

CAMDEN



GAZETTE.

Number 29.

CAMDEN, S. C.

Thursday, October 17, 1816.

Volume I.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are induced to call upon you for a compliance with the terms of this Gazette, for the purpose of enabling us to meet such engagements as we have made, in bespeaking the materials for enlarging and improving our paper. Your liberality precludes the necessity of appealing to you for a generous support, and it is our intention (as soon as our subscription list is enlarged sufficiently to authorize the expenditure) to render you satisfactory compensation, by complying with our promises. The facility which the Gazette has given to the circulation of news, and information of a local character, must be highly gratifying to those who were so situated as not to be able to procure intelligence, of a political nature, in any other manner, than by verbal communication. Should the liberality of our country friends be such as we expect, a private mail will be established immediately, calculated to give a still greater facility to the circulation of news.

The terms which we have substituted, for those of the first six months, are such, as will be attended with much less trouble to both parties, and will, it is presumed meet with general approbation.

Terms.

THE price to Subscribers is THREE DOLLARS per annum, for fifty-two numbers, exclusive of postage; and in all cases where papers shall be delivered at the expense of the publisher, the price will be THREE DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS a year, to be paid six months after subscribing.

It is expected, however, that subscribers living at a distance, from the inconvenience of collection, will pay in advance.

Terms of advertising in this GAZETTE. Advertisements not exceeding eight lines will be printed for FIFTY CENTS, for the first publication, and half that price for every subsequent insertion. Larger advertisements will be charged in proportion.

A liberal discount will be made on the bills of those who are constant or considerable customers in this line.

If no directions are given with an advertisement, it will be continued till forbid. October 3, 1816.

Miscellany.

From the National Intelligencer, Sept. 24.

New Species of Hydrophobia.
Messrs. Editors,
I am no medical man; yet common humanity prompts me to solicit, through the medium of your paper, the attention of physicians to the malady which seems to be making lamentable progress in our city. I hope, however, that it is neither contagious, infectious, epidemical nor endemial; and that it is not produced by any peculiar constitution of the city air. That it is not occasioned by the spots in the Sun, that Beneficent luminary to whom some among us have, very ungratefully, as well as unphilosophically, imputed all our past calamities. That the Sun is innocent in the present instance, is evident from the fact that the malady in question made its appearance among us long before those solar spots, and will continue, I fear, long after their disappearance. I call it *Hydrophobia*, because the patient labours under the same dread water which prevails in those who have been bit by a mad dog, or any other rabid animal. But

herein consists a striking difference between the symptoms in the two cases. A person labouring under the effects of canine madness, feels a horror of all other liquids as well as water. Not so in the new Hydrophobia. Here the patient's aversion is confined to water. He is so far from dreading the sight or smell of beer, (I mean strong beer), ale, porter, cider, whiskey or brandy, that he seeks for them with the utmost avidity. Nay, his dread of water is immediately subdued if you add to it one *third* or more of ardent spirits. There are other symptoms common to new and old Hydrophobia, such as trembling of the nerves, sickness of the stomach, &c. But the subjects of the old disorder (the canine) do not exhibit that ferid breath which characterizes some of my unhappy townsmen. But, that which essentially distinguishes the two cases is, that in the new Hydrophobia, the patients are not conscious of having ever been *bit* by any animal, except those of *two* legs, who are found in gambling houses, and other houses of ill repute. This disorder seldom attacks women; infants and children never. It makes its first appearance, generally, in persons from 18 to 45; which unfortunately for our country, are the periods, including those contemplated by our laws, as the most proper for performing militia service. I have said that the sex is seldom exposed to this malady. I recollect, however, a few instances to the contrary. In these cases, there was the same horror of pure water as among the male patients; with the additional symptoms of an inordinate use of the tongue; so that the patient's moral faculties became impaired, as well as her physical, and she incurred the penalty of the law in the character of a SCOLD. In this case the judicial remedy is submersion by means of the ducking-stool. It seemed a strange remedy to plunge under the water, a person labouring under a horrid aversion to that element! Yet, strange to tell, it was effectual in removing the symptom for the moment, I mean the scolding, though it was not so evident that it relieved the original disorder, the Hydrophobia. In devising such an expedient, the Legislature might have adopted a practice said to be pursued in the cure of the bite of a rattlesnake, which is, to anoint the part affected with the fat of the venomous reptile; or a similar practice among toppers for the cure of a head ache, occasioned by the over night's debauch, which remedy those pleasant gentlemen call a 'hair of the same dog.' But, gentlemen, I am wandering from my point, which was to beg the assistance of the colleges of physicians to investigate the causes of this singular malady, and to recommend a cure for it. It is possible that the new Hydrophobia is not peculiar to our city. I am glad to add, that the disorder does not generally prevail, though there are among us more than a dozen cases; some of them, I fear, without speedy medical aid, and the blessing of Heaven, incurable.
BENEVOLUS.

ON THE PORTICO.
View of the present state of Polite Learning.
CHAPTER X.
Of Fable and Romance.

Among the few instances in which the genius of the moderns, in polite learning, has soared above the productions of antiquity, our superiority in Fable and Romance is eminently remarkable. Setting apart the Heathen Mythology, which more properly belongs to their religion than their literature, and is more assimilated to *fancy*, than to *fable*, no distinguished author of such works of imagination illuminated the old world. Neither Hesiod nor *Æsop*, can properly come within the comprehension of these terms. The first was indeed the inventor of what approximated nearest to its character; but even this remote.—The species of composition strictly termed *Fable*, is not identified with the kind of writing that goes under that recent appellation. The former illustrates truth, or enforces morality, by investing the lower animals with the attributes and sentiments of rational nature; but the latter is essentially different, as it does not deviate from human actions and events.

Fiction in general, clothed in the garb of prose; and that sort of Romance which deals in feigned scenes of human life, and imaginary incidents of fortune, were totally unknown to ancient writers in their present form.—They are of a later original, though not of such classic purity; for they arose in an age, when the stream of learning was polluted by blood, ignorance, and barbarity. The first dawn of civility, that broke upon the modern world, at the era of the crusades, kindled the torch of Romance, and perpetuated a passion for the marvellous, for tales of love, and calamities of enterprise; and if this passion has become moderated and refined, it owes even its improvement to the time that gave it birth. At that time, a moral concussion, of eventual consequences agitated mankind; and gave a shock to reigning prejudices, and barbarous customs, that is still felt in its wholesome effects. The Crusades dashed into a thousand fragments, the iron bonds of ignorance and vice, that had so long fettered and depressed the native vigour of the mind, and cast the chill of cloistered superstition, upon the flights of fancy, and the struggles of invention.

I can readily allow the barbarous bigotry, and bloody enthusiasm, that urged the nations of Europe, to pour their swarms of priests and soldiers upon Syria. But in the page of history, who cannot see hardships and misery, inducing habits of impiety and vice? Distance, like a mist, augmented the apparent magnitude of their object; but proximity cooled their zeal, and dissipated their intentions. Many had the veil of superstition torn from their eyes, to perceive the duplicity of fanaticism, and the selfishness of the piety of the times. Among these, many were susceptible of the learning, that they then beheld with amazement, for the first time. The Byzantium Empire, had alone preserved and possessed, the precious fragment of classic erudition; and had cultivated learning, while the rest of the nations were buried in ignorance. The disciples of Mahomet, were destitute of taste, or letters; and bigotry sometimes melted before the warmth of Arabian genius. Those who returned conquerors to Europe, were often more enriched by the spoil of MSS. or of taste, than they were ennobled by the blood of the Saracens, whom they had cleaved with their battle-axes. Those who carried no trophy of learning home, yet disseminated hints of its existence; and stirred the embers of intellectual curiosity, to intellectual research, and diligent inquiry. Thus a beneficent effect, flowed from a barbarous object; and many who wandered in quest of blood, returned to read and to think upon the records, which they had ravished from their foes.

In romance, Cervantes of Spain, and Scarron of France, are early examples of predominant excellence. Of their peculiar beauties little need be said here. Their works are universally known, though not more admired, than censured and condemned. They are both extraordinary instances of unvalued wit, and offensive obscurity; and portray the vices, whilst they exhibit the powers of exuberant and brilliant imagination. I have read Scarron with more sensations of disgust, than pleasure; and dwelt on the humour and wit of Cervantes, till delight swelled into

rapture, and admiration of his genius sunk all consciousness of his vulgarity.

The genius of Swift, fitted him in a peculiar manner for this mode of writing; and he is entitled to the next rank to Cervantes. Johnson remarks of Gulliver's Travels, that it was, "a production so new and strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity, he adds, that price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book, written in open defiance of truth and regularity."

The object and tendency of this production, however, was not doubtful, and could not be mistaken. It contributes to remove many prejudices which passion would have fostered in defiance of reason. It did explode many ridiculous customs, which fashion would have propagated and continued, through vanity, or perverseness. The monstrous disproportion between the objects Gulliver describes, and the vices and follies prevalent in the world, exposes at a glance, the preposterous absurdity of the latter, while the connexion is sufficiently maintained, to distinguish them as the objects of ridicule and reprobation.

Next to Swift, we may rank Smollet, in this department of Letters. The celebrity of his works, only requires that they should be mentioned to recall them to the mind of polite scholar, and lover of humour. Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle, are remarkable for wit, humour, and pungent satire; and in many parts, profound erudition is sufficiently interspersed. Yet they are rather *caricatures* than faithful copies of life and manners. Of his other productions of the same kind, it would be superfluous to speak distinctly, as they are familiar to every one; the *Chronicles* beauties stream throughout his works, with equal facility. When we speak of Smollet, we can only lament, that his fortune was not as faithful as his invention, and as exhaustless as his wit.

From the Telemachus of Fenelon, and the Gil Blas of Le Sage, we may also gather additional evidence, of the complete perfection of this delightful branch of writing. In both productions, genius is predominant, and learning conspicuous.

But let not this impassioned genius of Fielding be overlooked, whilst we are gazing on the inferior charms, of less captivating minds. His powers have made great acquisitions to the stock of harmless pleasure, and the means of easy improvement. By his Joseph Andrews, and Tom Jones in which great knowledge of human nature is mingled with ingenious invention, flashes of wit, and sallies of merriment, he has improved romance to classic character; and expanded the limits of delight and pleasure, and experience. Can there be a better proof of the merits of his Amelia, than the frank declaration of a prejudiced critic, that he read it through without stopping? This critic was Dr. Johnson; whose adverse fancy was held captive by the genius of Fielding.

That Richardson has embellished moral romance with some excellence, has always been admitted, by those acquainted with his works; and those who are ignorant of them, if they can believe any authority, will believe that of the *Rambler*; who has eulogised his powers, and commended his benevolence. "Richardson," says he, "has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the passions to move at the command of virtue." His works have procured him an ample share of applause and immortality. Yet is it prejudice, or want of taste, that I have never been able to pursue two pages of this celebrated author? Whatever it may be supposed, I would not hesitate to consign his tedious narrative to the nursery, and the school-room. What prolixity is more formidable, than that of an unanimated mass of obvious knowledge?

Within this denomination of modern writers, must also be included, two classic productions, which for sentiments and beauty, pathos, eloquence, and wisdom, claim the loftiest pedestals in the dome of fancy. The philosophical romance of Rabelais, is a lesson of happiness, wisdom, and virtue, for every condition of life, and every understanding. It is the philosophy of experience, the grand result of a deep indagation into life, by which the fallacy