

# THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY BY  
**THOMAS J. WARREN.**

### TERMS.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, or Four Dollars if payment is delayed three months.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL is published at Two Dollars if paid in advance; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if payment is delayed three months, and Three Dollars if not paid till the expiration of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following terms: For one Square (fourteen 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. Semi-monthly, monthly and quarterly advertisements charged the same as for a single insertion.

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 published semi-weekly until ordered discontinued and charged accordingly.

### Timely Hints to All.

**FRIENDS.**—Reader, if you have a valued friend, in whose welfare you feel an interest, that friend will prize, as a precious memorial, your Daguerreotype miniature, if taken in SQUIER'S peculiar style.

**PARENTS.**—If you are still blessed with Parents, and no Artist's Pencil has or can truly trace the lineaments of his or her familiar face or form, you may well set the part of wisdom to advise or persuade them to visit, without delay, SQUIER'S Daguerreotype Rooms, and have their Miniatures taken in his superior style of art.

**TO ALL.**—How many have lost a Father, a Mother, a Sister, a Brother, or an innocent prattling child, and have not even the shadow of a resemblance to look upon.

After the separation, some "little toy" or trifling article is often kept for years, and cherished as a token of remembrance. How much more valuable would be one of SQUIER'S perfect Daguerreotype Miniatures of the "loved and lost."

There is scarcely any one who does not take pleasure in gazing on the features of a friend, and when that friend has been removed by death, we often hear the exclamation uttered with an expression of deep regret, "Oh, what would I not give for such a picture of my friend!"

Reader, perhaps you cannot do a better thing, while your mind is upon the subject, than take an hour or two now, and visit the gallery; then you may, at some future period, have reason to feel grateful for these "Gentle Hints" from

### SQUIER'S DAGUERREAN GALLERY.

September 24. 77

### SANTEE CANAL.

THE usual repairs of the season on the Santee Canal having been completed, it will be open for the passage of Boats on and after Wednesday, the 29th of September.

The late heavy rains have afforded the Canal a superabundance of water, and no injury has been sustained by it from them.

R. PRESS SMITH, Superintendent.  
Sept. 28. 78

### Town Residence for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale on liberal terms, his HOUSE AND LOT in Camden. Persons wishing to purchase are requested to call and examine the premises. A great bargain will be given.

Sept. 10. E. W. BONNEY.

### Notice.

THE subscriber invites offers for the purchase of the whole of his property in Camden, viz:

That Three Story House on Broad-street, opposite the Episcopal Church, at present occupied by Mr. Harris as a Store and dwelling house—the Two Story House South of the above, occupied by Mr. Billings as a Store house and dwelling—the Small House South of the above, and the House South of it occupied by the subscriber as a dwelling and Store house.

The above property (some of which is new) is all in good repair, and all well situated for business. Terms accommodating. For further particulars apply to

August 31—70tf JAMES M'EWEN.

### Notice.

ALL those indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle their accounts by the first of November. On and after that time all debts will be placed in other hands for collections.

Sept. 10. THOS. BASKIN.

### Notice.

THE remainder of the Tools belonging to the Estate of R. L. Tweed will be sold at Public Auction on the first day of Fall Court, if not previously sold at private sale, consisting of Blacksmith's Bellows, Vices, Anvils, &c.

The above may be seen at the Store of James McEwen, where the sale will take place.

Sept. 17—75tf S. TWEED, Adm'r.

### Final Notice.

THE subscribers intending to leave the State by the first of November, desires all those indebted to him by note or open account, to call and arrange for the payment of the same previous to return day, otherwise they will be put in the hands of an attorney for collection. Office one door below the Court House.

Sept. 14. H. LEVY & SON.

### Fair Notice.

ALL those indebted to us for the years 1850 or '51 will find it to their interest to call and settle the same before Return Day.

Oct. 1. WORKMAN & BOONE.

### LOST.

ABOUT ten days ago, between the Post-office and the store of John Rosser, Esq., A PAIR OF GOLD SPECTACLES. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving them at the Post-office.

Sept. 17. 75tf

### Hardware.

THE Subscribers offer to the public, the most complete assortment of **HARDWARE** in the back country. As it has been nearly all bought from first hands, they can sell (on the same terms) at Charleston prices.

Those wanting Builders, Hardware, Carpenter's or Smith's Tools, Mill Irons, Cross-cut or Mill Saws, Axes, Iron or Steel, would do well to give them a call.

McDOWALL & COOPER.

### Yarn and Oznaburghs.

200 BUNDLES Concord Yarn; 30 do Mount Dear born do; 30 lbs. DeKalb Oznaburghs. For sale by

W. C. MOORE.

### Water's Tooth Soap.

FOR cleansing and removing animalcules from the teeth. For sale by

THOMAS J. WORKMAN.

**STRAW CUTTERS &c.**—The subscriber have received a full assortment of Large Straw Cutters

Small Do.  
Corn Shellers  
Thermometer Churns

McDOWALL & COOPER.  
Aug. 13.

## THE SABBATH BELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Peal on, peal on—I love to hear  
The old church ding-dong soft and clear!  
The welcome sounds are doubly blest  
With future hope and welcome rest;  
Yet were no calling changes found  
To spread their cheering echoes round,  
There's not a place where man may dwell,  
But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods when winter's song  
Howls like a famished wolf along,  
Or when the south winds scarcely turn  
The light leaves of the trembling fern—  
Although no cloister-chimes ring there,  
The heart is called to faith and prayer;  
For all creation's voices tell  
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let their pour  
In gentle calm or headlong roar;  
Let the vast ocean be thy home,  
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam;  
In rippling swell or stormy roll,  
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul,  
And thou shalt feel the hallowed spell  
Of the wide water's Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his sky-ward way  
The robin on the hedge-way spray,  
The bee within the wild-thyme's bloom,  
The owl amid the cypress gloom;  
All sing, in every varied tone,  
A vesper to the great Unknown;  
Above—below—one chorus swells  
Of God's unnumbered Sabbath bells.

From the London Times of Sept. 15th

### Character of the Duke of Wellington.

It ought to be lessened this day the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed leaves no duty incomplete and no honor unbested. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unflinching energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements, which none had surpassed, to a position which no other man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country and in the life of England can no more be filled. There is none left in the Army or the Senate to act and speak with like authority. There is none with whom the valor and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet when we consider the fullness of his years and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "Satis diu visisse dicite," since, being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that honored head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century, to what a country, to what achievements was that life successfully dedicated? For its prodigious duration—for the multiplicity of contemporary changes and events, far outnumbering the course of its days and years—for the invariable and unbroken stream of success which attended it from its commencement to its close, from the first flash of triumphant valor in Indian war to that senatorial wisdom on which the Sovereign and the nation hung for counsel to its latest hours—for the unbending firmness of character which bore alike all labor and all prosperity—and for unalterable attachment to the same objects, the same principles, the same duties, undisturbed by the passions of youth and unrelaxed by the honors and enjoyments of peace and of age—the life of the Duke of Wellington stands alone in history. In him, at least, posterity will trace a character superior to the highest and most abundant gifts of fortune. If the word "heroism" can be not unfairly applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own prosperity, and rose above the temptations by which other men of equal genius, but less self-government, have fallen below their destinies. His life has nothing to gain from the language of panegyric, which would compare his military exploits or his civil statesmanship with the prowess of an Alexander or a Caesar, or with the astonishing career of him who saw his empire overthrown by the British General at Waterloo. They were the offspring of passion and of genius, flung from the volcanic depths of revolutions and of civil war to sweep with meteoric splendor across the earth, and to collapse in darkness before half the work of life was done. Their violence, their ambition, their romantic existence, their reverses, and their crimes will forever fascinate the interest of mankind, and constitute the secret of their fame, if not of their greatness. To such attractions the life and character of the Duke of Wellington present no analogy. If he rose to scarce inferior renown, it was by none of the passions or the arts which they indulged or employed. Unvanquished in the field, his sword was never drawn for territorial conquest, but for the independence of Europe and the salvation of his country. Raised by the universal gratitude of Europe and of this nation to the highest point of rank and power which a subject of the British monarchy could attain, he wore these dignities and he used that influence within the strictest limits of a subject's duty. No law was ever twisted to his will, no right was ever sacrificed by one hair's breadth for his aggrandizement. There lived not a man, ei-

ther among his countrymen or his antagonists, who could say that this great Duke had wronged him; for his entire existence was devoted to the cause of legal authority and regulated power. You seek in it in vain for those strokes of audacious enterprise which in other great captains, his rivals in fame, have sometimes won the prize of a crown or turned the fate of nations. But his whole career shines with the steady light of day. It has nothing to conceal, it has nothing to interpret by the flexible organs of history. Everything in it is manly, compact and clear; shaped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—the love of England, and the service of the Crown.

The Duke of Wellington lived, commanded, and governed in unconscious indifference or disdainful aversion to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and of sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength. The force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his Peninsular career; but in his successful and triumphant pursuit of glory, her name never passed his lips, even in his addresses to his soldiers. His entire nature and character were moulded on reality. He lived to see things as they were. His acute glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the surface which entangles the imagination or kindles the sympathy of the feelings. Truth, as he loved her, is to be reached by a rougher path and by sterner minds. In war, in politics, and in the common transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. His temperament abhorred disguises and despised exaggerations. The fearlessness of his actions was never the result of speculative confidence, or fool-hardy presumption, but it lay mainly in a just perception of the true relation in which he stood to his antagonist in the field or in the Senate. The greatest exploits of his life, such as the passage of the Douro, followed by the march on Madrid, the battle of Waterloo, and the passing the Catholic Relief Bill, were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm.—Nothing but the coolness of the player could have won the mighty stakes upon a cast apparently so adverse to his success. Other commanders have attained the highest pitch of glory when they disposed of the colossal resources of empires, and headed armies already flushed with the conquest of the world. The Duke of Wellington found no such encouragement in any part of his career. At no time were the means at his disposal adequate to the ready and certain execution of his designs. His steady progress in the Peninsula campaigns went on against the current of fortune, till that current was itself turned by perseverance and resolution. He had a clear and complete perception of the dangers he encountered, but he saw and grasped the latent power which baffled those dangers and surmounted resistances apparently invincible. That is precisely the highest degree of courage, for it is courage conscious, enlightened, and determined.

Clearness of discernment, correctness of judgment, and rectitude in action were, without doubt, the principal elements of the Duke's brilliant achievements in war, and of his vast authority in the councils of his country, as well as in the conferences of Europe. They gave to his determinations an originality and vigor akin to that of genius, and sometimes imparted to his language in debate a pith and significance at which more brilliant orators failed to arrive. His mind, equally careless of obstacles and of effect, travelled by the shortest road to its end; and he retained, even in his latest years, all the precision with which he was wont to handle the subjects that came before him, or had at any time engaged his attention. This was the secret of that untaught plainness and simplicity of style that pervades the last collection of his despatches, written as they were amidst the varied cares and emotions of war; and of that lucid and appropriate mode of exposition which never failed to leave a clear impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. Other men have enjoyed, even in this age, more vivid faculties of invention and contrivance, a more extended range of foresight, a more subtle comprehension of the changing laws of society and the world. But the value of these finer perceptions, and of the policy founded upon them, has never been more assured than when it was tried and admitted by the wisdom and patriotism of that venerable mind. His superiority over other men consisted rather in the perfection of those qualities which he pre-eminently possessed, than in the variety and extent of his other faculties.

These powers, which were unerring when applied to definite and certain facts, sometimes failed in the appreciation of causes which had not hitherto come under their observation. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that the soldier and the statesman of 1815, born and bred in the highest school of Tory politics, should have miscarried in his opinion of those eventful times which followed the accession of William IV., than that the defeated opponent of Reform in 1831, should have risen into the patriot Senator of 1846 and 1851. Yet the Administration of 1828, in which the Duke of Wellington occupied the first and most responsible place, passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, and thereby gave the signal of a rupture in the Tory party, never afterwards entirely healed, and struck the heaviest blow on a system which the growing energies of the nation resented and condemned. Resolute to oppose what he conceived to be popular clamour, no man ever recognised with more fidelity the claims of a free nation to the gradual development of its interests and its rights; nor were his services to the cause of liberty and improvement the less great because they usually consisted in bending the will or disarming the prejudices of their fiercest opponents. Attached by birth, by character, and by opinion to the order and the cause of the British aristocracy, the Duke of Wellington knew that the true power

of that race of nobles lies, in this age of the world, in their inviolable attachment to constitutional principles, and their honest recognition of popular rights. Although his personal resolution and his military experience qualified him better than other men to be the champion of resistance to popular turbulence and sedition, as he showed by his preparations in May, 1832, and in April, 1848, yet wisdom and forbearance were ever the handmaidens of his courage, and, while most firmly determined to defend, if necessarily, the authority of the State, he was the first to set an example of conciliatory sacrifice to the reasonable claims of the nation. He was the Catulus of our Senate, after having been our Caesar in the field; and, if the commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the Roman title of Pater Patrie, that touching honor would have been added to the peerage and the baton of Arthur Wellesley by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.

Though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth, and he was assiduous in the observances of the public ritual of the church of England. At times, even in the extreme period of his age, some accident would betray the deep current of feeling which he never ceased to entertain towards all that was chivalrous and benevolent. His charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he bestowed his interest throughout life upon an incredible number of persons and things which claimed his notice and solicited his aid. Every social duty, every solemnity, every ceremony, every merry-making, found him ready to take his part in it. He had his smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer to the readiest tongue, and a lively interest in every incident of life which it seemed beyond the power of age to chill.—When time had somewhat relaxed the sterner mould of his manhood, its effects were chiefly indicated by an unabated taste for the amusements of fashionable society, incongruous at times with the dignity of extreme old age, and the recollection of so virile a career. But it seemed a part of the Duke's character that everything that presented itself was equally welcome, for he had become a part of everything, and it was foreign to his nature to stand aloof from any occurrence to which his presence could contribute. He seems never to have felt the flagging spirit or the reluctant step of indolence or *ennui*, or to have recoiled from anything that remained to be done; and this complete performance of every duty, however small, as long as life remained, was the same quality which had carried him in triumph through his campaigns, and raised him to be one of the chief Ministers of England and an arbiter of the fate of Europe. It has been said that in the most active and illustrious lives there comes at last some inevitable hour of melancholy and of satiety. Upon the Duke of Wellington—that hour left no impression, and probably it never shed its influence over him; for he never rested on his former achievements or his length of days but marched onward to the end, still leading the youthful generations which had sprung into life around him, and scarcely less intent on their pursuits than they are themselves. It was a finely balanced mind to have worn so bravely and so well. When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington. The actions of his character were equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles who taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from among us, an inheritor of imperishable fame.

**BRITISH WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.**—People in this country have paid little attention to the progress of the British war in South Africa, yet it is no small matter, judging from the length of time through which it has been protracted, and the little progress made by all the British power in bringing it to a conclusion. The last intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope increases the difficulties of the British Government, by showing them that there is no dependence at all upon the native forces they have engaged, but that the whole burden of the conflict is to fall upon the European soldiers. The native allies consume rations and fearfully augment the expenses, while the London Times describes them as exhibiting a "repulsive mixture of the spy, the coward, and the assassin." All the intended movements of the troops are made known to the enemy, so that treachery within is added to the embarrassments of meeting an unconquered and subtle adversary. One of Gen. Cathcart's late proclamations announcing an expedition against the Kaffirs was accompanied by a promise to divide the spoils that might be taken among the natives of the frontier districts, a promise of plunder not usual in these days, which proves that bribes are thought necessary to induce the colonists to defend themselves. England has to bear all the cost and furnish all the force, a very poor encouragement for the keeping up of distant colonies.

Three years have now elapsed, and the Kaffir war, like our Seminole war at the end of a similar period, is no nearer to the close than when it commenced. The Kaffirs are not only not conquered, but they have their camps and their settlements within the limits of the British colony, and the British have nothing secure beyond the range of their musketry. The expenses are enormous, and the prospect of a close afar off. Early last year the late Chancellor of the Exchequer asked £300,000, on the presumption that the war was coming to a close. "We had numerous such endings of the Florida war, with the same result. Nine hundred and sixty thousand pounds have been since spent, and the war is evidently only begun. The troops must be in-

creased, the defences of the colony increased; and, besides all this, there is a constant loss and destruction of property, to which the mere army defences are a bagatelle. Truly this war in Kaffria, into which Great Britain blundered by the mismanagement of her colonies, is no small affair, as her treasury will testify. Before she gets through with it, it will have cost her a greater sum than the whole colony was ever worth. As to its future worth, it may be set down at nil.

N. O. Picayune.

**THE UNPAID MEXICAN INSTALMENT.**—The Philadelphia Bulletin has the following in relation to the unpaid Mexican instalment:

It will be recollected that, after the closing of the Mexican Commission, Gov. Letcher, returning to his post, took with him Major Slacum, sent out by the Government to examine into the condition of an instalment supposed to be due from Mexico, although a receipt of the payment, had been shown by Senor Rosas to the Department of State. Whether the going out of Mr. Marks, likewise in a Government vessel, had any important bearing was not said at the time, nor is it known now.

According to the old story, Voss & Hargous had been employed to negotiate the instalment by the American Minister, then a guest with them; and no explanation more could ever be got.—Nothing is certain, except that the United States has not received that large sum of money. Successive ministers, since then have all resided with the firm, and notwithstanding this favorable circumstance for gaining exact information, all clue appears to have been inextricably lost.

The success of the mission is only known from the circumstance that about half a million of dollars which had been awarded to an individual by the Mexican Commission and detained in the Treasury, was released, and it was said on the report received of the actual state of the case.—Almost as soon, it was said that Mr. Letcher had given the Commissioner another business in charge, and which would detain him a long time in Mexico. It is a singular circumstance that while since then we have not heard a whisper more of the one case, the other is so notorious. Indeed, the real business of the Commissioner, seems to have been forgotten by the public, and the belief fixed that he had no other charge than to look into the fraud of Dr. Gardiner.

The matter is worth understanding at least for the immense amount involved; and if the facts are not to be discovered which may well be despairing of, whether as matters stand, the money is yet to be paid to the United States, or is necessarily sunk in the settlement of all accounts by the last treaty, or, in some other way, lost to the nation in the long operation of financial diplomacy.—We regard the publication of Major Slacum's report as necessary, and as probably containing important revelations which should be known to the public as well as to the Government.

A major of militia in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected and who was not overburdened with brains took it into his head on a morning of the parade to go out and exercise a little by himself. The field selected for the purpose was his own yard. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed, "Attention the whole! Rank rank three paces, march!" and he tumbled down the cellar.

His wife hearing the noise occasioned in falling came running out and asked—

"My dear have you killed yourself?"

"Go in the house, woman," said the major, "what do you know about war?"

**MORE PROGRESS.**—Under the name of the Christian Temperance Association, a number of the citizens of Brooklyn, of various denominations, have organized a society which has for its objects the bringing of the principles of Christianity to bear with greater power upon the Temperance movement, and to unite with the friends which shall put an end to the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The Association intends to carry out its designs by regular meetings, circulars, tracts, &c. and by co-operating with the National Temperance Alliance.

**POTATOES.**—The Buffalo Courier says the potato crop this year will be uncommonly large and good. It learns from farmers in that county and from those residing in Genesee and Wyoming, that the yield was never larger, and so far as has been seen, is entirely free from rot.

**CAMPENE.**—A bowl of campene in Groton, Mass. took fire from a lamp which was not within twelve feet of it. The bowl had been leaking in the cellar, and the air was so thoroughly impregnated with the campene gas, that it ignited and spread over the whole cellar.

**PROOFS OF LOVE.**—"Mr. Sigbee, you said the defendant was in love; how do you know that?"

"He reads novels upside down, and writes poetry in day-book when it should be cheese."

"Any other reason?"

"Yes, sir; he shaves without lather, and very often mistakes the sleeves of his coat for the legs of his pantloons, an error that he don't discover till he tries to fasten the tail to his suspenders."

**THE MOTHER.**—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yea, winter, with a woman, but with a mother—as mother—it is always spring.

Gold has been discovered in New Zealand, on the banks of the Wanukua River, on the West Coast. Emigration had commenced from Port Phillip to the new diggings.