

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 3.

CAMDEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 21, 1852.

NUMBER 76.

THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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

TERMS.

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

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

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From the Savannah Republican.

SONG.

I watched in its fall a dew-drop bright,
As it sought a place of rest,
And found a home in the spotless white
Of a fair young Lily's breast.

A rain-drop too, in silence fell
From its glistening home above,
And nestled in a rosy shell,
To melt in a tear of love;

I watched a ray of noon-day sun
Through a prison lattice beam,
Cheering the heart of a lonely one
With hope's inspiring dream.

A moon-beam lent its gentle light,
As it wandered through the vale,
To kindle the blush of a maiden bright,
Listening to Love's fond tale.

I saw a wave bound merrily
On a green isle's silver strand;
It gave one kiss, and turned in glee
To dance with its sister band.

Thou art to me my life's glad ray,
The dew-drop to my burning breast—
The wavelet murmuring softest lay,
To lull my weary soul to rest.

TALLUDA.

TOMORROW.

Tomorrow, my friend, may burst with light,
And draw the darkest veil aside;
The longest day must have a night,
So dreamless thoughts must have a guide.
The sunbeams on the cheeks of May,
Their beautiful tints from clouds must borrow;
And that which wears a frown to-day,
Perhaps may wear a smile to-morrow:

'Tis well that hours of bliss should fade,
And melt like snowflakes on a stream;
'Tis well the mind is born to wade,
Through ills to test its fairest dream.
The source from whence our troubles flow—
From whence springs forth our deepest sorrow,
In one short hour with hopes may glow,
And burst in beaming smiles to-morrow.

SONNET.

I love to watch the first white glimmering star
Burst through the quietness of the eastern sky,
And see beneath old Ocean stretching far,
That speechless poet of eternity;
The ruddy west holding in floods of light
The setting sun that all the evening fills
With golden islets, and then stooping bright
Casts great calm glory on the purple hills;
Then sitting in sweet sadness, with full eyes,
Old joys and hopes and fears and griefs all blend.
I feel as one who, dreaming 'neath soft skies,
Opens an old book, a drowsy hour to spend,
And starts to sudden tears as he espies
The old pencilings of a long dead friend.

BRUNTFIELD.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The war carried on in Scotland, by the friends and enemies of Queen Mary, after her departure into England, was productive of almost complete dissolution of order, and laid the foundation of many feuds, which were kept up by private families and individuals long after all political cause had ceased. Among the most remarkable quarrels which history or tradition has recorded as arising out of that civil broil, I know of none so deeply cherished, or accompanied by so many romantic and peculiar circumstances, as one which took place between two old families of gentry in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. Stephen Bruntfield, Laird of Craighouse, had been a zealous and disinterested partisan of the queen. Robert Moubrey, of Barnbougle, was the friend successively of Murray and Morton, and distinguished himself very highly in their cause. During the year 1572, when Edinburgh Castle was maintained by Kirkaldy of Grange in behalf of the queen, Stephen Bruntfield held out Craighouse in the same interest, and suffered a siege from a detachment of the forces of the regent, commanded by the Laird of Barnbougle. This latter baron, a man of fierce and brutal nature, entered life as a younger brother, and at an early period chose to cast his fate among the Protestant leaders, with a view to improving his fortunes. The death of his elder brother in rebellion at Langside, enabled the Regent Murray to reward his services by a grant of the patrimonial estate, of which he did not scruple to take possession by the strong hand, to the exclusion of his infant niece, the daughter of the late proprietor. Some incidents which occurred in the course of the war had in-

spired a mutual hatred of the most intense character into the breasts of Bruntfield and Moubrey; and it was therefore with a feeling of personal animosity, as well as of political rancor, that the latter undertook the task of watching the motions of Bruntfield at Craighouse. Bruntfield, after holding out for many months, was obliged, along with his friends in Edinburgh Castle, to yield to the party of the regent. Like Kirkaldy, and Maitland of Lethington, he surrendered upon a promise of life and estates; but while his two friends perished, one by the hand of the executioner, the other by his own hand, he fell a victim to the satellets spite of his personal enemy, who, in conducting him to Edinburgh as a prisoner took fire at some bitter expression on the part of the captive, and smote him dead upon the spot.

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. The lady of Craighouse had been an intimate of the unfortunate Mary from her early years; was educated with her in France, in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women, as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and, finally, the sufferings and death of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substituted for the rosy hues of her early years, the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world. One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over her mind—Revenge; a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling then known was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention, was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen, a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a wintersubann wanders over a waste of snows. But it was a smile of more than motherly pride; she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubrey. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first born child; but she thought with a fiercer and fiercer joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of her father. Young Bruntfield, who having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preparing before the king a charge of murder against the Laird of Barnbougle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary license, and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary. The intelligence was communicated to his mother, at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a faint exclamation: "I know what you would tell; the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two instead of three to redress their father's wrongs!" The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the object of her existence to see discharged. "Roger" she said, "will have the death of his brother, as well as that of his father, to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful."

Roger returned about two years after, a still more handsome, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubrey. On his application for a license being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenge. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favor of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in *barres* with Moubrey; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbersome armor. Moubrey, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. "Heaven's will be done," said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; "but *gratias Deo!* there still remains another chance."

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favorite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two older brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed, than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining far in the occident, it was not yet altogether set; Montmorency was but just dead; Bayard was still alive—Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of the lives and actions of such men, Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III, he had signified, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubrey, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstances of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and in many other respects qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passions which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubrey in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. "My last and dearest," she at length said, "and thou too, art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesterday, I dreamed that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubrey. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch-traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The reverend shade at this gave me an encouraging smile and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow*, which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood! The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings."

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason; but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubrey. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favorable to the object to be easily withstood. The Laird of Barnbougle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubtable warrior, rather longed for a combat, which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law of the *per duellum* so far; but sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required license. The fight was appointed to take place on Craigmoid Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth of

Forth, near the Castle of Barnbougle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level space, close to the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, (the rabble not being permitted to approach,) sat upon a rising-ground beside the enclosure, while the space towards the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the Laird of Barnbougle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy, in the highest degree unpleasing. At the other, also attended by host of family allies and friends stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armor, might have realized the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barriers for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers, who were to act as Judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single figure on board.

After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and, planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of the one or other. The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubrey, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his adversary chiefly depended, and by taking care to avoid it, put Moubrey nearly *hors de combat*. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes, without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubrey was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question, then, became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubrey felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight more desperately and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee, in a stupified state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavoring to raise his weapon for another and final blow.—Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and thrust it up to the hilt beneath the breastplate of his exhausted foe.

The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sword before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or, rather, Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholly a feeling as that of revenge should not be signally gratified. She expired in the arms of her son, murmuring, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine!*" with her latest breath.

The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young Laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubrey; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them by the kindness of Heaven, and at their death they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings—the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

The tale of Bruntfield is founded upon facts.

Trying to be Genteel.

I once boarded in a "genteel boarding house" in Louisville; there were two ladies and a piano in the house—hall and parlors handsomely furnished. The eldest young lady, the belle, wore a summer bonnet at ten dollars—a silk blond concern that could not last more than three months—silk and satin dresses at two, three and four dollars per yard and five dollars a piece for making them, and the entire family, women boys and babies, slept in the room with two dirty bags of pine shavings, two straw bolsters, and three dirty quilts, for bedding, no slips; and there on the wall hung the pea green and white satin, the rich silk lawn dresses. These ladies did not work, but played on the piano, accordeon and cards; and nearly broke their hearts the week we were there, because another who I presume lived just as they did, called on them, with a great clumsy gold chain on her neck. None of them had one, and Miss Lablinds, the belle, could eat no supper and had a fit of sulks, to console her for the want of a chain.

We fear this description would suit the latitude of other places beside Louisville. The endeavor to be "genteel" is the curse of too many of the inhabitants of our cities and villages.—Weak mothers will frequently do the most meritorious, and deny themselves comforts absolutely necessary to health, in order that selfish daughters may dress above their means, and spend their time in idleness and fashionable gossip. The inducement to all this is, that the daughters, may make splendid matches; in other words, marry young men with more money

than brains and more credit than either. In nine cases out of ten the effort fails, and the girls remain unmarried, thus increasing the number of those disconcerted old maids, who mistakenly think a single life possesses nothing honorable, but who have only themselves to blame for their fate, since they despised the honest men who would have had them, in the vain hope to get others who scorned them in turn.

There is nothing more foolish, indeed, than this trying to be "genteel." The word itself is vulgar, and has no real meaning, at least in a republican country. We have no gentility here as they have in England. Every man is on an equality. The honest day laborer, who serves his God, pays his debts, and does his duty to his neighbor, is as worthy of respect as the richest citizen. A respectable operative, through poor, is far more estimable than either the fashionable dandy, who lives by cheating his tailor, or the extravagant merchant, who spends more than his income. In common parlance, "genteel people" more generally belong to the spendthrift class than the real wealthy; to the vain and empty fools, who live for show, than to the intelligent, honorable and worthy. To endeavor to ape the rich, by an extravagant expenditure of narrow means, is what most weak persons do, who wish to be considered "genteel." It is our deliberate opinion that no young woman can live this life of pretty hypocrisy, this constant struggle to seem to be what she is not, without losing that strict regard for truth which is one of the brightest ornaments of a female's character.—Better, far better, be frank and honest. Poverty is nothing to be ashamed of, while deceit and extravagance are. If we were a young man, we would avoid all families in which we detected this effort to be "genteel;" for we should be sure we would run great danger of marrying an extravagant and foolish wife, if nothing worse.

- #### How to Detect Counterfeits.
1. Examine the appearance of a bill—the genuine have a general dark neat appearance.
 2. Examine the vignette, or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or background looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy.
 3. Examine well the face; see if the expressions are distinct and easy, natural and life-like. Particularly the eyes.
 4. See if the drapery or dress fits well, looks natural and easy, shows the folds distinctly.
 5. Examine the medallion, ruling and heads, and circular ornaments around the figures, &c. See if they are regular, smooth, and uniform; not scratchy. This work in the genuine looks as if raised on the paper, and cannot be perfectly imitated.
 6. Examine the principal line of letters or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or if sloping, of a uniform slope.
 7. Carefully examine the shade or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, &c.; see if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, smooth and even; counterfeits look as if done with a file.
 8. Observe the round handwriting engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope and smooth.—This is in genuine notes invariably well done, and looks very perfect. In counterfeits it is seldom so, but often looks stiff, as if done with a pen.
 9. Notice the imprint or engraver's name, which is always near the border or end of the note, and is always alike; letters small, upright and engraved very perfectly. Counterfeiters seldom do it well.
- NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs, before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited, one was the dye work, or portrait, medallion heads, vignette, &c., and the other the shading or ruling above the letters.—*Bank Note Reporter.*

THE BIBLE.—

We have never seen a more truthful remark upon "the Book of all books" than the following:
"The Bible," says Rowe, "is dangerous.—But dangerous for whom? It is dangerous for infidelity, which it confounds; dangerous for our sins, which it curses; dangerous for Satan, whom it dethrones; dangerous to false religions, which it unmasks; dangerous to every church which dares conceal it from the people, and whose criminal impostures or fatal illusions it brings to light."
"Sure 'tis our highest end, Eternal life to gain:
"Search," then, "the Scriptures," they alone the words of life contain."

AN EDITOR IN THE BLUES.—

The editor of the Saratoga Republican—a Pierce and King sheet—pours forth his lamentations in the following indignant strains:

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.—Having made precisely money enough at the printing business, the subscriber is satisfied to give up and retire to the poor house. Under these circumstances, he is induced to offer the Saratoga Republican for sale. The paper has a circulation of about 1000—one fourth of which may be called paying, and the other three-fourths non-paying patrons. The office has a good variety of job type and a fair run of work of this description, provided the work is done at the reduced New York prices, and the printer will take "cat and dogs" for pay. This village is one of the prettiest places in the world for a newspaper publisher. Every body will find fault, do the best you can, and the Editor who pleases himself will stand but a slim chance of pleasing any body else. The subscription list and good will of the office will be thrown in if the purchaser will take the type, presses, and materials for what they are worth, and pay for them, so that there will be no probability of the present proprietor being obliged to take the establishment back and return to the business.
J. A. COREY.
Saratoga Springs July 21, 1852.