

The Camden Journal.

VOLUME 11.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, JUNE 4, 1850.

NUMBER 44

Poetical Department.

From the Columbia Telegraph.

THE HANDY MAN.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."
It shan't be so! it shan't be so!
With one most precious gem,
Which all Columbia ladies know
Is worth a diadem;
My muse shall trumpet forth his fame
As loudly as she can,
Oh would you know the jewel's name?
It is the "handy man."

There is a certain "fancy store"
Where ladies congregate,
'Tis there my hero bows before
The little and the great;
He often lounges at the door,
As lazy people can,
But oh! within that lovely store
He's such a handy man!

He twists and turns the goods about
With such a knowing air,
And throws such innuendoes out
Of bargains wasting there—
Of people's folly not to seize
Such bargains when they can;
You buy his rubbish just to please
This very handy man.

He'll trim a bonnet, make a cap,
As well as ladies do,
And oh! this very useful chap
Can cut out dresses too!
I wonder he's not married yet,
For certainly he can
Some nice young lady quickly get,
He's such a handy man.

Oh! what a husband he would make!
How cozily he'd live!
His wife's department he would take
And her no trouble give!
He'll set the table, wash the cups,
As well as Betty can,
And watch the baby while she sips,
He's such a handy man.

He'd make the little baby-frocks
Put on its little "toozes,"
And when its little head it knocks,
He'll cure its little bruises.
Now be advised some lady fair,
And catch him if you can,
For certainly the chance is rare
Of such a handsome man.

COLUMBIA, May, 1850. M. W. S.

Miscellaneous Department.

From Noah's Sunday Times.

JAMES BOWIE;

THE NAPOLEON OF DUELLISTS.

Four years ago, when Theodore Parker, the eminent *theo-philanthropic* preacher of Boston visited Europe, having a letter of introduction for that purpose, he called on Thomas Carlyle. The English *solitaire* plied the American with innumerable questions relating to our customs and habits of social existence on this side of the great water, but manifested the keenest curiosity concerning the people of the backwoods. Parker drew for the other's amusement a vivid sketch of the achievements of Bowie, the famous arch-duellist of Texas, Carlyle listened with sparkling eyes till the close of the narrative, and then burst into exclamations of involuntary enthusiasm:

"By Hercules! the man was greater than Cæsar or Cromwell—nay, nearly equal to Odin or Thor. The Texans ought to build him an altar."

The burning sympathiser with the heroic in all its phases, rubbed his hands together, chuckling in an ecstasy of savage glee, and made Parker repeat his story of bloody anecdotes.—Finally he put the question—

"But by what miracle could it happen that the brave fellow escaped the penalty of the law after such countless violations?"

To this interrogatory Parker, as he himself confessed, could return no satisfactory answer; and as ten thousand readers have perhaps pondered the same problem without conceiving a rational solution, it may not be uninteresting to explain it briefly, especially as a clear elucidation can be detailed in a few words.

Let it be remembered then, that although the great system of common law, that "perfection of human reason" for the Anglo Saxon race prevails throughout all the States of the west, wholly as to its definition of crimes, and partially as to the mode and measures of punishment annexed to each, nevertheless in its practical application to given cases it is controlled by the power of a far mightier law—the omnipotent law of public opinion; because in most western courts, juries are absolute judges of both the law and the fact, and their interpretations often evince direct antagonism with the *dicta* of my Lord Coke and the classic comments of Blackstone.

On the subject of homicide in particular, public opinion has passed the bounds of all books of jurisprudence, and settled as an immutable statute this extraordinary axiom:

"It is justifiable to kill in fair combat every body and anybody who ought to be killed!"

In Bowie's numerous rencounters he always kept within the prescribed limits of this latitude-narrow rule, and hence he was always acquitted by frontier juries, and frequently with *acceda* to their verdicts highly complimentary to his character as a chivalrous gentleman. In truth, most of his desperate engagements grew out of

his innate and invincible disposition to espouse the cause of the weak against the mighty.—One illustration by incident will present this peculiarity in the strongest light, and may, besides, reveal a thorough knowledge of the heart and soul of the man.

On the evening of the fourth of June, 1835, the steambot "Rob Roy" started from St. Louis to New Orleans with a full crowd of passengers. Immediately after "getting under good head-way," to adopt a favorite backwoods phrase, one person attracted universal attention by the annoying eagerness with which he endeavored to make up a party at cards. Indeed, his oft-repeated and persevering efforts to that end soon became insulting and undeniable; and yet his appearance was such as to deter the bravest on board from administering the chastisement which he so richly deserved. He was a huge mass of mighty bone and muscles, with swarthy features, bearing the impress of many a scar; piercing dark eyes, that seemed to possess the power of blasting the beholder—cold-gleaming eyes, such as haunt the memory painfully; a rank luxuriance of coal-black hair, immense whiskers and moustache. This savage-looking figure was habited in the costliest clothing, and adorned with a profusion of jewelry, while the outlines of several murderous weapons were plainly distinguishable beneath his gaudy vest and superfine coat. Nor did he need these to render him an object of terror. A connoisseur in the science of belligerent gymnastics, would have confidently pronounced him a match for any five men on the deck, without any aid from lead or cold steel.

At length, after many failures, he prevailed on a wealthy young merchant of Natchez to join him at a game of *poker*. They sat down beside a small table near the bar, and were soon absorbed in the most perilous of all excitements, of which the two alluring ingredients are the vanity and pride of individual skill, and uncertainty of general hazard. At first the stakes were small, and the run of the cards seemed wholly in favor of the merchant; but presently they bet more freely, and gold eagles and hundred dollar notes were showered down on the board with extravagant ardor; and then the current of fortune changed—ebbed away from the young merchant and flowed to the professional gambler in a stream like the ocean's tide. As usually happens in such cases, his want of success only piqued and maddened the loser, and he sought to recover himself by venturing such desperate ventures as could not but deepen and confirm his ruin. And thus they continued during that long summer night. The intensity of their excitement became equivalent to insanity. Every nerve was strung—every energy of the brain was taxed to the utmost—their teeth were set hard as those of antagonists in the tug of mortal strife—the sweat rolled from their brows like great drops of rain.

The passengers formed a circle around the players, and looked on with that interest which such extraordinary concentration of intellect and passion never fails to inspire even in bosoms that shudder at its excess. The merchant and gambler attracted all eyes, and kept many awake and gazing till morning. Among the latter was one presenting a countenance so pitiable that it might have melted hearts of marble to tears. A pale and exquisitely beautiful face peeped incessantly from the half-opened door of the ladies' cabin, weeping all the while as if oppressed by some dreadful sensation of immediate sorrow. It was the merchant's lovely wife weeping her farewell to departing hope!

There was one spectator also, whose appearance and actions excited almost as much curiosity as the players did themselves. He was a tall, spare man, of about thirty, with handsome features, golden hair, keen blue eyes of preternatural brightness, and his firm, thin lips wore a perpetual smile—a mysterious smile of the strangest, the most inscrutable meaning. With the exception of his red calico shirt, the person was dressed wholly in buckskin, ornamented with long swaling tassels, and wild figures wrought out of variegated beads, after the fashion of some western Indians. He stood close beside the card-table, and held in his left hand a sheet of paper, in his right a large pencil, with which ever and anon he dashed off a few words, as if engaged in tracing the progress of the game.

Still the merchant and the gambler persevered in their physical and mental toil. The dial of the stars, with its thousand fingers of golden fire, pointed to the world's shadows of midnight; but still they did not pause. It still was "shuffle and cut, and pass ante up, and I call you, and rake down the pile." Towards the morning a tremendous storm arose. The red lightning flashed awfully—the hail poured like a frozen cataract—the great river roared till it rivalled the loudest thunders of heaven; and the very pilot at the wheel was alarmed. But the mad players heard it not. What was the tumult of the raging elements to them whose destiny hung on the turning of a card? And the smiling blue-eyed stranger in buckskin still stood beside them with his pencil and paper, calmly noticing the developments of the game.

Finally the storm passed, as the beautiful daybreak came out like a thing of glory in the great gray east. Then the infatuated merchant, distracted with his heavy losses dared the climax of folly. He staked five thousand dollars, comprising his last cent of money in the world, on "two pairs of kings." The whiskered gambler "called" him; showed hands; the black-leg had "two pairs of aces," and "raked the board." The merchant dropped to the floor as if he had been shot through the brain, and that beautiful young wife flew to his side and shrieking upon his bosom. They were both borne away insensible to the ladies' cabin.

As he deposited the winnings in his pocket, the gambler emitted a hoarse laugh that sounded frightful as the chuckle of a fiend; but he

instantly lost color as a low, calm voice remarked in his ear—

"Villain, you play a strong hand at many different games, but here stands one who can beat you at all of them!"

He turned, met the glance of those keen blue eyes so preternaturally bright, and shuddered. But he immediately regained his presence of mind, for he was no coward, and then he frowned till his shaggy brows met like the coil of a serpent, and demanded sternly—

"Beggar, who are you to banter a gentleman thus rudely?"

"I am James Bowie, of Texas," the other answered with a ringing laugh; "and you are John Lafitte, a bastard of the old pirate!"

The gambler reeled in his chair as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, but recovered again from the shock in a moment, and asked in a firm tone—

"What game do you wish with me?"

"*Poker* first, and *pistols* afterwards if you play foul!" replied Bowie.

"Very well," rejoined the other, and they took their seats at the table.

For a time the success seemed about equally balanced, the gain and loss being alternate. At last, the gambler ventured one of his skillful manoeuvres in dealing. Bowie smiled strangely as his quick eye detected the trick. He said nothing, however, but looked at his hand, and bet five thousand dollars, staking the money ten large bills. The gambler went five thousand dollars higher, which resulted in a "call" Bowie held "four jacks;" but with his habitual fiendish chuckle, his antagonist showed "four queens," exclaiming as he did so—

"By heaven, the pile is mine!"

"Not yet," shouted Bowie, as with both hands he raked the heap of notes to the tune of twenty thousand dollars into his own pocket.

Choking and purple with rage and shame, the gambler roared—

"To the hurricane deck, and let *pistols* be trumps this turn!"

"Good as gold!" replied Bowie, and the two hastily ascended the stairs and assumed their separate positions—the gambler over the stern and Bowie over the prow.

At that instant the sun was just rising in a cloudless sky. Nature looked sublime—a bride worthy of her Almighty Husband and God.—The woods and waters appeared as parts of one divine picture, with the boundless blue of heaven for its back-ground. The broad-bosomed river rolled away like an immense sheet of burnished silver, speckled here and there with the flash of golden bubbles; shining fishes gambled in the sparkling wave; and all the bright birds—those sweet singers, whose life is a dream, and that dream only music—chaunted their wild anthem to the new day; while the two great duellists, the most deadly ever known in the Southwest, stood with cocked pistols, eye to eye, and their fingers fixed on the hair-trigger, prepared and waiting to slay and be slain.

"I am ready. You give the word," cried Bowie, in his clear, ringing voice, and with that inseparable smile of strange meaning on his lips.

"I am ready. Fire!" shouted the gambler, in tones murderous as death.

The two pistols roared simultaneously.—Bowie did not move, though he had barely escaped with his life, for the bullet of his foe had cut away one of the golden locks of his yellow hair. The gambler was shot through the heart, and, dropping on the brink of the deck, had almost tumbled into the river. He was buried by the squatters at the next wood yard. And thus perished justly a bastard son of the great pirate Lafitte.

There never was a jury empaneled in the west who would have brought in a verdict against any man for killing him, and more especially under the circumstances, because public opinion pronounced that "he ought to be killed." And such were the desperadoes that Bowie commonly exterminated.

The generous victor immediately proceeded to the ladies' cabin and restored the winnings of the gambler to the young merchant and his beautiful wife, who both received the boon as a gift from heaven, with as much gratitude and joy.

If we should write a volume concerning the exploits of James Bowie, his character could not be rendered more transparent than it is revealed in the foregoing anecdote. He was always the same—the friend of the feeble, the protector of the oppressed, and the sworn enemy of tyrants. He was brave without fear and generous beyond precedent; and though he had faults, gigantic ones too, he atoned for all the errors of a stormy life by the splendor of his magnificent death. His tomb is the Alamo, his epitaph the word "Texas," and his fame will fill an humble though safe niche in the temple of freedom through all time. He can never be forgotten till the bowels of the earth cease to furnish metal for the fabrication of those bright blades of steel which bear his imperishable name.

MANUFACTURES AT THE SOUTH.

The growth of the manufacturing interests of the South is one of the most gratifying evidences of our increasing prosperity. Few, even among our intelligent citizens, are aware of the extent to which our people are engaging in this branch of industry; and no one acquainted with the importance of manufacturing establishments in developing all the varied interests of the country can fail to see in the movement a greater degree of prosperity than has heretofore characterized the southern States, while confining themselves chiefly to the production of raw material.

But the most gratifying fact connected with this growing interest, especially to us as Georgians, is the lead which our State is taking. It has been estimated that there are now in ope-

ration in Georgia forty cotton mills, employing near 60,000 spindles, and consuming 45,000 bales of cotton annually. In this estimate, no calculation is made in our paper mills, bucket factories, iron establishments, flouring mills, &c. In Tennessee, it has been reported to the Secretary of the Treasury that there are thirty factories, employing 36,000 spindles. In South Carolina, the Hon. William Gregg says there are sixteen factories, containing 36,500 spindles, and about seven hundred looms, consuming 15,000 bales of cotton per annum. He estimates the capital invested in these establishments at about one million of dollars, and the number of operatives they give employment to at 1,600. There are in Alabama twelve factories, with a capital of \$500,000, containing 12,580 spindles and three hundred looms, and consuming about 5,500 bales of cotton annually. It is said that machinery for others is contracted for sufficient to make the number of spindles 20,000, and the looms 550.

Thus we have in our States ninety-eight manufacturing establishments of various descriptions of cotton goods, containing 140,000 spindles. There are doubtless many other cotton mills in the other southern States, which would swell the number somewhat. In addition to these, there are others going up not only in this State; but everywhere else at the South. We hazard but little saying, that at the end of the next five years there will be perhaps two hundred cotton factories in operation in the Southern States, consuming near two hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton per annum, and giving employment to twenty-five or thirty thousand operatives. The effect of such a diversion of labor upon the productions of the South, the price of cotton, and the habits of those who will likely be employed as operatives, must be immense. All the cost of the transportation of the raw material to England, of its manufacture there, and its transportation back to this country, will be saved to our people. The general price of cotton will be increased by the competition which will ensue between the manufacturing establishments of Europe and the northern and southern States; and great good to society must result from the employment of thousands of idle and immoral persons, who are now consumers and not producers.

Savannah Republican.

WHO IS GENERAL LOPEZ?

This question has frequently been asked. The subjoined sketch of his career, we find in the Philadelphia Bulletin, condensed from a long account in a New Orleans paper:

"Narciso Lopez was born of wealthy parents, in 1798 or '9, in Venezuela, and is now a little over fifty years of age. He was the only son that grew to manhood, though he had numerous sisters. He was trained to the saddle, as is the custom in South America. His father being obliged by civil disturbances to remove to Caracas, where he entered upon a commercial life; his son Narciso superintended a branch of the House at Valencia, in the interior. Here, during the troubles of Bolivar's time in 1814, young Lopez took a prominent part on the popular side, and narrowly escaped from massacre. At length, when reduced almost to desperation, he enlisted in the army, as his only chance for life. At the end of the war between Spain and the insurgents, Lopez found himself a Colonel, at the age of 23. He had also received the cross of San Fernando, as a further reward for various gallant deeds during the war. On the evacuation of the country by the Spanish army, Colonel Lopez returned to Cuba.

"Since that time, (1823) Lopez has been a Cuban, having married and established himself in the island. He was known to be possessed of liberal principles, which prevented him from obtaining office in the island, and thus remained in retirement. During the first of the Carlist troubles in Spain, Lopez happened to be in Madrid with his wife, urging a private claim on the government side, was made first aid-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Valdez, and received several military decorations. He became the warm personal friend of Valdez, who was afterwards the most popular Captain General of Cuba. He was for a time Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard of Spain, and subsequently Commander-in-Chief of several provinces. During all this period of favor with the royalist party, it is said that he remained faithful to his democratic principles; and though caressed by the Queen and Mother Christina, he despised and distrusted her.

On the insurrection which ended in the expulsion of Christina from the regency, Lopez was made Governor of Madrid, a post which he held until Espartero became regent, when he positively refused to hold it, in spite of the solicitations of Espartero. As Senator of the Kingdom, from the Liberal city of Seville, he studied the politics and institutions of Spain, and then first learned the condition of the Spanish colonies, and especially the oppressions under which Cuba, the country of his adoption, labored. The expulsion of the Cuban deputies from the Cortes further disgusted him, and, resigning his office, he departed for Havana, not without some trouble in obtaining permission. At this time, (1839) General Valdez was Captain General of Cuba. During the various political troubles of Spain, Lopez held different posts of honor and emolument in the island, but, at length he resigned all except his rank as General, and then undertook the working of an abandoned copper mine, as a pretext for returning to the Central Department. Here he began to mingle with the people and concert a plan for the liberation of Cuba. The enterprise of last year, which miscarried so completely, was the result of his first efforts.

A Ladies Physiological Institute in Boston, has been created by the Legislature.

Political Department.

From the Newberry Sentinel.

TO THE PEOPLE OF NEWBERRY DISTRICT.

MR. EDITOR: The questions propounded through your columns by "Many Voters" to the candidates of Newberry for the next Legislature, are, or should be, of no ordinary interest to the people of this District. And, perhaps, it may be expected I should answer in full detail; but to do so, would be to obtrude from your columns other and perhaps more interesting matter to your readers. I will say, however, that I have never doubted the correctness of the policy of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, in any view that I have had of the subject. No one, I presume, will seriously doubt the right of the State to have a Bank, and, through its instrumentality, furnish her citizens with a currency. No one can have a doubt as to the character of that currency.—And every reflecting man, of any experience, knows how to appreciate a currency of the highest credit and most uniform value, such as we have had from this institution. No one can look through its business, vouched by the annual reports of its officers, who are men of high standing and unimpeachable character, the reports of the investigating committees, chosen from your Legislature, composed, very often, of the most efficient men of the State, friends and foes to the institution; and the reports of the Comptroller General, all corroborating the testimony of each other; and not be satisfied that it has been profitable, convenient, and of almost incalculable benefit to the State Government, as a faithful fiscal agent, and to the people, by furnishing them with the best paper currency they could have, at the same rate of interest that they would be compelled to pay, for the use of money, to capitalists in the absence of their own Bank; which would not go into their treasury, leaving it deficient to the amount of the annual profits of their Bank; for every cent that is made by that institution, as a net profit upon its business, is directed to the payment of State debts and State expenses, that would otherwise have to be paid by an increase of taxation upon the people. The people pay about \$300,000, by their direct taxes, to defray the ordinary wants of the State Government, and the Bank pays about three-fourths of the same amount, annually, to meet the engagements of the State otherwise; which, in the absence of the Bank, would have to be paid by the people, sooner or later. For, if the capital and assets of the Bank, as has been suggested, were now taken and applied to the debts of the State, it would soon be exhausted, and then we must fall behind our sister States in the general improvements of the age, progressively increasing, and in general prosperity also, or the people must be taxed to raise money to accomplish what we have hitherto been able to do, by the agency of the Bank, without taxation. It keeps all the funds of the State profitably employed, whereas much of them would be often idle if there was no Bank. It advances money for the State very often with great saving to its government. It is obliged to furnish a good currency and keep its affairs in a sound condition, or the Legislature will fail to perform its duty; for the Bank, its officers and business, are all under the supervision and control of the Legislature. And when I hear that the Bank has done this or that thing wrong, I am ready to believe that the thing done is misunderstood, and not wrong, or else the blame ought to be laid at the doors of the State House. I will dismiss this subject, for I take it that there are but few men who will doubt the correctness of these statements.

In reference to the annual profits and the annual capital of the Bank, though a laborious task, I will endeavor to respond in detail. And that the people of Newberry District may understand the operations of the Bank correctly, and the precise annual profits as well as the rate of interest received upon all the funds placed in the Bank by the State, I will calculate interest upon the funds so furnished and to be used by the Bank, from the time it received them until removed again by the Legislature; notwithstanding it is unfair to charge the Bank with that part of the Fire Loan borrowed in Europe, as capital, for the reasons that the extraordinary expenses attendant upon that fund, (which the Bank has to pay) will amount to near \$220,000; while the Bank is restricted in its use of it as capital, and was ordered to lend it to the sufferers by fire in Charleston at a rate of interest not exceeding what it cost the State, and upon such a time as rendered it totally unfit to be called Bank capital. I will not regard what is called the Sinking Fund as capital as it has sometimes been done, for that is nothing but the profits of the Bank laid by, from year to year, to meet the debts of the State, and is applied, in part or whole, to the payment either of interest or principal, or both, every year. I presume "Many Voters" want the naked truth and nothing else, or to know what rate of interest the funds furnished the Bank by the State has produced. The Bank was chartered in December, 1812, but having to procure a house and every other outfit necessary to banking and being delayed by the existence of war at that time, it did not commence its operations till the fall of 1816. Its capital, according to the act of incorporation, was to consist of certain funds in the treasury and certain stock, &c., that had to be reduced to cash. And, in consequence of the scattered and confused condition of these funds, but little was done before the 1st of October, 1813. By which time, and to the 1st of October, 1815, various sums, forming an aggregate amount of capital of \$179,223 46, were received by the Bank, and upon which it realized nearly 25 per cent. gross, but having every expense, preparatory to commencing business, to defray out of that profit, it had less than 2 per cent. as net profit, or \$3,