



## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL,

Published every Saturday Morning by  
**ROBERT M'KNIGHT,**  
PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS

Three dollars a year in advance, or four dollars at the end of the year.

### ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at seventy five cents the square for the first, and half that amount for each continuance. The number of insertions to be marked on the margin or they will be continued and charged accordingly. Those inserted semi-monthly 75 cents and monthly \$1 a square for each insertion. Communications by mail to be post paid or remain unattended to.

### PROSPECTUS

## CAMDEN JOURNAL

The subscriber, having purchased the establishment, intends to continue its publication.

There has not, perhaps, been a period of six months, in the last twenty five years, that Camden has been without a newspaper, and it would be a vile slander on the character of her citizens, to suppose that they will not support one— a standard of which the subscriber will not be guilty until he has conclusive evidence of the fact.

If there be any of our citizens, either in the town or elsewhere, who feel an interest in the continuance of the JOURNAL, and who are not already subscribers, they have an opportunity of manifesting that interest by becoming so now. The publication will be re-commenced on or before the 1st Saturday in February next, previous to which time, the Proprietor would be pleased to have as many as possible of the names of those who feel sufficient interest in the character and prosperity of Camden, to induce them to aid in the permanent establishment of a newspaper in the town.

The Proprietor has engaged the services of Mr. JOHN C. WEST, in the Editorial department—consequently, the political character will undergo no change.—It will sustain the doctrines of the Republican Party—the rights of the States and the integrity of the Union. It may be proper to add, as personalities and scurrility have become so common a weapon with the newspaper press, that this paper will support no political party which requires such aid for its success.

The paper will contain, as far as its limits will permit, the current news of the day, domestic particularly, and foreign when of special interest.

Strict attention will be paid to the Price Current; and weekly remarks made during the season in relation to cotton, which may be relied on for their correctness. With these promises on the part of the Proprietor, he solicits the patronage of the public.

**ROBERT M'KNIGHT,**  
Publisher and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$3 per annum in advance—\$4 50 cts. at the end of six months, or \$4 at the conclusion of the year.

### CLIQUE.

THE BOARD OF TRADE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, respectfully address the following circular to the Merchants of the United States, who trade with this city:

You are aware that on the night of the 16th of December last, an unprecedented Conflagration destroyed an important portion of our city between Wall and Broad streets, embracing the Stores of many wealthy and enterprising Merchants.

Last apprehension should prevail that this loss may render our merchants unable to furnish the usual amount and variety of merchandise heretofore exhibited in this market, the Board of Trade have much satisfaction in giving the assurance that the Merchants whose stores were destroyed, have removed to others, and are prepared from fresh importations to continue their business with their usual assortments.

The Board of Trade therefore deem it proper to give this public assurance that none need postpone their usual time of visiting the city, confident that they will find the market as well supplied as usual, and their correspondents equally able to supply their demands. By order of the Board.

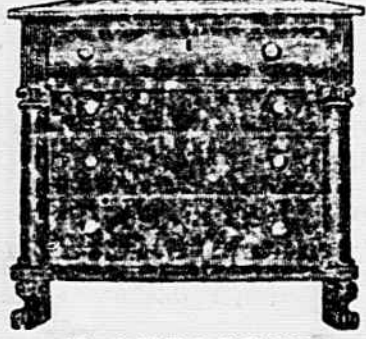
HUGH AUCHINCLOSS, President.  
JOHN ELY, Recording Secretary.  
New York, Jan. 16, 1836.—26.

### LAW.

THE subscribers have formed a partnership for the practice of Law and Equity in Santee District; Mr. Crosby can be consulted in Santeeville, and Mr. McWille in Camden.

W. M'WILLIE,  
J. CROSBY.

Feb. 6—263m



## THE SUBSCRIBER

IS prepared to execute Cabinet work of all descriptions and has on hand an assortment of  
**Bureaus, Workstands, &c.**

**Mahogany, Birdseye, Curled & Plain Maple BEDSTEADS.**

Two apprentices to the business will be taken, if immediate application is made.  
W. GARDNER.  
Jan. 23, 1836.—1-11

## Remember March!!

### THE IDEAS OF MARCH RE-MEMBERED.

A single glance at the following five magnificent schemes is sufficient for Sylvester's purposes to see the necessity of hastening their orders. Sylvester has again to offer an apology to the many disappointed of his free lots in the last \$30,000 scheme—that all may have ample time to be supplied in similar Lots.

Virginia Monongalia, 6, will draw on the 19th March, and Virginia Peterburgh, 7, the 26th. Both particularly recommended as the most favorable for adventurers, and for which early application is soached.

## Virginia State Lottery, Class No 6

For the benefit of the Petersburg Benevolent Mechanic Association. To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. Saturday, March 12, 1836.

**SCHEME**  
\$25,000; 4,000; 2,500; 10 of 1,000; 10 of 800; 10 of 700; 10 of 600; 10 of 500; 10 of 400; 20 of 300; 20 of 250; 52 of 200; 60 of 150; 63 of 100; 3,465 of 30; Tickets only 10 dollars.

Certificate of a package of 25 whole Tickets in this Magnificent Scheme may be had for \$130—Shares in proportion.

## BRILLIANT SCHEME Virginia State Lottery, CLASS No. 6

20 prizes of 8,000; 25,000; 5,000; 3,500; 2,324; 20 of 2,000; 20 of 500; 20 of 400; 20 of 250; 30 of 150; &c. Tickets only 10 Dollars.  
Certificate of a package of 25 Whole Tickets will be sent for \$130. Shares in proportion.  
S. J. SYLVESTER

## Grand Consolidated Lottery, CLASS No. 12, for 1836.

For the benefit of the Petersburg Benevolent Mechanic Association. To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. Saturday, March 16, 1836.

**CAPITALS.**  
40 Prizes of \$500.  
\$15,000; 6,000; 3,000; 5,000; 1,776; 40 of 500; 10 of 300; 16 of 200; 56 of 100 &c. Tickets only 5 Dollars.

Certificate of a Package of 25 whole Tickets will cost only 130. Halves and Quarters in proportion.

## MAMMOTH SCHEME Thirty thousand Dollars. 25 Prizes of \$1,000.

Virginia State Lottery,  
CLASS No. 7.

**CAPITALS.**  
\$30,000; 10,000; 6,000; 5,000; 4,000; 2,500; 25 of 1,000; 25 of 500; 28 of 300; 20 of 200; 20 of 150; &c.  
Tickets only TEN DOLLARS.  
Certificate of a package of tickets will cost \$130 Halves and quarters in proportion.

## GRAND Consolidated Lot- tery.

To be drawn at Alexandria, Va. Saturday, March 20, 1836.

**CAPITALS.**  
Twenty Thousand Dollars.  
20 prizes of \$1,000; 20,000; 5,000; 2,000; 1,640; 20 of 1,000; 20 of 500; 20 of 150; 155 of 100 &c.  
Tickets \$1 Doll. 75—Shares in proportion.

## JUST RECEIVED, IN EXCELLENT ORDER, From N. York and Philadelphia,

A FULL SUPPLY OF  
**DRUGS & MEDICINES,  
French & English Chemicals,**

Together with a large and various assortment of *Cupping and Leeching Instruments* of superior quality, deserving the attention of families as well as practitioners of Medicine.  
Dec 12. W. W. REYNOLDS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### ADVERTISING ANECDOTE.

Mr. T—, a tailor, who has been advertising for a few weeks in the Transcript, called at our office a day or two since, exhibiting the appearance and motions of a man who is worn out with hard labor, and has not been in bed for a fortnight! "Throwing himself in a chair, he exclaimed, with an expressive shake of the head, and a deploring motion of the hands, "This will never do at all—never! I can't stand this any way."

"Can't stand what?" said we, beginning to be alarmed.

"Why, that advertisement of mine in the Transcript. It beats all I ever heard of!"

"Why—what!—how!—is there any thing put out of place? any mistake?" "No—there's no mistake about that I can assure you. I've had so much work to do ever since it was inserted, that I don't know which way to turn first. The measure and the shares are in my hands night and day, and I'm fairly worn out with hard work.—They come to me from every part of the city—editors, merchants, lawyers, judges, clergymen—I never can stand it I'm sure. You must take out that advertisement."

"Certainly, if you desire it."  
"You'll do me a favor, I assure you. It is a fine thing to have plenty of business—but too much of a good thing—you understand me. Should my business slacken a way again, I shall know where to come. But I must stay here—good by—after I've had a breathing spell—I'll call again."

Mr. T. departed to resume the measure and the shares; and if any tailor, or other mechanic, is desirous of adding to his business, and is not afraid of being overruled therewith, he is now acquainted with the means of obtaining his desires.—A. Y. Transcript.

#### INGENIOUS EQUIVOCATION.

At the Middlesex Session, held on the 17th December, a person named *Sheering* was cross-examined relative to an information he had laid against a publican, for selling beer during the hours of divine service. The following is part of the dialogue which took place on the occasion, between him and the opposing counsel:—

Mr. Prendergast.—You have been often in this Court, I believe!

Sheering.—Yes, many times (giving a glance towards the dock.)

Mr. Prendergast.—Ah, I see you are looking towards the bar.

Sheering.—Yes, I was brought up to the bar.

Prendergast.—What do you mean by that, fellow?

Sheering.—Why, I was brought up to the bar when I was drinking in the defendant's house.

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—What did you mean when you said you were brought up to the bar?

Sheering.—Mr. Prendergast made an observation about—

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—And you meant to give a pert answer!

Sheering.—No, I did not, sir.

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—Take care how you answer, then, as your answers may affect your credit with the Court.

Mr. Prendergast.—Have you never stood within that bar (pointing to the dock)?

Sheering.—Never.

Mr. Prendergast.—Do you mean to swear you were never tried in this Court?

Sheering.—No.

Mr. Prendergast.—Then what did you mean by your former answer?

Sheering.—I never stood behind that bar; it was a different one when I was tried.

Mr. Flower indignantly asked how he dared equivocate thus with his oath!

Mr. Prendergast.—What were you tried for?

Sheering.—You ought to know, for you defended me.

Mr. Prendergast.—I insist on an answer. I can't be your witness, and if I could I would not.

Sheering.—It was for rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave.

Mr. Sergeant Andrews.—Was it not for stealing a dead body?

Sheering.—Yes.

There is clearly a mistake in the destiny of this person, who is said by the newspaper reports to be a common informer. Nature obviously intended him for a lawyer; and had not some "untoward affair" thwarted her purposes, he would have been "brought up to the bar" in a professional sense, instead of to the bar of a public-house or a criminal court. In that case he would unquestionably have raised him self to eminence. As it is, there is every probability that he will raise himself, or be raised by others, to a certain kind of eminence, though one of a very different description, before he goes out of the world. The ingenuity of the fellow's equivocation about "the bar," could only be equalled by the cool frontery with which he parried the questions of Mr. Prendergast. The equivocation about the old and new bar was also good. But decidedly the most ingenious of the three grand equivocations, and indeed by far the most ingenious we ever met with, was that about "rescuing a fellow-crea-

ture from the grave." It ought of itself to immortalize the fellow; this, we know, that many a person has been immortalized who never said anything half so clever. When we first read his statement of having been tried for "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave," our admiration of his humanity was only equalled by our regret that he should ever, by so meritorious an act, have got "himself into trouble." Judge of our confusion, when in answer to the next question, the rogue, with the most consummate impudence imaginable, admitted he had been tried for stealing a dead body, which was what he meant by "rescuing a fellow-creature from the grave!"

London Monthly Magazine.

#### A VISIT TO MARAT.

By a member of the French National Convention.

One of the Journals in which Marat preached murder and destruction, happened to fall into my hands the very day on which I learned my nomination to the Convention. Marat denounced to all France the choice of my Department as a crime; and lavished on me personally the most offensive language. I determined to see him.

I procured his address, which was No. 2, Rue St. Honore.

Having ascended a dark winding staircase, I knocked at the door on the fourth story, and a feeble, faltering voice, like that of an old woman, inquired who I was, "Deputy to the National Convention," I replied. I then heard the rattling of a bunch of keys, and after several locks were turned, the door opened.

"Mr. Marat, I presume?" said I; for the term citizen was not then in use.

"My name is Marat," replied a man not more than five feet high, dressed in a ragged cloak and dirty night cap. His hair was tied with a piece of pack thread, his neck encircled by a pocket handkerchief, his worsted stockings were ungartered, and his chin was overgrown by a dirty beard. His eyebrows and eyelashes were of a light brown, and his head was disproportionately large.

I could scarcely believe my eyes.—Surely this cannot be the man of Saint Sulpice, thought I. I suspected there was some mistake, and I again said, in a tone of inquiry, Mr. Marat!

"That is my name," he replied, ill-humored, and darting at me a look of scorn.

"What do you want?"

"A moment's conversation with you!"

"Come in."

The apartment of this hideous dwarf was truly worthy of its occupant. The furniture consisted of a miserable bed, a desk covered with papers, pens & ink, a few wretched chairs, and a wooden table, surmounted by a little guillotine. Such was the dwelling of the man who spread terror throughout the capital.

When I entered, Marat was conversing with a man whose tall figure, expressive countenance and gentlemanly dress and air, presented a singular contrast to the person whom he had come to visit. As soon as he perceived me he politely stepped aside. Marat offered me a chair, with the air of a man impatient to be rid of his visitor. I very coolly seated myself and commenced the conversation.

Marat's eyes glistened like those of a hyena ready to dart upon her prey; and I know not what length his rage might have carried him, had it not been for the sight of a dagger, which I, in common with other deputies of that time, carried about me, and which I accidentally discovered in unbuttoning my coat.

The stranger, who observed Marat suddenly turn pale, approached us, and having made some excuse for interrupting our conversation, he took my hand and shook it with an air of cordiality. I took my leave of Marat, who remained silent, and sat as if petrified in his chair. The stranger conducted me to the door, and with a polite bow, bade me farewell.

What can two men so dissimilar have to say to each other? was the question I several times asked myself, as I descended the staircase.

When I reached the streets I found a crowd of people assembled around the door. Two men had on their shoulders a sort of hand-barrow, destined, as they informed me, to carry Marat in triumph through the streets of Paris. Cries of "Vive Marat!" soon resounded on all sides. The divinity speedily made his appearance, and having placed himself in his triumphal car, gave the signal for the procession to move on.

Three days after this I happened to be crossing the place de Greve just as a criminal was ascending the pillory. I raised my eyes, and what was my astonishment when I recognized, in the executioner, the gentlemanly looking stranger whom I had met at Marat's lodgings.

#### ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

"One day, as the first consul went down to review the troops in the court of the Tuileries, an event occurred of so singular a nature as to draw attention and excite interest. Amongst the crowd assembled there was a lad of fifteen, dressed in an old black coat very much worn, but clean, and indicating that his wearer did not belong to the lower classes

of society. His countenance was interesting; pale, trembling violently, as his neighbors observed, and putting his hand frequently into his bosom, he seemed impatiently to wait the arrival of the first consul. When the drums gave the signal, the emotion of the lad became so strong that his chest was seen to rise from the beating of his heart. The first consul came down, and when he was about the middle of the vestibule, the youth precipitated himself towards him, and offered him a paper. There were so many plots at this period, so many attempts upon the life of the first consul, that twenty persons not belonging to his retinue, immediately seized the boy, who, with his hand raised, and casting a supplicating look at the first consul, still continued to offer his petition. "Let the young man go," said Napoleon; "I will speak to him," and, advancing towards him said, "who are you, my child?" The youth could not answer; but falling upon his knees, presented his petition. "The first consul read it with an expression of countenance which struck all who were near him. He then fixed his eyes upon the lad who was still kneeling, and said, with an expression of the deepest sympathy, "rise, my good boy, you need kneel only to God. Is your mother still at Paris?" An almost inarticulate yes was the reply. "Tell her that she has a pension of twelve hundred francs, and six months of arrears shall be paid to her." On hearing these words the poor boy fell again on his knees. He rose at the same time, his eyes full of tears and his hands towards the first consul, whose hands he endeavored to take; but the emotion was too strong. On learning the favor conferred upon his mother, his paleness, which was before extreme, had redoubled.—He soon became purple, the veins of his forehead swelled as if they were going to burst—his eyes closed, and he fell senseless at the feet of the first consul; but, nature assisting herself, an abundant hemorrhage ensued, and Napoleon was covered with the poor boy's blood. "A surgeon," cried he, "a surgeon." But it is said that joy is never fatal, and yet I have seen the reverse. He that as it may, the youth came to his senses, and bursting into tears forcibly seized the hand of the first consul and kissed it with transport. "You are a God for my family," said he, "I will pray every day for you." The first consul smiled, and pressing the boy's hand continued to advance towards his horse, but before he mounted, recommended the youth to Junot and to the war minister; then giving him a friendly nod said, "if you will enter the service, apply to the commandant's aide; he will speak to the war minister, and we shall see what can be done for you." "Yes, I will serve!" cried the youth. "I also will be a soldier, that one ray of glory may fall upon my brow." This young man was the son of Monsieur Delauney, the governor of the bastille, who was massacred on the 14th of July, 1793!—Memoirs of the duchess of Abrantes.

DUELLING.—At a moment when the miserable mania for duelling is so prevalent among us, the following anecdote from the unpublished memoirs of a French nobleman, and to which several living witnesses can attest as a fact, may not be without its value:  
Two noblemen, the marquis de Valaze and the count de Mercei, were educated under the same masters, and regarded by all who knew them, as patterns of friendship, honor and sensibility. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had ever disgraced their attachment, when one unfortunate evening, the two friends having indulged freely in some fine Burgundy, repaired to a house and engaged in a game of backgammon. Fortune declared herself in favour of the marquis; he won every game, and in the thoughtless glee of the moment laughed with exultation at his unusual good luck. The count lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the marquis for enjoying the pain which he had excited in the bosom of his friend.—At last, upon a fortunate throw of the marquis, which galled his antagonist, the infuriated count threw the box and dice in the face of his brother soldier.—The whole company in the room were in amusement, and every gentleman present waited with impatience for the moment in which the marquis would sheath his sword in the bosom of the now repentant count. "Gentlemen," cried the marquis, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier and a friend. I know and acknowledge the laws of honor, and I will obey them. Every man who sees me, wonders why I am tardy in visiting with vengeance, the author of my disgrace.—But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own; our education was the same, our principles are alike, and our friendship dates from our earliest years.—But, Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France; I will stab him to the heart." So saying, he threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said, "My dear de Mercei, I forgive you, if you will deign to forgive me, for the irritation I have given to a sensible mind, by the levity of my own. And now, gentlemen," added the marquis, "though I have interpreted the laws of honor my own way, if there remains one Frenchman in this room who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me