have been brought before them with the same proprieties on your part, for still higher advancement, they will assuredly, for the future, continue to esteem you for your excellent private virtues, as well as for your useful and commanding talents; and if unhappily, in this time of perilous and alarming public trial, when the hearts of all are moved to their profoundest depths in view of the dark and stormy future any portion or party of your fellow-citizens should be compelled to hold opinions concerning the public policy or the public safety, at variance with your own, they are resolved to give utterance to these opinions, in language of the most careful courtesy, and only sufficiently strong to indicate their perfect sincerity and independence. They are not a little stimulated to this elevated demeanor towards you, by feelings of commendable delicacy, for they are aware of the fact that you are only the son of South Carolina by adoption, and that the controlling interest of your vast property, which is in a distant State, might subject you to unworthy imputations in the excitement of party warfare; and whilst the writer may take occasion to allude to this circumstance again before he closes, still it shall be done in strict accordance with what he has here laid down as the guiding spirit of his pen. And when it is remembered that your distinguished family was represented with unsurpassed devotion, eloquence and ability in the most searching crisis through which the State has passed since the establishment of her sovereignty when that sovereignty was tried by fire, and that that representative stood a giant by the side of giants, in the foremost ranks of her defenders, a sublime personification of courage and of patriotism, against none who bear its name, will her people tolerate unjust accusation or ungenerous vituperation. They understand too, and appreciate the allusion you make in one of your letters, which will come under review, in which you decline to attend a public meeting, when you express your regret that "engagements will prevent you from availing yourself of the opportunity of meeting the citizens of a district having peculiar claims to your regard."—The revolutionary battle ground of King's Mountain is within the limits of the District of York. There patriots and heroes fought, and bled, and fell, and amongst them and by an means the least glorious, was your maternal ancestor, Col. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, whose memory is embalmed in our hearts forever; and at this day, your illustrious relative, who is still spared to us, and who bears his name, is cherished by us with affection, and is regarded with a feeling near akin to veneration. Whilst our people then, are now, as they have ever been, inflexibly devoted to their political faith, and are jealous of its integrity to such a degree as will permit of no encroachments whatever upon it, even by the most gifted or the most favored; and whilst their genius is so tolerant and forbearing as to provoke unwilling commendations from their opponents, yet, neither the gorgeousness of external circumstances nor the splendor of eloquence, nor imposing names, though illustrated by great talents, can seduce them from the path of honorable duty, or swerve them a hair from their allegiance to great and cherished principles. Such being the character of the people amongst whom you have chosen to cast your lot, abounding as they do, at the same time, in all charitable and forgiving impulses, in unalterable devotion of principles, and a proud consciousness of their virtue, intelligence and independence, you are not likely to be defiled or degraded by answer-

ing any interrogatories they may deem it their duty to propound, as to your opinions on political questions involving nothing less than the existence and liberty of the commonwealth. You need not apprehend that to enter into an argument with them or any portion of them even the most humble, on questions of such grave import, will confer upon you a "loathsome notoriety," it will elevate you rather in your own proper estimate of yourself, and magnify you perhaps, not a little, in the general consideration.—They are a people who can very well perceive how one of their number who had been preferred and honored above the rest, either accidentally or by reason of his superior merit, might suffer pain and mortification on discovering that his views of public evils, and of these proper remedies, were repugnant to those of a respectable portion of his countrymen, and how an argument with them, thus arising, might cause true and heart-felt regret. But how a public candidate, or a public functionary, in this way, could acquire a "loathsome notoriety," they are not able to perceive.

Your claim to the merit "of modesty in all things relating to public matters in this community," has never been controverted, that is publicly known, by any man, or by any party; and the haste with which you seemed so anxious, in your letter of the 14th Aug., to a portion of your fellow-citizens, of Richland, to vindicate yourself from the charge of "unduly or offensively thrusting yourself forward" by interrogating them on that point, in advance of the allegation, might, if they chose to resort to a very slight perversion of your meaning, be construed as self-acusatory. Their dignity, and their sincerity, however, alike protect you from such self-condemnation and themselves from perpetrating an act of such injustice towards their fellow-citizens. Nor is it known to any portion, or party, of this State, that a disposition prevails to "catechise" you in any offensive sense, concerning your political opinions which "have so often been expressed." To catechise, in the sense in which you employ the term, is to interrogate impudently, or arrogantly and by way of censure or ridicule, without a right, on the part of the interrogator to do so. It is hoped that such is not the meaning you intend to convey in the use of the phrase; if it be, however, it is assuming a right on your part to occupy a platform as a public man, unapproachable by your fellow-citizens who have confided to you a high public trust, and by whom you are seeking to be clothed with still more imposing dignities. Generous and liberal as they are known to be, and as you will admit them to be, this is the assumption of a privilege to which they cannot submit, as it is decidedly at war with a right on their part, by which they firmly and sternly stand, as they have always stood, the right to be fully and frankly informed as to the political principles and policy of those who place themselves in the attitude of seeking political trusts. This right, they hold to be a fundamental right, lying at the foundation of popular government, the least denial of which is dangerous, every invasion of which is delinquency, and whose subversion would be fatal to all true liberty. You inquire "why you should be publicly catechised?" If by this you meant to ask why your fellow-citizens did not seek the information to which they felt themselves to be unquestionably entitled in a more private way, as by private interviews, as you seem to intimate, the answer is that they sought it in the mode which long and uninterrupted usage had established and consecrated, and against the perfect propriety of which no fellow-citizen of theirs, either occupying, or seeking to occupy any public trust whatever had ever been known to rebel, and which obviously found favor originally because of its conformity with the radical principles controlling the relation of representative and constituent under our republican system of government. It is to be deplored, sir, that you should have regarded it essential to the complete discharge of what you have been pleased to denominate a "duty to yourself," to impeach the authority of such a time-honored custom, inestimably prized by the great popular heart of South Carolina, and whose sanctity she had thought no son of her's born upon her soil, or having formed that relation voluntarily, under her Constitution, would ever have denied or invaded. Until you refused to do so, that portion of your immediate fellow-citizens whom you have termed "catechisers" will certainly believe that you will, on reflection, withdraw the epithet, as hastily and unworthily applied, and that you will yield obedience at once to the substantial and salutary principles of true democracy, which, until your disavowal shall appear they will be reluctantly compelled to regard you as having sneered, and repudiated. Nor are they to be driven from this belief, notwithstanding they are aware that you have not been educated in the great "Democratic School" of politics, and entertain, for some of its teachings, at least, that contempt which is inculcated by what, in the estimate of some, is a loftier and more commanding creed, whose practices better become a magnificent and splendid government. They are the more desirous, too, that their expectation in this respect should be gratified for the reason that your public career is but just in its dawn, for the conduct of which, according to sound and acceptable doctrines, they feel a solicitude commensurate with an ardent personal friendship and the substantial solidity as well as brilliancy of your moral and intellectual endowments. They would not otherwise have approached you with their inquiries. Had they not felt sincerely and deeply anxious to retain your rare powers of eloquence, your very exalted abilities and zeal in support of the colors under which they had supposed you were enlisted, and under which they were doing battle at his most grave and momentous juncture of affairs, no idle curiosi-

ty or pragmatic impulse would have induced them to disturb your repose, or to interfere with the complacency of your thoughts and hopes.

The idea of useless annoyance was far from their minds when they addressed you. It is true, they had personal feelings to gratify; but those personal feelings were all warmly favorable to your individual as well as political advancement, and nothing could have conferred upon them greater happiness than to have been able to contribute their modicum of influence to the accomplishment of both, could they have done so consistently with their views of the just policy and honor of the State. At the moment they took the step they did, they were not conscious, nor are they yet conscious, after the perusal of your reply, and after the reflection to which it gave rise, of having been acted on by any motive, or by any power contrary to these feelings, or of having in view the promotion of any man or men, as you seem to insinuate, who were ambitious to fill your place, under the belief that it could be "more worthily filled by themselves." Certainly and manifestly, it was unjust and ungenerous that such an imputation should have been hinted by you, after they had plainly avowed their object in addressing you, on the face of their letter. No, sir, it was their uneasiness (and as it has unfortunately turned out, that uneasiness was too well founded) as to your present party connection, to which your Barnwell letter most naturally gave rise, whose doctrines to them appeared to be palpably incompatible with your approval of the resolutions of the Richland Southern Rights Association of the 22d of March last, and your repeated, strong and pointed declarations, which alone induce them to open a correspondence with you on the subject. It is true, in according to you sincerely and justly high powers of mind, which they were anxious to keep engaged on their side of the present great contest which is being waged in the State, they did not intend to admit their aid was absolutely essential to their triumph in it; nor that the humble agency of other citizens, their true political friends, would not avail them as effectually as would your more attractive and dazzling qualities. They felt that it would be indelicate to institute a comparison between your endowments as a statesman, admitted to be distinguished, and those of others, who might be induced to serve them, and whose position had never rendered equivocal, and it suffices them now, to know, after your very unexpected and regretted loss, that there are not wanting either talents, eloquence, or patriotism in the Congressional District, on which a call may be made at the proper time and in the proper form, to accept the vastly important trust of Delegates to the Southern Congress. No position or party of your fellow-citizens can, with truth or propriety, denounce such a determination as the result of "party rage," or as indicative of a harsh and unjustifiable spirit of proscription. It is well expected that a gentleman of your intelligence and understanding would be able readily to command language wholly unobjectionable, and especially unequivocally expressive of the real causes which have led to the correspondence under review; and to employ the terms "party rage," "blind fury," "first victim to be immolated," and the like, may subject you to the suspicion (of course erroneous) of a design to court popular favor by appeals to generous natures to save you from the rod of the persecutor, before its inflictions had been threatened. Doubtless, sir, "words are grave things," and the expression of "regret" for a confessed "inaptitude in their use," is to be commended for its modesty and frankness, and must be received as the amplest apology you can make for their very inappropriate introduction. But, the truth is, the public cannot be persuaded that any one is more capable than yourself of discriminating at once between a just and honest conviction of an enlightened freeman, that the opinions of an aspirant for public distinction are repugnant to the general good, and that therefore he cannot consent to advance him, and the passions of a man "led by the influence of party rage," seeking "victims for immolation" and which will not be "satiated with one poor offering." The one is to be recommended and lauded as a worthy depository of the invaluable franchise of suffrage, altogether safe as a component part of the great body politic; whilst the other belongs to the category of the odious proscriptionist, whose ignorant bigotry is ever dangerous to the ascendancy of true merit, and available, enlightened qualities in the public councils. Pardon us, if we disclaim belonging to the latter, and believe that we are sincere when we declare that neither "party rage," nor "blind fury," nor the wantonness of proscription, nor the desire of "victims for immolation," leads us or drives us; but true devotion to the best interests of our State.

Shortly, the writer will invite your attention to some further comments on your recent epistles in perhaps a more important aspect.

PALMETTO.

THE STORM IN FLORIDA.

The Floridian has a long account of the storm whose effects were more disastrous than in this section. It says: "On Friday evening last a lurid and threatening horizon attracted universal attention in town, and the weatherwise prognosticated a storm. About six o'clock there was a violent squall from the Southeast, and a tremendous shower. In a little while the squall ceased, but it continued to rain copiously all the night, till about five Saturday morning. Commencing again at 8 1/2, the wind also began to rise from the Eastward, the horizon to thicken up—scuds to fly and every sign to betoken "a blow." The rain poured down literally in torrents, with occasional slight intermissions, till about sunrise on Saturday morning. By twelve o'clock,

noon, on Saturday, the wind had veered to the Southeast and was blowing a gale. At one, the trees began to give way—at two, still veering Southward, the blasts were rapidly increasing in violence, and worse evidently coming. From three to six or half past, the cry was 'stand from under.' Tall forest oaks were uprooted or rudely snapped asunder—China trees stood no chance—fences were prostrated—tin roofing peeled up like paper—roofs torn up—bricks flying—and altogether such a general scateration taking place as is not often seen: From six to ten o'clock there was no increase in the force of the gale, but, if anything, an abatement. From ten to two it piped up again and blew "great guns." The night was too dark to note the mischief in progress, except as it happened just around one; but the howling, hissing, whistling, moaning and groaning of the blasts were very well calculated to excite lively apprehension of general misfortune.

"We are glad to hear that all are safe at the Light House, and that the house and premises have suffered no material damage. The break-water is carried away in two places, but the damage is supposed not to exceed \$1,500.

"There were besides the keeper's family some six or eight visitors at the Light House. They had, of course, a most anxious and alarming time, till about ten o'clock Saturday night, when the veer of the wind a little to the westward permitted the water to recede, and they returned to the keeper's house. During the height of the gale and sea, the Light House shook to its lowest stone, and the terror and discomfort of the fugitives was generally increased by the forcing in of the iron door, and the spray dashing up into the structure.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE—A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. T. P. SMITH

"A fairy tale, O mother!" exclaimed several little voices at once, as Mrs. J. took her seat at the accustomed hour, to tell the children a story. "Now, mother, do tell us a fairy tale, every body says they are the most entertaining, and you know when Cousin M. sent Mary Howitt's fairy tales, she said fairy tales were quite fashionable." "Well," said the mother, "I had as lief tell a fairy tale as any other, but first tell me what you think is the meaning of 'fairy.'" One replied, "beautiful being," another "did not know," but the eldest boy said he thought fairies were "imaginary beings." Taking that for a definition, his mother then began the fairy tale called

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

One evening, as a poor man and his wife, with five or six children, were sitting at the door of their cottage, one of the children said, "O, father how poor we are! I do wish a good fairy would come and tell us where we might find a great treasure. I guess I would not sit all day idle any more, and have so little to eat." "No sooner said than done, a beautiful woman, with radiant countenance, stood before them, who said, Little boy, I heard your wish, and if you will obey my directions, you may find a great treasure." Then, turning to the man she said, "A treasure lies hid in your grounds; if you will seek for it, you will find, and may have it; it is not more than three feet from the surface either; begin to-morrow to dig for it." She then went away. The children clapped their hands for joy, and the man and his wife could hardly credit their ears that they had really heard such a thing; for they were very poor indeed; though the man had a large tract of land, it was uncultivated, yielded nothing, barely sufficient pasturage for a poor cow, which afforded them almost the only sure nourishment they had. They were poor, idle, discontented people, and the children half starved; so to be sure they were glad enough to hear the fairy's words, and could hardly wait till the next morning to begin to dig. They were up with the sun; those that could get shovels dug with them, those that could not, worked with their hands. In a few days they had dug a considerable of a place over, and several times they thought they had come upon the treasure, but it was only stones; they went on so for several weeks, but had not found the treasure.

One night, as they sat at the door, the beautiful fairy again appeared. "Well," said she, "you haven't found the treasure yet! No matter, dig away, you'll find it some time or other; meantime, Mr. Goodman, you must not let these little folks strive; get some corn, throw into the patch you have dug, and have some corn growing. I'll come again by and by—dig away, you'll find the treasure," so she went away.

"That's a capital idea," said the father, (Goodman) "I'll get some corn, and plant there to-morrow." So he did, and as they dug for the treasure, it pleased them to see how soon the corn sprang up, and ripened, and what a crop they had; and the cornstalks made nice food for the cow, too. The mother dug for the treasure, sometimes, and having become accustomed to it, they all accomplished together quite a large piece in a short time; and soon the good fairy appeared again. She said "she knew they had not found the treasure yet, but she was afraid the young children had become tired of digging, and she thought they had better go into the woods, and get some wild strawberries, and put into the last piece they had dug; it was just the place to make strawberries very large, and it would please them; but dig on, said she, you will certainly find the treasure yet; so the next day, the children went and brought home baskets of strawberry roots, and planted a nice bed of them; then they dug away for the treasure.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece of the land, and had to pull up some old tree-stumps and stones, &c., round a large cherry tree behind the house, and they were very tired. That night a traveller came that way, and had

to stop there over night, they lived so far from any other house. As they had no barn, he tied his horse to this cherry tree, and gave him his oats out of a bag he brought on his back. The traveller went away next morning, but in a few days they found that the oats the horse had spilled and scattered had sprung up in the nicely-dug ground, and they had a little field of oats! This pleased Mr. Goodman very much, and when the good fairy next appeared he told her of it. "Oh, yes," she said, "it would be a good plan to plant something in each place as you dig it—she said next time she came she would bring some seeds for them." So they had another object for which to dig beside the finding of the treasure—to see the things growing.

She was as good as her word, and brought the seeds, and they had dug so well they could plant a great many melons and other nice things which they never had before in their lives; and the soil was so good, and had been so nicely dug and turned over for the treasure, that the plants grew so rapidly, and ripened so soon, that the next time she came she told them they had better stop digging a while, just till they could take care of the oats, strawberries, melons, and other things. They had eaten as much of them as they wanted all the season, and sold some to the nearest houses, and now Mr. Goodman said they would go next week to the nearest market-town with the rest. So they went. The market people said the strawberries were the largest they had ever seen, and their melons brought the highest price; and the mother surprised them all by showing a cheese she had made from the milk of their cow, which had yielded twice as much, having had better feed, the three youngest children had carried each two baskets of strawberries, (the baskets they made of willow twigs,) while the elder ones and their father were loaded with melons, pears, beans, corn, &c. and when they had sold them and come out of the town on their way home, a happier family was never seen. They all had a handful of money they earned themselves. When they got home they sat round a table, and putting all their money upon it sat looking in wonder and joy. They had never seen so much in all their lives before: they were so pleased, they had quiet forgotten the treasure they had dug so hard and so long for, till the fairy put her head in at the door.

"How beautiful your farm looks!" said she, "and your cherry tree will bear bushels of nice cherries next season, now you have dug away all those stones and stumps from the roots." See how long it is branching out! and what have you here!" looking on the table. "Money! silver! dollars! Ah!" said she, "Did I not tell you there was a hidden treasure in your ground, that you would certainly find, if you dug for it this heap of money is the least part of the treasure you have found by digging."

"Look how healthy you all have become! how industrious and useful your children have become—how hopeful and happy you all are! Look at your farm now, where was nothing but stumps and stones before you dug, is now a garden and fields! Yes, you have found more than one treasure—and, now, should you like to know my name? I am called 'Industry, or the Poor Man's Fairy.' I always know and tell where a treasure is, to all—children even, if they will listen to my voice and words; adieu, adieu," and she kissed her hand and disappeared, leaving them still looking at the treasure they had found.

The children thought this was such a nice fairy tale, and called so clamorously for another, that Mrs. S. told them she would think of another for the next evening, and if the young folks who read this like it, she will write the next down for them to read in the *Reflector and Watchman*.

"Are sisters Sal and Nance resources 'Pa'?" "No, my son, why do you ask that question?" "Because I heard Uncle Josh say if you would only husband your resources that you'd get along a great deal better than you do, that's all, Pa."

"Jemima, my dear, ain't there something the matter with our child? I fear that ain't right with the poor dear thing. Do see, my dear."

Spoken like a True Woman.—At the Woman's Rights Convention at Akron, Pa., some singular things were said and some quite sensible ones. A young lady spoke as follows:

"For her part, she loved man, individually and collectively, better than women, and so, she was sure did every one of her sex, if they like her would utter their true sentiments. She was more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so was every true woman."

It is a well known fact that sweet things spoil the teeth; hence the early decay of ladies' teeth is accounted for—Cause: the sweetness of their lips.

A friend at our elbow says that this is not the case, for it is notorious that those ladies that scold most are sure to lose their teeth first.

To discover how many idle men there are in a town, set two dogs to fighting. It never fails to draw 'em all out.

Now gentlemen, you see the enemy! They are ready to advance upon you. Remember that ten thousand spectators witness us from yonder hills. Your mothers—your sisters look upon the field; and here comes the enemy. Let us run and protect them. I'm off!

"Tom, didn't you sign the pledge?" said an old acquaintance on seeing Tom take a smash. "Why, yes," said Tom, "but you know all signs fail in a dry time."