

# Camden Weekly Journal.

VOLUME XXIV.

CAMDEN, S. C., FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1865.

NUMBER 22.

J. T. HERSHMAN—Editor.

**Rates for Advertising:**  
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## SONG OF THE FREEDMAN.

BY A. R. WATSON.

A freedman sat on a pile of bricks,  
As the rain was pattering down;  
His shoes were worn and his coat was torn  
And his hat without a crown.  
He viewed the clouds and he viewed himself,  
And shook the wet from his head,  
And a tear dimmed the eye as he saw go by  
A boy with a loaf of bread.  
And he raised his voice in a doleful tone,  
That sounded like a gong,  
While the rain came down on his nappy crown,  
And sang to himself this song:

De wind blows cold, but I's done with toil,  
And lef de cotton patch;  
I guess old Massa tink he count  
De chickens 'fore dey hatch.  
Iotes no more de heavy load,  
Nor drives old Missus round;  
I wonder who dey's gwine to get  
To work de patch ob ground—  
Den fling away de rake and hoe,  
Dis am de jubilee;  
De rain may come, de wind may blow,  
But, bress de Lord, I's free.

But I tink, last night, as I tried to sleep  
Upon de muddy ground,  
While de rain was drippin on my head  
And de wind was wizzin round,  
I'd like to hab my high-toed shoe  
And my cabin back again,  
For de wedder's gettin berry cold  
Out here in'all dis rain.  
But den I's done wid rags and loe,  
Dis am de jubilee;  
De rain may come, de wind may blow,  
But, bress de Lord, I's free.

I's got all ragged 'bout de knees—  
My shoes is worn out, too;  
My coat's so old dat foom each sleeve  
De elbow's comin' throo.  
And dere's de children dat on de played  
In shirt-tail 'bout de yard—  
I cannot buy a shirt for dem,  
De time's so berry hard.  
But fling away de rake and hoe,  
Dis am de jubilee;  
De rain may come, de wind may blow,  
But, bress de Lord, I's free.

De odder day when Pinky died,  
I tink it berry good,  
Dat de dear Lord should take her off,  
Before dis cold wind blowed;  
But den 'twas hard to see her die—  
I wish she'd not been born—  
I's afraid she perished, for she asked  
About de rize and corn.  
But den I's done wid rake and hoe,  
Dis am de jubilee;  
De rain may come, de wind may blow,  
But, bress de Lord, I's free.

And Dinah sit dere on de ground,  
And looks so thin and poor;  
She cannot sing de songs she sung  
About de cabin door;  
Her poor old limbs are almost bare,  
Her cheek bones comin' throo,  
I almost wish de Lord would come  
And take her up dere, too;  
But den she's done wid rake and hoe,  
Dis am de jubilee;  
De rain may come, de wind may blow,  
But, bress de Lord, I's free.

I dreamt last night old Massa come  
And took us home wid he,  
To de log cabin dat we left,  
When first dey sot us free;  
And dere I built de light'ood fire,  
And Dinah cooked de yam—  
Dey say dat dreams are sometimes true;  
I wonder if dis one am.  
But den I's done wid rake and hoe  
To'lab a jubilee;  
De rain may come, de wind may blow,  
But, bress de Lord, I's free.

**PERSONAL.**—Gen. "Tige" Anderson of Atlanta and Pierre Soule have been pardoned by the President.—General McClellan is soon expected in England where he will make a short stay, and then return to the United States.—Capt. S. S. Lec, formerly of the Navy, and brother to Gen. Lec, is about to take up his residence on the Potomac, in Maryland, and engage in farming.—Major Gen. Schofield will sail from New York for Europe by the next steamer, on a year's leave of absence.—Mrs. Jeff. Davis is residing at the house of Mr. Shnyder, near Augusta, Ga. and is permitted to correspond at will, with her husband and friends.—Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Davis's mother is in Canada, in charge of the children of the latter, one of whom is in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Montreal; and the other is at school at Lenoxxville, sixty miles from Montreal.—Gen. Sam. Cooper, late Adjutant General of the Confederacy, is at the residence of Mark Alexander, Esq., in Mecklenburg county, Va., where he has been ever since the surrender of Gen. Lee.

## Wade Hampton's Letter.

To the people of South Carolina:

Expecting to leave the State in a few days, for an uncertain period, I cannot do so without expressing to my fellow-citizens my profound sense of the honor paid to me by the vote given to me in the recent election for Governor. In returning my thanks to them for the late spontaneous and extraordinary manifestation of their kindness, it is due to them that I should state the reasons which induced me to decline to be a candidate.—In the first place, the Convention which gave the election of Governor to the people, had, with singular unanimity—though not in their public capacity—requested the distinguished gentleman who has been elected, to become a candidate for the office. This he consented to do, though, doubtless, at great personal inconvenience and a heavy sacrifice to his personal interests.—Under these circumstances I was unwilling to do any thing that might cause a political contest in the State. I thought that no good could arise at home from such a contest, whilst it might do us infinite mischief abroad. The President of the United States had exhibited not only strong disposition to protect the South from the radicalism of the North, but to reinstate us in our civil and political rights. I feared that my election—by embarrassing him in his labors and policy—might incidentally do harm to the State. Superadded to these considerations of a public character, deterring me from appearing as a candidate, there were others of a private nature not less strong. My affairs, neglected for five years, imperatively demanded my personal attention. Had I believed that my election as Governor could really benefit the State, or subserve any of her true interests, no sacrifice of a private nature, however great, would have deterred me from accepting that or any other position to which she might have called me; but regarding my nomination only as a compliment from some of my former comrades, I felt at liberty to decline, though deeply sensible of the honor paid me by the nomination, and the manner in which it was received throughout the State.—These reasons, which I hope you will understand and appreciate, impelled me to withdraw my name. Having given the reasons for the course I pursued, and expressed my thanks for your generous confidence in me, I should perhaps close. But the evidence you have given of your kindness to and confidence in me—evidence as unexpected as it is gratifying—authorizes me, I trust, without out presumption, to add a few words of counsel.

For years past it has been the boast of our State that there was but one party within her limits. Commendable and vital as that state of affairs was during the war, it is scarcely, if at all, less so now. Every association of the past, every duty of the present, every hope of the future, bids us still to stand "shoulder to shoulder." The work before us demands all the patriotism, all the courage, all the endurance of our whole people. Let no party strife, no minor issues, no party politics, divert us from the great and pressing work of the hour—that of reuniting, as far as possible, our prostrate and bleeding State, and rehabilitating her as speedily as may be, with the forms, the rights and the sanctity of government and of law.

That bark, which was launched a few years ago amid such joyous acclamations, which was freighted with such precious hopes, and which was wafted on by such earnest prayers, has suffered shipwreck. It behooves us, as wise men, to build of its broken timbers, as best we may, a raft, whenever we may hope to reach a haven of rest and safety.

It may be that when the forms of government are restored, and freedom of speech allowed to us, your late Convention will be subjected to harsh criticism and its action impugned. Should such unhappily be the case, remember that you, the people of South Carolina, accepted this Convention as part and parcel of the terms of your surrender. The President had no shadow of authority, I admit—under the Constitution of the United States—to order a Convention in this or any other State; but, as a conqueror, he had the right to offer, if not dictate, terms. The terms offered by him you have accepted, and you are bound, by every dictate of honor and of duty, to abide by them honestly, and keep, in good faith, the pledges you have given. I do not, myself, concurre fully in all the measures adopted by the Convention, but I shall cheerfully acquiesce in the action it took to carry out faithfully the terms agreed on, and willingly accord to it high praise for the manner in which it discharged its arduous and unenviable labors. No similar body ever represented more largely than it did the dignity, the learning, the virtue, and the patriotism of the State, and I am sure that it was actuated by pure and high motives.

Entertaining these views, I think that it is our duty to sustain the action of the Convention in recognizing the abolition of slavery, to support the President of the United States so long as he manifests a disposition to restore all our rights as a sovereign State, and to give to our newly elected Governor a cordial co-operation in his grave and responsible duties. Above all, let us stand by our State—her record is honorable, her escutcheon un tarnished. Here is our country—the land of our nativity, the home of our affection. Here all our hopes should

centre; here we have worshipped the God of our fathers; here, amid charred and blackened ruins, are the spots we fondly called our homes; and here we buried the ashes of our kindred. All these sacred ties bind us to our State, and they are intensified by her suffering and her desolation.

And as a child, when soaring sounds molest  
Cling closer and closer to the mother's breast;  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind roar  
But bind us to our native land the more.

I trust that you will pardon me for thus venturing to counsel you. Believe me, that it is in no presumptuous feeling that I do so, but solely in an honest, sincere and humble hope of contributing my mite to the welfare and honor of our State. What I have said has been evoked by your recent manifestations of kindness to me. This I shall cherish as one of the proudest recollections of my life, for it assures me of your belief that I have tried to do my duty. It only remains for me, in bidding you farewell, to say that whenever the State needs my services she has only to command and I shall obey.

I am respectfully and gratefully, your fellow-citizen, WADE HAMPTON.

CAMDEN, FRIDAY, DEC. 1.

We have received a copy of the issue of the *Abbeville Banner*, published by Mr. J. B. Cawley the former proprietor. The *Banner* has attained its twenty-second volume—an evidence of its success heretofore.

**SALE OF CORN, PEAS AND FODDER.**—Fifteen hundred bushels Corn, 700 bushels Peas and 20,000 lbs. Fodder will be sold on Friday the 8th inst., unless previously disposed of. Apply to the undersigned at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

J. T. HERSHMAN.

**DELOW'S REVIEW.**—J. M. GAYLE, Esq., of this place, and now acting postmaster, is the agent of this old and popular monthly. Mr. GAYLE will take pleasure in receiving and forwarding subscriptions to the Review. Subscription term for twelve months \$6.00.

The *National Intelligencer*, says: The President Johnson will, before the meeting of Congress, issue a proclamation recognizing the re-constructed States as again in practical relations with the Federal States; it will consequently be the duty of Mr. Clerk McPherson to place the names of representatives from those States on his initial roll.

Up to the hour of going to press we are without any definite result of the Congressional election. From the closest calculations made in the absence of the official returns, Gen. KENNEDY is supposed to be elected.

**A SINGLE INTERROGATORY.**—We have been requested to ask why the hull boxes of Buffalo and Lizenby, in this district, were not opened, in accordance with law and special notices served, on Wednesday the 22d ult., for the election of member to Congress from the First Congressional District. It is deemed necessary that a satisfactory answer, be made to the above interrogatory, to prevent an issue of litigation.

**THE CAROLINIAN AND MERCURY.**—We have received several copies of the *Carolinian*, published in the city of Charleston, and take pleasure in placing it on our exchange. Many of our citizens will recognize it, after a short suspension, as one of the oldest and best conducted journals published South of the line of Mason and Dixon. Terms of the *Daily Carolinian* \$10 per annum.

We are in receipt of a circular issued under date November 15, from which we learn that the old *Charleston Mercury*, the publication of which has been suspended on account of a forced military measure, since February last, will be resumed on to-day, the 1st inst. The *Mercury* is an old favorite, and we doubt not in the future will receive the very liberal support that has heretofore been extended to it.

**CHOICE GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c.**—By reference to advertisement it will be seen that Mr. W. DAASCH, three doors above the post-office, has on hand a full and complete assortment of light groceries. Also, the choicest brands of fine wines and liquors, with many luxuries such as lobsters, oysters, sardines, and crackers of every kind—in fact any and everything calculated to quench the thirst or delight the palate of the most appreciative epicure. Mr. DAASCH is well known to the lovers of such luxuries, and is said to excel in preparing mixed drinks. His grocery and wine stores have separate entrances, so that the over fastidious and strictly temperate may make their purchase of groceries without inhaling the *arbut*.

**THE COLORED CONVENTION.**—We take from the *Charleston Carolinian* the following resolutions offered at the Convention of colored men, held in that city during the past week. If these resolutions are to be carried out in every particular, in good faith, we cannot see sufficient reason for any man to object. We hope they may be. The *Carolinian* also remarks that the resolutions were still further developed in statements conversationally made with reference to the teaching of the ignorant colored man everywhere; that their first duty was to secure the confidence of the people by becoming faithful and industrious laborers; their second, to elevate themselves by education and by living as law-abiding citizens.

**Resolved**, That it is with deep regret we perceive a willingness on the part of some of the people of this State, to believe that there is dan-

ger of an insurrection, and we take this opportunity of making it known to the world that our past careers law-abiding subjects, shall be strictly adhered to as law-abiding citizens.

**Resolved**, That as the old institution of slavery has passed away, we cherish in our hearts no hatred towards those who have held our brethren as slaves; but that we extend the fellowship to all, and shall make it our special aim to establish unity, peace and love among all men.

**Resolved**, That we shall encourage the freedmen in acquiring habits of industry and obtaining education.

**AN INTELLIGENT FREEDMAN.**—As has been suggested by a revered and estimable citizen, "if good common sense, intelligent and wide spread observation qualify any one to give sound advice to his fellow freedmen, as to the best and wisest course to pursue in the new relation to which they stand to their former owners, Mr. J. H. HARRIS of North Carolina, is certainly that man; and they would do much better for themselves by heeding the advice of such a prudent counsellor than listening to those who are in no way qualified to direct them, but who are only urging them in a course which will lead in their own certain misery and destruction." "If the blind lead the blind both will fall into the ditch."

We give below the remarks of this freedman's friend, and would ask the reflective and intelligent portions of our colored population to read and well digest its contents:

**A SENSIBLE NEGRO'S SPEECH.**—A convention of negroes was recently held in Raleigh, N. C. The best speech during its sessions was made by Mr. J. H. HARRIS a native of Raleigh, and late the delegate from the league to the Convention at Cleveland. "Mr. Harris labored to show the colored people that their best friends were the intelligent white class in the South, and not the people at the North. That their freedom had been achieved by a law of necessity, as a military measure, and not by a benevolent crusade of the Northern army, as many supposed. He cited the prejudice prevailing at the North which shut the colored man out from every avenue of employment while in the South every branch of industry in the mechanic arts and the cultivation of the soil was open to him. There had never been such exhibitions of diabolical and murderous hate exhibited towards the colored race in the history of the world as were developed in the New York mobs of 1863, and in other Northern cities. It was no place for the colored man to look for an asylum. They must remain where they are and work out their destiny side by side with the white man. They could not and would not migrate to the North. He had traveled 40,000 miles in search of a better country—he had made the circuit of the West India Islands and gone over Africa; but he had now returned to his native State of North Carolina, where he intended to live, to die and be buried. He counselled moderation, kindness, and a patient and respectable demeanor toward the whites, and the effort to make their interests mutual, showing them they (the colored people) were not their enemies, but friends. The past should be buried in oblivion, and the future only engage their efforts to improve and elevate themselves. This speech was in the happiest vein, and kept the house in a roar of merriment. Its effect was most happy upon the multitude, and must do much to disabuse them of many false injurious notions. He was not in favor of making large demands at this time for their rights but allow the present misunderstanding and consequent ill feeling to cool, when they would be sure to receive what they had a right to claim: God was on their side, and he saw a glorious future before the colored race in the Southern States."

**THE LATEST FROM EUROPE.**—Halle, November, 30.—The steamship *China* has arrived, with live-pool dates to the 12th.

The Confederate steamer *Shenandoah* has been delivered to the American Consul and will be sent to New York. Captain Waddell, his officers and crew have been unconditionally discharged.

Earl Russell attended the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 5th inst., and paid a tribute in his speech to the memory of Lord Palmerston. He thanked God that the American was over, and hoped that the Republic, freed from the sin of slavery, would prosper for centuries to come.

**THE MASARE IN JAMAICA.**—FURTHER PARTICULARS.—By an arrival from New York we have further particulars of the late outbreak in Jamaica. The papers continue to relate the most horrible atrocities perpetrated by the revolting negroes. At the bottom of the conspiracy was the Rev. George William Gordon, ex-Magistrate, member of the Colonial Assembly, and a man of great wealth. The active leader was Paul Bogle, a negro preacher. Bogle, Gordon and the other principle rebels, have been hanged. One account says that one hundred and twenty insurgent negroes have been hanged. Gordon and eighteen others were executed on gallows. Gen. Lamoth, ex-President of the Haytien republic, is believed to have been implicated in the rising, and has been arrested on board a schooner, in which he was trying to escape from the island. The insurgents do not seem to have attempted the destruction of the property on the island. Their aim was to assassinate the whites and then enter into possession of their property. The editor of one of the colonial papers has been arrested on the charge of being concerned in the revolt.

Advices from Morant Bay to the 20th report the execution of seventeen men and one woman for rebellion. Several more were executed at Port Antonio, all of whom confessed their guilt and acknowledged the justice of the sentence.

Another rebel demonstration had occurred near Montego Bay, on the 8th inst., but it was soon suppressed by a volunteer force ordered out for that purpose. Kingston still remained under martial law, and the extent of the naval and military force concentrated there rendered it probable that the insurrection would be speedily crushed out.—*Baltimore Sun*.

The records of the Navy Department show that during the war nearly five hundred prizes were captured.

**An Editor's Qualifications.**

The following is a very respectable epitome of the necessary qualifications to be a successful local editor:  
"It is easy enough to be a local editor, if you think so, but some special qualifications are necessary to success. For the enlightenment of young men who have an itching that way, we will enumerate some of the indispensable virtues, without which success is impossible. A good local must combine the logquacity of a magpie with the impudence of the d—l. He must be a walking encyclopedia of useful knowledge. He must know how to time a race-horse, guff a cock, teach a Sunday school, preach a charitable sermon, run a saw mill, keep a hotel, turn a double somersault, and brew a whiskey punch. He must be up to a thing or two in political economy, *au fait* in the matter of cooking beans. On the trial of mysterious items he must be a veritable sleuth-hound. His hide must be like that of a rhinoceros. He must be insensible to the cruelties of a snod, and manifest no sense of danger when he is kicked down stairs. He must throw modesty to the dogs, and let his tiger howl. But above all, he must be an adept at the art of puffing. The nearer he approaches to the condition of a blacksmith's bellows, the better he will succeed. He must be ready at all times to say something funny, in regard to Smith's grocery, or to surround Miss Florence's millinery establishment with a halo of glowing adjectives. He must be enthusiastic on the subject of hams, verbose in extolling hardware, and highly imaginative in the matter of dry goods. He must look pleased when invited to walk sixteen squares in the broiling sun, to write a six line buff for a labor saving churn, or a patent washing machine. He must feel grateful when invited to dine at the Dug Nose Hotel and write a glowing account of the excel-

ence of the hash and durability of his beefsteak. If he feels any sense of humiliation in sitting down to a festive gathering, on the occasion of the presentation of a sword to Captain Santopony, or a set of silver service to a horse inspector, he must smother it, and throw himself on the champagne, and regard it as a purely social way, and not for the sake of having him write a good account of the ceremonies, with three columns of speeches in full, for the next morning's paper. If he flags in his description of Hodge's premium bull, or lets down in writing up the oil indications on Howel Spye's farm, he must take it kindly when he is reproved for his shortcomings. In the matter of slow, the local must be always brilliant. He must talk learnedly of panoramas, with a liberal admixture of knowing words, such as "swarmth," "some," "forshorning," "high light," "foreground," "perspective," &c.; he must be heavy on coverts, with a capacity to appreciate Miss Squak's execution of difficult feats in the upper register; he must be estatic in praise of a double-headed calf, and eloquent in behalf of fat women and living skeletons. All this and more it takes to be a local. Sawing wood is equally as honorable, more independent, and easier."

**ALTER VALDINGHAM AGAIN.**—We find the following in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, of the 10th inst.: Mr. C. L. Vallandigham visited Eaton, Ohio, night before last, to transact some business. As soon as it became generally known that he was in the little town, a rumor became prevalent that he was there for the purpose of making a speech. It happens that the people of Eaton are very much opposed to Mr. Vallandigham personally, and the idea of his making a speech in their midst so exasperated a lot of the young men of the place, that at early candle-light they visited the place where he was stopping and made a loud call for his appearance. Understanding that trouble was in store for him, Mr. Vallandigham made a hasty exit from the house, and pursued his retreat through fields and over fences in the direction of the depot, running at the top of his speed, followed by an angry and excited mob of boys and young men, one of whom struck him a severe blow and knocked him to the ground while he was getting on the train.

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**An Oration**  
Delivered by the Hon. J. M. Caldwell, Mayor of Camden, at the Anniversary of the Convention of the People of South Carolina, held at Charleston, on the 22nd of November, 1865.

The following report shall be assessed, commencing on the 1st of January, 1866, on the 1st day of December instant—that is to say, on the value of all improved town lots, five cents (5c) per one hundred dollars of the assessed value of the same. (Lots of goods, wares and merchandise, in the town, during the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, twenty-five cents (25c) per one hundred dollars. On the net income of all factories, facilities and professions exercised in the said town within the year, but not exceeding twenty-five cents (25c) per one hundred dollars. For every lot of land (unimproved), a well-tax of one per cent, on the value of the same, not to exceed four dollars on any one lot. On each wagon drawn by three or four horses, five dollars. On each wagon drawn by one or two horses, three dollars. On every dray or cart, one dollar and fifty cents. On every pleasure carriage drawn by two horses, two dollars. On every pleasure carriage drawn by one horse, one dollar and fifty cents. Said tax to be levied on every vehicle, above specified, habitually employed in the town of Camden, whether the property of a resident or non-resident. On all colored persons residing in the said town between the ages of eighteen and fifty years—a capitation tax of five dollars each. On all itinerant vendors—five dollars each. A patrol commutation tax of four dollars each. Road commutation tax of three dollars each. On all transient dealers in produce, for other than their own markets, twenty-five cents for every dog owned or kept within the said town, one dollar. For every billiard table, seventy-five dollars, and five dollars to the clerk of court, a license to retail spirituous liquors, one dollar per annum. For all public entertainments for the benefit of those for a charitable purpose, five dollars. Provided, however, that the town shall not be liable for any of these taxes on any town parcel which exceeds one third part of the general tax paid on such property, and that shall be taxed under the license tax may be levied on the town parcel.

There where the rate of duties and professions, turned in, Commencing on the 1st of January, 1866, the real value shall be estimated on the tenth of the month thereof.

Ratified in Council, the twenty-seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and in the nineteenth year of the Independence and sovereignty of the United States.

A. D. GOODWIN,  
Tentent, Town of Camden, S. C.  
R. M. CANTEY, Clerk.  
December 1.

**Plantation for Sale**  
I WOULD SELL MY PLANTATION, six miles from the town of Camden, on Sanders Creek, on which is a comfortable and commodious residence, in a good condition, with all necessary outbuildings, quarters for servants, &c. For further particulars apply to

D. C. TRYON,  
Approved purchaser,  
December 1.

**Town Taxes**  
THE TOWN COUNCIL HEREBY give notice that payment of the Taxes for 1865 will be required, on and after the 1st December inst. Office at the Brick Hotel, near the Court House.

R. M. CANTEY,  
December 1—4 Tax Collector.

**For Sale**  
ON WEDNESDAY THE 7th DECEMBER, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the plantation of Joseph C. McWILLIE, adjoining Liberty Hill. Four very fine young, well broken Mules; Two four horse Wagons; Two sets Harness complete; One cart, Ploughs, Tools, &c., and sundry other articles.

About twenty head of Shorthorn Cattle, among them some fine Milk Cows.  
Terms cash. W. M. SHANNON,  
December 1.

**Notice**  
THE SUBSCRIBER AND W. WARD LAW, will offer for sale at my residence on White Oak Creek, sixteen (16) miles from Camden, on Thursday, 14th December instant, our Household and Kitchen Furniture, Stock of Cattle and Hogs, Corn, Fodder, Plantation Tools, &c. We will sell or rent our lands privately. Terms made known on day of sale.

JESSE KILGORE,  
December 1.

**Notice**  
ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO THE ESTATE OF THOS. F. BRON, (deceased) either by note or account, are requested to come forward and settle the same; and any person having claims against said deceased, will present them to me at Liberty Hill and receive payment.

HENRY BRACE,  
December 1.

**Notice**  
MR. J. S. DEPASS WILL ACT AS MY Agent during my absence from the State.

THOMAS J. WORKMAN,  
December 1.